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Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 36.

The Origin of Scandal.

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.,
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the self-same day,
"Twas sad to think"—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
That "Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was that far gone she couldn't see!"
This lady we
Have mention'd, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs. B.
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needle-work refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye?
Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say,
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!"

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONTINUED.]

POIGNARDI. Per Bacco! a barbarian! Well, Mr. Ambassador, have you anything important to communicate?

TIM. Very important, out and out, Mither Ambassador, my collague. But will ye do me one avor, sir, before I commence?

POIGNARDI. Well, what is it?

TIM. Will ye ordher thim lackeys that I see omin' here to lave the room.

(Enter MAJOR-DOMO with four LACQUEYS.)

POIGNARDI. What want you, fellows?

MAJOR-DOMO. Pardon, illustrissime, but—but—

(MAJOR-DOMO and followers huddle together, while TIM pulls up his shirt-collar, sticks his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waist-coat, and stares superciliously at them.)

TIM. Go on, Mither Lackey,—procade. Don't be afeered; we'll listen to any petition you've got. MAJOR-DOMO. I fear, illustrissime, I have made a mistake. A thousand pardons!

POIGNARDI. Then retire, sir, and come when you are sent for. (Exit LACQUEYS very crestfallen.) (To TIM.) Now, sir, what is your business here?

TIM. You've heard tell av a counthry called Ireland, I suppose, Mither Ambassador.

POIGNARDI. I have. What of it?

TIM. Well, thin, I've come from that fine counthry—an Ambassador—sint by myself—to say a word for right, when greater min are sayin' that word for wrong. I come to protest against you and the likes av you robbin' the Pope.

POIGNARDI. I cannot listen to this. I'm an Italian!

TIM. An Italian! An' you, spoiled children of the Church, you dare lift a bloody, ungrateful hand against the Pope, your long-tryed, faithful friend! You talk of unity! Go tell the bastes of prey that ate each other to be united. Monarchists, republicans, communists, infidels, bandits, church robbers. Ye are a purty set av fellows, ye united Italians!

POIGNARDI. I'll not listen to this! Lackeys!

TIM. (Lifting his stick.) Whisht, ye vagabone, and hear raison. All I've got to say is this: Your pets, the Garibaldians, are preparin' for another attack upon the Pope. Go tell them that in the day of comin' thrial, they'll meet a race that has never flinched in fight. Tell them to come prepared, for French valor and Irish pluck shall face the tide of base invasion. An' while you are at it, tell them to bring each man a shroud, for if any av the rascals escape it'll not be the fault of Irishmen. Good day, Mither Ambassador, my collague. Put what I've said in your pipe an' smoke it. I'm aff to the fight. (Exit, singing. He leaves his stick.)

Och, there's not a thrade a goin',
Worth the knowin' or the showin'
Like that from glory growin',
Says the Bould Sojer Boy.

POIGNARDI. A base varlet! Yet, there is truth in what he says. I wish those rash Garibaldians would not publish their designs so openly. We approve their proceedings, but publicity compromises Victor Emmanuel. We long for Rome, and sigh for the Pope's exchequer wherewith to remedy the awful condition of our bankrupt state. But we wish to do all this with a cunning show of justice. The times are threatening, and I must take note of what that villian said. It will not do for Garibaldi to fail. (Exit slowly.)

SCENE III.

PLACE—The same Chamber.

(Enter MAJOR-DOMO.)

MAJOR-DOMO. Charles!

CHARLES. Sir!

MAJOR-DOMO. Where is that Russian—that villainous Russian?

CHARLES. He is gone, good master, I saw him in the court-yard.

MAJOR-DOMO. A villainous Russian! Oh would I had him here now. Signor Poignardi hath informed me that he is nought but a prowling rascal and of no degree whatever. Oh that I had him here! (Enter TIM. MAJOR-DOMO and CHARLES scamper off.)

TIM. Hello! there's me friends the Lackeys agin. I've left me stick here. Ah, here ye are. (Picks it up and goes off.)

SCENE IV.

PLACE—Boulogne. An Inn. English Citizens, etc.

FIRST CITIZEN. (With newspaper.) Here be perilous news, my masters.

SECOND CITIZEN. About what, Gaffer Smith?

FIRST CITIZEN. The Garibaldians and King Victor's troops are approaching the Pope's territory in terrible array—forty thousand men, at least. What say you, masters?

THIRD CITIZEN. There'll be fighting, methinks.

SECOND CITIZEN. Nay, that's past praying for. Fighting there'll be, as sure as eggs is eggs. Wouldst like to be in it, Gaffer Smith?

FIRST CITIZEN. Faith, not I. An it were at a proper distance—on a tree a mile off, or on the top of a mountain, in good word, I'd like to see the fun.

CITIZENS. So should we!—so should we!

FIRST CITIZEN. For look you, my masters, fighting with weapons hungry for blood, be not good for the life, or the existence, or the physical permanence, as one might say, of a man. Here you are, as it might be, full of friskiness and vital motion, breathing happily in sufficient health, and lo! you mark the villainy of those weapons. They gash you into mince-meat, or bore you through at a distance, and no one to say, ill you did it.

CITIZENS. Very well said, Gaffer Smith. There be reason in that.

FIRST CITIZEN. Aye, plenty of reason in my words, but marvellous little in the deed. Do you remember Peter Perkins when à came home from the wars? He won a wondrous deal of glory, i' faith. Both his arms lopped off—had to be fed like a chick. And never had the satisfaction of breaking the villains' head that maimed him. There's glory for you.

SECOND CITIZEN. I'll none of it, for my part. Better a long life without glory than to feed the crows with one's limbs—

THIRD CITIZEN. And yet, it is well to have such ancestors.

FIRST CITIZEN. Ancestors I grant you. I'm willing that all my ancestors should have their heads lopped off for glory's sake; for, mark you, their excellent deeds reflect upon me who am a man of peace and know how to keep my head on my shoulders. And thus I gain renown vicariously, without putting to imminent peril my useful limbs.

CITIZENS. That's philosophy, Gaffer Smith, and sense, too.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be not philosophy, it's good common sense, my masters, which is better

than all the philosophy fools ever dreamt of. Glory is a great thing,—a very great thing. But it has its price, my master,—it has its price. One is willing to pay that price, another isn't. Put me down in the last catalogue. But who have we here? A soldier, methinks.

(Enter TIM, with knapsack and gun.)

TIM. Save ye all, boys, barrin' the cat! (He removes his knapsack and puts his rifle against the wall.)

FIRST CITIZEN. Good-day to you, friend,—on the march, I see.

TIM. Jist as you say, me man.

FIRST CITIZEN. You're a countryman of ours, friend, I think?"

TIM. Isn't this Bolonay? isn't this France?

SECOND CITIZEN. Yes, but we be sailors and Englishmen. This is an English inn, friend.

TIM. (Aside.) They're like bad luck, the thieves; they're everywhere. (To FIRST CITIZEN.) I'm no Englishman, thank goodness!

THIRD CITIZEN. You are a British subject, then.

TIM. I'm an Irishman, and, therefore, not a British subject, ye omadhawn.

FIRST CITIZEN. And where are you for now, friend?

TIM. For Rome.

FIRST CITIZEN. What! Be you one of the Pope's men?

TIM. Yis, I be,—jist.

SECOND CITIZEN. Ain't it wrong for you to help the Pope? Methinks he is no friend of liberty.

TIM. Who was it picked you and the likes av you out of the gutther, me man? Go read your chronicles, and don't be blatherin' about things you're as ignorant of as a lumper-head potato.

THIRD CITIZEN. I'm sure the Garibaldi fellows will give you pepper, friend.

TIM. O, your'e sure, are you? P'raps ye'd like to go and help him and the other blackguards to pepper us!

THIRD CITIZEN. Hem! (Gets up and retires.)

TIM. Have any av you met a young man be the name of Paul Carroll hereabouts?

FIRST CITIZEN. I have not.

ALL. Nor we. (They get up, stretch themselves and retire.)

TIM. Heh! that's quare! I wondher what's keepin' him. He said he'd meet me here. Stop a minute! was it here, though? Bolonay—Bolonay. (Thinks perplexed.) No, it's not Bolonay. Och, what am I thinkin' about? Sure it was Marsailles. So, I'll jist take a bite to ate and be off. (Calls.) Waiter!

(Enter WAITER.)

WAITER. Sir, did you call?

TIM. Don't be axin' unnecessary questions, me boy. What have ye got good to ate an' dhrink in the house?

WAITER. Everything, sir. (Rubs his hands.)

TIM. Everything, eh? Well, jist bring me the leg av a kangaroo, with Dutch tulips as dhrassin'.

WAITER. Ha! ha! Wouldn't a bit of mutton and some potatoes do as well?

TIM. Well, as I'm not fastaydious to-day, I suppose I'll have to put up with that.

(WAITER is running off.)

TIM. Waiter!

WAITER. (Aside.) Confound the fellow! (To TIM.) Well, sir?

TIM. Have ye any potheen?

WAITER. Pot-pot-thene. (Shrugs his shoulders.) I don't understand you.

TIM. (Aside.) Arrah but here's an enlightened ass for you. Why, potheen man, is usquebaugh! Don't ye undherstand now?

WAITER. Usq—usq—bah—bah! Dear, dear, I never heard of such a thing.

TIM. Is there no sinse, dacency nor conscience in ye, ye blaguard? Potheen and usquebaugh are the same, and they both mean mountain dew.

WAITER. Mountain dew! O yes! Now I understand; you mean goats' milk, sir!

TIM. (Loudly.) Goat's milk, ye villin! Your head is so stuffed full of beef and beer that there's no room for raison inside av it! Bring me some cowld wather, thin, if ye can get that into your stupid noddle. (Exit WAITER.)

TIM. I begin to believe now that there's no place in the wide world like Ireland for brains. Why if I tipped the wink to the tiniest bit av a gossoon at home, to fetch me a dhrop of potheen, he'd understand me as pat as his Catechism. (Walks up and down in silence.) But, be the bye, I'll have to hurry up if I want to get a slap at the villins over in Italy. The moradin' robbers are very near the Pope's frontier.

(Enter WAITER with table and food.)

WAITER. Sir, your meal is ready.

TIM. When does the thrain go for Paris, me boy?

WAITER. In ten minutes; but there's another at two o'clock.

TIM. How much d'ye charge for this. (Points to dinner.)

WAITER. Two francs!

TIM. Two francs, d'ye say? Well,—I lave it on your conscience, that's all. Robbery never prospered; there'll come a day! (TIM gives the money, drinks the water, and gathers up all the food in his handkerchief and goes to the door.)

TIM. Young man, as I'm in a hurry I'll jist ate this stuff on the cars. I hope ye'll be in good condition whin I return. Take care av your health, me man, and above all, thry and learn what potheen manes.

WAITER. (In amazement.) See here! You can't eat all that food.

TIM. I know that, me honey; but ye see there's three av our boys down the shstreet, beyant near the daypo. Dou't be afered; we'll manage it!

WAITER. But you have taken more than five francs' worth!

TIM. All's one to me! You toul't me it was two francs. So good-day to ye, and pleasant dhrames. (Exit.)

(WAITER runs off crying: Help here! help! help!)

SCENE V.

PLACE—Genoa. An Inn.

(Enter PAUL CARROLL.)

PAUL. Here I am in Genoa, the home of Columbus. For the first time on Italian soil. How strange it all seems! New scenes, new people, and an unknown tongue. When I lauded from the ship to-day a thought struck me that I should never see poor Ireland and those I love again. Well, if I fail, it will be in a good cause, and that consoles me; for who would not die for glorious Pius? (He walks awhile silently, and then continues.) It's a week since I heard anything of the state of matters here in Italy. I wonder if there be anyone in the house who can tell me. I'll try. (Rings the bell. A waiter appears.)

WAITER. Signor!

PAUL. Waiter, can you speak English?

WAITER. Ise spik Inglesse, very bene.

PAUL. (Aside.) Humph! so I see. Can you tell me if the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel have as yet invaded the Pope's territories?

WAITER. Non yet,—mai, soon vill, I tink. Certamente, dey soon move.

PAUL. Who commands them?

WAITER. I tink, ya-as certamente,—Il Generale Fanti is de Commadore.

PAUL. Do you know where the Irish contingent in the Pope's service now rest?

WAITER. I imagine—ya-as—certamente—ya-as—at de city—of—ya-as—Spoleto—Oh ya-as.

PAUL. That will do, Waiter. (Exit WAITER.) The enemy have not moved yet; so that's one consolation. I feared I might not be in time to strike a blow for truth and justice. I hear recruits are

pouring in from France, Holland and even England, every day. (Vehemently.) O I could forgive England a thousand years tyrants, for oae defender of Pope Pius and the Church. And Canada, too, is not so cold in climate but that she has warm, generous hearts ready to fly to the rescue when our Holy Father's honor is threatened with insult. Of Ireland I need not speak. Love of Pope and Church is not the last nor least virtue of an Irishman. (With energy.) Infidels, robbers of Italy! fear for the day when the eldest son and purest daughter of the Church shall pluck laurels from your destruction, and add one more crown to the brows of glorious France and faithful Ireland. (He pauses awhile and then resumes.) But I must not forget poor Tim. Tim, the long-tryed, faithful fuster-brother, whom I love as my own self. I am getting anxious about him. I waited at Marsailles three days beyond my time, and he not appearing, I imagined he might have come on here to Genoa. I have made inquiries, but without success. If anything have happened, I have lost one dear to me, and the holy cause a brave defender. For, though Tim be a matter of laughter to his friends, he is quite the reverse to his enemies.

(Enter WAITER.)

WAITER. A letter for—(Looks at the direction)—ya-as—a letter for Il Signore. (Gives it and retires.)

PAUL. What's this? By my word, this is a confirmation of the old saying: "Speak of a certain gentleman and he is sure to appear." It's Tim's beautiful scrawl. To be sure his hand flourishes a shillalah more skilfully than a pen. Well, never mind; let us see what he has to say for himself. (Reads.)

For the hands of his Honor, Mr. Paul Carroll, Esquire, ayther in Jonoa, Italy, or if not there, somewhere in thim furrin' parts.

(Opens the letter.)

Och, Misther Paul, darlin', but me heart is broke intirely wid the length av thim Frinch words, an' me not findin' ye to the fore at Marsailles. If I could remember the names av the hotels, I'd tell you av all the places I wint lookin' afther you. I haven't a foot on me at all wid the walkin' from post to pillar. The way I found out where you wor, was this. I wint to the clerk av the hotel an' axed for the book av names. Thin I saw yours, nate and tidy, shstuck in a little corner av the sheet as modest as a dog caught stalin' a bone. Thin, I axed him if ye wor in Marsails. No, says he. Where is he thin? says I. Gone to Jonoa, in Italy, says he. Bad luck to the liars, says I. Amin, says he, lookin' as if he'd ate me. Are ye tellin' the truth? says I. Where's yer manners, ye villin, says he. Go larn your grandmother to saddle the ducks, young man, says I. And thiu we both came away—he stayin' an' I goin'—in great frindship intirely. Now, Misther Paul, dear, wasn't it great luck intirely that put me in mind av lookin' into the hotel book, an' axin' the handy'boy av a clerk a few questions. Faith it was, an' ye must give me credit for it.

Well, glory be to goodness, I'm now on my way to Jonoa, an' have this lethther wid me, so that I'll be followin' upon the heels av it whin ye get it. I saved postage by houldin' on to it meself, for wouldn't I have been an omadhawn out an' out to pay for the carryin' av a lethther whin I could jist as well carry it wid me own four bones.

I've got a bit av advice, Misther Paul, dear, to give you. Don't be talkin' too much in them furrin' tongues. The other day I heerd a fellow wid a beard ye could hang your hat on, cryin' out in a lowberge—as they call thim, an' low enough it was surely—a tavern ye kuow,—cryin' out, I say: "Bas Napoleon!" I axed the manin' of thim words av a little gorsoon—they call thim gorsoons here as well as in Ireland,—"It manes," says he, "Hurrah for Napoleon!" O it manes that, does it? says I. "That's what it manes," says he. Well now, says I to meself, Bony, agra, your not as good, to be sure, as your friends would wish you, but thin you're not as bad as your inimies paint you. So faith I'll give ye a cheer on the market square. So off I wint, an' shouts wid as good a pair of lungs as iver brathed the sweet air av Ireland: "Bas Napoleon!" Sorra be on me for an ajit, I hardly said the words whin up steps a solemn-lookin' jintleman, wid a

cocked-hat an' a soord as long as a pike-staff. He lays his hand on me shoulder, an' says he: "Vous viendray, avec moi, Monsieur." What's that you say? says I. "Ha, ha!" says he, "vous êtes Anglais, eh? Inglesman, hah!" Faith, yer out av it this time, says I, for I'm an Irishman. "Ah, un Irlandais, mais pourquoi—" Och, murther! says I, isn't it a thousand pities me eddication in furrin' tongues was neglected! Anyhow, I soon made out my mistake, an' toul't him what me intintion was. He smiled—I grinned. He bowed, an' I flourished me caubeen. He wint one way an' I wint another, both av us lookin' like a brace av buck goats that had put off their row for another day.

P. Green on the Hand Organ.

MOST POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE.

The most of the readers of the *Song Messenger* are aware that there is a grammar of music. According to the grammar of music—or at any rate the grammar of musical managers, the adverb *positively* has two degrees of comparison, as follows:

Positive, POSITIVELY.

Superlative, MOST POSITIVELY.

When a manager announces his company for "positively the last night," it is very green to understand him to mean that, in plain English, it is really the last night. It is reserved for the superlative, or I might say superfluous degree, *most positively*, to express that idea.

I may add that in the bright lexicon of music there's no such word as *more positively*. Positively there isn't.

It is in order to be strictly in the fashion in respect to this matter of musical etiquette—as well as to supply a great desideratum which I believe no one has heretofore been bold enough to undertake to supply—viz., a treatise on the Hand Organ—that I was persuaded by J. R. Murray and one hundred others, to add one more to my textbooks of instrumental music, before throwing up the sponge.

The Hand Organ is so called, as you have perhaps already guessed, because it goes by hand. It has the same superiority over machine organs that hand-made boots or laces have over those made by machinery. That is, it knocks together a tune with much greater nicety, and the tune wears much longer. I have known one hand organ to wear out hundreds of pairs of ears, and still go grinding on, apparently as good as new,—the glory and comfort of the man at the crank, and the terror of passers by.

En passant, (for which overhaul your French dictionary.) I may mention that machine organs go either by steam or by water. The former are sometimes used on steamboats, and are found very useful on the lower Mississippi in scaring away the alligators while the passengers take a swim. Water organs are more plentiful, perhaps, than some people think. I have been told by a gentleman who has visited Mr. Dudley Buck's basement, "unbeknown" to Mr. B., that that great artist's organ actually goes by water! A water engine is kept on duty all the while to furnish the power. And yet it is the popular impression that Mr. Buck plays that organ himself, and does it better than anybody else can in this part of the country.

But to return to our mutton, which is the Hand Organ. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this instrument the most useful of all musical instruments for running a tune into the ground; and to be run into the ground is the ultimate destiny of all tunes, as well as of other mortals. Let an organ grinder of good morals and steady habits take up his stand in a commanding locality for a few weeks, and play "Who will care for mother now," every night at six, and who will care for mother, or anybody else included in that song, at the end of the period? Eh? Answer me that.

The Hand Organ, as is well known, is played by

means of a crank; also a monkey, if the player's means permit; but the monkey is not indispensable, especially for amateurs. The crank, however, will be found absolutely necessary.

The music is produced by turning the crank continuously in the same direction. Care should be taken not to turn the crank backwards at any time during the performance, as this has a tendency to wind the melody back into the machine, extracting it from the ears of the auditors, whither it had gone, and causing them much pain, as might naturally be supposed.

The best organ grinders are the Italians, who seem to get the motion of the crank better than any other people,—probably on account of some organic (hand-organic) peculiarity in their muscular structure. An American may, however, become a good hand organist by sufficient practice. Indeed, the American ingenuity seems equal to any demand upon it. It can erect suspension bridges, invent cotton-gins, build steamboats, make rivers run toward their mouth and—yes, it can surmount the Himalayan difficulties of the Hand Organ.

One of the principal beauties of the Hand Organ is the great variety of the pleasure which it gives. A good hand organ has as many as six tunes in its hopper; and these, by the simple rule of permutation, may be played in no less than 720 different ways. Thus, supposing the tunes to be

1. Il balen.
2. Tramp! tramp!
3. Fisher's Hornpipe.
4. Shoo-Fly.
5. Captain Jinks.
6. Old Dog Tray.

Now suppose the learner, having procured his organ, has learned the motion of the crank so as to turn it with skill and wishes to amuse a circle of friends with the performance of a varied programme, lasting an evening. He can first play the six melodies in the order in which they are named in the above list. Then, beginning at the first he can change the order thus:

1. Il balen.
2. Fisher's Hornpipe.
3. Shoo Fly!
4. Captain Jinks.
5. Old Dog Tray.
6. Tramp! tramp!

He will next shift "Fisher's hornpipe" to the bottom of the list; then "Shoo fly," etc., going through the whole repertoire each time; then he will make "Il balen" second instead of first, and ring the same changes as before; then make it third, fourth, etc.; and then, taking each piece in the list and serving it the same way as "Il balen," he will find that he has actually played each piece 720 times, as already mentioned, and never given the six in the same order.

[Note. In music, variety is everything.]

By the time the programme which I have pointed out has been gone through with, the audience will undoubtedly have been sufficiently amused, and may properly be dismissed. The learner will be delighted to find how cleverly he has made arithmetic serve as the handmaid of music.

This is about all there is to say concerning the principles of hand-organ playing. There are a few words which I would like to address to those misguided men who play in our streets with one arm gone and a most shocking organ of American manufacture turned by the remaining limb. Now it was very noble of them to get an arm amputated, especially if they did it in the service of their country. For that they have our sympathy, and our pennies if they wish them. But it is very unfortunate that they should go and kick over so good a pail of milk by letting loose upon the public one of those infernal machines, an American hand-organ, in which no note is in tune with any other note—if indeed any of them is in tune with itself!

They are made by a New York yankee, and are evidently made to sell, rather than to play. I have sometimes thought that this fellow, having been born without ears, had resolved to revenge himself by devising tortures for all those who had been born with ears, and had therefore attacked their organs of hearing with his organs of screeching! I have witnessed the conversion of one "veteran" from the error of his way, and seen him substitute a good Swiss organ for his infernal machine from New York; and that veteran has by that act so touched my sense of gratitude that I must confess my children sometimes go without peanuts, cherries, and other sources of colic, in order that I may toss a fippenny to that twice-worthy soldier.

But the above remarks do not come appropriately into a treatise which is intended to be strictly technical—therefore I will not make them, but will make, instead, "most positively," my farewell bow, until the time (probably next month) when some other range of subjects shall interest us.

P. GREEN.

Blue-Bottle Flies.

Sometimes a very slight knowledge of Natural History is of great practical use, if remembered and applied at the needful occasion.

A gentleman making a call at the house of a friend, was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion; and, on inquiring the cause, was answered: "Oh, we are very much annoyed here; we have an intolerable nuisance. A rat has come to finish its existence under the floor of our large drawing-room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer. So we have rolled up the carpets, removed the furniture, and called in the carpenters, who are just commencing to take up the floor until we find the nuisance."

"Now don't be too hasty," said the visitor. "You need not pull up more than one board. I will show what I mean presently; and, meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows, and close the door behind me immediately I return."

He then stepped down the front steps into the garden, walked around the house to the stables, and, after a few minutes' absence, came back to the drawing-room with both hands tightly clasped, so as to inclose something between them. Placing himself in the centre of the drawing-room, he opened his hands, and out flew two blue-bottle flies and buzzed around the room for a second or two. But presently one of them alighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other insect.

"Now, then," exclaimed the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found underneath it." The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the source of all the unpleasant smell!

Thus by the ready thought of an observer of common things, a troublesome and expensive operation was almost entirely prevented; and instead of a day or two being spent in removing the floor generally, and replacing it, the mere displacement of a single plank enabled the needful business to be accomplished in a few minutes.—*Young America*.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: One who does not like to see hand-ball played with arguments, or declamation pass for debate, respectfully asks why do not our Senior Societies oppose each other on some question as they nobly did last year, and let us hear a debate that will smack a little of argumentation and extemporaneousness?

AN AFFLICTED HEARER.

WHY is a weathercock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going round doing nothing.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Annual Report of the Secretary of State, of the State of Indiana, sent by Mr. O. M. Eddy.

THE Fourteenth Annual Summer Exercise, by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, will be given Tuesday evening, May 21st, at 6.30 P. M., in Washington Hall.

CIRCLE is not spelt with a y. We need not say y, yet so it is; and contributors should in these days of confusion stand steadfastly by the three W's—Webster, Walker and Worcester.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Finley, W. J. Clarke, T. Finnegan, F. P. Leflingwell, O. A. Wing, T. White, J. Zimmer, J. Wernert, S. Valdez, F. St. Aubin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Fletcher, J. Stubbs, J. Quill, W. Meyers, F. Livingston, C. Hutchings, D. Hogan, C. Dodge, C. Berdel, G. Crummey.

D. A. C., Sec.

Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year (Senior)—T. Ireland, M. Keeley, M. Mahony, J. McHugh.

Third Year (Junior)—J. McGlynn, M. Foote, E. Gambee.

First Year (Freshmen)—F. Leflingwell, W. Clarke, C. Dodge, D. Maloney.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year (Senior)—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Third Year (Junior)—T. Dundon, P. O'Connell, J. McCormack, T. Graham.

Second Year (Sophomore)—R. Curran.

First Year (Freshman)—T. Murphy, C. Proctor, J. Gillespie, J. Rourke.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year (Junior)—P. Cochrane, J. Ireland, J. Staley, H. Schnellker, O. Wing, J. Carr, C. Berdel, F. McOsker, E. Newton, J. Stubbs, T. Phillips, J. Rumely, T. Wernert, J. Darmody, J. Hogan, J. Noonan, C. Hutchings, J. Cunnea, H. Dehner, J. Smarr, F. Phalan, T. Watson, G. Madden, P. O'Mahony.

First Year (Senior)—V. Bacca, D. Gahan, T. Finnegan, F. Lang, E. Asher, H. Beckman, J. Comer, G. Duffy, J. Devine, J. Hoffman, T. Fitzpatrick, E. Halpin, F. Hamilton, W. Quinlan, M. Shiel.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—E. Monahan, J. Shanks, W. Green.

First Year (First Division)—W. Ball, J. Caren, G. Gross, H. Heckert, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, A. Klein, J. McMahon, F. Sweger, H. Shephard, F. Jones, J. Warner, W. Canovan, E. Gribbling, T. Hansard, J. McNally.

First Year (Second Division)—F. Carlin, J. Birdsell, W. Kane, E. Dugherty, J. Dore, E. Ed-

wards, J. Graham, G. Juif, J. Kauffman, R. Kelly, H. Long, W. Lucas, E. Milburn, L. Munn, W. Olhen, W. Quinlan, S. Valdez, R. Lewis.

MUSIC.

Piano—C. Hutchings, W. Campbell, N. Mitchell, L. Hayes, R. Staley, J. Bowen, W. Beck, A. Schmidt, J. Campbell, W. Breen, C. St. Clair, H. Schnellker, W. Ball, M. Weldon, A. McIntosh, W. Dum, G. Riopelle, A. Filson, J. Gillespie, E. Barry, B. Roberts, O. Waterman, J. Graham, W. Murphy, T. Mullin, G. Gerew.

Violin—J. Staley, T. Ireland, J. Kauffman, J. Carr, H. Heckert, W. Byrne, J. Noonan, W. Quinlan, G. Roulhac, A. Klein, W. Lucas, F. Gahan, W. Kinzie.

Guitar—R. Curran, J. Clarke.

Clarinet—C. Hodgson.

Cornet—C. Hutchings.

Vocal Music—G. Riopelle, A. Filson, W. Byrne, F. McDonald, T. Renshaw, J. H. Gillespie, F. Smyth, M. Weldon, D. O'Connell, C. Campeau, F. Huck, A. McIntosh, E. McMahon, S. McMahon, T. Nelson, J. Burnside.

Texas Items.

We have often quarrelled with our memory for its careless, wanton squandering of sundry little treasures very pointedly and positively intrusted to its care. It is after just such a quarrel that with a vexed mind and bothered brain we attempt to recall and write down what we have heard or seen in this wonderful portion of the world. Bear in mind that we know not the one-thousandth part of what curious people might wish to know, and ought to know, about Texas. Do not lose sight; moreover, that nothing is fabulous in these regions, that nothing is beyond the power or ingenuity of man or beast, or beyond the chance of being swallowed by either of them. But why preface what needs no preface, and detract from the simplicity and genuineness of the article called items in journalistic parlance? However, it may be not amiss to state here that Galveston is the most favorable locality for gathering items. It is the great seaport, the inlet and outlet of Texas, through which travellers from the far West and voyagers from the far East must needs pass, and sojourn a few days. What a harvest of news is here offered to a smart reporter or a loquacious interviewer! We regret to be neither the one nor the other, and hence can report but few items of news—and decidedly will not interview any one, although we may have a goodly share of loquaciousness.

Of all the cities bathed by the sea, Galveston seems to be the most favored, for the blue waters have lovingly girdled her all round. From whatever point you may look, the sea, the deep blue sea expands her briny surface. Afar off to the west, beyond a wide bay, the lowlands of Texas, of the *terra firma*, appear like a dimly drawn line, with scarcely any trees to dot and vary its uniformity. A long railway trestle bridge connects the city with these low lands, and is at present the only connecting link between Galveston and the State of Texas. It would be perhaps a long and difficult task to attempt a good description of the pleasant city of Galveston. Suffice to say that it has a thriving, polite and somewhat heterogeneous population of some 22,000 or 25,000 inhabitants, that its streets are (in the commercial part) bordered with well-supplied stores and very creditable buildings, and that it is not inferior in anything to other cities of the same size throughout the States, while perhaps it is superior to them in several appointments and in the hospitable spirit of its people. But what could not be described within half a dozen pages had better be let alone, and since we started item-writing, we had better stick to our first idea and go off. Go off? Where? Well,

wherever cars, boat, horse, mule, or our own legs will carry us. This travelling will probably suggest to us what to say and write. As we go along we will find many things worth chronicling, or if they are not worth much, at least we will place them in our diary and keep them for a memento of our sauntering through this far distant land.

The first conveyance which we are suggested to take is the everlasting railroad car (long may it wave!) which we enter or wish to enter, and whose door we shake vigorously, when lo! we understand that "this car, sir, is for the ladies;" God bless them! and we retreat to a more modest institution for the benefit of the weed lovers, directly in front. But, *ce qui est différé, n'est pas perdu*. As soon as the train leaves the station we make a second move and very innocently seek an empty seat among the favored of the Galveston and Houston Co., thinking that there would be no need of such invidious distinctions and sundry privileges were always such as we and none else, allowed in the rear car. We will not say that we need not comment on what we saw or whom we saw in this would-be Pullman car, except that our retreat from the smoky car was pretty generally observed and imitated by persons much wiser than ourselves, whom of course we need not name. We must further say that this general stampede surprised nobody, and did not appear disagreeable to the occupants of said car, which pleased us, personally, very much, as we were afraid, in our innocent simplicity, that we might be reckoned an intruder. Being satisfied on that score, we placed our valise by our side on the seat (this was not very gracious), so that if some one had been in want of a seat he might have seen, of course, the valise was not absolutely to be classed among immovables, and probably would have concluded to sit down by our side, unless perhaps he had seen that others were not afflicted with similar encumbrances and had a *bona fide* seat in reserve. Travelling in Texas is much like everywhere else. After the first few minutes following the departure, quiet and the pleasurable satisfaction of being on the way to the unknown seemed to prevail over every one and force their attention outside the car. Sights after sights succeed and replace one another. After the long trestle work, which it takes fifteen minutes to cross, the solid land presents her boundless prairies before the gaze of the traveller. Here and there some clusters of trees, oasis-like, indicate the habitation of some farmer or rather stock-raiser, for between Galveston and Houston the land is in its virginal state, the plough-share is yet suspended and the *Boukolos* holds full sway. This is the domain of the dumb creatures, which they roam over in numbers innumerable and graze upon without hindrance, without boundary. They never knew the luxury of a stable; their shelter, in cold weather, when the North wind blows its chilly winter blasts, will be the little copsewood or the valley of some dried-up creek which rarely diversifies the monotonous surface of the vast plain. Many perish in storms or during long winters like the last, which was the severest experienced in Texas for forty years. From the car windows we could perceive the cruel doings of the long cold, which had come upon the general drought of the summer and fall. Famished as they had been, without grass or water, chilled by the piercing cold which swept from the North, many thousand animals had fallen and their skeletons were bleaching on the prairie in a hundred places.

As we ascend towards Houston, we find but little of anything worthy of interest, except perhaps the green oasis of trees, already covered with their new foliage. We go at a good speed, and reach Houston in due time. There we must change cars,—new embarrassments are to be encountered. The smoking car and the ladies' car are awaiting our good sense of discrimination.

Soon again we steam away on the Texas Central, leaving behind us the thriving city of Houston, which boasts of being second to none in Texas, having some 18,000 inhabitants and direct communication with the sea by water. The landscape as we go on, becomes more varied; we approach the farming districts of corn and cotton plantations, hills and rolling lands, upon which hundreds of cattle are roving. Even plains tilled, and growing already their cotton and corn, offer a welcome relief from the monotonous prairies through which we have travelled during the first part of the day.

Hempstead, the second town of importance on our route, is also a place where a new change of cars is to be made. These changes are one of the several annoyances attending railroad travel through Texas. We say one of the several, for we propose to name another which eminently requires the possession of a clean conscience and the putting in order of one's last will. It is simply this, that you run fifty chances in a hundred of seeing your precious self revolving in a ditch ten times during the day. You are very powerfully reminded of this at each mile of the route; by such insinuations as the tender of an engine in a deep ravine here, three or four cars smashed up there, a cow-catcher and some dozen wheels with *debris* of all sorts piled up on each side of a deep cut through a hill; and when you emerge from said hill to cross a wide valley upon a high embankment, describing an arc of a circle, your imagination is wonderfully enlivened by your ladies' car beautifully inclining towards the deep ditch below in the fashion of the tower of Pisa, just as if it said "I have a mind to jump down"—a reflection which a dozen other cars lying before our sight have already and very successfully carried out, to the great detriment of the railroad company and especially to the occupants of the splintered vehicles. All these insinuations, so vivid, so striking, along the 250 miles which intervene between Galveston and Austin, detract very much from the beauties of the landscape, and speak with energy to the conscience of each traveller.

But, thank God, not our stars, we have got through safely and landed, fatigued and wearied, in the Capital of Texas—Austin, the city of the thousand hills. Were we to describe this fast-growing city as well as it deserves, we would advise you to be patient and prepare to read at least eighteen pages of foolscap on this subject; but we will rather let you imagine what our limited space and time will not permit us to say about it, and give full scope to your imaginations with the following *data*:

Austin boasts of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the healthiest and loveliest country in the world, and especially in Texas, San Antonio notwithstanding. It is at present, and may always remain, the Capital of Texas. The city is not exactly beautiful, for the simple reason that it is but a few years since it rose from the lethargic state engendered by the war, and shared in the benefits of immigration. Now it is the terminus of the western branch of the Texas Central, and, in fifteen months at furthest, it will be reached by the International Road running between Cairo and San Antonio, which will afford a direct railroad communication between the North and the Southwest. Other roads are projected to pass through Austin, and it is presumable that this city will be the great railroad centre of Texas. Commercially and politically, Austin already enjoys great advantages. It is now a radiating point for the many stages leading to San Antonio, Fredericksburg, Wago, etc. We have said that Austin is not exactly beautiful, owing to its recent growth, but it occupies a delightful site for becoming a superb city. Its beautiful hills, already dotted with tasty cottages and sometimes rich mansions, present to the eye all the variety and picturesque desirability. The state buildings are not

what might be termed grand, or even elegant; and indeed if they have any pretensions they owe them to the pretty sites which they occupy, for the hand of the artist is very sparingly displayed about them. Their style of architecture is a nondescript bastard style of Ionic and fanciful. There are many churches in Austin, which, from their unpretending appearance, might be better called meeting-houses. The Catholic congregation, presided over by our good friend, Rev. Father Feltein, is laying the foundation of a large church which we hope will be a credit to the Capital of Texas.

Directly in front of the Capitol, at a distance of some three miles, the eye of the beholder rests on the finest hills in the vicinity of Austin. These hills, so graceful in their appearance, so inviting to the tourist's eye, with their green sward and their copses of live-oak trees could not fail to attract the steps of inquisitive travellers. Thither we went,—we, that is to say Very Rev. Father General, Col. Robbards, the owner of the beautiful hills, and he who pens these lines. What a magnificent view extended before us from those lofty heights, which sat like the queens of the thousand hills that displayed themselves all around as far as the eye could reach! It was a sight to be enjoyed, and little did we regret the arduous ascent or the difficult crossing of the Colorado River, which now separated us from the city. It was then truly a remarkable spot, one which Providence seemed to have marked with a divine hand for some great purpose; for there will one day arise the halls of a University which we hope will be called Notre Dame, Notre Dame of the Hills, the counterpart of Notre Dame du Lac. One hundred and twenty-three acres on the summit of the hills were purchased for that purpose from Col. Robbards, who generously contributed twenty acres for his share to the promotion of the undertaking. Four hundred other acres adjoining, forming the most beautiful farm around Austin, were given by an excellent lady, Mrs. X——, for the same purpose. And now that so much has been done to secure a great object, and fill a great want in Texas, viz., that of a College or University, let us hope that the dew of Heaven will fall upon these fertile hills and make them fructify.

But we just now perceive that we have gone off the track we intended to follow. We started item-writing, and are now moralizing. Let us back to our itemizing.

We mentioned a few moments ago the name of the Colorado River. We have no ill-will towards that river, but yet we mean to be truthful. The Colorado is a river and it is not a river: sometimes it is too much of it, and sometimes too little of it, like most of the rivers in Texas, yet the Colorado might be called a navigable river even as far as Austin if we credit the following report: Some years ago the steamboats availing themselves of the high stage of water caused by heavy storms ascended from Metagorda as far as Austin. Now it happened that the storm subsided, and the Colorado, which plays the office of gutter for the central part of Texas, subsided likewise and left the steamboats high and dry in the ditch. Eighteen months afterwards another storm occurred, rain poured in plenty, and the Colorado rose again, and with it the two steamboats, which returned to Metagorda and were never caught again in the vicinity of Austin. However, not wishing to discourage the future inhabitants of Notre Dame of the Hills, we must here declare that there is in the Colorado at all times sufficient water for bathing and boating on a small scale. On its banks may be found in vintage time a very abundant sort of grape called the Mustang grape, which corresponds to the wild grape of the North.

We have already mentioned two of the travelling facilities with which we proposed to travel in our item-writing business, viz., the cars and the boats; we have yet to speak of three other very fertile

means,—ertile in adventure no doubt,—viz., the mule, the horse, and the legs.

We should not mention the mule first and in preference to the horse, but mules being much like negroes or an inferior nigger race, and desiring to dismiss them promptly we commence with them, and will say that we know very little of their inner nature except what we knew before coming to Texas. It is decidedly the draft animal of Texan drivers and farmers, although the ox is likewise used for the heaviest burdens. A wagon-load which two horses are able to pull in Indiana will require eight or ten mules or six yoke of oxen in this favored land. We thought at first that drivers went out with such an array of brutes for company's sake, and reckoned that the poor beasts pulled one another and that the wagon followed through sentimental amity, but on seeing the heavy grades and the sandy or often muddy roads over which they have to travel, we concluded that we wronged them in our estimation, and that people in Texas know their business just as well as they know it elsewhere. We hope, then, that mules and oxen will not find fault with us, and if we ever thought or said anything wrong of them we wish to and do hereby make them full apology. Not so shall we act in regard to the horse, the Mexican or Mustang horse, or whatever other name it bears here. No, sir. We had heard too many hard reports and long stories about him. We would feel sorry if what we have to say of the Texan horse should in any way disturb the good opinions which others may have of him, or trouble the pleasure which horseback riding, even on such a horse many perhaps already anticipate or have already enjoyed, but we must speak out for truth's sake. Forewarned, forearmed!

There are as many varieties of Texan horses as there are horses; no two are alike in their special features and social dispositions except one, which is called *pitching*. This term pitching is very well known in Texas, and when one buys a horse the first question he puts to the owner is, "Does he pitch, sir?" The general answer is "Yes." Indeed, a horse that would not pitch would be of little value, and might be set down at once as a poor, broken-down animal. The question then as to the pitching is not so very important, but the length and breadth and height of the pitching,—that is another thing. Some horses can pitch their rider to a distance of ten feet, others to fifteen, and some to twenty feet distance. These latter are considered rather a dangerous species. However, they can be found out by a smart buyer from some of their physical configurations. A good buyer will always be wary of a horse which has a narrow space between the eyes; it shows a want of brains, and a corresponding amount of malice,—beware of his pitching! The horse that has a sheep-nose, scientifically called a Bourbon nose, is worse still, and his pitching is frequent and with malicious intent, often accompanied with a lively application of the pedal extremities. Finally, the broad nostril, broad-brained horse, the best in the market, recommends himself for his good natural dispositions. If he is not a second-hand horse, spoiled by bad riders and taught vicious habits (horses here learn them quicker than anything else), you may safely depend upon him, and trust your precious person to his back. Yet there are certain things of which you must be beware in the treatment of such a horse, and certain things which you must practice. 1st. You must beware of feeding him too well, for then his broad nostrils and broad brain will not save you from a leap over his ears. 2d. You must ride him often and keep him busy. A vicious horse may sometimes be taught good manners; a good one, if Texan, will very quickly learn all the tricks and vicious habits even of the narrow-brained and sheep-nosed horses.

We hold these few remarks on Texan horses from a gentleman of Corpus Christi who procured

the gentle ponies of St. Mary's Academy. May they prove to belong to the large nostril, broad-brained species!

Hence it may be inferred that a rider must needs often resort to the fifth mode of travelling mentioned above, and with which we conclude, with the following illustration:

Not very long ago, a good acquaintance of ours, whom we shall not name, and whose quality of priest or bishop we wish to leave untold—this good acquaintance having travelled many and many a mile through the lowlands of Texas, where mosquitos abound, was unfortunately pitched by his steed and left to foot the best he could. The situation was indeed very embarrassing. The night was fast setting in and the buzz of millions of mosquitos more than alarming. When horses are bitten by mosquitos they run away, but a human being must fight them the best way he can. A journeying companion, travelling in the same direction, was met, and by his conversation alleviated somewhat the misfortune of our acquaintance. This companion was a prudent, far-sighted Vaterland man, and proposed to pass the night with our friend under a small canvas tent which he had. The proposal being accepted, the tent was raised and under its folds both occupants were soon ensconced. Unfortunately, the mosquitos were vigorously storming the frail habitation, and were soon in force inside the canvas. One remedy was at hand. Tobacco smoke was a sovereign panacea, and tobacco smoke was soon holding full sway in the tent owing to the vigorous puffing of our acquaintance, who resolved to smoke till midnight and let his companion repose in peaceful slumber until he would be called up to do the smoking. This was mutually agreed to, and the puffing went on with renewed vigor till midnight, from the pipe of our acquaintance. At midnight striking he gave a first warning signal to the profoundly sleeping partner; a second signal, in the shape of a gentle punch, soon followed, and was answered with a complacent groan from the sleeper; a third signal, a vigorous shake, with a loud "Midnight, sir!" disturbed the equanimity of our German friend. "Midnight, sir!" was again loudly screamed out.

"Ouff," said the partner, rubbing his eyes, "What ish dat?"

"Midnight, sir; here is the pipe."

Our German friend gradually woke up, looked at the pipe and exclaimed: "Oh, mein Gott! I can't schmoke! I can't schmoke. It raises my stomach!" And saying this he once more extended himself and left our acquaintance amazed and abashed. Concluding that nothing was to be gained with such a delicate stomach, and being furthermore reminded of the proximity of the musquitos, our acquaintance filled his pipe for the 8th time and fought it out on the same line till morning.

The moral of this is very simple,—leg or foot travelling in Texas don't pay.

Hoping that you will always find the best conveyance for your precious selves, I bid you *au revoir*.

Scouting the Temperance Question.

We are glad to hear that the *Owl* is still alive, and that we are to be the recipient of the numbers. The following has been sent us for insertion in the *SCHOLASTIC*, having already appeared in the *Owl*:

One of the marked peculiarities for which the present age is noted, is a disposition to underrate the native importance of things, and to consider as unworthy of attention affairs which are of human concern, and which intimately connect themselves with the best and dearest interests of the people. This depreciative tendency of our age does not limit the sphere of its actions to commonplace topics or trivial affairs, but comprises within the

extended circle of its influence every question, from the most inconsiderable up to the most solemn, that can engage the attention of the Christian or philosopher. The underrating spirit of to-day extends its withering influence to state and political matters; and the consequence is, that questions affecting the well-being of the nation and the happiness of the people are neglected. It invades the sacred precincts of religion, and by misinterpreting God's word and underrating its importance it spreads infidelity, free-loveism and irreligion broadcast over the land. And not content with these results—not content with bringing about this disastrous state of affairs, this modern evil, this underrating spirit of our day aims to sap the very foundation of social order, to blast domestic tranquillity and peace by countenancing and encouraging the drinking usages of society, which it does by disparaging the significance of the present temperance movement.

We are told by anti-temperance men, influenced by this self-same depreciative spirit, if not in these words, at least to the same effect, that total-abstinence is a thing of recent date, impracticable and uncalled for, and that its advocates and adherents are a set of misguided enthusiasts who make a mammoth of a mouse in preaching their doctrines and the great needs society has of some such reformatory movement to stay the downward tendency of the people. But these assertions are not true. Total abstinence is not a thing impracticable; because there are to-day more than five millions of staunch cold-water men who put it in practice, and because its essential conditions are not so difficult to be complied with after all. The desire for liquor is an unnatural desire, because alcoholic beverages form no part whatever of man's normal diet. The thirst for strong drink is an unnatural thirst, unlike that which we have for water, milk or any other harmless thirst-allaying beverage, and therefore ought not to be gratified. Total abstinence is not a thing uncalled for, because the excesses as well as the exigencies of society demand it. The wronged wife, the neglected child, the disobeyed and disregarded parent, the vicious and dissipated son, the welfare of the nation, the interests of the state, the good of common society and the honor of the people, all call loudly for total abstinence. Outraged humanity, seeking redress of grievances, exhibits the manifest want of the kindly and soul-soothing influence of this virtue. Its advocates and adherents, though at times enthusiastic (which indeed they may well be since their cause is good), are not misguided men, for the approbation and co-operation of religion, the testimony of good men and of conscience, together with reason itself, are evidences that the ways of abstinence are just and straight, and that those who walk its paths or preach its truths can never be said to be misguided or erring men. Total abstinence is not a thing of recent date, though the origin of temperance societies is, it being traceable no further back than the year eighteen hundred and eight,—sixty-four years ago. But the doctrines which are the foundation of temperance, those principles which underlie all this preaching and reform, are not of recent origin, but go back far into the distant past; and from remote antiquity, fostered by religion and cherished in the ship of the Church, they come sailing down the stream of time. Cato, the censor, preached the doctrine of abstinence from intoxicating beverages, in the senate of the Roman Republic, more than two thousand years ago. Daniel, the prophet, that man of God whose pen and tongue wrote and spoke sentences dictated by Heaven, preached the doctrine of total abstinence in the palace of Nabuchodonosor, the king, two thousand and four hundred years ago. Jeremiah, the prophet, preached the same doctrine to the Nazarites who practiced it faithfully, as can be inferred from the description given of them by the prophet himself when he said,

"Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire." Most of the major prophets proclaimed the destructiveness of intemperance; while the benefits to be derived from abstinence were well known to Rechab and his posterity, and were spoken of and admitted in his time.

Total abstinence, therefore, is not what it is represented to be, an impracticable, unnecessary modernism; but, on the contrary, it is a necessary, loudly called for practicable doctrine that has the experience of ages and departed generations as a testimony in favor of the goodness and excellence of the object and end at which it aims. It is a principle upon which is based a movement of reformation, the object of which is to better the condition of the people, both morally and socially, and to stay the tide of public dissipation and crime. It calls upon every one to do his whole duty; and as duty performed is the only sure pledge that guarantees the happiness and prosperity of the people, it follows that the prosperity of the temperance cause is the prosperity of the people. With the rise and spread of total abstinence we rise from drunkenness to sweet sobriety, and spread our influence as a people; and with its fall we fall into the mire of iniquity and degradation.

Let us, therefore, not be ashamed to practice the virtue of temperance, since it is so important and beneficial; but let us rise with it, since rise it must, to a glorious height. M. W. C.

Comparative Merits of Languages.

ED. SCHOLASTIC: In your issue of May 4th, a correspondent styling himself "Simple Simon" has something to say about the English language, and about my application to it of the term "ignoble." A reference to my article will show that I characterized the English language as ignoble only in contrasting it with the Latin. Here, then, your correspondent avoids the issue; but this I waive. Besides, I was not speaking of the ease or difficulty of translation—all linguists, however, concede its difficulty—but only of the desirableness of it from the Latin into the English. Here, too, your correspondent avoids the issue; but this, too, I waive.

I find your correspondent, like a great many other people who exult in badges of national serfdom—and as to America, the English language is such a badge—infatuated with everything and anything English,—English history, English character, English literature and the English tongue. I suppose he wears the English costume,

"A chimney-pot hat and tight breeches."

Those English authors who have left the greatest impression upon general literature have been few and feeble compared with those of Greece, or Italy, or France, or Germany, or even Spain. As in contrast with other languages, the English language is only a noble language in the minds of pure, or Simon Pure English scholars. Will Simon allow me to remind him that the "well of English undefiled" to which he alludes so flippantly has no existence whatever except in the imagination of exclusively English scholars; that as contrasted with the sparkling fountains of continental literature, this well is only an impure pond; in point of fact is no well at all; that all languages are comparatively defiled by borrowings and intermixtures, the English most of any; that, speaking comparatively, the only original, pure, independent and undefiled languages now in general use are the Latin and the German; that the Latin language has enjoyed for nearly nineteen centuries the possession of the literary and religious empire, and that the German is advancing by rapid marches to acquire the social empire of the Christian world? J. A. WILSTACH.

Base-Ball.

If any amount of good play will atone for several unnecessary defeats that the "Star of the West" recently sustained, the game on yesterday will go a long way toward their redemption. It was by all odds the finest exhibition of base-ball ever witnessed at the University, and it has served to place the "Star of the West" in an entirely new light as regards the championship. The result of yesterday's contest was a surprise to many who, after the recent "Atlantic" and "Excelsior" disasters, had forgotten that the "Star of the West" ever did play well; but others who remember the brilliant records that they made last year, believe that the "Jolly Juniors" have recovered from their "bad luck" and struck their "streak of luck." At least it is to be hoped so.

The "University Nine" must have been somewhat surprised at the strong play of the "Star of the West." They no doubt expected to see them perfectly demoralized, as before, but were unwittingly caught in the toils themselves. It is hardly unkind or uncharitable to say of the "University Nine" that they were outplayed at every point of the game, when both clubs played so well. The Seniors did not make so many fielding errors that they should have lost the game, but it was at the bat that the plucky Juniors were victorious, though they also played much the stronger in the field. Mr. J. McHugh was chosen umpire, and a more fair and impartial one could not be selected to fulfil such an important position. We hope to see him umpire the remaining championship match-games.

In the appended score O. indicates outs; R., runs; 1 B., first base hits; P. O., total number put out; A., assisted.

SCORE.

STAR OF WEST					UNIVER. NINE						
O.	R.	1 B.	P. O.	A.	O.	R.	1 B.	P. O.	A.		
S. Dum, c	3	2	1	7	0	Dillon, s. s.	3	0	2	1	3
McOsker, p.	3	2	1	1	1	Fitzgerald, 3b	5	0	0	3	4
Berdol, 1st b.	3	2	1	4	0	Walsh, l. f.	3	1	2	1	0
Dodge, 2d b.	0	4	2	4	2	Darmody, 2d b.	3	1	1	3	1
W. Dum, s. s.	1	3	0	4	0	Thomas, c	3	1	2	2	0
Hutchings, c.f.	3	1	1	2	0	Johnson, 1st b.	3	2	1	14	1
Hogan, l. f.	3	0	1	2	0	Staley, p.	1	1	1	1	4
Roberts, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	Davis, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Reilly, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	0	Smarr, r. f.	3	1	0	2	1
Total	27	14	7	27	3	Total	27	7	9	27	14

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. W.	0	0	0	3	5	0	4	0	0-14
U. N.	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	3-7

Umpire—Mr. J. McHugh, of the Excelsior Base-Ball Club.

Scorer—F. P. Hamilton.

Time of Game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

First Base by Errors—University Nine, 8; Star of the West, 7.

Philopatrian Association.

The 6th, 7th and 8th regular meetings took place respectively April 26th, May 6th and 14th. At these meetings the following did well in declamation: J. Langeenderfer, G. Gerew, J. Sherlock, H. Shephard, E. Milburn, L. Munn, O. Tong, J. McIntyre, J. Hoffman, J. Porter, F. Sweger, E. Marshall, E. Dougherty, H. Long, J. Burnside, W. Ball, W. Morgan, S. and J. Marks, D. O'Connell, J. Kurts.

The Society is doing well, and bids fair to compete with the other Associations at a future day. The members take this occasion to return their sincere thanks to the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for the pleasure they enjoyed and the knowledge derived in being present at the Moot Court.

E. DOUGHERTY, Cor. Sec.

CABBAGES are stupid things—thick headed.

What were the Labors of the Church in the "Dark Ages."

[From "The Men and Women of the English Reformation," by S. H. BURKE.]

The Catholic Church, in all ages, was famed for its culture of music and architecture. Archbishops Anselm and Lanfranc are all well known to have been not alone architects themselves, but the liberal patrons of that noble art in England. The beautiful hymns of the ancient Church have proved a mine for imitative appropriation to all modern beliefs. The cultivation of music refined and chastened the manners of those who pursued it; and the sublime and solemn harmony used at divine service elevated the soul and softened the heart of the worshipper. Did the vandalism which denounced and destroyed this lofty and beautiful adjunct of divine worship better a subsequent race? Mr. William Chappell, the distinguished musical antiquarian, in the introduction to his first volume of the "Roxburghe Ballads," published 1871, remarks earnestly, how "in England, Scotland, and Holland, the extreme Puritanism that put an end to the school of music in each country, was followed by a progressive increase of drunkenness, with its attendant vices and crimes." The great Dutch school of music of the fifteenth century was silenced by the Huguenot iconoclasts—stifled in blood and rapine—and has never revived. The speciality of the monks of the earlier ages was their ingenuity in making bridges; and so beneficial was this art, that one of the valued titles of the Supreme Pontiff was "Pontifex Maximus." Looking to the scientific data, accumulated by the religious, the catalogue is significant and brilliant. In 664 glass was invented by Benalt, a monk. The mighty agent, whose varied processes and evolutions now rule the material world, was discovered by Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, who also invented artillery, some rude pieces of which won for Edward the Third the marvellous victory of Cresci; Roger Bacon, a monk, invented the telescope. Through Marchena, a monk, Columbus, after vainly seeking patronage at the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid, was enabled to go forth on his first voyage, to add the mightier division of a virgin world to the restricted cosmos of antecedent geography. The matchless "De Revolutionibus," of Copernicus, in which were first propounded the principles of the heliocentric system, was published at the expense of Gisio, a monk, and likewise Bishop of Eremeland. By the way, in the fine old Cathedral of Thorn, in Poland, on the tomb of the great Slavonian astronomer, appears an epitaph, written by himself, which manifests what may be called without paradox, the sublime humility of a true Christian heart:

"Non gloriam Pauli humilis posco,
Nec veniam Petri peccator oro;
At quod ILLE ex ligno crucis dederat latroni,
Sedulus oro."

Which, for the convenience of some readers, may be translated:

"Not the glory of Paul do I, humble one, ask; nor the pardon of Peter do I, a sinner, beg; but that which from the wood of the cross HE vouchsafed unto the Thief, do I eagerly beseech."

Do we not owe the "Divina Commedia" to the genius of a monk, whose portraiture of the just and consoling doctrine of Purgatory, forms the finest portion of the poem? Was not St. Jerome a monk—whose voice was more potent far than the trumpets which levelled the walls of Jericho, for at its sound voluptuaries started from their orgies, the patrician revellers rose from the benches of the amphitheatre, and the feats of athletes, and the struggles of gladiators were forgotten? Was not the golden-mouthed Chrysostom also a "religious?" In the Court of Charlemagne, amidst the heroic pal dins of that great conqueror, amidst groups resplendent in all the bravery of wealth

and honors, walked, most honored of all, the plain and simple English monk, the ambassador of the Mercian Offa—Alcuin, the glory of Charlemagne, who, himself unpossessed of much learning, had those far better gifts in an Emperor—a desire for its extension and respect for its professors. Again, on the banks of the Tyne, in the pleasant seclusion of Jarrow, wrote his chronicles that glorious old monk, the father of English history—the Venerable Bede. But we must cease, for the catalogue is inexhaustible.

It is absurd and unreasonable to stigmatize the Catholic Church for not having enlightened the minds of the multitude by education. As facile it would be to square the circle, or establish perpetual motion—until such times as printing was invented. And were not the first printers Catholics? The printing press was not dreamt of, even when Laurentius of Haarlem first constructed, in 1430, his clumsy wooden type. It is plain to every mind unswayed by falsehood and prejudice, that, until the discovery of printing, the enlightenment of the population by effectual education was impossible. Instead of being grateful to the residents of the older monasteries for the priceless benefits bestowed upon mankind by their noble and thankless industry, anti-Catholic writers cavil at them because they did not achieve impossibilities. But who were they who preserved the treasures of learning, and extended it by their pens, until by the means of printing the long-cherished riches of ancient learning were diffused throughout the world? As far as scholarship, unaided by the ingenuity of Guttemburg and his typographical brethren, could promote education, the scholarship of the beneficent hierophants of Christianity was extended. The monasteries were academies, the monks the teachers; and all the eloquence of the Fathers, and the wisdom of the Hellenic philosophers found able and kindly expositors in those schools. If Protestantism chanced to be produced contemporaneously with printing, the schism of Luther can only claim that it used, with considerable noise, an invention not its own. In fact, in England, the "new learning," while confiscating the property of the monasteries, nearly monopolized the use of printing, which soon became a dangerous indulgence to a persecuted creed.

The Catholic Church, too, has done more for art and taste, in what has been called the "Dark Ages," than all human institutions put together. The Church, indeed, is distinguished from all others aspiring to the title, by the magnificence, the loveliness, the profusion, and the grandeur by which she is environed. Her ceremonies have educated, and are still eliciting, all the skill of ingenuity, all the riches of art, all the brightest results of imaginative effort. She has wrought all the mines of thought and matter, to manifest her absorbing reverence for the Omnipotent. She inspired the architect to display the resources of his skill, and basilicas arose, attesting with their solemn domes the sublime ardor of a God-loving people. She summoned to her aid the noblest forms of sculpture, the passion and the glory, the fearful and the benignant revelations of painting, the entrancing and resplendent masterpieces of music. All gifts and all arts she led with gentle but invincible ascension to the footstool of the Eternal. The vessels employed in her sacrifices were composed of the most precious metals, decorated with gems, and fashioned by such magic artificers as Benvenuto Cellini. Her tabernacles blazed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, opals, and pearls. Her altars, barred with lapis lazuli, costlier than the gold of Ophir, and wrung from the depths of the Ural, bloomed with flowers, which likewise strewn the paths of her processions. Incense floated heavenwards from the swing of her thuribles. Cloth of gold composed her vestments, and cloth of silver formed the banners upon which were embroidered the mementoes of her saints. Poetry was brought into the sacred service; and the hymns of the Church, realizing the conception of Tennyson, "perfect music set to noble words," are exemplars of solemn beauty. Oratory poured from her pulpits for instruction, supplication, or admonition, such eloquence as flowed from the lips of Bossuet, of Bourdaloue, of Fenelon, and of Massillon, the latter of whom, unlike the Anglican Bishop Burnet, who paltered to the wickedness of the licentious Charles, denounced, in the face of the Court, the delinquencies of Louis XIV, his courtiers, and his courtesans.

