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NUMBER 4.

Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER TWO.

THE TRANSITMAN'S STORY.

[CONTINUED.]

"When I recovered my senses I found myself in the midst of an Indian encampment, bound hand and foot to a stake, to the other side of which, back to back with me was bound a black figure, whom I soon recognized as Sam. Our horses were at no great distance, tethered among some others, and quietly feeding, insensible to the jeopardy of their masters. Not so my favorite hound, Ponto. Lying at my feet, and looking up pitifully in my face, he would from time to time give vent to his feelings in a plaintive long-drawn whine.

"As for Sam, he was overcome with the most abject fear, and well he might be, for negroes meet nothing but contempt and a cruel death at the hands of the Indians. For me there was more chance. I noticed some look of approbation cast towards me by the Indians who loitered around, from which I inferred that a proposal to accept me into their tribe might be offered as an alternative to the tortures that I was otherwise destined to endure. I had no wish, however, to give up even the limited civilization of Western frontier life, to go herd with a gang of assassins and robbers, for such, let them talk of the 'noble red man' as they will, the Indians have been to the white race for many years.

"All this time I saw nothing of Dingall, and Sam could give me no information beyond what I had already inferred. He said he was cutting grass as usual, when he was suddenly seized from behind by two Indians. At the same time he turned and saw others leading off the horses. There were not many Indians in the party,—they were probably merely a band sent out from the tribe to hunt. This seemed to me more likely from the absence of women and children. Sam said that they brought him to their camp without any resistance on his part, and bound him to the stake, where he remained until another Indian came in bringing me in a state of insensibility. I had not been long bound to the stake before I recovered from the stunning effects of the blow—this I knew both by Sam's testimony and by the appearance of the sun.

"Suddenly one of the Indians (we had seen but six—and of these only three or four were keeping guard over us) came rushing in, bearing in one hand Bill Dingall's coat, and in the other a large half-gallon jug of whisky which we had at our camp. The others rallied around him to partake of the 'fire-water.' The whole band were now present and all drunk. I was in some hopes that their intoxication might afford us a chance of escape; however, I experienced some anxiety lest the first stages might only increase their rage and cause them to put an end to us more quickly than they had originally intended. The whisky seemed to affect them unusually soon. The pupils of their eyes began to dilate, and their cheeks began to turn livid. Then, clasping both hands tight about

their sides, they rolled upon the ground, as if in the agonies of a colic.

"When all had about reached this climax, Bill Dingall rushed upon the scene in his shirt sleeves. The Indians were all rolling helpless on the ground. They saw him but were able to do nothing. He hastily cut the buckskin thongs that bound Sam and me to the stake, and then liberated the horses, upon which we mounted and galloped away in the direction of home, never stopping until we reached the much desired bourne.

"On the following day an expedition, fully armed and equipped, set out after the Indians; they found, where their camp had been, the signs of a precipitate departure. Our camp had been scarcely touched. The fish that we had barreled up was all there, and so was our wagon, cooking-stove, and other utensils."

The Transitman here paused, and after we had waited some time for the sequel, the Rodsman asked: "And is that all the story?"

"Yes," replied the Transitman, smoking his pipe.

"But what was the matter with that whisky?" asked Jem.

"Well, that was somewhat mysterious to me at first, but Bill Dingall explained it all to me satisfactorily. We had with us a quantity of *cockle-cinders** for catching fish. After Bill had fired ineffectually at the Indian that was carrying me off, and with fatal aim at another who was about to attack him, he found himself relieved from visible danger, and began to bethink himself of effecting my release. Then it was that the fondness of the Indian for whiskey occurred to him, and knowing that they would be soon down upon our camp, he made speed to avail himself of it. The better to insure the success of the whiskey, he emptied into it the whole store of *cockle-cinders*, which he knew would have much the same effect on men as on fish. He then concealed himself, leaving the jug where the Indians would see it the first thing on entering the tent. The lure was successful—the first Indian that entered was immediately attracted by the jug of 'fire-water,' and waiting to take nothing else but Bill's shooting-coat, which caught his attention, he made off to exult over his prize with his comrades. The result I have already told you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* More correctly, "*cocculus indicus*"—a common drug, which, powdered and mixed with flour is frequently scattered on the water to allure and stupefy fish.

THE advertisements in the columns of the *Ledger* often present some remarkable phenomena. Thus we are told in one place that there may be had "An airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide." The bed-room ought, indeed, be airy to accommodate a gentleman of these dimensions. Again, we read of "A house for a family in good repair," which is advertised to be let with immediate possession. A family in good repair means, no doubt, one in which none of the members are at all cracked.

The Mysticism of Number.

PART II.—NUMBERS FORMED WITH ADMIXTURE OF DUALITY.

§ 1.—DUALITY AND THE NUMBERS TEN AND FIVE.

We have shown how numbers, both odd and even, may be evolved directly from unity, and possess the nature of unity, which is truth. We have now to show duality, which is falsehood, entering into numbers, and vitiating them, some wholly, others in part.

The number two, we have shown in our first article, cannot stand. But it is continually endeavoring to do so. It is delusion and perversity. Duplicity is but another name for lying.

These are dualities: good and evil; truth and falsehood; beauty and deformity; light and darkness; heat and cold; harmony and discord; sweetness and bitterness; blessing and cursing; happiness and misery.

Of which the second term raises itself up and militates against the first, and in the end destroys itself by its own rage, spending itself in its efforts against that which is immutable. For of itself it is mere nothing. The first term is affirmative, which the second endeavors to deny. Duality is negative.

So what we said of the number four is explained. If it be regarded as duality doubled, it is still affirmative and good. For duality doubled is the negative denied, which is affirmative according to all philosophy. Every even number, therefore, is not to be considered as vitiated by the factor two.

The number ten denotes humanity, for it is that by which men reckon, being provided with ten fingers to count with.

Set four points equidistantly in a row, and three points above them, forming the apices of equilateral triangles, whose bases would be lines joining each consecutive pair of the first four. Two points above the three, and one above the two, according to the same law.

The number of points will be ten. The figure will be that of an equilateral triangle, having four points at each base. It is the image of *three* on a basis of *four*.

So ten is formed symmetrically of one, two, three, and four.

One denotes man's origin, his individuality, and his end.

Two is very observable in humanity. In the two sides of the body, each having its own set of organs, whence result two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, two arms, etc. But this is an apparent—not a real duality, for the two sides were made to act in unison. When they do not—as when the left hand usurps the office of the right—then duality takes the place of unity, and we use the word "*sinister*" to mark our sense of the evil. Duality is still more evident in the human mind, in which the opposite forces of virtue and vice are ever contending. So persevering is this struggle, and so apparently equal are the opposed forces, that some have imagined the existence of a substantial and

eternal principle of evil. But this is blasphemous, for even this duality is rather apparent than real. The human will, aided by divine grace, is able to reign supreme over the passions and inferior faculties, and then the whole soul acts in unison.

Three is necessary in both soul and body, as was observed in speaking of that number, and because man is made in the image of his Creator.

Four, being the number assigned to creation, is proper to man as a creature, and the king of the visible creation.

Ten, thus formed, denotes the natural man, and ten commandments are given for his guidance.

Out of ten cast the factor of prevarication, two, and the quotient is five. This number takes symmetrically the form of a cross. It is the number of the Sacred Wounds . . . that plead our cause in heaven, and of the . . . holy names of J-E-S-U-S, M-A-R-I-A, J-O-S-E-PH, for *ph* is but one letter—the Greek *phi*, and expresses a simple sound. Five denotes redemption.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

CRIBBING.

Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus.—*Juv. i. 15.*

It must not be thought that Eric's year as a home-boarder was made up of dark experiences. Roslyn had a very bright as well as a dark side, and Eric enjoyed it "to the finger-tips." School-life, like all other life, is an April day of shower and sunshine. Its joys may be more childish, its sorrows more trifling, than those of after years;—but they are more keenly felt.

And yet, although we know it to be a mere delusion, we all idealize and idolize our childhood. The memory of it makes pleasant purple in the distance, and as we look back on the sunlight of its blue far-off hills, we forget how steep we sometimes found them.

Upon Barker's discomfiture, which took place some three weeks after his arrival, Eric liked the school more and more, and got liked by it more and more. This might have been easily foreseen, for he was the type of a thoroughly boyish mind in its more genial and honorable characteristics, and his round of acquaintances daily increased. Among others, a few of the sixth, who were also day-scholars, began to notice and walk home with him. He looked on them as great heroes, and their condescension much increased his dignity both in his own estimation and that of his equals.

Now, too, he began to ask some of his most intimate acquaintances to spend an evening with him sometimes at home. This was a pleasure much coveted, for no boy ever saw Mrs. Williams without loving her, and they felt themselves humanized by the friendly interest of a lady who reminded every boy of his own mother. Vernon, too, now a lively and active child of nine, was a great pet among them, so that every one liked Eric who "knew him at home." A boy generally shows his best side at home; the softening shadows of a mother's tender influence play over him and tone down the roughnesses of boyish character. Duncan, Montagu, and Owen, were special favorites in the home circle, and Mrs. Williams felt truly glad that her son had singled out friends who seemed, on the whole, so desirable. But Montagu and Russell were the most frequent visitors, and the latter became almost like one of the family; he

won so much on all their hearts that Mrs. Williams was not surprised when Eric confided to her one day that he loved Russell almost as well as he loved Vernon.

As Christmas approached, the boys began to take a lively interest in the half-year's prizes, and Eric was particularly eager about them. He had improved wonderfully, and as both his father and mother prevented him from being idle, even had he been so inclined, he had soon shown that he was one of the best in the form. Two prizes were given half-yearly to each remove; one for "marks," indicating the boy who had generally been highest throughout the half year, and the other for the best proofs of proficiency in a special examination. It was commonly thought in the form that Owen would get the first of these prizes, and Eric the other; and towards the approach of the examination, he threw his whole energy into the desire to win. The desire was not selfish. Some ambition was of course natural; but he longed for the prize chiefly for the delight which he knew his success would cause at Fairholm, and still more to his own family.

During the last week an untoward circumstance happened, which, while it increased his popularity, diminished a good deal (as he thought) his chance of success. The fourth form were learning a Homer lesson, and Barker, totally unable to do it by his own resources, was trying to borrow a crib. Eric, much to their mutual disgust, still sat next to him in school, and would have helped him if he had chosen to ask; but he never did choose, nor did Eric care to volunteer. The consequence was, that unless he could borrow a crib, he was invariably turned, and he was now particularly anxious to get one, because the time was nearly up.

There was a certain idle, good-natured boy, named Llewellyn, who had "cribs" to every book they did, and who, with a pernicious *bonhomie*, lent them promiscuously to the rest, all of whom were only too glad to avail themselves of the help, except the few at the top of the form, who found it a slovenly way of learning the lesson, which was sure to get them into worse difficulties than an honest attempt to master the meaning for themselves. Llewellyn sat at the farther end of the form in front, so Barker scribbled in the fly-leaf of his book, "Please send us your Homer crib," and got the book passed on to Llewellyn, who immediately shoved his crib in Barker's direction. The only danger of the transaction being noticed, was when the book was being handed from one bench to another, and as Eric unluckily had an end seat, he had got into trouble more than once.

On this occasion, just as Graham, the last boy on the form in front, handed Eric the crib, Mr. Gordon happened to look up, and Eric, very naturally anxious to screen another from trouble, popped the book under his own Homer.

"Williams, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir," said Eric, looking up innocently.

"Bring me that book under your Homer."

Eric blushed, hesitated—but at last amid a dead silence, took up the book. Mr. Gordon looked at it for a minute, let it fall on the ground, and then, with an unnecessary affectation of disgust, took it up with the tongs, and dropped it into the grate. There was a titter round the room.

"Silence!" thundered the master; "this is no matter for laughing. So, sir, *this* is the way you get up to the top of the form?"

"I wasn't using it, sir," said Eric.

"Not using it! Why, I saw you put it, open, under your Homer."

"It isn't mine, sir."

"Then whose is it?" Mr. Gordon, motioning to Eric to pick up the book, looked at the fly-leaf, but of course no name was there; in those days it was dangerous to write one's name in a translation.

Eric was silent.

"Under the circumstances, Williams, I must punish you," said Mr. Gordon. "Of course I am bound to believe you, but the circumstances are very suspicious. You had no business with such a book at all. Hold out your hand."

As yet, Eric had never been caned. It would have been easy for him in this case to clear himself without mentioning names, but (very rightly) he thought it unmanly to clamor about being punished, and he felt nettled at Mr. Gordon's merely official belief of his word. He knew that he had his faults, but certainly want of honor was not among them. Indeed, there were only three boys out of twenty in the form, who did not resort to modes of unfairness far worse than the use of cribs, and those three were—Russell, Owen, and himself; even Duncan, even Montagu, inured to it by custom, were not ashamed to read their lesson off a concealed book, or copy a date from a furtive piece of paper. They would have been ashamed of it before they came to Roslyn School, but the commonness of the habit had now made them blind or indifferent to its meanness. It was peculiarly bad in the fourth form, because the master treated them with implicit confidence, and being scrupulously honorable himself, was unsuspicious of others. He was therefore extremely indignant at this apparent discovery of an attempt to overreach him in a boy so promising and so much of a favorite as Eric Williams.

"Hold out your hand!" he repeated.

Eric did so, and the cane tingled sharply across his palm. He could bear the pain well enough, but he was keenly alive to the disgrace; he, a boy at the head of his form, to be caned in this way by a man who didn't understand him, and unjustly too! He mustered up an indifferent air, closed his lips tight, and determined to give no further signs. The defiance of his look made Mr. Gordon angry, and he inflicted in succession five hard cuts on either hand, each one of which was more excruciating than the last.

"Now, go to your seat."

Eric did go to his seat, with all his bad passions roused, and he walked in a jaunty and defiant kind of way that made the master really grieve at the disgrace into which he had fallen. But he instantly became a hero with the form, who unanimously called him a great brick for not telling, and admired him immensely for bearing up without crying under so severe a punishment. The punishment was most severe, and for some weeks after there were dark weals visible across Eric's palm, which rendered the use of his hands painful.

"Poor Williams," said Duncan, as they went out of school, "how very plucky of you not to cry."

"Vengeance deep brooding o'er the cane,
Had locked the source of softer woe;
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the gentler tear to flow,"

said Eric, with a smile.

But he only bore up till he got home, and there, while he was telling his father the occurrence, he burst into a storm of passionate tears, mingled with the fiercest invectives against Mr. Gordon for his injustice.

"Never mind, Eric," said his father; "only take care that you never get a punishment *justly*, and I shall always be as proud of you as I am now. And don't cherish this resentment, my boy; it will only do you harm. Try to forgive and forget."

"But, papa, Mr. Gordon is so hasty. I have indeed been rather a favorite of his, yet now he shows that he has no confidence in me. It is a great shame that he shouldn't believe my word. I don't mind the pain; but I shan't like him any more, and I'm sure how I shan't get the examination prize."

"You don't mean, Eric, that he will be influenced by partiality in the matter?"

"No, papa, not exactly; at least I dare say he

won't intend to be. But it is unlucky to be on bad terms with a master, and I know I shan't work so well."

On the whole the boy was right in thinking this incident a misfortune. Although he had nothing particular for which to blame himself, yet the affair had increased his pride, while it lowered his self-respect; and he had an indistinct consciousness that the popularity in his form would do him as much harm as the change of feeling in his master. He grew careless and dispirited, nor was it till in the very heat of the final competition, that he felt his energies fully revived.

Half the form were as eager about the examination as the other half were indifferent; but none were more eager than Eric. He was much hindered by Barker's unceasing attempt to copy his papers surreptitiously; and very much disgusted at the shameless way in which many of the boys "cribbed" from books, and from each other, or used torn leaves concealed in their sleeves, or dates written on their wristbands, and on their nails. He saw how easily much of this might have been prevented; but Mr. Gordon was fresh at his work, and had not yet learnt the practical lesson (which cost him many a qualm of sorrow and disgust), that to trust young boys to any great extent is really to increase their temptations. He did learn the lesson afterwards, and then almost entirely suppressed the practice, partly by increased vigilance, and partly by forbidding any book to be brought into the room during the time of examination. But meanwhile, much evil had been done by the habitual abuse of his former confidence.

I shall not linger over the examination. At its close, the day before the breaking up, the list was posted on the door of the great school-room; and most boys made an impetuous rush to see the result. But Eric was too nervous to be present at the hour when this was usually done, and he had asked Russell to bring him the news.

He was walking up and down the garden, counting the number of steps he took, counting the number of shrubs along each path, and devising every sort of means to beguile the time, when he heard hasty steps, and Russell burst in at the back gate, breathless with haste, and bright with excitement.

"Hurrah! old fellow," he cried, seizing both Eric's hands; "I never felt so glad in my life;" and he shook his friend's arm up and down, laughing joyously.

"Well! tell me," said Eric.

"First, { Owen } Equals," said he, "you have got head remove, you see, in spite of your forebodings, as I always said you would; and I congratulate you with all my heart."

"No?" said Eric, "have I really?—you're not joking? Oh! hurrah!—I must rush in and tell them;" and he bounded off.

In a second he was back at Russell's side. "What a selfish animal I am! Where are you placed, Russell?"

"Oh! magnificent; I'm third;—far higher than I expected."

"I'm so glad" said Eric. "Come in with me and tell them. I'm head remove, mother," he shouted, springing into the parlor where his father and mother sat.

In the lively joy that this announcement excited, Russell stood by for the moment unheeded; and when Eric took him by the hand to tell them that he was third, he hung his head, and a tear was in his eye.

"Poor boy! I'm afraid you're disappointed," said Mrs. Williams kindly, drawing him to her side.

"Oh, no, no! it's not that," said Russell hastily, as he lifted his swimming eyes to her face.

"What's the matter, Russell," asked Eric, surprised.

"Oh, nothing! don't ask me; I'm only foolish to-day;" and with a burst of sorrow he bent down, and hid his face. Mrs. Williams guessed the source of his anguish, and soothed him tenderly; nor was she surprised when, as soon as his sobs would let him speak, he kissed her hand, and whispered in a low tone, "It is but a year since I became an orphan."

"Dearest child," she said, "I know how to sympathize with you. But I am sure, my boy, that you have learnt to feel who is the Father of the fatherless."

Russell's eyes brightened, but his only answer was a look of intelligence and gratitude, as he hastily dried his tears.

Gradually he grew calmer. They made him stay to dinner and spend the rest of the day there, and by the evening he had recovered all his usual sprightliness. Towards sunset he and Eric went for a stroll down the bay, and talked over the term and the examination.

They sat down on a green bank just beyond the bench, and watched the tide come in, while the sea-distance was crimson with the glory of evening. The beauty and the murmur filled them with a quiet happiness, not untinged with the melancholy thought of parting the next day.

At last Eric broke the silence. "Russell, let me always call you Edwin, and call me Eric."

"Very gladly, Eric. Your coming here has made me so happy." And the boys squeezed each other's hands, and looked into each other's faces, and silently promised that they would be loving friends for ever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mont Cenis Tunnel

The opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel, which is announced by cable, is one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest engineering feat of the age, unless the Suez canal may dispute the palm with it in this respect. Trains are now running from Italy into France, by this tunnel, over and through the Alps. Its construction was a work of great difficulty, being about eight miles in length, and at such a depth beneath the surface as to render shafts impracticable. It could therefore be worked from each end only, and serious difficulties were encountered to ventilating as well as expediting the operation, which, at the usual rate of excavation, would have occupied at least forty years. A new method of ventilating and driving, however, was applied, by which the tunnel was extended at a comparatively rapid rate. The inception of this extraordinary enterprise is said to have been due to Counts Ratazzi and Cavour, and Italian capital and skill have been largely embarked in it.

The highest point of the old road made by the French in 1810 is 6,773 feet above the sea—between Savoy and Piedmont. But this was a wagon road, and now the locomotive goes through more difficult passes. The Mont Cenis summit railway, which is upon a portion of the road-bed of the Mont Cenis pass, was in itself a great railway achievement. This railway was about forty-nine miles in length, and for the purpose of increasing adhesion, without increasing weight of engine, a form of centre rail was introduced, and the engine had, in addition to the ordinary perpendicular wheels, four horizontal wheels, two on each side, which were made to rotate along the side of the centre rail by the same stem from the cylinder that operated upon the perpendicular wheels. With the steam acting only upon the horizontal, the engine ascended an incline of one in twelve, equal to four hundred in the mile, drawing seven tons, and with steam applied to all the wheels, drawing twenty-four tons.

Mont Cenis is a remarkable mountain, both in itself and historically. It is an elevated plateau

6,773 feet above the sea level, with a peak rising to the height of 11,454 feet. It was over this pass that Pepin led the French army, in 755, against the King of the Lombards, in aid of Pope Stephen III. Nearly one thousand years later Catinot, Marshal of France, crossed it with his forces, in the wars of Louis XIV, and somewhat improved the pass, though it was still of difficult transit, and only for mules. In order to facilitate the intercourse across the Alps, Napoleon ordered a road to be laid out and constructed, eighteen feet wide, for a distance of thirty miles. But this achievement of Napoleon, and his military crossing of the Alps, as well as that of Hannibal, are far surpassed in difficulty and benefit to mankind by the peaceful railroad triumphs which have reached their consummation in the completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel.

Narrow-Gauge Railroads.

The question of Broad or Narrow Gauge, is at present very interesting to Civil Engineers, and is worth the attention of all Students who intend to devote themselves to the profession. A very interesting article has appeared in the August number of the *Technologist* (to be found in the College Library), advocating the claims of the three-foot gauge, the narrowest of all. Compared with the 4.7 foot gauge, the cost of construction is made out to be in the proportion of eleven to fifteen. The cost of repairs is also in favor of the three-foot gauge. The proportion of "live weight" to "dead weight," that is, of the paying load to the necessary weight of car, is two to one, instead of one to one, as it is on the 4.7 gauge. The comfort of passengers will be rather increased than diminished. But, it may be asked, are there no disadvantages? Yes, the transfer of freight to the existing roads, which are nearly all built on the 4.7 gauge, will require unloading and reloading, and this will cost about five cents per ton. This disadvantage, however, is much more than counterbalanced by the advantages before enumerated. The author of this interesting article is Mr. George B. Lake, a C. E. of Ann Arbor, and a young man of very high intellectual attainments. He is at present filling a responsible position on the Atchison and Topeka R. R., in Kansas. The Kansas City and Memphis Railroad, now in course of construction, is to have a three-foot gauge, and this gauge will probably be generally adopted by future branch-lines, if not by through lines, in America.

OCCASIONALLY parrots acquire phraseology of a vulgar or a devout nature, and appear somewhat irreverent to short-sighted critics. Of course, they simply repeat phrases they have picked up here and there, without wicked meditations; though such expressions undoubtedly shock the ear, owing principally, to their comical association. The Rev. T. O. Morris relates:

"A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.' The overpowering effect on the congregation may be more easily imagined than described."

How is it possible to make boys smart? A liberal use of the rod will make boys smart.

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Modern Languages.

The study of Modern languages has become of great importance in this country, not merely on account of the pleasure the student may derive from reading the works of celebrated authors in the language of the authors, but also on account of the usefulness of these languages in business, especially German and French.

Many of our students are studying one or the other of these languages, and we call their attention to the necessity of endeavoring to express their ideas in the language they are studying. They should begin to talk in German or French almost as soon as they have the grammar in their hands. Teachers should not be too exacting in the case of beginners about the multitudinous exceptions to the general rules, but should encourage their pupils to make use of German or French words without, at first, exacting the correct case or tense, or finding fault with them for not putting the proper preposition before the proper case. After the pupil has accustomed his tongue to pronounce and his ears to catch a number of words,—and when he is no longer afraid or ashamed of making grammatical blunders, or of not pronouncing the words with all the correctness of a Parisian or Berliner,—when he has accustomed himself to use French or German words, and has acquired a number of them, it is time enough to require him to pay strict attention to the grammatical construction.

We know of many pupils who have become discouraged in the beginning, and have never made any progress, simply because they were scared by the exceptions, and were required by the teacher to load their memory not only with general rules and the usual declensions, but were, from the first, required to try to learn the exceptions—many of which they would never have to make use of—and to plunge into irregular and exceptional verbs before thoroughly mastering the regular conjugations.

Others too we have known, who began bravely, and at once took the right way to make rapid progress; that is, they began at once to use words and try to talk; but not only not meeting with encouragement from inexperienced or careless teachers, they were frequently laughed at and ridiculed for faults of pronunciation or of grammar; and being sensitive, they became afraid to draw ridicule upon themselves and entirely gave up, if not the class, at least all interest in the rapid acquisition of the language.

But students should be made of sterner stuff. Never mind a smile, or even a laugh, at your expense. You are just beginning, and if you mispronounce a word, or put a dative for an accusative, or mistake the gender, or do not make your adjectives always agree in gender and number with the noun,—never mind. Try to make yourselves understood, learn as many words and phrases as you can, and get them at the end of your tongue, and accustom your tongue to roll the words out. By and by you will have more skill in grammar; and the practice of speaking, even incorrectly, will put you ahead more in six months than you would be, without this practice, in two or three years.

Visit to an Old Student.

Some time in last vacation, we called upon an old Student of Notre Dame at his place business, 33 and 35 River street, Chicago. In fact, we usually call on him when we go to the Garden City, and never fail to do so if we have time to call around.

This old Student—now engaged in a flourishing business during business hours, and passing his leisure hours in a pleasant home, where the smiles of a happy wife and the welcome of bright-faced children greet him—is well remembered at Notre Dame, and we have frequently been cheered by his appearance on Commencement Days, and occasionally during the year.

We had but a short time to stay in the city; but a portion of it we vowed to devote to pleasant visits. So we went to 33 and 35 River street, where we felt sure we would find P. L. Garrity.

And we did.

Hard at work in the office, looking over accounts, invoices, and other papers we have had so little to do with that we do not know their names. We received, as we expected, a hearty welcome, and a fancy struck us to examine the whole establishment over which P. L. G. presides, and of which he is proprietor.

And we did.

If our memory serves us well, the house in which P. L. G. has his extensive Candy Manufactory is four stories high, with a basement. As you enter, you see to the left the office, and to the right, samples of goods, which years ago would have made our mouth water, and even now were so tempting that it was hard for us to keep our fingers off them. Some one hundred and thirty feet back stretches the store room, with piles of boxes, which contain material that will make the hearts of many a girl and boy thump for joy. Candies of every description, of all colors and shapes and tastes. Some in square boxes, on which was pasted a flaming-colored paper with the American eagle soaring aloft, having in its bill a scroll telling the name of the candy. Other names were in gold and blue, and there were gum drops there sufficient to furnish rations for weeks to a regiment of sweet-toothed urchins.

Passing through one of the narrow lanes that are left open between the huge piles of boxes, we reached the rear of the store-room, where we found men placing boxes of candy into larger boxes, while others were putting them on drays to be hauled away. Some of these were to go north to St. Paul, and that region of country; Indiana took a quantity. The Sucker State, of course, patronizes candy extensively,—hence its name; as the people of that state like the stick candy streaked around like a barber pole. The south came in for its share,—Salt Lake City, is abundantly supplied with P. L. G.'s candies, and as the number of the rising generation in that quarter is not small, the demand for sweet things is large. In fact, both on account of the amount of candy manufactured and the wide-spread patronage he enjoys, P. L. G. finds himself the proprietor of one of the most extensive Candy Manufactories in the West, if not the most extensive.

Placing ourselves on an elevator, we were first let down into the cellar, where we examined the engine used exclusively by this house, and which sets the upper stories in movement when need is. We then looked over the complicated machinery for making chocolate, had it all explained to us, while we looked vastly wise as if we understood all about it; yet we have serious doubts of our being able to run the machine if suddenly called upon to make chocolate.

We were then elevated to the second story, where we found a few men around loose, who no doubt had something to do, and were doing it, else they would not be in energetic P. L. G.'s establish-

ment; but we did not perceive what they were doing amid the boxes and barrels that were stowed away, some containing raw material, and destined to go up, and others containing the manufactured article on its way down stairs to be put in neat boxes. Besides candies, there were here barrels of many different species of nuts—almonds, filberts, Brazil nuts, English walnuts, and others: and we frankly admit that we did not keep our fingers away from them.

Again we stood on the elevator, and ascended to the next story: here, though the day was hot, were fires in brick furnaces, over which were cauldrons full of liquid sweets. Men and boys in the light and airy costume of shirt and pantaloons, were variously employed—some stirring the kettles, others with large dippers were taking portions from the kettles, and deftly filling up little holes on a table, and as the liquid cooled, delicious gum-drops were formed. One man was engaged in making 'kisses,' and didn't seem to enjoy it so very much; another was putting "mottoes" on a large sheet of rolled out candy, and then with a little hollow punch cutting out the circular little cakes of candy that form the foundation—the *pièce de resistance*—of cornucopias. Further on was a man savagely slashing away at a big hook placed in one of the columns that supported the next story. He had an enormous "hunk" of soft candy, about as much as he could conveniently swing around; this he threw at the hook, and pulled it out three or four feet, then slashed the end on the hook, and again drew it out; we watched him for a minute or so, and saw the candy become whiter and clearer every time he drew it out. When sufficiently cleared, it would be thrown on a long clean stone table, on which there was already a large batch of soft clear candy, and beside it a smaller batch of colored candy. The man who did this part of the business, rolled long ropes of candy from the two batches, and covered the top of the table with stick candy twelve or more feet long. Then a boy with a large pair of shears cut through them, dividing them in proper lengths to be placed in nice glass jars and to be sold at a cent a stick.

Others were turning out of moulds candy in the shape of apples, pears and other fruit, and cats and dogs, shanghais, and various other beasts and birds.

Going still higher, we again met the candy fruit and animals together with hearts and fancy baskets of candy, all of which were fixed up to perfection by a number of women and girls who occupy this story. Some were folding up little square bits of candy with a rhyme around them. We cannot just now recall any of the rhymes, but we thought at the time they were not original, as we dimly remembered that we had years ago been familiar with them. One young miss, evidently an artist, had charge of the cats, and was diligently cultivating whiskers on each side of the cats' noses with a fine brush. Others were fixing up candy dolls; two little dabs give a doll blue eyes; another dab produces the red cherry lips, and two dabs more bring a fine color to its cheeks. The birds assumed gay plumage under the skilful hands of the artists,—lions were made to look fierce and rampant, and the roosters to look so natural that you expected them to crow.

During our ramble through the building, P. L. G. accompanied us, and told us many curious and interesting facts about the "trade," which we cannot put upon paper for fear of "getting mixed." For instance, we could not lucidly explain upon paper the difference between the varieties of candies. We might venture to describe the material of which rock candy is made and talk wisely about crystallization. But we are just as liable to be wrong as right.

Instead of descending by means of the elevator,

we trudged down the stairway, and as our time was up we took our leave of P. L. G. and his wholesale establishment. We are glad to hear that he intends establishing a large confectionery store in St. Louis, and perhaps has done so by this time, as it was some months ago that we heard it was his intention.

Success to P. L. G., and to all the old students of Notre Dame who have the stamina, like he has, to do honor to themselves and to their old College by being worthy, energetic, honest citizens. What P. L. G. now owns is due to his never-flagging industry, his untiring energy, both as boy and man, to his regular and temperate manner of life, his strict honesty and punctuality in business matters, in a word, to his "level head" and good heart; and, we may be permitted to add, to his good wife, who makes home a home indeed, where he likes to receive his friends, and where his friends have spent many a pleasant hour.

PROF. IVERS will open a Class of Calisthenics next week. All those who desire to acquire gracefulness of movement, etc., would do well to call upon the Professor and make arrangements.

WE are indebted to an esteemed friend in Ohio for late numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget*. We tender our sincere thanks for the much-valued compliment.

Our Exchanges.

We were pleased this week with the re-appearance amongst our exchanges of the *Williams Vidette*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Analyst*. We have also received *Der Emigrant*, a new paper published in Nashville, Tennessee, and printed partly in English and partly in German.

Those of our exchanges which we noticed last week have also come promptly and are welcome.

Personal.

We have received a prospectus of St. Vincent's Academy, near Shreveport, La., which contains, besides the programme of the distribution of premiums, an address by T. A. Flanagan, Esq. Mr. Flanagan was a student at Notre Dame many years ago, and we rejoice to know that he not only holds a high position as one of the Louisiana bar, but also that his standing as an upright and honorable citizen of Shreveport, pointed him out as the most proper person to deliver the closing address and the annual distribution of premiums at St. Vincent's Academy.

The address itself shows that, for ability, the good sisters were quite happy in their choice. The following extract, taken from the introductory portion of the address, will serve as a specimen of Mr. Flanagan's style, and at the same time of the pleasant recollections of College life which cling around the memory of a student who has made good use of his time:

"Reverend Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"It is certainly a refreshing pleasure sometimes to retire from the toils and turmoils of everyday life, from the wearying practical of the external to the calm and gentle enjoyment of the internal, that loftier and better part of man,—the intellect.

"Many persons may pronounce this tedious, monotonous, uninteresting, but to me a School Exhibition, or Distribution, affords a pleasure deep and peculiarly characteristic; deep, in that it is purely of the heart and intellect; characteristic, because it is a pleasure that no other occasion than this can so well and fully afford. With the magic power of Aladdin's fabled lamp, it invokes the good and guarding *Genii* of years ago, who lead me

by the hand, a boy again, back to the loved and cherished scenes and happy days of youth; happy, indeed, because free from sin and care; days when I knew not the world, its cares, its crimes, its griefs. Ah, my dear old *Alma Mater*! again I wander with the familiar freedom of a child at home, through her study-rooms and science-laden halls. Again I ramble, sportive, fresh and free, through her shady groves and play-grounds, pictured as of yore, with the familiar faces musical with the mingling voices of merry schoolmates. Again I kneel before her chapel's altar—that spot of hallowed memories—offering the earnest prayer of childhood's heart for loved ones. And again I see and hear me first and loudest in the choir of boyish voices, chanting the midnight Christmas Mass, or raising in solemn solo that beautiful hymn of adoration to the new-born Saviour, "*Adeste fideles*," and then the ceremonies of Holy Week, so beautiful, so melancholy, so sweetly sad to the Catholic heart. These, followed by the festive joys of Easter Sunday—the glad, glorious chorus, "*Resurrexit sicut dixit*!" All these are remembrances too sweet to be forgotten—almost too sacred to be aroused from memory's tomb! And what but scenes like this can so well recall such memories as these? What can so quickly give back to us, as fresh as yesterday, the free and happy days of youth? Here, within the brief ticking of an hour, we live o'er again those months and years through which we so anxiously, so hopefully, so ambitiously struggled for honors like to those distributed here to-day; and have we forgotten our joys, our blushing pride at their reception, with parents and friends no less proud and happy than we, to witness it? And is it no pleasure to recall these scenes, and see them o'er again in the happy faces before us?"

St. Vincent's Academy, situated two miles from Shreveport, is conducted by a community of sisters known as the Daughters of the Cross, and from the prospectus, which we have examined carefully, we judge that their school is in a very flourishing condition. We heartily wish them success in their noble work.

New Publication.

MANUAL OF GEOMETRICAL AND INFINITESIMAL ANALYSIS. By B. Sestini, S. J., Author of Analytical Geometry, Elementary Geometry, and a Treatise on Algebra; Professor of Mathematics in Woodstock College, Md.—Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers.

This manual, which according to the author's preface, is intended only as an introduction to the study of Physical Science, contains as much and perhaps more of the branches it treats, than students generally take time to master. It is sufficiently extensive for its purpose and after a glance at its contents, we think the subjects are treated as lucidly as their abstractness permits. We are rather fastidious, perhaps, in regard to typography, but we would like to see many of the pages less crowded with formulae, and thus their confusing effect on the eye removed. We would also prefer to see such a book with the figures on the same page as the text, instead of having to refer to plates at the end of the volume.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

J. McGahan, Alleghany City, Pa.
J. F. Warnet, Toledo, Ohio.
A. Miller, Ottawa, Illinois.
M. M. Foote, Burlington, Iowa.
J. D. McCormick, Lancaster, Ohio.
E. Hupp, Lakeville, Indiana.
W. Kelly, Muskegon, Michigan.
E. S. Forrester, Laporte, Indiana.
M. Basterache, New Brunswick.
R. Keenan, Ontario, Canada.
A. Keenan, Ontario, Canada.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 22.—T. Watson, J. E. Hogan, P. F. Leffingwell, P. Fitzpatrick, J. Bowman, T. Renshaw, J. M. Stinson, H. Schnelker, J. Marshall, C. Karst.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

September 22.—F. Egan, R. Lange, H. Taylor, F. McOskar, B. Roberts, L. Munn, M. Weldon, W. Meyers, J. McHugh, M. McCormack, E. Sheehan, D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

September 24.—F. Huck, J. O'Meara, C. Ellison, A. Morton.

Honorable Mentions.

Classics.

PHILOSOPHY (LOGIC).

M. Mahony, J. McHugh, M. Keeley, M. Carr, J. E. Shannahan, T. Ireland.

FIRST LATIN.

T. Ireland, M. Keeley, J. E. Shannahan, John McHugh, M. Carr.

SECOND LATIN.

John Staley, James McGlynn, Mark M. Foote.

THIRD LATIN.

Thomas O'Mahony.

FOURTH LATIN.

N. Mitchell, L. Hayes.

FIFTH LATIN.

C. Dodge, P. Fitzpatrick, F. W. Chamberlain.

SIXTH LATIN.

F. P. Leffingwell, C. Gamache, D. Maloney.

SEVENTH LATIN.

P. J. O'Connell, J. Rourke, J. Garen, W. Breen, H. L. Dehner, A. J. Dickerhoff, W. G. Emmonds, F. Egan.

EIGHTH LATIN.

J. E. Davis, P. O'Meara, T. F. Hansard, J. Taylor, M. Weldon, J. Stubbs, J. Marshall.

FIRST GREEK.

T. Ireland, M. Keeley.

THIRD GREEK.

T. O'Mahony.

FOURTH GREEK.

D. Maloney, T. Watson, M. Carr, C. Chamberlain.

FIFTH GREEK.

C. Dodge, M. Foote, W. Clark, C. Gamache, W. Sampsel, L. Hayes.

Mathematics.

FIRST GEOMETRY.

T. Dundon, P. J. O'Connell.

SECOND GEOMETRY.

G. W. Darr, F. W. Chamberlain, F. P. Leffingwell, W. P. Brun, M. S. Kelly.

FIRST ALGEBRA.

T. Dundon, P. J. O'Connell, G. Darr.

SECOND ALGEBRA.

F. W. Chamberlain, F. P. Leffingwell.

THIRD ALGEBRA.

W. C. Fiedeldy, L. Hayes, T. Murphy, J. Shannahan, F. Arantz.

FIRST ARITHMETIC, SR.

J. M. Stinson, H. Hubbard, P. O'Meara, Charles Berdell, J. Rumely, F. Arantz, J. Ward, T. A. Phillips, J. M. Smarr, Robert Staley, H. Dehner, J. Crumme, J. E. Hogan, J. Rourke, E. W. Barry, B. Green, J. Walsh.

SECOND ARITHMETIC.

J. Karst, J. L. Marshall, E. Graves, J. J. Darnody, G. Wirthlin, J. D. Mathers.

THIRD ARITHMETIC.

T. J. Badeau, J. Comar, C. M. Karst, M. Baily, T. Hansard, J. Kinney, J. Hornish.

FIRST ARITHMETIC, JR.

F. Ready, O. Waterman, J. Wuest, F. McOsker, F. Eagan, J. Taylor, H. Taylor, J. Quill.

SECOND ARITHMETIC.

F. Phelan, F. McDonald, L. Hibben, H. E. Alwill, F. Devoto, J. Hoffman, J. Pumphrey.

THIRD ARITHMETIC.

D. O'Connell, E. Marshall, E. Milburn, E. Mulhenny, M. McCormack.

FOURTH ARITHMETIC.

A. Schmidt, T. Stubbs, J. Graham, J. Juif, L. Munn, F. Miller.

FIFTH ARITHMETIC.

W. P. Morgan, W. Kane, P. Reilly, W. Ohlen, C. Campeau, J. McIntyre.

Commercial.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

J. M. Stinson, J. H. Ward, J. Ireland, H. Taylor, J. Wuest, J. B. Crummev.

FIRST BOOK-KEEPING.

J. Rumely, B. Luhn, R. Lange, L. McOsker, F. Bare, E. J. Nugent.

SECOND BOOK-KEEPING.

H. Schnelker, J. Nash, S. Ashton, F. Egan, P. O'Mara, J. T. Smarr.

THIRD BOOK-KEEPING.

J. G. Bowen, J. Durnody, W. C. Fiedeldy, F. Ready, R. Staley, F. C. Anderson, M. B. Greene.

Literature.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

T. J. Ireland, N. Mitchell.

FIRST RHETORIC.

C. Dodge, P. O'Connell.

SECOND RHETORIC.

T. Dundon, W. C. Fieldeldy, M. S. Kelly, W. Breen, D. Maloney, E. Sweeney, W. Dum, S. Dum, C. Gamache, G. Darr, P. Fitzpatrick, J. Crummev, J. Ward.

FIRST GRAMMAR, SR.

J. E. Hogan, L. Marshall, T. Badeaux, L. McOsker, E. W. Barry, F. D. Baer, F. Arantz, B. F. Roberts, A. J. Dickerhoff, C. A. Butler, W. W. Samsell, T. Renshaw, L. Hibben, J. Roberts, L. Godfrey, W. W. Meyer, B. Green, J. Quill, E. J. Nugent, E. P. Dechant, H. Walderhoff, H. F. Clark.

SECOND GRAMMAR.

F. P. Leffingwell, H. L. Dehner, J. G. Bowen, J. J. Darnody, H. Hubbard.

FIRST GRAMMAR, JR.

H. E. Alwill, F. Phelan, J. Caren, F. Keady, M. McCormick, J. Wuest.

Letter Writing—E. H. Alwill, F. Phelan, F. Anderson, J. Wuest, J. Caren.

Composition—F. Phelan, E. H. Alwill, F. McDonald, A. Anderson, J. Caren.

SECOND GRAMMAR.

J. Pumphrey, S. Sullivan, D. O'Connell, F. Devoto, J. Hoffman.

THIRD GRAMMAR.

E. Milburn, A. Kline, J. Bracken, H. Enneking.

GEOGRAPHY AND U. S. HISTORY.

J. M. Stinson, E. Graves, J. Kliney, J. Hornish, C. W. Hughes, C. M. Karst, E. A. Dougherty, A. Pagnin, J. Shirley, D. O'Connell, F. Livingstone, F. Moore, E. W. Sutphen, E. Poor, W. Tole, F. Bauer, A. Kline, H. Enneking, D. Jocquel, H. Quan.

FIRST GEOGRAPHY.

E. Gault, F. Devoto, S. Rust, T. O'Neil H. Long, G. Gross, E. Milburn.

FIRST READING, SR.

J. L. Noonan, J. E. Davis, J. G. Bowen, T. Renshaw.

FIRST READING, JR.

L. Hibben, E. Asher, S. Sullivan, W. Quinlan,

W. T. Ball, E. Milburn, J. Quill, S. Marks, J. Marks, A. B. Chouteau, E. Edwards, W. W. Meyers, E. Gault, M. McCormick, J. McGinnis, H. Hunt, E. Howland, E. Ottenville, J. Caren, T. Noel, F. Smith, H. Beckman, A. J. Dickerhoff, C. Bloomerhuff, P. Jacobs.

SECOND READING.

J. Hoffman, S. Rust, T. O'Neil, F. Livingston, C. Campeau, J. McIntyre, H. Long.

FIRST ORTHOGRAPHY, SR.

T. Badeau, J. J. Bowen, J. D. Waters, T. Renshaw, J. L. Noonan, E. W. Barry, H. Clarke, C. Proctor, T. A. Phillips, J. C. Connor, J. Kenny, C. M. Karst, J. J. Doud, P. Logue, T. Fitzpatrick.

FIRST ORTHOGRAPHY, JR.

E. Gault, L. Hibben, J. Quill, H. E. Alwill, H. Taylor, S. Sullivan, J. Caren, F. Ready, R. Redmond.

SECOND ORTHOGRAPHY.

J. Kaufmann, E. Gault, E. Milburn, W. Quinlan.

Languages.

FRENCH.

T. O'Mahony, T. J. Badeau, C. Berdell, S. Godfroy.

GERMAN.

O. Waterman, P. Cooney, J. Hoffman, J. Luebke, J. Crummev, J. Taylor, J. Deuine, H. Hunt, S. Wile, F. Anderson, A. Schmidt, H. Enneking, H. Beckman, H. D. Taxon, C. E. Butler, J. Kilcoin, E. Alwill, F. Phelan, F. Arantz, E. Plummer, C. Parsons.

Drawing Class.

N. Mitchell, T. J. Dundon, J. Zimmer, B. Luhn, J. Rumely, J. Kaufmann, E. Marshall, F. Devoto.

Mentions in Music will appear next week.

Joseph Healy.

It will be painful news to most of our readers, to learn of the death of Joseph Healy. We regret, indeed, to hear of the death of any one who has shared with us our hours of study and of recreation in the springtime of our life; but when that one was more than the usual crowd who row and hunt and fish with us, what, then, must not be our regret? Such an one was Joseph Healy, a young man of rare promise and hopes. But the bright future, of which he gave promise, will never come unto him, and the fond hopes of his many friends will never be realized, for he gave back his soul to the hands of his Creator on the 14th of this month.

We learn from the "Silver Jubilee" that Joseph Healy was born at Elgin, Illinois, on the 6th of November, 1844. Until his entrance into the University of Notre Dame in 1859, he attended the public schools of his native town. On entering College he attached himself to the Philomathean Society, and the Sodality of the Holy Angels, and, when he became a Senior, to the Archconfraternity, the Thespians and St. Aloysius' Societies.

After five years of diligent study, he graduated with high honor at the University, in the year 1865. After graduation, young Healy entered the Law Department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and in the year 1866 received the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The same year he received from the University of Notre Dame the degree of Master of Arts. He then entered into a partnership with Judge Wilcox, of Elgin, and began the practice of his profession. The following year, Judge Wilcox having been called to the Bench, he formed a partnership with Hon. R. N. Botsford, which continued until his death a few weeks ago.

Joseph Healy was one of those men who seem to have been born to be loved. In his intercourse with his fellows he displayed such manliness, mixed with such modesty and affection, that he won the hearts of all. In truth, we can say that

during his whole College course at Notre Dame, Joseph Healy never had an enemy. His was not one of those brilliant spirits which run their meteoric course through College, and show nothing but the stick when they enter the world. He studied well and passed safely and with honor through the College course, and he kept up his College habits of study when he entered the world. And, as he had passed through College, so was he gradually, and surely, rising in his profession. Though not quite twenty-seven, he already ranked as one of the most prominent young lawyers in Northern Illinois.

As he lived, so he died. Young Healy was a conscientious practical Catholic, and comforted with the last rites and sacraments of the Church he passed from earth to heaven, as many of his College companions had passed before.

Resolutions of the Holy Angels' Society.

On Wednesday, the 27th inst., the members of the Society of the Holy Angels held a formal meeting, and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased divine Providence to take from us our late dear friend and esteemed associate, J. A. Healy,

Resolved, We most sincerely and feelingly deplore the loss which this religious Association, of which the deceased was a devoted member, has sustained by his melancholy death.

Resolved, We hasten to extend our heartfelt sentiments of sympathy and condolence to the sorrow-stricken members of the family of the deceased in their great affliction. However, we have the firm belief that *their loss*, irreparable as it is, is *his gain*, and that his death was not an unprovided one; his tender piety and lively faith confirm this, our hope.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and in the *Elgin Advocate*. (Signed.)

W. MEYERS,
M. MCCORMACK, } Committee.
H. HUNT,

F. EGAN, Secretary. A. GRANGER, S.S.C., President.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held on the evening of the 18th inst., the following resolutions, expressing the feelings of the Association upon the death of one of its oldest and most-honored members, J. A. Healy, A. M., of Elgin, Illinois, were read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Him, who doeth all things well, to remove from our midst, at the beginning of a promising career, J. A. Healy, A. M., one of the earliest members and first Vice-President of our Association; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while humbly submitting to the decree, which has snatched from amongst us a dear friend and an honored member, we cannot refrain from giving expression to the sentiments which this sad event has aroused.

Resolved, That in his death this Association has lost one who, by the suavity of his manners, and the prompt discharge of all his duties as a member of this Association, won the affection and esteem of his fellow-members; and society at large, an ornament to the legal profession in which he was engaged.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing relatives, and unite our lamentations with theirs for one who to us also was a friend and a brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, the *Chicago Times* and the *Elgin Advocate*, and that a copy be sent to the relatives of the deceased.

M. MAHONY,
C. DODGE, } Committee.
C. HUTCHINGS,

J. McHUGH, Secretary. REV. A. LEMONIER, S.S.C., Director.

ON 1st Valentine's day the following was received by a certain person from another certain person, but its meaning has remained a mystery up to the present time:

One	and	down	and
but	that	and	you
love	is	up	will
I	thee	read	sec.

The recipient of the above will be much obliged to anyone who will make known its sense, if it has any, through the SCHOLASTIC.

A LETTER with the following rather curious address upon it, has been going the rounds of the post-offices, looking for a claimant. Will some one come to the rescue of the postmasters and tell them to whom the letter belongs and to what post-office it should be sent? The address is as follows:

HILL,
A.
MASS.

J. T. F.—r, of Nashville sends a solution of the farmer's problem,—the same as given by B. N.—l, in the second number.

EDS. SCHOLASTIC:—In looking over your first number, I noticed your "Latin Short-Hand," to which you call the attention of Latin Students.

As the problem, if such it may be called, is yet unanswered, permit me to attempt a lengthening operation on the matter.

LATIN SHORT-HAND.

O	quid	tua
be	bis	bia
ra	ra	ra
es	et	in
ram	ram	ram
	ii	

LATIN LONG-HAND.

O Superbe quid superbis, tua superbia,
terra es et in terram ibis.

Yours, RAILROAD-COACH.

The Archconfraternity.

A meeting of this Society, for the purpose of reorganization, was held in the meeting-room of the St. Gregory Society, on Sunday morning, Sept. 24.

The meeting was presided over by Rev. Father Granger, who entertained the members with a short lecture on the devotion to the Mother of God, which he delivered in his usual impressive style. He next expressed his hopes that the members of this Society, being the first in rank at the College, strive to be models both of piety and good behavior during their stay at the University.

The election of officers, which followed, resulted in the following choice:

Director—Rev. A. Granger.
President—Thomas O'Mahony.
Vice-President—John Shannahan.
Recording Secretary—John D. McCormick.
Corresponding Secretary—N. S. Mitchell.
Librarian—James McGlynn.

N. S. MITCHELL, Cor. Sec.

THE ASS AND THE PIT.—A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined.

"But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?"

"Yes," answered Hayoh; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should fill up the pit or sell the ass."

The story has a sort of swivel "moral" which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

St. Elward's Literary Association.

DEAR EDITORS OF THE SCHOLASTIC:—Let the knowledge I possess in common with others, of the manifold interest which you ever kindly manifest in every movement which is directly connected with intellectual development and literary acquirements, be my apology for assuming the liberty of trespassing upon the valuable columns of your lively, spicy little sheet.

I wish to lay before your readers a few items concerning the St. Elward's Literary Association, in order that its numerous friends, admirers and patrons may know, that it not only lives and flourishes, but, what is incomparably more assuring, that it has been reorganized this year with an *ecclat* and determination on the part of its members, highly indicative of a brilliant future career. A glance at the doings which have, up to the present, engaged the attention of the Association, and I shall have done.

The first regular meeting, for the first session of the year, was convened in the Association's room on the 20th inst., for the purpose of a thorough reorganization, which was eminently successful. In the absence of Rev. A. Lemonnier, the President of the Association during the last two years, the chair was taken by T. F. O'Mahoney, the former Vice President, who forthwith delegated a committee to wait on Rev. A. Lemonnier, and ask him to still continue his labors for the well-being of the Association in the occupancy of the Presidential chair. Though he would fain resign the office, whose duties he had discharged with such consummate skill and tact, yet, he could not withstand, and so, gracefully yielded to the importunities of the committee, to the unspeakable joy of all concerned. With the Rev. Father in his old time-honored chair, the house proceeded to the election of candidates for membership; which business being satisfactorily performed, the election of officers to serve for the coming session took place, resulting as follows:

President—Rev. A. Lemonnier.
Vice-President—T. F. O'Mahony.
Corresponding Secretary—M. Keeley.
Recording Secretary—N. Mitchell.
Treasurer—W. Clarke.
Librarian—T. J. Murphy.
Censors—H. E. Coffey and W. Sampsel.

The following are the names of those new members, all of whom were elected unanimously: H. E. Coffey, T. J. Murphy, W. Sampsel.

The second regular meeting of the Association was held on the evening of the 26th inst. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Rev. A. Lemonnier, who was incapacitated from attending in consequence of illness, the Vice-President occupied the chair. The exercises consisted of the reading of original essays and select readings. Mr. Murphy has the credit of being the first this session who has read an essay for the Association; subject—"The importance of a good character," which he treated in a clear, able and comprehensive manner. Messrs. O'Mahony, Mitchell and others favored the house with the rendition of some very fine and humorous selections. I almost forgot to mention that Mr. J. E. Hogan became a happy member of our mutual admiration Association.

The Association is thus under full way, and already reckoning as it does, good and true members, with a sure prospect of attracting others to its ranks. I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that it holds, and will continue in the future to possess, a lofty, if not the highest, place among the literary societies of Notre Dame.

M. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

THE golden rose, which the Pope sends every year to a Catholic Princess, will this time be sent to the Queen of Belgium.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

At the first regular meeting of this Association, held on the 23d, the election of officers took place as follows:

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier, S.S.C.
Judge of the Moot Court—F. C. Bigelow, S.S.C.
President—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.
Director of the Drama—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.
Vice-President—M. Mahony.
Second Vice-President—C. Berdell.
President Dramatic Branch—C. Dodge.
Vice President Dramatic Branch—M. M. Foots.
President Orpheonic Branch—J. Rumely.
Vice-President Orpheonic Branch—C. Hutchings.
President Philo-Historic—L. Hayes.
Vice-President Philo-Historic—J. Nash.
Secretary—J. McHugh.
Corresponding Secretary—S. Dum.
Treasurer—P. Reilly.
Librarian—Leo McOsker.
Assistant Librarian—R. Lang.
Clerk of the Moot Court—J. Crummey.
Monitor—J. Kilcoia.
Assistant Monitor—W. Fletcher.

Censors—
J. Ward.
B. Roberts.
F. Egan.
E. Shea.
Marshall—H. Taylor.

Exercise--Boating.

MESSRS. EDS.:—"A sound mind in a healthy body," says the philosopher Locke, "is a short description of a happy state of life." A distinguished modern writer, commenting on the same passage from the great Roman satirist and rhetorician, expresses the idea inversely in this manner: "Intellect in a weak body is like gold in a lost swimmer's pocket—the richer he would be under other circumstances, by so much his danger is greater now."

The desire of an unimpaired mind, working in unison with a well regulated and well developed muscular body, or *visa versa*, is no doubt felt and cherished by each one of us who has his present enjoyment and future happiness at heart. It is a fact which should be thoroughly understood by all, and more especially by Students, many of whom are disposed to underate, or more properly speaking, overlook the value of bodily culture while in College, that there are two indispensable requisites for securing and maintaining perfect health, namely, *food and exercise*, physical and mental.

As regard the former of these, there is but little danger of the Students of Notre Dame suffering either physically or mentally for the want of pabulum, and, in reference to the latter, all are too well acquainted with the many advantages and means here presented for drawing out and building up the physical in connection with the intellectual man, to need any comment of mine.

Rev. A. Lemonnier was elected with great acclamation as Director. Prof. M. A. J. Baasen fills the position of President. T. J. Dandon holds the lucrative office of Treasurer, while P. J. O'Connell flourishes the magic quill of the Recording Secretary. The duties of Commodore and Corresponding Secretary devolved upon your correspondent. P. J. O'Connell was also elected Captain of the "PINTA," with J. M. Burke Master of the "SANTA MARIA." The following-named gentlemen were proposed for and admitted to membership: J. M. Rourke, E. Graves, J. Waters, and D. Maloney.

After the meeting adjourned the aspirants after aquatic honors enjoyed a pleasant ride on the rippling waters of St. Joseph Lake, thus having a foretaste of the pleasure and vigor of frame derivable from this attractive exercise.

M. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Sept. 27, 1871.

The arrival at St. Mary's of Very Rev. Father General, on last Thursday, was the occasion of great rejoicing among the old pupils who, having had the happiness of knowing him, hold him in great reverence and esteem. His coming was so unexpected that there was no time for preparing any great demonstration. Therefore, the expressions of joy were all impromptu. The young ladies of the Senior Department invited Very Rev. Father to their Study-Hall, and there expressed to him their joy at his return. The Juniors and Minims also gave vent to their delight at once more beholding one whom they regard as their special patron and most devoted friend.

Very Rev. Father responded to these expressions of joy in his own kind, pleasant and paternal manner, assuring the old pupils that it gave him great pleasure to meet them again at St. Mary's, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing so many new faces among those present. On last Sunday evening he distributed the weekly tickets of merit, and was delighted to find that none failed to receive a testimonial of good deportment and application.

Respectfully, STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Catherine Woods, Niles, Michigan.
" Alice Robson, Wataga, Illinois.
" Virginia E. Hupp, Lakeville, Indiana.
" Mary Kelly, Muskegon, Michigan.
" Louisa Entzler, Mishawaka, Indiana.
" Henna Keenan, South Bend, Indiana.
" Ellen Keenan, South Bend, Indiana.
" Bridget Crowley, Cairo, Illinois.

TABLE OF HONOR (SR. DEPT.).

September 23.—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, N. Clarke, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon, L. Hoyt, K. Zell.

September 24.—Misses A. Mast, M. Lang, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, L. Duffield, M. Ward, V. Ball, J. Reynolds, A. Piatt, A. Hadsell, J. Coffey.

TABLE OF HONOR JUNIOR (JR. DEPT.).

September 20.—Misses M. Cummings, B. Gaffney, S. Honeyman, A. Garrity, A. Byrne, A. Quill, A. L. Buehler, J. Duffield, G. Kelly, C. Germain, F. Lloyd, M. Ware, A. Garrity.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.

Graduating Class.—Misses Kirwan, Shirland, Tuberty, Dillon, Marshall, Clarke, Hogue, Borup, Forbes, Hurst, Tinsley, McMahon.

First Senior Class.—Misses Zell, Hoyt, Cochrane.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Duffield, Plamondon, Rollins, West, Lata, Richmond, Champion.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lloyd, Nilson, Falvey, Wilder, Prince, Devoto, Letourneau, Cable, Johnson, Taylor, Reynolds, Edwards, Armsbey, Hogue, Culver, Leonard, Walker.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses Emmonds, McMahon, St. Clair, Hilton, Hamilton, Sanders, Creveling.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses Mooney, McLaughlin, Conahan, Nash, Moor, Pinney, Washburn, Bower, Hoyt, Judy, McLaughlin, McIntyre, Goodbody, Standard, Taylor, Wilby, Lauretty.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses Roberts, Hunt, Wilkins, McCarthy, Miller.

On Wednesday evening last, the St. Agnes' Literary Society held its annual meeting, Sister M. Euphrasia presiding. The votes of the members of the Society for the election of new officers was then taken. The next evening Mother Superior announced the result of the election. The following Misses were appointed:

President—Lizzie Niel.

Vice-President—Mary Kearney.

Treasurer—Minnie Quan.

Secretary—Nellie Gross.

Librarian—Jessie Duffield.

All seemed well pleased with the result. Mother Superior kindly promised to procure some new works for their Library, for which kindness the Society return her their sincere thanks.

NELLIE GROSS, Secretary.

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GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 3 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7 20 p. m.
" " 3 13 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 00 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
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