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A Rhapsody.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN AS NEARLY INSANE AS HE WISHES.

It may be well to remark, in introduction, that a hint on Poetical Licenses in Bullion's Grammar, page 283, had a great deal to do with the peculiar style of this piece. We quote:

"Such are a few of the licenses allowed to poets, but denied to prose writers; and among other purposes which they obviously serve, they enhance the pleasure of reading poetic composition, by increasing the boundary of separation set up, especially in our language, between it and common prose."

The more the better, then, it would appear. We shall, however, append notes, not only explaining the nature of the license used in each case, but also endeavoring to elucidate the beauties of the poem.

I.

I had traversed the desert of Sarah,^a

And the end of my journey was near;

It was night in the suburbs of Cairo,

But my heart had stagnated with fear,

For the moon shone disgustingly^b clear,

And the ghost of the daughter of Pharaoh

Had thought it correct to appear.

Oh! yes; that distinguished lady of antiquity

had thought it not only proper, but even

eminently advisable, under the circum-

stances, to appear!^c

II.

You know how unsuitable fear is

For persons to learning inclined;

But, in spite of my terrors, a series

Suggested itself to my mind,

Of facts that I needed, and "Here is^d

The chance that I wanted to find.

III.

"Fair princess, although you are scary,^e

I'll venture the discourse to lead:

You have come from your quarters so airy,^f

Which, I'm sure, is a favor indeed;

So now, I beseech you, prepare^g

To answer my questions with speed.

IV.

"By whom were the pyramids grand made?

Were they really erected by Chops?^h

And who was Sesostris's handmaid?

And was she not partial to hops?ⁱ

And where are the tracks in the sand made

By the manna wherever it drops?

V.

"Did you really indite on papyrus

Your letters, and p'r'aps *billets-doux*?

Do you think the opinion of Cyrus^j

On the Nile's inundations, is true?

Would the ancient Egyptians admire us

If all our improvements they knew?

VI.

"Was it Hermes invented the feedle^k

From a tortoise that died of the itches?^l

And did not Cleopatra's^m needle

Take some most tremendous long stitches,

When the Roman triumvir to wheedle,

She mended Mark Antony's breeches?

VII.

"And how is old Pharaoh, your father?

And is he addicted to drinks?ⁿ

Can he shave—when he shaves—without lather?

And what do you think of the Sphinx?

I believe you're a mummy, the rather

That ghosts can express what they thinks."^o

VIII.

"I'm neither a ghost nor a mummy,

But one of the boarders at Bill's.

You act like a dunce or a dummy,

Or one that is crazy with chills.

You are not in Africa, gummy,^p

But our own little Cairo of Ills."^q

NOTES.

N. B.—The numerals refer to the articles of Bullion's Grammar:

^a Syncope and Synæresis for Saharah (1042). If a difficulty is found in making this word rhyme with "Cairo," pronounce each so that it will rhyme with "Pharaoh." They will then be found to rhyme with each other.

^b "Disgustingly"—an unusual term to apply to clear moonlight, but warranted by the consideration that if it had not been so bright, the ghost might not have been visible. Observe also how the paralyzing effect of fear is expressed by the irregularity of the lines in the stanza, two of the same kind following each other.

^c And particularly by this long meterless line at the end. Observe moreover that it is assumed as certain that a princess of the rank, dignity and virtue of Pharaoh's daughter would certainly not appear without motives alike creditable to her head and heart. This confidence in the lady's judgment shows true gentlemanly feeling.

^d Ellipsis (1044)—supply "I said."

^e This adjective is usually applied to the creature terrified, not to the object of terror. But see (1048, 3).

^f The Egyptian catacombs, from which the princess may be supposed to have come, are by no means airy. Quite the contrary in fact. Still they might be termed so by way of flattery.

^g Paragoge (1042, 5).

^h For Cheops by Syncope (1042, 3).

ⁱ Either by Metonymy for "dances," or by Synecdoche for "beer" (1046, 7, 9).

^j As Cyrus is not known to have expressed any opinion on the subject, this question was probably intended to "stick" the ghost.

^k The most ancient form of the lyre resembled that of a guitar or violin. The word "fiddle" is made "feedle" by Diastole, for which, and for Systole, (note ^m) we refer you to Bullion's *Latin Grammar* (867, 5, 6).

^l The itch is familiarly known as the "Scotch fiddle" in many places. Hence the appropriateness of supposing that the poor tortoise, whose shell and dried tendons first suggested the invention of the musical instrument, must have died of a disease, the scraping and scratching attendant upon which would still be perpetuated after death. The plural form "itches" is used to express abundance.

^m Cleopatra's must be pronounced with the accent on the antepenult, the penult being made short by Systole.

ⁿ This question is familiar, not to say rude. It is evident that all fear of the ghost has departed. The sleeper is about to awaken.

^o "The Rules of Grammar are often violated by the poets." (1048, 4)

^p Many of our most valuable gums are brought from Africa, besides which, the exclamation, "By gum!" so often heard on the lips of American citizens of African descent is enough to warrant the application of this epithet.

^q The popular abbreviation of the name of the State of Illinois. We claim originality in bringing it into verse. But there is a deeper significance aimed at. The "ills" which that peculiar Cairo is heir to may well make it a "Cairo of ills." Miasma, inundations, spring-bottom pants which won't stay rolled up when you want to wade out of the inundations, and if you stick them into your boots the spring-bottoms are all destroyed.

But these reflections are scarcely necessary. Our work is done; and if we have convinced *one* mind that by the liberal use of the glorious profusion of poetical licenses which our grammars fling around us, the art of poetry may be brought within the easy reach of the most mediocre talent, we shall be more than rewarded.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORMY PETREL.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,

A league but barely three,

When the list grew dark, and the wind grew high,

And gurlly grew the sea.

—Sir Patrick Spens.

"Hilloo!" exclaimed the skipper with a sudden start, next morning, as he saw Eric's recumbent figure on the ratlin stuff, "Who be this young varmint?"

"Oh, I brought him aboard last night," said Davey; "he wanted to be a cabun-boy."

"Precious like un *he* looks. Never mind, we've got him and we'll use him."

The vessel was under way when Eric woke and collected his scattered thoughts to a remembrance of his new position. At first, as the Stormy Petrel dashed its way gallantly through the blue sea, he felt one absorbing sense of joy to have escaped from Roslyn. But before he had been three hours on board, his eyes were opened to the trying nature of his circumstances, which were, indeed, so trying that *anything* in the world seemed preferable to enduring them. He had escaped from Roslyn, but, alas! he had not escaped from himself. He had hardly been three hours on board when he would have given everything in his power to be back again; but such regrets were useless, for the vessel was now fairly on her way for Corunna, where she was to take in a cargo of cattle.

There were eight men belonging to the crew; and as the ship was only a little trading schooner, these were sailors of the lowest and coarsest grade.

They all seemed to take their cue from the captain, who was a drunken, blaspheming, and cruel vagabond.

This man from the first took a savage hatred to Eric, partly because he was annoyed with Davey for bringing him on board. The first words he addressed to him were:

"I say, you young lubber, you must pay your footing."

"I've got nothing to pay with. I brought no money with me."

"Well, then, you shall have to give us your gran' clothes. Them things isn't fit for a cabin-boy."

Eric saw no remedy, and making a virtue of necessity, exchanged his good cloth suit for a rough sailor's shirt and trousers, not over clean, which the captain gave him. His own clothes were at once appropriated by that functionary, who carried them into his cabin. But it was lucky for Eric that, seeing how matters were likely to go, he had succeeded in secreting his watch.

The day grew misty and comfortless, and towards evening the wind rose to a storm. Eric soon began to feel very sick, and, to make his case worse, could not endure either the taste, smell, or sight of such coarse food as was contemptuously flung to him.

"Where am I to sleep?" he asked, "I feel very sick."

"Babby," said one of the sailors; "what's your name."

"Williams."

"Well, Bill, you'll have to get over yer sickness pretty soon, I can tell ye. Here," he added, relenting a little, "Davey's slung ye a hammock in the fore-castle."

He showed the way, but poor Eric in the dark, and amid the lurches of the vessel, could hardly steady himself down the companion-ladder, much less get into his hammock. The man saw his condition, and, sulkily enough, hove him into his place.

And there, in that swinging bed, where sleep seemed impossible, and in which he was unpleasantly shaken about, when the ship rolled and pitched through the dark, heaving, discolored waves, and with dirty men sleeping round him at night, until the atmosphere of the fore-castle became like poison, hopelessly and helplessly sick, and half-starved, the boy lay for two days. The crew neglected him shamefully. It was nobody's business to wait on him, and he could procure neither sufficient food nor any water; they only brought him some grog to drink, which in his weakness and sickness was nauseous to him as medicine.

"I say, you young cub down there," shouted the skipper to him from the hatchway, "come up and swab this deck."

He got up, and after bruising himself severely, as he stumbled about to find the ladder, made an effort to obey the command. But he staggered from feebleness when he reached the deck, and had to grasp for some fresh support at every step.

"None of that 'ere slobbering and shamming, Bill. Why, d— you, what d'ye think you're here for, eh? You swab this deck, and in five minutes, or I'll teach you, and be d—d."

Sick as death, Eric slowly obeyed, but did not get through his task without many blows and curses. He felt very ill—he had no means of washing or cleaning himself; no brush, or comb, or soap, or clean linen; and even his sleep seemed unrefreshing when the waking brought no change in his condition. And then the whole life of the ship was odious to him. His sense of refinement was exquisitely keen, and now to be called Bill, and kicked and cuffed about by these gross-minded men, and to hear their rough, coarse, drunken talk, and sometimes endure their still more intol-

erable familiarities, filled him with deeply-seated loathing. His whole soul rebelled and revolted from them all, and, seeing his fastidious pride, not one of them showed him the least glimpse of open kindness, though he observed that one of them did seem to pity him in heart.

Things grew worse and worse. The perils which he had to endure at first, when ordered about the rigging, were often contemplated flinging himself into those cold, deep waves which he gazed on daily over the vessel's side. Hope was the only thing which supported him. He had heard from one of the crew that the vessel would be back in not more than six weeks, and he made a deeply-learned resolve to escape the very first day that they again anchored in an English harbor.

The homeward voyage was even more intolerable, for the cattle on board greatly increased the amount of necessary menial and disgusting work which fell to his share, as well as made the atmosphere of the close little schooner twice as poisonous as before. And to add to his miseries, his relations with the crew got more and more unfavorable, and began to reach their climax.

One night the sailor who occupied the hammock next to his, heard him winding up his watch. This he always did in the dark, as secretly and silently as he could, and never looked at it, except when no one could observe him; while, during the day, he kept both watch and chain concealed in his trousers.

Next morning the man made proposals to him to sell the watch, and tried by every species of threat and promise to extort it from him. But the watch had been his mother's gift, and he was resolute never to part with it into such hands.

"Very well, you young shaver, I shall tell the skipper, and he'll soon get it out of you as your footing, depend on it."

The fellow was as good as his word, and the skipper demanded the watch as pay for Eric's feed, for he maintained that he'd done no work, and was perfectly useless. Eric, grown desperate, still refused, and the man struck him brutally on the face, and at the same time aimed a kick at him, which he vainly tried to avoid. It caught him on the knee-cap, and put it out, causing him the most excruciating agony.

He now could do no work whatever, not even swab the deck. It was only with difficulty he could limp along, and every move caused him violent pain. He grew listless and dejected, and sat all day on the vessel's side, eagerly straining his eyes to catch any sight of land, or gazing vacantly into the weary sameness of sea and sky.

Once, when it was rather gusty weather, all hands were wanted, and the skipper ordered him to furl a sail.

"I can't," said Eric, in an accent of despair, barely stirring, and not lifting his eyes to the man's unfeeling face.

"Can't, d— you! Can't! We'll soon see whether you can or no! You do it, or I shall have to mend your leg for you;" and he showered down a storm of oaths.

Eric rose, and resolutely tried to mount the rigging, determined, at least, to give no ground he could help to their wilful cruelty. But the effort was vain, and with a sharp cry of suffering, he dropped once more on the deck.

"Cursed young brat! I suppose you think we're going to bother ourselves with you, and your impudence, and get victuals for nothing. It's all sham. Here Jim, tie him up."

A stout sailor seized the unresisting boy, tied his hands together, and then drew them up above his head, and strung them to the rigging.

"Why didn't ye strip him first, d— you!" roared the skipper.

"He's only got that blue shirt on, and that's

soon mended," said the man, taking hold of the collar of the shirt on both sides, and tearing it open with a great rip.

Eric's white back was bare, his hands tied up, his head hanging, and his injured leg slightly lifted from the ground. "And now for some rope-pie for the stubborn young lubber," said the skipper, lifting a bit of rope as he spoke.

Eric, with a shudder, heard it whistle through the air, and the next instant it had descended on his back with a dull thump, rasping away a red line of flesh. Now Eric knew for the first time the awful reality of intense pain; he had determined to utter no sound, to give no sign; but when the horrible rope fell on him, griding across his back, and making his body literally leak under the blow, he quivered like an aspen leaf in every limb, and could not suppress the harrowing murmur, "O God, help me, help me."

Again the rope whistled in the air, again it grided across the boy's naked back, and once more the crimson furrow bore witness to the violent laceration. A sharp shriek of inexpressible agony rang from his lips, so shrill, so heart-rending, that it sounded long in the memory of all who heard it. But the brute who administered the torture was untouched. Once more, and again, the rope rose and fell, and under its marks the blood first dribbled, and then streamed from the white and tender skin.

But Eric felt no more; that scream had been the last effort of nature; his head had dropped on his bosom, and though his limbs still seemed to creep at the unnatural inflection, he had fainted away.

"Stop, master, stop, if you don't want to kill the boy outright," said Roberts, one of the crew, stepping forward, while the hot flush of indignation burned through his tanned and weather-beaten cheek. The sailors called him "Softy Bob," from that half-gentleness of disposition which had made him, alone of all the men, speak one kind or consoling word for the proud and lonely cabin-boy.

"Undo him, then, and be —," growled the skipper, and rolled off to drink himself drunk.

"I doubt he's well-nigh done for him already," said Roberts, quickly untying Eric's hands, round which the cords had been pulled so tight as to leave two blue rings round his wrists. "Poor fellow, poor fellow! it's all over now," he murmured soothingly, as the boy's body fell motionless into his arms, which he hastily stretched to prevent him from tumbling on the deck.

But Eric heard not; and the man, touched with the deepest pity, carried him down tenderly into his hammock, and wrapped him up in a clean blanket, and sat by him till the swoon should be over.

It lasted very long, and the sailor began to fear that his words had been prophetic.

"How is the young varmint?" shouted the skipper, looking into the fore-castle.

"You've killed him, I think."

The only answer was a volley of oaths; but the fellow was sufficiently frightened to order Roberts to do all he could for his patient.

At last Eric woke with a moan. To think was too painful, but the raw state of his back, ulcerated with the cruelty he had undergone, reminded him too bitterly of his situation. Roberts did for him all that could be done, but for a week Eric lay in that dark and fetid place, in the languishing of absolute despair. Often and often the unbidden tears flowed from very weakness from his eyes, and in the sickness of his heart, and the torment of his wounded body, he thought that he should die.

But youth is very strong, and it wrestled with despair, and agony, and death, and, after a time, Eric could rise from his comfortless hammock. The news that land was in sight first roused him, and with the help of Roberts, he was carried on

deck, thankful, with childlike gratitude, that God suffered him to breathe once more the pure air of heaven, and sit under the canopy of its gold-perfumed blue. The breeze and the sunlight refreshed him, as they might a broken flower; and, with eyes upraised, he poured from his heart a prayer of deep, unspeakable thankfulness to a Father in heaven.

Yes! at last he had remembered his Father's home. There, in the dark berth, where every move caused irritation, and the unclean atmosphere brooded over his senses like lead, when his forehead burned, and his heart melted within him, and he had felt almost inclined to curse his life, or even to end it by crawling up and committing himself to the deep, cold water which he heard rippling on the vessel's side, then, even then, in that valley of the shadow of death, a Voice had come to him—a still small voice—at whose holy and healing utterance Eric had bowed his head, and had listened to the messages of God, and learned His will; and now, in humble resignation, in touching penitence, with solemn self-devotion, he had cast himself at the feet of Jesus, and prayed to be helped, and guided, and forgiven. One little star of hope rose in the darkness of his solitude, and its rays grew brighter and brighter, till they were glorious now. Yes, for Jesus' sake he was washed, he was cleansed, he was sanctified, he was justified; he would fear no evil, for God was with him, and underneath were the everlasting arms.

And while he sat there, undisturbed at last, and unmolested by harsh word or savage blow, recovering health with every breath of the sea-wind, the skipper came up to him, and muttered something half like an apology.

The sight of him, and the sound of his voice, made Eric shudder again, but he listened meekly, and, with no flash of scorn or horror, put out his hand to the man to shake. There was something touching and noble in the gesture, and thoroughly ashamed of himself for once, the fellow shook the proffered hand and slunk away.

They entered the broad river at Southpool.

"I must leave the ship when we get to port, Roberts," said Eric.

"I doubt whether you'll let you," answered Roberts, jerking his finger towards the skipper's cabin.

"Why?"

"He'll be afeared you might take the law on him."

"He needn't fear."

Roberts only shook his head.

"Then I must run away somehow. Will you help me?"

"Yes, that I will."

That very evening Eric escaped from the Stormy Petrel, unknown to all but Roberts. They were in the dock, and he dropped into the water in the evening, and swam to the pier, which was only a yard or two distant; but the effort almost exhausted his strength, for his knee was still painful, and he was very weak.

Wet and penniless, he knew not where to go, but spent the sleepless night under an arch. Early the next morning he went to a pawnbroker's, and raised £2: 10s. on his watch, with which money he walked straight to the railway station.

It was July, and the Roslyn summer holidays had commenced. As Eric dragged his slow way to the station, he suddenly saw Wildney on the other side of the street. His first impulse was to spring to meet him, as he would have done in old times. His whole heart yearned towards him. It was six weeks now since Eric had seen one loving face, and during all that time he had hardly heard one kindly word. And now he saw before him the boy whom he loved so fondly, with whom he had spent so many happy hours of school-boy friendship, with whom he had gone through so

many school-boy adventures, and who, he believed, loved him fondly still.

Forgetful for the moment of his condition, Eric moved across the street. Wildney was walking with his cousin, a beautiful girl, some four years older than himself, whom he was evidently patronizing immensely. They were talking very merrily, and Eric overheard the word Roslyn. Like a lightning-flash the memory of the theft, the memory of his ruin came upon him; he looked down at his dress—it was a coarse blue shirt, which Roberts had given him in place of his old one, and the back of it was stained and saturated with blood from his unhealed wounds; his trousers were dirty, tarred, and ragged, and his shoes, full of holes, barely covered his feet. He remembered, too, that for weeks he had not been able to wash, and that very morning, as he saw himself in a looking-glass at a shop-window, he had been deeply shocked at his own appearance. His face was white as a sheet, the fair hair matted and tangled, the eyes sunken and surrounded with a dark color, and dead and lustreless. No! he could not meet Wildney as a sick and ragged sailor boy; perhaps even he might not be recognized if he did. He drew back, and hid himself till the merry-hearted pair had passed, and it was almost with a pang of jealousy that he saw how happy Wildney could be while he was thus; but he cast aside the unworthy thought at once. "After all, how is poor Charlie to know what has happened to me?"

Hon. John Colerick of Fort Wayne.

We publish the following well-merited tribute of respect to the Hon. John Colerick, deceased, as an incentive to young men to aim high as he did. If his public career was such as to call forth the approval and admiration of men in public life, that career of honor was founded on his exemplary behavior in private life and the high estimate he placed on his duties as a son and a brother. He was admired by a large number of acquaintances, but those who knew him intimately while they acknowledged his ability and were proud of him, esteemed him more from the fact that they knew he was, without any ostentation, a brother most affectionate in the large family circle of which he was the height and soul, a son most respectful and obedient to his father, and totally devoted to his mother:

"In looking over the dozen or more eulogies upon Mr. John Colerick, delivered by his associates at the bar, we were struck with the singular uniformity of their testimony to the rare purity and honorableness of his life and character. Indeed, almost every speaker made this one topic the chief basis of his eulogium. But this is only another proof of the great fact, too little recognized, that, after all, it is not so much what a man *does* as what he *is* that calls forth the respect and confidence of his associates and causes a community to really miss his departure. To be sure, great ability, even when connected with an unworthy private life, sometimes receives the tribute of a public monument. But, after all, the real vacancy in society is made by the departure of him whose private life and character are so pure and manly that others are thereby attracted to a higher standard of manliness. Such a man, above all others, is worthy of monuments and eulogies, for he furnishes society with its most enduring pillars.

"Of course, it is natural and almost unavoidable that the death of a young man of rare mental and moral endowments should call forth expressions of special regret. But when a man can leave behind him such a reputation for worthiness of aim, uprightness of character and fidelity to the private duties which are due to both God and man, as John Colerick has done, by the concurrent testimony of men of all shades of political and relig-

ious belief, we cannot help thinking that his life is successful and his work as near completeness as mortals ever attain, even though he may be stricken down while the sun is yet high in the heavens. Such a life needs no gray hairs to crown it with additional honor, for its salutary influence upon men has reached its culmination.

"How strange it is that men, young and old, in life's diverse pursuits and professions, will spend so much time in laboring for fame and high place, and public praise for this or that art, when only a single death in their midst is enough to show that what a man is, rather than what he does—his character rather than his profession—his life rather than his art, causes the community in which he dwelt to hold his name in sweet remembrance, and calls forth the most worthy and most enduring eulogium! It is strange too, that so many men, otherwise sagacious, will pass through a long life without discovering that the highest success in any art or profession is best secured through that inspiration which comes from a faithful performance of all private duties, whether domestic or religious. To be sure, irreligious and immoral men sometimes seem to be successful. But death, which pricks through all shams, generally shows that their apparent success was, after all, a mere bubble. A man is really successful only when he conquers the great hereafter. For what signifies momentary victory, however brilliant, if it simply precedes eternal defeat?"—*Fort Wayne Gazette.*

Business Law.

1. Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one partner bind all the others.
8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
9. A contract made with a minor is void.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. Contracts for advertisements in Sunday papers are invalid.
12. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.
13. Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.
14. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of debts of the firm.
15. A note given by a minor is void.
16. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
17. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received," (unless required by statute).
18. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
19. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.
20. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.
21. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Tables of Honor.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

March 9.—H. Faxon, F. Huck, G. Voelker, S. McMahon, C. Ellison, J. Porter,
 March 23.—C. Clark, C. Egel, C. Walsh, H. Deehan, D. Salazar, E. Regan.

THE "corner" of the printer.

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THE weather is all serene.

THE College is undergoing a thorough spring cleaning.

BRO. CASMIR has received a large supply of spring goods.

"TOMMY" enjoyed an excellent breakfast last Thursday morning.

THE amount of lumber in the front of the new church indicates business.

THE St. Cecilians are agitating the question of remodelling their Society Hall.

REV. T. O'SULLIVAN visited the College on Tuesday. Sorry we did not see him.

REV. F. GRAHAM lectured in Lowell last week on "The Church and the Bible."

MANY are rejoicing at the end of Lent, including our esteemed Professor of Book-keeping.

VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR GENERAL has arrived, in good health, in New Orleans.

THE office of *Tenebrae* was well chanted on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

MR. SHICKEY is becoming more and more popular with the crowds he brings out to the College.

REV. FATHER COLOVIN went to Laporte to assist the Rev. Pastor of St. Mary's during Holy Week and Easter.

ONE of the best moves that has been made in the College is the removing of the steam stoves from the lower corridor.

REV. F. BROWN has received several papers containing new evidences of the healing powers of the Bethesda Waters.

WILLIAM HOYNES, a Student of Notre Dame in '67-'68, graduated in the Law Department of the Michigan University, on the 27th inst.

WE are glad to hear that Prof. Lundy has taken his "M.D." in the Michigan University and intends establishing himself in Toledo.

THE *Miserere*, on Thursday and Friday, was sung according to one of the arrangements of Palestrina. Prof. Von Weller's magnificent *basso* added much to the effect.

REV. FATHER JOHN LAUTH rejoices in his return to Notre Dame after a forced sojourn in the genial climate of Wisconsin. He has not an elevated opinion of Badger small-pox.

PROF. VON WELLER, now residing at Laporte, remained with us several days during Holy Week. All his old friends were glad to see him in good health, and hear that he was in as good voice as ever.

THE following has been communicated:

Independence is one of man's greatest blessings. Paper collars render us independent (of the wash-

erwoman). *Ergo*, paper collars is one of man's greatest blessings.

A LETTER from Rev. F. Lemonnier assures us that though his health is not completely restored by the first rays of the Southern sun, it is in a fair way of being placed on so fine a basis as to resist the cloudy climate of the North.

WE earnestly call the attention of our contributors to the following suggestions: When writing Latin or French words, be careful to make the *n* evidently an *n*, and the *u* a *u*. Also make a distinction between the capital J and the capital I—let the J drop below the line. Also, moreover, make a distinction between capital N and capital A. And, finally, when punctuating do not make the comma and period alike. PRINTER.

"THE TRUMPET," ever melodious, always harmonious, gave a sharp blast in the editorial of the last number, which was commendable, inasmuch as it manifested an *esprit de corps* laudable and worthy of being cultivated even more than it is by all the Classes in both Institutions. This *esprit de corps*, or family spirit, unites all the members of the same Class,—makes the honorable name of one the honor of all, and the general standing of the Class the individual pride of each member, so that the Class cannot be attacked without each taking it up as his personal quarrel, and no member can be slighted without the whole Class making his cause their own.

WE regretted to learn that it was the intention of the Class to issue only one more number this year, but we hope they will reconsider the subject and give at least two. It is true that the time is now drawing near for Annual Examination, as the time between Easter and Commencement Day passes by more rapidly than any other part of the year, at least to those who are interested in their studies, as are all the Editresses of *The Trumpet*.

UNHAPPILY the announcement of spring, some two weeks ago, was premature; so much so, what with snow and sleet, and frosty days coming upon us just after some nice verses, not by us, to March days, we begin to feel nervous on the subject, and though the sky is at these writings a heavenly blue, without a cloud worth mentioning, and the sun's rays come down so bright as to endanger our complexion, yet we dare not assert that real spring weather has set in in good earnest. Even the sign which in former years was an unfailing indication of coming green things, with moderate weather, ignominiously deceived us this year; and we shall no longer hail little boys, with pantaloons torn at the knees, playing marbles as the sure harbinger of balmy spring. We shall hereafter prefer the blue-jays to *gamins*; they are all gamon,—not the blue-jays,—and though the jay is an uncertain bird, and not the finest vocalist of the leafy grove, we shall pin our faith in fair weather to his wing hereafter, rather than swallow any more marble playing as a proof of spring. It makes a man sad and melancholy to be deceived in that which he has trusted to for years.

Chronicle.

On Palm Sunday the Passion was chanted in the accustomed manner by Rev. Fathers Letourneau, Jacob Lauth and Louage. The celebrant was Rev. Father Superior.

On Wednesday evening 7 P. M. Matins and Lauds of Thursday were chanted. At 10 o'clock A. M. Thursday morning High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Provincial; after Mass the procession to the repository took place, the choir singing the *Pange lingua*. In the afternoon the ceremony called the *Mandatum* took place, Very Rev. Father Provincial presiding and washing the feet of twelve Juniors. At the *tenebrae* in the

evening we remarked that the first lesson of the first *Nocturn* was sung by four voices. We regret that want of preparation or the lateness of the hour at which they were notified, has prevented the same quartette from producing several pieces arranged by Palestrina, which they could easily have prepared had they been notified in time. As matters were, however, they could in the short time given them prepare only the *Miserere* which sounded well.

On Good Friday the Passion, (from the Gospel according to St. John) was chanted, as on Palm Sunday. Rev. Father Superior was celebrant at the Mass of the Presanctified.

We were highly pleased with the readiness, gracefulness and unassuming behavior of the young students who acted as Acolytes.

The Master of Ceremonies, as well as the Acolytes, deserves our heartfelt thanks; much of the decorum of the public ceremonies rests upon them. The value of a cool, self collected Master of Ceremonies and well-trained Acolytes is scarcely appreciated here for it is known best by their absence, and the presence of those who know nothing of the rubrics. Here, as far as we have seen, the rubrics are so well attended to that everything passes off perfectly, and without a thought on our part as to the pains and trouble taken by the Master of Ceremonies to bring the Acolytes to such a degree of perfection.

As an item of interest for our readers now, and for ourselves and others, years to come, we give the list of clergymen and students who took part in the Office on Good Friday:

Celebrant—Rev. Father Superior.

Deacon—Father Carrier.

Sub-Deacon—Father Jacob Lauth.

Cross-Bearer—Father John O'Connell.

Master of Ceremonies—F. C. Bigelow.

Thurifers—M. M. Mahoney, Jas. Crummev.

Principal Acolytes—Wm. Meyers, H. H. Hunt.

Acolytes—J. Devine, W. Canavan, F. Egan, M. McCormick, M. Weldon, W. Breen, J. Dore, V. McKinnon.

The Philodemic Owl.

This is the title of the Philodemic Society hebdomadal, a copy of the first number of which has been kindly presented to us by the Editors. We consider this as the ablest and most successful attempt, in the line of the old "Progress," that has been made "since the war;" and we offer our congratulations to the talented young Editors, and to the officers and members of the Society. They are going on in the way they should go. We would not give a pair of old boots for a collection of young men in whom there is no activity except what they display in base-ball clubs and boating crews. Base-ball and boating are all well enough in their place; but when the mania for muscular exercise creates a dearth of literary productions on the part of our Students, we no longer recognize NOTRE DAME. It is not the NOTRE DAME with which we were familiar. We are in favor of bodily exercise, which is requisite to preserve the *corpus sanum*, but we desire the *mens sana* to be attended to also. We know that the studies are, in general, well conducted, and that each and every professor requires a good recitation; yet, apart from this, there is an amount of activity among all Students that must be expended either in bodily or mental excitement. We are happy to see this evident indication of mental activity among the Philodemics, as displayed in the pages of the "Owl."

The "Owl" recalls to our mind a passage we read in the Archbishop of Westminster's sermons on ecclesiastical subjects. Speaking of Oxford (England) University, he says:

"I hope that I have not used a word respecting

the University of Oxford which cannot be justified by abundant evidence beyond the reach of all objection. . . . The authorities on which I have relied are Dr. Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College. . . . Mr. Goldwin Smith Mr. Appleton and Canon Liddon. . . .

"The Rector of Lincoln states that fully seventy per cent. of the so called 'students' are in no sense, even in profession, students at all. He adds that the degrees gained by such men denote no grad: of intellectual cultivation. He describes them as 'the wealthy, luxurious, indolent and uninterested tenants of college rooms.' 'If any proof could convince the advocates of intramural residence of the futility of college discipline, such a proof might be found in the mastery which the athletic *furor* has established over all minds in this place.' So entirely are the tutors beaten by it, that to cover the disgrace of defeat, they are obliged to affect to patronize and encourage the evil. I know, therefore, that on this head I must look for no sympathy from college tutors. . . . They (*i. e.*, cricket, boating and athletics,) have ceased to be amusements; they are organized into a system of serious occupation. What we call incapacity in young men is often no more than an incapacity of attention to learning; because the mind is preoccupied with a more urgent and all-absorbing call upon its energies. As soon as the summer weather sets in, the colleges are disorganized. Study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day, preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after its fatigues."

We are grateful that it has not come to this pass, here, among our advanced students; that they are really students; yet if we cast a glance at the "reports" sent into us during the fine weather of fall and spring, we would be led to conclude that the great topic of Base-Ball engrosses the minds of the students of Notre Dame to the exclusion of all things else. This, we know, is *not* the case, yet the leaning that way is clearly discernible.

We are not opposed to athletic exercises; on the contrary, as there is every facility offered for them at Notre Dame, in the extensive playgrounds, we would say nothing to discourage a reasonable application to them, but would do all in our power to encourage them if that were necessary. Yet we do not wish them to interfere with the regular studies and with the literary societies.

Hence it is that we hail the "Owl's" appearance, at this time of year, especially, when the snow, if not all gone, bids fair to leave in a few days and the sun is warm as well as bright.

As the Editors and contributors to the "Philodemic Owl" are the legitimate contributors to the SCHOLASTIC, we shall freely and frequently take articles from the columns of their excellent paper for the edification of our readers.

Messrs. Carr, Ireland and Gambee, are the present Editors of the "Owl." We have said that it is the most successful attempt in the line of the "Old Progress," that has been made "since the war." In some respects it surpasses the "Progress." For instance, a neat cover of heavy paper has been printed to inclose the well-written pages of the paper. On this cover the title is given, and under it a majestic owl, as natural as life, stands upon a stump. The names of the Editors are printed on the first page, and those of officers and members of the society, on the fourth page of the cover. The cover alone, in years to come, will be an interesting document. The typographical execution of the "Owl" is excellent, and the articles speak for themselves, as may be seen from those we shall transfer to the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

DARWINIAN.—When does a seamstress chase "our general ancestor?" When she makes an apron (*ape run*).

Education in Rome.

One of our exchanges, the *Mishawaka Enterprise*, which is always welcome, as it is ably edited by a thorough-going man, contains a communication signed by the name of the writer, which we cannot now recall, who refers incidentally to the schools of Rome in such a manner as to make the reader suppose that no attention was given to education until a certain Mrs. Gould went over to Rome to establish some proselytizing schools in that city. We do not accuse the gentleman of wilful misrepresentation, as he doubtless believed what he wrote and insinuated, but we beg to call his attention to the following facts which we take from the *Pilot*. We refer him also to the book of Mr. McGuire, a member of the British parliament. The correspondent of the *Pilot* says:

"In our last number we drew attention to the attempted proselytism which, in the guise of free education, is conducted in Rome under the personal exertions of an American lady. From a long, able and telling article in *La Voce della Verita*, written by Monsignor Francesco Nardi, a man of the highest abilities and the most thorough acquaintance with the subject he treats of, we gather the following facts and statements concerning the condition of education in Rome, and see if a necessity exists, as the said American lady's little pamphlet says there does, for the establishment of Protestant schools 'to civilize and Christianize Rome.'

"We are a practical people, and we seek for facts, therefore we shall let figures speak to us in the first place. Here is what they tell us concerning the state of education in 1868—two years previous to the entrance of 'civilization' in the shape of bomb-shells through the Porta Pia, and three years previous to the entrance of 'Christianity' in the shape of Mrs. Gould's schools.

"The whole population of Rome in that year reached, according to the census, 217,378, and of that there were 25,917 under instruction. Those who received elementary instruction were:

Gratuitously—Males.....	6,690
Females.....	9,199
For payment—Males.....	3,815
Females.....	2,661
Males who received a scientific education gratuitously.....	3,552
Total.....	25,917

"He who writes these lines has visited many countries in Europe, and the schools in them, and he affirms, without fear of contradiction, that perhaps in no other of the great cities of Europe is so much taught or to so many as in Rome.' So writes Mgr. Nardi of the general character of the Roman schools. Instruction was given in the district schools (*scuole regionali*) to 3,815 boys. They learned the Christian doctrine, reading, writing, Italian grammar, the first rudiments of Latin, calligraphy, arithmetic, the principles of geography and of sacred and profane history. *English* was not taught, but the elements of French might be learned by those who desired to do so. There were the same number of female schools, attended by 2,304 scholars. A large number of girls attended the schools of religious congregations, and this reduces the proportion attending the district schools.

"These district schools, however, were insignificant in number compared to the other schools, special institutions wherein education was given by religious orders and congregations. 'Many convents of men and almost every convent of women had schools, and some several.' The *Padri Dottorarii* taught 650 pupils; now they have about 350, because the government which 'CAME TO CIVILIZE ROME,' not only refuses to give the sum heretofore given, and assigns no reason for this conduct, but also limits the number of

scholars. The new mode of education is working out its natural results in Rome; the government seems to be educating whom it pleases.

"It would be beyond our limits to point out where the schools of the various Orders who teach are situated, but the names of a few of these Orders may be mentioned:—Christian Brothers teach 2,000 children; the Brothers of Mercy have in one of their schools 300 children; the Fathers of the Pious Schools 350 in two schools. Besides, numerous Orders of nuns devote their attention to this holy work, this work which has always been in the care of the Church.

"There are 64 schools provided for girls, and nearly every religious society or congregation of women in the Church are represented in the teachers of these schools. Then, there are private schools opened and supported by rich persons, as the family of the Borghese, which has 3 schools; the Aldobrandini, and the Patrin; and the schools of Prince Torlonia and Prince Messimo.

"Not only are the schools regarded with pleasure on account of their numbers, but the perfection of the discipline observed in them is also a source of great satisfaction to all who witness it. Even the books are superior, and ministers of the Anglican Church, as Rev. Mr. Frederick Blount, and Rev. Mr. Thompson Yates, were so pleased with the nature and style of the books employed and the rules observed, that they requested permission to bring away with them copies of both for adoption and imitation in England.

"In night schools, which are attended by fifteen hundred working boys, there are four classes, wherein are taught the Catechism, prayers, reading, writing, arithmetic, mental and written (as far as fractions, proportion, partnership and elementary geometry), the elements of geography, profane and sacred history, design in architecture and for furniture, and geographical drawing. The proofs of their ability in design speak from the walls of the schools, and, indeed, in other ways. This instruction is free, even books and paper being found for the pupils.

"Mrs. Gould certainly deserves the thanks of many, for her attack upon the Christianity and education of Rome has brought forward the facts of the case, and exhibited the great care which is taken with the youth of Rome so that they shall grow up good men and women. It is worthy of remark also, that the chief prominence is given to religious instruction. We should think upon that fact, especially at this time, more than ever before, for now the war against religious education is almost universal, and the desire to separate the Church from the school prevails everywhere.

"In a future article we shall reconsider the educational institutions of Rome, and it may happen that even this enlightened land and age may have something, if not to learn, at least to be surprised at. P. L. C."

Additional Entrances.

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|------------------|-----------------------|
| A. L. Mercer, | Goshen, Indiana. |
| E. C. Davis, | Milwaukee, Wisconsin. |
| F. C. St. Aubin, | Detroit, Michigan. |
| W. C. Green, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| D. B. Green, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| C. J. Green, | Chicago, Illinois. |
| T. H. Graham, | Rawsonville, Ohio. |
| W. H. Wheadon, | Coldwater, Michigan. |
| H. N. Saylor, | Antwerp, Ohio. |
| W. H. Vestal, | Anderson, Indiana. |
| A. Harris, | Chicago, Illinois. |

Candor.

Somebody has said, if you want to be wise you must show your ignorance. If this rule were observed, how much time would be saved that is now spent in evasions, hesitation, stammering and

*More
noted*

beating around the bush when a direct question is put?

Many persons evade giving an answer to a question because they fear their ignorance will be discovered, and they wish to have the reputation of being conversant with every subject that may come up in the course of conversation. This evading because we do not know a thing and are afraid some one will find it out, is the very best way to keep us in ignorance, or, at least, to render us superficial. Persons who pretend to be posted on every subject, and speak flippantly on all subjects, render themselves very disagreeable and prove that they are ignorant. Whereas, a person who frankly acknowledges his want of information always makes friends, because he feels his ignorance, and honestly acknowledges it and is willing to receive instruction from others. Every one of us have either acted in this manner, or have observed others trying to appear conversant in regard to subjects of which we were really ignorant.

How many of us in the class-room will beat around the bush when a direct question is put to us by the Professor? Why, we know it is no uncommon thing for many of us to boast openly that we did not look at the lesson; but we knew we had the tact to blindfold the Professor by asking another question, by complaining of the want of clearness on the part of the author, or by gently insinuating that we do not agree with him. Then, you know, the Professor explains, and we assent to the explanation; we are convinced, and, ten chances to one, we are complimented for the thorough manner in which we prepared the lesson, and we are set down as a Student of great promise,—one who thinks for himself and who does not believe till convinced.

Well, this is all very nice if we have no higher motive in view than to get good "notes" and palm ourselves off to be what we are not. But the great trouble is that whatever habit we form at school, will, in all probability, cling to us in future life. Our evasive replies, our denying and dogmatizing will render us an object of suspicion and contempt,—suspicion that we are empty-headed, and then contempt when that suspicion becomes a certainty.

Now there is nothing disgraceful in acknowledging our ignorance, and it is the most straightforward, manly way of acquiring knowledge. We attend class for the purpose of being taught,—but who can teach us if we pretend to know all about the subject?

How often do we play a leading part in that contemptible farce "Dissimulation?" It requires a little art to know just the moment to incline the head gravely in token of assent, when to slip in a little question, then to put on an incredulous look, the particular tone in which to exclaim, "Oh yes, that's it,—really, how stupid I was to forget it."

SONO.

Preface and Prospectus of the "Owl."

In his preliminary hoot—be the term used with all respect to Minerva's bird and admiration of his warbling—the "Owl" tells us who's who.

On presenting to the public our pamphlet entitled, "The Philodemic Owl," our readers will naturally expect us to say something prefatorial to what we shall have to say hereafter; upon what kind of subjects we will treat; and how often at our bidding will the "Owl" deign to speak. Concerning these things we will speak farther on in our prospectus, but here, as deserving of the first place, we will expose our aims in taking upon ourselves the establishment and editorial management of the "Owl."

Our first object in connecting ourselves with the publication of this pamphlet is to bring about our own improvement in literary composition and the

cultivation of a chaste and elegant style of writing. Here, we confess, our aim appears to smack somewhat of self, but it has only the appearance of so doing, for we have followed the maxim of Seneca, which we think will bear us out in this respect; it is this: "He who is his own friend is a friend to all men." *Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse.*

Our second aim is the entertainment of the Philodemic Society, the attention of which we hope to agreeably engage by our productions, and to which, as a mark of esteem justly due, we refer whatever of praise our humble efforts may merit in conducting. Our third thought is also for the Philodemics, but individually, and especially for those of the Association who can compose well; to these, at least, if to no more, we wish to set an example of energy and literary enterprise; and we do now invite all to send us their contributions, if worthy and suitable for insertion in the columns of this paper.

We have chosen the name of a bird commonly known as the owl to be the title of our paper, not that it is our intention to follow its nocturnal habits and so-called plundering propensities, which after all are but the carrying out of nature's law in this respect; but because it is the emblem of wisdom and sacred to Minerva who was the goddess of war, of wisdom and the liberal arts.

There is a natural aversion to this bird both on account of its food, which consists chiefly of the flesh of other little animals, and on account of the time and manner in which it obtains this food. But the owl is no more to be blamed for desiring a steak from the thigh of a blackbird or a jay, and still less so from that of a mouse, than we are for desiring a sirloin or a mutton-chop; and the manner in which it obtains it, is no more to be considered plunder or robbery than the manner in which we obtain ours.

To be sure, the owl sallies forth in the dusk of evening or the gray of early morning and noiselessly approaches its prey, but who can blame it for that? Its eyes are not adapted to the light and its body is not sufficiently strong to attack its prey openly, or at least to withstand the onset of the whole feathered tribe which it would most certainly have to encounter if it made its appearance in open day; besides, it but follows its own instinct and our example in the selection of a time to labor and circumstances favorable to the performance of such.

For which one of us will forsake the day for the night, since the light is favorable to us and the day our proper time to labor? Or which one of us in want of steak, as the owl frequently is, will go out into the field and openly attack an ox to get some? Would we not rather, on the contrary, do as the owl does, steal upon it noiselessly, or what is much less honorable, treacherously lead it away to some enclosure, where, perhaps, we have been accustomed to give it food, and there, having bound it securely, knock it in the head and get our steak?

Why, then, call unpleasant names to and say disagreeable things about the owl? Why criminate it for doing that which we do ourselves? No, we cannot with justice say that the owl is a thief; on the contrary we think it a very honest and honorable bird. We like its full, honest face and large eyes and noble and dignified appearance, and we thank Thomas Gray for the following stanza, so expressive of the majesty and dignity of our bird:

"From yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping Owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Here we have a word-picture which we have endeavored to have represented on our title-page, and which we wish to be considered as expressive of our idea of the owl. The poet does not em-

ploy the word "moping" in the sense of drowsiness or stupidity, but rather, we think, to the idea of gravity, or the state of being far removed from that levity and volatility which characterize the actions of most birds. In the engraving on our title-page, partly and particularly in the wood-picture of the poet, the owl may be seen sitting on the moon-lit side of an ivy-mantled tower, solitary and alone, wrapped up, as it were, in deep thought, surrounded by an atmosphere of wisdom, hooting at intruders on her ancient premises, and complaining of them to the moon.

The owl is in fact a good-looking bird, notwithstanding its commanding air; and such an influence does it exercise over its feathered friends that "its appearance," as Goldsmith says, "is sufficient to set the whole grove into a kind of uproar." We trust this will not be the case on the appearance of "The Philodemic Owl," but that its contemporaries, noticing its hooked bill and sharp claws, or perhaps experiencing another kind of feeling, occasioned by its neat appearance and well-filled colonus, will choose the better part and remain silent.

"The Philodemic Owl" will be published weekly and read at each regular meeting of the Philodemic Association. It will be a twenty-four column paper, each succeeding edition of which will contain the same amount of matter as the present, with this additional feature, that each succeeding issue will, it is hoped, be an improvement on the preceding one, advancing in perfection as it advances in age.

Literature and Science, together with local and miscellaneous matters, shall form the different departments within whose limits shall be found the various subjects upon which we propose to treat, and each week from out those vast storehouses of literary and positive knowledge we will fill the columns of the "Owl" with choice reading matter both interesting and instructive.

Here we might be reminded of the precept of Horace: "It is better to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke—*Non fumum ex folgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem,*" and also of the ephemeral and reproachful existence of some College journals. But it is unnecessary. We perfectly agree with Horace, and we think these pages give evidence of such.

We have high hopes of a long and honorable career for the "Owl." We will work for the former, and guard against everything that might tarnish the latter. But in guarding against personalities and scurrilities, we by no means wish to be understood as shunning all controversy; on the contrary, our columns are open to all such that is honorable, and we ourselves are prepared to participate in it.

It is our intention neither to abuse nor be abused, and those who think that they can hit away at the "Owl" with impunity, will find to their surprise, if not to their sorrow, that the "Owl" has a keen eye, a clear perception, a hooked bill and sharp claws, and that it is able at times to do some "pretty tall fighting."

With these few preliminary remarks, and with a full consciousness of the responsibilities we assume when we say that the "Owl" depends on us alone for its vitality, we issue the first copy, with the hope that it will meet the approbation of all.

M. W. C.

Death of Joseph Mazzini.

The telegrams received here on Tuesday recorded the death in Pisa, Italy, of the notorious Joseph Mazzini. Some of our California newspapers have treated their readers to obituary notices of this arch-conspirator, and have endeavored to paint him as a true and pure-minded patriot. To do this they have had to draw largely upon their imagination, inasmuch as a more unlikely subject to make a re-

spectable character out of than the deceased revolutionist, could hardly be found in any country.

For nearly half a century Joseph Mazzini was a malignant foe to all law and order. He had wonderful capacity for organizing, and no man knew better how to establish or propagate a secret society. In fact, he was confessedly the master conspirator of Europe, and all the apostles of anarchy of whom we hear so much now-a-days studied in his school. Of course he was an infidel, not merely in the sense of rejecting revealed religion, but in that of being an implacable enemy of Christianity in every shape. Accordingly, the associations which he founded or had relations with were each and all together atheistic in principle and in action. It is said that the rites and ceremonies observed in some were irreverent and sacrilegious burlesques upon Catholic observances. We shall not sully our pages with describing them more minutely, but shall simply say that they exhibited a hatred of Christian faith that could only proceed from diabolic influence.

One of Mazzini's favorite doctrines was that which he dignified with the name of tyrannicide. This, in its wide sense, maintained the right of a people to take the life of any man whom they believed to stand in the way of their freedom; but in its practical application it meant the right of him or his associates to murder every person who opposed their principles. The followers of Mazzini constantly glorified the dagger as the great instrument for achieving the overthrow of governments and establishing the rights of peoples. Nor were they slow to put their wicked doctrines into practice whenever they deemed it expedient. The punishment of death was formally decreed against members of the association *La Giovane Italia* who proved unfaithful to their obligations, or endeavored to withdraw from the body. Mazzini himself was accused of acting as president of a secret tribunal which condemned one Emiliana to death, and the charge has never been satisfactorily denied. The unfortunate man was hunted down and stabbed to death by the agents of Young Italy. This is not a solitary instance; on the contrary, the probabilities are that it is only one among hundreds that never attracted any public attention, because the victims were obscure and comparatively friendless.

Mazzini had a special enmity to the House of Savoy, and his most strenuous exertions were directed to its destruction. He endeavored to procure the assassination of King Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel, and presented a certain Gallenga, subsequently Italian correspondent of the *London Times*, with a lapis-lazuli-handled dagger for use in accomplishing the deed of blood. The intended murder failed through circumstances over which its chief plotter had no control. It would be wearisome to recount all the *emeutes* and half-revolutions in Italy which were owing to his machinations. They were quelled, but it was at great sacrifice of life. Mazzini was quick enough in sending his dupes into danger; he used very fine language when bidding them rush forward to free dear Italy, but he very prudently kept out of harm's way himself, never once putting his precious body within the reach of either bullet or bayonet. This commendable spirit of self-preservation has been characterized, even by the *Italianissimi*, as rank cowardice, and has called forth innumerable taunts and reproaches. Mazzini, however, invariably took these small troubles most philosophically and continued to play his rôle of Head Conspirator. He was outlawed by the Sardinian and all the other Italian Governments; sentence of death was thrice passed upon him, and a price was put upon his head. England, where he remained for some ten or twelve years, was the only country in which he dared make an appearance in public without fear of molestation, although

France had the great misfortune of being his asylum for a considerable space of time.

It was his custom to proceed to Italy occasionally in furtherance of his revolutionary enterprises, but his movements were characterized by the utmost secrecy, and it frequently happened that not half-a-dozen of even his most intimate associates knew where he was or what he was about. Since Mazzini was a fierce foe of the Papacy and of the Catholic religion, it was only natural that he should be a hero in the estimation of all the sectarians and infidels. Men who proclaimed themselves Christians, who professed their belief in the Redeemer, who presumed to preach the holy Gospel of salvation, were not ashamed to applaud this man and encourage him in his infamous designs. They were quite willing that he should propagate the doctrine of assassination and carry it into practice; they would forgive his anxiety to destroy society and ruin civilization; they would pass over his antagonism towards all settled governments—all because he hated priests, and would dethrone the Pope! Such is the consistency, such the justice, such the morality prevailing among the foes of the Church.

A few Americans may think their sympathies owing to Mazzini because his labors were for the establishment of a republic in Italy. There could not possibly be a more mistaken notion. No similarity whatever, beyond that of name, can be discovered between the republicanism of Italian revolutionists and the republicanism of citizens of the United States. To this fact attention cannot be directed too frequently. Mazzini's republic meant the abrogation of religion and all moral restraint in favor of atheism and licentiousness, so that by the people of this country it would not be countenanced for a single moment. The writers, therefore, who eulogize the dead anarchist, merely copy the example set them by the English and Continental infidels, who are prepared to approve of anything, however base or diabolic, which assails the Catholic Church. It is strange that the Italian Parliament should give expression to regret for the termination of the earthly career of a man who was an inveterate foe to monarchy, and who had, moreover, done his utmost to effect the assassination of the king's father. Certainly they must either be republicans at heart, or else have very little regard for the feelings of their sovereign. It is not permissible for Christians to rejoice at the death of any man, however guilty, so all we shall say is that one of the worst men that has figured in history during the present century, has passed away in the person of Joseph Mazzini.—*San Francisco Monitor*.

Mule Artillery.

The commandant of a Western fort became possessed of the idea, some time ago, that artillery might be used in Indian fighting by dispensing with gun carriages and fastening the cannon on the backs of mules. So a target was set up in the middle of the river and a howitzer was strapped upon a mule's back with the muzzle toward the tail. The rear of the mule was turned toward the bluff. The officers stood around in a semi-circle, while the major went up and inserted a time-fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head round to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening instant death to every man within half a mile.

The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back somersaults over the bluff only to rest at anchor, finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

"If I am stuck up, I'm not proud," as the butterfly said when pinned to the side of the show-case.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
March 27, 1872. }

On Thursday last, Prof. Howard gave the second of his interesting course of lectures on History.

During this month we have been snow-balled out of patience, then snow-balled into complete subjection, and now, in all meekness, we hopefully announce that the last "snow-ball" of the season came off on the 25th inst. The pretty flakes danced merrily for a while, and then (as if touched with sorrow at the reflection that it was their last snow-ball at St. Mary's), they all melted into tears and left for the North Pole.

On last Sunday evening *The Trumpet* gave a terrific blast. Some of its notes were decidedly harsh. This, no doubt, is owing to the past inclement weather; but the present bright atmosphere will soon restore to the graduates' mouthpiece its soft, silvery tones. The poetical contribution, "Snow-Flake," by Miss H. Tompkins, of the musical course, was graceful and reasonable. The touching, rhyming apostrophe to "That Old Tin Cup that Hangs on the Pump," was just in the right key. Miss M. Sherland's composition on "Syllables" was good, but rather solemn.

We observe that in the Honorable Mentions in Vocal Music Miss L. West is noticed as Miss L. Mast. Respectfully,

STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

March 24—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahan, A. Monroe, K. and E. Greenleaf.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Miss M. Dillon.
First Senior Class—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior Class—Misses L. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, L. West, D. Green, J. Millis, A. Woods, R. Spiers, M. Donahue.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Dickerhoff, S. Addis.

First Preparatory Class—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahan, L. Sutherland, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, J. Walsh, C. Crevling, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Kelly, M. Layfield, N. Ball, G. Kellogg, A. Calvert.
Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Mooney,

H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, F. Taylor, L. Eutzler, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, K. Casey, M. Addis.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzenares, N. Vigil, M. McNellis, L. Pease.

First French Class—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, R. Spiers, K. McMahon, M. Quan, N. Gross.

Second French Class—Misses M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. and J. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker.

First German Class—K. Zell, K. Brown, K. Miller.

Second German Class—M. Faxon, V. and N. Ball, J. Millis.

Latin—Miss F. Munn.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses J. Hynds, M. Shirland, M. Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses H. Tompkins, A. Borup, K. McMahon.

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

Second Div.—Misses A. Golhardt, L. Duffield.

Third Class—Misses H. McMahon, M. Lassen, M. Quan, D. Green, M. Prince.

Second Div.—Misses M. Donahoe, R. Devoto, A. Emonds, K. Brown.

Fourth Class—Misses I. Wilder, N. Gross, J. Forbes, J. Layfield, M. Kearney, A. Clarke, E. Brandenburg, A. Byrnes, K. Zell.

Second Div.—Misses A. Shea, M. Letourneau, J. Kearney.

Fifth Class—Misses M. Kelley, B. Johnson.

Second Div.—Miss L. Tinsley.

Sixth Class—Misses J. Walsh, N. Sullivan, E. Culver.

Second Div.—Misses M. Faxon, A. Lloyd.

Seventh Class—Misses K. Greenleaf, M. Mooney, M. McNellis, M. Sylvester, N. Ball, L. Ritchie, C. Creveling, L. Eutzler, K. Miller, N. Horgan.

Eighth Class—Misses F. Munn, M. Reynolds.

Ninth Class—Misses R. Wile, F. Kendult.

Tenth Class—Misses J. Valdors, R. Manzenares, Harp—Misses M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Guitar—Misses H. Tompkins, G. Kellogg, B. Crowley.

Organ—Misses L. West, A. Mast.

Harmony—Misses R. Spiers, J. Hynds, M. Shirland, M. Kirwan, A. Borup.

Theoretical Classes—Misses D. Greene, H. Tompkins, E. Plamondon, A. Todd, K. Zell, M. Letourneau, R. Devoto, K. Brown, I. Logan, L. West, M. Kearney, A. Mast, M. Donahoe, E. Brandenburg, B. Crowley, J. Coffee, A. Shea, L. Duffield, J. Kearney, M. Walker, J. Walker, M. Prince, V. Ball, K. Haymond, E. Faxon, S. Honeyman, N. Gross, A. Rose, M. Hildreth.

Vocal Music, Private Class—Misses J. Hynds, H. Tompkins, L. West, K. McMahon, M. Tuberty, J. Forbes, M. Prince, A. Robson, M. Wicker, A. Shea, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, K. Brown, M. Letourneau.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

March 26—Misses M. Kearney, N. Gross, L. Niel, A. Clarke, M. Quan, M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, L. Tinsley, J. Kearney, E. Lappin.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quill, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, L. McKinnon, A. Golhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan.

First Junior Class—K. Follmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, A. Rose, M. Farnum, M. Hildreth, T. Cronin.

Plain Sewing—M. Cummings, E. Horgan, M. Quann, L. Niel, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, A. Rose.

Fancy Work—M. Quan, L. Wood, A. Golhardt, M. Faxon.

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