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## Retirement.

BY JAMES BEATTIE.

The touching sentiment of the following lines is ample apology for their republication in the SCHOLASTIC:

When in the crimson cloud of even  
The lingering light decays,  
And Hesper on the front of heaven  
His glittering gem displays;  
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,  
Beside a lulling stream,  
A pensive youth, of placid mien,  
Indulged this tender theme:

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled  
High o'er the glimmering dale;  
Ye woods, along whose windings wild  
Murmurs the solemn gale:  
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,  
And Woe retires to weep,  
What time the wan Moon's yellow horn  
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,  
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,  
To your retreats I fly.  
Deep in your most sequester'd bower  
Let me at last recline,  
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,  
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!  
Thy heavenly smile how win!  
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,  
And stills the storm within.  
O wilt thou to thy favorite grove  
Thine ardent votary bring,  
And bless his hours, and bid them move  
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind  
With dreams of former days,  
When, in the lap of Peace reclined,  
He framed his infant lays;  
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care  
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,  
Nor envy with malignant glare  
His simple youth had harm'd.

"'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee  
His early vows were paid,  
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
Devoted to the shade.  
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy  
In stormy paths to roam,  
Remote from all congenial joy!—  
O take the wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,  
Thy charms my only theme;  
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine  
Waves o'er the gloomy stream;  
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray  
Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
And down the lone vale sails away  
To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours  
Its wildly warbling song,  
And balmy from the bank of flowers  
The zephyr breathes along;

Let no rude sound invade from far,  
No vagrant foot be nigh,  
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car  
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade  
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,  
O guard from harm his hoary head,  
And listen to his lore;  
For he of joys divine shall tell,  
That wean from earthly woe,  
And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
That chains his heart below.

"For me no more the path invites  
Ambition loves to tread;  
No more I climb those toilsome heights,  
By guileful Hope misled;  
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
To Mirth's enlivening strain;  
For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
And all the past is vain."

## ERIC; or, Little by Little.

### A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

## PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### HOME AT LAST.

"I will arise and go to my Father."  
Ach! ein Schicksal droht,  
Und es droht nicht lange!  
Auf der holden Wange  
Brennt ein böses Roth!—*Tiedge.*

Eric Williams pursued his disconsolate way to the station, and found that his money only just sufficed to get him something to eat during the day, and carry him third-class by the parliamentary train to Charlesbury, the little station where he had to take the branch line to Ayrton.

He got into the carriage, and sat in the far corner, hiding himself from notice as well as he could. The weary train—(it carried poor people for the most part, so, of course, it could matter but little how tedious or slow it was!)—the weary train, stopping at every station, and often waiting on the rail until it had been passed by trains that started four or five hours after it—dragged its slow course through the fair counties of England. Many people got in and out of the carriage, which was generally full, and some of them tried occasionally to enter into conversation with him. But poor Eric was too sick, and tired, and his heart was too full to talk much, and he contented himself with civil answers to the questions put to him, dropping the conversation as soon as he could.

At six in the evening the train stopped at Charlesbury, and he got down.

"Ticket," said the station-man.

Eric gave it, turning his head away, for the man knew him well from having often seen him there. It was no use; the man looked hard at him, and then, opening his eyes wide, exclaimed:

"Well, I never! what, Master Williams of Fairholm, can that be you?"

"Hush, John, hush! yes I am Eric Williams. But don't say a word, that's a good fellow; I'm going on to Ayrton this evening."

"Well, sir, I am hurt like to see you looking so ragged and poorly. Let me give you a bed to-night, and send you on by first train to-morrow."

"O no, thank you, John, I've got no money, and—"

"Tut, tut, sir; I thought you'd know me better nor that. Proud I'd be any day to do anything for Mrs. Trevor's nephew, let alone a young gentleman like you. Well, then, let me drive you, sir, in my little cart this evening."

"No, thank you, John, never mind; you are very, very good, but," he said, and the tears were in his eyes, "I want to walk in alone to-night."

"Well, God keep and bless you, sir," said the man, "for you look to need it;" and touching his cap he watched the boy's painful walk across some fields to the main road.

"Who'd ha' thought it, Jenny!" he said to his wife. "There's that young Master Williams, whom we've always thought so noble like, just been here as ragged as ragged, and with a face the color o' my white signal flag."

"Lawks!" said the woman; "well, well! poor young gentleman, I'm afeard he's been doing something bad."

Balmily and beautiful the evening fell, as Eric, not without toil, made his way along the road towards Ayrton, which was ten miles off. The road wound through the valley, across the low hills that encircled it, sometimes spanning or running parallel to the bright stream that had been the delight of Eric's innocent childhood. There was something enjoyable at first to the poor boy's eyes, so long accustomed to the barren sea, in resting once more on the soft undulating green of the summer fields, which were intertissued with white and yellow flowers, like a broidery of pearls and gold. The whole scene was bathed in the exquisite light, and rich with the delicate perfumes of a glorious evening, which filled the sky over his head with every perfect gradation of rose and amber and amethyst, and breathed over the quiet landscape a sensation of unbroken peace. But peace did not remain long in Eric's heart; each well-remembered landmark filled his soul with recollections of the days when he had returned from school, oh! how differently; and of the last time when he had come home with Vernon by his side. "Oh, Verny, Verny, noble little Verny, would to God that I were with you now. But you are resting, Verny, in the green grave by Russel's side, and I—oh God, be merciful to me now!"

It was evening, and the stars came out and shone by hundreds, and Eric walked on by the moonlight. But the exertion had brought on the pain in his knee, and he had to sit down a long time by the road-side to rest. He reached Ayrton at ten o'clock, but even then he could not summon up courage to pass through the town where he was so well known, lest any straggler should recognize him,—and he took a detour in order to

get to Fairholm. He did not arrive there till eleven o'clock; and then he could not venture into the grounds, for he saw through the trees of the shrubbery that there was no light in any of the windows, and it was clear that they were all gone to bed.

What was he to do? He durst not disturb them so late at night. He remembered that they would not have heard a syllable of or from him since he had run away from Roslyn, and he feared the effect of so sudden an emotion as his appearance at that hour might excite.

So, under the star-light he lay down to sleep on a cold bank beside the gate, determining to enter early in the morning. It was long before he slept, but at last weary nature demanded her privilege with importunity, and gentle sleep floated over him like a dark dewy cloud, and the sun was high in heaven before he woke.

It was about half past nine in the morning, and Mrs. Trevor, with Fanny, was starting to visit some of her poor neighbors, an occupation full of holy pleasure to her kind heart, and in which she had found more than usual consolation during the heavy trials which she had recently suffered; for she had loved Eric and Vernon as a mother does her own children, and now Vernon, the little cherished jewel of her heart, was dead—Vernon was dead, and Eric, she feared not dead but worse than dead, guilty, stained, dishonored. Often had she thought to herself, in deep anguish of heart, "Our darling little Vernon dead—and Eric fallen and ruined!"

"Look at that poor fellow asleep on the grass," said Fanny, pointing to a sailor-boy who lay coiled up on the bank beside the gate. "He has had a rough bed, mother, if he has spent the night there, as I fear."

Mrs. Trevor had grasped her arm. "What is Flo' doing?" she said, stopping, as the pretty little spaniel trotted up to the boy's reclining figure, and began snuffing about it, and then broke into a quick short bark of pleasure, and fawned and frisked about him, and leaped upon him, joyously wagging his tail.

The boy rose with the dew, wet from the flowers, upon his hair;—he saw the dog, and at once began playfully to fondle it, and hold its little silken head between his hands; but as yet he had not caught sight of the Trevors.

"It is—oh, good heavens! it is Eric," cried Mrs. Trevor, as she flew towards him. Another moment and he was in her arms, silent, speechless, with long arrears of pent-up emotion.

"Oh my Eric, our poor, lost, wandering Eric—come home; you are forgiven, more than forgiven, my own darling boy. Yes, I knew that my prayers would be answered; this is as though we received you from the dead." And the noble lady wept upon his neck, and Eric, his heart shaken with accumulated feelings, clung to her and wept.

Deeply did that loving household rejoice to receive back their lost child. At once they procured him a proper dress and a warm bath, and tended him with every gentle office of female ministering hands. And in the evening, when he told them his story in a broken voice of penitence and remorse, their love came to him like a sweet balsam, and he rested by them, "seated, and clothed, and in his right mind."

The pretty little room, fragrant with sweet flowers from the green-house, was decorated with all the refinement of womanly taste, and its glass doors opened on the pleasant garden. It was long, long since Eric had ever seen anything like it, and he had never hoped to see it again. "Oh dearest aunty," he murmured, as he rested his weary head upon her lap, while he sat on a low stool at her feet, "O aunty, you will never know how different this is from the foul horrible hold of the 'Stormy Petrel,' and its detestable inmates."

When Eric was dressed once more as a gentleman, and once more fed on nourishing and wholesome food, and was able to move once more about the garden by Fanny's side, he began to recover his old appearance, and the soft bloom came back to his cheek again and the light to his blue eye. But still his health gave most serious cause for apprehension; weeks of semistarvation, bad air, sickness and neglect, followed by two nights exposure and wet, had at last undermined the remarkable strength of his constitution, and the Trevors soon became aware of the painful fact that he was sinking to the grave, and had come home only to die.

Above all, there seemed to be some great load at his heart which he could not remove; a sense of shame, the memory of his disgrace at Roslyn, and of the dark suspicion that rested on his name. He avoided the subject, and they were too kind to force it on him, especially as he had taken away the bitterest part of their trial in remembering it, by explaining to them that he was far from being so wicked in the matter of the theft as they had at first been (how slowly and reluctantly!) almost forced to believe.

"Have you ever heard—oh, how shall I put it?—have you ever heard, aunty, how things went on at Roslyn after I ran away?" he asked one evening, with evident effort.

"No, love, I have not. After they had sent home your things, I heard no more; only two most kind and excellent letters—one from Dr. Rowlands, and one from your friend Mr. Rose—informed me of what had happened about you."

"O, have they sent home my things?" he asked eagerly. "There are very few among them that I care about; but there is just one—"

"I guessed it, my Eric, and, but that I feared to agitate you, should have given it you before," and she drew out of a drawer the little likeness of Vernon's sweet childish face.

Eric gazed at it till the sobs shook him, and tears blinded his eyes.

"Do not weep, my boy," said Mrs. Trevor, kissing his forehead. "Dear little Verny, remember, is in a land where God Himself wipes away all tears from off all eyes."

"Is there anything else you would like?" asked Fanny, to divert his painful thoughts. "I will get you anything in a moment."

"Yes, Fanny dear, there is the medal I got for saving Russel's life, and one or two things which he gave me;—ah, poor Edwin, you never knew him."

He told her what to fetch, and when she brought them it seemed to give him great pleasure to recall his friends to mind by name, and speak of them—especially of Montagu and Wildney.

"I have a plan to please you, Eric," said Mrs. Trevor. "Shall I ask Montagu and Wildney here? we have plenty of room for them."

"O, thank you," he said, with the utmost eagerness. "Thank you, dearest aunt." Then suddenly his countenance fell. "Stop—shall we?—yes, yes, I am going to die soon, I know; let me see them before I die."

The Trevors did not know that he was aware of the precarious tenure of his life, but they listened to him in silence, and did not contradict him; and Mrs. Trevor wrote to both the boys (whose directions Eric knew), telling them what had happened, and begging them, simply for his sake, to come and stay with her for a time. She hinted clearly that it might be the last opportunity they would ever have of seeing him.

Wildney and Montagu accepted the invitation; and they arrived together at Fairholm on one of the early autumn evenings. They both greeted Eric with the utmost affection; and he seemed never tired of pressing their hands, and looking at them again. Yet every now and then a memory of sadness would pass over his face, like a dark ripple on the clear surface of a lake.

"Tell me, Monty," he said one evening, "all about what happened after I left Roslyn."

"Gladly, Eric; now that your name is cleared, there is—"

"My name cleared!" said Eric, leaning forward eagerly. "Did you say that?"

"Yes, Eric. Didn't you know, then, that the thief had been discovered?"

"No," he murmured faintly, leaning back again; "O, thank God, thank God! Do tell me about it, Monty."

"Well, Eric, I will tell you all from the beginning. You may guess how utterly astonished we were in the morning, when we heard that you had run away. Wildney here was the first to discover it, for he went early to your bedroom—"

"Dear little Sunbeam," interrupted Eric, resting his hand against Wildney's cheek; but Wildney shook his fist at him when he heard the forbidden name.

"He found the door locked," continued Montagu, "and called to you, but there came no answer; this made us suspect the truth, and we were certain of it when some one caught sight of the pendant sheet. The masters soon heard the report, and sent Carter to make inquiries, but they did not succeed in discovering anything definite about you. Then, of course, everybody assumed as a certainty that you were guilty, and I fear that my bare assertion on the other side had little weight."

Eric's eyes glistened as he drank in his friend's story.

"But, about a fortnight after, more money and several other articles disappeared from the studies, and all suspicion as to the perpetrator was baffled; only now the boys began to admit that, after all, they had been premature in condemning you. It was a miserable time; for every one was full of distrust, and the more nervous boys were always afraid lest any one should on some slight ground suspect them. Still things kept disappearing."

"We found out at length that the time when the robberies were effected must be between twelve and one, and it was secretly agreed that some one should be concealed in the studies for a day or two during those hours. Carter undertook the office, and was ensconced in one of the big cupboards in a study which had not yet been touched. On the third day he heard some one stealthily mount the stairs. The fellows were more careful now, and used to keep their doors shut, but the person was provided with keys, and opened the study in which Carter was. He moved about for a little time—Carter watching him through the key-hole, and prepared to spring on him before he could make his escape. Not getting much, the man at last opened the cupboard door, where Carter had just time to conceal himself behind a great-coat. The great-coat took the plunderer's fancy; he took it down off the peg, and—there stood Carter before him! Billy—for it was he—stood absolutely confounded, as though a ghost had suddenly appeared; and Carter, after enjoying his unconcealed terror, collared him, and hauled him off to the police station. He was tried soon after, and finally confessed that it was he who had taken the cricket-money too; for which offences he was sentenced to transportation. So Eric, dear Eric, at last your name was cleared."

"As I always knew it would be, dear old boy," said Wildney.

Montagu and Wildney found plenty to make them happy at Fairholm, and were never tired of Eric's society, and of his stories about all that befel him on board the "Stormy Petrel." They perceived a marvellous change in him. Every trace of recklessness and arrogance had passed away; every stain of passion had been removed; every particle of hardness had been calcined in the flame of trial. All was gentleness, love, and dependence, in the once bright, impetuous, self-

willed boy; it seemed as though the lightning of God's anger had shattered and swept away all that was evil in his heart and life, and left all his true excellence, all the royal prerogatives of his character, pure and unscathed. Eric, even in his worst days, was, as I well remember, a lovable and noble boy; but at this period there must have been something about him for which to thank God, something unspeakably winning, and irresistibly attractive. During the day, as Eric was too weak to walk with them, Montagu and Wildney used to take boating and fishing excursions by themselves, but in the evening the whole party would sit out reading and talking in the garden till twilight fell. The two visitors began to hope that Mrs. Trevor had been mistaken, and that Eric's health would still recover; but Mrs. Trevor would not deceive herself with a vain hope, and the boy himself shook his head when they called him convalescent.

Their hopes were never higher than one evening about a week after their arrival, when they were all seated, as usual, in the open air, under a lime tree on the lawn. The sun was beginning to set, and the rain of golden sunlight fell over them through the green ambrosial foliage of the tree, whose pale blossoms were still murmurous with bees. Eric was leaning back in an easy chair, with Wildney sitting on the grass beside his feet, while Montagu, resting on one of the mossy roots, read to them the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the ladies were busy with their work.

"There—stop now," said Eric, "and let's sit out and talk until we see some of 'the fiery a'es and o'es of light' which he talks of."

"I'd no idea Shakspeare was such immensely jolly reading," remarked Wildney naively. "I shall take to reading him through when I get home."

"Do you remember, Eric," said Montagu, "how Rose used to chaff us in old days for our ignorance of literature, and how indignant we used to be when he asked if we'd ever heard of an obscure person called William Shakspeare?"

"Yes, very well," said Eric, laughing heartily. And in this strain they continued to chat merrily, while the ladies enjoyed listening to their school-boy mirth.

"What a perfectly delicious evening. It's almost enough to make me wish to live," said Eric.

He did not often speak thus; and it made them sad. But Eric half sang, half murmured to himself, a hymn with which his mother's sweet voice had made him familiar in their cottage at Ellan.

"There is a calm for those who weep  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose."

The last two lines lingered pleasantly in his fancy and he murmured to himself again in low tones:

"Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose."

"Oh, hush, hush, Eric!" said Wildney, laying his hand upon his friend's lips; "don't let's spoil to-night by forebodings."

It seemed, indeed, a shame to do so, for it was almost an awful thing to be breathing the splendor of the transparent air, as the sun broadened and fell, and a faint violet glow floated over soft meadow and silver stream. One might have fancied that the last rays of sunshine loved to linger over Eric's face, now flushed with a hectic tinge of pleasure, and to light up sudden glories in his bright hair, which the wind just fanned off his forehead as he leaned back and inhaled the lux-

ury of evening perfume, which the flowers of the garden poured on the gentle breeze. Ah, how sad that such scenes should be so rare and so short-lived!

"Hark—tirra-la-lirra-lirra!" said Wildney, "there goes the postman's horn! Shall I run and get the letter-bag as he passes the gate?"

"Yes, do," they all cried; and the boy bounded off full of fun, greeting the postman with such a burst of merry apostrophe, that the man shook with laughing at him.

"Here it is at last," said Wildney. "Now, then, for the key. Here's a letter for me, hurrah!—two for you, Miss Trevor—what people you young ladies are for writing to each other! None for you, Monty—Oh, yes! I'm wrong, here's one; but none for Eric."

"I expected none," said Eric sighing; but his eye was fixed earnestly on one of Mrs. Trevor's letters. He saw that it was from India, and directed in his father's hand.

Mrs. Trevor caught his look. "Shall I read it aloud to you, dear? Do you think you can stand it? Remember it will be in answer to ours, telling them of—"

"Oh, yes, yes," he said eagerly, "do let me hear it."

With instinctive delicacy Montagu and Wildney rose, but Eric pressed them to stay. "It will help me to bear what mother says, if I see you by me," he pleaded.

God forbid that I should transcribe that letter. It was written from the depths of such sorrow as He only can fully sympathize with who for thirty years pitched his tent in the valley of human misery. By the former mail Mrs. Williams had heard of Verny's melancholy death; by the next she had been told that her only other child, Eric, was not dead indeed, but a wandering outcast, marked with the brand of terrible suspicion. Let her agony be sacred; it was God who sent it, and He only enabled her to endure it. With bent head, and streaming eyes, and a breast that heaved involuntarily with fitful sobs, Eric listened as though to his mother's voice, and only now and then he murmured low to himself, "O mother, mother, mother—but I am forgiven now. O mother, God and man have forgiven me, and we shall be at peace again once more."

Mrs. Trevor's eyes grew too dim with weeping to read it all, and Fanny finished it. "Here is a little note from your father, Eric, which dropped out when we opened dear aunt's letter. Shall I read it, too?"

"Perhaps not now, love," said Mrs. Trevor. "Poor Eric is too tired and excited already."

"Well, then, let me glance at it myself, aunty," he said. He opened it, read a line or two, and then, with a scream fell back swooning, while it dropped out of his hands.

Terrified, they picked up the fallen paper; it told briefly, in a few heart-rending words, that, after writing the letter, Mrs. Williams had been taken ill; that her life was absolutely despaired of, and that, before the letter reached England, she would, in all human probability, be dead. It conveyed the impression of a soul resigned indeed, and humble, but crushed down to the very earth with the load of mysterious bereavement and irretrievable sorrow.

"Oh, I have killed her, I have killed my mother!" said Eric, in a hollow voice, when he came to himself. "O God, forgive me, forgive me!"

They gathered round him: they soothed, and comforted, and prayed for him; but his soul refused comfort, and all his strength appeared to have been broken down at once like a feeble reed. At last a momentary energy returned; his eyes were lifted to the gloaming heaven where a few stars had already begun to shine, and a bright look illuminated his countenance. They listened

deeply—"Yes, mother," he murmured, in broken tones, "forgiven now, for Christ's dear sake. O Thou merciful God! Yes, there they are, and we shall meet again. Verny—oh, happy, happy at last—too happy!"

The sounds died away, and his head fell back; for a transient moment more the smile and the brightness played over his features like a lambent flame. It passed away, and Eric was with those he dearest loved, in the land where there is no more curse.

"Yes, dearest Eric, forgiven and happy now," sobbed Mrs. Trevor; and her tears fell fast upon the dead boy's face, as she pressed upon it a long, last kiss.

But Montagu, as he consoled the poignancy of Wildney's grief, was reminded by Mrs. Trevor's words of that sweet German verse,

"Doch sonst an Keinem Orte  
Wohnt die ersehnte Ruh,  
Nur durch die dunkle Pforte  
Geht man der Heimath zu."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Curran at a Debating Society.

Curran's account of his introduction and *début* at a debating society is the identical "first appearance" of hundreds. "Upon the first of our assembling," he says, "I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honor of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' All day the coming scene had been flitting before my fancy, and cajoling it. My ear already caught the glorious melody of 'Hear him! hear him!' Already I was practising how to steal a sidelong glance at the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of my little auditory,—never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it. I stood up; my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather, like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Such was the *début* of "Stuttering Jack Curran," or "Orator Mum," as he was waggishly styled; but not many months elapsed ere the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendor.

PEOPLE who have the bad habit of leaning back in their chairs and resting their heads against the wall often leave gratuitous advertisements of various popular cosmetics. Post no bills. A word to the wise, etc.

CUCUMBERS.—Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, gave the following receipt for dressing them: "Peel the cucumber with great care; then cut it into thin slices; pepper and salt it well—and then throw it away."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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TERMS:  
One year ..... \$2 00  
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How are the boats?

WE have not heard from the Owl this week.

EXTRA rec. on the 2d.

Two match base-ball games came off last Wednesday.

THE Catalogue will soon be in the hands of the printer.

THE roads are all dry between the College and South Bend.

BROTHER PAULINUS and his men began plowing on the 30th ult.

MR DONNELLY, of Woodstock, Illinois, favored us with a visit this week.

ONLY one Student went fishing Wednesday. He did not report progress.

ABOUT one thousand poplar trees may be had at the Professed House.

THE fine weather this week has brought a number of visitors to the College.

MR. BOYNE, formerly leader of the College Band, has gone to Watertown.

THE upper lake is not yet clear of ice. The skating, however, is not good.

BURNING the grass on the prairie grounds between the lakes on the 3d inst.

BROTHER FRANCIS OF SALES has several hundred shade-trees on his hands to be planted.

THE flower-garden in front of the College is preparing to come out in full bloom.

WE call attention to the gymnasium and ball-alleys. They ought to be repaired for use this fine weather.

A LARGE concourse of people who rarely go to church at any other time, were present at High Mass on Easter Sunday.

NEXT week we shall commence a valuable essay on the "Origin of Ideas," by M. B. B. We know it will be read with great interest by many who have been anxiously expecting it.

THE Editor in chief of the *Philomathean Standard* returned to the College on the 2d inst. after a short visit home. We are glad to see him looking so well and cheery, and hope he and his worthy associates will vigorously pursue their editorial career in spite of pleasant weather.

WE saw a beautiful photograph, presenting a group consisting of twelve clergymen of the diocese of Cleveland. Among them we recognize the portly figure and handsome countenance of our friend, Rev. Henry Brown, of Ravenna, and the familiar faces of four Notre Damers in those of Rev. R. Sidley, Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, Rev. J. P. Carroll, and Rev. E. Mears.

THE students perpetrated a first class first of April joke on the officers and professors by quietly going to study last Monday, instead of asking recreation, which from time immemorial has always been granted on Easter Monday.

A HAT may sometimes contrive to have a brick inserted in it without creating any alarming degree of wonder, except in the mind of the owner; but no ordinary amount of surprise was excited in the mind of the individual who last Monday gave a careless yet vigorous kick at a hat in which, in lieu of a brick, a big stone had been placed by a festive Aprilfooler.

AN extra lunch on the first of April was participated in by a highly respectable and select number of whole sold guests. The materials of the cake lacked homogeneity.

WE have observed a new style of paper collar in use among our typos. The color, texture, and style of finish is somewhat peculiar. The invention is due to the fertile genius of one of our printers, who proposes to apply for a patent at no distant day. This collar will be known as the "Nonpareil." The first box manufactured will be presented to the "Afflicted Reader," with a view to restoring his good humor.

## Grumblers.

There are two classes of grumblers—the confirmed grumblers and the occasional grumblers. The confirmed grumblers are pests and nuisances wherever found. Do they see any person working well, they are sure to find fault with him, and ascribe bad motives to him for his actions. If the same person, through thoughtlessness or forgetfulness or from the following of the natural promptings of human nature, should neglect some very slight duty, or cease for a short while to do that which he is accustomed to do, these miserable men are sure to grumble. They generally do not confine their grumbings to their own *few confrères*—for they never have many—but they must run to everybody with their complaints. Even superiors are not spared by them. All the little matters, of which sensible persons take no note, are, with the regularity of the revolutions of the earth, taken by these grumblers to those who are seated in authority. They grumble because they must do this, they grumble because they must do that. They grumble because things are in such a condition, and then grumble because it has been changed to suit them. They grumble to superiors of their fellows, and then grumble to their fellows of their superiors. We see these flows every day. They can be pointed out, because they have a mean, hang-dog look about them, that tempts everybody else to grumble at them. We hear them grumbling at their food, and grumbling at everybody else who does the same. We hear them grumbling at this professor because he does *not* do certain things, and grumbling at that professor because he *does*. We hear them grumbling at these students because they *have* this habit, and grumbling at those because they *have not*. We hear them grumbling at such a prefect because he is strict, and at another because he is not. They grumble at such a one because he is too dignified, and at another because he is not. Grumble! grumble! grumble! No weather suits them. The days are too long, or they are too short. The weather is too cold or too damp or too hot. Grumble! grumble! grumble! They will do nothing themselves, and then complain that it is not done. Were an angel from heaven to come down, they would grumble at everything that he would do. They are continually grumbling themselves, and yet grumble if anyone else grumbles in the least. The sooner a place is rid of such a class of people, the better for the place; because they are never happy themselves, and make everybody else unhappy.

The other class of grumblers are, in our opinion, a blessing. The occasional grumbler, grumbles only when he sees that things are not what they

should be: when he sees that sound advice is thrown away; when he sees that a loud, grand, glorious grumble may be of some practical good. He does not go round the corners of the fence grumbling with every miserable little grumbler he comes across; he does not go grumbling with little trifles every day to superiors; he does not go around trying to stir up discord among people. If he has anything to say to the superiors, he says it, and is willing to face the person he accuses; if he finds any little faults, he passes them by quietly and peacefully, knowing that "time at last sets all things even." If he sees any great, glaring fault or abuse, he speaks right out manfully and boldly, and, though ready to fight until death in defence of what he believes right, yet, having spoken his mind freely, he is willing to grumble no more. The more grumblers of this kind we have, the better. They leave it to the sound common sense of him against whom they grumble to right his conduct.

## Ancient Customs.

AN ESSAY.

History is a record of the manners and customs, the deeds of men. In studying it, we become acquainted with the wisdom and the follies of past ages; and by cherishing the former and endeavoring to avoid the latter, we improve our own minds and hearts, while we render an invaluable service to posterity by transmitting to it the select gems of universal wisdom and virtue, divested of at least many of the errors and absurdities which mingled with them at the time of their manifestation.

In taking a general view of the manners and customs of men, we see that numberless institutions, deriving their origin from local peculiarities, can flourish only in particular countries. Others, being suited to the habits and prejudices of a particular age, prevail only so long as these habits and prejudices exist, and then sink into oblivion. Hence those few that have universally obtained among mankind, and continued unaltered from age to age, may be said to have their root in the fixed principles of human nature; while they receive a strong testimony to their propriety and expediency from their uninterrupted prevalence in all ages and countries.

The sanction thus derived from long-continued and universal observance, belongs, in a special manner, to the custom of showing respect for the dead by funeral solemnities and sepulchral honors. But as even these universal customs are variously modified in different ages and countries, it may not be uninteresting to inquire into the manner in which funeral ceremonies were performed by the various peoples of the earth, especially in ancient times.

The ancients attached the utmost importance to funeral ceremonies; and countless passages in their writings clearly show how sacred among them were the last duties of man to man. We will begin our account of funeral solemnities with a notice of the rites observed by the Egyptians in this respect.

As soon as an Egyptian died, a public accuser was heard, and if proof was adduced that the life of the deceased had been wicked, his memory was condemned, and his body was consigned to the earth without any mark of honor even from his nearest relatives and dearest friends. If on the contrary it was shown that his life had been virtuous and useful, his panegyric was publicly pronounced; extraordinary honors were decreed to his memory, and his body was carefully embalmed and returned to his family and relations, who placed it in an upright posture in a niche prepared for the purpose. These embalmed bodies, some of which still exist, are known in history as Egyptian mummies. To this desire of honoring the dead



may be traced the origin of those stupendous monuments which have rendered Egypt famous among the nations of antiquity: for we are told that the first of the pyramids was erected by one of the kings of Egypt as a last resting place for himself and his successors to the throne. This herculean monument of death is the largest of the pyramids, and one of the three which have merited by their enormous size and durability to be reckoned among the seven wonders of the world. It is also related that one of the kings seeing himself deprived of an heir by the death of his only daughter, sought to render her memory immortal by the pomp and magnificence of the funeral solemnities. So instead of a mausoleum he built a magnificent palace, and placed the embalmed body of the deceased in a coffin of incorruptible wood, made into the form of a young heifer, overlaid with gold and clothed in royal purple. This figure was represented upon its knees, and bearing between its horns a representation of the sun in massive gold.

It was then placed in the middle of a magnificent hall in the new palace, around which a number of golden chafing-dishes were arranged in which the most odoriferous perfumes were continually burned.

Another monument worthy of mention is the mausoleum of Osymandias. This was a magnificent tomb built by that monarch for himself. The principle feature of it was the immense girdle of gold which surrounded it: this girdle was one cubit or about 20 inches in width, and 365 cubits or about 603 feet in circumference. This immense girdle was divided into 365 parts, upon each of which the rising and setting of the sun, moon and the constellations were represented. These monuments show that if the Egyptians endeavored to preserve the bodies of all their virtuous citizens from the corruption of the tomb, they also sought to perpetuate the memory of the grandeur or the benefits of the most conspicuous among them by the magnificence of their sepulchres; a custom in itself very natural and at the same time very advantageous to the state.

From the Egyptians we turn to the Greeks and Romans, who showed as much eagerness to remove all traces of death as the Egyptians did to preserve them. Hence our readers will not be surprised to learn that they burned the bodies of their dead, as the most effectual means to that end. Among the Romans this ceremony was performed after the following manner: As soon as it was ascertained that one had died, the attendants closed his eyes to prevent him from seeing the affliction of those around him. When the time had arrived to remove him from his dwelling, a procession was formed, at the head of which was borne an image of death, carved in marble or stone, and surrounded by mercenary mourners, who, in a tone of lamentation, recounted all the good qualities of the deceased, and the services he had rendered either to the state or to his fellow-citizens. When this mournful cortege arrived at the place where the funeral pile was erected, they placed the body of the defunct upon it, and again opened the eyes in order that he might behold the beauty of the heavens, which they hoped would be his everlasting abode. Then, if the deceased had been of inferior rank and poor, the pile was set on fire and the body was soon consumed. If, however, he had been of noble descent and rich, several slaves were burned with him, and gladiators were caused to fight before the funeral pile for his diversion; those were called funeral games. Although the Greeks and Romans sought to remove all traces of the body as soon as life had departed, yet the memory of virtuous and illustrious citizens was held very sacred among them, and monuments bearing inscriptions in honor of the dead, and statues adorned with all the elegance of art and wealth, testify the great respect which they entertained for departed worth.

The Tartars also burned the bodies of their dead; but a very curious ceremony was observed at the death of any of their kings. The body of the deceased monarch was carefully embalmed and placed in an open chariot, and thus mounted was conveyed through the whole kingdom in order that all the governors of provinces might avenge upon it any injury which they had received from the king during his life. For instance, if any of them had been refused an audience, he was permitted to box the ears of the lifeless monarch, which had been closed to his petitions. Those who had reason to complain of his too great delicacy pulled his nose, believing that he had become effeminate from an excessive love of perfumes; and in this way was he punished for all the wrongs which he had committed during life. After being thus led through all the provinces, he was brought back to the place where he had died, and was burned with one of his wives, a cup-bearer, a cook, an armor-bearer, a groom, some horses and fifty slaves.

The Parthians, Medes, Iberians and Persians exposed the bodies of their dead in an open plain, that they might be devoured by savage beasts, as they deemed nothing more unworthy of man than to become corrupt. The Bactrians kept a number of large dogs for the same purpose; and a Bactrian testified the utmost esteem for the dog that had eaten his father, and considered it as great a glory to keep this animal sleek and fat as other people did to build magnificent monuments to their departed friends.

Many peoples of Asia likewise considered it the greatest impiety of which they could be guilty to allow the bodies of their departed brethren to corrupt; and for this reason, as soon as one among them had ceased to live, they tore the body to pieces and, in company with the friends and relations of the defunct, devoured it with marks of the greatest devotion, believing that in this way they render the last duties to their friends in the most honorable and worthy manner. It has been wittily remarked by a writer of some note, while speaking of this custom, that Pythagoras taught the transmigration of the soul, but that these people practiced the transmigration of the body by making those of the dead pass into those of the living.

Some other peoples, such as the ancient Iberians of Iri-h, the Britons, and some of the Asiatic tribes, followed this same practice, but with some addition; for they often relieved their aged brethren of the necessity of dying at all; but as soon as they had attained the age of seventy they cut their throats and feasted sumptuously upon their flesh. This custom is still maintained by some savage tribes.

The Chinese performed their funeral ceremonies with more pomp and display than perhaps any other people. As soon as an invalid had breathed his last, it was published throughout the whole neighborhood, and all were invited, and considered it their duty to attend. At the appointed time a procession was formed, at the head of which was carried the corpse, preceded by mourning flags and banners; next followed a band of instrumental music, then a crowd of dancers, clothed in the most fantastic garments, who jumped and skipped all along the road with the most ridiculous gestures. After this troop came a band armed with bucklers and sabres or large knotty clubs, and since the invention of fire-arms another troop followed bearing these weapons, with which they kept up a continual firing. Last of all the priests, yelling at the highest pitch of their voice, marched along with the relatives of the deceased, who mingled with their cries the most heart-rending lamentations; the train was closed by the people. This rabid music and burlesque medley of players, dancers, soldiers, singers and mourners, added much to the gravity of the ceremony. Having arrived at the place of burial, they enclosed the corpse in a precious coffin, and interred with it many curious objects,

among which were several horrible-looking little images, designed to act as sentinels around the deceased and keep the demons away. After this they celebrated the funeral feast, at which they, from time to time, invited the deceased to eat and drink with the guests. These people believed that the dead returned to their dwellings on the last night of every year; so during the whole of that night they left the door open that the souls of their departed relatives might enter. They prepared couches for them and placed a basin of water in the room for them to wash their feet on their arrival. They waited until midnight, and then supposing that the dead had arrived, welcomed them with demonstrations of the profoundest reverence, lighting tapers, burning incense of the most exquisite odor, and earnestly besought them not to forget their friends, and to obtain for them of the gods health, strength, riches and a long life. This custom, however absurd in itself, clearly shows that the Chinese believed that those who had already departed this life could hear and assist their friends who were still upon earth, and as they doubtless believed their parents and relatives had gone to heaven, or, as they would perhaps term it, the abode of the gods, we may naturally infer that they had some notion of the intercession of the saints.

The Siamse burned the bodies of their dead, and placed around the funeral pile a number of parchments on which were painted gardens, palaces, fruits, animals, and, in a word, whatever they thought would be either useful or agreeable in the next world, believing that these papers when burned became in reality what they represented. They believed that every creature, whether animate or inanimate, has a soul, and that that soul follows into the other world the master to whom the article belonged in this. Hence, a great number of useful articles were burned with the dead, that they might have the use of them hereafter.

The Swedes and Goths suspended the bodies of their departed friends from trees, where they allowed them to waste away by degrees and become the sport of the winds. Others carried these dried bodies into their houses and hung them up on the walls of their dwellings, as so many pieces of household furniture.

The Greenlanders, inhabiting the coldest country in the world, take no other care of their dead than to expose them naked to the open air, where they freeze up and become as solid as stone. Afterwards, fearing that the bears would devour them if they left them exposed in the open plain, they placed them in large baskets, which they suspended from the branches of trees.

The Troglodytes, a people of Ethiopia, placed the bodies of the defunct upon an eminence, with the back turned towards the attendants; then, after spending some time in mocking and deriding them, the whole assembly began to cast stones at them till they were completely covered, when they planted a goat's horn upon the top of the stone heap and retired.

The inhabitants of the Balearic Isles cut the bodies of the dead into small pieces and placed them in a jug or jar, thinking that they thereby conferred an infinite honor upon the defunct.

In certain parts of India, custom required that the wife be buried upon the funeral pile of her husband. This ceremony was very remarkable. When the doomed matron had taken leave of her friends, they gave her letters and various articles of clothing for the deceased. After these presents had ceased, she asked three times of the assembly if they had nothing more to give or recommend to her, and, on receiving no answer, she made a package of all the presents she had received, extended herself upon the fatal pile beside her husband, and patiently awaited the conclusion of the ceremony. The pile was then set on fire, and the progressing flames, having first expelled the vital spark from

the breast of the still living victim, speedily reduced both bodies to a handful of ashes.

In the kingdom of Tonquin it was customary among the wealthy to fill the mouths of the dead with pieces of gold and silver, to supply their necessities in the other world. Besides this, they buried with the men seven of their best suits of clothes, and with the women nine of their most costly dresses.

The Galatians interred their dead with a certificate of good conduct in their hand, to serve as a passport to a blissful future.

The Turks of the Middle Ages conducted their funeral ceremonies with great display and gravity. The deceased was placed upon a bier surrounded by a troop of mercenary mourners, and borne, at the head of a large procession, to the grave prepared for him; whither also was brought an abundant supply of refreshments to regale the passers-by, who were invited by the friends of the deceased to weep and utter lamentable cries over his remains. After this display of grief and respect for the departed, they placed the body in the tomb, without binding the legs together,—a custom practised by most ancient peoples,—that when the angel of death came to examine him, he might be able to place himself on his knees to receive so distinguished a visitor. During the process of interment, the relatives of the departed incessantly cried out to him not to fear, and answer bravely. This curious admonition was given in accordance with a belief prevalent among the Turks, that as soon as one was placed in the grave his soul returned to the body, and that two horrible black angels presented themselves before the person thus reanimated, and asked him the following questions: What was his religion, who his God, and who his prophet? If the person had lived virtuously, he calmly answered: My religion is the true religion, my God the true God, and my prophet is Mahomet. Then the angels would bring him a beautiful image—which is nothing else than his good actions—to comfort him until the day of judgment, when he would enter into Paradise. If, on the contrary, his life had been wicked, he would tremble with fear and be unable to answer correctly; then the black angels would immediately strike him with huge clubs, and beat him to the earth so violently that all his blood would rush out at his nose; after which a hideous-looking image, representing his bad actions, would be brought him, to torment him until the day of judgment, when he would descend into hell. Hence they sought to keep him in mind of what he had to say, in order that he might pass the examination of the black angels without being exposed to incur, by fear and hesitation, the dreadful punishments which they inflicted. This absurd belief is not, however, wanting in useful instruction for the careful observer, for it shows that this deluded and barbarous people believed in a future life and general judgment, and also that they knew how to distinguish between vice and virtue; and the punishments awaiting the followers of the former, and the reward reserved for those who cultivate the latter; an important fact, which admirably demonstrates the goodness and mercy of God, who affords even to rude uncivilized people sufficient knowledge to attain the end for which they were created, if they but make the proper use of it.

The Gauls burned their dead, and with them the arms, clothes and animals which had belonged to them during life, and sometimes even those of their slaves for whom they had appeared to entertain a particular affection.

The Franks interred with their dead their arms, clothes, a servant, materials for writing, and in fact whatever they supposed would be necessary for them in the other world; sometimes also, when a distinguished personage died, his physician was honored with a place in his patient's tomb, in order that he might administer to the wants of his illu-

trious patient in the world beyond the grave. When the princess Austregilda, commonly called "the Beautiful," was about to die, she requested of her husband, Gontran, to have the two physicians who had attended her during her last illness buried with her. Her request was granted, and the two unhappy doctors had their throats cut and were laid beside their queen in the tomb; a poor recompense for the pains they had taken to preserve her life. When the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis, was discovered at Tournay, it was found to contain a number of curious objects for such a place. Among them were pieces of gold and silver, buckles, hooks, and the hilt of a sword, all of pure gold; also a golden image of a beef's head, which was supposed to be the idol which he worshipped. There were also found the bones of a horse, with the bridle, bit, and other trappings; a battle-axe, the skeleton of a man entire, and the head of another which from its appearance was evidently that of a young man, and, probably, was his armor-bearer, whom they had killed, according to their custom, in order that he might accompany and serve his master in the other world.

A very singular custom was anciently observed in France at the funeral of a nobleman. As all the nobles were supposed to be men of arms, when one of them died a man armed from head to foot, to represent the deceased, was placed in a recumbent posture in a litter, and borne with great pomp and display in the funeral procession. In this way the friends believed that they conferred great honor upon them, by representing them in full trim for battle even on their way to the tomb.

Some of the aboriginal tribes of America buried their dead in a sitting posture, surrounded with bread, water, fruits and arms.

At Panuco, in Mexico, physicians were looked upon as demi-gods, because they procure health for the people, which is the most precious of all blessings: hence, when they died, their obsequies were celebrated with more than ordinary ceremonies. They were burned with marks of the greatest public joy, men and women dancing most frantically around the funeral pile. As soon as the bones were reduced to ashes, every one present endeavored to procure some of it, and bringing it home mingled it with wine and drank it as a preservative against all kinds of evil. When an emperor of Mexico died, the people burned his body and cut the throat of the slave who during life had charge of lighting the lamps, that he might go to perform the same office to the emperor in the other world. After this they sacrificed to him two hundred slaves, half of which number were males and the other half females. There were also among them some dwarfs and buffoons for his amusement. On the following day they enclosed the ashes in a vaulted grotto, beautifully painted on the inside, and above this they placed the statue of the deceased monarch, to which they, from time to time, made sacrifices similar to the one which we have already mentioned; for, on the fourth day after his remains had been burned, they immolated fifteen slaves to him in honor of the four seasons of the year, to the end that they might be always pleasant for him; again on the twentieth day they sacrificed five more, to obtain for him, during eternity, a health and vigor like what he possessed at the age of twenty years. Then on the sixtieth day they offered three others, to obtain for him exemption from the three principal inconveniences of old age—which are, languor, cold, and humidity. In fine, at the end of the year they immolated three others, a number which they suppose very properly expressed eternity, to wish him an everlasting and happy life.

In the kingdom of Macoacan, when the king died his body was carried to the place where the funeral pile was erected, by the prince whom the deceased monarch had chosen for his successor; the nobility and people followed, with great lam-

entations. The procession formed at midnight, and marched by the light of torches. When they had arrived at the temple they marched four times around the funeral pile, after which they placed the body upon it and led forward the officers destined to serve him in the other world. They also brought seven young females, one to take care of his jewels, another to present him his cap, the third to wash his hands, the fourth to give him his napkin, the fifth to cook his victuals, the sixth to set the table, and the seventh to wash his linen. They then set fire to the pile, and all these unhappy victims, crowned with flowers, were beaten to death with clubs and cast into the flames.

Among the savages of Louisiana, when one died, some distinguished personage, who should not, however, be of the same family as the deceased, pronounced a funeral oration after the ceremonies of interment had been performed. When he had finished speaking, all the assembly approached, with bared shoulders, and presented themselves before the orator, who gave each of them three strokes of a heavy lash, saying: "Remember, that to be a good warrior, as was the deceased, it is necessary for you to learn how to suffer."

The Circassians interred their dead, but before doing so they washed the body very carefully, to prepare it for its entry into paradise. They dispensed with this custom in one case; that is, of warriors who had fallen in defence of their country, for they supposed that such persons would be received into the joys of paradise without hesitation, as a reward of their patriotism.

The Japanese testified the greatest affliction during the illness of any of their countrymen; but no sooner had the sufferer breathed his last than their sorrow gave place to the most extravagant joy. This strange custom was the result of their belief that maladies are invisible demons, who have taken possession of the afflicted person. They frequently go to the temples to offer up prayers for protection against these hated enemies.

When an inhabitant of the Caribbee Islands died, his companions visited him and asked him a number of curious questions, accompanied with reproaches for having suffered himself to die, as if it were in his power to prolong his life at will. You were so cheerful, they would say to him, so considerate, everyone esteemed you, everyone honored you; why then did you die? You were so necessary to the country, you signalized yourself so in battle, you shielded us from the insults of our enemies; whence comes it then that you are dead? They then placed the body in a round grave in a sitting posture, where they left it ten days without interment. Every morning the friends of the deceased brought him something to eat and drink, but at last seeing that he would not return to life, nor touch the victuals, they threw them upon his head and filled up the grave. After this they built a large fire, around which they all danced with the most frantic jesticulations, uttering the most terrific shrieks, as if then for the first time the sad reality had been revealed to their minds that their friend was actually dead.

With regard to the ceremonies observed in the burial service of the dead at the present time, all are sufficiently well acquainted with them to preclude the necessity of a minute description here; we will only remark that in countries where the Christian religion has been rejected, many of the ancient and absurd ceremonies which we have described in this essay still continue to be practised; and, on the contrary, in those countries where Christianity flourishes, a more rational and consolatory form of sepulture has been introduced, namely that of bringing the corpse of the deceased to a temple dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, where the beautiful and touching Office of the Dead is performed by ministers devoted to the service of religion, and prayers are offered for the repose of the souls of the departed. There are,

however, some differences to be observed in this office among the various denominations of Christians; but as all are well acquainted with them already, I will not enlarge further upon the subject at present.

### Obituary.

With heartfelt regret we announce this week the death of CHARLES F. TAGGART ELISON, aged nine years. The deceased was a son of Col. J. A. Ellison, of Chicago, and had been for two years in the Minim Department at Notre Dame, where he won the love of all by his beautiful, candid disposition and the simple politeness of his manners. He had been in perfect health until last Tuesday evening, when he was attacked with a species of brain disease, which, in spite of the skill and care of Doctors Humphrey and Cassidy, terminated his innocent life at five o'clock on Friday morning. He, indeed, has gone to everlasting joys; but his departure leaves a void in many hearts which cannot soon be filled.

### The Literary Endowments of the Popes.

In no succession of rulers do we behold such morality, virtue and learning as in the list of Popes who have succeeded to the chair of St. Peter. Of the morality of the Popes we have the evidence of all history, and the confession of notable Protestant writers. Of their literary endowments permit us to say a few words.

In speaking on this subject we will pass over the great efforts of St. Hilarius, Stephen V, Nicholas V and others in establishing libraries at Rome. We will pass over the efforts of the learned Pope Damasus, Leo X and others in assembling at Rome the learned of all nations. We will pass over the efforts of all the Popes in making Rome not only the mistress of souls but also the mistress of all science and learning and art. We will speak a few words only of the literary labors of the Popes themselves. Leo the Great, when Attila and Genseric, backed by the barbarous Huns and Vandals, marched on Rome for plunder and for vengeance, overawed them by his eloquence. The one contented himself with pillage only; the other drew off altogether his troops. St. Gregory the Great, though the calamities which overspread Italy were enormous, yet devoted his leisure hours to the composition of a moral treatise on Job. This work has, and rightfully has been esteemed as one of the most valuable treatises of the Holy Fathers. He also wrote a work on the Pastoral Office, which was held in such repute on account of the intimate knowledge of human nature which it displays that it was translated into Greek. It is to be found still in the hands of our clergymen. He encouraged his bishops in the cultivation of the liberal arts, but would not allow them to neglect in so doing the duties of their high stations. It may be said that he directed the efforts of his subjects more to the promotion of sacred literature than to profane. The same may be said of those who preceded him and those who came after him. But this does not derogate from the great honor due them. Man's first duty is to promote the cause of religion and morality, then let the lighter affairs of the world be encouraged.

Leo II was well versed in ancient literature. Benedict II was famous for his knowledge of the Scriptures. He was also an accomplished musician. John V was a learned bishop, and John VII was noted for his eloquence. Gregory II had a thorough knowledge of the sacred writings and was famous for his graces of elocution. Gregory III has been praised for his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages. St. Zachary translated

the dialogues of St. Gregory the Great into Greek. Hadrian I replied with much erudition to the Caroline books. Leo III, Sergius II, St. Nicholas I and Stephen VI rose far superior to the ages in which they lived by the profoundness of their erudition and their singular eloquence. St. Gregory VII and other Popes did their utmost to open schools in all parts of Christendom for the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of religion.

Gelasius was noted for the purity of his Latin. Honorius II, Lucius II and Alexander III were conspicuous for their knowledge of the Scriptures. This is evident from their writings. Alexander at one time, before his elevation, filled the chair of Holy Scriptures in the University of Bologna. Urban VIII and Alexander VII were writers of poetry. Sylvester II was eminent as a mathematician. Gregory XIII it was who corrected the Calendar. Benedict XIV was the author of many works; the best known of which is his "Treatise on Heroic Virtue."

We have but spoken slightly of the abilities of these Popes; had we the space we might have said much more. But what we have said goes to show that some Popes have been well versed in literature. Did we wish to write a list of *unlearned* Popes, we would have to follow the example of the celebrated traveller in writing a chapter on the snakes of Ireland. There never was an ignorant Pope of Rome.

We have not said much of the encouragement given to letters and the arts by the Sovereign Pontiffs. In doing so it would have been necessary to commence with those Pontiffs who lived before Constantine, and follow the list to the present day. Every one of the successors of St. Peter has shown his great love for literature and the arts by opening schools, and by rewarding men of genius. When we have gone over the lives of the Popes, the history of the Church, or indeed the history of the world, we are forced to say, as we said in the beginning of this little article, that "in no succession of rulers do we behold such morality, virtue and learning as in the list of Popes who have succeeded to the Chair of St. Peter."

### Tables of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

March 22.—M. Carr, H. Dehner, D. Gahan, T. Garrity, E. Graves, P. Logue, N. Mitchell, T. Phillips, H. Schnelker, S. Valdez.

March 29.—J. Shannahan, T. Watson, V. Bacca, T. O'Mahony, W. Clarke, L. Godfroy, M. Keeley, T. Finnegan, J. Waters, T. Murphy.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

March 22.—W. Breen, F. Devoto, J. Graham, M. McCormick, J. McNally, H. Quan, J. Quinlan, F. Livingston, J. Shanks, E. Roberts.

March 29.—P. Cooney, C. Dodge, L. Hibben, W. Lucas, B. Roberts, C. Hutchings, G. Roulhac, J. Hogan, F. Arantz.

D. A. C., Sec.

### St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 29th, 30th, 31st and 32nd regular meetings took place March 14th, 20th, 25th and April 2nd, respectively. Before the reading of the *Standard*, compositions and declamations were read and delivered. F. McOsker's "Fox" was very cunning. F. V. McKinnon's "Recreation" was full of exercise. L. Hibben's "Vacation" is brimful of expectation. J. Quill's "Study-day at Notre Dame" is a model. B. Roberts' "Hunting Expedition" contained several new plans. "Rube" Hutchings' "Nicknames" caused a good deal of laughter. "Wille" Fletcher's "Washington's Birthday Celebration at Notre Dame" was an enjoyable one. E. Shea's "Ice-boating" was rapid. George Duffy's "Value

of Time" showed that he is a good *time-keeper*. C. Dodge's "Napoleon" appeared admirably. W. Dodge's "Deck-hand" was eccentric and comical. J. Campbell's "Printing" admitted him unanimously a member, though he does not look typographical. O. Waterman's "Passions" are well controlled; he also was elected a member. Mark Foote's "Thrilling Incident" took the house with a storm of applause. T. Egan's "Tongue" was used to good advantage. J. McHugh's "Personation" was inimitable. D. Hogan's "Storm at Sea" was calm.

This over, Mark Foote arose and read the following articles from the *Standard*: "Salutatory," by D. J. Wile; "Our Paper," by the same; "Correspondence from Australia," by C. J. Dodge; "The Lasting Fame of Literary Men," by D. J. Hogan; "Religion," by M. M. Mahoney; "Music," by C. J. Hutchings; "Local Items," by "Doc" J. McHugh; "Scholastic Year," by M. M. Foote; "Criticism on the Drama," by C. J. Dodge; "Reminiscences of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association," by J. D. Hogan; "Trifles," by —; "Literary Criticism," by D. J. Hogan; "Review of Base-Ball at Notre Dame," by S. E. Dum; "Field Sports," by C. Berdel; "Epicureanism," by M. M. Foote. The articles were received by rounds of applause. All the above were written with care, and judging from the first number of the *Standard*, and piles of MSS. in readiness for future numbers, we can safely predict for it a brilliant career.

After this a very interesting and instructive letter was read, from Father Lemonnier, now on a visit in Galveston, Texas.

D. J. HOGAN, Cor. Sec.

### Prize Puzzle.

The following note was found in the possession of a man who was arrested on suspicion of his being connected with a band of burglars who had for some time been exercising their profession undetected in one of our Eastern cities to the detriment of honest citizens. That one of our students who shall first decipher this note, and communicate its contents together with an explanation of the plan on which it is got up, to the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC, will receive, as a testimonial of his skill, a copy of the work entitled "Our Favorite Poets." The note runs thus:

Lfdy lf zu sjd dnmfjg pe Ctsq bme Kjmekfx  
tksdft zu sfm tgbq; sifobf vf pp sp Bizqhor czh  
nvq hznd bme nge un Ctqebkp.

I. Nnsrnm.

P. S. Sid cdbqfj jr pmf ng tt zoc xhmk cl znvq  
htjcf. I. N.

THE worthy prefect of discipline has been kept very busy this week writing *billy ducks* for students who go into the grove near the lake with a gun and pop away at blackbirds. The ducks that we hear of as having been killed were all *canards*, except the two brought down by the unerring shot-gun of Eddie Edwards.

So great has been the curiosity expressed concerning the name of the canine that occasionally accompanies our perambulations, that we deem it a saving of breath—precious in these balmy spring days—to state that his name is Dogter; not that that signifies he is a dog *ter quaterque*, though thoroughly a dog—but that he has of late taken to the heeling business, much to the anxiety of several students. Even before entering so zealously upon the investigation of the understanding of those he meets on the way, he had shown himself highly worthy of the letters M. D., but then the letters meant only meat devourer.

THE Juniors, we understand, were victorious in the match games noticed on another page.

### "That Lamp."

But a short time ago we received a kind invitation to spend the evening at a friend's house, somewhere between here and Chicago. Now, we only suppose it was between here and Chicago, for we are not very well posted in the science of *compassing*, and the presence of a lamp on this occasion prevented us from taking our first lesson.

This lamp, however, is not the one that burned Chicago; nevertheless it concerns the members of "*I Fratelli*" a great deal more, as you will see further on.

In order to go to our friend's house we were obliged to procure an omnibus. The party being numerous, we were pretty well crowded. Every one felt in good humor, and many were inclined to joke at the expense of "*I Fratelli*," one of whom is of a very timid and retiring disposition, totally unfitting him for such a perilous expedition as this proved to be.

No doubt had he known what muddy roads we were to pass over, what dangerous bridges and precipices lay in our way, he would never have consented to accompany us.

Yes, this member of "*I Fratelli*" is a gentleman of a very retiring and timid disposition, but, "notwithstanding all these things," he is a good companion and "a man who, we think, desires to do what is right." Were he not naturally nervous he surely would never have annoyed the whole company by looking so ghostly pale while being jolted over these rough roads; besides, some of the passengers greatly increased his fears by such remarks as the following: "The road next the river has been partly washed away by the late floods,"—"The iron bridge over the river is a very poor structure, and will fall down some fine day," etc.

Such remarks as these were enough to strike terror into the bravest heart; imagine, then, the effect produced on our timid and retiring companion. As soon as we entered upon the bridge he closed his eyes, his cheek grew pale, a shudder passed through his frame, and he seemed almost powerless. He says himself: "I imagined I heard the crashing of iron, and saw omnibus, horses and all go tumbling into the river, and even felt the cold, muddy water close over me;" but when he found that we had reached the opposite bank and everything was safe, the color returned to his cheeks, and before we arrived at our destination he was quite composed and looked greatly relieved.

We were kindly welcomed by our friends. A sumptuous supper was prepared, and, by the way, the timid and retiring member of "*I Fratelli*" helped himself; it was evident the scare did not deprive him of his appetite. After supper we were treated to some very choice instrumental and vocal music. "Comparative Anatomy" and "Heathen Conchology" were not mentioned during the evening, the professor being too busily engaged in trying to persuade some of the party to join him in a game of muggins, while one of the members of "*I Fratelli*" was vainly trying to sustain his reputation as champion checker player; others indulged in a smoke, while others, again, enjoyed a very sociable talk and laugh with some favorite friend. At least, as far as we could see, all were engaged, and seemed to enjoy themselves and say, "How glad I am that I came."

At about midnight we bade our friends farewell, and our party crowded into the "bus" to cross that perilous bridge once more. We were not afraid of the iron bridge that was to fall some fine day and not during the night. We congratulated ourselves; it was so very dark we could not see the bad roads, and thus we hoped to ride in blissful ignorance of what was passing around us.

We thought we might study out which direction we were going by looking up the North Star,

meditate upon the good time we had, etc., etc. But alas! our hopes and bright anticipations were suddenly blighted by the introduction of a lamp into the omnibus. The timid and retiring member of "*I Fratelli*" immediately protested, and called, "Put out that lamp!" The horrors of the Chicago fire rushed upon our minds; we forgot to look for the North Star, because the dim light of the lamp revealed the frightful ruts in the road, which to our excited imagination seemed large enough to capsize any common-sized vehicle.

We sat in breathless suspense, fearing to be overturned at any moment, and perhaps burned up besides. We began to think the road had no end, or that the driver lost his way, and could not be persuaded to believe otherwise until we were gently dropped at our own door. We did not sleep very soundly during the night; that hideous lamp was threatening us with destruction every moment. Now had "that lamp" been "put out," as the timid and retiring member of "*I Fratelli*" desired, we would have been unconscious of bad roads; we would not have been afraid of being burned alive; we would not have had such frightful dreams, but would have slept soundly, and would look back upon the excursion as one of the most pleasant trips ever taken by

I FRATELLI.

### SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, }  
April 2, 1872. }

During the three last days of Lent, the Catholic pupils had the privilege of making a Spiritual Retreat, under the direction of Very Rev. Father Provincial, S.S.C. The joy-bells of Easter Sunday gave the key-note to those cheerful voices that had been held in reverent silence during those solemn days preceding that grand festival, and then was heard many happy greetings and congratulations between those who had been in retreat and those who had not.

The pupils seemed disposed to make the most of the relaxation given them on Easter Monday. The spacious study-hall of the new building was converted into a ball-room, and there those light-hearted, light-footed maidens danced away till 9.20, P. M. Mrs. General Harrison, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Dr. Bigelow, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Judge Ewing, Lancaster, O.; also Miss A. Ewing, Lancaster, O.; Miss A. Radin, Chicago, Ill.; and Miss B. O'Neill, Ottawa, Ill.—graduates of the Class of 1871,—are now visiting at the Academy and were among the invited guests present at the ball.

The snow-flakes got so excited at the very idea of being thought intrusive, that, on Easter Sunday, they came back and gave us a terrible snow-squall as a proof of what they could do when provoked by any uncivil remarks.

In the communication of the 27th ult., the word "seasonable" was printed *reasonable*.

As no notes were read last Sunday night for the Senior pupils, there is no report this week from that department.

Respectfully,  
STYLUS.

#### TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

April 2—Misses M. Quill, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, L. Wood, A. Walsh, F. Moon.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior Class—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clarke.

Third Senior Class—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney.  
First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Walker, A. Byrne.

Junior Preparatory Class—Miss B. Quan.  
First Junior Class—Misses Katie Fullmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, A. Rose, M. Farnum, T. Cronin.  
Plain Sewing—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel,

N. Gross, M. Quan, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, S. Honeyman, A. Lynch, E. Horgan.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, Marion Faxon, L. Wood, F. Lloyd.

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	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
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Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
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.	†6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	†9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.

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‡ Except Saturday. † Daily. § Except Monday.

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#### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.		
Leave South Bend 10 58 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2 10 a. m.	
" " 12 22 p. m.	" " 11 00 a. m.	
" " 9 20 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.	
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.	

GOING WEST.		
Leave South Bend 5 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.	
" " 3 15 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.	
" " 4 30 a. m.	" " 7 20 a. m.	
" " 5 22 p. m.	" " 9 20 p. m.	

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CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.  
C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.  
JNO. DISMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.  
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.  
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.  
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.  
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

#### NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

Going North—Express passenger, 4.20 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.  
Freight, 4.05 p. m.

Going South—Express passenger, 11.13 a. m., and 6.20 p. m.  
Freight, 4.50 a. m.