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ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

WILDNEY.

That punishment's the best to bear
That follows soonest on the sin,
And guilt's a game where losers fare
Better than those who seem to win.

COV. PATMORE.

At the beginning of this quarter, Eric and Duncan had succeeded to one of the studies, and Owen shared with Montagu the one which adjoined it.

Latterly the small boys, in the universal spirit of disobedience, had frequented the studies a good deal, but it was generally understood that no sudy-boy might ask any one to be a regular visitor to his room without the leave of its other occupant.

So one evening Duncan said to Eric, "Do you know little Wildney?"

"You mean that jolly fearless-looking little fellow, with the great black eyes, who came at the beginning of the quarter? No, I don't know him."

"Well, he's a very nice little fellow; a regular devil."

"Humph!" said Eric, laughing, "I shall bring out a new Duncan-dictionary, in which *kerkokeronuzos* = very nice little fellow."

"Pooh!" said Duncan; "you know well enough what I mean; I mean he's not one of your white-faced, lily-hearted new boys, but has lots of fun in him."

"Well, what of him?"

"Have you any objection to my asking him to sit in the study when he likes?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Very well, I'll go and fetch him now. But wouldn't you like to ask your brother Vernon to come in too, whenever he's inclined?"

"No," said Eric, "I don't care. He does come every now and then."

Duncan went to fetch Wildney, and while he was gone, Eric was thinking *why* he didn't give Vernon the free run of his study. He would not admit to himself the true reason, which was, that he had too much ground to fear that his example would do his brother no good.

Eric soon learned to like Wildney, who was a very bright, engaging, spirited boy, with a dash of pleasant impudence about him which took Eric's fancy. He had been one of the most mischievous of the lower fellows, but although clever, did little or nothing in school, and was in the worst repute with the masters. Until he was "taken up" by Eric, he had been a regular little hero among his compeers, because he was game for any kind of mischief, and, in the new tone of popular morality, his fearless disregard of rules made him the object of general admiration. From this time, however, he was much in the studies, and unhappily carried

with him to those upper regions the temptation to a deeper and more injurious class of transgressions than had yet penetrated there.

It was an ill day for General Wildney when he sent his idolized little son to Roslyn; it was an ill day for Eric when Duncan first asked the child to frequent their study.

It was past nine at night, and the lower school had gone to bed, but there was Wildney quietly sitting on Eric's knee by the study fire, while Duncan was doing some Arnold's verses for him to be shown up next day.

"Bother these verses," said Duncan, "I shall have a whiff. Do you mind, Eric?"

"No; not at all."

"Give me a weed, too," said Wildney.

"What! young un—you don't mean to say you smoke?" asked Eric, in surprise.

"Don't I, though? let me show you. Why, a whole lot of us went and smoked two or three pipes by Riverbend only yesterday."

"Phew!" said Eric; "then I suppose I must smoke too to keep you in countenance;" and he took a cigar. It was the first time he had touched one since the day at the Stack. The remembrance made him gloomy and silent. "*Tempora mutantur*," thought he, "*nos et mutamur in illis*."

"Why, how glum you are," said Wildney, patting him on the head.

"Oh no!" said Eric, shaking off unpleasant memories. "Look," he continued, pointing out of the window to change the subject, "what a glorious night it is! Nothing but stars, stars, stars."

"Yes," said Duncan, yawning, "this smoking makes one very thirsty. I wish I'd some beer."

"Well, why shouldn't we get some?" said Wildney; "it would be very jolly."

"Get some! What! at this time of night?"

"Yes; I'll go now, if you like, to Ellan, and be back before ten."

"Nonsense," said Eric; "it ain't worth while."

"I believe you think I'm afraid," said Wildney, laughing, and looking at Eric with his dark eyes; "and what's more, I believe *you're* afraid."

"Little whippersnapper!" said Eric, coloring, "as if I was afraid to do anything *you* dare do. I'll go with you at once, if you like."

"What are you thinking of?" asked Duncan; "I don't care twopence about the beer, and I hope you won't go."

"But I will, though," said Eric, a little nettled that Wildney, of all people, should think him wanting in pluck.

"But how will you get out?"

"Oh, I'll show you a dodge there," said Wildney; "Come along. Have you a dark lantern?"

"No, but I'll get Llewellyn's."

"Come along, then."

So the little boy of twelve took the initiative, and, carrying the dark lantern, instructed the two study-boys of sixteen in a secret which had long been known to the lower part of the school.

"*Ibant obscuri dubiū sub luce*." He led them quietly down stairs, stole with them noiselessly past the library door, and took them to a window in the passage, where a pane was broken.

"Could you get through that?" he whispered to Eric, "if we broke away the rest of the glass?"

"I don't know. But, then, there's the bar outside."

"Oh, I'll manage that. But will you go and peep through the key-hole of the library, and see who's there, Duncan?"

"No," said Duncan, bluntly, "no key-holes for me."

"Hush! then I will," and he glided away, while Eric, as quietly as he could, broke away the glass until it was all removed.

"There's only old Stupid," whispered he, irreverently designating an under-master named Harley, "and he's asleep before the fire. Now, then, just lift me up, Eric, will you?"

Eric lifted him, and he removed the nails which fastened the end of the bar. They looked secure enough, and were nails an inch long driven into the mortar; but they had been successfully loosened, and only wanted a little pull to bring them out. In one minute, Wildney had unfastened and pushed down one end of the bar. He then got through the broken pane, and dropped down outside. Eric followed with some little difficulty, for the aperture would only just admit his passage; and Duncan, going back to the study, anxiously awaited their return.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the autumn air was pleasant and cool. But Eric's first thought as he dropped on the ground, was one of shame that he should suffer his new friend, a mere child, so easily to tempt him into disobedience and sin. He had hardly thought till then of what their errand was to be, but now he couldn't help so strongly disapproving of it, that he was half inclined to turn back. He did not, however, dare to suggest this, lest Wildney should charge him with cowardice, and betray it to the rest. Besides, the adventure had its own excitement, the stars looked splendid, and the stolen waters were sweet.

"I hope we shan't be seen crossing the playground," said Wildney. "My eye, shouldn't we catch it!"

He was obviously beginning to be afraid; so Eric assumed an air of nonchalance, and played the part of protector.

"Here, take my arm," he said; and as Wildney grasped it tight, instead of feeling angry and ashamed at having been misled by one so much his junior, Eric felt strongly drawn towards him by community of danger and interest. Reaching Ellan, it suddenly struck him that he did not know where they were going to buy the beer. He asked Wildney.

"Oh, I see you're not half up to snuff," said Wildney, whose courage had risen; "I'll show you."

He led to a little low public-house, whence tipsy songs were booming, and tapped at a side door three times. As they looked in they saw some sailors boozing in a dirty tap-room, and enveloped in tobacco-smoke.

The side-door was opened, and a cunning wicked-looking man held up a light to see who they were.

"Hullo, Billy," said Wildney confidentially, "all serene; give us two bottles of beer—on tick, you know."

"Yes sir—d'reckly," said the man, with a hateful twinkle of the eyes. "So you're out for a spree," he continued, winking in a knowing way. "Won't you walk into the back parlor while I get them?" And he showed them into a dingy horrid room behind the house, stale with smoke, and begrimed with dust.

Eric was silent and disgusted, but Wildney seemed quite at home. The man soon returned with the beer. "Wouldn't you like a glass of summat now, young gen'leman?" he asked in an insinuating way.

"No, Billy! don't jabber—we must be off. Here, open the door."

"Stop, I'll pay," said Eric. "What's the damage?"

"Three shilling, sir," said the man. "Glad to see a new customer, sir." He pocketed the money and showed them out, standing to look after them with a malicious leer as they disappeared, and jerking his left thumb over his shoulder.

"Faugh!" said Eric, taking a long breath as they got out again into the moonlight, "what a poisonous place! Good gracious, Charlie, who introduced you there?"

"Oh, I don't think much of going *there*," said Wildney, carelessly; "we go every week almost."

"We! who?"

"Oh, Brigson and a lot of us. We have a club there which we call 'the Anti-muffs,' and that's our smoking-room."

"And is that horrid beast the landlord?"

"Yes; he was an old school-servant, and there's no harm in him that I know of."

But Eric only "phewed" again two or three times, and thought of Montagu.

Suddenly Wildney clutched him by the arm, and pulled him into the deep shadow of a porch, whispering in a low tone, "Look!"

Under a lamp-post, directly opposite them, stood Mr. Rose. He had heard voices and footsteps a moment before, and, puzzled at their sudden cessation in the noiseless street, he was looking round.

"We must run for it," whispered Wildney hastily, as Mr. Rose approached the porch; and the two boys took to their heels, and scampered away as hard as they could, Eric helping on Wildney by taking his hand, and neither of them looking behind. They heard Mr. Rose following them at first, but soon distanced him, and reached a place where two roads met, either of which would lead to the school.

"We won't go by the road; I know a short cut by the fields. What fun!" said Wildney, laughing.

"What an audacious little monkey you are; you know all sorts of dodges," said Eric.

They had no time to talk, but with a speed winged by fear got to the school, sprang on the buttress beneath the window, effected their entrance, and vanished after replacing the bar—Eric to his study, and Wildney to his dormitory.

"Here's a go!" said the latter, as they ran up stairs; "I've smashed one of the beer-bottles in getting through the window, and my trousers are deluged with the stuff."

They had hardly separated when Mr. Rose's step was heard on the stairs. He was just returning from a dinner-party, when the sight of two boys and the sound of their voices startled him in the street, and their sudden disappearance made him sure that they were Roslyn boys, particularly when they began to run. He strongly suspected that he recognized Wildney as one of them, and therefore made straight for his dormitory, which he entered, just as that worthy had thrust the beer-stained trousers under his bed. Mr. Rose walked up

quietly to his bed-side, and observed that he was not asleep, and that he still had half his clothes on. He was going away when he saw a little bit of the trousers protruding under the mattress, and giving a pull, out they came wringing wet with the streams of beer. He could not tell at first what this imported, but a fragment of the bottle fell out of the pocket with a crash on the floor, and he then discovered. Taking no notice of Wildney's pretended sleep, he said quietly, "Come to me before breakfast to-morrow, Wildney," and went down stairs.

Eric came in soon after, and found the little fellow vainly attempting to appear indifferent, as he related to his admiring auditors the night's adventure; being evidently rather proud of the "Eric and I," which he introduced every now and then into his story?

"Has he twigg'd you?"

"Yes."

"And me?"

"I don't know; we shall see to-morrow."

"I hope not," said Eric; "I'm sorry for you, Charlie."

"Can't be cured, must be endured," said Wildney.

"Well, good night! and don't lose heart."

Eric went back to Duncan in the study, and they finished the other bottle of beer between them though without much enjoyment, because they were full of surmises as to the extent of the discovery, and the nature of the punishment.

Eric went in to tell Montagu of their escapade.

He listened very coldly, and said, "Well, Eric, it would serve you right to be caught. What business have you to be going out at night at the invitation of contemptible small fry, like this little Wildney?"

"I beg you won't speak of any friend of mine in those terms," said Eric, drawing up haughtily.

"I hope you don't call a bad little boy like Wildney, who'd be no credit to any one, *your* friend, Eric?"

"Yes I do though. He's one of the pluckiest, finest, most promising fellows in the lower school."

"How I begin to hate that word plucky," said Montagu; "it's made the excuse here for everything that's wrong, base, and unmanly. It seems to me it's infinitely more 'plucky' just now to do your duty and not be ashamed of it."

"You've certainly required *that* kind of pluck to bear you up lately, Monty," said Owen, looking up from his books.

"Pluck!" said Montagu, scornfully; "you seem to me to think it consists in lowering yourself down to the level of that odious Brigson, and joining hand and glove with the dregs of the school."

"Dregs of the school! Upon my word, you're cool, to speak of any of my associates in that way," said Eric, now thoroughly angry.

"Associates!" retorted Montagu, hotly; "pretty associates! How do you expect anything good to go on, when fellows high in the school like you have such dealings with the refined, honorable Brigson, and the exemplary, intellectual Wildney?"

"You're a couple of confounded muffs!" shouted Eric, banging the door, and flinging into his own study again without further reply.

"Haven't you been a little hard on him, considering the row he's in?" asked Owen.

Montagu's head was resting on his hand as he bent over the table. "Perhaps I have, indeed. But who could help it, Owen, in the present state of things? Yes, you're right," he said, after a pause; "this wasn't the time to speak. I'll go and talk to him again. But how utterly changed he is!"

He found Eric on the stairs going down to bed with an affectation of noise and gaiety. He ran after him, and said:

"Forgive me my passion and sarcasm, Williams.

You know I am apt to express myself strongly." He could not trust himself to say more, but held out his hand.

Eric got red, and hesitated for a moment.

"Come, Eric, it isn't *wholly* my fault, is it, that we are not so warm to each other as we were when . . ."

"Oh, Monty, Monty!" said Eric, softened by the allusion; and he warmly grasped his friend's proffered hand,

"Oh, Eric!"

The two shook hands in silence, and as they left each other they felt that while things continued thus their friendship could not last. It was a sad thought for both.

Next morning Wildney received a severe flogging, but gained great reputation by not betraying his companion and refusing to drop the least hint as to their means of getting out, or their purpose in visiting Ellan. So the secret of the bar remained undiscovered, and when any boy wanted to get out at night—(unhappily the trick now became common enough)—he had only to break a pane of glass in that particular window, which, as it was in the passage, often remained unattended and undiscovered for weeks.

After the flogging, Mr. Rose said shortly to Eric, "I want to speak to you."

The boy's heart misgave him as they entered the familiar library.

"I think I suspect who was Wildney's companion."

Eric was silent.

"I have no proof, and shall not therefore act on vague suspicion; but the boy whom I *do* suspect is one whose course lately has given me the deepest pain; one who has violated all the early promise he gave; one who seems to be going farther and farther astray, and sacrificing all moral principle to the ghost of a fleeting and most despicable popularity—to the approval of those whom he cannot himself approve."

Eric still silent.

"Whatever you do *yourself*, Williams"—(it was the first time for two years that Mr. Rose had called him "Williams," and he winced a little)—"whatever you do *yourself*, Williams, rests with *you*; but remember it is a ten-thousandfold heavier and more accursed crime to set stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and abuse your influence to cause any of Christ's little ones to perish."

"I wasn't the tempter, however," thought Eric, still silent;—it was the silence of pride and unwilling conviction.

"Well, you seem hardened, and give no sign. Believe me, Williams, I grieve for you, and that bitterly. My interest in you is no less warm, though my affection for you cannot be the same. You may go."

"Another friend alienated, and oh, how true a one! He has not asked me to see him once this term," thought Eric, sadly; but a shout of pleasure greeted him directly he joined the football in the play-ground, and half consoled, he hoped Mr. Rose had heard it, and understood that it was meant for the boy whom he had just been rebuking. "Well, after all," he thought, "I have *some* friends still."

Yes, friends, such as they were! Except Duncan, hardly one boy whom he really respected ever walked with him now. Even little Wright, one of the very few lower boys who had risen superior to Brigson's temptations, seemed to keep clear of him as much as he could: and, in absolute vacuity, he was obliged to associate with fellows like Attlay, and Graham, and Llewellyn, and Ball.

Even with Ball! All Eric's repugnance for this boy seemed to have evaporated; they were often together, and, to all appearance, were sworn friends. Eric did not shrink now from such conversation as was pursued unchecked in his presence by nearly every one; nay, worse, it had lost its horror, and he was neither afraid nor ashamed to join in it

himself. This plague-spot had fretted more deeply than any other into the heart of the school morality, and the least boys seemed the greatest proficients in unbarring, without a blush, its hideous ugliness.

Astronomy—No. 11.

A SYNOPSIS OF ITS HISTORY.

Comets either revolve around the sun in elliptic orbits, or move in curve lines called by mathematicians *parabolas* and *hyperbolas*. Elliptic comets may be considered as belonging to the solar system, the others only as visitants to it, since they come from distant regions of space, move around one side of the sun, and then pass quickly in paths that never return into themselves, but are constantly divergent.

The elliptic comets are divided into two classes, those of short periods and those of long periods. Comets generally bear the name of the astronomers who discovered them or calculated their element and predicted their return at a certain date. The most noted of these is the comet of Encke, the period of which is about $3\frac{1}{4}$ years, eighteen of which have been recorded. The others are De Vico's, whose period is $5\frac{1}{2}$ years; Winneck's, $5\frac{1}{2}$ years; Brorsen's, five and three-fifths years; Biela's, six and three-fifths years; D'Arrest's, $6\frac{5}{8}$ years; Faye's, $7\frac{1}{2}$ years.

The comet of 1744 is estimated to require nearly one hundred and twenty-three years to complete one revolution. That of 1844, one hundred and two thousand years, and the great comet of 1680, about nine thousand years, while to the comet of 1311 a period of three thousand years is assigned. The velocity of comets is amazingly great, and can only be produced under the direction of an Almighty and Supreme power. The comet of 1843 moved in its perihelion, or swept round the sun from one side to the other, in about *two hours*, or at the rate of 1,260,000 miles per hour, or three hundred and fifty miles per minute!

Lexell's comet is particularly noticed for the amount of disturbance it has suffered in passing among the planets. From observations made in 1770, Lexell calculated its period at five and one half years. This comet really returned in 1779, but was hid by the sun's rays. In 1779 its orbit was changed by the attraction of Jupiter. The fact that it never appeared previous to 1770 is accounted for in a similar way. Its orbit, in 1767, was changed from one of large to one of smaller dimensions, and in 1770 its distance from the earth was less than 1,500,000 miles. The comet of 1744 was the finest in the eighteenth century, and, according to some, it had six tails spread out like a fan. Euler calculated its elliptic orbit, and assigned it a period of three hundred and thirty-six years and forty-three days.

Biela's comet is one of the elliptic, short period comets. The orbit of this body nearly crosses the actual path of the earth, and in 1832 Olber calculated that it would come within twenty thousand miles of the earth. The earth, however, did not reach the node until one month after the comet had passed.

The comet of 1811 was very remarkable for its unusual magnitude. It was attentively observed by Sir William Herschel. Its tail extended twenty-five degrees, with a breadth of six degrees. Arge-lander, who investigated its elements, assigns it a period of more than three thousand years, and also assigns it an aphelion distance of 40,121 *million of miles* from the sun!

The comet of 1843 was remarkable for its extraordinary size and splendor. It had a tail of sixty degrees in length, and approached within seventy-five thousand miles of the sun; its period is estimated at from one hundred and seventy-five to three hundred and seventy-five years.

Donati's comet appeared in 1858 and was called after its discoverer in Florence. As it approached its perihelion it attained great magnitude and splendor. Its period has been estimated at one thousand nine hundred years.

About thirty comets have appeared since that of Donati, the elements of which have been counted; the most remarkable were the comets of 1861, described as being the most magnificent on record, having a tail of one hundred degrees in length, and that of 1863 which was very interesting from the peculiar phenomena which it presented of luminous jets issuing in a continued series from its nucleus.

The great comet of 1853 was discovered by Mr. Klinkerfues, at Göttingen on the 10th of June, at which time it was a faint telescopic object. About the 7th of August it began to be faintly visible to the naked eye, on the 20th it was equal to a star of the third or fourth magnitude, on the 30th it was as bright as a star of the first magnitude. From that to the 4th of September he observed it at mid-day, although only seven or eight degrees from the sun; also on the 3d of September, about noon, Mr. Hartnup of the Liverpool observatory, saw the comet distinctly with his telescope. By the 1st of September the tail had increased to a length of about fifteen degrees. This comet was visible in various parts of the world: at Santiago de Chili, until the 7th of October, at the Cape of Good Hope it was observed until the 11th of January, and in New Zealand until the 15th of September.

It would seem that this would be the proper place in which to introduce a short account of meteors or falling stars, which are small luminous bodies that move rapidly through the atmosphere followed by trains of light and quickly vanishing. They sometimes appear in numbers so great as to seem like showers of stars.

These star-showers are found to occur at certain periods. Every year about the 14th of November, there is a larger fall than usual of meteors. But about every thirty-three years, it has been noticed, there is a great star-shower. Those which occurred in November 1866, had been predicted from previous events of the kind. Thus a star-shower occurred in November, 1832, also in 1799, and there are eighteen observations of the phenomenon from 1698 to 692, all corresponding in periods to that mentioned above.

The shower of 1799 was awful and sublime beyond conception. It was witnessed by Humboldt and his companion, M. Bonpland, at Camaná, in South America, and is thus described by him: "Towards the morning of the 13th of September, 1799, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting stars. Thousands of *bolides* and falling stars succeeded each other for four hours. Their direction was very regular from north to south, and from the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with *bolides* or falling stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds."

The same display was witnessed throughout the whole of North and South America and some parts of Europe.

The most splendid display on record was that of November 13th, 1833, and is especially interesting as serving to point out the periodicity of these phenomena. Over the northern portion of the American continent the spectacle was of the most imposing grandeur. And in many parts of the country the population were terror-stricken at the awfulness of the scene. The slaves in the Southern States supposed that the world was on fire, and filled the air with shrieks of horror and cries for mercy. The shower of 1866 was anticipated with great interest in New York and other places. It was not witnessed in this country, but in En-

gland it was very brilliant, as many as eight thousand being counted at Greenwich observatory.

There are particular times of the year at which large displays of shooting stars have been observed to occur at certain intervals. The principal of these are November 13th and 14th, and August 6th and 11th. Of three hundred and fifteen recorded meteoric displays, sixty-three seem to have occurred at this epoch. The first eleven, with one exception, were observed in China, between A. D. 811, and A. D. 933, and occurred a few days previous to August 1st. The immense velocity of these bodies, being about twice that of the earth in its orbit, or thirty-six miles in a second, and the great elevation at which they become visible, the average being sixty miles, indicate that they are not of terrestrial, but of cosmical, origin; that is, they emanate from the interplanetary regions, and being brought within the sphere of the earth's attraction, precipitate themselves upon its surface. Moving through the higher regions of the air, they become so intensely heated by friction that they ignite, and are either converted into vapor, or, when very large, explode, and descend to the earth's surface as meteoric stones or areolites.

Fire balls are large meteors that make their appearance at a great height above the earth's surface, moving with immense velocity, and accompanied by a luminous train, they generally explode with a loud noise, and often descend to the earth in large masses. The most ancient fall of meteoric stones on record is that mentioned by Livy, which occurred on the Alban hill, near Rome, about the year 654 B. C. In 1783, a fire ball of vast size was seen in Scotland, England and France; it produced a sound like distant thunder, although at the height of fifty miles when it exploded. Its diameter was about half a mile, and its velocity equal to that of the earth in its orbit. The materials composing these bodies are nearly always the same, consisting largely of iron, and in no case of any other elementary substances than are found on the earth. A mass of this description was found in Siberia, weighing 1,680 lbs. At Buenos Ayres there is a mass supposed to weigh sixteen tons, and a similar block, weighing about six tons, was lately found in Brazil. There is also a fine areolite, a perfect sphere, six inches in diameter, to be seen in the museum in Notre Dame University, Indiana.

It is impossible to conceive a more magnificent spectacle, nor one more worthy of the contemplation of an intelligent being, than that which is presented to our view by the starry firmament in an unclouded sky a few hours after the setting of the sun. We then observe innumerable brilliant points, spread in every direction over the azure canopy of the heavens, various in magnitude and lustre, differently disposed in regard to each other, and arranged in groups to which the imagination will readily attribute numerous ideal forms and characters. The stars are luminous bodies like the sun, but situated at so vast a distance from the earth that they seem like brilliant points, and always in nearly the same positions in respect to each other.

The scintillations, or twinkling of the stars, is due to the inequalities in density, moisture, etc., of the different strata of the atmosphere through which the rays of light pass. In tropical regions, where the atmosphere is more clear, this scintillation is rarely observed.

As to the actual magnitude and distance of the *fixed stars*, we may be said to be almost wholly unacquainted with either. All that we are able to state with certainty is, that their distance is immense. We know that the distance of the earth from the sun is about ninety-one and one-half million of miles, and consequently the diameter of our orbit is one hundred and eighty-three millions of miles. We therefore view the stars, or any one of them in particular, from two separate points at different times in the year, which are distant from each other one hundred and eighty-three millions of miles, and yet we are not able to detect any difference in their apparent places. If a change of place amounting to only one second of arc is obtained, there is no doubt that it would be detected by the accuracy of modern instruments and observations. We know, therefore, that an isosceles triangle, having the earth's orbit for its base, and having its vortex in the nearest fixed star, does not subtend an angle of one second. The nearest star, therefore, must be distant from us more than twenty billions of miles, and how much their distance may exceed it is impossible to say, much less are we able even to conjecture as to their actual magnitude. J. F.

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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.

NEARLY all the students have returned from the holidays.

SKATING was never better on the lakes than it is at present.

THE ice-boat was rigged and put in flying trim by Bro. Wilfrid and Bro. Polycarp.

REV. FATHER MARINE and two Brothers left here for New Orleans and Texas last Tuesday.

PROF. T. E. HOWARD will deliver his first lecture on English Literature Thursday evening, 13th inst.

ALL the classes are now in splendid working order, and every student is doing his best to make up for lost time.

WE spent some very agreeable hours with our old friend Mr. John Fitzgibbon, who came to Notre Dame this week to prove in *propria persona* that auld acquaintance is not forgot.

THE Mexican ponies, so long expected, arrived this week, and are now recruiting their strength and spirits in the farm stable. We do not know whether they are all intended for St. Mary's. The Minims would be glad to know it.

WE have news from St. Laurent's College, Canada East, by which we learn that the institution is in a very flourishing condition. The number of boarding Students is over two hundred, while many others attending the same College are day scholars. St. Laurent is under the direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

IT is again our painful duty to chronicle the sad news of the death of one of our old and best students, Master John Klein, who was killed at a late fire in his own city, Mansfield, Ohio, while endeavoring to save property. He was buried with fireman's honors and had one of the largest funeral attendance, ever witnessed in Mansfield.

WE regret him heartily, we who knew him so well and saw in him the earnest, faithful student, growing to be an honorable man in society. His college records are such as his fellow-students who mourn his loss feel proud of. *Requiescat in pace.*

LYON & HEALY, the music-dealers, so well known to the public, have once more re-established their immense firm on a solid basis. They are now located on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Sixteenth Street, in Chicago, where they tender a kind welcome to their old patrons and visitors. After having passed through the fearful ordeal of two great fires, which each time destroyed their stock and involved them in great

losses, they have again resumed business on a scale as large as ever. The *Musical Independent*, a monthly, well known in the musical world, is published by Messrs. Lyon & Healy.

SOME Students, of the Young America pattern, imagine that the regular course of studies, which the hard-working and gifted Student find difficult to accomplish in the time specified by the Catalogue, can be reduced in time as well as in matter to suit their hurried disposition. They wish to do in a few years what reasonably demands four years. Now, why this hurry? Why run over everything with injudicious speed? Is there not abundance of time, and is not the school time the most precious of all, the least to be trifled with? To those who have this inclination to dispatch their studies, and hurry to get through College, we must say plainly that if they expect a diploma in any course, they must likewise expect a very serious and searching examination. For it must be well understood and borne in mind that no privilege or benefit of invincible ignorance can be granted to young men intending to leave the University with its honors.

THE members of the Faculty made their formal New Year's call to Very Rev. Father General and Very Rev. Father Provincial, the morning of the Epiphany, and presented the Very Rev. Fathers their good wishes of a Happy New Year. Prof. W. Ivers, spokesman to Very Rev. Father General, complimented him on the success of the Order throughout the world during the year just elapsed. He alluded, in a feeling manner, to the unhappy events that had taken place during the same year, especially those which regarded the Church and the Holy Father, and expressed, in behalf of the Faculty, the hope of the speedy triumph of justice over iniquity. Very Rev. Father General replied with the kindest words to the expressions uttered by Prof. Ivers; praised the members of the Faculty for the success which had crowned their labors during the past year, and manifested to them the high regards which he entertained for them as professors and perfect gentlemen.

Rev. Father O'Rourke, who was chosen spokesman of the Faculty to tender to Very Rev. Father Corby, the President of the University, their kind wishes and compliments of the season, alluded to the flourishing condition of the University, and the many kind offices which its professors had received at the hand of the Rev. President, and expressed to him the profound respect and sincere attachment of all the members of the Faculty. Very Rev. Father Corby replied kindly to the happy wishes of the members of the Faculty, and expressed to them the hope of a year of prosperity, both to the University and its worthy Faculty.

IN fine the Professors called on the Prefect of Studies, and expressed to him sentiments which he heartily endorsed and to which he gladly responded. The best feelings and greatest harmony having always prevailed at Notre Dame between each individual member of the Faculty, as well as between them and their officers, expressions of regard and devotedness from the one to the other are always appreciated and treasured up as precious mementos.

At two o'clock, P. M. of the same day the whole Faculty sat at a banquet, presided over by Very Rev. Father General, at which the choicest luxuries of the season were plentifully displayed.

South Bend Weekly Tribune.

WE are glad to see that the spirit of enterprise in South Bend demands another newspaper besides the excellent ones already published. The *Tribune* Printing Company, all the members of which are old friends and for a long time well known for their business and amiable social qualities, will be-

gin the publication of the *Weekly Tribune* about the end of February. We wish then success, and will welcome the paper to our sanctum.

Church Music.

That the moon is made of green cheese is considered an exploded theory, and few modern astronomers would adopt that hypothesis to account for lunar phenomena. And yet we find modern musicians who hold, concerning church music, a theory every whit as absurd and ridiculous. They assume that "figured music" is the only music for the church; that what is good for the opera should be "the thing" for the church; that all the trills and little what-you-may-call-'ems that are used by operatic and concertic singers to tickle the ears of the listeners and split kid gloves and call out encores should be carried into the house of God, and take the place of the grand chant which the Church has adopted for the divine service.

We are right well pleased to see the firm stand which the Rev. Director of St. Gregory's Society has taken in regard to music in the College church. We honor him for struggling against difficulties which to the short-sighted seemed to be insurmountable. We bear witness to his longanimity and prudence in bearing up against complaints that were made on account of the only half-success that rewarded his efforts during the transition period from the lighter style of music to the chant of Palestrina. His foresight is the more praiseworthy, as few, even among those who should have known better, thought it possible to introduce real church music into this country, and fewer still had any conception of what real church music is, or how it would sound.

While we thus give our unqualified praise to the Rev. Director, and to those, who, hoping against hope, assisted him, we admit that there was some show of reason for opposition to ecclesiastical chant.

In the first place the music in our church never degenerated into the outlandish vagaries that we hear complained of in some churches. Mozart's masses, and others of a sober and not too operatic character, were sung; the only chance that real downright profane music had of creeping into the choir was in applying it to some of the short hymns at Vespers, Benediction and the Offertory. And as but few of those who heard such airs in church had ever heard them in any other place, the great majority were fully convinced that this bogus stuff from the mint of the counterfeiting devil was genuine church music; and their judgment being thus vitiated and biased, they could not recognize the real article.

The very ones who would not be scandalized at hearing the words of sacred hymns put to the music of arias from *La Dame Blanche*, because they had never heard *La Dame Blanche* or any other opera, would strongly denounce any choir who would put the same words to the air of "Captain Jinks," or "Pop goes the weasel," or any other air which they had whistled in boyhood's days and become familiar with. And yet, to judge from what we hear is done in other places, where people think they are honoring God, who could certify that such would not find their way even into Catholic churches if a firm stand be not taken against the tendency to such tunes? We have never heard an organist play in a Catholic church as a dismissing tune, "Put me in my little bed," nor have we heard pious words put to "Shoo-fly," and sung to that tune with great edification by school children; yet, if what we hear is true, such things have been done, and are done now. Some of our New England schools, we hear, open and end their exercises by the following classic tune, adapted to what they consider pious sentiments:

Sa-tan, don't bodder me,

Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
I belong to company G.

I hear, I hear, I hear,
I hear de organ tones;
I feel, I feel, I feel,
Religion in my bones.

Well! Our music in the church having as a general rule been sober and not too flighty, many did not see any cause for a change.

And this brought on a second obstacle, in the indifference of some who could have greatly aided the introduction of ecclesiastical chant had they shown a decided interest in it.

And this in its train added a third difficulty, which consisted in the prejudices of the singers. They had no idea of ecclesiastical chant, except what they gathered from listening to some antiphons at Vespers, and once in a long while to a plain chant mass. Certainly the manner the antiphons and mass were sometimes chanted was not calculated to give good singers a high idea of ecclesiastical chant; and when the student singers perceived the indifference of others whose opinions they justly honored, they allowed their prejudices to be strengthened, and would not take the time and pains to find out the grandeur and sublimity of real church music.

These prejudices were still more firmly fixed in the minds of the singers by the fact that some of those who were appointed to lead the choir and instruct them knew but little of ecclesiastical chant themselves. This inconvenience must always be met with in the beginning; but it is unfortunate.

At the present time most of these difficulties have been surmounted by the indefatigable Director. The present leader and instructor of the choir is not only thorough in the art of modern music, but he is a master of ecclesiastical chant, and appreciates it. With such a leader the vain and absurd prejudices of singers will soon disappear; and we doubt not that ere long the grand music of Palestrina will be one of the most interesting and important features of our College music, and that in years to come Notre Dame will be known as the first institution that made this grand music known and appreciated in this country.

St. Eusebius' Day.

We are vexed to our very soul that the young ladies of the Graduating Class and of the Second and Third Senior Classes have not a better chronicler than we may ever hope to be in this sub-lunary sphere, to put on record in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC their beautiful testimonial of esteem and affection to their teacher on her Name Day. We have the pen of one of the old annalists, which can merely record that such and such an event took place,—we have not the facile goose quill of the modern reporter who will write you column upon column with only a very scant foundation of facts, but a most ponderous superstructure from his own head—his own head, sir. We do not, however, require to draw on our imagination to heighten the effect of the entertainment on St. Eusebius' day, and though we could wish to be able to do justice to the subject as a chronicler of events, we feel sure that our dry account will not spoil the real beauty of the entertainment.

An artistically arranged temporary stage was erected in the hall of the second story, in such a manner that extensive green rooms were had in the Drawing Class room and Vocal Music room, and, if need were, recourse could have been had to some twenty or more music rooms, not to speak of the unfinished apartments in the new building, for the purposes of preparing for the dramatic performances of the evening.

The usual addresses were delivered to the re-

vered recipient of the complimentary entertainment, and several songs were charmingly sung. It is unnecessary to state that the addresses were well read, for they always are at St. Mary's, and we have been always so well pleased with those we have heard that we always thought the last one the best; they have a sort of gift at St. Mary's of saying the same thing without seeming to repeat, but always making everything appear as right fresh from the mint, which gift is given only to those of excellent talents.

The *pièce de resistance* was the familiar drama of Cinderella, by whom arranged we know not, by whom played we know, but do not remember the rôle played by each young lady. The Fairy God-mother performed her good-natured, motherly, fairy acts of kindness with great good will, that showed that even off the stage, and in her own character, she was accustomed to benign acts. Cinderella's stepmother and sisters appeared the superb fashionable ladies they ought to be, yet the character was evidently assumed by the young ladies who took their parts. The aunt of Cinderella, who took the place, we suppose, of her father, was the personification of downtrodden good nature. The herald of the Prince and the Prince himself performed their parts as if they were to the manner born. Poor, good, pretty Cinderella herself was very naturally taken, and whether in her fairy robes, or in her every-day dress, which was not up to the fashions, she excited the same sympathy in the audience that fills the soul of every little boy and girl when they first read the veracious story of Cinderella in the Fairy Tales.

The play was a decided success.

And so was the second play, to wit: *The Sewing Party*. In this the young ladies were unknown to us in their dresses of ancient times, that is those far back times when ladies wore bonnets, and not hats; the change made in their appearance made them unrecognizable, and we must therefore content ourselves with saying that we were not only highly amused by the playing, but also greatly pleased by the moral of the play. May they lay it to heart,—and may we also.

"The Continental Cadets."

Twelve or thirteen years ago the "Continental Cadets" were an "institution" at Notre Dame, which engrossed much attention. It was a military company, and as fine a company as could be found in the State of Indiana. It was organized in the spring of the year 1859, by W. F. Lynch. Lynch was an enthusiastic lover of military display and an energetic organizer of military companies. No sooner had he arrived at Notre Dame than he set about organizing a company among the students. He soon succeeded in interesting some seventy students in his plans, and a company was then formed. They adopted the old blue and buff uniforms worn by Washington and the heroes of the Revolutionary war. The coat was of blue, with buff facing and braiding, and buttons of brass; the vest was buff and the necktie was white. The breeches were of blue cloth and came down to the knee, where they were fastened with brass buttons. The stockings of white reached to the knee, while the tops of the boots were ornamented with buff. The hat was three cornered, ornamented with a red and white cockade. Altogether, the dress was very picturesque, beautiful and showy. They never failed to excite the admiration of all who witnessed their parades. From their dress they took the name of "The Continental Cadets." Very Rev. Father Sorin obtained arms for them from the Governor of the State.

The "Continental Cadets" were all seniors. It was Lynch's intention to form a company among the juniors to be called the *Washington Cadets*, but though this company was organized and officered yet they never appeared in public.

Supposing that two companies would be organized, Lynch had a major and some other staff officers elected. As the second company was not successful in all its organization, the staff officers were not re-elected the following year. Yet several good jokes have been told of these officers, two of which we will give.

Mr. — was the major. One of his relatives, (we will call him George,) "roomed" with him—a youngster who did not have in him all the reverence which he should have had for his older relation. Soon after the swords and uniforms arrived, George, to the great amusement of all the little fellows in the yard, related how D— got up earlier than usual; how, supposing George to be asleep, he donned the full suit; how he stood before the mirror in the room and with great gravity went through, very awkwardly, many of the sword exercises. Now he was leading a charge against the enemy; then he was warding off a blow. Again he was plunging his sword into the heart of one of his foes. All the motions, to our great delight, George went through. Perhaps he added a little to them—but it was a great thing for us youngsters to repeat them for—not the edification of Major —.

The "Major" was very proud of his military suit—and walked with all the dignity it behooved a Major to walk. I remember the first excursion the company made was to Mishawaka. The "Major" was all in his glory, the writer, wishing to compliment him, hinted in rather a broad way that the "Major" was a perfect image of Gen. Scott. "Oh no! no!" said the "Major," with truly becoming modesty, yet, perfectly convinced that the writer had no idea whatever of humbugging him. "Indeed" said Charlie Healy, a gallant cadet, "to me he seems to resemble Gen. Taylor." This was another compliment to the "Major," which he acknowledged with bows and smiles. The crowd, seeing how easily he swallowed the compliments, walked up to him and in the space of one hour had him looking like Gen. Jackson, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Gen. Blücher, Alexander the Great,—and nearly every General that ever lived. The good old "Major," believed them all.

The company made at different times trips to South Bend, Mishawaka, Laporte, Elkhart and Niles. Lynch was very anxious to have the members go to Chicago, but Commencement-day coming on, he could not persuade them to remain here after it had passed and the trip to Chicago was abandoned.

One day the company went over to Laporte. Just before coming home, one of the citizens insisted on treating "the boys." Now it was a rule that no member should under pain of expulsion enter, while wearing the uniform, any saloon. So the gentleman had to be satisfied with treating to the cigars. He was somewhat "mellow" himself, not having any rule to restrain him from imbibing just as much as he pleased; after the treat, he expressed his desire to address the "soldiers," and he did so in this style:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, hic! you see before you, hic! the men who fought, hic! bled and died on Bunker Hill—" He was here interrupted by his friends who insisted that his wife wished to see him at home. We laughed over our *drinking*, all the way back to Notre Dame.

The company broke up at the commencement of the rebellion—most of the members enlisting in the army.

Prof. Howard, once a student at the College, was a member of the "Cadets." He afterwards enlisted in a Michigan regiment, was wounded and received an honorable discharge. Captain Lynch served with honor in the Union ranks, and was brevetted Brigadier General at the close of the war. Captain Healy entered the ranks, and was also brevetted Brigadier General during the war. "Josh" Lonergan was killed on the battle field.

Besides these, many other members of the Cadets enlisted in the cause of the flag—too many for us to name here on the spur of the moment; many were laid in Southern graves, many were crippled—and many returned to their homes to take upon themselves positions of honor and trust in the civil service. We know that all of the old members recollect with pleasure the days they passed shouldering a musket in their younger days.

A.

Additional Entrances.

John McIntyre,	Lake Forest, Ill.
N. Bloomhoff,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
M. Fitzgerald,	St. Louis, Mo.
Benj. H. Hughes,	Chicago, Ill.
Chas. W. Goit,	Chicago, Ill.
John C. Howe,	Chicago, Ill.
Edward Charais,	Kentland, Ind.
Edward Kaiser,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
William W. Gaar,	Richmond, Ind.
John E. Porter,	Louisville, Ky.
William R. Goit,	Grafton, Wis.
William H. Austin,	Woodstock, Ill.
Colly Clarke,	Chicago, Ill.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 15.—R. J. Curran, M. Keeley, C. M. Karst, T. J. Badeaux, J. M. Brown, H. Dehner, J. T. Smarr, H. Schnelker, T. A. Ireland, J. D. Waters.

December 22.—E. W. Barry, E. Graves, J. McGahan, N. Mitchell, J. Shannahan, V. Bacca, Jas. Comer, J. Dehner, M. Bastarache, T. Renshaw.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 15.—D. O'Connell, J. Carr, E. Asher, R. Lange, H. Taylor, F. McOsker, J. Stubbs, W. Morgan, E. Sheehan, J. Luebke.

December 22.—J. Kilcoin, C. Hutchings, H. Hunt, J. Devine, V. McKinnon, M. Weldon, F. Ready, W. Campbell, J. Sherlock, A. Kleine.

D. A. C., Sec.

HONORABLE MENTIONS.—MINIM DEPT.

Geography, 1st Class.—E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh, M. Farnbaker, E. Raymond, P. Gall, T. Nelson.

2nd Class.—J. Porter, E. H. Dasher, W. Dee, C. Walsh, H. Edgell.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—It can not be doubted, we believe, that the Professor and the Student are the men, among all those who devote themselves to the liberal professions, who most keenly and pleasurably appreciate the various advantages of mental relaxation. After a full school-term, well spent in diligent, serious, and conscientious study, the perhaps overstrained mental activity of the scholar imperiously requires rest, and unless that rest is secured, he can not hope to possess long the necessary amount of intellectual vigor for renewed exertion. Being perfectly convinced of the truth of this assertion, we have profited, with eager anticipation of joy, by the Christmas vacation for rustication,—for re-creating our mind, growing weary and dull by long-continued poring over ponderous tomes, and recuperating its wonted energy, enfeebled by laborious teaching. But if the necessity of relaxation was evident enough, not so obviously clear were the questions *where* and *with whom* we might best secure the desirable, and most desired advantages. Where to go? where not to go? whose company to seek? whose society to avoid? all questions for us to solve, almost as intricate and perplexing as the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet was profound—"To be or not to be,"

etc. However, we concluded after long and earnest musings, that our Mecca—the shrine-objective of our pilgrimage—lay south-east of Notre Dame; *there*, we were sure, all earthly joys could be found; *there* was our prophet. So we no sooner found ourself free from the shackles (shackles, sweet and lovable though they be!) of our professorial chair,—made indeed a freeman once more, by the gladsome advent of *Santa Claus*,—than, satchel in one hand, our trusty cane in the other, and compass in the pocket, we joyfully undertook our long-desired and firmly determined upon pilgrimage.

A few hours ride on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., one of the best railways in the country, brought us to an unpretending R. R. station, whose celebrated name tells a Frenchman a whole epos of almost unexampled disasters—Waterloo! Thence, changing our steam-horse, and taking a southern direction, we full soon caught sight of a large sign-board on which were written in really elegant characters the words: "Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," and, at the same time, heard "the man on the platform" hallo at the top of his voice: "Academie!" That was the talismanic word. To gather up our limbs and our *things* was the affair of but one second. A leap, a run and a jump brought us safely on "*terra firma*,"—"firm," sure! for the thermometer of Fahr. had marked, the day previous—17 degrees! Off went our gallant steam-horse. Down we sat by the side of the huge form of a venerable but now prostrate oak. The "Academy" is not within sight. What are we to do? How are we to reach the shrine of the Prophet? It must be towards the East. But where is the East? The sun is hid by a heavy and extensive cirro-cumulus cloud. Ha! the magnetic needle in our pocket—saved! On—we tread—our weary—way—"cum pedibus et jambis," but, O Fortune! there comes before us a noble animal of the equine kind, which drags after him a sort of palankeen. Two minutes more of accelerated and opposite progression bring us, the animal and the vehicle, within the field of distinct vision, and our knowledge of the animal kingdom enables us to distinctly determine the generic and specific names of the animal. Its skin is thick; therefore it is a pachyderm. It has only one apparent toe to each foot; therefore a soliped, a solid-ungulate. It has warts or castors on all its four legs; therefore it is not—an ass, but an *equus caballus*, L. As to what appeared, at a distance, like a palankeen, turns out to be—a common buggy,—a most respectable buggy, though! for it was once in the possession of a venerated Bishop, and afterwards was owned by—ourself! Of course, we availed ourself of the horse and buggy, and in a few minutes we stood, in full contemplation, before the elegant structure that crowns a hillock. We had reached the "Academie;" were at the shrine; we met our prophet; our pilgrimage was half accomplished.

Merry faces here, graceful bows there; a cordial welcome from the good *genius loci*—the excellent Mother Superioress; a gentle sign or word of recognition from this and that sweetly grave Sister; joyous exclamations and polite *empressement* by this and that little one—young lady, we should say; joy, satisfaction, serenity, peace, happiness, everywhere. Surely, "it is good to dwell here!" Where a mother rules her house and commands her children from principles of love, moderation, gentleness and justice, and the children yield a ready and willing obedience to their mother from sentiments of duty, respect and filial affection; where the mistresses are kind, condescending, patient and just, and the pupils diligent, attentive, grateful and affectionate; where all wants of body and mind are constantly and tenderly supplied; where piety flourishes; where politeness and good manners are practically inculcated; where the education of the heart, even more than that of the

mind, is carefully and unceasingly promoted; THERE is contentment, joy, peace, happiness. THERE we would willingly "build a tabernacle" for ourself. What say *you*, reader? Give us twenty, fifty, one hundred Academies like the "*Academie* of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," near Fort Wayne; let the young of the gentler sex fill their halls, and the face of the whole country shall be renovated, individuals more happy, society more stable, and God more adored! God bless the excellent Mother Superior, the devoted Sisters and the sweet children of the Academy of the Sacré-Cœur, who zealously and successfully do their part in the glorious work!

Yours very truly,

J. C. C.

Literary Soiree.

TO BE GIVEN BY THE ST. EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION, IN THE GRAND PARLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 16, 1872.

Programme:

Music.....Orchestra
Essay, "*Beauty of Christian Religion*," J. McGahan
Declamation—"Downfall of Poland"...T. Murphy
Essay—"Wonders of the Telescope".....J. Smarr
Declamation—"The Fire Worshipers" T. Watson
Music.....Orchestra

DEBATE.—Question: *Resolved*, "That the Hope of Reward is a greater Incentive to Exertion than the Fear of Punishment."

Affirmative.....{ M. H. Keeley,
W. J. Clarke,
Negative.....{ T. F. O'Mahony,
N. S. Mitchel.

Closing Remarks.....

Music.....Orchestra

At a meeting of the Thespian Cadets held January 8th, 1872, the following officers were elected:
President—A. McIntosh.

Vice-President—Harry Faxon.

Corresponding Secretary—Thos. Nelson.

Recording Secretary—Eddie DeGroot.

Treasurer—Frank Huck.

Stage Managers—E. Raymond, E. McMahon.

Censor—Elwood Dasher.

The Society meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock.
THOS. NELSON, Cor Sec.

Bishop Hay.

The San Francisco *Monitor* says:

We take the following from a very fair review of the works of Bishop Hay, which appeared last week in the *Scotsman* (Presbyterian paper). These works have been entirely reprinted by Messrs. Blackwood in an extremely handsome manner, under the editorship of the Right Rev. Bishop Strain, and after a little satirical contrast of the mild persecution which has made the fortunes of so many Falkirk missionaries, and the real persecutions endured by the Catholics of Scotland, the writer continues: "The blessings obviously attendant on a little persecution tempt one to be mildly satirical. It is otherwise when one is called on to contemplate real suffering for conscience' sake. If one can have but little sympathy with the dramatic power of a Guthrie, it is impossible to repress pity and indignation at the atrocious usage which the good Bishop, the author of the volumes before us, endured at the hands of his fellow-countrymen. Bishop Hay was one of those who really had to endure suffering in very severe forms for the sake of his religious opinions. It is true that he was a Roman Catholic Bishop, and we in Scotland have it so constantly dinned into us that the Romish

Church is a persecuting Church that we forget altogether that our own worthy ecclesiastical rules can take kindly to the work of correcting people's religious opinions by outward forcible applications when opportunity is given. They, too, can arise like Phinehas and execute judgment. Now-a-days, of course, their claws are cut and they are harmless; but it was otherwise in other days. Papists had a poor time of it in Scotland for two centuries after the Reformation. Indeed, until the blessing of the coercive powers of the secular arm was withdrawn from our national Presbyterianism by a back-sliding Government, a Papist hunt was one of those pleasing pastimes which were gratifying to all classes alike, awakening a thrill of satisfaction in the dignitaries of the Church Courts as they saw the good work progressing, and kindling wild enthusiasm in the closes and wynds as brickbats and rotten eggs arose to a premium. From the succinct and well written biography of Bishop Hay prefixed to this edition of his works, we extract the following account of the way in which we did it so late as 1772; and if it should meet the eye of Dr. Begg, we ask him to note how sadly and how soon we have changed for the worse. Barely a century has passed since the event here narrated happened, and yet where in broad Scotland could we expect to find such a display of pious vigor now:

"The British Government having at length evinced a disposition to repeal some of the most oppressive of the penal laws which had so long been a disgrace to the Legislature, Bishop Hay seized the favorable moment to procure some relief for the Catholics of Scotland, who felt even more heavily than their brethren in England and Ireland the iron rod of persecution. The fanatics all over Scotland immediately took the alarm. *Declarations and resolutions* were everywhere published against the mitigation of the penal statutes. The press teemed with misrepresentations and salutarities, the pulpits resounded with furious invectives against Catholics. The popular fury was especially directed against the bishop, and a day was fixed for burning the chapel and houses which he had lately built in Chalmers' close, High street. Handbills were distributed inviting all to aid in the good work, as it was impiously termed; and at length, on the 2d of February, 1779, the mob assembled, and, with the assistance of five hundred sailors from Leith, proceeded to their work of destruction. Repeated applications were made to the Lord Provost for protection against the rioters, but he was deaf to all entreaties. The Duke of Buccleuch and some other officers, fired with indignation at such daring excesses, hastened with a few troops to the spot, seized the most forward of the incendiaries, and would have dispersed the mob, but the authorities positively refused to allow him to proceed, and the work of destruction went on. The chapel and house were soon reduced to ashes, and the rabble then spread themselves over the city, burning and destroying everything belonging to Catholics which came in their way. At this crisis, Bishop Hay arrived from London, and, unaware of the state of matters, proceeded on his way home. The unusual crowd in the street, however, soon attracted his attention, and addressing a woman whom he met near the foot of Blackfriars' wynd, he asked her what it meant. 'Oh, sir,' she replied, 'we are burning the Papish chapel, and we only wish we had the bishop to throw him into the fire.'

"Pious female! We doubt that race of holy women has gone from us, or, if any specimens still exist, they wear dark continuations and white chokers, so that the sex loses the credit of them. There is one point, however, in which, amid general right-hand deflections and left-hand fallings off, we have not degenerated, and that is the quality of our civic rulers. We would back the 'noble fellows' who are at present under the Queen and over us in Auld Reckle to make as handsome a mess of it should occasion offer in 1871 as ever did

their magnanimous predecessors in 1779. Their doings might be less fiery and more watery than those of their official forbears, but they would be equally absurd."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

New Year's Greeting from St. Mary's —January, 1871.

Though our greeting's out of season,
We'll send it, for the simple reason
That silence seems a social treason;
For by the laws of pure tradition,
Those laws which some call superstition,
There is a sweet and holy mission
Given to each new-born year—
From its cradle, wisdom teaching, —
In gentle tones a sermon preaching,
It seems as if it were beseeching
Human hearts to pause and hear
Its loving words of cordial greeting,
Its warning whisper, "Time is fleeting,"
"Solemn epochs drawing near."

Now as tradition never varies
In the precincts of St. Mary's,
Nor are we troubled by vagaries
Of those who act by queer contraries,
Our New Year's wishes now we'll sing:—
A Happy New Year, full and plenty,
Of Happy New Years five times twenty;
May each succeeding New Year bring
Of highest, holiest hopes fruition,
For heavenly honors great ambition,
A prompt response to each petition
Presented by the suffering poor,—
Friends true, loving, sympathising
Above all selfish interest rising
To noblest, holiest deeds advising—
May all our friends such friends secure.
To our good friends who fill high stations
In this the greatest of all nations,
We send respectful salutations,
With thanks for generous favors shown.
May all the wisdom of the sages
With eloquence or learned pages,
By gifts or toil become their own,—
That those with sapient skill presiding
O'er nations' councils, or deciding
A mortal's doom, or safely guiding
The noble ship of state,—
Or else the warrior's weapons wielding,
Our rights and homes from danger shielding,
To friends e'er mild, to foes unyielding,
Theirs be the blessed fate
To pass unscathed through vile detractors,
On life's grand stage to be star actors,
To be enrolled as benefactors
That when life's drama's o'er
Their names in heavenly courts be lauded
Their noble deeds be there applauded
And by the Heavenly King rewarded,—
We cannot wish them more.

St. Mary's sends a joyous greeting
To all her patrons, now repeating
The cordial wish of often meeting
Them, within her peaceful walls;
Their friendly deeds, the zeal unbounded
With which they have her praises sounded
Proves friendship on true basis founded;
With grateful heart she now recalls
The happy past, replete with pleasures,
When to her care fair living treasures
Were brought, that she by gentle measures,
Those youthful plastic hearts might mould
To virtue true—full well discerning
'Twixt tinsel show and solid learning,
These treasures to the world returning,
Refined and rich as polished gold.

Oh, may those hearts in beauty glowing
A radiant light around them throwing,
The path of peace and virtue showing,
Their homes and friends delight!
To the Senior pupils—now replacing
Vacated ranks,—while sweetly gracing
St. Mary's halls so bright,

Be peace and health and every blessing,—
That while in knowledge true progressing,
No sad mischance, no grief distressing
Their noble aims may foil;—
May premiums rich, and honors wreathing
Radiant brows—true praises breathing—
Reward their earnest toil.

To the Juniors bright, and Minims merry,
St. Mary's gives a very, very
Loving greeting! May they grow
In grace and knowledge, joy and beauty,
In prompt response to every duty;
And may they ever show
The good effects of early training,
Each day new grace and knowledge gaining,
And yet in innocence remaining.

St. Mary's sends a salutation,
A cordial New Year's gratulation,
To all engaged in Education
—Success attend their labors—
May their aim be grand, aspiring,
God's greater glory first desiring,
Then, with patience, zeal untiring,
Seek to assist their neighbors.

To editorial friends a greeting—
May all life's ills be light and fleeting,
And joys abundant theirs!
As signal-lights upon Truth's towers
They wield the noblest, highest powers!
May editorial chairs
Be filled with wisdom, wit, and learning,
The lamp of Truth before them burning,
And while our grateful praise they're earning
May their material cares
Be lessened by good copy plenty,
Subscription list increased by twenty
Thousand every year!
May no ill-written scrawls perplexing
The patient printer e'er be vexing,
But copy fair and clear
Rejoice their eyes; that with true pleasure
Each page may prove a sort of treasure
Adding to the well-filled measure
Of daily duties done.
Oh may those duties so laborious
Prove a treasure rich and glorious
When life's hard battle's won.

To all our friends, far and near,
A peaceful, joyous, happy year!

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
January 7, 1871.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Joana Valdors, Conejos, Colorado.
" Nepomucene Vigil, Conejos, Colorado.
" R. Manzanares, Albuguerque, N. Mexico.
" Carrie Buger, Weatherfield, Texas.
" Maggie McNellis, Morris, Illinois.

TABLES OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

January 7th—Misses M. McIntyre, R. McIntyre,
M. Goodbody, A. McLaughlin, J. Coffey, F.
Moore, M. Mooney, A. Emonds, L. Ritchie, M.
Leonard, A. Lloyd, A. Woods, F. Taylor.

HONORABLE MENTIONS—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses A. Borup, J. Forbes,
G. Hurst.
First Senior Class—Misses A. Mast, K. Hay-
mond, M. Lassen, B. Crowley.
Second Senior Class—Misses N. Duffield, Lucy
Duffield, F. Butters, L. West, J. Millis, D. Green,
I. Logan.
Third Senior Class—Misses Rachel Nelson, M.
Prince, R. Devoto.
First Preparatory Class—Misses A. St. Clair,
A. Sanders, N. Sullivan, B. Gaffney.
Second Preparatory Class—Miss H. McLaughlin.
Third Preparatory Class—Misses A. Roberts,
M. Luzen, M. McNellis, C. Byer.

TRUE devotion to the Blessed Virgin is mani-
fested by her children when they produce in them-
selves the virtues of their model.

WHAT WAS HIS OTHER NAME.—As Artemus Ward was once travelling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus, "Horace Greeley? who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastille?"

"Train? Train?—George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency?"

"Grant, Grant! hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious: he walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and asked:

"What was his other name?"

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

THE man at the wheel, who ports his helm when it should be starboard, and so runs into another vessel, not only makes a bull, but also a wild steer.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has invented what he calls a new beatitude, which is, "Blessed are they who have nothing to say and who cannot be persuaded to say it."

A YOUNG doctor, in a new settlement, being asked to contribute towards ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly replied that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

A GENTLEMAN who had a very deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her.

"No, no," replied the gentleman; "the poor creature could never hear of another situation."

CUTTING IT FINE.—A young lady at an evening party some time ago found it *apropos* to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune, cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

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This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.

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TERMS:

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Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek);	
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French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish,	
each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l, \$5 00; Scient'c, \$8 00; Class'l,	
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the Col-	
lege are charged, extra,	35 00

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Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.

The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

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

President.

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SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

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

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

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,

St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

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Without Change of Cars.

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Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation.	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line	7:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	4:00 p.m.	7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	4:00 p.m.	7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only.
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Time, only 11 Hours.

The only Line running Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago and St. Louis.

Close Connections in St. Louis for all points in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and California. The Direct Route and the only ALL RAIL ROUTE to Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points South.

Avoid a long Steamboat Transfer of Twenty-Five Miles, and changes of Cars by taking this Route.

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L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

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

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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.

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To Lafayette and Louisville.

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Freight, 4:05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.
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Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

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