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ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

ABDIEL.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

—MENANDER.

A year had passed since the events narrated in the last chapter, and had brought with it many changes.

To Eric the changes were not for good. The memories of Russell were getting dim; the resolutions made during his illness had vanished; the bad habits laid aside after his death had been resumed. All this took place very gradually; there were many inward struggles, much occasional remorse, but the struggles by degrees grew weaker, and remorse lost its sting, and Eric Williams soon learned again to follow the multitude to do evil.

He was now sixteen years old, and high in the fifth form, and, besides this, he was captain of the school eleven. In work he had fallen off, and no one now expected the fulfilment of that promise of genius which he had given when he first came. But in all school sports he had improved, and was the acknowledged leader and champion in matters requiring boldness and courage. His popularity made him giddy; favor of man led to forgetfulness of God; and even a glance at his countenance showed a self-sufficiency and arrogance which ill became the refinement of his features, and ill replaced the ingenuous modesty of former days.

And Vernon Williams was no longer a new boy. The worst had happened to him, which Eric in his better moments could have feared. He had fallen into thoroughly bad hands, and Eric, who should have been his natural guardian and guide, began to treat him with indifference, and scarcely ever had any affectionate intercourse with him. It is by no means unfrequent that brothers at school see but little of each other, and follow their several pursuits, and choose their various companions, with small regard to the relationship between them.

Yet Eric could not overlook or be blind to the fact, that Vernon's chief friend or leader was the most undesirable whom he could have chosen. It was a new boy named Brigson. This boy had been expelled from one of the most ill-managed schools in Ireland, although, of course, the fact had been treacherously concealed from the authorities at Roslyn; and now he was let loose, without warning or caution, among the Roslyn boys. Better for them if their gates had been open to the pestilence! the pestilence could but have killed the body, but this boy—this fore-front fighter in the devil's battle—did much to ruin many an immortal soul. He systematically, from the very first, called evil good, and good evil, put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. He openly threw aside the

admission of any one moral obligation. Never did some of the Roslyn boys, to their dying day, forget the deep, intolerable, unfathomable flood of moral turpitude and iniquity which he bore with him; a flood, which seemed so irresistible, that the influence of such boys as Montagu and Owen to stay its onrush seemed as futile as the weight of a feather to bar the fury of a mountain stream. Eric might have done much, Duncan might have done much, to aid the better cause, had they tried; but they resisted at first but faintly, and then not at all, until they too were swept away in the broadening tide of degeneracy and sin.

Big, burly, and strong, though much younger than he looked (if he stated his age correctly, which I doubt), Brigson, being low in the school, naturally became the bully and the Coryphæus of all the lower forms—the bully if they opposed him, the Coryphæus if they accepted his guidance. A little army of small boys attended him, and were ever ready for the schemes of mischief to which he deliberately trained them, until they grew almost as turbulent, as disobedient, and as wicked as himself. He taught both by precept and example, that towards masters neither honor was to be recognized, nor respect to be considered due. To cheat them, to lie to them, to annoy them in every possible way—to misrepresent their motives, mimic their defects, and calumniate their action—was the conduct which he inaugurated towards them; and for the time that he continued at Roslyn the whole lower school was a Pandemonium of evil passions and despicable habits.

Every one of the little boys became more or less amenable to his influence, and among them Vernon Williams. Had Eric done his duty, this would never have been; but he was half ashamed to be often with his brother, and disliked to find him so often creeping to his side. He flattered himself that in this feeling he was only anxious that Vernon should grow spirited and independent; but, had he examined himself, he would have found selfishness at the bottom of it. Once or twice his manner showed harshness to Vernon, and the little boy both observed and resented it. Montagu and others noticed him for Eric's sake; but, being in the same form with Brigson, Vernon was thrown much with him, and feeling, as he did, deserted and lonely, he was easily caught by the ascendancy of his physical strength and reckless daring. Before three months were over, he became, to Eric's intolerable disgust, a ringleader in the band of troublesome scapegraces, whose increasing numbers were the despair of all who had the interest of the school at heart.

Unfortunately, Owen was now head of the school and from his constitutional want of geniality, he was so little of a boy that he had no sympathy from the others, and little authority over them. He simply kept aloof, holding his own tastes and pursuits, and the society of one or two congenial spirits in the school, so as in no way to come in contact with the spreading corruption.

Montagu, now Owen's chief friend, was also in the sixth, and fearlessly expressed at once his contempt for Brigson, and his dread of the evil he was effecting. Had the monitorial system existed,

that contagion could have been effectually checked; but, as it was, brute force had the unlimited authority. It indeed are those informed who raise a cry, and join in the ignorant abuse of that noble safeguard of English schools. Any who have had personal and intimate experience of how schools work *with* it and *without* it, know what a palladium it is of happiness and morality; how it prevents bullying, upholds manliness, is the bulwark of discipline, and makes boys more earnest and thoughtful, often at the most critical periods of their lives, by enlisting all their sympathies and interests on the side of the honourable and the just.

Brigson knew at a glance whom he had most to fear; Ball, Attlay, Llewellyn, Graham, all tolerated or even approved of him. Owen did not come in his way, so he left him unmolested. To Eric and Duncan he was scrupulously civil, and by flattery and deference managed to keep apparently on excellent terms with them. Eric pretended to be ignorant of the harm he was bringing about, and in answer to the indignant and measureless invectives of Montagu and others, professed to see in Brigson a very good fellow.

Brigson hated Montagu, because he read on his features the unvarying glance of unmitigated contempt. He dared not come across him openly, since Montagu was so high in the school; and besides, though much the bigger of the two, Brigson was decidedly afraid of him. But he chose sly methods of perpetual annoyance. He nicknamed him "Rosebud," he talked at him whenever he had an opportunity; he poisoned the minds of the gang of youngsters against him; he spread malicious reports about him; he diminished his popularity, and embittered his feelings, by every secret and underhand means which lay in his power.

One method of torment was most successful. As a study-boy, Montagu did not come to bed till an hour later than the lower part of the school, and Brigson taught some of the little fellows to play all kinds of tricks to his bed and room, so that when he came down, it was with the certainty of finding everything in confusion. Sometimes his bed would be turned right on end, and he would have to put it to the ground and remake it before he could lie down. Sometimes all the furniture in the room would be thrown about in different corners, with no trace of the offender. Sometimes he would find all sorts of things put inside the bed itself. The intolerable part of the vexation was, to be certain that this was done by Brigson's instigation, or by his own hand, without having the means of convicting or preventing him. Poor Monty grew very sad at heart, and this perpetual dastardly annoyance weighed the more heavily on his spirits, from its being of a kind which peculiarly grated on his refined taste, and his natural sense of what was gentlemanly and fair.

One night, coming down, as usual, in melancholy dread, he saw a light under the door of his room. It struck him that he was earlier than usual, and he walked up quickly and noiselessly. There they were at it! The instant he entered, there was a rush through the opposite door, and he felt convinced that one of the retreating figures was Brig-

son's. In a second he had sprung across, so as to prevent the rest from running, and with heaving breast and flaming eyes, glared at the intruders as they stood there, sheepish and afraid.

"What!" he said angrily; "so you are the fellows who have had the cowardice to annoy me thus, night after night, for weeks; you miserable degraded young animals!" And he looked at the four or five who had not made their escape. "What! and you among them," he said with a start, as he caught the eye of Vernon Williams—"Oh, this is too bad." His tone showed the deepest sorrow and vexation, and for a moment he said no more. Instantly Vernon was by him.

"Do forgive me, do forgive me, Montagu," he said; "I really didn't know it teased you so much."

But Montagu shook him off, and at once recovered himself. "Wretched boys! let me see what you have been doing to-night. Oh, as usual," he said, glancing at the complete disorder which they had been effecting. "Ho! but what is this? So Brigson has introduced another vile secret among you. Well, he shall rue it!" and he pointed to some small, almost invisible flakes of a whitish substance, scattered here and there over his pillow. It was a kind of powder which, if once it touched the skin, caused the most violent and painful irritation.

"By heavens, this is too bad!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot with anger. "What have I ever done to you young blackguards, that you should treat me thus? Have I ever been a bully? Have I ever harmed one of you? And you, too, Vernon Williams!"

The little boy trembled and looked ashamed under his noble glance of sorrow and scorn.

"Well, I know who has put you up to this; but you shall not escape so. I shall thrash you every one."

Very quietly he suited the action to the word, sparing none. They took it patiently enough, conscious of richly deserving it; and when it was over, Vernon said, "Forgive me, Montagu. I am very sorry, and will never do so again." Montagu without deigning a reply, motioned them to go, and then sat down, full of grief, on his bed. But the outrage was not over for that night, and no sooner had he put out the light than he became painfully aware that several boys were stealing into the room, and the next moment he felt a bolster fall on his head. He was out of bed in an instant, and with a few fierce and indignant blows, had scattered the crowd of his cowardly assailants, and driven them away. A number of fellows had set on him in the dark—on him of all others. Oh, what a change must have happened in the school that this should be possible! He felt that the contagion of Brigson's baseness had spread far indeed.

He fought like a lion, and several of the conspirators had reason to repent their miscalculation in assaulting so spirited an antagonist. But this did not content him; his blood was up, and he determined to attack the evil at its source. He strode through his discomfited enemies straight into Brigson's room, struck a match, and said, "Brigson, get out of bed this instant."

"Hullo!" grunted Brigson, pretending to be only just awake.

"None of that, you blackguard! Will you take a thrashing?"

"No!" roared Brigson, "I should think not."

"Well, then, take that!" he shouted, striking him in the face.

The fight that followed was very short. In a single round Montagu had utterly thrashed, and stricken to the earth, and forced to beg for mercy, his cumbrous and brutal opponent. He seemed to tower above him with a magnificent superiority, and there was a self-controlled passion about him which gave tremendous energy to every blow.

Brigson was utterly dashed, confounded, and cowed and took without a word the parting kick of ineffable contempt which Montagu bestowed on him.

"There," he said, to the fellows who had thronged in from all the dormitories at the first hint of a fight, "I, a sixth-form fellow, have condescended to thrash that base coward there, whom all you miserable lower boys have been making an idol and hero of, and from whom you have been so readily learning every sort of blackguardly and debasing trick. But let me tell you and your hero that if any of you dare to annoy or lift a finger at me again, you shall do it at your peril. I despise you all; there is hardly one gentlemanly or honorable fellow left among you since that fellow Brigson has come here; yes, I despise you, and you know that you deserve it." And every one of them *did* shrink before his just and fiery rebuke.

The scene was not over when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Rose appeared. He stood amazed to see Montagu there in his night-shirt, the boys all round, and Brigson washing his nose, which was bleeding profusely, at the basin.

Montagu instantly stepped up to him. "You can trust me, sir; may I ask you kindly to say nothing of this? I have been thrashing some one that deserved it, and teaching these fellows a lesson."

Mr. Rose saw and allowed for his excited manner. "I can trust you," he said, "Montagu, and shall take no further notice of this irregularity. And now get instantly to your beds."

But Montagu, slipping on his clothes, went straight up to the studies, and called the upper boys together. He briefly told them what had occurred, and they rejoiced greatly, binding themselves for the future to check, if they could, by all fair means, Brigson's pernicious influence and abominable example.

But it was too late now; the mischief was done.

"O Eric," said Montagu, "why did you not make a stand against all this before? Your own brother was one of them."

"Little wretch. I'll kick him well for it," said Eric.

"No, no!" said Montagu, "that'll do no good. Try rather to look after him a little more."

"I hope you will forgive him, and try and rescue him."

"I will do what I can," said Montagu, coldly.

Eric sighed, and they parted.

Montagu had hoped that after this, Eric would at least break off all open connection with Brigson; and, indeed, Eric had meant to do so. But that personage kept carefully out of his way until the first burst of indignation against him had subsided, and after a time began to address Eric as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile he had completely regained his ascendancy over the lower part of the school, which was not difficult, because they were wincing under Montagu's contempt, and mingled no little dislike with it; a dislike which all are too apt to feel towards those whose very presence and moral superiority are a tacit rebuke of their own failings. But while Montagu was hated, Eric was at the zenith of popular favor, a favor which Brigson ostentatiously encouraged. He was openly flattered and caressed, and if ever he got a large score at cricket, it was chalked triumphantly over the walls. All this he was weak enough to enjoy immensely, and it was one of the reasons why he did not wish to risk his popularity by breaking with Brigson. So, after a little constraint and coldness, he began to stand in much the same relation to him as before.

The best disposed of the upper boys disliked all this very much, and the sixth and fifth forms began to be split up into two main parties—the one headed by Eric, and, to a much less degree, by Duncan, who devoted themselves to the games and

diversions of the school, and troubled themselves comparatively little about anything else; the other headed by Montagu, who took the lead in intellectual pursuits, and endeavored, by every means in their power, to counteract the pernicious effects of the spreading immorality.

And so at Roslyn, owing mainly to the wickedness of one depraved boy, and the weak fear of man which actuated others, all was disunion, misery and deterioration. The community which had once been peaceful, happy, and united, was filled with violent jealousy and heart-burnings; every boy's hand seemed to be against his neighbor; lying, bad language, dishonesty, grew fearfully rife, and the few who, like Owen and Montagu, remained uncontaminated by the general mischief walked alone and despondent amid their uncongenial and degraded schoolfellows.

Astronomy—No. 10.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

On reviewing the full list of planets discovered in the *first half* of the present century, we find Mr. Hinds, of London, has been the first discoverer of ten asteroids. M. de Gasparis, at Naples, of seven. Mr. Luther, at Bilk, near Düsseldorf, of five. M. Chacornac, at Marseilles, of five. M. Goldschmidt, an historical painter and amateur astronomer, residing in Paris, of four, while Olbers and Henke discovered two each, and several others reckoned themselves fortunate at discovering one planet each. Among all the astronomers of the present or any former age, Mr. Hinds stands pre-eminent for his success in the discovery of new planetary bodies, up to the time above mentioned. These discoveries were all made at the private observatory of George Bishop, Esq., which he erected in the Regent's Park, London, in 1836. The principal instrument of this observatory is an equatorial telescope, constructed by Mr. Dolland, of London, and equipped on the plan known as the English mounting. The solar focus of the telescope is ten feet, ten inches, and the clear aperture of the object glass is seven inches. This instrument is driven by clock-work. It is provided with magnifying powers up to 1200.

In 1847 Mr. Hinds was awarded the King of Denmark's gold medal. For the discoveries of Iris and Flora, in 1847, a prize on the Leland foundation was received from the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in April, 1850, and in February, 1853, he received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. The reason that Olbers was not more successful in his search was that he employed a telescope of too feeble power, and did not extend his examination beyond stars of the eighth magnitude.

Saturn has long been known to be attended by seven satellites. If we number these in the order of their distance from the planet, the sixth was discovered by Huygens, in 1655. The seventh by Cassini, in 1671. The fifth by the same, in 1672. The third and fourth also by Cassini, in 1684. The first and second were discovered by Dr. Herschel, in 1789.

In 1848 this planet was subjected to a strict scrutiny, in consequence of the disappearance of its ring, it being presented edgewise to the Sun. During his observations on the 16th of September, Mr. Bond, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, discovered an eighth satellite; the position of the star was accurately recorded, but its real nature was not known. On the evening of the 18th and 19th such observations were made as left no doubt as to its real character.

Mr. Lasselle, in Liverpool, on the nights of the 21st and 22nd, also made observations, and came to the like conclusions. Thus our countryman had the advantage of two days in making the dis-

covery, to which great value was attached in the astronomical world. All the other seven satellites have been named; this last one is called Iapetus.

Uranus was discovered to be a planet by Sir William Herschel in 1781. In 1787 he discovered two satellites, whose periods were satisfactorily determined by his later observations. In 1797 he announced the discovery of four additional satellites. In his last paper on this subject, communicated to the Royal Society, in 1815, he says, "that there are additional satellites between the two principal larger ones, I have no doubt, but to determine their number will require an increase of illuminating power in our telescopes." In 1834 Sir John Herschel in discussing the observations of his father, Sir William, says: "Of other satellites than these two, I have no evidence," thus throwing a doubt upon the statement of his father respecting the existence of the last four satellites. Dr. Lamont, of Munich, in one single instance got an observation of one of the four last observed by Sir William Herschel.

At last, in the autumn of 1847, Mr. Lasselle, of Liverpool, and M. Strewé, of Pulkova, became satisfied of the existence of a third; but there was a great difference in the orbit, as calculated by Lasselle, Strewé and Herschel. In the autumn of 1851, Mr. Lasselle saw, on ten different nights, four satellites and recorded their position. In the autumn of 1852, Mr. Lasselle transported his telescope to Malta, in the Mediterranean Sea, for the purpose of securing a lower latitude and a purer sky; and here he succeeded in obtaining a very complete series of observations of the satellites of Uranus. Numerous observations had been made and recorded with great care from 1790 to 1852—the date to which we have now arrived,—and although it had been generally admitted that there were six satellites attending on Uranus, the result of the labors of Mr. Lasselle may be summed up in his own words: "I cannot now resist the conviction, amounting, indeed, in my own mind to certainty, that Uranus has no other satellites—except four—visible to my eye with optical means. In other words, I am persuaded that he has no other satellites than these four, or if he has, they remain yet to be discovered.

We come now to another class of bodies, which are only visible to us for a short time; these are called Comets. They generally appear attended with a nebulous light, either surrounding them as a coma, or stretched out to a considerable length; their tails are frequently of great length, appearing as a faint light, directed towards a point always opposite the sun. Nearly five hundred Comets are recorded as having been seen at different times.

One of the most splendid Comets mentioned in history, is that which made its appearance in the middle of 1264. It is recorded in terms of astonishment by all the historians of the age. It was at the height of its splendor in the month of August and September. When the head was just visible above the eastern horizon in the early morning sky, the tail stretched out past the mid-heavens towards the west, or was fully one hundred degrees long, but appeared covered in the form of a sabre, and continued visible till the end of October. Historians generally agree in dating its last appearance on the 2nd of October—on the night of the death of Pope Urban IV. Rough approximations of the elements of this Comet were attempted by Mr. Dunthorn in the middle of the last century, and subsequently by M. Pingré, the well-known French writer on the history of Comets.

In the year 1556 another splendid comet made its appearance near the end of February, and was equal in size to half the moon. The length of its tail was about four degrees. Its color resembled that of Mars. On the 12th of March it had reached a north declination of forty-two degrees, and it moved over fifteen degrees of a great circle

in a day. It continued visible till the 24th of April. Mr. Dunthorn's results for the comet of 1264 were so similar to those which Mr. Halley had given for the comet of 1556, that he was immediately led to conclude these two bodies to be identical, and the period being probably about two hundred and ninety-two years. He surmised that a reappearance might be expected about 1848. Mr. Pingré's calculations respecting the identity of the comet of 1264 with that of 1556, coincided with Mr. Dunthorn's in anticipating its reappearance about the year 1848.

It is an important circumstance as bearing on the identity of the comets of 1264 and 1556 that about two hundred and eighty-nine years before the former epoch, or in 975, a comet of great apparent magnitude was visible, which may possibly have been the same. It exhibited a tail forty degrees in length. Assuming the elements obtained by Mr. Hind for the comet of 1556, and that the perihelion passage took place early in August, 975, it is found that the observed track may be very closely represented.

The comet of 1680 was subjected by Newton to very particular examination, by which he showed that these bodies revolve in one of the conic sections, and that they are retained in their orbits by the same force that bind the planets to the sun. It was very remarkable for its splendor and for the extent of its train, which stretched over seventy degrees of the heaven, and reached the amazing length of one hundred and twenty millions of miles. With the exception of the comet of 1843, it approached nearer to the sun than any other known, and moved through its perihelion with a velocity of eight hundred and eighty thousand miles an hour.

This comet derived the name of "Halley's Comet," from Sir Edmund Halley, the celebrated English astronomer, who calculated its orbit and predicted its return. It appeared in 1682, and Halley, noticing a close resemblance in its elements to those of 1531 and 1607, concluded that the comets of these years were different appearances of the same comets, and ventured to predict its appearance in 1758 or 1759. This prediction was realized by the return of the comet in March, 1759, and it again appeared in 1835. These different appearances, it will be observed, were about seventy-five years apart, and others of an earlier date have also been recognized.

The celebrated prediction of Halley may be considered the first fruits of Sir Isaac Newton's demonstration of the laws of planetary motion, as contained in his famous work "The Principia," published in 1687. The comet of 1682 has been an object of interest to both Halley and Newton, and its path had been calculated by both Picard, Flamsteed and others. It occurred to Halley that this comet might be identical with others previously recorded, and fortunately the comet of 1607 has been observed by Kepler and others, and that of 1531 by Apian, at Ingolstadt, the path in each case being quite accurately determined.

The coincidence which he noticed in these cases gave him confidence in the prediction which he made. Halley observed, however, that as the comet, in the interval between 1607 and 1682, passed near Jupiter, its velocity must have been increased and its period shortened, so that the next period would be seventy-six years or upwards, and the comet would return in 1758 or beginning of 1759. Subsequent researches gave increased force to this prediction, for it appeared that comets had been seen in 1456 and 1378, whose path have been identical with that of the comet of 1682.

As the time drew near, the event was regarded with intense interest by the scientific world, and it was resolved to compute more exactly the time of the comet's appearance, by applying all the additional resources of mathematical science that seventy-five years had brought forth. This was a

gigantic undertaking, since it was necessary to calculate the distance of each of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, from the comet, and their exact amount of disturbance separately, for every successive degree, and for two revolutions of the comet or for one hundred and fifty years. Clairaut and Leland, two French mathematicians, undertook the work, the latter being assisted in the arithmetical portion of it by Madame Lepaute, and after six months spent in calculations from morning to night, this enormous sum was worked out, and the day of the comet's return to its perihelion was announced. This was April 11th. It actually passed its perihelion March 13th, or about 22 days previous to its predicted time. Clairaut, however, stated, in announcing his prediction, that the comet might be accelerated or delayed by the attraction of an *undiscovered* planet beyond the orbit of Saturn, thus anticipating in imagination the discovery of Uranus, which Herschel made twenty-two years afterward. Mr. Halley did not live to witness the realization of his prediction, having died in 1742.

The time of its perihelion passage in 1835 was computed by several mathematicians, the mean of all the results being November 12th. It actually passed its perihelion the 16th of that month, and remained visible for several months. It will not appear again until 1911. The mean distance of this comet is little less than that of Uranus. Its perihelion distance is about sixty millions of miles; its aphelion distance more than three thousand, two hundred millions; its motion is retrograde. History shows that it has regularly returned during a period of eighteen centuries, its first recorded appearance being eleven years before Christ. It seems, however, to have been a far more conspicuous object at its ancient visitations than at its more recent returns. In 1066 and 1456 it was an object of immense size and splendor, and created wide-spread alarm over the world.

J. F.

True Heroism.

The following anecdote, extracted from unpublished memoirs of a French nobleman, may, it is hoped, serve as an example, well worthy of being imitated by all who desire to be thought truly brave and courageous. It records an instance of a victory gained by a man over his own passions—a victory more glorious, more honorable than any that has ever been purchased with fire and sword, with devastation and bloodshed:

Two noblemen, the Marquis de Valaise and the Count de Meric, were educated under the same masters, and were regarded by all who knew them as patterns of friendship, honor and good sense. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment, when one unfortunate evening the two friends, having indulged rather freely in some excellent burgundy, repaired to a neighboring hotel, and engaged in a game of backgammon. Fortune declared herself in favor of the Marquis; he won every game, and in the thoughtless glee of the moment laughed with exultation at his unusual good luck. The Count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the Marquis for enjoying the pain which he had excited in the bosom of his friend. At last upon another fortunate throw made by the Marquis, by which he gammoned his antagonist, the infuriated Count threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.

Every gentleman present was in amazement, and waited almost breathlessly for the moment when the Marquis would sheath his sword in the bosom of the now repentant Count.

"Gentlemen," said the Marquis, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and I

ill obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in visiting with vengeance the author of my disgrace. But, gentleman, the heart of that man is entwined with my own; our education was the same, our principles are alike, and our friendship dates from our earliest years. But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France; I will stab him to the heart."

Upon this he threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said: "My dear De Meric, I forgive you, if you will forgive me for the irritation I have occasioned in a sensible mind, by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen," added the Marquis, "though I have interpreted the laws of honor my own way, if there remains in this room one Frenchman who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, my sword is by my side to punish an affront, but not to murder a friend, for whom I would die, and who sits there a monument of contrition and bravery ready with me to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat if any man dare to think amiss of this transaction."—*Exchange.*

Midnight Mass.

A Christmas Reminiscence.

BY ERIGENA.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow had ceased falling, and the moon, which peeped from her drapery of clouds, revealed a carpet of spotless white, by which the ground was overspread.

Many persons were wending their way along the quiet suburban road leading from Birmingham to the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, which is situated about a mile from the town, to be present at the Midnight Mass. It was half after eleven o'clock when we entered the beautiful church, and already a large congregation had assembled. The scene presented to us as we entered was one of sublime and heavenly beauty. To the altar our first attention was directed. It was illumined with myriads of candles arranged into the most exquisite pious devices that the imagination could devise, extending from the foot of the white altar-steps to the very dome. The walls and pillars were festooned with evergreens. Around Our Lady's altar a group of pious worshippers were kneeling in silent prayer. The solemn stillness was only broken by the opening of the folding doors, as each group of persons entered and bowed in adoration of the Heavenly Presence.

At length is heard the solemn and measured tones of a bell which announced twelve o'clock, and a long line of priests and acolytes emerge from the little chapel of St. Philip on the right, filing off in the direction of the high altar, whilst the organ begins to peal forth its soul-inspiring music, and anon all hearts are lifted up in prayer and praise at the Midnight Mass.

The Gospel is read, and again the people are seated—a pleasurable expectation on every face. Presently the master of ceremonies enters from the little chapel on the right, followed by a venerable-looking, feeble old priest. Slowly he advances to the altar, slowly he kneels, rises and proceeds to the pulpit, which is situated in the centre of the church, and now every one is listening attentively to the old man on whom all eyes are fixed; his voice at first is feeble, but as he progresses with his subject it becomes more audible. His English is pure, and his language classic and rich in figures of charming rhetoric, though his discourse is never carried beyond the comprehension of his hearers. At length the feeble hand is uplifted in imparting a solemn benediction, and Dr. Newman leaves the pulpit. Yes, Dr. Newman, whose conversion to Catholicity shook the very pillars of Protestantism in England, whose sacrifice of the things of this world, whose quiet life and powerful writings have pleaded, and still plead so eloquently on the side of eternal truth. The Mass is ended, and we leave the oratory, and again enter the world with an impression on our memory that time shall never efface.—*Ave Maria.*

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SEVERAL letters and exchanges have failed to reach us in time because they were directed to South Bend instead of to Notre Dame. Will subscribers and friends generally bear in mind that our address is

Editor SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

THE Grand Duke is not coming to Notre Dame.

THE ice-boat ought to be placed on St. Joseph's lake.

NEW Students have recently come from various quarters.

NEW classes in every branch will commence next session, February 1st.

JAMES CUNNEA, A. B., of '70, has returned from Rome, and is now at home at Morris, Illinois.

REV. FATHERS O'RIELLY, of Valparaiso, and Quinlan, of Elkhart, were at the College this week.

THE Examination week begins to loom in the distance. No cause for fear—only be well prepared.

REGULAR Classes were resumed at St. Mary's on Wednesday, 3rd inst., and at the College on Thursday, the 4th.

OUR hearty thanks are hereby given to all who have kindly remembered us, and cheered our hearts by their kind letters and good wishes.

RUFUS MCCARTHY, A. B., of '71, was at the College a few days before Christmas. Rufus is now studying medicine at Ann Arbor. We are always glad to see him when he visits the scenes of his pleasant College days.

REV. T. O'SULLIVAN shed the light of his countenance upon us on the 4th inst., that being the earliest day he could command as a holiday from his arduous duties, to bring a happy New Year to his thousand and one friends at the College.

THE Bulletins, which should have been sent to the parents at the end of December, could not be made out then, owing to the Christmas Holidays. They will be made out for the month of January and sent to the parents by the February 1st.

WE presume that as our esteemed correspondent, Stylus, has returned, an account of the celebration of New Year's day at St. Mary's will be sent to the SCHOLASTIC; yet, as we were invited to the musical and dramatic entertainment given by the young ladies in the evening, we deem it our bounden duty to return them our thanks officially, and wish them a perennial Happy New Year. May Old Time, when bringing them with no stingy hand a plentiful supply of New Years, carefully exclude Care and Melancholy from his train and have Peace and Plenty with him! May their dimples never grow dim, and if wrinkles must come—as come they will with a multiplicity of New Years—may they all be of cheerful old age, and never a one of pain or sorrow!

PROF. A. A. GRIFFITH has written that he will give special lessons in Elocution to the Students during the month of February. We wish every Student to derive all the benefits possible from the Professor's lessons. Prof. Griffith has not his superior as a teacher of Elocution.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC will continue to inform regularly the parents and guardians of our students as to their progress. We call their special attention to the *Honorable Mention* and *Table of Honor* lists which record the names of the most proficient and best behaved students.

MRS. PARTINGTON, who kindly invited us to tea on New Years' day, expresses her surprise that musicians should consider it something to brag about when they get up to see. She frequently gets up to see after the cat. She is still more exercised about the fact, which she heard read in the proof-sheets of the SCHOLASTIC, that "only a few can come up to see Hutchings." She had, she says, no reason to misdoubt that several went to the Minims' Exhibition purposely to see Hutchings, and why they couldn't see she couldn't see. There was the Reub.

WE editorially give our highest commendation to the managers of the Minims' entertainment. We are fully aware of the great temptation that assails all getters-up of exhibitions, as well as those who write for the press, and those, too, who prepare "Banquets," to be too lavish with their good things. But as articles proportionate in length to the importance of the subject show the good writer, and an abundant, not lavish, supply of well chosen dishes manifest the skilful caterers, so doth moderation in the number of pieces for representation show forth the consummate tact of the perfect manager.

WE cannot be prevented from giving our meed of praise to the Minims by the perfect avalanche of laudatory remarks that has fallen on their devoted little heads. Outsiders may not know, as we do, that the Minims, wherever found, in College or Academy, are the flowers of the flock; that gentle Seniors and noble-minded Juniors look upon them as future Juniors, and that, consequently, the more gloriously the Minims acquit themselves, the brighter is the future prospect of the Juniors and, ultimately, of the Seniors.

Like all poor speakers who come in the tail end of a series of speeches, we endorse, confirm, and clinch all that has been said, or can be said, in favor of the Minims of the College, and we maintain at the point of our pen that they can be excelled by none, except by the unsurpassable Minims of the Academy.

SOME of our friends who have written lately concerning the sanitary condition of Notre Dame, will be pleased to learn that since September the inmates have been and are still in the enjoyment of excellent health. The infirmary records of the four last months would do credit to the most favored climates.

Speaking of health, etc., the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, published at South Bend, has the following:

"A literary society was organized in this city in 1859—thirteen years ago—consisting of eighty members. Of this entire number only four are dead, and one of these was killed in the service. As a healthy locality South Bend is hard to beat."

Now this speaks quite well of our present generation, of our climate, habits, and all other things that are conducive to old age. Moreover, it argues very forcibly in favor of literary societies.

MASTER E. OTTENVILLE, whose death we noticed in the last number of the SCHOLASTIC, was an amiable boy. His conduct in recreation, in study-hall and in class-room was excellent. His name

was handed in by the Prefects for the Table of Honor in his regular turn, and whenever his name was so handed in, he was chosen by the Faculty. In four months he was on this Table of Honor four times. The Prefects of the Junior Department, one and all, testify to his excellent conduct; and all the Professors with whom we have spoken about him praise him as one of their best boys. He was studious, also, as well as good. But cannot it be that a person is good unless he is studious? His notes in his different classes have been, as a rule, *very good*; he did not have any of the really bad notes.

Master Ottenville was not sick very long before he died. During this sickness he was attended by the good Sisters of Holy Cross, who placed him in the hands of Dr. Cassidy. He received proper medical treatment and nursing from the Doctor and the kind Sisters. His death was very edifying. He was consoled and strengthened in his last hours by the Sacraments of the Church, and we feel sure that he is now in a happier clime than this.

THE Foreman and Typos of the AVE MARIA Office expressed their good wishes to the Editor of that paper, and accompanied their note—which fully sustained their reputation of being proficient scholars as well as excellent craftsmen—with a gift that was highly appreciated by the Editor. Although, as a general rule, he is not in favor of receiving presents, yet, he fully concedes that on such an occasion as Christmas, the interchange of testimonials of mutual esteem tend to strengthen the bonds of charity and good will that make any office, especially a printing office, like a family of well educated persons. The Editor of the AVE MARIA returns thanks through our columns, and as soon as their is a lull in the immense agitation caused by the Minims, he intends in conjunction with us, to be at home for all the employes of the AVE MARIA Office,—we were about to add for the printers especially, but as they know that themselves, we refrain.

Scholastic for the Second Term.

At the close of the present session, the SCHOLASTIC may be had from that time to the end of the year for one dollar. Those who wish to begin their subscription at that date will please notify us in advance, as the increase of the edition will depend upon the subscriptions we shall receive before the 1st of February, not after.

As we do not stereotype the numbers of the SCHOLASTIC, it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to supply all the back numbers of the present scholastic year.

We have every reason to hope that the Senior Students will contribute largely to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC the coming term. Oh, for the days of the old *Progress*, when O'Reilly, Runnion, Chamberlain, Bigelow, Howard, Miller *et al.*,—yes, *tot et tanti*,—leaned back in their seignorial chairs and caught inspiration from the eye of Bro. Benoit!

Come, gentlemen of the Senior Department, emulate the worthy deeds of your ancestors! Let pages of manuscript find their way to the SCHOLASTIC, to be beautifully typified in its columns.

The Old Year.

As Time marks his rapid flight by putting a particular day down as a yearly mile-stone to make us note how far we have travelled with him, it behooveth us, O advancing readers, to glance back and take a good look at the preceding mile-stone and the space between it and the present.

The year hath ever seemed to us like a circle—a large circular road, in the position a hoop would be if inclined against the wall. The point of

contact with the wall corresponds to New Year's. On that large road we go round and round in a circle,—and looking back we can see ourselves beginning the journey last year.

It was with the good wishes of our friends that we started out on our journey. Pleasantly we wended our way through the downward months; getting through the Examination of last February with great *éclat*, sending forth Bulletins of fame to the parents of successful students. The early spring was a matter of rejoicing, and when the great number of illustrious prelates favored us with their presence at the laying of the cornerstone of the new church on the 31st of May, summer seemed to have set in in earnest.

Soon after that, while Students were busily endeavoring to get the recollection of festivities out of their heads and re-arranging their store of acquired knowledge to have it all in order for the Examination, we took our editorial trip to fair Minnesota; and though the motive of the trip was a sad one, yet such are the genial manners of the whole-souled citizens of St. Paul that the pleasantest part of the year was that which we passed in and about that city.

Then came the June examination—the bustle of Exhibition, and the Ho for Home! We simply hooed on at home in our sanctum; and, if we see rightly in our backward glance, two extra numbers of the SCHOLASTIC were issued by us for which spirit of enterprise, as evinced by the two vacation numbers, we received commendations and felicitations from all who received the SCHOLASTIC at their distant homes.

September came around with its apples and things, and classes began again. Old familiar faces presented themselves, and many bright, intelligent new ones. The SCHOLASTIC put forth early leaves, and has produced fruit ever since. Meantime classes went rigidly on. Exhibitions, here and there, and we, like the fly, thinking we were doing a great deal to urge on young Students who needed no urging.

Christmas approached, and off for home in the comfortable cars furnished for them by the accommodating officers of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road, went a great part of the students. Christmas—New Year's day—past, and here we are again. Those who remained were gratified by the efforts of Thespians and the Thespian Cadets to amuse them; those who went home had, we hope, a pleasant time.

Now these are the salient points of last year's route. Are we dissatisfied with the manner we journeyed on, and do we wish we could go over it again, to improve this place or that? Perhaps so, but we know we cannot,—that each step we have made on the well-known sands of Time which are strewn over the route, is indelibly imprinted therein by the strength of our will, and all we can do is to make better tracks the coming year.

For ourselves personally we cannot but congratulate ourselves on the pleasant company we have had. All have been so kind and obliging, and if there have been some rainy days when the clouds lowered and the horizon seemed to contract, the pleasant faces of all friends, their kind wishes and their kinder acts made it no difficult affair for us to outlive the gloomy days, soon succeeded by the bright and cheery ones that constituted the major portion of the year.

Among the letters received, those from old students gave us the greatest pleasure. We have heard of *Johnnie* Flemming, but not by letter, and rejoice to hear that he has renewed his lease of life, that at one time seemed about being cancelled. From Blaine Walker, out in Montana, have come some of the most relishing letters. From *Tom* Flanagan, too, away down South, sprightly words came bubbling up from that region of fruits and flowers, and reaching us as we sat snowed in in our sanctum. These letters with others—rather too

far between,—from other old Boys, gave us a pleasure that was equalled only by the visits of others who came to greet us at the College.

We hope to receive many letters the coming session, and if we prove, at times, a tardy correspondent we pray indulgence may be granted and that letters be not withheld. Visitors are always welcome, and when they are old students, doubly welcome. We are delighted to learn that "*Tom*" Flanagan will, D. V., be here for Commencement Day next June. We would like to see all of his old friends here to meet him.

Having thus discussed the old year, and opened up some of our anticipation for the presents one, we shall plod along our circular route, looking to kind friends to help us out, whenever we happen to get into rough places or find things too steep.

New Year's Day at St. Mary's.

We have waited until the very last moment, anxiously looking for a graphic account of the celebration of New Year's day at the Academy; but none has come. We therefore say something of it, because we think it right to give honor to whom honor is due, even though we had not Scripture for it.

We cannot but admire the modesty of the Academicians in thus remaining silent, when they had an excellent theme; but still we think it just to let our readers know how well the young ladies can prepare an *extempore* entertainment on a very short notice.

We have not the Programme of the Exercises, and must therefore rely upon memory for the particulars we consign to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

The future Study-Hall of the Senior Department of the Academy was fitted up with a temporary stage, and much taste was displayed in its appointments. The addresses read by the pupils were well read, as they always are at St. Mary's; but Miss Hurst made more than the usual impression, which was the combined result of the occasion, the beauty of the address and the perfect manner in which the address was delivered.

The music consisted in well made selections sung by Miss West, Miss Rosa Devoto, and Miss Mary Prince; Miss Annie Borup accompanying them on the piano. At St. Mary's there are so many good musicians that they make no boast of a young lady who can play the accompaniments in the best kind of style, yet we must accord our praise both to the manner the songs were accompanied and to the singing itself.

The dramatic portion of the entertainment consisted of two parts. The first contained two scenes from the life of Josephine. The articulation and gestures of the young ladies who took part in this were equal to anything we have heard and seen at the Academy. Josephine brought out in strong relief the simplicity and strength of character for which the original Josephine was noted, and in the second scene both Josephine and Hortense were brought before the eyes of the audience in the splendid personation of the two young ladies who took the respective parts of those two distinguished historic characters. The Prophetess was finely sustained, and Cleopatra and Elizabeth of England who were evoked for the instruction of Josephine, were living pictures of those two ancient ladies—or rather ladies of ancient times, appearing in the full bloom of youthful years and all the gorgeousness of royal habiliments.

For fear the audience should retire too down-hearted after dwelling on the fate of Cleopatra, and Queen Bess and Josephine, the young ladies had the happy idea of introducing Mrs. Partington and several of her neighbors who had called upon her to take tea and pickles. That good old lady, without any effort on her part, at

once dispelled from our minds all thoughts of sorrow for the people of the past, and brought us back to the latter half of the nineteenth century; her kindly manners and instructive conversation, aided by the benevolent efforts of her visitors to set the old lady at ease about supper—so she had only some strong tea, bread and butter, and muffins and pumpkin pie, and pickles, and buckwheat cakes and things—gave all the lookers on a good appetite for the New Year's supper which was awaiting them at the end of the dramatic performance.

The Minims' Exhibition.

On Tuesday evening, January 2, 1872, the "Thespian Cadets," as *per* programme, gave their first exhibition. Their attentive ushers met us at the door of Washington Hall, and offered us the usual courtesies with a grace and dignity, which, considering their tender years, we must consider rather native than acquired. The music of our excellent Band was, as usual, the initiation to the mysteries of the evening. The Orchestra, owing to the absence of some of the members, did not appear, but the Band kindly covered the deficiency by playing double. After this musical exordium, the three brightest luminaries of the Minim firmament appeared above the horizon, and delivered a prologue, whose severe simplicity, abstinence from all pretentiousness, and humane views with regard to capital punishment, formed a delightful contrast to some other prologues lately delivered from the same boards. Then followed "The Minims at their play"—a natural and interesting tableau, illuminated (as were the subsequent tableaux) by that rose-colored light which exalts the realities upon which it casts its glow into the realms of poetry and imagination.

"The Minims and their Crotchets," a play written for the Thespian Cadets, by their kind friend and patron, Mr. F. C. Bigelow, S. S. C., to whose public spirit the whole exhibition is due, was next set before the audience. *Frank Frolic*, (Eddie DeGroot) first appears lamenting the grave and serious disposition of modern Minims, as compared with those of former days. The reason of his grief becomes apparent in the language of those who next enter: *Humboldt Savan*, (Eddie Raymond) *Roscius Ranter*, (Andrew McIntosh,) *Mendelssohn Flat*, (Maurice Farnbaker) and *Byron Fitz Rymer*, (Johnnie Porter). These gentlemen talk of nothing but Geology, Astronomy, Music, Poetry and Tragedy, and when poor Frolic suggests base-ball he is met by jeers, and fleers, and sneers. A great many "local hits" were here introduced, which, of course, "brought down the house." Ranter, in particular, gives specimens of the style of sundry popular actors with much judgment and truth to nature. The entrance of *Charles Augustus Putonstyle*, (Harry Faxon) a new-comer, causes a diversion, and occasions Frolic to give us a specimen of his singing and dancing, in which he takes the multiplex character of *Robert the Saccharine*. But seriously speaking, Eddie's dancing was excellent, and we understand is due to the kind training bestowed upon him by Charley Hutchings, who furnished the piano music for the whole exhibition. Musicians may boast as they please about "getting up to 'C,'" but few can come up to C. Hutchings, in the combination of good musical attainments with an obliging disposition to make free use of them in contributing to the entertainment of all around. We cannot forbear noticing here the thanks due to Mr. M. J. Moriarty, of the Thespians, for the care and time he has given to the elocutionary improvement of these Cadets. But to our drama.

Frolic, to avenge the imputation of folly rashly cast upon him by Mendelssohn Flat, resolves to introduce that gentleman to Putonstyle, after pre-

viously informing each that the other is deaf. The scene that ensues is more easily imagined than described; and the discovery of Frolic's villainy ends the play.

A series of tableaux followed: "The surrender of Lord Cornwallis," "Capture of Major André," "Capture of General Prescott," and "Excelsior." Each was prefaced by a few words of introduction by Eddie DeGroot, and the historical ones were rendered with much fidelity and accuracy, while *Excelsior* was "all our fancy painted."

An Opera—so-called—in which, under a thin disguise of Italian nomenclature, the well known experience with the cherry-tree, which occurred to George Washington in his juvenile days, formed the plot, was then performed. The airs introduced were the patriotic ones of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and others. A chorus was formed of young negroes, on the classic model of Greek tragedy and comedy. It may be remarked that in these classic plays the number of principal performers is restricted to three at most, so that in our present subject the part of "George" would be taken by the *protagonistes*, those of "Old Mr. W." and the "Indiscreet Friend" by the *deuteragonistes*, and that of "Gumbo" by the *tritagonistes*, while the play itself, according to the analogy of the "Frogs," the "Clouds," the "Bees," etc., would take its name from its chorus, and be called *Hoi Aithiopes*. As it was, however, the parts of the "Indiscreet Friend," (who presents George with the hatchet) and of "Old Mr. W." were separated, and taken respectively by Eddie McMahon and Andrew McIntosh, whose singing was good, though not so distinct as that of E. Dasher, who took the part of "George," and performed it with a great deal of spirit and correct feeling. "Gumbo," (Stephen McMahon) pitched his voice on rather too low a key at the start, but his gestures were very expressive.

The last item on the programme was a tableau representing the "Light of Other Days," accompanied by the suggestive air: "Put me in my little Bed."

Exhibitions of this kind tend to enliven the Christmas holidays, and keep up the spirit of festivity which should prevail at this season. The closing remarks by Father General, Father Provincial and Father Rourke well expressed the satisfaction that all had received from the evening's entertainment. The little dramatists, for many of whom it was their "first appearance on any stage," exhibited an amount of self-possession, and perfect apprehension of their parts, which were hardly to be expected. They seemed to enter with zest into the little jokes perpetrated at the expense of their elder brethren in the Senior and Junior Departments. Once, during a fine performance by the Band, the curtain rose unexpectedly and disclosed a motley throng of colored performers on long forgotten instruments, while an energetic "leader" beat time with great vehemence, and inflicted summary punishment on the negligent.

We hope that this (for many years) first appearance of our Minims on the boards of Washington Hall, will not be their last, but that the little fellows will be often allowed to display their "crotchets" for our amusement. Long live the Thespian Cadets! **HOWITT BLOZE.**

P. S.—We here insert the programme and the "comments of the press:"

PROGRAMME:

Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
 Music.....Orchestra
 Prologue...E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh, H. Faxon
 Tableau—"The playground in the rear"...Minims

"THE MINIMS AND THEIR CROTCHETS:"

A PLAY IN ONE ACT,

Written for the Thespian Cadets.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Frank Frolic, (one who is up to fun).....E. DeGroot

Mendelssohn Flat, (musically inclined)...M. Farnbaker
 Roscius Ranter, (heavy on tragedy).....A. McIntosh
 Humboldt Savan, (learned in the sciences)...E. Raymond
 Byron Fitz Rymer, (given to poetry)...J. Porter
 Charles Augustus Putonstyle, (a new-comer)...H. Faxon
 Minims, etc.

Tableau—"The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis"...

E. Dasher, A. McIntosh, E. McMahon, S. McMahon, E. DeGroot, E. Raymond, H. Porter, P. Gall, J. Griffin, G. Voelker, J. O'Meara, F. Huck.

Tableau—"Capture of General Prescott"...G. Voelker,

E. Dasher, A. McIntosh, E. McMahon, S. McMahon, E. Raymond, P. Gall.

Tableau—"Capture of Major Andre"...J. O'Meara,

E. DeGroot, H. Porter, E. McMahon.

Music.....Orchestra

Tableau—"Excelsior".....A. McIntosh

"IL CIRIEGIO:"

AN OPERA BOUFFE.

Written for the Thespian Cadets.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Giorgio, (postea pater patrie).....E. Dasher

Il Signore W—, (pater patrie patrie)....A. McIntosh

Un amico indiscreto della famiglia.....E. McMahon

Gumbo.....S. McMahon

Coro, (Æthiopes).....E. DeGroot, E. Raymond, H.

Porter, P. Gall, J. Griffin, G. Voelker,

J. O'Meara, F. Huck.

Tableau—"The Light of other Days".....S. McMahon

Music.....N. D. U. C. Band

SYNOPSIS OF "IL CIRIEGIO."

The scene opens with "L'Amico indiscreto," Giorgio and Coro. Aria by "L'Amico indiscreto"—*Il Dudlo Americano*; he presents Giorgio with a hatchet. Aria by Giorgio—*Le doux chez-lui*. Departure of "L'Amico" for the West. A grand *hackneyed* scene. Music—*Il Corpo di Giovanni Bruno*. The destruction of "Il Ciriegio." Enter Il Signore W—. Aria—*Signun Stellis gemmatum*. The rage of Il Signore. Aria by Gumbo—*Oichou Muia*. Giorgio confesses his guilt. Aria—*La Gemma dell' Oceano*. He is forgiven. Tableau. Music—*Dizie*. Grand right and left.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

We think that Exhibitions of this sort tend to the promotion of our agricultural interests.—*H. G. in the N. Y. Tribune of the 32nd.*

We know not to whom to award the palm—to Booth or to DeGroot; we are inclined to give it to the latter. * * * His Hamlet is unsurpassable. * * * To the *Herald* belongs the honor of bringing him before the public.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The most exquisite performance ever given to the public.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

An excellent programme. * * * McIntosh is superb. * * * DeGroot is magnificent. * * * Faxon, McMahon, Porter, Raymond and the rest, are not to be matched on "the boards" in the United States.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The little "darkies" are excellent, * * * unapproachable, * * * gorgeous. * * * We hope they will repeat their Exhibition.—*Chicago Times.*

We consulted our wife on the subject, and she recommends them as she does sewing-machines—*good for stitches in the side.*—*N. Y. Independent.*

If you do not increase in weight after attending this Exhibition, there is no truth in the old adage of "laugh and grow fat."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Then make the very soles of your shoes tremble. * * * We are willing to contribute our *last* and our *awl* to them.—*Boston Cobbler.*

Our tailors have been kept busy for the last week sewing buttons on the pantaloons of those who have attended the Exhibitions of the THESPIAN CADETS. * * * They have done nothing but "sow tares." * * * The strongest cassimere gives way under the laughter the CADETS cause you.—*The Tailor's Goose.*

The best of medicine for the "blues."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Landlords will undoubtedly make money this winter, on account of the big rents in coats and pantaloons, caused by excessive laughter at the CADETS' Exhibition.—*Real Estate News.*

DeGroot's song and dance made us wish we were a boy again.—*Musical News.*

The singing was admirable; Nilsson and Patti are nowhere. * * * "Oichou Muia" was as pretty

a piece of warbling as we ever heard.—*Musical Review.*

We understand that the CADETS leave for "Turkey" to-morrow, by way of "Greece."—*Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.*

Church Music.

For reasons beyond our control and that of our choir, we have not yet fully realized our expectations. But we do not give up for this. We know that all the members of the choir wish as much as we do the success of our undertaking, and the late measure we have taken cannot fail to secure a complete success. We may as well declare here that the style of Church music we wish to establish at Notre Dame is as much a matter of conscience for us as one of taste. We are not ignorant of the many decrees issued in Rome for the maintenance in the Church of a truly religious music, and as we have more efficient means here than can be found in many other places to have the proper music, we are determined to have the Palestrina style and no other, in the services of the Church.

Those of our young friends who criticise this kind of music show simply that they are not musicians, for the only solid objection to the use of Palestrina would be that it is so perfect and so classical. But this difficulty does not deter us from the undertaking, and we confidently hope that ere long all will agree with us on this point, and see that this music is truly sublime and beautiful.

To corroborate the above remarks, we give the appendix to the circular, issued in Rome some years ago by the Cardinal Vicar, with the approbation of his Holiness Pius IX. We may publish ere long the circular itself.

INSTRUCTION FOR THE CHAPEL MASTERS.

If all the composers of music sought their inspirations in piety and religion, as some do who have the right spirit; if they always had in their minds, that their music should turn to the praise of God in His holy temple, and to excite the faithful to devotion, there would have been no need of laying down rules for musical compositions. But it is only too true that sometimes, to the great surprise of those who are truly pious, there is often heard in churches, musical performances altogether unworthy of the house of God, and which clearly show that the composer, far from keeping in view the services of the Divine Majesty and the edification of the faithful, has only aimed at displaying the brilliancy of his own talents, and that forgetting the Holy of Holies, he has thought only of the theatre, not only by employing its peculiar style of melody but also by transferring to the Church fragments of theatrical pieces to which he has sometimes forcibly adapted the words of the sacred liturgy.

Now, to the end that so great a scandal may not recur and that composers who write for the church may have a guide to prevent them from going astray, we prescribe as follows:

Music destined for the church should be removed from profane and theatrical music, not only in the style but also in the manner of conducting it. Consequently: are prohibited all subjects which are not religiously inspired by the words, and which would recall the theatre.

Are prohibited movements that are too lively and exciting; if the words require quick movements to express joy, let that be expressed by the sweetness of religious alacrity, and not by the abandoned vivacity of the ball-room. In all movements, slow or rapid, the words of the sacred text should be distinctly pronounced, and never more rapidly than is done in ordinary speech.

The words must be adapted to music in the order which they hold in the text. After fully expressing a sentiment, it will be allowable to repeat some words or phrase according to necessity, without inversion, without confusion and with

due moderation. When the words are chanted simultaneously by several voices, it is prohibited to distribute some of the words to one part, and others to other parts; this is to be understood of the first time the words are sung.

All the words must be sung, without addition, without omission. It is not allowed even to change a syllable.

Are prohibited, arias, duos and trios, in imitation of the theatre.

Is altogether forbidden the *recitative*, and whatever approaches it.

Is prohibited the so-called *cabaletta*, as also the entire repetition of a piece, unless it be of a short phrase or period necessary to express the sentiment of the words.

Long introductions and preludes of instrumental music must be avoided, whether of the full orchestra or of solo instruments; the preludes should be restrained to a few measures only.

Without taking from the instrumentation the grace and coloring required by art and good taste, excessive softness and immoderate loudness must be avoided as unbecoming and tiresome in the house of God.

Let the composer never forget that instruments are merely tolerated in the church, and they should simply help and sustain the chant and not govern it, and still less fatigue, overwhelm or reduce it only to an accessory.

The prescriptions in this instruction, form an integral part of our circular of the 18th November, current, and particularly of article third, of which they are the interpretation. They will therefore be observed as the ordinance of the said circular.

From our residence, 20th November, 1856,
C. CARDINAL VICAR.

JOSEPH TAMANI, Sec.

The Minims' Banquet.

The Thespians, the St. Edwards', and the Band may talk about their banquets, but we maintain emphatically and *nem. con.* that the Minims' banquet was the banquet of the season. In view of the fact that it takes sixty minims to make one fluidrachm, a rash individual might hastily conclude that the banquet was a dry one. Such, however, was by no means the case. Nectar—or beverages rivalling nectar—flowed promiscuously around. Oysters descended into the depths of many an abyss, and feathered fowls,—relations of that same rooster that sparkled upon the Minims' programme of the evening previous—sought a final roost beneath the heaving diaphragms of the determined assailants of the banquet. Fruits in an admirable state of preservation were kept from spoiling, and more solid contents flanked the board. Nor was the flow of soul impeded by these creature comforts. On the contrary, great was the hilarity thereof, and the table was in a roar the whole time. Speeches being absolutely necessary to conclude a concern of this description, Rev. Father Superior rose and said a few words. Then Prof. Stace rose and said a few words. Then Rev. Mr. O'Connell rose and said a few words; and a gentleman that sat next me was trembling in his boots lest he also should be obliged to rise and say a few words, when he was saved by a timely grace. So may it be with us all.

SCIURUS.

THE Typographical Corps return their thanks to the Editor of the AVE MARIA for his practical remembrance of them in the bestowal of Christmas appreciatives, but especially for the words of cheer, comfort and commendation, which we would be pleased to have all our friends read, but dare not (his and our modesty forbids) publish.

M.

The Band's New Year's Banquet.

We must return our sincere thanks to the ever hospitable and cordial Bro. Ildephonsus for his kindness in tendering to the members of the Band an invitation to one of those princely banquets that would have made the rollicking "Jack Falstaff" rub his hands and smile with delight. It was, indeed, a practical "Happy New Year"! It was more than a shake of the hand, a smile, and a "Happy New Year to you, sir"! It was two long tables—it was turkeys—it was oysters—it was—but we will not be able to finish what we began, if we keep on enumerating and specifying; suffice it to say, it was the result of Bro. Ildephonsus' best efforts—and many are aware what those efforts are when exerted in the culinary art.

The Philodemics may raise their heads with dignity and talk of their lectures, and smile with grim satisfaction at not following the banqueting idol; the Thespians may use dramatic eloquence in behalf of their "royal" banquet; the St. Ed's may congratulate themselves on their numerous "toasts" offered with empty glasses; the Thespian Cadets, the youthful and jovial organization that has so suddenly sprung up in our midst, may offer their "burlesques," "Opera Bouffes" and oysters;—but the Band can justly "blow" of the grand banquet that was so kindly tendered them on New Year's Day.

M.

THE performance of the Thespian Cadets on Tuesday evening, reflects great credit upon Bro. Emmanuel, M. J. Moriarty and Charles Hutchings. Bro. Emmanuel is the prefect of the little fellows, and to his energetic efforts their success is in a great manner due. He worked unceasingly to make it a success and he succeeded. Mr. M. J. Moriarty gave a great deal of his time to the training of the youngsters, and much of our amusement at the Exhibition is due to his efforts. Mr. Charles Hutchings deserves the thanks of all lovers of fun, for the great and unceasing pains which he took upon himself to make the little musicians and dancers perfect. No one could be more accommodating than he was, devoting, as he did, much of his time during the holidays to their instruction. Prof. Stace, A. M., who wrote for the occasion the Opera Bouffe of "Il Ciriegio," deserves great credit for the manner in which he had the Minims bring out his production. His play was really excellent.

WE must not forget to return thanks to the Notre Dame Cornet Band for their good singing on Christmas and New Year's day. The members of the Choir, as all are aware, have, like the rest of the Students, gone home to spend their holidays. And we are very thankful for the good will of the members of the Notre Dame Cornet Band in assisting the members of the Choir who remained at the College.

R.

Two of the most popular conductors running out of this city are Robert Hughes and A. R. Greenfield, of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad. A few days ago the railroad company, through C. F. Hatch, Esq., the General Superintendent, presented each of them with \$250, to help them out of the difficulties into which they were thrown by the fire.—*Chicago Times.*

THOMPSON is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hog's head, and she said there was none. He said that was not the right answer and left.

TABLE OF HONOR—MINIM DEPT.

December 2d—H. Faxon, C. Faxon, P. Gall, H. Edgell, H. Porter, G. Voelker.

by M. Moriarty

At a meeting of the Thespian Cadets, held Wednesday, January 3d, 1872, Eddie DeGroot was called to the Chair, and Elwood Dasher was appointed Secretary.

On motion of Eddie McMahon, a Committee on Resolutions was appointed, composed of the following persons, viz.: Harry Porter, Harry Edgell, Stephen McMahon, Harry Faxon, and Andy McIntosh.

The Committee appointed presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Minims are due to Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M., for writing for them the beautiful Opera Bouffe of *Il Ciriegio*.

Resolved, That the same are due to Mr. Charles Hutchings for the great interest which he manifested for them, and the hard work which he took upon himself for their benefit.

Resolved, That the same are due to Bro. Emmanuel for the interest which he has taken in them at all times, especially in preparing for the Exhibition.

Resolved, That the same are due to Mr. Marcus J. Moriarty for the instructions which he gave them in preparing for the stage.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

(Signed) S. MCMAHON,
H. PORTER,
H. EDGELL,
A. MCINTOSH,
H. FAXON, } Committee.

These resolutions on the motion of Eddie Raymond, seconded by Maurice Farnbaker, were unanimously adopted, after which the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

E. Dasher, Secretary.
E. DeGroot, Chairman.

THE Minims thank Bros. Leo and Norbert for their trouble at the Minim banquet. They would have thanked them at their meeting on Wednesday, only it was held before the dinner.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the conduct of the Thespian Cadets at their splendid lunch was that of little gentlemen—it was excellent in every particular. Very Rev. Father General, whose absence was universally regretted, would have been delighted to see his highest expectations fully realized.

JUNIOR REFECTORIAN.

THE Lake Shore road is busy with its second track, and in a few weeks its northern division between Cleveland and Toledo, *via* Sandusky, will be open, and the road for the entire length of Lake Erie will be double tracked.

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" " 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 5 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8.20 p. m.
" " 3.15 a. m.	" " 6.50 a. m.
" " 4.30 a. m.	" " 7.20 a. m.
" " 5.22 p. m.	" " 9.20 p. m.

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