

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 6.

How to win an Honorable Position.

From among the manuscripts left us by the Rev. James B. Donelan, whose death his many friends deplore, we take for the SCHOLASTIC the following account of the rise of a man who by his energy and industry attained the honorable position he now holds. It is no fancy sketch, but a true story:

While on a visit to his brother, in Baltimore, in the summer of 1846, the writer was applied to by a man in search of employment. It so happened that just then he wanted some one to take charge of his horses, and serve, besides, as man of all work about his establishment in Washington. The young man in question appeared so well fitted for better employment, that the writer hesitated to make any proposition. However, seeing the great anxiety on the young man's part for a situation, he intimated that there was a position, but a very humble one. As soon as the young man discovered its nature, he instantly signified his very great willingness to accept the place.

"Then you can go with me to Washington this afternoon," said the writer. At three o'clock they met at the depot, and they both went down to the capital.

The young man, whose name was James, immediately entered upon his duties, and thenceforth gave great satisfaction to his employer. The great boast of this country is that here a man is what he makes himself, and what he is, not what he was born to, or what he has been. James was deeply impressed with this fact, and seemed determined to become something. All his leisure hours were spent in study. Seeing this, his employer sought by every little artifice to encourage his exertions. Books were loaned him, and his work reduced to the smallest possible point. It was observed that when, driving out, the writer would call to visit a sick person, or call upon some member of his parish, James would have his books along, and while waiting for the visit to end, would pass the time in endeavoring by study to improve his mind. For this purpose, as was discovered, he kept the carriage-box stored with books selected for this purpose. Instead of spending his evenings in useless or dangerous amusements, James found the greatest comfort in the company of his books. How many young men might have risen to eminence in the world, had they only cultivated this sort of laudable ambition, but who, preferring the dram-shop, the billiard-room or the theater,—any where, in fact, where idleness can be flattered, rather than where cultivation of self would result, have droned out a useless, aimless existence—in life unheeded, in death forgotten.

James had discovered that it was quite possible to elevate himself by energy, honesty and industry. For nearly three years he had fulfilled satisfactorily all the duties of his position. In the course of this time he had requested permission to establish a little "Debating Club" in one of the rooms adjoining the church; and having received some instruction in public speaking he made considerable progress in elocution. It was not a little amusing to find him from time to time in the stable apostro-

phizing the horses and the good-natured dog, and it required but little imagination to conclude that the patient listeners were wonderfully impressed by the brilliancy of his eloquence. But all this was evidence of perseverance which is almost certain of success.

About this time the gentlemanly agent of the writer died and James was immediately appointed to succeed him. The young man's prospects began now to brighten. The confidence reposed in him by his clergyman secured for him considerable popularity; and in an incredibly short time he became the collecting agent of nearly all the leading merchants of Washington City.

In the course of four or five years James had saved quite a handsome amount. He now began to consider that it was time to strike out for something loftier. California just then was attracting great attention. James felt that there was a door opened for him; his principal difficulty now, however, was to obtain funds enough to defray his expenses to that distant locality, and to supply him with funds there until he should be able to secure himself an eligible situation. In his suspense he appealed to the writer. He yet needed about two hundred dollars. This sum he obtained, and straightway with a bounding heart he set about making his arrangements to sail for the land of gold.

With many thanks and a grateful good-bye, James took final leave of the writer in the autumn of 1853. His voyage was long, but he at length reached the coveted shore. Once in California he seemed to go steadily upward. He rose from one position to a better, until, after having promptly remitted the two hundred dollars, after sending to his friends in Washington many little tokens of his grateful remembrance, after securing the respect of his fellow-citizens abroad, the writer was not altogether astonished when one morning among his letters brought from the post office he found one from California, but it was post paid by the frank of "Hon. James —." Yes, then it was the poor lad had regularly worked his way up to honorable distinction—he had been elected to the Legislature of California.

Young men, who may read this little story, learn what energy may accomplish, and be encouraged.

AN OBSTINATE DEACON.—There is a story of a self-willed deacon, who was always on the wrong side and ludicrously stubborn. When the temperance reform was in full feather, and the question was discussed in the church of which he was an officer, he, as a matter of course, opposed it. He would not sign the pledge; he would not consent to its presentation in the Sunday school; he objected vehemently to the distribution of tracts. One day, in the presence of a full house, one of the members of the church made the case of the deacon a subject of prayer. He said: "O Lord! if Thy servant, our brother, continues his opposition to us, wilt Thou, in Thy tender mercies, remove him from the church militant below to the church triumphant above?" "I won't go!" thundered the indignant and obstinate deacon.

Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE COOK'S STORY.

"And after all that experience," said Billy, the Front-flagsman, as the Hindchainman concluded, "you do not believe in ghosts?"

"No," said the Hindchainman.

"Did you ever find out any jugglery on the part of the medium?" asked Capt. Gardner, the Leveler, who had listened to the story very attentively.

"I should think so," replied Henry. "I told you that in the morning when I woke up Dick was missing. So was the nice little sum of three hundred and fifty dollars, which I used to carry in the waistband of my drawers, not supposing that even my bedfellow was aware of its existence. I never saw either Dick or the money again."

"After all," said Mr. Porter, "the mere circumstance of the medium's being a thief, would not disprove his intercourse with Beings of a spiritual nature. It might, indeed, go to show that these Beings were not of an order whose friendship it was desirable for mankind to cultivate. Witches and wizards, however, have been regarded as dishonest persons from time immemorial."

Here a multitude of voices professed an utter disbelief in witches, wizards, goblins, hobgoblins, and all such phanta-ies. "Buck," however, our negro cook, who, having finished washing up his dishes, had now joined the circle around the fire, ventured to express his adherence to the Transimman's theory.

"Twon't do, gen'lemen," he said to the rest, "dis nigga seen too much of dem ar myster'ous coincidences not to b'lieve 'em."

"Well, tell us all about it, Buck. I'll warrant 'tis a good story. Tell us your myster'ous coincidence."

"Yes—the story!—the story!" exclaimed everybody.

"It was 'fo' the wa'," began the cook.

"Of course," said Joe, our irrepressible.

"Shut up, Joe, and let the boy tell his story," which admonition, seconded by a slap across the "gob," by Joe's next neighbor, had the effect of inducing the youth to keep the peace.

"It was 'fo' de wa', and old mars' he had a clock, dat 'longed to his grandfather, and, de fact is, dis yar clock had been in the fam'y ebber so long—nobody could tell how long—'spect ebber since it *was* a fam'y. Now, dis yar clock was an old fashioned thing, with all kinds of fixins and figures on it—all gold and silver. Dey just kep' it for a cur'osity, 'cause it was so long in the fam'y, for, bress ye, it would nebbar tell the time, not if you was to wind it up all day. It had nebbar run any in old mars's time, nor his father's neither, and hadn't been wound up as long's I can remember; but dey had a new clock to tell de time, and jes kep' dis old one for cur'osity.

"Now it so happened dat de ole misses got very sick, and she was lyin' like to die, wid the doctor and de nuss sitting by her watching her through

de night, and in de middle ob de night, dis ole clock dat stood at de head ob de bed, struck twelve, jes as plain as anything. Den, in a few minutes after, it struck oze, an' ole misses died.

"Ole mars' be think a good deal 'bout dis yar suckumstance, and he op-n de ole clock to see what was inside. And dar was the ole works and wheels all broken and covered wid de dust. He try to wind um up, but it wouldn't go-nohow. So he jes lef' it standing dar whar it was.

"Pretty soon his cousin came to see him and spend some days, and dey gabe him de room whar de ole clock was, for dat was the best in the house. In a day or two, de gen'leman took sick, and while dey was a sittin' by him and watchin' him de ole clock struck twelve. Den mars' calls out to me, for I was in de hall outside: 'Here, boy, pick dis 'ere ole clock ober to de barn.' So I took it ober to de barn, and it nebber got to strike one whar de folks could hear it, and so de young gen'leman he got well again."

"And what became of the old clock?"

"Dat ar barn was burned down in de time ob de wa', and I 'spack de ole clock perished in de conflagration."

"I should like to have a clock like that," said Mr. Porter, musingly. "It was old and broken, but it could still tell that hour which to one of its hearers was the most important of all hours. Truly, I see not wherefore a clock or a watch, by its perseverance, and unwavering fidelity, may not, in time, acquire a soul,—especially if it be wound up regularly. I have often noticed when lying awake at night, afflicted with nervous headache, that the loud ticking of a clock would gradually resolve itself into words and sentences, generally of unpleasant import, which it would reiterate with a pertinacity that became at length intolerable."

"Tut, tut, man!" said Captain Gardner. "Disordered nerves have worked stranger hallucinations than that. The ear oppressed by the monotony of a single sound constantly repeated, forms for itself complementary sounds, just as the eye, dazzled by gazing at the sun will relieve itself by forming the appearance of a purple disk. But come, Buck, it's your call. Who is to give us the next story?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"PRINTER WANTED."—We copy the following very sensible article from the *Northwest*, the editor of which is sound and knows whereof he speaks:

"This heading meets our eye every few days, in both city and country exchanges. 'One competent to take charge of an office' is the usual specification in the country newspaper. There are few such printers to be found. They are not 'on the tramp.' They seldom answer such advertisements, because they have no difficulty in finding work where they are known. A 'good printer,' and one that can be depended on, is a rare animal. A boy of fifteen goes into an office, learns the boxes, and is taught the mystery of 'following copy.' He acquires a little speed, gets the big head, has a fuss with his employer, quits the office and starts on a 'tramp' as a full-fledged journeyman printer. The country is overrun with such fellows. They meet with rebuffs, become discouraged, reckless and dissipated, and thus bring odium not only on themselves but the art which they falsely claim to represent—for one of those roving batches comes in contact with hundreds of people, while the stay-at-home, competent workman is known to but few—and the public have made up their verdict that printers, as a class, are a graceless set of scamps. The fault is as much with the employers as with the employees. When publishers resolve to employ no runaway apprentices, boys will not run away after a few months at the case, and none will start on a tramp until they are competent to take charge of an office."

ONE of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she peaks for herself."

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VI.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart;
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till thy children
Feel that thou their Father art.

—School Hymn.

"I have caught such a lot of pretty sea-anemones, Eric," said little Vernon Williams, as his brother strolled in after morning school; "I wish you would come and look at them."

"Oh, I can't come now, Verny; I am going out to play cricket with some fellows directly."

"But it won't take you a minute; do come."

"What a little bore you are. Where are the things?"

"Oh, never mind, Eric, if you don't want to look to them," said Vernon, hurt at his brother's rough manner.

"First, you ask me to look, and then say 'never mind,'" said Eric impatiently; "here, show me them."

The little boy brought a large saucer, round which the crimson sea-flowers were waving their long tentacula in the salt water.

"Oh, ay! very pretty, indeed. But I must be off to cricket."

Vernon looked up at his brother sadly.

"You aren't so kind to me, Eric, as you used to be."

"What nonsense! and all because I don't admire those nasty red-jelly things, which one may see on the shore by thousands any day. What a little goose you are, Vernon."

Vernon made no reply, but was putting away his sea-anemones with a sigh, when in came Russell to fetch Eric to the cricket.

"Well, Verny," he said, "have you been getting those pretty sea-anemones? come here and show me them. Ah, I declare you've got one of those famous white plumosa fellows among them. What a lucky little chap you are!"

Vernon was delighted.

"Mind you take care of them," said Russell. "Where did you find them?"

"I have been down the shore getting them."

"And have you had a pleasant morning?"

"Yes, Russell, thank you. Only it is rather dull being always by myself, and Eric never comes with me now."

"Naughty Eric," said Russell playfully; "never mind, Verny; you and I will cut him, and go by ourselves."

Eric had stood by during the conversation, and the contrast of Russell's unselfish kindness with his own harsh want of sympathy struck him. He threw his arms round his brother's neck, and said, "We will both go with you, Verny, next half-holiday."

"O, thank you, Eric," said his brother; and the two school-boys ran out. But when the next half-holiday came, warm and bright, with the promise of a good match that afternoon, Eric repented his promise, and left Russell to amuse his little brother, while he went off, as usual, to the play-ground.

There was one silent witness of scenes like these, who laid them up deeply in her heart. Mrs. Williams was not unobservant of the gradual but steady falling off in Eric's character, and the first thing she noticed was the blunting of his home affections. When they first came to Roslyn, the boy used

constantly to join his father and mother in their walks; but now he went seldom or never; and even if he did go, he seemed ashamed, while with them, to meet any of his school-fellows. The spirit of false independence was awake and growing in her darling son. The bright afternoons they had spent together on the sunny shore, or seeking for sea-flowers among the lonely rocks of the neighboring headlands—the walks at evening and sunset among the hills, and the sweet counsel they had together, when the boy's character opened like a flower in the light and warmth of his mother's love—the long twilights when he would sit on a stool with his young head resting on her knees, and her loving hand among his fair hair—all these things were becoming to Mrs. Williams memories, and nothing more.

It was the trial of her life, and very sad to bear; the more so because they were soon to be parted certainly for years, perhaps for ever. The time was drawing nearer and nearer; it was now June, and Mr. Williams' term of furlough ended in two months. The holidays at Roslyn were the months of July and August, and towards their close Mr. and Mrs. Williams intended to leave Vernon at Fairholm, and start for India—sending back Eric by himself as a boarder in Dr. Rowlands' house.

After morning school, on fine days, the boys used to run straight down to the shore and bathe. A bright and joyous scene it was. They stripped off their clothes on the shingle that adjoined the beach, and then running along the sands, would swim out far into the bay till their heads looked like small dots glancing in the sunshine. This year Eric had learned to swim, and he enjoyed the bathing more than any other pleasure.

One day after they had dressed, Russell and he began to amuse themselves on the sea-shore. The little translucent pools left on the sands by the ebbing tide always swarm with life, and the two boys found great fun in hunting audacious little crabs, or catching the shrimps that shuffled about in the shallow water. At last Eric picked up a piece of wood which he found lying on the beach, and said: "What do you say to coming crab fishing Edwin? this bit of stick will do capitally to thrust between the rocks in the holes where they lie?"

Russell agreed, and they started to the rocks of the Ness to seek a likely place for their purpose. The Ness was a mile off, but in the excitement of their pleasure they were oblivious to time.

The Williams', for the boys' convenience, usually dined at one, but on this day they waited half an hour for Eric. Since, however, he didn't appear, they dined without him, supposing that he was accidentally detained, and expecting him to come in every minute. But two o'clock came, and no Eric; half-past two, and no Eric; three, but still no Eric. Mrs. Williams became seriously alarmed, and even her husband grew uneasy.

Vernon was watching for his brother at the window, and seeing Duncan pass by, ran down to ask him, "If he knew where Eric was?"

"No," said Duncan; "last time I saw him was on the shore. We bathed together, and I remember his clothes were lying by mine when I dressed. But I haven't seen him since. If you like, we'll go and look for him. I dare say he's on the beach somewhere."

But they found no traces of him there; and when they returned with this intelligence, his mother got so agitated that it required all her husband's firm gentleness to support her sinking spirits. There was enough to cause anxiety, for Vernon repeatedly ran out to ask the boys who were passing if they had seen his brother, and the answer always was, that they had left him bathing in the sea.

Meanwhile our young friends, having caught several crabs, suddenly noticed by the sun that it was getting late.

"Good gracious, Edwin," said Eric, pulling out his watch, "it's half-past three; what have we been thinking of? How frightened they'll be at home;" and running back as fast as they could, they reached the house at five o'clock, and rushed into the room.

"Eric, Eric," said Mrs. Williams, faintly, "where have you been? has anything happened to you, my child?"

"No, mother, nothing. I've only been crab-fishing with Russell, and we forgot the time."

"Thoughtless boy," said his father, "your mother has been in an agony about you."

Eric saw her pale face and tearful eyes, and flung himself in her arms, and mother and son wept in a long embrace. "Only two months," whispered Mrs. Williams, "and we shall leave you, dear boy, perhaps for ever. Oh, do not forget your love for us in the midst of new companions."

The end of term arrived; this time Eric came out eighth only instead of first, and, therefore, on the prize-day, was obliged to sit among the crowd of undistinguished boys. He saw that his parents were disappointed, and his own ambition was grievously mortified. But he had full confidence in his own powers, and made the strongest resolutions to work hard the next half year, when he had got out of "that Gordon's" clutches.

The Williams' spent the holidays at Fairholm, and now, indeed, in the prospect of losing them, Eric's feelings to his parents came out in all their strength. Most happily the days glided by, and the father and mother used them wisely. All their gentle influence, all their deep affection, were employed in leaving on the boy's heart lasting impressions of godliness and truth. He learnt to feel that their love would encircle him for ever with its heavenly tenderness, and their pure prayers rise for him night and day to the throne of God.

The day of parting came, and most bitter and heart-rending it was. In the wildness of their passionate sorrow, Eric and Vernon seemed to hear the sound of everlasting farewells. It is God's mercy that ordains how seldom young hearts have to endure such misery.

At length it was over. The last sound of wheels had died away; and during those hours the hearts of parents and children felt the bitterness of death. Mrs. Trevor and Fanny, themselves filled with grief, still used all their unselfish endeavors to comfort their dear boys. Vernon, weary of crying, soon sank to sleep; but not so Eric. He sat on a low stool, his face buried in his hands, breaking the stillness every now and then with his convulsive sobs.

"O Aunt," he cried, "do you think I shall ever see them again? I have been so wicked, and so little grateful for all their love. Oh, I wish I had thought at Roslyn how soon I was to lose them."

"Yes, dearest," said Mrs. Trevor, "I have no doubt we shall all meet again soon. Your father is only going for five years, you know, and that will not seem very long. And then they will be writing continually to us, and we to them. Think, Eric, how gladdened their hearts will be to hear that you and Vernon are good boys, and getting on well."

"Oh, I will be a better boy, I will indeed," said Eric; "I mean to do great things, and they shall have nothing but good reports of me."

"God helping you, dear," said his aunt, pushing back his hair from his forehead, and kissing it softly; "without his help, Eric, we are all weak indeed."

She sighed. But how far deeper her sigh would have been had she known the future. Merciful is the darkness that shrouds it from human eyes!

By an oversight of the proof-reader, *Redemptionists*, as set up by the printer, was allowed to stand for *Redemptorists*, in the first column of fifth page.

Figures from the Census.

The advance sheets of the census of 1870, being the ninth general census taken in pursuance of the constitution, contain about three hundred pages of statistical matter, from which we gather and condense a few of the most salient facts.

In 1790 the aggregate population of the United States (and Territories) was 3,929,214; by the second census (1800) it was 5,303,493; by the third (1810) 7,239,881; by the fourth 9,633,822; by that of 1830, the fifth, 12,866,020; by that of 1840, the sixth, 17,669,453; in 1850, 23,191,876; by the eighth census of 1860, 31,443,331; by the ninth and last, that of 1870, 38,555,933. Of the population of 1870 38,113,253 were included in the thirty-seven States, and 442,730 in the ten Territories.

The relative rank of some of the States have changed, as follows, since 1790: Pennsylvania ranked as the second State, and so ranked at every following census, except those of 1810 and 1820. In 1790 Virginia ranked first, as in 1800 and 1810; in 1820 second, in 1830 third, in 1840 fourth, in 1850 fourth and in 1860 fifth, and now (dismembered) is the tenth, but with West Virginia, would still rank as fifth. North Carolina was third at the first census and is now the fourteenth. Massachusetts was fourth and is now seventh. New York was the fifth and is now first (*facile princeps*). Maryland was sixth in rank and is now the twentieth. South Carolina stood seventh and now stands as No. 22. Connecticut was No. 8 and is now No. 25. New Jersey was 9th and is now 17th. New Hampshire was the 10th and is now the 31st. Maine was the 11th and is now 23d. Vermont was the 12th and is now the 30th. Georgia in 1790 was the 13th with 82,548 population, and is now the 12th with 1,134,109, ranking 9th in 1840 and 1850. Georgia's population is now more than twelve times what it was in 1790, while the total population of all the States is not now quite ten times what it was then. Kentucky ranked No. 14 at the first census and is now the 8th. Rhode Island was the 15th and is now the 32d. Delaware was 16th and is now 34th, and the 17th and smallest by the census of 1790 was Tennessee with 35,691 inhabitants, now ranking as the 9th with 1,258,520, or thirty-five times as many.

The total white population of the United States is 33,586,989; the total colored 4,880,009. The colored population, slave and free, has increased as follows: First census, 757,298; second, 1,002,037; third, 1,377,808; fourth, 1,771,646; fifth, 2,418,642; sixth, 2,773,648; seventh (1850), 3,638,808; eighth, 4,441,830; ninth (1870), 4,880,009. The colored population has increased to about six and a half times its number eighty years ago. The colored inhabitants who were free in 1790 numbered 59,527, and in 1860 (before general emancipation) they had become eight times as many. So in the first seventy years the free colored increased in a more rapid ratio than the slaves; but this is due to the emancipation which took place in the older States, as well as to the manumission which took place from time to time in States where slavery continued until the general emancipation. That the ninth census shows an increase of the total colored population over that of 1860, is a fact which contravenes some predictions, but which will be received with satisfaction by all who are fully sensible of their value in our almost empty continent, where labor and population, producers and consumers are of such great value.

Our Chinese visitors in 1870 numbered 63,254, of whom 49,310 were in California. Our Indian population is put down at 23,731, against 44,021. By this it is presumed that only taxed Indians are enumerated.

By the ninth census (1870), the native born inhabitants of the States and Territories were 32,939,437, and the foreign born 5,556,546. Those who

had one or both parents foreign were 10,892,015. Those who had a foreign father were 10,521,233. Those who had a foreign father and foreign mother were 9,734,845. Thus about one in seven of our population was born abroad, and about one in four either born abroad or the children of parents who were foreigners by birth.

In 1850 the foreign born were 2,244,602; in 1860 they were 4,138,697, and we hope in 1880 they will number at least 10,000,000.

The foreign born are most numerous in New York, 1,138,353. Pennsylvania has 545,261; Illinois has 515,198; Ohio has 373,493; Wisconsin 364,499; Massachusetts 353,319; Michigan 263,010; Missouri 222,267; California 209,831; Iowa 204,057. Out of our total population it is probable that more than half are of foreign birth, or born of one or more parents or ancestors who came to this country since 1800.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The Mount Cenis Tunnel.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 29.

A correspondent of the London *Times* writing from Turin, Sept. 15, describes a ride through Mont Cenis tunnel as follows:

"Our carriage was last in the line, and as the engine worked backward we were close to it. Both our windows were wide open and we had not the least inconvenience from smoke or steam. There was no perceptible difference between the inside and outside air, and one of my companions slumbered nearly the whole distance. The fact that the engine was in our rear was certainly in our favor, but the unanimous evidence of all who had come through in the morning went far to establish that they also experienced no unpleasant sensation, and the difference in the temperature could only be detected by a Valvassori's glass, which marked a few degrees of additional warmth in the tunnel. The highest degree attained in to-day's journey has been 18 degrees centigrade. Grafton's glass in the previous trip rose to 21 degrees. Our pace throughout the crossing seemed fairly rapid and even, and the time employed, both in the up and down journey of between seven or eight English miles, was precisely 38 minutes, but the average time allowed to trains when the line shall be in full operation is calculated at 20 minutes."

NOT FOR READING PURPOSES.—A Newport correspondent writes:

"Sitting on the hotel piazza the other morning, watching a group of young ladies, I overheard a curly-headed little maiden, who was frizzled and panniered and puffed in the height of the style, exclaim, 'Oh, I like the *Independent* best!' A moment before I could have sworn that *la Petite* never looked at a newspaper, and somewhat surprised, I took the liberty of listening further. 'The *Tribune* suits me,' said her black-eyed companion. 'I take the *Evening Post*,' chimed in a stylish, saucy-looking girl, who was pelting somebody over the railing with pond lilies—a beautiful bunch, by the way, which five minutes before I had seen a gentleman carefully selecting for her from a little urchin's basket. And when, I wondered, do you girls get time to read the newspapers. 'Fold them four doubles, of course,' was the next sentence I caught, and more puzzled than before, I very impolitely walked near the group, when everything was made clear to me by the blonde little one saying, 'I had rather have a newspaper any day than the best pannier that was ever made in Paris.' I fell back into my seat, uncertain whether to laugh or feel provoked with the chatter-boxes, who had strolled off to lay siege to a party of gentlemen just from the beach. Think of it! Mr. Tilton think of it! Mr. Greeley, did it ever occur to you what a bustle you make in fashionable circles?

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Letter from Very Rev. Father General.

Last week we anticipated a long account from our reporters of the brilliant festivals to be held in the two Institutions in honor of the anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's patronal feast. But the national calamity which so unexpectedly fell upon us—the destruction of more than half of the great city of Chicago—has taken away the interest the students and all the inmates of Notre Dame and St. Mary's naturally feel in the recurrence of this festival; and sympathy with the sufferers has induced Very Rev. Father General to peremptorily refuse any demonstrations made in his honor at a time when the whole country is lamenting the terrible disasters that have been the portion of the whole city in which all were deeply interested, and when both the members of the Order and so many of our students are, as it were, borne down by the weight of affliction that bears upon so many of their friends. The following letter was written by Very Rev. Father General, expressing his determinations not to allow any public rejoicings on the occasion of his festival:

"I could not under present circumstances permit any festivity anywhere on my own account. It would seem to me a direct insult to public feelings; when such an appalling calamity brings desolation to thousands of souls, it is no time for us to rejoice. We are connected with the people of Chicago for the last twenty-five years more intimately than any other public Institution outside the city. We feel deeply, intensely, for the victims of the disaster that has almost destroyed it. It will rise again, but it may be that a generation shall pass away before it regains the state of prosperity now lost. For the victims of the disaster Notre Dame and St. Mary's Institution will do silently but efficiently their share in devotedness and love. None of our pupils should have any fear; if need be we will cheerfully divide with them the last loaf left to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, rather than let any one of our young friends suffer from a calamity in which we cannot fail to see the hand of Almighty God who chastises to purify, and whose merciful designs we must adore even when we do not understand them. Let them, therefore, redouble their exertions to improve their opportunities, in order to be able to assist their parents in their need."

The Great Fire.

We have beheld the scene of desolation, and we have no heart write about it.

Yet our readers have good reason to expect us to say something of the calamity that has befallen a city with which the members of this institution are so intimately connected in business matters, and in social relations, and in which the parents of many of our students reside.

We assert it frankly: we have always liked Chicago,—not for a place for ourselves personally to live in; we are of too retiring a disposition for that,—but there were various reasons to make us like it.

We have heard and read of the wickedness of

Chicago, and who has not? There were in it certain papers (and their proprietors endeavored to palm them off on a deluded public as respectable specimens of journalism) that not only laid bare the shame of the city but gloried in its shame, and by the cynical sneering manner in which able writers, smart reporters, witty itemizers, and ponderous producers of double-leaded leaders wrote of morality, of the sacred ties of family, of honesty in private and public affairs, of God and holy things, they made outsiders believe that the whole city was given over to wickedness—was, as has frequently been said, a Sodom or a Gomorrah; this wickedness of Chicago would have been the wickedness of all big cities had not the spirit of wickedness been fostered by such papers, and by the few who, from the beginning, chimed in with them and gradually extended the circle of wickedness wider and wider.

But even admitting this—admitting that by this fell influence of able but pernicious journalism many were dragged in among those who made Chicago the wickedest city in the world, as some have been pleased to call it, yet who that knows Chicago is not aware that there is and always has been a great proportion of good in it?

On this account we liked Chicago; and though we were not blind to the fact that much wickedness was in it, and though we do not flare up when we hear it stated, both by word of mouth and in print, that this great fire is an evident punishment on the wicked city, we say that outside the baneful influence of these men who know no God but money and their own advantage, to whom also, we willingly concede a part of the extraordinary rapid growth of the city, there was a great element of good, and knowing this we always liked Chicago. Or, in other words, the many worthy citizens with whom we were acquainted proved to us that Chicago was not entirely a sink of iniquity, and if the almost total destruction of its business quarter be a punishment from God on it, it is also a warning to other cities, and not only to big cities but to the country at large that is going headlong in the way in which Chicago is said to take the lead and to be far in advance of all other cities.

But enough of our own likes.

We did not see the great fire. We know, as our readers do, that a fire broke out on the West Side on Saturday night (7th October), which was quelled after it had destroyed many houses.

On Sunday evening the fire again broke out, and, without the least control, swept over the devoted city from Harrison street, on the South Side, to Lincoln Park, on the North, relentlessly burning the houses, and all they contained, and pursuing the fleeing citizen; caring not a straw whether the building before it was a mere frame one-story shell or a stately iron front; making no distinction between the stately house of God, and the magnificent temple of Mammon erected by the Board of Trade; treating alike the massive pile of stone that enclosed the halls of justice, and the miserable dens of notorious sinners.

All were destroyed.

We need not write a list of the large buildings destroyed. It would give no idea of the loss to those who do not know the city, and, to those who do, it is enough to say that from the point south, already mentioned, to Lincoln Park on the North, from the river to the Lake, is one mass of ruins. There is not one house remaining in that area of six square miles that was densely covered with large churches, magnificent hotels, immense warehouses, wholesale storehouses, blocks of iron or marble front buildings, expensive abodes of the wealthy, respectable dwellings of the "well-to-do," neat cottages of the thrifty poor, and shanties of those whom extreme poverty or vice collected under their miserable roofs.

And yet we are wrong. On the South one house

remains. On the North a small angle, where the North Branch empties in to the main river, was untouched by the flames; and in that immense desert of ruins which was once the North Side, two houses remain, one that stood isolated in the middle of the square, the other a frame building, jammed in between two brick ones, which the flames spared, though they destroyed its less inflammable neighbors.

They remain there that little folks may talk learnedly about how all that may be accounted for by natural laws.

They remain there to show to all that it is God who directs the elements, and that, though we cannot penetrate the infinite wisdom and mercy of His designs in burning this or sparing that, it is He who holds in His hands the instruments of His justice and mercy, and that the winds and floods and fire obey Him.

They remain there as a mockery to those who would place the safety of a city in the sole fact of its not being built of wood, and in its being kept clean and neat, and who would scout at the idea of fire being under any other control than that of good police regulations and well organized fire companies.

They remain there to show us that we are in the hands of God, and that though we must in conscience do all that reason and prudence require of us to ward off fire and other accidents, yet must we put our trust in God,—both in prosperity and in adversity.

They remain there, and speak as eloquently as do the blackened ruins that surround them, in the words of the royal Psalmist: Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

No pen can describe the utter desolation that seizes the soul of the man who has known Chicago, and who, standing near the river, views the ruins. No words can convey an adequate idea of the heart-sickness that takes possession of him and urges him to hasten away, if mere curiosity has brought him there,—to hasten away and obliterate, if he can, the awful scene of destruction he has glanced at.

But he remains. He cannot turn away. Like a child looking at some awful spectre that horrifies him while it holds his gaze captive, he cannot remove his eyes from the sad drear sight.

To the south of the river he views the charred and smoking remains of the commercial heart of the great North West. Its strong, healthy pulsations are stilled, and it no longer sends that swift tide of life and energy through its arteries, which he was wont to see in the stir of the thousands of men who hurried through the now desert streets,—a tide of life and energy that was felt throughout the whole broad extent of the land, and he thinks with sad regrets, and a yearning of the heart to assist them, of those friends who but a few days ago were among the most prosperous of the busy throng, and who now have no roof of their own to cover their heads.

The dense heavy smoke from the burning coal heaps is wafted by the wind over it, and envelops it as with a sullied heavy pall, like the dirty piece of cloth that was thrown over the dead body in the wagon which just passed him; and he turns away.

He looks to the north. There he sees the empty veins which every morning brought to the heart a large supply of the vital force that made it beat so strongly. There had stood the dwellings of many of the most energetic men of business. His gaze wanders over the desolate waste extending from river to lake, away up to Lincoln Park. Guided by the streets that now lie plain before him, like the lines on a vast "city map," he tries to pick out from among the blackened trunks of burnt trees

the particular ones that once shaded the houses of friends who were always dear to him, but still more now in the day of their misfortune. But no trace can be found. The thick walls of some few churches—the Holy Name here, St. Michael's in the distance, and others here and there, that did not fall at the touch of the flaming hand of the destroyer—seemed like huge tombstones erected over the grave of a ruined city.

But it is not right that we should weary our readers by dwelling longer on our own sad thoughts. Glancing over what we have written we perceive how inadequate are any words we can pen, to give an idea of the desolation of the scene.

Is it the hand of God that has smitten the city? Yes, truly.

Is it to teach a lesson that He has done so? Yes, truly.

Is the lesson given to Chicago? Yes, truly.

Is it to Chicago alone that the lesson is given? No, a thousand times, no.

To whom then? To you,—to us all.

What is the lesson? That while laboring like business men to do our duty to ourselves, our family and our neighbors, we must not forget that there is a God who rules us all, whether we be willing or not, whether we believe in Him or not.

Except the Lord keepeth the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

WE could get no tidings of several of our friends, for whom we made a long and earnest search. Still, we have reason to hope that though house and home be gone, no life was lost among them.

THANKS to the promptness of the towns along the many lines of Railroads that centre in Chicago an abundance of provisions, some already cooked, was sent to the city and prevented much suffering that would otherwise have been felt by the victims of the fire.

THE spirit of charity manifested by all, both in Chicago and in all the cities and towns of the West, is a good sign of better times. The crust of selfishness that in the time prosperity was gradually encasing the hearts of men, women and children, melted away before the warmth of this divine virtue, and all were anxious to assist the suffering.

THE Orphan Asylum, the Monastery and School of the Redemptorists, the School of the Benedictines, the Convent of the Benedictine Sisters, the old frame building, formerly the College of St. Mary's of the Lake, were burned on the North Side. The chief House and Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, and the College of the Christian Brothers, were burned on the South Side.

SEVEN Catholic churches were burned in Chicago: On the West Side, St. Paul's Church; on the South Side, St. Louis', of which Rev. Father Noonan is Pastor, and St. Mary's, or the Old Cathedral; on the North Side, the Cathedral of the Holy Name, St. Joseph's, served by the Benedictine Fathers, St. Michael's, by the Redemptorists, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

MANY of our friends who were burnt out of home and storehouse on Sunday opened their business again on Wednesday. We met Mr. Quan on Wabash avenue on his way to Twenty-Second street, to take the cars for New York, where he intends to buy a fresh supply of groceries. He has already commenced business at 61, West Water street.

Mr. James Daly, who had the largest assortment of fancy goods in the West, will also reopen soon, if he has not done so since we left Chicago, Wednesday evening.

New Publication.

MANUAL OF PIETY, for the use of Seminaries. Second American Edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Publishers.

This excellent manual, so highly esteemed in all the seminaries of France, and wherever it has become known in other countries, is now republished, in a neat and convenient form by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore. Although it is designed especially for Seminarians, or those preparing for the Sacred Ministry, yet any Catholic young man who desires to lead a truly good life, will find this little book of great service. It is intended to serve at once as a prayer book, a book of special instruction, and a book of meditation, and certainly, considering its size, this triple object could not well be carried out more perfectly.

Generalities and Specialities.

Now that the Senior ball-ally has been blessed with a new floor, there is at each breaking of ranks a general stampede of the lovers of the attractive game of hand-ball, each striving to outdo the other in his race for securing possession of the ally. We anticipate, in consequence, a brisk trade in the boot and shoe line, at least as far as their under-standings are concerned.

THE usual quiet which prevails around the College was suddenly broken on last Monday afternoon, by a rumor, which gained credence, that the fire which was raging for some days in the vicinity of South Bend, had crossed the river, and was threatening the College and Academy. Students, Brothers, and even the Fathers, turned out armed with staves, and axes and brooms, and everything which could be made available for staying the fire, they might be seen hurrying across the fields and plying themselves in smothering an incipient fire which had caught in some brush land. The fire was speedily got under control, and was thus prevented from causing serious results.

WHAT a delectable episode is vacation! Yes, truly it is; and to a few it has held out so many delightful attractions and the sweets of enjoyment, that they have prolonged it one-third more than its allotted time, as is manifested now and then by the arrival of some old students, who find themselves in consequence a month or more behind in the ten months' race. We occasionally meet these, and the warm grasp of the hand, the sparkle of the eye, and the glowing tinge of the cheek, show that they have wisely left books alone for a time, and that fun and sunshine, fresh air and exercise have sent them back with renewed zeal, and a firm determination to do more thorough work this year than ever before.

QUITE an amusing and untoward incident occurred not long since at one of the tables in the Senior refectory, by which eight or ten expectant stomachs were unexpectedly cheated out of their desert, to their no little chagrin. In receiving and passing from the head of the table heavily-laden dishes of pudding, your right hand man poured upon the precious freight of each dish a copious libation from a bowl of dark, thick, odoriferous liquid which stood temptingly beneath his nasal organ. Innocently supposing that the compound was a preparation expressly for the purpose, he continued his saturating process, ignorant of the grimaces of his neighbors, who had discovered their loss and his mistake; but no sooner had he borne the first spoonful to his mouth, than there was a resolution of forces, a sudden evacuation, and the youth learned to his surprise and confusion, that there was no attraction, but rather a strong repulsion, existing between the palate and bread pudding soaked in meat gravy.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

T. Kelly,	Cleveland, Ohio.
W. Hartenbower,	Hennepin, Ill.
W. Lucas,	Cleveland, Ohio.
T. E. Hopkins,	Louisville, Ky.
Edward McMahon,	Chicago, Ill.
Stephen McMahon,	Chicago, Ill.
W. C. Stillwagen,	Claysville, Pa.
John Sherlock,	D. pere, Wisconsin.
G. Oliver Barnes,	Leavenworth, Kansas.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.

October 6th—T. J. Phillips, E. V. Gamache, J. D. Smarr, J. B. Zimmer, J. B. Comer, J. Karst, H. F. Clarke, M. M. Bailey, B. W. Drake, J. J. McGahan.

JUNIOR DEPT.

October 6th—E. Shea, D. O'Connell, E. Olwell, M. Foot, R. Redmond, E. Hapin, P. Jacobs, E. Howland, J. Caren, J. Supke, E. Milburn.
D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

October 8th—J. O'Mara, E. Dasher, E. Raymond, A. Keenan, R. Keenan.

Honorable Mentions.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

READING.

First Class—E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh, E. Raymond, M. Farnbaker, H. Faxon.

Second Class—A. Keenan, A. Morton, R. Keenan, F. Huck, J. Porter.

Third Class—C. Elison, E. Dasher, C. Faxon, G. Voelker.

Fourth Class—John O'Meara.

Astronomy.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

Ptolemy, the most famous astronomer of antiquity, was born in Egypt about the year 70 of our era. He made his observations between the years 125 and 140, or some 300 years after Hipparchus. It may be said that his opinions were adopted by the world and believed in for the space of 1500 years, and are to this day held as sacred by all Asia, and even down to the 17th century it was held to be a crime to controvert them. Ptolemy has rendered all succeeding astronomers indebted to him both for his own observations, which were very numerous, and his construction of various tables, but most of all for the important collection which he made of all astronomical knowledge prior to his time, and which he entitled, or the Arabs after him, the *Almagest* or *Great Collection*.

This system taught the earth to be at rest and in the centre, and the sun and planets to move in circles round it, each in its own orbit. Above these he placed the firmament of the fixed stars, and above all the heaven of heavens; all these vast orbs were supposed to move round the earth once in 24 hours. Every star was supposed to be fixed in a solid transparent sphere like crystal, and to produce its own lights, and to account for their different motions, he was obliged to conceive a number of circles called *eccentrics* or *epigeles*, which crossed and intersected each other in various directions.

It may be interesting and instructive at this time to give a sketch of the arguments used by Ptolemy in those remote ages for supporting the principles of the immobility of the earth. He argues: "If

the earth had a motion of translation, common to heavy bodies, it would in consequence of its superior mass, precede them in space, and pass even beyond the bounds of the heavens, leaving all the animals and other bodies without any support but air, which are consequences to the last degree ridiculous and absurd." In the same plan he adds, "Some persons pretend there is nothing to prevent us from supposing that the heavens are immovable, while the earth turns on its own axis, from west to east, making this revolution in nearly a day; but that if the heavens and the earth both turn, it is in a ratio, corresponding with the relations we have observed between them."

"It is true that as to the stars themselves, and considering only their phenomena, there is nothing to prevent us, for the sake of simplicity, from making such a supposition. But these people are not aware how ridiculous their opinion is when considered with reference to events which take place about us. Still they would be obliged to acknowledge that the earth, by its revolution, would have a motion more rapid than any of those bodies which encompass it, in consequence of the great circuit which it must pass over." The antiquity and celebrity of the *Almagest*, and of its author has induced us to make the above extract from the introduction to that famous work, which which was contained in 13 Vols. Ptolemy made the year to consist of 365 days 5 hours and 55 minutes, which is about 6 minutes longer than it really is. But considering that the observations before his time, with the exceptions of those of Hipparchus, were very imperfect, and that the distance of time between these two celebrated philosophers was not sufficient to determine such a question, with the means they possessed, to the greatest nicety, we may rather admire the near approximation to the truth, than be astonished at the difference between his result and that deduced, and long continued observations.

Ptolemy also composed a geography that is still often referred to by the learned. Although imperfect as to its details, it is, notwithstanding, founded upon correct principles, the places being marked by their latitude and longitude agreeable to the method of Hipparchus. He formed a new catalogue of the stars, and most of the names of the stars and constellations which we observe upon the celestial globe at present, were given to them by Ptolemy.

For five hundred years after Ptolemy, the science of Astronomy made no progress. It seemed at a stand-still, or only kept alive by commentators on Hipparchus and Ptolemy, of whom the most distinguished were Pheon and his daughter Hypatia.

We now arrive at that period so fatal to the Grecian sciences. These had for a long time taken refuge in the school of Alexandria, where, destitute of support and encouragement, they could not fail to degenerate. Still, however, they preserved, as we have said above, at least by tradition or imitation some resemblance of the original. But about the middle of the seventh century, A. D. 640, a tremendous storm arose which threatened their total destruction. Filled with all the enthusiasm of fanaticism, the Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, the successor of Mahomet, swept over the west of Asia and captured Alexandria. All the cultivators of the arts and sciences, who had from every nation assembled at Alexandria, were driven away or put to death. The entire libraries, containing 700,000 volumes, the works of so many eminent authors, which was the general depository of all human knowledge, were, it is said, consigned to the flames, the Caliph Omar, saying: "If they agree with the Koran, they are useless; if they do not, they ought to be destroyed," a sentiment worthy of such a leader and of the cause in which he was engaged. From the burning of this great library, in 640, commences

what is commonly called the Dark Ages in science and literature.

The memory of the Caliph Omar, has for many hundred years borne the obloquy of this ruthless act; but it must be remembered that they were his enemies, who brought forward the charge which was not made for some six hundred years after the act was stated to have taken place. The statement rests upon the authority of Abulpharagius, in his history of the tenth dynasty, and upon his authority alone the statement is given to the world, while other annalists of a more early date than himself, both Christian and Egyptian, are silent as to the fact. The patriarch, Eutychinus, in his history of the conquest of Alexandria, does not mention it. Nor is it to be found in the Saracenic history of Elmacin. These were Christians and natives of Egypt. Abulpeda, Murtadi, and many other Moslem writers, make no mention of it. The historian, Gibbon, says: "I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences,—the fact is indeed marvellous." The reason for not burning these books is to be found in the fact that they were largely composed of Christian and Jewish works, in which the name of God was everywhere to be found, and to destroy which was repugnant to the piety or reverence of the Moslems for that sacred name. This library we are now speaking of must not be confounded with that one which was accidentally burned by the soldiers of Julius Caesar when in pursuit of Pompey, B. C. 48. It contained 400,000 volumes. Afterwards Mark Antony presented Cleopatra with the Pergamean Library of 200,000 volumes.

If the memory of the Caliph Omar, the grandson of Mahomet, is anathematized as a ruthless vandal, it is but just to state that the Caliph Almamun, the great-grandson of that same Omar, proved himself the greatest patron of the learned that is to be found outside of Christianity.

About the year 754 the Caliph Almanzor ruled in Bagdad, some six hundred years after Ptolemy had passed away. He was a great friend to learned men, and gave great encouragement to science and learning among his subjects. Not that he was himself a learned man, but he knew the value of improvement among his subjects. His son, Harounal Roushda, particularly devoted himself, about the year 786, to the encouragement of the learned, and is mentioned with high respect by the historians of those days. Almanzor caused the *Almagest* of Ptolemy to be translated into Persian, and formed a college of learned men to dispense knowledge among his people. But it is to his grandson, Almamun, that science is most deeply indebted for the patronage he afforded men famous in every branch of learning. He invited them from all nations to Bagdad, where he formed them into a university or college; visiting them frequently, and rewarding them liberally. In 813 he appointed Mesue, of Damascus, a famous Christian physician, as president, saying he did so that Mesue should teach his subjects science and arts and not religion. He caused the *Almagest* to be translated into Arabic, in 827. He also caused a number of Astronomers to compose a body of Astronomical Science, which is still extant. There are recorded two observations made by himself, or under his direction, one at Bagdad and one at Damascus. In the former the greatest declination of the ecliptic was found to be twenty-three degrees and thirty-five minutes; while the latter gave twenty-three degrees, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds. He also caused a degree of the meridian to be measured on the plains of Sinar. Science humanized the temper of this Saracen Caliph, and we cannot do less than acknowledge his wisdom, liberality, and beneficence. He is regarded as the restorer of Astronomy in Persia, from whence it was carried by the Saracens and Moors into Spain in after ages, and from there over the rest of Europe.

On his return from Egypt, in 833, he encamped at Tarsus, where his death was caused by drinking too freely of cold water from the river Badandun. In his last moments he called out: "Oh Thou who never diest, have mercy on me a dying man." He expired at the age of forty-eight or forty-nine years. He was interred at Tarsus. His fostering care gave great encouragement to philosophers and Astronomers, and his example had a most beneficial influence on succeeding Caliphs who from his time became the greatest patrons of science.

J. F.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Saint Edward's.

The 4th meeting of this Association on the evening of the 11th inst, was principally characterized by a purely extemporaneous debate on the following question: "Ought the sexes be educated together?" The Rev. President and Vice President, Mr. O'Mahony, being absent, in consequence of which the regularly appointed debate came off on the above evening was necessarily deferred. Mr. Mitchell was called to, and filled the chair with great acceptance. The boys were itching for an intellectual contest of some kind, and that their pent up eloquence might find some channel of exit, the chair proposed the afore-mentioned question for debate, and appointed Messrs. Keeley and Clark to support the affirmative, and Messrs. Coffey and McGau to defend the negative. Entering at once into the "quick forge and working house of thought," each debater entered with a vim into the spirit of the subject, and though wholly unprepared, yet, exhibited such a bright array of facts, and carefully elaborated arguments, in maintaining his respective position, what he elicited the prolonged applause of the house. The weight of the arguments turned in favor of the affirmative, and the decision was given accordingly. The meeting was appropriately closed by the admirable declamation of the "Polish Boy" by Mr. Mitchell, followed by Mr. Hogan, who in appearing on the rostrum for the first time, took for his model "Daniel Webster," whom we hope he will equal in intellectual worth and world wide renown.

W. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The second, third and fourth regular meetings took place respectively, September 20th, 25th, and October 8th. At these meetings those who deserve special mention for declamation and composition are: M. Mahony, C. Dodge, C. Berdel, and M. Foote. A full report in our next.

S. DUM, Cor. Sec.

A FACT.—Forty years ago an old Jesuit Professor asked his pupil, who was an American, and who is the voucher of this fact, if he believed that a recitation as distich of hexameter and pentameter could be given with four words. The pupil answered: "I think that would puzzle even a Jesuit Professor." "Take your pencil," replied the Professor, "and write the following words":

*Conturbabuntur Constantinopolitani
Innumerabilibus Sollicitudinibus.*

THE following story tells how the breweries thrive in Munich: "Friend Carl," says one fat Teuton, "can you drink a hundred glasses of beer in a day? I will wager you cannot." Carl answered: "No, I think not," but the next day he accepted the bet, and quaffed off the hundred mugs of beer. "Well, I declare!" cried his fat friend, "most wonderful! But tell me, Carl, why did you not take my bet yesterday?" "Oh, I wanted to try first, and see if I could do it!"

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.
OCTOBER 12, 1871.

The sad and thrilling news of the terrible conflagration in Chicago caused the most intense anxiety at and St. Mary's. Those pupils whose homes have been destroyed, and who for hours were left in terrible suspense as to the safety of their parents and relations, called forth the deepest sympathy. Very Rev. Father General informed the homeless ones that our Institute should be their home. The pupils from other sections of the country showed the most delicate interest for their sorrowing companions. Thus the sad ones were comforted and sustained till the cheering news, that parents and friends were alive and personally uninjured, caused a most happy reaction, for all seemed almost forgetful of the loss of worldly goods if only their friends were saved. The scene was touching and consoling. From the youngest to the oldest of the Chicago pupils went forth expressions of gratitude for the safety of parents and friends, all declaring that no hardship or inconvenience would annoy them, and planning how hard they would toil in future to help their dear fathers and mothers.

The festivities usually attending the celebration of St. Edward's Day, have been postponed. The sympathy felt by all for those who are sufferers by the late terrible disaster, prevents us from making the usual festal arrangements. The day, however, will be spent cheerfully, for a lugubrious spirit is never encouraged at St. Mary's. Christian cheerfulness is always admirable, even under severe temporal afflictions. Parents who are sufferers by the recent conflagration should feel no undue anxiety about their daughters at St. Mary's. Every possible means will be taken to cheer and encourage them.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

October 8.—Misses J. Taylor, B. Reynolds, J. Edwards, N. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, N. Sullivan, C. Creveling, A. St. Clair, H. McMahon, A. Emmonds.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 4.—M. Kearny, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Quan, J. Kearny, M. Walker, M. Cummings, S. Honeyman, M. Ward, M. Garrity.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.

Graduating Class.—Miss M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clark, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior Class.—Miss K. Zell, A. Mast, L. Hoyt, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, C. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class.—Misses L. Duffield, N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, M. Ward, S. Reynolds, V. Ball, N. Piatt, E. Hadsell, L. Coffey, C. Latta, J. Millis, E. Dickerhoff, C. Woods, K. Champion.

Third Senior Class.—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nilson, J. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, C. Cable, S. Johnson.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses M. McIntyre, A. Hamilton.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, F. Moor, M. Pinney, J. Washburn, N. Bower, F. Hoyt, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Standard, D. Willey, E. Lafferty, L. Eutsler, M. Killory, B. Hilton, A. Selby, A. Garrity, A. Byrne.

Third Preparatory Class.—A. Hunt, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Huff, M. Leizen, B. Schmidt, M. Sweeney, L. Buchler, C. Germain.

Junior Preparatory Class.—J. Duffield, A. Lynch, F. Lloyd, L. Wood, M. Faxon, M. Reynolds, L. McKinnon.

First Junior Class.—F. Munn, M. Sylvester, N. O'Meara, K. Fullman, M. Ware, A. Garrity, M. Carlin, A. Burney.

FRENCH.

First Class.—Misses M. Shirland, L. Marshall, J. Forbes, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, G. Hurst, M. Quan.

Second Class.—L. Hoyt, M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Kearney, K. Haymond.

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Situating near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Pleading, and Tuition (Latin and Greek);	
Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and	
Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per Session of five	
months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish,	
each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l. \$3 00; Scient'c. \$8 00; Class'l,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the Col-	
lege are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.
The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the second on the 1st of February.
For further particulars, address

Very Rev. W. CORBY, S.S.C.,
President.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,
St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

DUNBAR'S Wonderful Discovery.

BETHESDA MINERAL SPRING WATER, OF WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.

COL. DUNBAR, Director and General Manager of the Bethesda Springs, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, has opened a depot for the sale of this wonderful water at 139 Dearborn street, Tribune Building, Chicago, Illinois. The efficacy of this water in cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Bilious Affections, Diseases of the Kidney, and its associate organs, Dropsy, and Gouty Swellings, is unsurpassed. It was this water that re-established Chief-Justice Chase's health.

Call or send for Circulars. Testimonials of cures. Directions how to use the water accompany each package sold.

RICHARD DUNBAR,
139 Dearborn st., Chicago,
Or EDWARD P. DUNBAR, at the Springs.
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L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10 28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2 10 a. m.
" " 12 22 p. m.	" " 11 00 a. m.
" " 9 20 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 4 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7 20 p. m.
" " 3 14 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 00 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
" " 4 22 p. m.	" " 8 20 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.
For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.
Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.
JNO. DESMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:20 p. m.
Freight, 4:05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.
Freight, 4:50 a. m.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

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

Day Express (except Sundays).....9.15 a.m.
Connects at Dwight with Trains on Western Div.
Joliet Accommodation (except Sundays).....4.10 p.m.
Night Express (except Sundays).....6.00 p.m.
Lightning Express (except Saturdays).....9.00 p.m.

General Ticket Office,

55 Dearborn Street, Chicago,

Where Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased, and all desired information as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't.
JAS. CHARLTON, Gen'l Ticket Agent.
A. NEWMAN, General Freight Agent.
H. B. TAYLOR, Ticket Agent, Chicago.
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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburg Philadelphia and New York without change.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

On and after June 1, 1871 the 9 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11:30 a. m. the second day, 1 1/2 hour in advance of any other route; with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5 15 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6 41 a. m. the second morning, 1 1/2 hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a. m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached. Through between Chicago and New York, without change, 3 1/2 hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.
Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot, corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

T. J. MAS L. SCOTT, President.
J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburg.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.
W. C. CLELAND, Asst' Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.