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Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER FIVE.

THE RODSMAN'S STORY.

"May-be," says the cook, with a little scarcely perceptible acerbity, caused by the remembrance of a series of practical jokes—"may-be, mars' Joe will fav' de company." His call did not want for seconders, and Joe pushed forward by the custodian of the peace who had formerly silenced him, was forced into notoriety.

"Last year," he began, "I had the honor of being engaged as Stake-driver in Major Norkin's corps on the B. L. & C—Our transitman, a Mr. Penruddock, was a man of iron constitution. So much so, indeed, that he could never run a line with the compass, or even read his bearing, as the magnetic needle, after a few oscillations, would always settle with its north pole pointing fair and square to the centre of his nervous system—"

A low murmur of remonstrance and dissent here interrupted the narration. Mr. Porter, however, took occasion to remark: "This is not so surprising a case as it may at first appear. The human blood always contains iron, although not usually in sufficient quantity to attract the magnetic needle, but still we can never tell what a little more might not do. The human system has, in fact, by some of our modernists, been regarded as an immense magnet—Who knows what would become of us if—"

Here Henry broke in (Porter still continuing to maunder on, but nobody paying any attention):

"But Joe, how *did* he manage to get his bearings?"

"Oh! he made the flags-man read them in the morning, and then again in the evening, and as he was very particular about his angles, his reckoning always tallied. But as I was saying our transitman had such an iron constitution, and such indomitable energy that he ran us nearly to death. One morning half the corps were unable to work, being sick with chills and fever. However, as the corps was a large one, the other half managed to get along, and they found they had just men enough to do the work. But they had to work so hard that they all took sick with the chills next day, and those who had first been sick took their places. Now, as the chills returned every second day, the two halves of the corps were sick alternately, and while one half were sick, the other half worked, and so we got along bully. But every man received strict orders not to attempt to break off the chills, because if he did he would be sure to catch 'em again on the seventh day, and that would disturb the equality of the two halves.

"Whenever we moved camp, which was frequently, the invalid half were expected to attend to the moving, so as not to stop the work. One day, when I was among the invalids, we moved camp. The main part of our camp was a large hospital tent, eighteen by eighteen, in which most of the boys slept. We were just putting up this, two men, of whom I was one, having hold of the

tent poles, and four others of the gang at the corners, when all six were seized with an attack of the chills together, and they shook so that they were unable to do anything else but just hang on to the poles and ropes. At that moment one of those sudden and severe hurricanes, so common on the Western Prairies, arose, and carried the outspread tent with the six men still attached to it right up in the air, setting it all down again in good shape exactly over the transitman and his instrument, for the corps were at work, not far from the proposed camp.

"At the moment the tent descended, Mr. Penruddock happened to be looking through the telescope, and being amazed at the sudden and unaccountable darkness, and hearing nothing but the confusion of the elements, for the wind was now succeeded by a terrific storm of hail, he became imbued with the conviction that the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Possessing considerable agility as well as energy, he leaped up to the top of the tent and caught hold of the ridge-pole, to which he clung by his arms and legs. Meanwhile the boys who had been at work, rushed to the tent to get out of the rain, and first securing it on the outside with stakes, they speedily availed themselves of the shelter it afforded. As they entered confusedly, Mr. Penruddock, believing himself in the infernal regions, shouted in tragic tones from his lofty perch: 'Come on, ye fiends! Come on infernal crew! I fear you not! I defy ye all!' and many similar exclamations.

"At first we couldn't help laughing, but finding that he appeared to be entirely out of his head, we at length endeavored to reassure him, and induce him to come down from his elevated position. As he began to recognize us, he exclaimed: 'What! are we all swallowed up together!' and then, becoming aware of the true nature of the place that he was in, he let himself down from the ridge-pole, remarking: 'Well, I do declare; if the wind hasn't blown the whole corps into camp.' Whether he would ever have discovered his mistake, I know not, as, just at that moment, the lightning struck his iron constitution and consumed the whole party. Not one of us escaped alive."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LADY residing in the department of the Seine et Marne had a Prussian quartered upon her from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately he told her, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere.

Madame," he said, "je vous souhaite bien le bonjour."

"Et moi," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "je te souhaite de te casser le cou dans l'escalier, bandit, voleur, assassin!"

"Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excusez moi, je n'ai pas pens   a vous dire que je n'  tais sourd que par order du g  n  ral."

Puffing.

[The Critic who writes upon puffing seems to suppose that no one but himself sees into the ways, that are dark, of the puffer—and that puffing is something new. Bless him! Everybody knows everything about it, and since the time of King Pharaoh and the Pyramids, and before them, puffing has been a fine art; and one that has not been lost, that's all. The true reason of puffing is that anything and everything, when not done for God's sake, is so insignificant that it requires puffing to swell it out to respectable dimensions.—Ed.]

We all know the exact idea the word conveys when it is applied to patent nostrums.

Merchants understand how to puff up their goods, so that they meet with a ready sale. Puffing has become such a powerful aid to the business man, to the adventurer and impostor that at the present day it has been reduced to a science so that we find the professional puffer, who for a consideration will, on short notice, write a puff on any subject that may be demanded. Does the merchant wish to dispose of last year's stock? Let him call on the professional puffer, and the next day the papers announce that Mr. C. has received a new consignment of spring goods which he is, on account of his peculiar facilities for buying, enabled to sell at a less figure than any of his neighbors can buy at wholesale rates.

Does some unprincipled, heartless villain wish to get rich at the expense of suffering, credulous humanity? The papers announce in the "personal" column the arrival of Dr. Makeup, M. D., a Florentine, who during his travels through Yarkoutsk discovered a remedy for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

Does the pettifogger wish to draw attention to his great abilities and his brilliant virtues? We read that he defended a poor widow before a police magistrate, in a speech replete with burning eloquence and earnestness and that he generously refused the proffered fee.

Even death itself affords a rich field for the puffer to exercise his skill. There is old Skinfint, whose purse was never open to the call of charity, whose heart never warmed towards his kind, after a long miserable, selfish life, he finds that he is coming to the end of his earthly career, and knowing that he cannot take his wealth with him he generously leaves it behind him, and for this magnanimous act the public are startled by the announcement of the death of a prominent and useful citizen. After the catalogue of virtues has been exhausted we are gravely informed "That it will be difficult to fill his place," that "we ne'er shall see his like again," "the places that knew him once will know him no more."

But there is another place where puffing is beginning to take a firm hold, a place above all others, where it should be the aim of every sensible person to exclude it.

When we take up our village paper the first article that meets the eye is a report of our village school exhibition, or a report of the last meeting of our debating society, and in this report we find

The list of complimentary adjectives in the English language actually exhausted.

There is no doubt, but that school exercises in general reflect credit upon pupil and teacher, but with all due respect for the opinions of others, we think there is room for serious doubt as to whether they deserve the high flown exaggerated encomiums with which they bespattered by the press.

The first oration we are informed, "was an able production, distinctly, deliberately and effectively spoken." The second oration was "exceedingly forcible, clearly enunciated and was received with raptures of well-merited applause." The third which "for beauty of style, correctness of sentiment and vigor of thought has never been surpassed."

The first essay on "Spring" "was a gem of the purest water."

The next, on "Sweet Home," "was replete with earnestness and feeling." The last, on "Vice," "was earnest, forcible and effective."

The play, "Babe of the Forest," was admirably conceived and played to perfection.

Common sense tells us it is base flattery; surely it is bad enough for men to flatter each other, but what good can result from flattering the inmates of schools. If it is not flattery, we are forced to the conclusion that the schools of the present day contain more genius and ability than the liveliest imagination could conceive. The press claims to be the teacher of the people, and it is too true that many form their opinion from their paper and yet we are forced to ask what kind of fruit does the press expect to reap by making the youth of the land believe that they are equal to the greatest minds that ever existed. Many a promising youth has been so filled with self-conceit by this injudicious and indiscriminate puffing that he has failed to obtain even a moderate degree of learning.

How often do they hear the remark that such a boy is talented but lazy. How did he acquire the reputation of being talented; because on some occasion he made a happy hit and he was puffed up and made to believe he was a genius; hence there was no necessity for him to study—he could loaf on his reputation.

If it is necessary to give the public a report of a school exercise we can see no valid reason why it should not be criticized just as its merits deserve.

Any one that ever attended those literary exhibitions have doubtless perceived a great deal of boyish or girlish feeling, together with some immature talent and imagination, but those brilliant speeches and deep essays, those grand declamations and Booth and Forest renditions of tragedies are to be found only in the reporter's imagination and on paper.

To our mind there is something humorous in the extravagant praise that is slobbered over the young debutants. The reporter deems it his sacred duty to keep up the high pressure of steam with which he first starts out. He is not unlike those young ladies, who pronounce the first object they see as *perfectly* splendid, and when you show them something superior there is nothing left but to call it *perfectly* splendid, and if you show them a third they exclaim it is *perfectly* splendid, and that will be their judgment of something still better,—it cannot be beautiful, pretty or lovely, it must be *perfectly* splendid.

Even to parents and friends, the only persons whom these reports really interest, we should suppose that the absurdly commendatory notices would on the score of *good taste* show the insincerity of the critic.

TEACHER.—"John, you buy three cords of wood at five dollars a cord; how high will your wood come?"

John.—"My wood will come three flights of stairs high."

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.

ERIC A BOARDER.

We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there were no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.—*Winter's Tale*, i, 2.

The holidays were over. Vernon was to have a tutor at Fairholm, and Eric was to return alone, and be received into Dr. Rowlands' house.

As he went on board the steam-packet, he saw numbers of the well-known faces on deck, and merry voices greeted him.

"Hallo, Williams! here you are at last," said Duncan, seizing his hand. "How have you enjoyed the holidays? It's so jolly to see you again."

"So you're coming as a boarder," said Montagu, "and to our noble house, too. Mind you stick up for it, old fellow. Come along, and let's watch whether the boats are bringing any more fellows; we shall be starting in a few minutes."

"Ha! there's Russell," said Eric, springing to the gangway, and warmly shaking his friend's hand as he came on board.

"Have your father and mother gone, Eric?" said Russell, after a few minutes' talk.

"Yes," said Eric, turning away his head, and hastily brushing his eyes. "They are on their way back to India."

"I'm so sorry," said Russell; "I don't think any one has ever been so kind to me as they were."

"And they loved you, Edwin, dearly, and told me, almost the last thing, that they hoped we should always be friends. Stop! they gave me something for you." Eric opened his carpet-bag, and took out a little box carefully wrapped up, which he gave to Russell. It contained a pretty silver watch, and inside the case was engraved—"Edwin Russell, from the mother of his friend Eric."

The boy's eyes glistened with joyful surprise. "How good they are," he said; "I shall write and thank Mrs. Williams directly after we get to Roslyn."

They had a fine bright voyage, and arrived that night. Eric, as a new-comer, was ushered at once into Dr. Rowlands' drawing-room, where the head master was sitting with his wife and children. His greeting was dignified, but not unkindly; and, on saying "good night," he gave Eric a few plain words of affectionate advice.

At that moment Eric hardly cared for advice. He was full of life and spirits, brave, bright, impetuous, tingling with hope, in the flush and flower of boyhood. He bounded down the stairs, and in another minute entered the large room where all Dr. Rowlands' boarders assembled, and where most of them lived, except the few privileged sixth form, and other boys who had "studies." A cheer greeted his entrance into the room. By this time most of the Rowlandites knew him, and were proud to have him among their number. They knew that he was clever enough to get them credit in the school, and, what was better still, that he would be a capital accession of strength to the cricket and football. Except Barker, there was not one who had not a personal liking for him, and on this occasion even Barker was gracious.

The room in which Eric found himself was large and high. At one end was a huge fire-place, and there was generally a throng of boys round the great iron fender, where, in cold weather, a little boy could seldom find room. The large windows

opened on the green play-ground; and iron bars prevented any exit through them. This large room, called "the boarders' room," was the joint habitation of Eric and some thirty other boys; and at one side ran a range of shelves and drawers, where they kept their books and private property. There the young Rowlandites breakfasted, dined, had tea, and, for the most part, lived. Here, too, they had to get through all such work as was not performed under direct supervision. How many and what varied scenes had not that room beheld! had those dumb walls any feeling, what worlds of life and experience they would have acquired! If against each boy's name, as it was rudely cut on the oak panels, could have been also cut the fate that had befallen him, the good that he had there learnt, the evil that he there had suffered—what noble histories would the records unfold of honor and success, of baffled temptations and hard-won triumphs; what awful histories of hopes blighted and habits learned, of wasted talents and ruined lives!

The routine of school-life was on this wise:—At half-past seven the boys came down to prayers, which were immediately followed by breakfast. At nine they went into school, where they continued, with little interruption, till twelve. At one they dined, and, except on half-holidays, went into school again from two till five. The lock-up bell rang at dusk; at six o'clock they had tea—which was a repetition of breakfast, with leave to add to it whatever else they liked—and immediately after sat down to "preparation," which lasted from seven till nine. During this time one of the masters was always in the room, who allowed them to read amusing books or employ themselves in any other quiet way they liked, as soon as ever they had learnt their lessons for the following day. At nine Dr. Rowlands came in and read prayers, after which the boys were dismissed to bed.

The arrangement of the dormitories was peculiar. They were a suite of rooms, exactly the same size, each opening into the other; six on each side of a lavatory, which occupied the space between them, so that, when all the doors were open, you could see from one end of the whole range to the other. The only advantage of this arrangement was, that one master walking up and down could keep all the boys in order while they were getting into bed. About a quarter of an hour was allowed for this process, and then the master went along the rooms putting out the lights. A few of the "study-boys" were allowed to sit up till half-past-ten, and their bed-rooms were elsewhere. The consequence was, that in these dormitories the boys felt perfectly secure from any interruption. There were only two ways by which the master could get at them: one up the great staircase, and through the lavatory; the other by a door at the extreme end of the range, which led into Dr. Rowlands' house, but was generally kept locked.

In each dormitory slept four or five boys, distributed by their order in the school-list, so that, in all the dormitories, there were nearly sixty; and of these a goodly number were, on Eric's arrival, collected in the boarders' room, the rest being in their studies, or in the class-rooms, which some were allowed to use in order to prevent too great a crowd in the room below.

At nine o'clock the prayer-bell rang. This was the signal for all the boarders to take their seats for prayers, each with an open Bible before him; and when the school-servants had also come in, Dr. Rowlands read a chapter, and offered up an extempore prayer. While reading he generally interspersed a few pointed remarks or graphic explanations, and Eric learnt much in this simple way. The prayer, though short, was always well suited to the occasion, and calculated to carry with it the attention of the worshippers.

Prayers over, the boys noisily dispersed to their bed-rooms, and Eric found himself placed in a room

immediately to the right of the lavatory, occupied by Du.cin, Graham, Llewellyn, and two other boys named Ball and Attlay, all in the same form with himself. They were all tired with their voyage and the excitement of coming back to school, so that they did not talk much that night, and before long Eric was fast asleep, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming that he should have a very happy life at Roslyn School, and seeing himself win no end of distinctions, and make no end of new friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Astronomy.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

If we were to adopt the opinions of some authors respecting the state of astronomical knowledge amongst the Chinese and Indians, we should have now to commence at a much earlier period than we did, in giving an account of this science amongst the Greeks, as it is stated that the former possess records of eclipses and other phenomena, so far back as the year 2159, B. C., and that even in the year 2857, B. C., the study of astronomy and the desire of propagating a knowledge of that science amongst his people, were objects of great moment with the emperor Ion III. These, with numerous other records, are taken from the general history of China, as translated by the Père De Mailla, a French Jesuit missionary to Peking, but are not fully acquiesced in by the Père Gaubil, as before mentioned.

Upon the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, however ancient may be the rude observations of the Chinese and Indians, they possessed no science, properly so called, but what they obtained from the Greeks through the medium of the Arabs, which people, after drawing it from the former source, carried it to Persia, whence it was transmitted to India and China. Such, at least, is the conclusion drawn by M. Delambre from a dispassionate examination of all the claims of these nations.

During the reign of Almamun there were many other celebrated Arabian astronomers, particularly Alfraganus. He composed a work, many editions of which have been made since the invention of printing, besides other works, more or less connected with this science, which he wrote about 850.

Thebit, in 860, made himself very prominent as an astronomer. He observed the obliquity of the ecliptic and reduced it to twenty-three degrees, thirty-three minutes, thirty seconds. He also determined the length of the year very nearly the same as it is now established by modern observations.

Albaténis, in 879, was one of the greatest promoters of Arabian astronomy. His numerous observations and important knowledge of all the sciences of his time, were the cause of his being surnamed the Ptolemy of the Arabs, an honor by no means unmerited. By a comparison of many of his own observations with those of Ptolemy and others, he corrected the determination of the latter respecting the motion of the stars in longitude, stating it to be one degree in 70 years, instead of 100 years. Modern observations make it one degree in 72 years. He determined very exactly the eccentricity of the ecliptic and corrected the length of the year to be three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-six minutes, twenty-four seconds, which is about two minutes too short.

The works of this author have been collected and published in two volumes, under the title of "De Scientia Stellarum," of which there are two editions, one in 1537 and the other in 1646.

Montucla, in his history of Mathematics, enumerates a long list of Arabian astronomers, who followed Albaténis, but none so well deserving of

notice as Ebn Jounis, who wrote in the year 1004, and even he is celebrated rather for his having collected and embodied the knowledge of his time, than for his discoveries, although he made numerous observations. The works of this author are still extant, a concise notice of which is given by M. Delambre, where we learn that it contains twenty-eight observations of eclipses of the sun and moon, made between the years 829 and 1004, seven observations of equinoxes, one on the obliquity of the ecliptic, and many others that cannot be here enumerated.

Among the Moors in Spain, in 1020, Arsachel and Alhazen rendered themselves famous. The former is celebrated for having added to the theory of the sun by improving upon the principles of Ptolemy and Hipparchus. He made some fortunate changes in the dimensions of the solar orbit and discovered certain inequalities in the sun's motion, which have since been confirmed by the Newtonian theory of gravitation.

Alhazen is also esteemed as a philosopher and astronomer of high reputation. He is said to have first discovered the laws of refraction and the effects of it on astronomical observations. He explained the true cause of the crepuscula or twilight in the morning and evening, besides various other minor discoveries, highly honorable to his memory.

The Persians, who for a long time were of the same religion and subject to the same sovereign as the Arabs, began about the middle of the eleventh century to throw off the yoke of the Caliphs, and at this period their calendar received, by the care of their astronomer, Omar Cheyam, a new form founded upon an ingenious intercalation, which consisted in making eight bissextile years at the end of every thirty years of common time.

About the same time, also, one of their sovereigns, Holagu Ilcukan, assembled the most considerable astronomers at Maragha, where he constructed a magnificent observatory, the care of which was confided to Nassir Eddin.

But of all the princes of this nation, the one who distinguished himself the most by his zeal for astronomy, was Hugh Beigh, a grandson of the celebrated Tamerlane, who was a great proficient in this science. He formed from his own observations, at Samarcand, the capital of his empire, a new catalogue of the stars, and the best tables of the sun and planets that had been given before the time of Tycho Brahe. He also determined, in 1437, with a quadrant one hundred and eighty feet high, the obliquity of the ecliptic which he found to be twenty-three degrees, thirty-one minutes, and fifty-seven seconds.

In Spain the writings of Ptolemy were translated from Arabic into Latin; and the philosophy of Aristotle was studied in Averroes and Avicenna, with as much eagerness and as much submission to its doctrines in the West as it had been in the East.

The works of Aristotle, and Ptolemy's *Almagest* were translated into Latin; in 1230, and two years later John of Halafax compiled from Ptolemy, Albaténis, Alfraganus, and other Arabic astronomers, his work, *De Sphæra*, which was reckoned a standard work for more than three hundred years after. From the establishment of this university we may date the revival of the study of astronomy in Europe.

About this time, too, Roger Bacon, an English monk, wrote, besides many other learned works, several treatises on astronomy, after which but little progress was made till the end of the fifteenth century—till the time of Purbach and Walther.

John Muller, who was born in Koningsburg, in Franconia, in 1436, rendered great service, and prepared the way for the great discoveries that followed. He composed a series of trigonometrical tables of sines and tangents which he computed to

a radius of 1,000,000 for every minute of the quadrant, and by this means greatly facilitated astronomical calculations.

John Werner, astronomer at Nuremberg, also discovered the method of finding the longitude at sea, by observing the moon's distance from the sun, and certain fixed stars, which is now so successfully practiced in the British navy.

Alphonso X., King of Leon and Castile, surnamed the Wise succeeded his father May 30, 1252, with the general approbation of his people. The honorable appellation which he received was more the result of his love of science and literature than for his regal talents and exploits. His reign was very disturbed: he carried on a death struggle with the Moors, and his own son rebelled against him. Before he became King, he assembled at Toledo a number of the most celebrated astronomers of Europe, Christians, Jews and Moors, for the purpose of examining the astronomical tables of Ptolemy, and of correcting them to that date. They were employed on this work four years and in 1252, the first year of Alphonso's reign, they completed those tables, which have been denominated "Alphonso's Tables;" the sum expended on them was forty thousand ducats. These learned men employed in the composition of those Tables were always retained about the royal court, and received the greatest favor and respect from the King, through all the vicissitudes of his stormy reign.

Next after there was Nicholas Copernicus, a Catholic priest, the celebrated restorer of the old Pythagorean system of the world, which had been set aside since time of Ptolemy. He was born at Thorn, in Polish Prussia, in 1473, and having gone through a regular course of studies in Cracow, and afterwards at Rome, he was made by his uncle, who was Bishop of Wormia, a canon of Frauenburg, in which peaceful retreat, after thirty-six years of observation and meditation, he established his theory of the motion of the earth, with such new and demonstrative arguments in its favor, that it has gradually prevailed since that time, and is now universally received by the learned throughout Europe. Everything connected with this great man must be of interest to the student. He had not the satisfaction of witnessing the success of his undertaking, meeting with violent opposition from those who called themselves philosophers. It was not without the greatest solicitations he could be prevailed upon to give up his papers to his friends, with permission to make them public, but to continued importunities of this kind he at length complied, and his book, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cælestium*, was at length published. His disciple, Reticus who has rendered great service to mathematical science by his extensive tables of sines, tangents, and secants to every ten seconds, was the first to adopt his ideas; but they made but little progress till towards the beginning of the seventeenth century.

J. F.

GREELEY ON OFFICE-SEEKING.—Office-seeking is becoming the curse of the country, and I know of no greater nuisance in the body politic than holders of office. When a man accepts a small office at the hands of a government or a people, he is lost; he never will be worth anything to himself or his neighbors. Some young men think if they can only get a clerkship in Washington they will be fixed for life; so they will be, but what a fix! They are then buried, and their lives worse than wasted.

A YOUNG man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in olden times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady now-a-days to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

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Music.

Music has always received great attention on the part of the officers of the College. Everything that was likely to be conducive to a higher class of Music, has been done at Notre Dame, and the pieces played by the Orchestra and Band last year showed that a great stride onward had been made during the course of the year.

It takes some time, in our country, to educate young men up to a proper standard of Music. Comic songs, and fol-de-rol airs, and perhaps a soft, easy, sentimental melody, thrown in to a give greater zest to the next side-spitting, button-destroying comic song, are the pieces that please an uncultivated ear, simply because they have never heard anything better. When they do hear something better, they cannot at first understand it; they are like children who can read with pleasure Jack the Giant-Killer, but who would be disgusted with Sir Walter Scott's novels, simply because they cannot understand them.

But young men should cultivate their taste for music. It is well enough for a child to be delighted with "Jack the Giant Killer," but for a grown-up man to prefer Jack to Scott's novels would argue a low degree of literary taste. So, though it is well enough for a green boy, just beginning to draw a bow awkwardly across a fiddle, to prefer an easy negro melody, or something of that sort, yet from young men who have had time and opportunity to improve their musical taste, more is expected.

We have frequently been struck by the difference in the style of music at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

Of course, except in a few cases, we do not look for the same proficiency in music among young men that we expect to find in the playing of young ladies. Young men, unless they possess extraordinary talents, are not expected to devote a great deal of time to music; but all young ladies, whether they have any talent or not, are expected to "practise" a certain number of hours a week on the piano or harp: the result is that for average players a greater number is found among females than males. Yet the difference of the styles of Music in the two Institutions is too great to be accounted for by this general fact.

The teachers in both Institutions are excellent and energetic.

The difference, then, is in the student. Those of the College are, as a general rule, sufficiently earnest and enthusiastic during the terms they devote to Music. Music is more a pastime for them than a study.

Now, it is all very well to have Music as a pastime; but to be able to use it as a pastime, severe and conscientious application is necessary while they are learning the science and art of Music.

We know several young men who have a decided musical talent, and who, with perseverance and longer study, might have become proficient, and yet they cease all regular study after acquiring the knack of striking a few chords so as to accompany themselves when singing some little ditties, and of rattling off some brilliant little *valse*, or

loud-sounding march, to show off their pianical ability.

Something better than this is to be expected from the amount of musical talent now in the College: there are some of the students of years past who have attained a certain proficiency on the piano and violin, and who this year do not take lessons.

This is wrong.

Bros. Basil and Leopold, Rev. Mr. Lilly and Prof. Regnier, and others, can teach them many things in their line of Music they know nothing of as yet. They—those who have real musical talent, and have made some advance in musical science—are the ones who can profit by the higher culture of Music, and far from ceasing to take lessons they are the very ones to whom lessons would be of the greatest advantage.

To the beginners we would say: do not be discouraged by the trials that are inevitable to beginners. The greater your musical talent, the greater is the love of regular lessons in the beginning. But, by-and-by, when you have mastered the mechanical part, and learned the ordinary scales, and the elementary exercises, then your pleasure begins.

But do not be discouraged by the elementary lessons. Learn them. Practise them. Know them by heart. Play them over and over. And then when you find the same passages in classical pieces, instead of stumbling over them, or taking weeks to learn them, you can play them at once.

For the sake of our ears, young gentlemen, discard the "Shoo-fly" style, and learn Music.

Advertising.

There may be at odd times an advertisement inserted in a newspaper without the knowledge of the responsible editor.

There is a certain class of advertisements that formerly figured conspicuously in the columns of some of our exchanges, and which, we are glad to see, have been taken out for many months, even years, past.

That tells well for the paper and for the readers.

In two of our exchanges, we noted last week, there is an advertisement headed "Popery," or something to that effect, and which tells the intelligent readers of those papers that a book has been written that reveals all the abominations of Popery, *its New York Riots*, (italicised in advertisement,) and many other terrible things.

The editors of those papers know that all such books are made up of lies, or they are ignorant of the fact.

If they do know it, they should not, for the sake of a few dollars, allow the insertion of such an advertisement in their papers.

If they are ignorant of the fact, they should make a course of elementary studies, if they continue to edit a paper for the instruction of their readers.

WE are much pleased to have Mr. McMahon for our neighbor.

THE weather is splendid after the rain that favored us the first of the week.

MR. NELSON brought his two sons with him. He was "burned out," but is by no means cast down. He has opened again on Wabash (?) Avenue.

WE deeply deplore the death of our friend, Michael Garrity, and tender our sympathy to his relatives. Michael Garrity was a sterling young man, and had not only a fine future before him, but had given evidences, in his short life, of his strong faith, high-toned principles and business energy. *Requiescat in pace.*

WE have a raven amongst us. Our learned friends say it's only a large crow, but we stick to our poetic hypothesis.

AMONG the visitors whom we have had the pleasure of seeing this last week, were Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Laporte, Rev. Fitzsimmons, of Elgin, and the Messrs. Von Weller.

As we had no celebration on St. Edward's day, would it not be well, now that Chicago is building up again, to have a soiree from the Orchestra and Band. Perhaps, too, the Thespians have not forgotten their parts.

REV. FATHERS LEMONNIER and BROWN have gone to the genial clime of Wisconsin in search of health. May they find it in superabundance, and in a short time, and return to fill their now vacant places in the College.

ALTHOUGH there was no public demonstration on St. Edward's day in honor of Rev. Father Superior General, as he had intimated in decided terms that he would not permit it when the country was in mourning over the destruction of half of a great city, yet he received from all sides, both by letter and personal calls, evidences of the esteem and respect in which he is held by all. May he have the pleasure of spending next St. Edwards' day, and many more, with us. We shall endeavor to make up for the non-celebration of his Patron's day this year.

Michael H. Garrity.

We are called upon again to record the death of another of the old students of Notre Dame, Michael H. Garrity, who attended the classes of the University during the years 1861-62-63, died on the 14th day of October last.

All who had the pleasure of associating with Mr. Garrity, during his stay at Notre Dame, will remember him as one of that class of persons who make themselves general favorites. Mr. Garrity always possessed the respect and friendship of the officers and Professors of the College. At the same time he was always in high favor with his fellow-students. This he possessed, not by courting the good will of Professors and students by underhand trickery, but by the sincerity and frankness of his manners on all occasions. During his life at the College, if there was anything going on Mich. was sure to be on hand, ready to do his part in making things cheerful and pleasant. But he did not take part in the amusements of the College to the detriment of his studies. He was as faithful in his attendance at class and in his recitations as most young men are. To this all his Professors would willingly bear witness.

Peace to his ashes. Pleasant are all our memories of him, and pleasant must be his old companions' memory of him. Sorrowful indeed will it be to them to learn that Death has laid his icy finger on him.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.

October 14th—P. Logue, J. M. Brown, J. L. Noonan, T. A. Ireland, W. J. Clarke, M. Bastarache, N. S. Mitchell, T. J. Dundon, P. J. O'Connell, J. E. Davis.

JUNIOR DEPT.

October 14th—J. Devine, J. Carr, B. Blackman, J. Graham, G. Page, J. Spillard, H. Beckman, W. S. Kelly, W. P. Breen, O. Waterman, J. Stubbs.

D. A. C., Sec.

MINOR DEPARTMENT.

Oct. 15th.—H. Faxon, C. Faxon, A. McIntosh, E. DeGroot, F. Huck.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

J. W. Nash,	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
W. P. Nelson,	Chicago, Illinois.
T. Nelson,	Chicago, Illinois.
A. M. Howell,	Bunker Hill, Illinois.
C. H. Donnelly,	Woodstock, Illinois.
C. W. Dulaney,	Marshall, Illinois.

Honorable Mentions.**CLASSICAL COURSE.
COLLEGIATE.**

Fourth Year—T. Ireland, M. Keeley, M. Mahony, J. McHugh, J. Shanahan.
Third Year—J. McGlynn, M. Foote, D. Hogan.
Second Year—J. P. White, J. Hogan.
First Year—W. Clark, P. Fitzpatrick, C. Gammache, C. Dodge.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year.—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.
Second Year.—H. Coffee, T. Dundon, G. Darr, P. O'Connell, W. Dum, R. Curran.
First Year.—F. P. Leffingwell, F. Murphy, W. Breen, M. Kelly.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year.—M. Green, J. Ireland, E. Nugent, J. Staley, W. Smith, C. Hutchings, R. Lange, B. Luhn, F. McOsker, J. Stubbs, H. Taylor, J. Brown, C. Butler, J. Crummev, J. Carr, D. Gahan, J. Nash, E. Newton, J. Rumely, B. Roberts, J. Wuest, J. Spillard.

First Year.—S. Bowen, E. Barry, H. Dehner, W. C. Fiedeldy, R. Hunt, C. Hodgson, T. Phillips, C. Parson, J. Poundstone, H. Schulte, R. Staley, J. Smarr, F. Whitney, J. Zimmer, Sydney Ashton, F. Egan, W. Gross, H. Lubke, W. Kelly, F. Phaton, J. Quill, O. Waterman, H. Waldorf, J. Darmody, E. Woolman.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Class—First Division.—J. Hogan, H. Hubbard, J. Rourke, J. Walsh, P. Reilly, E. Shea, S. Sullivan, E. Sheehan, D. Maloney, F. Arantz, A. Dickerhoff, C. Hibben, J. Kilcoin.

Second Division.—T. Badeaux, J. Divine, J. A. Roberts, F. Williams, F. Devoto, E. Dougherty, J. Dunn, J. Davis, J. Hoffman, E. Howland, P. Jacobs, G. Kurt, A. Klein, J. Kaufman, J. McGinnis, W. Myers, F. McDonald, F. Ready, E. Roberts, R. Redmond, A. Schwab, H. Hunt, T. Renshaw, H. Beckman, W. Ball, J. Caren, P. Cooney, A. Chouteau, W. Emmons, H. Hackett, J. McMahon, T. Noel, M. McCormack, E. Ottenville, E. Otwill, D. O'Connell, J. Pumphrey, E. Plumber, F. Sweger, C. St. Clair, M. Weldon, H. Clark.

First Year.—M. Bailey, J. Bell, J. Comar, B. Drake, P. Fisher, E. Graves, P. Fitzpatrick, T. Hansard, T. Hughes, T. Juddy, J. Kenney, J. Karst, P. Logue, J. Handley, E. Halpin, H. Hoffman, R. Hutchings, D. Jocquel, G. Juif, J. Juif, C. Karst, W. Kenzie, F. Kenyon, H. Long, F. Livingston, E. Milburn, E. Mulheney, F. Miller, F. Moore, W. Murphy, L. Munn, W. Morgan, E. Asher, J. Birdsell, F. Bauer, B. Blackman, C. Bloomhuff, W. Burns, W. Cane, F. Dowe, J. Dore, E. Enneking, E. Edwards, E. Foster, G. Gross, T. Gegan, J. Graham, W. Oihen, T. O'Neill, J. L. Noonan, G. Page, J. Pratt, A. Paquin, E. Poe, W. Quan, S. Rust, A. Schmidt, F. Sage, F. Smith, J. Shelly, O. Tong, J. Wercert, J. Dougherty, W. Moran, J. Burnside, A. Filson, J. Gleason, J. McCall, J. Cherlock.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.**ORTHOGRAPHY.**

First Class—E. De Groot, A. L. McIntosh, E. Raymond, M. Farnbaker, H. Faxon.
Second Class—J. Porter, A. Marton, F. Huck, C. Elison, A. Keenan, R. Keenan, C. Faxon, G. Voelker, E. Dasher, W. Dee.

Montana.

An old student, Blaine Walker, well remembered at Notre Dame, writing from Montana Territory, gives us such an agreeable picture of the country, that we wish we were there. He says:

"Since our arrival, [the letter is dated the 6th inst.] the days have all been bright and clear, and so warm that persons having any out-door work feel the taking off of their coat an improvement in the way of comfort. Our equinoctial storms passed over with one day's wind and rain here at the foot of the mountains—snow at the top. Fire in the stoves has been necessary but two or three evenings this fall. Talking to many of the residents here, they all prognosticate a continuance of such weather until Christmas, with but a couple snow storms in the meantime. Some idea may be obtained of the dryness of the atmosphere, by the fact that meat is kept here by hanging it up in the open air. I have seen whole beeves out at the Forts hoisted up above the block house out of reach of the flies, and was told that they kept pure and sweet for any length of time. The air is wonderfully clear also; high peaks, forming notable landmarks, being visible to the naked eye a hundred, and sometimes two hundred miles. Last week, on one of our trips, gaining the summit of the Prickly Pear range of the Rockies, I thought I had never seen so far up to heaven as then; there seemed to be a depth and intensity in the wonderful blue that I had never seen before. On the summit each breath of the delicious morning air of the mountains was delight in itself. Hitherto I had thought that imagination had a great deal to do with the accounts of the exhilarating effect of the mountain air, but since I have seen I have believed. It is not in my power to describe the sensation; I felt (in general terms) *all over*, and as though I would like to shout and yell with all my lungs, but my dignity would not allow me to be natural. I only felt excessively good natured, and wondered if people could be peevish and cross breathing such glorious air. It seemed to me it would make them on good terms with themselves and all the rest of the world. But what a digression—I only intended to speak about the climate. My conclusion on the subject of Montana, is that nature has done a great deal, and made very little, to make life agreeable in it."

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.**PART I.**

A sublime song I would like to sing, the economy of the first-created after their sad fall, and the one who first returned his dust to the earth, who by his brother's hand fell. The silent hours introduced the rosy-colored morning, and scattered the dew upon the shady earth; in the meantime, the sun with his early rays pierced the dark cedars on the hill, and with his flowing azure painted the fleety clouds of twilight. Then went forth from their hut into the neighboring fragrant bower of roses and jasmynes, Abel and his beloved Thirza. Tender love and pure virtue poured a delicate smile into the blue eyes of Thirza, and a charming sweetness into her rosy cheeks; her hair hung in ringlets over her youthful bosom and delicate shoulders; thus she walked at the side of Abel. Brown locks curled profusely around the lofty forehead of the youth and scattered over his shoulders; the smile of his eye was overclouded by deep reflection; in slender beauty walked he like an angel, when he envelopes himself in a denser body to become visible to mortals. Thirza looked at him with a tender smile, and said:

"Beloved! now, when the birds awake for their morning song, be so kind as to sing for me the new

song of praise which you composed yesterday in the valley. What is lovelier than to praise the Lord with song? When you sing my heart throbs with holy ecstasy."

Abel embraced her, and answered:

"What your sweet lips ask of me shall be granted, Thirza! If I read but a wish in your eye it shall be fulfilled. Let us seat ourselves upon this soft moss and then I shall begin my song."

"Slumber depart from every eye! Scatter ye flattering dreams! Reason again appears and lights up the soul as the morning sun lights up the earth. Welcome thou, lovely sun, behind the cedars; drive back sleep from every eye, and scatter the flattering dreams into the shades of night! Where are they, the shades of night? Into the darkness of the grove, into the rocky caves have they wandered, and await us there. Nature celebrates the morning, and offers up thanks to the Lord of creation. Him, shall every creature praise! Him, who created all, and preserves all! Yea! in His honor the delicate flowers pour forth their early fragrance! In His honor birds sing in joyous chorus, high in the air or on the tree-tops! To praise Him, the lion goes forth from his den and roars his delight in the wilderness! Praise Him, thou, my soul, the Lord, Creator and Preserver! Let all mankind praise Him!"

Thus sang Abel, by the side of his beloved. In holy rapture sat she still, yet listening. Now she threw her lily-white arms around his neck—looked at him tenderly, and said:

"Beloved, how did my devotion rise with your song! Yes, my dear, tender solicitude not only protects my weak, frail body, but also my soul mounts higher under your protection! When she loses herself in her path, and darkness spreads around her, when she sinks down overcome by holy awe, then you lift her up and dispel the darkness—develop the holy awe into lofty thought. Ah! how often do I return thanks! . . . hourly, with tears of joy, I thank the everlasting goodness that it created you for me and me for you, according in everything that the soul can think or the heart wish."

Thus spoke she, while most tender and pure love poured unspeakable devotedness into every sound of her voice and every motion of her body. Abel did not reply, but his tender look and chaste embrace expressed his feelings better than words could do. Ah! how happy was man, when, as yet contented, he desired of earth, nothing but fruits, which she willingly gave; of heaven, nothing but virtue and health, before his discontentedness produced wishes never to be realized, which invented needs innumerable and buried his happiness under glittering misery.

As they were sitting thus together, there came Adam and Eve. They had listened to the morning song and their conversation in front of the grove, and now they entered and embraced their children. Their happiness and virtue filled them with joys greater than ever smiled upon the cheeks of loving parents. Also Mehalah, Cain's beloved wife, entered the grove. Grief at Cain's rude and violent nature had depicted gravity on her forehead, and poured a soft sadness into her dark eyes and a paleness into her cheeks. When Thirza embraced her beloved and spoke to him of her being created for him, she was standing outside of the grove leaning on the balcony weeping; but she had dried her tears, and, smiling friendly, entered the grove, and with tender friendship greeted her brother and sister. At this moment Cain passed by the grove. He also had heard Abel's song, and had seen how affectionately his father had embraced him. With an angry scowl, he looked toward the grove and said:

"How enraptured they are! how they embrace him, because he has sung a song! If he did not sing and compose songs, he would fall asleep while

lazily watching his flocks in the shade! While I labor hard, the sun burns me, and I have neither time nor leisure for song. After enduring the burden of the day, my tired limbs need rest, and in the morning, work in the field awaits me. The delicate idle youth would perish, would he once perform my day's work, and yet they always pursue him with tears of joy and tender embraces. I hate this effeminacy!—but . . . they never trouble themselves about me, although I till the soil throughout the whole heat of the day. How they pour forth their tears of joy!"

Thus he passed by on his way to the field. In the grove they overheard his talk. Mehala sank paler at the side of Thirza and wept. Eve also, sorrowfully reclining on Adam, wept over her first-born. Then spoke Abel:

"Dearest! I will go into the field to my brother. I will embrace him, and speak to him all that a brother's love can speak; I will embrace him and will not let him go from my arms until he has promised me, to banish from his bosom every hatred, until he has promised to love me. Ah! I have searched my whole heart, my whole soul, to discover how I could win my brother's love; often have I examined my conduct to find something wherewith to open a way to his heart; frequently I succeeded and enkindled anew his extinguished love; but alas! grief and discontent always returned and smothered the flame."

The sorrowing father replied:

"Dearest! I myself will go to him in the field; I will speak to him all that a father's love and reason can speak. Cain! Cain! oh, how you fill my heart with anxiety! can the passions in the soul of a sinner swell to such a fearful tumult and destroy virtue and kindness! Ah, wretched I! Oh, sin! Oh, sin! what a terrible destruction in the soul of a mortal!"

Thus spoke Adam, and with sad thoughts went forth from the grove into the field to seek his first-born. Cain saw him, raised his eyes from his work and said:

"Why so sad, father? With this countenance you did not go to embrace my brother; your eyes already speak reproaches to me."

With sadness mixed with friendliness, Adam answered:

"Welcome, my first-born! You know that you deserve reproaches, because even now they speak to you through my eyes. Yes, Cain, you deserve reproaches; anxiety which you nurture in your father's bosom, tormenting anxiety, leads me to you!"

"Not love, then," interrupted Cain; "this belongs alone to Abel."

"Yes, love, Cain," answered Adam; "love, the whole heaven be witness! These tears, this grief, these anxious cares which torment me, and her who gave you life, what are they else but love?—these mournful hours, these restless nights? Oh, Cain, Cain, if you love us, it would be your tender care to banish this grief from our hearts, and to lighten our declining days. Oh! if you have any reverence for the Omniscient, for Him who sees your inmost soul, if yet a spark of filial love glows in your bosom, love for your parents. Oh, then, by this love, I entreat you, give us back rest! give us back our extinguished joys! Do not feed this fury in your breast, this satanic hate towards him, whose whole soul, whose whole loving heart endeavors to tear away from your heart this hate, this poisonous plant. The angels hovering round accompany every good action with joyful approbation; even the Almighty looks down from his throne with gracious pleasure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who was St. Paul?" was asked of a boy in school. The boy was silent. The teacher assists him: "an A—an Ap—an Apo"—"an Apothecary!" exultingly cried the boy.

New Explorations.

THE BRANCHES OF THE AMAZON TO BE VISITED
BY A PERUVIAN COMMISSION.

The *Societad*, of Lima, publishes certain documents relating to the important object of exploring the yet little unknown branches of the Amazon, the Ucuyali and Urubamba, by a commission organized for that purpose in the department of Cuzco. The object of the expedition is to endeavor to find a port which will open up to the department of Cuzco communication with the main branch of the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic. Whatever success may attend these efforts, we may be sure they will add more or less of precise hydrographic information of those regions to that which we already possess. Mr. Tucker, who is chief of the Hydrographic Commission, and from whose energy and nautical knowledge a great deal was expected, has not been able to satisfy the wishes of the Government. The first expedition he undertook, two years ago, to explore the river Ucuyali, did not succeed, owing to the unsuitable qualities of the steamer with which he was furnished; nor did that of last year, notwithstanding the excellent qualities of the steamer Tambo, because the obstacles met with to the navigation of the Apurimac caused that route to be abandoned for the exploration of the Pachitea and the Pichis. The water system of the valley of the Amazon, to be useful to Peru, requires that a commercial centre shall be found in the "heart of the Andes." Cuzco, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Peru, is distant 150 leagues of a very bad road from the Pacific, and which for the purposes of traffic and travel, becomes much more formidable than the 1,500 miles of river navigation to arrive at the Atlantic. The experience of former governors of Loreto have led to the belief that the river Urubamba offers much greater facilities for finding the desired object. The plan at present is that Don Raymundo Estrella and another commissioner shall start from the port of Illapani in two large canoes, and make their way by the Urubamba to Iquitos, which is the Peruvian naval station on the Amazon. The experience gained will enable them to act as pilots to the steamer which is to ascend the Ucuyali and explore the Urubamba. In this exploration they are directed to keep a diary of their observations, noting the qualities of the river, the places in its banks where the savages are to be met with, their industrial or indolent propensities, and especially the nation of Piros about the head-waters of the Ucuyali, who are considered well versed in the navigation of the rivers. The two explorers are to make their way back to the Urubamba to Illapani, a port distant about thirty leagues from Cuzco.

SITUATION OF ENGLAND.—The *Evening Post* of New York says:

Poor old George the Third was a mere idiot, wandering about Windsor Castle a melancholy spectacle to his retainers, long before the inexorable fact was recognized by act of Parliament. And there can be little doubt that his granddaughter has for a considerable time been disordered in mind, though her sound physical health has enabled her Cabinet to conceal her mental aberration from the English people.

In the present crisis, as in that of the Regency, the ministry is possibly reluctant to take formal notice of the royal incapacity through apprehensions, more or less well grounded, of the future. The Prince of Wales, as was the case with his great uncle, has given the country too much reason to look forward with misgiving to his accession to the throne, and the progress that has been made of late years in Great Britain towards popular institutions and the abolition of the monarchy, may well inspire conservative people with fears of forcible opposition to Albert Edward as regent or king.

THE BOOTJACK.—The introduction of the bootjack makes quite an era in the history of civilization, now that we think of it. The savage, of course, knew nothing of it, and he knows nothing of it now, except when it is hurled at his astonished head by an enlightened though hasty brother.

Bootjacks came in shortly after the introduction of tight boots. Before that time men used to kick off their boots or sleep in them. We infer there are few bootjacks in California, from the frequency of the epitaph, "Died in his boots."

Imagine the perplexity and embarrassment of the man who had the temerity to pull on the first pair of tight boots, when he attempted to pull them off again, the bootjack not being invented. How he must have wriggled and twisted, now prying away with the toe of one boot on the heel of the other, the heel slipping off and striking him on the tenderest part of his shinbone. Again, catching the toe under the other leg, he works away at the heel with his hand; but all in vain. At length he tries the crotch of a tree, and the thing is done. Any one could invent a bootjack after that.—*Exchange*.

MULLANY, a Pittsfield worker on sepulchral monuments has gained a reputation for fearful delineations of railroad accidents, drownings and the like on the tombstones of those whom such disasters have made the subject of his art. But Mullany is a genius in other things. Some time since one of his countrymen and fellow-Catholics died, and on his gravestone was inscribed, by order of his son, the pious legend, "Pray for the soul of Hugh Donahue." But soon after young Donahue was converted to Protestantism, and with a troubled conscience he hastened to the sculptor with, "I say, Mullany, I've become a Protestant." Mullany assenting, he continued, "And I must have the papistry taken out of that stone. Mullany, the dead are past praying for." The artist scratched his head a minute, and then with a genuine Irish chuckle and twinkle of the eye he exclaimed, "All right, I have it! I'll fix yez." And he did; for when the son next visited his father's grave an enormous "Don't" filled the space above the obnoxious legend, and it read: "Don't—Pray for the soul of Hugh Donahue." The papistry was out of it!

THE Cubans, during their struggle for independence, having very little artillery, and of rather an inferior quality, have invented a most ingenious and useful piece of artillery which has proved of more service than any other. It is called the leather cannon, being made of raw-hide. The mode of manufacturing these curious weapons is as follows: A piece of raw, green hide is wrapped around a wooden cylinder of the required dimensions or bore, and then several other layers of raw-hide are wrapped over the first until they have acquired a thickness of about four inches. Over this are placed two layers of strong cord, and the whole covered with several coats of tar. These cannon, which weigh about 35 pounds each, are carried on men's shoulders, (they are not mounted on wheels or carriages, but are fastened to trees, or mounted on a wall,) and will do great execution at a distance of half a mile.—*Picayune*.

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was a reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, "the ass was Missing."

GRACE Greenwood writes from Denver: Nature did antelopes an ill turn originally, in affixing to them a mark by which they can be seen and 'a bead drawn on them' at a great distance. It renders them especially liable to attacks in the rear; which reminds me of a little story. A small Colorado boy, who had been out playing, ran into the house in a state of great excitement, saying that he had seen some antelopes in a gulch near by. At his entreaty his mother went out to look at them, but nothing of the kind was to be found. She became incredulous, and said at last: "I don't believe you saw any antelopes; it must have been your imagination, my child!" To this the little mountaineer indignantly responded: "Humph! I guess my imagination isn't white behind!"

CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH THE EAST.—Says a London dispatch, of the 15th:

A submarine cable has been successfully laid between Nagasaki, Japan, and Possiette, the new naval station of Russia on the sea of Japan. This gives two distinct telegraphic routes between London and Japan—first by the submarine cable via Gibraltar, Malta, the Red Sea, India, Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai; the other by the submarine cable to Prussia, and the land lines through Russia in Europe and Siberia, and the submarine cable from Possiette to Japan. The only link now wanting to complete the telegraphic circuit of the globe is that from Japan across the Pacific Ocean to California.

A CONSCIENTIOUS constable in Rock Island, Illinois, recently attempted to do his duty, but is in some doubt as to his success and submits the matter to the authorities in the following return on the back of a subpoena:

I executed this speeny by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was driving cattle on horse-back, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a h—ll of a hollerin' I don't know whether he heard or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the speeny is served according to law or not.

Attest,

ELI SMITH, Cont.

HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A Washington special says:

A letter recently received in this city from an officer of the Arctic Expedition, states that Capt. Hall hopes to carry the Polar to 80 degrees north latitude. The season was very favorable, and the sea very clear of ice. God willing, he says, we may accomplish the object of the expedition so as to return home again next fall.

A MAN who sings has a good heart. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to his low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men seldom sing. The man who attacks singing, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, and August of its meadow-larks.

THERE is a story of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order a dinner. He wished some mushrooms—very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and a pencil and sketched one. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

Does the dog hang to the tail, or the tail to the dog? Both; for if you lift the dog by the tail the dog will hang to the tail; and if you lift the dog by the head, the tail will hang to the dog.

The following is almost "as good as if it were true":

Two Irishmen, one sultry night, immediately after their arrival in India, took refuge underneath the bedclothes from a skirmishing party of musquitoes. At last one of them gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch he said:

"Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythurs searchin' for us with a lantern!"

A good story is told of Marshal McMahon when a colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks who refused to obey him. McMahon finally threatened the offended, and the latter, drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired. Fortunately the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, cool and impassible, McMahon said:

"Give that man fifteen days in the guard-house, for having his arms out of order!"

A LITTLE boy up street said to his sister, the other day:

"I know what your beau's pretty white horse's name is; it's Damye."

"Hush, sonny, that's a naughty word."

"Well, I don't care if 'tis: that's his name, 'cos last night I was outside the fence when he stopped at the front gate, and I heard him say, 'Whoa, damye!'"—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

AMONG the news items we find that Iowa sent to the late war, 839 Smiths, 2 Smyths, 1 Smythe, 2 Schmits, 2 Schmitz, 2 Schmiths, 17 Schmicts, 1 Schmid, 1 Smitz—total 917. Among these, there were 34 John Smiths and 63 John Smiths with a middle name and one Smitz—total 97. The Smiths would have made a large regiment of infantry, and the Johns, with and without a middle name, a full company.

WHEN Handel once undertook in a crowded church to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir, till, at length the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority: "You cannot dismiss a congregation! See how quick I can dismiss them."

DISCOURAGED.—"The cow," said the engineer, "was standing square on the track. The locomotive struck her, and threw her ten feet high over a fence. She landed plump on her feet, and, strange to say, she wasn't hurt a bit."

"But didn't she look scared?" inquired a listener.

"Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged."

LAWYER.—"Did you show your bill to the defendant?"

CLIENT.—"By all means, I did."

L.—"And what did he say to you?"

C.—"He told me to go to the devil with it."

L.—"And what did you do then?"

C.—"Well, then I came to you with it!"

SIR FREDERICK ADAM spoke with a strong Scotch accent. One day, when inspecting a regiment, he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's shako was missing. The man was an Irishman and a bit of a humorist. "Where's your feyther, my mon?" "He's in Ireland, your honor," was the prompt reply.

A DYSPETIC and melancholy young professional man once bewailed his prospects to a friend, and said he "didn't see how he should ever get through the world." "Did you ever know any one to stop on the way?" was the grave and consoling reply.

"JOHN SMITH, what is your Christian name?" asked an absent-minded Professor.

ELLIE WOODRUFF, a little girl of Wapello, committed to memory, in four days, 2,200 verses of scripture. Her obituary will be written up in a Sunday school book.

TEACHER.—"Now, children, the prince is coming, shout what I have told you." (Prince enters.) Children, (shouting).—"Long live the prince! until he goes away."

PUNCH has information that the War Secretary has placed himself in communication with Mr. Darwin, with a view to replace purchase in the army by a system of natural selection.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

FULL of rage, a teacher once said to a boy, who did not know anything: "You are an ass;" and immediately to the next boy: "Tom, what did I say?" Trembling, the boy answered: "You are an ass."

A FASHIONABLE lady, covered with jewelry and having on a lace bonnet and shawl, complained of the cold and asked a Quaker what she should do to get warm. "I really don't know," said the Quaker, "unless thee should put on another breast-pin."

A YOUNG lady became so dissatisfied with her lover that she dismissed him. In revenge, he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address!"

A STUDENT was condemned to remain another year in the same class owing to a bad examination. His father reproached him for this. Thereupon the son answered: "Do not be astonished, father, my Professor has already been six years in this very class."

A LAWYER once said to a countryman in a smock-frock, who was undergoing his examination in the witness-box, "You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for lying?" "Less than you are, unfortunately," was the reply, "or you would be in a smock-frock, too."

A BRIGHT-EYED little fellow in one of the Brooklyn private schools, having spelt a word, was asked by his teacher: "Are you willing to bet you are right, Bennie?" The boy looked up with an air of astonishment, and said: "I know I am right, Miss V., but I never bet."

TEACHER.—"How many hours in a day?"

Scholar.—"Twenty-five, sir."

Teacher.—"What! Twenty-five? how is that possible?"

Scholar.—"You told us, sir, that the days are now longer by an hour?"

IN the State of Ohio there are sixteen men, each one of whom is older than the other. All of them make a practice of walking five hundred miles a day, after splitting a cord of wood, digging an acre of potatoes, and threading a needle without spectacles in six different languages.

GOOD FOR DENNIS.—"Dennis, my boy," said a schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no application."

"An' sure enough, sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being told there's no occasion for it; don't I see every day in the newspapers that 'No Irish need apply,' at all, at all?"

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
OCTOBER 19, 1871.

ARRIVALS.

Miss L. McKinnon,	Chicago, Ill.
" L. Ritchie,	Pinkneyville, Ill.
" M. Wicker,	Chicago, Ill.
" L. Pfeiffer,	Chicago, Ill.
" B. Wade,	New Carlisle, Ind.
" E. Wade,	New Carlisle, Ind.
" M. Brandenburg,	Niles, Mich.
" C. Davis,	Goshen, Ind.
" R. Spier,	Peoria, Ill.
" A. Woods,	Louisiana, Mo.
" I. Logan,	Plymouth, Ind.
" M. Summers,	Notre Dame, Ind.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

October 15.—A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, A. Conahan, M. Kelly, A. Selby, F. Moore, D. Willey, M. Roberts, B. McCarthy, K. Miller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 11.—A. Byrne, M. Quill, J. Duffield, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, M. Faxon, B. Schmidt, L. Buehlar, C. Germain, M. Sweeney, A. Garrity, E. Keenan, M. Ward.

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. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class.—Misses L. Duffield, N. Duffield, E. Plamondon, M. Ward, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, N. Piatt, E. Rollins, A. Hadsell, L. Coffey, C. Latta, J. Millis, D. Greene, E. Dickerhoff, C. Woods, M. Kearny, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clark.

Third Senior Class.—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, N. Hogue, E. E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Quan, J. Kearny.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, A. McMahon, G. Kellogg, M. Moon, C. Creveling, N. Sullivan, M. Walker, M. Cummings, N. Keenan.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, M. Pinney, J. Washburn, N. Bower, J. Judy, M. Standard, J. Luce, L. Eutsler, B. Hilton, L. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, E. Dunbar, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman.

Third Preparatory Class.—A. Hunt, B. McCarthy, J. Huff, M. Leizen.

First Junior Class.—A. Goldhardt, F. Munn, M. Sylvester, N. O'Meara, K. Fullman, M. DeLong, M. Carlin.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class.—M. Kirwan, M. Shirland.
Second Division.—J. Taylor, A. Borup, K. McMahon.

Second Class.—G. Hurst, H. Neil, E. Plamondon, A. Todd.

Second Division.—A. Goldhardt, A. E. Clarke, E. Rollins.

Third Class.—T. Duffield, M. Lassen, A. Selby.
Second Division.—A. Emonds, K. Brown, A. St. Clair.

Fourth Class.—M. Kearny, J. Coffey, M. Quan, D. Greene, K. Zell, J. Washburn, I. Wilder.

Second Division.—A. Byrnes, M. Cochran, F. Moore.

Fifth Class.—A. Clark, J. Walker, M. Walker, M. Letourneau, A. Shea, J. Millis.

Sixth Class.—M. Higgins, J. Luce, K. Raymond.
Second Division.—J. Edwards, R. Nelson.

Seventh Class.—C. Creveling, B. Hilton, M.

Booth, A. Woods, F. Buehlar, N. Duffield, J. Duffield.

Eighth Class.—M. Sylvester, N. Horgan, M. Hildreth, M. Faxon, L. Harrison.

Ninth Class.—F. Kendall, K. Follmer, F. Munn, Harp.—M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Guitar.—G. Kellogg, A. Selby, B. Crowley.

Theoretical Class.—E. Plamondon, M. Kirwan, J. Taylor, L. West, M. Ward, M. Tuberty, A. Goldhardt, J. Coffey, M. Letourneau, A. Mast, S. Honeyman, N. Horgan, G. Hurst, A. Shea, K. Brown.

A GENTLE Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it was always known that his better half had taken the good one. "What is the reason," said a sneering bachelor, "that your wife always rides the better horse?" The reply was, "Friend, when thee'll be married thee will know."

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" " 9 20 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.

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" " 3 14 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 01 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
" " 4 22 p. m.	" " 8 20 p. m.

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