

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

NUMBER 12.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIAL.

A plot, a plot, to ruin all.

—TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

On the Monday evening, the head boy reported to Dr. Rowlands that the perpetrator of the offence had not been discovered, but that one boy was very generally suspected, and on grounds that seemed plausible. "I admit," he added, "that from the little I know of him, he seems to me a very unlikely sort of boy to do it."

"I think," suggested the Doctor, "that the best way would be for you to have a regular trial on the subject and hear the evidence. Do you think that you can be trusted to carry on the investigation publicly, with good order and fairness?"

"I think so, sir," said Avonley.

"Very well. Put up a notice, asking all the school to meet by themselves in the boarders' room to-morrow afternoon at three, and see what you can do among you."

Avonley did as the Doctor suggested. At first, when the boys assembled, they seemed inclined to treat the matter as a joke, and were rather disorderly; but Avonley briefly begged them, if they determined to have a trial, to see that it was conducted sensibly; and by general consent he was himself voted into the desk as president. He then got up and said:

"There must be no sham or nonsense about this affair. Let all the boys take their seats quietly down the room."

They did so, and Avonley asked: "Is Williams here?"

Looking round, they discovered he was not. Russell instantly went to the library to fetch him, and told him what was going on. He took Eric's arm kindly as they entered, to show the whole school that he was not ashamed of him, and Eric deeply felt the delicacy of his good will.

"Are you willing to be tried, Williams," asked Avonley, "on the charge of having written the insulting paper about Mr. Gordon? Of course we know very little how these kind of things ought to be conducted, but we will see that everything done is open and above ground, and try to manage it properly."

"There is nothing I should like better," said Eric.

He had quite recovered his firm, manly bearing. A quiet conversation with his dearly loved friend and master had reassured him in the confidence of innocence, and though the color on his cheeks had through excitement sunk into two bright red spots, he looked wonderfully noble and winning as he stood before the boys in the centre of the room,

with a graceful modesty in his proud and almost indignant air. His appearance caused a little reaction in his favor, and a murmur of applause followed his answer.

"Good," said Avonley, "who will prosecute on the part of the school?"

There was a pause. Nobody seemed to covet the office.

"Very well; if no one is willing to prosecute, the charge drops."

"I will do it," said Gibson, a Rowlandite, one of the study boys at the top of the fifth form. He was a clever fellow, and Eric liked the little he had seen of him.

"Have you any objection, Williams, to the jury being composed of the sixth form? or are there any names among them which you wish to challenge?"

"No," said Eric, glancing round indifferently.

"Well, now, who will defend the accused?"

Another pause, and Upton got up.

"No," said Eric, at once. "You were inclined to distrust me, Upton, and I will only be defended by somebody who never doubted my innocence."

Another pause followed, and then, blushing crimson, Russell got up. "I am only a Shell boy," he said, "but if Eric doesn't mind trusting his cause to me, I will defend him since no other fifth-form fellow stirs."

"Thank you, Russell, I wanted you to offer; I could wish no better defender."

"Will Owen, Duncan, and Montagu help me, if they can?" asked Russell.

"Very willingly," they all three said, and went to take their seats by him. They conversed eagerly for a few minutes, seeming to make more than one discovery during their discussion, and then declared themselves ready.

"All I have got to do," said Gibson, rising, "is to bring before the school the grounds for suspecting Williams, and all the evidence which makes it probable that he is the offender. Now, first of all, the thing must have been done between Friday evening and Saturday morning: and since the school-room door is generally locked soon after school, it was probably done in the short interval between six and a quarter past. I shall now examine some witnesses."

The first boy called upon was Pietrie, who deposed, that on Friday evening, when he left the room, having been detained a few minutes, the only boy remaining in it was Williams.

Carter, the school-servant was then sent for, and deposed that he had met Master Williams hastily running out of the room, when he went at a quarter past six to lock the door.

Examined by Gibson.—"Was any boy in the room when you did lock the door?"

"No one."

"Did you meet any one else in the passage?"

"No."

Cross-examined by Russell.—"Do boys ever get into the room after the door is locked?"

"Yes."

"By what means?"

"Through the side windows."

"That will do."

Russell here whispered something to Duncan, who at once left the room, and on returning, after a few minutes' absence, gave Russell a nod so full of significance, that, like Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, it seemed to speak whole volumes at once.

Barker was next brought forward, and questioned by Gibson.

"Do you know that Williams is in the habit of using a particular kind of ink?"

"Yes; it is of a violet color, and has a peculiar smell?"

"Could you recognize anything written with it?"

"Yes."

Gibson here handed to Barker the paper which had caused so much trouble.

"Is that the kind of ink?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the handwriting on that paper?"

"Yes; it is Williams' hand."

"How can you tell?"

"He makes his r's in a curious way."

"Turn the paper over. Have you ever seen those kind of wafers before?"

"Yes; Williams has a box of them in his desk."

"Has any other boy, that you are aware of, wafers like them?"

"No."

Cross-examined by Duncan.—"How do you know that Williams has wafers like those?"

"I have seen him use them."

"For what purpose?"

"To fasten letters."

"I can't help remarking that you seem very well acquainted with what he does. Several of those who know him best, and have seen him oftenest, never heard of these wafers. May I ask," he said, "if any one else in the school will witness to having seen Williams use these wafers?"

No one spoke, and Barker, whose malice seemed to have been changed into uneasiness, sat down.

Upton was the next witness. Gibson began:

"You have seen a good deal of Williams?"

"Yes," said Upton, smiling.

"Have you ever heard him express any opinion of Mr. Gordon?"

"Often."

"Of what kind?"

"Dislike and contempt," said Upton, amidst general laughter.

"Have you ever heard him say anything which implied a desire to injure him?"

"The other day Mr. Gordon gave him a Georgic as an imposition, and I heard Williams say that he would like to pay him out."

This last fact was new to the school, and excited a great sensation.

"When did he say this?"

"On Friday afternoon."

Upton had given his evidence with great reluctance, although being simply desirous that the truth should come out, he concealed nothing that he knew. He brightened up a little when Russell rose to cross-examine him.

"Have you ever known Williams do any mean act?"

"Never."

"Do you consider him a boy *likely* to have been guilty on this occasion?"

"Distinctly the reverse. I am convinced of his innocence."

The answer was given with vehement emphasis, and Eric felt greatly relieved by it.

One or two other boys were then called on as witnesses to the great agitation which Eric had shown during the investigation in the school-room, and then Gibson, who was a sensible self-contained fellow, said, "I have now done my part. I have shown that the accused had a grudge against Mr. Gordon at the time of the occurrence, and had threatened to be revenged on him; that he was the last boy in the room during the time when the offence must have been committed; that the handwriting is known to resemble his, and that the ink and wafers employed were such as he, and he only, was known to possess. In addition to all this, his behavior, when the matter was first publicly noticed, was exactly such as coincides with the supposition of his guilt. I think you will all agree in considering these grounds of suspicion very strong; and leaving them to carry their full weight with you, I close the case for the prosecution."

The school listened to Gibson's quiet, unmoved formality with a kind of grim and gloomy satisfaction, and when he had concluded, there were probably few but Eric's own immediate friends who were not fully convinced of his guilt, however sorry they might be to admit so unfavorable an opinion of a companion whom they all admired.

After a minute or two, Russell rose for the defence, and asked: "Has Williams any objection to his desk being brought, and any of its contents put in as evidence?"

"Not the least; there is the key, and you will find it in my place in school."

The desk was brought, but it was found to be already unlocked, and Russell looked at some of the note-paper which it contained. He then rose—nervously at first, and with a deep blush lighting up his face, but soon showing a warmth and sarcasm, which few expected from his gentle nature. "In spite of the evidence adduced," he began, "I think I can show that Williams is not guilty. It is quite true that he dislikes Mr. Gordon, and would not object to any open way of showing it; it is quite true that he used the expressions attributed to him, and that the ink and wafers are such as may be found in his desk, and that the handwriting is not unlike his. But is it probable that a boy intending to post up an insult such as this, would do so in a manner, and at a time so likely to involve him in immediate detection, and certain punishment? At any rate, he would surely disguise his usual handwriting. Now, I ask any one to look at this paper, and tell me whether it is not clear, on the contrary, that these letters were traced slowly and with care, as would be the case with an elaborate attempt to imitate?" Russell here handed the paper to the jury, who again narrowly examined it.

"Now, the evidence of Pietrie and Carter is of no use, because Carter himself admitted that boys often enter the room by the window; a fact to which we shall have to allude again."

"We admit the evidence about the ink and wafers. But it is rather strange that Barker should know about the wafers, since neither I, nor any other friend of Williams, often as we have sat by him when writing letters, have ever observed that he possessed any like them."

Several boys began to look at Barker, who was sitting very ill at ease on the corner of a form, in vain trying to appear unconcerned.

"There is another fact which no one yet knows, but which I must mention. It will explain Eric's—I mean Williams'—agitation when Dr. Rowlands

read out the words on that paper; and, confident of his innocence, I am indifferent to its appearing to tell against him. I myself once heard Eric—I beg pardon, I mean Williams" (he said, correcting himself with a smile), "use the very words written on that paper, and not only heard them, but expostulated with him strongly for the use of them. I need hardly say how very unlikely it is, that remembering this, he should thus publicly draw my suspicions on him, if he meant to insult Mr. Gordon undiscovered. But, besides myself, there was another boy who accidentally overheard that expression. That boy was Barker."

"I have to bring forward a new piece of evidence, which at least ought to go for something. Looking at this half-sheet of note-paper, I see that the printer's name on the stamp in the corner is 'Graves, York.' Now, I have just found that there is no paper at all like this in Williams' desk; all the note-paper it contains is marked 'Blakes, Ayrtoun.'"

"I might bring many witnesses to prove how very unlike Williams' general character a trick of this kind would be. But I am not going to do this. We think we know the real offender. We have had one trial, and now demand another. It is our painful duty (but depend upon it we shall not shirk it," he added with unusual passion) "to prove Williams' innocence by proving another's guilt. That other is a known enemy of mine, and of Montagu's, and of Owen's. We therefore leave the charge of stating the case against him to Duncan with whom he has never quarrelled."

Russell sat down amid general applause; he had performed his task with a wonderful modesty and self-possession, which filled every one with admiration, and Eric warmly pressed his hand.

The interest of the school was intensely excited, and Duncan, after a minute's pause, starting up, said:

"Williams has allowed his desk to be brought in and examined. Will Barker do the same?"

The real culprit now saw at once that his plot to ruin Eric was recoiling on himself. He got up, swore and blustered at Russell, Duncan, and Montagu, and at first flatly refused to allow his desk to be brought. He was, however, forced to yield, and when opened, it was immediately seen that the note-paper it contained was identical with that on which the words had been written. At this he affected to be perfectly unconcerned, and merely protested against what he called the meanness of trying to fix the charge on him.

"And what have you been doing the whole of the last day or two," asked Gibson, quietly, "but endeavoring to fix the charge on another?"

"We have stronger evidence against you," said Duncan, confronting him with an undaunted look, before which his insolence quailed. "Russell, will you call Graham?"

Graham was called, and put on his honor.

"You were in the sick-room on Friday evening?"

"Yes."

"Did you see any one get into the school-room through the side window?"

"That's a leading question," interrupted Barker.

"Stuff!" said Graham contemptuously, not vouchsafing further reply to the objection. "I'll just tell you all I know. I was sitting, doing nothing, in the sick-room, when I suddenly saw Barker clamber into the school-room by the window, which he left open. I was looking on simply from curiosity, and saw him search Williams' desk, from which he took out something, I could not make out what. He then went to his own place, and wrote for about ten minutes, after which I observed him go up and stand by the notice-board. When he had done this, he got out by the window again, and ran off."

"Did n't this strike you as extraordinary?"

"No; I thought nothing more about it till some one told me in the sick-room about this row. I then mentioned privately what I had seen, and it wasn't till I saw Duncan, half-an-hour ago, that I thought it worth while to make it generally known."

Duncan turned an inquiring eye to Barker (who sat black and silent), and then pulled some bits of torn paper from his pocket, put them together, and called Owen to stand up. Showing him the fragments of paper, he asked: "Have you ever seen these before?"

"Yes. On Saturday, when the boys left the school-room, I stayed behind to think a little over what had occurred, feeling convinced that Williams was *not* guilty, spite of appearances. I was standing by the empty fire-place, when these bits of paper caught my eye. I picked them up, and, after a great deal of trouble, fitted them together. They are covered apparently with failures in an attempt at forgery, viz., first, 'Gordon is a sur—' and then a stop as though the writer were dissatisfied, and several of the words written over again for practice, and then a number of r's made in the way that Williams makes them."

"There you may stop," said Barker, stamping fiercely; "I did it all."

A perfect yell of scorn and execration followed this announcement.

"What! *you* did it, and caused all this trouble, you ineffable blackguard!" shouted Upton, grasping him with one hand, while he struck him with the other.

"Stop!" said Avonley; "just see that he doesn't escape, while we decide on his punishment."

It was very soon decided by the sixth form that he should run the gauntlet of the school. The boys instantly took out their handkerchiefs, and knotted them tight. They then made a double line down each side of the corridor, and turned Barker loose. He stood stock-still at one end while the fellows nearest him thrashed him unmercifully with the heavy knots. At last the pain was getting severe, and he moved on, finally beginning to run. Five times he was forced up and down the line, and five times did every boy in the line give him a blow, which, if it did not hurt much, at least spoke of no slight anger and contempt. He was dogged and unmoved to the last, and then Avonley hauled him into the presence of Dr. Rowlands. He was put in a secure room by himself, and the next morning was first flogged and then publicly expelled. Thenceforth he disappears from the history of Roslyn School.

I need hardly say that neither Eric nor his friends took any part in this retributive act; indeed they tried (though in vain) to prevent it. They sat together in the boarders' room till it was over, engaged in exciting discussion of the recent events. Most warmly did Eric thank them for their trustfulness. "Thank you," he said, "with all my heart, for proving my innocence; but thank you, even more a great deal, for first believing it."

Upton was the first to join them, and since he had but wavered for a moment, he was soon warmly reconciled with Eric. They had hardly shaken hands when the rest came flocking in. "We have all been unjust," said Avonley; "let's make up for it as well as we can. Three cheers for Eric Williams!"

They gave, not three, but a dozen, till they were tired; and meanwhile, every one was pressing around him, telling him how sorry they were for the false suspicion, and doing all they could to show their regret for his recent troubles. His genial, boyish heart readily forgave them, and his eyes shone with joy. The delicious sensation of returning esteem made him almost think it worth while to have undergone his trial.

Most happily did he spend the remainder of that afternoon, and it was no small relief to all the Rowlandites in the evening to find themselves

finally rid of Barker, whose fate no one pitied, and whose name no one mentioned without disgust. He had done more than any other boy to introduce meanness, quarrelling and vice, and the very atmosphere of the rooms seemed healthier in his absence. One boy only forgave him; one boy only prayed for him; one boy only endeavored to see him for one last kind word. That boy was Edwin Russell.

After prayers, Mr. Gordon, who had been at Dr. Rowlands' to dinner, apologized to Eric amply and frankly for his note, and did and said all that could be done by an honorable man to repair the injury of an unjust doubt. Eric felt his generous humility, and from thenceforth, though they were never friends, he and Mr. Gordon ceased to be enemies. That night Mr. Rose crowned his happiness by asking him and his defenders to supper in the library. A most bright and joyous evening they passed, for they were in the highest spirits; and when the master bade them "good-night," he kindly detained Eric, and said to him, "keep an innocent heart, my boy, and you need never fear trouble. Only think if you had been guilty, and were now in Barker's place!"

"Oh, I couldn't be guilty, sir," said Eric, gaily.

"Not of such a fault, perhaps. But," he added solemnly, "there are many kinds of temptation, Eric; many kinds. And they are easy to fall into. You will find it no light battle to resist them."

"Believe me, sir, I will try," he answered with humility.

"Jehovah-Nissi!" said Mr. Rose. "Let the Lord be your banner, Eric, and you will win the victory. God bless you."

And as the boy's graceful figure disappeared through the door, Mr. Rose drew his arm-chair to the fire, and sat and meditated long. He was imagining for Eric a sunny future—a future of splendid usefulness, of reciprocated love, of brilliant fame.

Charles Lamb.

Some authors have been born to be admired, some to be loved. To the latter class belongs the "imitable" (as DeQuincy calls him) Charles Lamb. No one who is a lover of choice English, of subtle humor and genuine open-heartedness, can quit the works "Elia" without loving the works—without loving the author.

Charles Lamb was born on the 18th of February, 1775, in Crown-Office Row, in the Inner Temple, London. In this place he lived for seven years. His father, John Lamb, of an humble station in life, was in the service of Mr. Salt, a bencher of Inner Temple. Salt appreciated the worth and devotion of the father, and befriended him on all occasions. Mr. John Lamb was himself a dabbler in literature, and published a small volume, entitled, "Poetical Pieces on Several Occasions." Charles Lamb was the youngest of three children. His brother, John, the eldest of the children, rose to a lucrative position in the South Sea House. Mary, his sister, always lived with Charles, and the constancy of the devotion displayed by them towards each other is without parallel in the history of English literature. Charles Lamb was a scholar of the school of Christ's Hospital eight years. He then, in his fifteenth year, was employed under his brother John in the South Sea House; but some two years afterwards he obtained an appointment in the East India Company House, which he retained until the year 1825, when he quitted the office on a pension of £441 per annum. For thirty-three years he had drudged away his life as a clerk. He died in the year 1834.

Charles Lamb numbered among his intimate personal friends and admirers many of the most celebrated of the men of letters of his day. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Hazlitt, Carey, (the translator of Dante,) DeQuincy, Proctor, better

known as "Barry Cornwall," and others, knew him, and knew him only to admire and to love. It made but little difference to Lamb what were the political whims of the men who came to drink a cup of tea with him. He judged them according to their merits; if he found in them anything of praise, they were his friends. And he loved them all, and all their contradictory opinions. Says Talfourd, his biographer:

"In the high and calm, but devious speculations of Godwin; in the fierce hatreds of Hazlitt; in the gentle and glorious mysticism of Coleridge; in the sturdy opposition of Thelwell to the government; in Leigh Hunt's softened and fancy-streaked patriotism; in the gallant torism of Stoddard, he found traits which made the individuals more dear to him. When Leigh Hunt was imprisoned in Cold Bath Fields for libel, Lamb was one of his most constant visitors; and when Thelwell was striving to bring the 'Champion' into notice, Lamb was ready to assist him with his pen, and to fancy himself, for the time, a Jacobin."

When any one had once secured his friendship he was never to lose it. The only exception to this was in his famous quarrel with Southey. This was only for a short while. Besides, Lamb had only wielded his pen principally in defence of other friends.

Lamb's readings were peculiar. His delight was in the old English poets; modern writers were pleasing to him only when they were his friends. He admired Wordsworth, but Dryden and Pope pleased him more. Byron was no favorite of his. His Saras and Gaiours were personages with whom he could have no sympathy—they were too unreal to him—they were not of flesh and blood. Shelly was too cold for him; but his admiration of Mrs. Shelly's "Frankenstein" was sincere. He cared little for the Scotch novels, preferring Fielding, Smollet and Richardson; and yet he was proud of the fame of Sir Walter Scott, and of the honors shown him. But, as we have said, his delight was in the old English poets. He preferred flesh and blood to hills and green fields, and therefore the great dramatists were most dear to him. Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, and Wycherley, Congreve and Farquhar of latter days, were to him a continual source of pleasure.

His love for his sister, Mary Lamb, was the very excess of affection. She was at times subject to fits of insanity, and this very affliction only served to make his love for her the stronger. It was a most pitiful sight to see Charles, with tears in his eyes, leading his sister, as the symptoms were showing themselves, to the asylum.

Of all the punsters who have ever lived, Lamb was the most inveterate. His conversation glowed with them. "A pun," he writes to Coleridge, "is a thing of too much consequence to be thrown in as a make weight. . . . A pun is a noble thing *per se*. Oh, never bring it in as an accessory! A pun is a sole digest of reflection; . . . it is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet; better, it limps ashamed in the train and retinue of humor. It knows it should have an establishment of its own."

"Many of Lamb's witty and curious sayings," says Talfourd, "have been repeated since his death which are worthy to be held in undying remembrance; but they give no idea of the general tenor of his conversation. . . . It was fretted into perpetual eddies of verbal felicity and happy thought, with little tranquil intervals reflecting images of exceeding elegance and grace." . . . "Lamb's choicest puns and humorous expressions could not be recollected. They were born of the evanescent feeling and died with it, one moment bright, then gone forever."

Lamb's writings consist of poems: "John Wood-vill," a tragedy; "The Wife's Trial," a domestic

poem: Mr. H—, "a larcie"; "Rosamond Gray," a tale; "The Essays of Elia"; "Selections from the old English Dramatists"; "Tales from Shakespeare," written by himself and his sister Mary; besides other essays, etc.

Of all the works of Charles Lamb we will treat in another article some other day. R.

Bagpipes.

Scotchmen, both in the "land o' cakes" and out of it, have been holding "high jinks" in honor of their countryman's success in winning the hand of an English princess. How often, we wonder, within the last few days have the mellifluous accents of Caledonia's favorite musical instrument been called into requisition? There is an occasional difference of opinion—on this side of the Tweed, at least—as to the melody of the time-honored bagpipe; but the claim of the bagpipe to be the national instrument of our Northern neighbors is never disputed—an honor willingly to be spared, says some Southern Midas, who has no ear for its bewitching strains. But, after all, the bagpipe was not so long ago an English institution. The English were the original bagpipers. During the sixteenth century the bagpiper was a regular functionary in the establishments of the English sovereigns and nobles, while no such musician was found in the Scottish court; and the bagpipe is an importation from this country. James I used to play the bagpipe; but he learned it, among his other accomplishments, in England. The harp, till within very recent times was the national instrument of Scotland. In fact, the bagpipe, save in the Highlands, has never been very popular across the border. In 1630 the magistrates of Aberdeen issued the following suggestive order:—"The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town, at night or in the morning, in time coming, with his pipe; it brings an uncivil forme to be usit within sic a famous burgh, and being often found fault with, as well by sundry neighbors of the town as by strangers." The truth, however, seems to be that this much praised and much abused instrument belongs to no one in particular; it is found all over Europe at the present day, and its antiquity is undeniable. Representations of it have been found in ancient Greek Sculpture, and one learned Italian has written a long treatise on the bagpipe, to prove that it was used in Greece at the Nemean games, and in Palestine in the Jewish synagogues. Whether the individual who invented it conferred a lasting blessing on posterity is another question.—*Once a Week*.

THE ABBÉ DUGUERRY.—A kindly, venerable old man, whose career has been marked by learning, liberality and philanthropy, and made brilliant by the triumphs of a rare eloquence, fell among the last victims of the conquered madmen of the Commune. Gaspard Duguerry was born in 1797, at Lyons, where his father was a poor wood merchant, who, in spite of poverty, secured to his son an excellent education, and enabled him in 1812 to enter the College of Villefranche. M. Duguerry was ordained in 1820, but he first began to appear as a preacher in 1824. Under Charles X he held the office of a Chaplain of the Royal Guards. In 1825 he gained a lasting and merited fame by his eloquent and glowing eulogy on Joan of Arc. So well was this remembered, that he was selected nearly thirty years later to again do honor to the heroine's memory at the inauguration of an equestrian statue at Orleans. M. Duguerry was made a Canon of Notre Dame in 1841, and four years later he was appointed Curé of the Madeleine—a post he held until death. He was offered a bishopric but declined it. In 1868 he acted as a religious instructor to the Prince Imperial, at whose confirmation he was made a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Week during Term
Time, at

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year..... \$2 00
Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

College News.

It does us good to see, from the information contained in the following paragraphs, kindly furnished us by one who is better posted than we are about the domestic affairs of the various Societies, that they are all alive and active, and, though no public demonstration has been made by the Literary Societies, they are nursing their resources to appear with greater effect. The other items of College news have been imparted to us by the same obliging and always willing friend:

The Literary Entertainments alluded to in some preceeding number of the SCHOLASTIC, have been projected for some time past, and, if they have not come off yet, it is not owing to any lack of life in our Societies, but rather to circumstances unforeseen. It takes more time and labor to prepare a Literary Entertainment than it does a musical *soirée*. We hope, however, that if the two Senior Societies do not unite together, as they did last year, to give a joint Literary Entertainment, the better prepared of the two will not hesitate to come forward. Our Literary Societies are energetic in their efforts to reach a high standard of intellectual proficiency and can, single handed, interest their audience for a few hours. As soon as we hear that some Society has taken the lead, or that the two Societies have made a joint programme, we will inform the readers.

We are of the opinion, however, that no time has been lost in the way of preparation, and that if our Literary *soirées* have been delayed so far and may possibly be postponed one month or two longer, they will be the more worthy of the interest of the friends of our Societies.

The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society have appointed the evening of the 12th prox. for their winter Exhibition. They will then give, in their usual happy style, the play—"The Recognition"—which was written for them some years ago. As a specimen of the mutability of things, the lad who played the part of the boy, "Antonio," has grown old and wise enough to play "Bartolo," the boy's father's part. We will soon make known the programme of the Exhibition.

The boats have been laid up in anticipation of winter.

BLINDS will soon be put on all the front windows of the College. They will add greatly to the comfort of those who have rooms on that side of the building.

MURDOCK has been secured for a reading. Possibly he might give some lessons in elocution—time will tell. The time for his reading is not yet decided upon.

DUCKS were on the lakes a few days ago, but, as a matter of course, the hunting brigade did not see them. We have quite a large force of hunters at Notre Dame, all of whom have excellent guns of an approved pattern and style. We have not heard that they have done any harm yet in our neighborhood.

THE clear articulation in singing, alluded to in the report of the *soirée*, is one of the chief studies of great singers. Mumbling words is evidently the great fault of our musical tyros.

WE will have a high idea of the musical taste of our audience when we see that perfect silence is kept during the performance of the Orchestra. This is the choice moment for lovers of harmony, and it is a pity that young beginners should by their noisy talk deprive them of the pleasure of listening undisturbed.

ELOCUTION is now on the *tapis* since we have received the fine book edited by Prof. Lyons—"The American Elocutionist." We understand that Prof. A. A. Griffith's services may be secured for a few weeks. The old students have not forgotten this enthusiastic master of elocution, and will be glad, no doubt, to see him again.

THE MESSRS. TIESSET, of Chicago, are expected to give a concert at the University. They paid us a visit early in September last, and proved themselves to be superior artists. They are both graduates of the Leipsic Conservatory, and have deserved the highest praise from the musical world in Italy, Germany and France. We understand they lost everything in the great fire.

The Musical Soirée.

The Musical *Soirée*, on the evening of the 19th inst., was held in the College parlor. It was well attended by the students of the Conservatory, the Faculty of the University and a select party of invited guests. The entertainment was so arranged as to display the different degrees of proficiency attained by a number of the pupils of the Conservatory, commencing with those who have but lately began their course.

Masters Eddie Raymond, Schmidt and F. Ready were the first to finger the keys. All of them showed great improvement in their course and will in time become good performers on the piano. Mr. George Riopelle followed these performers, in an *aria* from Don Sebastian of Verdi. Mr. Riopelle has an excellent tenor voice, not very strong, but making up for the lack of strength in sweetness. His greatest fault lies in the indistinctness of his articulation. He showed by his manner that he fully entered into the spirit of the composer; but, as we said before, he should pay more attention to the clear articulation of his words.

Mr. Nash was next at the piano, and he in turn was followed by Mr. R. Staley. Mr. Nash's fingering is very good, his touch is light and graceful, and he gives a good clear sound to every note. But is it not too bad that he should pass by the classical *maestros* and present to the audience the compositions of—shall we call them tenth-rate composers. Mr. R. Staley showed considerable improvement. His notes are given with much more distinctness than he was accustomed to give them last year. Mr. Staley has great musical abilities, but he will not improve himself greatly unless he also gives more attention to the better and higher order of music.

Master Filson sang "Merrily over the water," and later in the evening an *aria* from Lucia di Lammermoor. Master Filson is gifted with a pure, full soprano voice. His higher notes especially are beautiful. He has, moreover, attained considerable management over his voice, and appears before his audience with less fear than he was formerly wont to have. The beauty of his voice makes up for many defects; but a singer must not depend alone upon that for his success. Master Filson should pay more attention to the science of music, and should enter more into the feeling and spirit of the composer. If he does so, it will add one hundred per cent to his singing. Professor Deloulme ren-

dered "Silvio Pellico," by Mazini, with great truth and beauty. He manages his higher notes with great ease, and chiefly excels in these. It is hard to judge of one's ability on the first hearing, but we were greatly pleased with his style, and would like to hear him often.

Mr. S. Dum, we would say should take for his motto *Festina lente*. He was altogether too fast. By his rapidity, he slurs over too many of his notes; yet he has great musical ability, and by taking more time and not hurrying over his pieces, would be one of the best of our pianists.

Mr. Charles Hutchings showed by his execution that he was a careful student. His fingering was very good, easy and graceful. Every note was sounded well; with his manner of playing we have not much to find fault with. He has made great improvement in his art, and will continue to progress, if he follows attentively the direction of his professor.

Professor Regniers sang with great feeling "Les Vepres Siciliennes of Verdi." The Professor has a fine barytone voice, well cultivated. He enters into the spirit of the author, and renders it accordingly. It is really a fine treat to listen to his fine, sonorous voice. The professor also executed Oberon's Overture and a concerto on the piano. The greatest beauty in the professor's execution is the clearness and distinctness with which every note is given. He studies the music well, and as is natural, is able to comprehend the sentiment which the author wished to express.

The quartette of string instruments was excellent, and we really wished for more music from them. The Overture to "Jubal" by Von Weber was well rendered. "Preciosa" was more to our taste. The "String Quartette No. 2," by Kozeluch was also finely presented. We are afraid that the Orchestra and the part of it that assisted at the *Soirée* are not appreciated as much as they really deserve. Their *repertoire* is both large and good. They appear in none of what is called cheap music, but follow entirely the "masters."

At the conclusion of the students entertainment, Miss Cochrane of Chicago, by request, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," in a very correct and artistic manner. In answer to an *encore*, and also by request, she sang "Comin' thro' the rye." Miss Cochrane is the leading soprano singer in the church of the Holy Name in Chicago. She has an excellent and highly cultivated voice, managing it with the greatest ease and skill. Her singing added a great charm to the evening entertainment.

The order which presided at the entertainment was excellent, and, with the exception of one or two persons who did not seem to know their proper places, everything went on in a praiseworthy manner. The audience numbered over one hundred persons, composed of the officers, Rev'd. clergy, professors of the college, members of the community and students of the conservatory, some ninety in number. Among the visitors we noticed Mrs. McMahon and Miss Cochrane of Chicago and several other young ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood.

The next *soirée* will occur on the 10th of December; it will be more complete and brilliant than the last. Full particulars will be given in due time.

ELL.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEP'T.

M. Keely, J. E. Shannahan, T. A. Ireland, B. W. Drake, R. J. Curran, J. M. Brown, J. D. Waters, P. Logue, Thos. Garrity.

JUNIOR DEP'T.

E. Edwards, A. Kline, C. Dodge, C. Berdel, C. Hutchings, J. Stubbs, R. Lange, E. Sheehan, L. McOske, Sidney Ashton, J. Juiff.
Nov. 17, 1871. D. A. C., Sec.

A Beautiful Book.

Many books are beautiful physically, in the splendor of their binding and pictorial adornments, others possess a more perfect beauty, as containing interesting and instructive truths, clothed in clear and elegant diction, others again have that peculiar beauty, (or should we not rather call it sublimity?) with which the mysterious, the recondite, the barely intelligible, naturally surrounds itself. But here we have a book with a beauty peculiarly its own. Not in its exterior, for its binding is of the plainest,—not in its verbiage, for it scarcely contains a complete sentence—not in the difficulty of its interpretation, for to the Christian child it is as easily comprehensible as to the philosopher. I have said it scarcely contains a complete sentence. This is true as to its written words. It speaks without words. It speaks to the Christian heart.

A casual peep between its leaves might lead to the supposition that it was the herbarium of some naturalist; a more careful observer, however, would soon see that the interest lies not in the specimens themselves, but in the localities from which they were taken. Yes; they are mementoes of those scenes so dear to the Christian heart, where the incarnate Deity walked this earth of ours and His, where He first looked forth with human eyes upon this fair world which his Divine eyes viewing four thousand years before had seen to be "very good;" and where those same eyes turned their dying gaze upon sinful humanity—humanity which He had come from heaven to save.

Here are milk-white buds from the spot illumined by the maiden-mother's earliest smile, and crimson blossoms springing from the sod encrimsoned by that Sacred Blood by which the world was redeemed; sad colored leaves from the brook of humiliation, Cedron, where the prophecy, "*De torrente in viâ bibet*," is said to have been verified, and others still bright and palm-like from the glorious scene of the Ascension. The various Stations of the Cross—the First Fall—the Meeting with the Afflicted Mother—the Helping of Simon the Cyrenean—and the Compassion of Veronica—each has its memento. Nor are other localities, less holy, yet still interesting, forgotten. A twig from the tree where Judas ended his hapless career—flowers from the tombs of the prophets and saints of the Old Law—sand from the Nile—moss from the Lakes of Killarney, and seeds of the apples of Sodom are items in this miscellaneous collection. But among the more sacred of the memorials we must not forget the Rose of Sharon—still rose-colored—chosen emblem of the Word made Flesh, and pansies from the tombs of the virgin saints and martyrs, Cecilia and Agnes. The Lord's Prayer in Arabic, and an autograph letter from the Pope appropriately close the volume.

This book was compiled by the devout industry, (or shall we call it the industrious devotion?) of the late Rev. J. P. Donelan, a pilgrim,—not like the flippant author of the "Innocents Abroad,"—but a true pilgrim of the old metal, such as were the worthy companions of St. Helen, such as braved torture and death in the days of Turkish tyranny, such as the Catholic Church ever has produced and ever shall produce till the heavenly Jerusalem shall replace the earthly.

Mrs. J. H. Drury, the sister of the late Rev. James P. Donelan, sister also of the celebrated artist of Chicago, presented this precious little work to Very Rev. W. Corby, whom she well knew Rev. Father Donelan held in the highest esteem and love. Father Corby takes a pleasure in showing to his particular friends this curious and valuable work of zeal and piety.

MATHETES.

NEXT Thursday is Thanksgiving day.

Additional Entrances for 1871-72.

William J. Campbell,	Philadelphia, Penn.
John Harnett,	Chicago, Ill.
O. A. Wing,	Elgin, Ill.
Michael Foley,	Dunton, Ill.
A. N. Brown,	Chicago, Ill.
Harry Porter,	Cleveland, Ohio.
Joseph Dehner,	Kentland, Ind.
Joseph D. Griffin,	Burlington, Wis.

Honorable Mentions.

French—T. Badeaux, T. O'Mahony, L. Godefroy, J. Nash.

German—J. Kaufman, W. Beck, J. Rumely, R. Lange, H. Waldorf, J. McGahan, F. P. Leffingwell, J. A. Roberts, C. Hodgson, H. Schnelker, J. Bowen, E. Graves, J. Comer, C. Karst, J. Karst, H. Schulte E. Nugent, T. Garrity, J. Brown, A. Schmidt, J. Crumme, H. Boffman, H. Enneking, E. Shea, J. Bracken, F. Obert, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, F. Huck, S. Wile, A. Wile, F. Anderson, J. Devine, B. Fischer, G. Crumme, P. Cooney, H. Beckman, J. Luebke, J. Carr, F. Devoto, H. Hunt, J. Taylor, C. Beck, A. Kleine, Heckert, L. Miller, L. Busch, F. Phelan, J. Kilcoin, E. Plummer, J. Birdsell, E. Olwill, F. Arantz, C. St. Clair.

MUSIC.

Vocal Class—W. Emonds, D. O'Connell, J. McGlynn, G. Riopelle, G. Gamache.

Piano—J. McHugh, W. Breen, J. Bowen, F. Chamberlain, C. Hutchings, R. Staley, W. Ball, E. Raymond, M. Weldon, F. Ready, A. Schmidt, R. Howland, T. Kelly, W. Barry, A. W. Filson, H. Quan, J. Volker, J. Graham, N. Mitchell, J. McCormack.

Violin—J. Hauffman, W. Quinlan, J. Carr, R. Lange, J. Wuest, A. Klein, W. Byrnn, H. Heckert, H. Beckman, W. Lucas, F. Miller, J. Devine, T. Ireland, J. Staley, J. Noonan, J. Ward, R. Curran, B. Roberts.

Piccolo—W. Olhen.

Christian Doctrine—S. Schwaab, D. O'Connell, M. Meyer, J. Dum, F. Sage, J. Carr, F. McOsker, and E. Ottenville.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar.—First Class—A. McIntosh, E. De Groot, H. Faxon, A. Morton, E. Raymond, M. Farnbaker, F. Huck.

Second Class—C. Faxon, W. Dee, E. Dasher, S. McMahon, C. Beck, C. Elison.

N. D. U., Nov. 18, 1871.

MR. EDITOR: We cannot refrain from expressing to you our delight upon the perusal of your remarks on "Evening Entertainments given by the Students" in the last number of the SCHOLASTIC. You have made a good move in the right direction and you are deserving of the thanks of all concerned. We hear on all sides complaints of the length of our Entertainments; we know also that some of the Rev. Fathers are almost invariably compelled to quit the hall before the close of an exhibition. Is this not a forcible and eloquent protest? You have also shown how some students are overtaxed, while others are not brought out before the public for want of opportunity.

Now Mr. Editor, you have assigned the true cause of all these evils; it lies in the great length and scarcity of our entertainments; the great length is produced by having too great a variety of subjects forced on the managers, who thus are compelled to make out a *mixtum compositum* programme.

The powers that be, in their great zeal to develop the musical, dramatical and literary talent of the house, have always, from force of circumstances, displayed them combined. Their object is praiseworthy, but the means of obtaining their object can unquestionably be improved. No branch can do

justice to itself by being thus combined, trammelled, and limited. Hence great injustice is unavoidably done to each.

But, Mr. Editor, you not only have pointed out the cause of our evils, but like a skilful physician, you have also prescribed remedies for the same. They are very simple. Separate the three departments; let us have purely musical, purely dramatical, purely literary entertainments. Let each department entertain us in its own line, music forming only an accessory part in the dramatical and literary entertainments.

There are three flourishing debating societies in the house; five musical societies; the N. D. U. Orchestra, the N. D. U. Cornet Band, the Philharmonics, the Senior and Junior Orchestras; we have two dramatic associations in good condition. Here is enough material to give an entertainment each week. Your programme will afford an opportunity to bring out before the public more students of each department; it will enable them to prepare better; it will give us an agreeable variety, which variety will come often, not spasmodically or semi-occasionally as you have well remarked. What are our one hundred big and little musicians doing? the great majority of them are unknown to the public; we know of some who would like to get a chance of appearing in the Hall or in the College parlor. Give them a chance to appear; bring them out by all means. Our seventy or eighty debaters, declaimers and essayists are longing for an opportunity to display their powers. These gentlemen do not desire to keep all the good things to themselves; they want to let their light shine—in public. Let us become acquainted with them; it is cruel to force them to perpetual oblivion.

Mr. Editor, we sincerely hope that the directors of the various societies, and especially the "Manager in Chief" will reflect well upon your timely suggestions and endeavor to profit by their reflection. The St. Cecilians will soon perform. Shall we have again a *mixtum compositum* programme? *Nous verrons.*

Yours, respectfully,
OBADIAH, JR.

St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

SEVENTH REGULAR SESSION.

The seventh regular session of the above-named Association was held Tuesday evening, 21st inst., with Mr. M. J. Moriarty in the chair, in the absence of the Director and President.

The usual introductory business of Society meetings having been transacted, the regular order of the evening was entered upon, with the following subject for discussion:

Resolved, "That the works of Nature are more to be admired than those of Art."

Mr. T. O'Meara, on the affirmative, opened the debate in a spirited style. He depicted in glowing colors the marvellous beauty of Nature, and its influence on the senses, and, through them, upon the heart of man.

He was followed by Mr. M. Carr, who, in the absence of Mr. White, the regularly-appointed debater, volunteered his services in behalf of the negative.

Mr. Carr was succeeded by Mr. J. M. Stenson, who delivered a short but effective appeal in favor of the beautiful laws of Nature.

Mr. J. G. Bowen then came forward and offered some sensible suggestions to substantiate the negative side of the question.

Mr. O'Meara closed the debate with a thoughtful investigation of the arguments brought forward by the gentlemen on the negative, clearly showing that he was no casual observer of the works and beauty of Nature.

Mr. Carr then arose in his capacity of Critic,

and, though an active participant in the debate, offered some appreciative criticisms on the exercises of the evening with dignity of manner and eloquence of sentiment that received the approbation of both sides.

A decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

Never, we believe, was the Society in a higher state of prosperity than at present—with its choice collection of literary works, and its twenty active members. To add to its strength, the following-named gentlemen, once the *élite* of the Junior Department, were proposed and admitted to membership: Messrs. J. Crummev, J. Ward, J. Taylor, E. B. Barry, L. Godfroy, and C. M. Karst.

MARCUS.

Thespian Association.

EDITORS SCHOLASTIC: We are not dead, but are always alive to the interest of our friends. We may seem egotistical in making such a statement, but we are not, as our acting before the public generally verifies such an assertion. What more natural, then, but that a spiritual agency should be quickened into friendly activity among all true lovers of an undisturbed evening's enjoyment. Thinking, therefore, that a few words from us would be welcome to the readers of your columns, we forward the following account of a meeting that took place on the afternoon of the 19th inst.

At this meeting Mr. F. C. Bigelow, who, in the absence of Rev. M. B. Brown, fills the position of Dramatic Instructor, occupied the chair; and, having called the house to order, stated that the object of the meeting was for the purpose of proposing for the acceptance of the Society a tragedy and farce selected by him, and which, if deemed conformable to the wishes of all present, would be rendered during the Christmas holidays. He then produced a revised copy of "*Damon and Pythias*," a tragedy in five acts, which was read before the Association, and unanimously accepted. It was also agreed that the laughable farce of "*Box and Cox*" be used as an "after piece" to the first mentioned. The "parts" having been assigned previous to the opening of the meeting, were then read, giving general satisfaction to all present.

With the view of bringing out the plays and individual characters represented to the best possible advantage, the Director has deemed it expedient to distribute the "parts" at this early date, in order that each member may find ample time for the study and committal of the same, without interfering with the regular routine of College studies.

We flatter ourselves that, with such a programme as "*Damon and Pythias*" and "*Box and Cox*," one evening of the holidays will be spent by our friends in an agreeable manner.

MARCUS.

[We are rejoiced that the Thespians are already preparing to enliven the holidays. If the St. Cecilia's give us another evening of Dramatic entertainment; the Philharmonics a third; the Orchestra and other Instrumental Musical Associations, a fourth, we shall manage to get through the remaining evenings of the holidays.—ED.]

St. Cecilia Philmathean Association.

The eighth and ninth regular meetings were held on the 11th and 18th respectively. At these meetings A. Filson, B. Roberts, F. Egan, M. Mahoney and D. Hogan read compositions. D. Hogan's composition was very interesting. Then followed an amusing dialogue between Leo. McOsker and J. Rumely. C. Berdel and C. Dodge next came forward and declaimed very difficult selections in their usual happy manner.

W. Myers, Hurbert, Hunt, Roberts and Jas.

Quinlan presented themselves for membership and were elected. Rev. Father Lemonnier then said a few words concerning the next exhibition and assigned to each member his respective part in the drama.

S. E. DUM,

Cor. Sec. pro tem.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

"Heavenly friend! if a sinner may thus address you? Yet angels should hate him; him, whom the Eternal does not hate, in whom the infinite mercy of the Lord is so wonderfully displayed that the heavens cannot withhold their astonishment, and the soul, humbled in the very dust, cannot list its thanks. Oh! allow me to ask you if it is not permitted you to disclose to me mysteries unclouded by sacred obscurity? What means the great promise, the seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head? and what means the curse, thou shalt die the death?"

"The angel answered: 'Whatever is permitted me to disclose to you, that I shall disclose. Know then, Adam, that when you sinned, . . . "Man has fallen, he must die," spoke the voice of God from His lofty throne. Then a terrible darkness suddenly surrounded the eternal throne, and solemn, awful silence reigned throughout heaven. Not long lasted this dreadful silence: the darkness disappeared from the throne and God stood there in all His majesty and glory. Never before did God manifest His glory to the angels in such a degree, only then, when he arose and said to these wandering suns and stars, "exist;" and the creating voice went forth into space illimitable; then, also, resounded throughout the heavens a voice: "I shall not turn away My face from the sinner; the earth shall testify to My infinite mercy. He, the seed of the woman, shall crush the head of the serpent; hell shall not rejoice in victory, and death shall be robbed of its prey. Rejoice, ye heavens!" Thus spoke the Eternal. The archangel would have fallen prostrate from the dazzling brilliancy had not the throne quickly been enveloped in mitigated splendor. Thereupon, the heavens celebrated the great mystery of the infinite mercy throughout the whole heavenly day. Even to the archangel is this great mystery shrouded in obscurity, wondering by what kind of a miracle God has become reconciled to the sinner. That we know, and it is permitted you to know that death has been deprived of its power; it liberates the soul, which in the dust did not recognize God, from the shackles of the curse, brings back the body to the dust that the soul may ascend, eternally happy, as we are. Now, listen to what the Lord says to you: "I shall be merciful to you, to you and your posterity, and let this be a sign between you and Me that I am mindful of My great promise: build an altar upon this hill, and as often as each revolving year brings round the day on which I made you the promise, so often shall fire descend from heaven and burn upon your altar; you shall then sacrifice upon the altar a young lamb and the fire on the altar shall burn it." And now I have disclosed to you mysteries as far as it is permitted a creature to know. Still, the Almighty has bid me inform you, before I return, that you do not dwell here alone, and that this earth, although cursed, is inhabited by pure spirits who are ever watchful to obey the commands of the Eternal for your protection and preservation.'

"Thereupon, the angel approached and touched our eyes. Words are too weak to describe the beauty of his splendid countenance: we saw heavenly youths, stationed throughout the earth, innumerable, more beautiful than Eve had been when she went forth, newly created, from the

hands of the Eternal and with her lovely voice awakened me out of my slumber. Some were bidding the delicate exhalations to rise from the ground, in order to carry them upward with swift wings, and change them into mild dew and refreshing rain; yonder others rested on the banks of gushing rivulets, solicitous that their springs should not become exhausted, so as not to deprive the bordering grass and plants of their nourishment; many were scattered over the fields watching the growth of fruits, or painting newly-budding flowers with the color of the sun or of the evening tints or of the sky, or were breathing upon them sweet perfumes; many hovered in the shade of groves variously occupied. The motion of their bright wings produced gentle zephyrs which were borne along through copes and over flowers, and then cooled themselves over winding brooks or ruffled ponds. Others, resting from their labors, sat in choirs in the shady groves singing, accompanied by golden harps, songs of praise to the Most High, to mortal ears imperceptible. Many walked about on our hill or rested in the inviting shade of our arbors, often looking at us with heavenly friendliness; but our eyes became dim again and the rapturous view faded away.

"These are the guardian angels of the earth," said the angel. "Many of the beauties and wonders of nature are too great to be enjoyed by the human senses; but the Creator desires that everything beautiful in his creation be enjoyed by intelligent beings, and these wonders hidden from you are a source of ecstasy and admiration to innumerable spirits. They have also been ordered to help nature in her secret laboratory, to produce the various effects according to eternal immutable laws. They have likewise been sent for the protection of man and for the observation of their actions, frequently driving away terrible evils from them; they accompany him through the thorny paths of life to produce good from seeming evil; they are, further, silent witnesses of your joys, and pursue your most secret acts with approving smiles or with sorrowful dislike. Through them the Lord will superabundantly bless all lands, and often bring famine and misery upon the nations that have fallen away from him, in order to call them back to the path of justice and rectitude by the voice of misery.'

"Thus the friendly angel conversed with us, and then returned to the resplendent cloud; we knelt down and wept, full of unspeakable joy at the infinite mercy.

"Then I built the altar on the brow of the hill and ever since Eve has busied herself to create an imitation paradise around the holy shrine. All the beautiful plants upon the fields and meadows she transplanted around the altar and watered them every morning and evening with the clear water of the gushing spring. 'Ye guardian angels who surround me, complete this work of my hands, for, without your assistance, my care will be in vain; oh! let them bloom more beautifully than they did upon their native soil, for this spot is dedicated to the Lord!' In the meantime I planted a circle of trees which cast their shade with silent majesty around the altar. Amid such occupation summer, with its blessed heat, passed away, and beautiful autumn was already drawing to a close; unwelcome winds visited us, and the mountains covered themselves with a cloak of mist. Full of anxiety we beheld all nature mourn, not aware that the debilitated earth, worn out by its blessings, was obliged to recruit itself by the winter's rest; for before the curse, flowery spring, beautiful summer and agreeable autumn were always present equally smiling. The sadness of nature still increased; the flowers withered away, a few exceptional ones only blooming here and there upon the fields and around the altar, soon to follow their sisters; furious winds robbed the trees of their colorless foliage, blew down the fruit from the branches,

howled over parched, withered fields, accompanied by thunder-storms, and covered the mountain-tops with snow. With anxious expectations we beheld this desolation, thinking the curse was now beginning its effect on the earth. 'Shall nature lose all its beauty? the earth was poor in comparison to paradise, yet it possessed sufficient riches to give us ease and comfort; but if the curse shall thus oppress the earth, how sad, how lonely shall be our remaining days?' thus we reasoned, and then encouraged one another to banish from our hearts every discontented thought, and to trust in the Lord with submissive reverence. We now gathered a supply of fruits, dried them at the hearth to preserve them from corruption, and secured our hut against the inclemency of the weather. In the meantime our little flock wandered dejectedly on the hill, searching such plants as were still green amid the withered grass. Often I went myself to the fields and hills to gather for them a supply of provision.

"The days passed by sad and slowly, each one accompanied by storm and rain; but soon the enlivening sun returned and scattered the threatening storms; gentle winds chased away from the mountain-tops the hanging mist; nature once more began to smile, and a delicate green covered the earth; innumerable flowers sprung up from the fields and looked smilingly at the sun; bushes and trees glowed in various colors, and joy and hilarity reigned over all creation. Thus returned the joyful morning of the year introducing flowery spring; the young circle of trees around the altar bloomed lovelier than ever, and Eve saw with astonishment every flower, which she had transplanted around the holy shrine, blossom anew. In vain would I attempt, my children, to describe to you our ecstasy: full of unspeakable joy we approached the altar, the sun lit up with his purest rays the holy shrine; every creature appeared to offer there its praise to the Lord; the flowers filled the air with the loveliest perfume; the birds sang unceasingly on the tree-tops. We knelt down, tears of joy escaped our eyes, falling as morning dew upon the flowers, and our earnest prayer ascended to the Lord of nature, to God, who is all mercy, and who produces good from seeming evil.

"Now I began to cultivate a little patch of ground on the hill, and to sow gathered seed in the productive earth, and to transplant on the hill, fruit-bearing plants, which I found scattered far over the country. Often did nature, or accident, or my own inventive genius, assist me to find means to lighten my work; but frequently my labor was vain, because I missed the seasonable time of planting, and often to no purpose did my inventive genius plan to find a way of easing my work, and I would have often experimented in vain had not guardian angels whispered to my soul.

"One early morning as I looked towards the altar from our hut, lo! there flickered the fire of the Lord upon the altar bright in the twilight, and the rising sun gilt the columns of smoke ascending from it. 'Eve,' I exclaimed, 'to-day is the festive day of the great promise; see, the fire of the Lord has descended upon our altar,—let us go forth quickly, this day is sacred to the Lord—all other work must now cease. You go and gather the finest flowers to strew upon the victim, and I will go to kill the youngest of our lambs.' Then I went forth, my children, to kill the youngest lamb—the first living creature that I killed. Piteable sight for me; a horror seized me, and my hands would have fallen powerless had not the sacredness of the occasion and the command of the Lord increased my courage, as it writhed and bleated under my trembling hands, and struggled with fearful motions for its fast-ebbing life, until, gradually growing weaker, it sank at my feet. Terrible presentiments rushed through my soul. I placed it upon the altar, and Eve came and scat-

tered sweetly-perfumed flowers upon the victim, and in holy reverence we knelt around the altar. Then our praise and thanks ascended to Lord who so mercifully reminded us of His promises. A solemn silence reigned around us as if the earth celebrated the presence of God, and then it seemed as if from afar I heard hymns which the angels were mingling with our prayers. Now the fire had consumed the victim, and it was extinguished upon the altar, and a heavenly perfume filled the air."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Astronomy—No. 7.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

[CONTINUED.]

In 1525 M. Fernellus measured a degree of the meridian north from Paris, which he made 68.7634 English miles. Snellius, professor of mathematics at Leyden, and Mr. Norwood, measured, each of them, a meridional degree, the former in Holland, in 1620, the latter in England, between London and York, in 1635. Snellius' measure was 66.91, and that of Norwood 69.545 English miles. In 1644 Riccioli also performed the same task between Mount Tarderna and the tower of Modena, in Italy, and obtained 75.166 English miles to a degree.

These results differed so much from each other that no confidence could be placed in any of them, and consequently nothing could be deduced respecting the figure of the earth, nor was it indeed at that time suspected that it was any other than a perfect sphere, allowing for the irregularities of its surface. But after the great improvements on the telescope, and when observations had to be reduced to greater nicety, it was found that the planet, Jupiter, was considerably flattened at the poles, and the pendulum experiment of Richer, in 1671, had shown that there was a difference in the action of gravity at the equator and in the latitude of Paris. These two circumstances probably suggested to Huygens that the earth was not spherical, and its rotary motion about its axis probably led him to conclude that it was flattened at the poles from the combination of its centrifugal force with that of gravity. He calculated that its polar axis was to its equatorial diameter as 578 to 579. Sir Isaac Newton's calculation gave us 229 to 230.

In 1669 M. Picard undertook the measurement of a degree in France, which was afterwards revised by M. Cassini, in 1718, the result of which tended to show that the earth was not an oblate, but a prolate spheroid. Picard obtained for a degree 68.945 English miles, and Cassini 69.119 English miles; whereas, the latter being the most southern, ought to have been shortest. A circumstance so unexpected as this naturally produced a great curiosity, and a considerable degree of enquiry and controversy between astronomers and mathematicians; and the French government, at the request of the Academy of Science, in 1735 sent out two companies of mathematicians to determine this very important point, by measuring two degrees, one at the equator, the other in as high a northern latitude as possible.

Accordingly, M. M. Gordin, Bougure, and Condamine, from France, together with Dons Juan and Ulloa, from Spain, proceeded to Peru; while Maupertius, Clairaut, Camus, and La Monnier, with Celsus, a Swedish mathematician and astronomer, proceeded to Lapland.

After great difficulties and delays, both parties accomplished the object of their mission, and returned to France. Those from Lapland in 1737, and the other division in 1744. The former made their degree, which was in latitude 66 degrees and 20 minutes, equal to 69.403 English miles, while at the equator it was found to be 68.724 English miles, taking the mean of three

different results deduced from the same operation. During the absence of these expeditions, the degrees of Picaro and Cassini were re-examined and re-computed and found to be, the former taken in latitude 49 degrees and 20 minutes, 69.121 English miles, and the other, taken in latitude 45 degrees, 69.092 miles.

Colonel Mudge, in England, measured an arc extending from the southern point of the kingdom to the Shetland Islands, Messrs. Delambre and party having carried another from Dunkirk to Formentara, one of the Belaric isles. It is not perhaps to be expected that greater accuracy can be introduced into any operation, or greater talents employed in conducting it, than in the cases to which we have last referred, and yet these two cases gave very different ellipticities. Adopting the mean of all these experiments on the results adduced from them, the mean length of a degree in latitude 45 is 68.769 English miles.

It was observed by Bougure, in his operations in Peru, that the high mountains very sensibly disturbed the verticality of his plumb-line, that is, the lateral attraction drew the line out of its perpendicular direction. This suggested to the Royal Society the idea of employing this deflection, in order to ascertain the actual density of the earth, as compared with water or any other known substance. In order to do this it was necessary to select some isolated mountain whose density and magnitude might be ascertained, when by observing how much a pendulum or plumb-line was deflected on opposite sides of it, at given distances, the proportional forces between the earth and mountain would become known, and hence, from the established laws of attraction, the relative masses of the two bodies would be determined, and hence the density of the earth, its magnitude being supposed already ascertained.

The mountain selected for this purpose was Schehallian, in Scotland, and Dr. Maskelyne, in 1742, was selected to direct the operations. The mean height of this mountain, above the surrounding valley, is 2,600 feet. Every circumstance that could contribute to the accuracy of the experiment was attended to. All the data obtained were submitted for calculation to Dr. Hutton. It appeared that the density of the whole mass of the earth, as compared with water, was $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, that of water being taken as 1.

It may not be out of place here to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a great astronomer and a good man, whose melancholy fate has become a part of the history of the times in which it occurred. Jean Syvian Bailly, was born at Paris on the 15th of September, 1736, of a family that had already produced many distinguished artists for four generations. By the advice of his friend, the celebrated LaCaille, he directed his attention to the science of astronomy. He calculated the orbit of the comet of 1759, and in 1763 he published a useful and elaborate compilation, being the reduction of the observations made by LaCaille in 1760 and 1761, on the zodiacal stars. In 1766 he published a history of astronomy. To give a catalogue of his publications would be a labor in itself. In the time between 1763 and 1770, he published over thirty works, and all of the highest character and value to the science of astronomy.

He was received as an adjunct to the French Academy on the 19th of January, 1763, and an associate in July, 1770. He was also a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the only instance since Fontenelle of the same person being a member of the three Academies. He was an honest supporter of the first movements of the French revolution. He was appointed deputy to the State's General from Paris, 1789, and then President of the *Tiers Etat*, and when this assembly was constituted into the national assembly, he continued to occupy the chair. Bailly dictated

the famous oath to the members of the *Tiers Etat*—"To resist tyrants and tyranny, and never to separate till they had obtained a free constitution." After the capture of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, 1789, he was appointed by public acclamation mayor of the city of Paris. On the 17th July, 1790, when the terrible mob demanded the abolition of monarchy, Bailly endeavored to maintain order. He opposed the rash proceedings of Marat and Hubert. He wished to allow the royal family to escape to St. Cloud. When the multitude attacked the soldiers in the Champ de Mars, he gave the order to fire, by which forty persons were killed and one hundred wounded. By these concurring circumstances his popularity declined, and in 1791 he resigned his office, and was succeeded by Bailly Petion. In 1792-93 he resumed his scientific researches, and rejected the advice of his friends to leave France. At the nod of a blood-thirsty tyrant he was arrested, summarily condemned, and, on the 15th of November, 1793, handed over to the guillotine to appease a ferocious populace. His sufferings were studiously protracted, and every ignominy was heaped upon his head. He was executed near the spot where he gave orders for the military to fire on the people. Thus fell Bailly, ex-mayor of Paris, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His character may be estimated by his works. He spent a large portion of his fortune in relieving the wants of the poor. He retired from office poor. In the various transactions of his life he established a character of disinterestedness and integrity, and by none is his name held up to higher respect than by M. Thiers, the illustrious historian and President of the present French Republic.*

Sir Isaac Newton was born December 12th, 1642, at Woolsthorp, in Lincolnshire, England. His father was a farmer, and proprietor of Woolsthorp. From his earliest childhood his mind and hands were employed in making some ingenious machines, such as windmills, water clocks, etc. In 1656 he was working on the farm. In June, 1661, he was admitted sub-sizar at Trinity College, Cambridge. He became a Bachelor of Arts in 1665, and a Fellow in 1667. Once at College, with none of the annoyances of business life, or household details, Newton soon gave evidences of those amazing powers which were to attract the eyes of the greatest philosophers in Europe to the studious recluse of Trinity College. As early as May, 1665, he committed to writing his first discovery of Fluxions. It was in 1668 that Newton turned his attention to the improvement of the telescope. The members of the Royal Society requested him to send his instrument for their inspection. This he did in 1671, and it was afterwards inspected by the king. On the 11th of January he was elected a member of the Royal Society.

The fame of Newton has extended over the world, as the most profound thinker and philosopher that has ever lived. He died March 20th, 1711.

The student is referred to Sir David Brewster's life of Newton. His writings were so numerous, and his discoveries of such vast importance to philosophy, that it required all the genius of so great a man as Brewster to attempt so difficult a work as the "Life of Newton."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

J. F.

* [He showed the same want of principle and executive ability that M. Thiers does at the present time.—Ed.]

FAST TIME.—A gentleman took the train a few days since, on what is vulgarly termed "the huckleberry road," running between Avon and Mt. Morris. After the train started from Avon he discovered that he had left a valuable dog behind, but on arriving at Mt. Morris the lost "pup" was found sitting at the station awaiting the arrival of his master.—Ex.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
November 16, 1871. }

Every Wednesday evening is devoted to musical reunions, at which the pupils of each class have an opportunity of showing their proficiency in scales and exercises, and also their special talent in rendering the musical compositions appropriate to their respective classes. These reunions give the pupil that necessary ease and confidence without which it is impossible to perform well in the presence of strangers.

At the weekly reunions, November 8th and 15th, the following young ladies showed a marked improvement: Misses F. Lloyd, J. Duffield and M. Sylvester. We noticed the beginning of a good touch, and recommend all to pay special attention to this point.

Misses A. Mast, J. Walker, B. Cable, M. Mooney, M. Walker, A. Wood, A. Lloyd and V. Ball, gave great satisfaction to all present, and did credit to their teachers.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

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

Special Course—Misses Niel, Handy, Logan Thompson.

Second Class—Misses G. Hurst, E. Plamondon, A. Todd, R. Spiers.

Second Division—Misses A. E. Clark, A. Goldhardt, E. Rollins.

Third Class—Misses M. Lassen, L. Duffield, M. Prince, N. Hogue.

Second Division—K. Brown, M. Lange.

Fourth Class—E. Brandenburg, M. Kearney, J. Washburne, B. Cable, M. Quan, D. Greene, K. Zell, J. Forbes.

Second Division—M. Letourneau, A. Byrnes, R. Devoto, A. Woods.

Fifth Class—E. Dunbar, C. Davis, G. Kelly, B. Schmidt, A. Clark, S. Honeyman, A. Shea, N. Gross, A. Mast.

Sixth Class—N. Sullivan, L. McKinnon, A. Hamilton, M. Cummings, M. Moon.

Second Division—E. Wade, B. Wade.

Seventh Class—M. Kelly, F. Buchler, D. Willey, M. Mooney, V. Ball, C. Creveling, L. Tinsley, M. Nash, H. McLaughlin.

Eighth Class—M. Faxon.

Ninth Class—M. Reynolds, N. O'Meara.

Tenth Class—L. Walsh, M. Walsh, V. Hupp.

Harp—M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Guitar—G. Kellogg.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

November 19, 1871.—Misses Annie Lloyd, Mamie Prince, Maggie Letourneau, Ida Reynolds, Eva Rollins, L. West, J. Coffey, J. Millis, C. Woods, Bay Reynolds, M. Armsby, Eva Culver.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses Mary Kirwin, Mattie Shirland, Maggie Toberty, Mary Dillon, Lizzie Marshall, Annie Clarke, J. Hogue, Annie Borup, Jennie Forbes, Georgie Hurst, Han. Tinsley, Katie McMahon.

First Senior Class—Misses Katie Zebb, Alice Mast, Minnie Lange, Alice Shea, Aline Todd, Katie Haymond, Mamie Lassen, Katie Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses Lucy Duffield, Nannie Duffield, Emma Plamondon, Ida Reynolds, Vadie Ball, Fannie Butters, Alice Piatt, Daisie Greene, Addie Woods, Rose Spiers, Inez Logan, H. Tompkins.

Third Senior Class—Misses Rachel Nelson, Rose Devoto, Bell Cable, I. Taylor, Ida Edwards, Nellie Hogue, Eva Culver, Mary Leonard, Jennie Walker, Alice Robson, Mollie Wicker, Lottie Richie, Teresa Donahue.

First Preparatory Class—Misses A. Emmonds,

Maggie McIntyre, Agatha St. Clair, Gipsy Kellogg, Mollie Moon, Carrie Creveling, Nellie Sullivan, Carrie Latta, Josephine Walsh.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses Maggie Mooney, Hattie McLaughlin, Agnes Conahan, Maggie Nash, Maria Pinney, Ida Washburne, Nannie Bowers, J. Judy, Annie McLaughlin, Rose McIntyre, M. Goodbody, Myra Standard, D. Willey, Josephine Luce, Ellen Lafferty, Libbie Eutzler, Mary Kelley, Eliza Brandenburg, Emma Wade, Belle Wade.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses M. Roberts, Annie Hunt, Bridget McCarthy, Martha Luzen, Louisa Peiffer, E. Drake, Katie Miller.

First French Class—Misses Mattie Shirland, Lizzie Marshall, Jennie Forbes, Georgie Hurst, Han. Tinsley, Annie Borup, Rose Spiers, Minnie Quan, Nellie Gross.

Second French Class—Misses Mary Cochrane, Maggie Letourneau, Lillie West, K. Haymond, M. Kearney, Julia Kearney, M. Wicker.

First German Class—Annie Clark Katie Zell, K. Brown, L. Pfeiffer, B. Schmidt.

Second German Class—M. Faxon, C. Creveling, N. Hogue, B. Cable.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

November 15th.—Misses Annie Clarke, Minnie Quan, Carrie Davis, Mary Walker, Bell Gaffney, Ada Byrne, Mary Quill, Jessie Duffield, Alice Lynch, Georgia Kelly, Laura McKinnon, Marion Faxon, Katie Lloyd and Mamie Reynolds.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses Angela Sweeny, Barbara Schmidt, Louisa Buehler and Cara Germain.

First Junior Class—Misses Bell Quan, Angela Rose, Annie Gollhardt, Flora Munn, Nora O'Mara, Katie Fullman, Maude DeLong, Meda Hildreth, Katie Lloyd and Minnie Walsh.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses A. Robson, D. Green, R. Devoto, J. Millis and A. Emmonds.

Second Class—Misses I. Edwards, E. Rollin, B. Reynolds, N. Sullivan, G. Kellogg, S. Honeyman, M. Cummings, L. Harrison, M. Kelly.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

Misses A. Robson, A. Emmonds.

OIL PAINTING.

Misses A. Shea, M. Lange, D. Green, A. Woods, J. Millis, R. Devoto.

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 7:30 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.