

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND., OCT. 12, 1872.

Number 5.

Help the Weary on their Way.

BY CALEB DUNN.

It is a simple thing to give
A kindly word, a cheering smile,
To those who in misfortune live,
Whose days no pleasures e'er beguile;
And better far it is to bless
Than heed not sorrow or distress.

Happy the man who hath the power,
And hath the will, to uphold the weak—
To aid the poor in darkest hour,
And words of sympathy to speak;
For he in all the grateful land
Among the best beloved shall stand.

There is no nobler one than he
In all the world; nor can be found
More natural nobility
Than that which his pure life has crowned
With acts of love, with goodly deeds,
Which bravely meet misfortune's needs.

Misers we find where'er we turn,
Cold-hearted men who worship self,
Who every noble prompting spurn,
Whose god is gold, whose joy is pelf;
But though his coffers groan with weight,
Vain is the miser's vast estate.

Riches are good when rightly used,
To elevate and bless the race;
Riches are evil when abused,
And gained to purchase power and place;
Wealth is a glorious thing to own
When garnered not for self alone.

So let us strive the best we may
To aid all fainting souls along,
And lead them out into the day
From darkness, so they may grow strong;
And for our willing sacrifice
We'll win the Love that never dies.

Thomas Chatterton.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the ancient English city of Bristol, there is a stately and beautiful church, several centuries old, called St. Mary Redcliffe. It may not be true, as the sexton informed me once, that it is "the largest parish church in England;" but it is of great magnitude and very great beauty, and filled with the most quaint and interesting monuments.

There are effigies of knights in armor lying flat upon their backs, with their legs crossed, and their hands joined as if in prayer. There are statues of ancient benefactors of the church, noble painted windows, curious and elaborately decorated chapels, and above many an ancient grave there hang the armor, the sword, the spear, and the banner of the hero who sleeps beneath. Among the objects in this grand old church which arrest the attention of American visitors, are the armor and banners of Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania.

In Europe, where they know nothing about rotation in office, or the one term principle, it is not uncommon for places in church and state to descend from father to son for many generations. It was so with the sextonship of this church. For two centuries the office of sexton had remained in a family named Chatterton—the incumbent being generally named Thomas Chatterton. In 1748, when sexton John Chatterton died, he was succeeded by his son-in-law, who appears to have held the office only until John Chatterton's son was old enough to take it.

Thomas Chatterton, father of the wonderful boy poet of the same name, was of this family of sextons; though not himself the heir of the office. Being, however, in the way of church employment, he received the place of singer in the choir of the Bristol Cathedral, and afterward the mastership of a free school. He was a jovial, dissipated man, fond of reading, a composer of music, a writer of convivial songs—one of those good fellows who abound in cathedral towns, the delight of every circle except that of their own homes, of which they are the blight and the curse. He died in 1752. Three months after his death, his son, Thomas Chatterton, the ill-starred child of genius, was born. His mother, left without property, set up a girls' school, took in sewing and ornamental needle-work, and in these and other ways supported, in an honorable, frugal manner, her aged mother, her daughter, and this marvellous boy. She was a good, kind woman: but as little able to appreciate or understand her son as a hen to comprehend a soaring falcon which she had hatched from the egg.

At five, he went to the free school at which his father had been master. The teacher soon sent him home as an incorrigible dunce. He could not, or would not learn to read. He was wilful, and objected to reading, as he said, out of a small book. But one day his eye was caught by the decorations of an old sheet of music of his father's, which his mother was tearing up for waste paper; and, as she used to say, he fell in love with its illuminated capital letters. He now became interested in his letters, and was taught to read from an old black-letter Bible. From this time, reading was his passion. He read from early morn-

ing till bed-time, if they would let him, and nothing pleased him so much as the quaint letters and curious spelling of old books and parchments.

In one of his father's closets there was a quantity of parchments, ancient deeds, conveyances, and other documents, which his father had taken from some oaken chests in an upper room of the church. He delighted to copy the old letters, decorations and emblazonments. He would shut himself up, when he was only seven or eight years of age, in his little attic bedroom, with a piece of ochre, some charcoal dust some black lead powder, and there he would remain, hour after hour, copying and imitating the ancient manuscripts, and making drawings in the antique style, issuing at length begrimed and black from his work.

He appeared to pass the whole of his boyhood in antiquity; for although from seven to fourteen he attended a Bristol charity school as a boarding scholar, yet he spent Saturday afternoons at home, roaming about the old church, musing upon its inscriptions, or else shut up in his garret, composing poems, such as he supposed might have been written three centuries before. It seemed as if the good priest Rowley, and his patron Canynge, and other worthies buried in the old church, were the only real persons with whom he associated. Them he loved, revered, believed in; but the citizens of Bristol whom he chanced to know were commonplace mortals indeed, with whom he jested, and whom he deceived and played upon, as an elderly person may with a child. He amused himself once by making out a long pedigree for a pewterer of his acquaintance, pretending that he found it in the old church; and he frequently produced pieces of antique versé upon parchment, which he said were written by Thomas Rowley, a priest of the city of Bristol in the time of the Roses.

Not a soul suspected that these antique poems could be his own. To show the power of the verse which he wrote when he was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, I will copy a stanza from one of these poems, the spelling of which has been modernized :

And now the battle closed on every side,
And face to face appeared the Knights full brave ;
They lifted up their bills with mickle pride,
And many wounds unto the Normans gave.
So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,
White foaming high, to roaring combat run ;
In roaring din and heaven-breaking sound,
Burst waves on waves, and spangle in the sun ;
And when their might in bursting waves is fled,
Like cowards steal along their oozy bed.

Chatterton wrote many a finer stanza even than this, when he was a lad of fifteen. There is no trace of the boy nor of the young man in them. There is a maturity, a strength and finish in many of his antique poems which have never been so much as approached, before or since his time, by so young a person.

Why then should he have chosen to hide his powers in this disguise? Some writers have thought it was a mere whim of genius, a fancy, a wish to mystify and surprise, such as has induced many authors to write in the style and manner of other days. Others have conjectured that the great success of Ossian may have suggested to Chatterton the idea of Thomas Rowley and his ancient poems. The first portion of the Ossian poems appeared in 1760, when Chatterton was a child of seven; and in 1762, when the great Ossian hit was made by the publication of Fingal,

the boy was little more than nine. All the world was talking of Ossian in those years, and nothing is more likely than that MacPherson's success led poor Chatterton to the impostures which prevented his recognition.

After leaving school, he was bound apprentice to a Bristol attorney to learn the art of a scrivener. During his apprenticeship, this most gifted boy that ever lived, and one who was almost as proud as he was gifted, was obliged to take his meals with the servants and sleep with the foot-boy. His master was a limited, ill-tempered man, who held poetry and literature in savage contempt, and who, if he caught his apprentice writing verses, would tear them up and throw the pieces in his face. One advantage, however, he had in the office of this man: he had plenty of time to pursue his studies, and manufacture his documents.

Among his chance acquaintances was a pompous, shallow antiquary named Barrett, who was engaged in writing an elaborate folio history of Bristol. No antiquary was ever more gullible than this one. Chatterton supplied him with an abundance of ancient records, descriptions of old churches, castles, and crosses, wholly his own composition, but which he said he had found in the ancient chests of the church. Barrett incorporated them into his history without questioning, rewarding the boy occasionally with a few shillings. From his tenth year, Chatterton sent poems to a weekly paper in Bristol, and occasionally palmed off upon the editor some antique description, his own composition, of an interesting event in Bristol history. At sixteen, he was a frequent contributor to the London periodical called *The Town and Country Magazine*.

The dream of his life was to go to London, get his poems published, and become a great and famous author. As preparatory to this, he wrote to Horace Walpole, author of a work upon painters and painting, offering to supply him with "several curious manuscripts" relating to ancient Bristol painters, and enclosing a few as specimens. At first Walpole was delighted, and cordially thanked his correspondent. Soon, however, with the aid of some of his literary friends, he discovered that the "curious manuscripts" were manufactured, and refused to have anything further to do with the lad—as was natural. There never lived but one Chatterton, and Walpole cannot be blamed for not understanding at a glance, and at a distance, so strange and difficult an enigma. He ought indeed to have been startled at some of the Rowley poems which Chatterton sent him. He was not insensible to their merit, but his indignation at the attempt upon his credulity closed his heart against the poet.

To London, however, Chatterton went, when he was seventeen years of age, in quest of fame and fortune, full of confidence in himself and in his future. Boy as he was, he had an appearance of maturity beyond his years. His best and kindest biographer, Dr. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, describes him as having a proud and frank bearing, a manly presence, an air of spirit and self-reliance. He wrote home to his mother in the highest spirits, and plunged into literary life with amazing vigor and buoyancy. He wrote essays for the political papers in the style of Junius; he wrote satirical poems and political squibs; he wrote the words of burlettas played at the theatre; he wrote anything and everything that he could sell; holding, however, his Rowley poems in reserve for a time when he could bring them out in becoming style. His

habits were perfectly temperate and regular, and when he had an occasional piece of good luck, the first use he made of it was to send home presents for his mother, his sister and his grandmother. He loved his mother dearly, and wanted fame and fortune as much for her sake as his own.

For a few months he lived by his pen—frugally and precariously, it is true—but still he lived. Literary labor then was most meagrely compensated indeed. He would get eight pence for writing a song, and a shilling for a long essay. The only considerable sum he ever received was five guineas for a burletta in verse. He would not go in debt. If he had no money, he starved, and sometimes when he was starving he was too proud to accept a dinner. Even to the last, he was a solvent person; for he had in the offices of magazines accepted articles enough to give him daily bread for some weeks longer, if he could have brought himself to make known his situation. When he had passed two or three days without food, he went to his room and swallowed poison, and he was found the next morning with limbs and features distorted, a frightful corpse. At the time of his death, he was seventeen years and nine months old.

His poems were published some years after, and they yielded a sum of money for the benefit of his sister, who was living in extreme poverty. A monument has been erected to his memory in the church-yard of St. Mary Redcliffe. But his best memorial is Dr. Wilson's work, named above, in which the mystery of his life and genius is interpreted with equal charity and acuteness.

Correspondence.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, CINCINNATI, OHIO,
October 5, 1872.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: We feel sure that any reports pertaining to education, its progress and the encouragement it is receiving in other places will find a place in your columns. Among the many educational institutions conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, we think St. Joseph's Academy of this city bids fair to rank among the foremost. This you will admit is no idle boast, when you bear in mind that it has not completed its first year and yet it numbers one hundred and fifty pupils; and this number could be increased to at least two hundred, were there sufficient accommodations.

The Academy building consists of a large three-story stone-front mansion, situated in one of the finest parts of the city, within a square of the Cathedral. It has been re-fitted with a view to its present purpose, and although there is not an idle room in the house still it is not crowded. The class-rooms, five in number, are models in point of furnishing; the desks are all new, and of the latest approved make and style. Seven teachers are employed daily for six hours. The chapel is situated in the third story; though modest and unpretending in appearance, yet it gives the pupils an opportunity to hear Mass three times a week.

Thursday, the 3rd inst., was a gala day here, one that the boys will long remember. It was noised around on the previous day that Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell intended to visit the Academy on the following afternoon. The next day the boys, large and small, were busily engaged in making preparations to receive their distinguished visitor. In a short time there was an arch erected in the yard, on which was inscribed in large letters "Welcome,

most beloved Archbishop;" directly under the inscription there hung a handsome portrait of the Most Rev. Prelate, on either side of which the American and Papal flags were entwined. About three o'clock the Archbishop made his appearance. After inspecting the building he was escorted to a platform prepared for the occasion, where he was no sooner seated than he was greeted with a song of "Welcome" by the Vocal Class, followed by several pieces on the piano; after which Master Victor Meyers stepped forward and in a distinctly-read, brief and pointed address welcomed his grace to the infant Academy. The Archbishop, in his response, expressed himself highly pleased with the management of the institution, and predicted its future success; he spoke at some length on the benefits to be derived from a Christian education, and paid the Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross a high compliment for their zealous labors in the great field of education; referred in a particular manner to Very Rev. Father General, saying that the pupils could do themselves no greater honor than to invite the good Father to pay them a visit at an early day. At the conclusion of his address a few moments were spent in social conversation, during which time the Archbishop amused himself in examining the small boys that were grouped around him. He then called for a song, which was heartily responded to by the Vocal Class, Prof. Schwers presiding at the piano. The singing had no sooner ceased than Master Bernard Hamer came forward and read an address in German. At its conclusion the Most Rev. Archbishop remarked that he understood every word of it, and related an anecdote of a former Bishop of Vincennes who had also been the recipient of a German address but the only words of which he understood were "Gott" and "Himmel"—"God" and "Heaven." After this we were treated to more music, and the orator of the day, Master Joseph Cahill, a youth who has not seen six summers, pressed through the crowd, "interviewed" his Reverence, gave his views on the "situation," and then came to a sudden close by asking "just a little favor," *recreation*. After the laughter caused by this address had subsided the Bishop good-naturedly granted the request of the venerable petitioner and dismissed the happy group with his blessing. And thus ended a pleasant afternoon that will long be remembered with pleasure by all who were present. I will conclude by adding the pupils are already acting on the Bishop's suggestion and are preparing an invitation for Father General.

A VISITOR.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.—The New Haven *Palladium* says: "Mr. Henry Bushnell, of this city, has invented a machine which, it is said, Mr. Thurston, the celebrated patent lawyer of Providence, calls the most remarkable he ever has seen. It is the result of years of thought, is made to utilize the power which there is in the ebb and flow of the tide. It is so made that whether the tide is rushing in or out a wheel will turn the invention, consisting in preserving a constant motion of the wheel. This power will be used to pump air into a large cistern, from which pipes will extend over a city, the compressed air being used as a motive power. Mr. Bushnell intends to set up the first tide wheel in the Quinnipiac River, where, he says, the tide rushes in and out with a force equal to about seven thousand horse-power."

"RAIN on every recreation day," says an enthusiast.

The Scholastic.

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NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

Rev. M. B. Brown, C. S. C., - - - - - Editor.

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Discipline.

Education, in its true sense, does not consist alone in imparting to the mind a knowledge of certain sciences, but also, and chiefly, in developing and training the youthful mind in such a way as to render it capable, in the highest degree, of using its natural powers to the best advantage, and in accordance with the destiny, temporal and eternal, of an intelligent being.

To do this it is not sufficient to provide learned teachers for the young—teachers who will initiate them into the mysteries of science, or train them up in the accomplishments which, however desirable when possessed in connection with sound principles and a well-balanced disposition, are worse than useless when found in one devoid of those qualities which constitute the good Christian citizen. It is, first of all, required to develop in the mind of the young a love of order,—a habit of self-control, and a disposition to submit cheerfully to legitimate authority; for these qualities, combined with knowledge and a proper religious training, can alone render the accomplished scholar a useful member of society, and enable him to fulfil properly his destiny as a reasonable being created for a life of everlasting happiness.

But to develop those qualities, which, though natural to man, are still too often but imperfectly brought out, on account of the restraint necessarily imposed upon the selfish propensities, a careful, constant and judicious training is indispensable.

This training we call *discipline*, and it essentially consists in a watchful guardianship over the growing man by those who, in a spirit of gentle firmness, check the impetuosity of the yet untrained temper, incite the lagging to exertion, and, in a word, by practical lessons, teach those under training the superior advantages of order, self control and a dignified obedience to authority.

We need not stop to demonstrate the utility—nay, the necessity—of such discipline. We have but to glance over the records of crime and trace back the history of the criminals to be fully convinced that early discipline is necessary; for in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it will be found that those who by their crimes have become a terror and a curse to society are persons whose early training in this particular was unfortunately neglected.

Some, it is true, who received careful attention in this regard while young, have been found in the ranks of crime, and others who were neglected afterwards became good and useful citizens; but these cases are exceptions, in both instances, and due, undoubtedly, to peculiar circumstances,

or to some extraordinarily evil or virtuous impulse of individual disposition. The rule is: as the youth is trained, so will the man be.

It is, no doubt, irksome, and often painful, to be checked in an outburst of youthful independence and obliged to control those impulses which would lead us to act contrary to good order and our own real interests, but a little reflection will show us that it is better for ourselves that it should be so; for unless we have acquired a habit of self-control we cannot hope ever to exercise much influence in society, and a habit of this nature cannot be acquired without doing violence to the selfish part of our nature.

We hope that all young men who read this, especially our students, will see the advantages of good discipline, and instead of feeling angered and spiteful when corrected for a fault, rather thank those who administer the correction. Their future usefulness and respectability depend, in a great measure, upon it.

Notes by the Way.

THE Minims are now enjoying their new play-hall.

QUITE an improvement has already been made in front of the Novitiate, and still the work goes on.

ELOCUTION is appreciated by the students, and the classes are largely attended.

"ST. EDWARD'S DAY" is now the topic of conversation and all look forward to it with pleasure as a day of jubilee.

WE are glad to see that our students have succeeded in brushing off the rust contracted during vacation, and are in excellent working order.

BRO. ALBERT has been appointed prefect in the Senior Department. He is to continue teaching, however, in connection with his new office.

WE thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for August and September. It contains much information highly valuable to those directly engaged in agriculture, and interesting to all.

ONE evening last week the Professor of Elocution gave a reading in the Seniors' study-hall which deservedly elicited great applause from those who had the pleasure of being present. We hope the Professor will give us another such treat before he goes.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT.—The movement set on foot by the Rev. President of the University to institute a circulating library from which all might obtain reading matter to pass away their leisure hours is being well received by the students. All feel, to a greater or less extent, the need of a library of this sort, and the liberal proposition made by the Rev. President cannot fail to give strength to the movement.

Personal.

REV. FATHER SPILLARD paid us a little visit last week. We were happy to see him looking so well.

MR. SCHNEIDER has been appointed to teach Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German, at New Orleans, La.

REV. FATHER FRÈRE paid us a short visit this week. He is looking well, and is as witty and interesting as ever.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

OCTOBER 4, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Baca,	F. Buter,	D. Bryant,
M. Bastarache,	W. Bartlet,	L. Burr ridge,
A. Costello,	J. Comer,	W. Clarke,
A. Chapoton,	L. Campeau,	H. Cassidy,
B. Dorsey,	J. Devine,	C. Dodge,
W. Dodge,	T. Dundon,	J. Eisenman,
M. Foote,	B. Gorman,	J. Gillen,
E. Gambee,	E. Graves,	J. Gillespie,
J. D. Hogan,	J. E. Hogan,	E. Halpin,
W. Hoffman,	J. Harrington,	F. Hamilton,
C. Hodgson,	J. Hoffman,	J. Ireland,
P. Johnson,	T. Keenan,	C. Karst,
J. Kelly,	F. Leffingwell,	J. McGlynn,
E. Morancy,	D. Maloney,	E. Monahan,
J. Miller,	J. A. Murphy,	J. McAlister,
T. J. Murphy,	A. Mooney,	J. McCormick,
J. Noonan,	P. O'Meara,	P. O'Connell,
F. Phelan,	J. Rourke,	G. Ruger,
J. Rofinot,	W. Ranstead,	J. F. Schmidt,
H. Saylor,	E. W. Schmidt,	G. Stack,
F. Scrafford,	G. Tobin,	M. Torbett,
A. Taggart,	S. Valdez,	W. Van't Woud,
T. White.	C. Walters,	H. Walker,
J. Wolf,	W. Wallace,	T. Watson,
C. Wheeler,	J. Ward.	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin,	C. Black,	P. Brosseau,
W. Breen,	W. Ball,	F. Cronin,
J. Caren,	J. Campbell,	J. Dore,
J. Devine,	M. Davidson,	G. Fliemann,
J. Grace,	T. Graves,	G. J. Gross,
J. Golsen,	R. Golsen,	E. Holt,
R. Hutchings,	L. Hibben,	A. Kleine,
F. McOsker,	T. McGee,	J. Mullarky,
J. McDermot,	G. Gerew,	S. Marks,
J. Marks,	J. Morgan,	J. McGrath,
F. Miller,	E. Milburn,	J. O'Connell,
W. Pollard,	A. Ried,	D. Salazar,
A. Schiffer,	J. Stubbs,	L. Van't Woud.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First-week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4

PREPARATORY COURSE—SENIOR DEPARTMENT

T. Hansard,	B. L. Dorsey,	P. Cooney,
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J. McDermot,	L. Sanders,	P. L. Johnson,
J. Miller,	F. Miller,	Jas. Murphy,
M. Bastarache,	J. H. Gillespie,	L. Burr ridge,
E. McSweeney,	J. McSorley,	A. Kreichgauer,
H. Cassidy,	F. H. Buter,	D. Bryant,
T. F. Keenan,	F. C. St. Aubin,	C. Karst.
B. J. Gorman,	L. C. Watson,	H. F. Randolf,
E. L. Spitley,	W. Towey,	J. Blong,
A. Blong,	Jas. Christy,	P. H. Dillon,
S. Strayer,	J. Shields,	W. Gaar,
J. Ireland,	T. Flanagan,	J. F. Burnham,
W. Wallace,	Geo. Ruger,	Jos. Rofinot,
W. Van't Woud,	J. P. Hoffman,	A. Chapoton,
G. Brown,	W. Ranstead,	W. Gavitt.
	V. Hansen.	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Green,	E. J. Poor,	J. Danz,
A. Klein,	W. Breen,	F. Austin,
R. Golsen,	W. Ohlen,	Jos. Marks,
C. J. Black,	O. Tong,	F. Sweger,
S. Marks,	H. F. Mathews,	R. Lewes,
H. Zuber,	J. Hilliard,	F. Dowe,
Geo. Fliemann,	T. Mullin,	M. Davidson,
S. McMahan,	E. McMahan,	G. Berdel,
L. Best,	D. Salazar,	J. Golsen,
C. V. Reid,	J. Hanly,	E. Moran,
A. B. Reid,}	P. Brosseau,	Jos. Campbell,
J. Graham,	J. McHugh,	W. Haney,
F. J. Weisenberger,	W. Pollard,	H. Enneking,
J. G. Ewing,	J. O'Conner,	J. McGinnis,
R. Hutchings,	E. Knowles,	J. Daley,
P. Daly,	James Dun,	J. Lavelle,
H. Hoffman,	J. McDermot,	L. Van't Woud
F. Mulligan,	J. Arentz,	J. McGee,
J. Jepson,	J. Dore,	W. Ball,
J. Wanbaugh,	E. Holt,	W. Dexter,
W. Morgan,	R. Kelly.	W. H. Vestal,
G. L. Gerew,	J. Hooper,	B. Baca,

Arrivals.

Philemon Lilly,	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Arthur E. Voorhees,	State Line, Indiana.
Nathani J. Mooney,	Amboy, Illinois.
Patrick J. Byrne,	Chapins Creek, Kansas.
Louis Busch,	Chicago, Illinois.
Wallace J. Converse,	Chicago, Illinois.
Frank McKahan,	Wabash, Indiana.
John S. McNally,	Chicago, Illinois.
John O'Connor,	Buchanan, Michigan.
James Dunne,	Niles, Michigan.
John Daly,	Niles, Michigan.
Peter Daly,	Niles, Michigan.
J. Lavelle,	Niles, Michigan.
Louis Scalla,	Niles, Michigan.
John Deehan,	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
George McCollum,	Muskegon, Michigan.
John Nelson,	South Bend, Indiana.
J. Hilliard,	Sorinsville, Indiana.
William McGuirk,	Niles, Michigan.
Henry Engledrum,	New Lowell, Indiana.
William Haney,	Sorinsville, Indiana.

THE sun has shown his face several times during the past week, to indicate that an "Indian summer" may intervene between now and winter.

Society Reports.

ST. EDWARD'S LITERARY.

The St. Edward's Literary Association has again reorganized, and all its members confidently trust that they will be able to sustain that good reputation which it has ever held at Notre Dame.

The officers for the ensuing session are as follows:

- President*—Rev. A. Lemonnier.
- Vice President*—J. D. McCormack.
- Corresponding Secretary*—T. L. Watson.
- Recording Secretary*—W. J. Clarke.
- Treasurer*—J. E. Hogan.
- Librarian*—T. J. Murphy.
- Assistant Librarian*—D. J. Hogan.
- First Censor*—J. W. McAllister.
- Second Censor*—C. H. Donnelly.

The following gentlemen have been elected members of the association since the reorganization, viz.: Messrs. J. D. Hogan, D. J. Hogan, C. Walters, and J. E. Kelly. We are glad to welcome back Mr. J. Rourke, an old member of the association.

T. L. WATSON, *Cor. Sec.*

Twenty-Ninth Annual Festival of Saint Edward at Notre Dame.

Patronal Feast of Very Rev. E. Sorin, C.S.C.,
SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE
HOLY CROSS, AND FOUNDER OF NOTRE
DAME UNIVERSITY.

Saturday Evening, October 12, 1872.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

- Entrance March, - - - - UNIVERSITY BAND
- Music—Quatuor (*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET
- Latin Address, - - - - M. M. FOOTE
- Song—Duo—(*From Lucia di Lammermoor*), - D. O'CONNELL
- R. LEWIS, F. SMYTH, L. DANZ.
- Address from the Senior Department, - - R. STALEY
- Music—Quatuor (*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET
- Address from the Junior Department, - - L. HIBBEN
- Chorus—(*From William Tell*), - - - VOCAL CLASS
- German Address, - - - - J. EISENMAN
- Music—Quatuor (*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET
- Address from the Minim Department, - - - H. FAXON
- Music—Quatuor (*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET
- Address from the Faculty, - - - - PROF. HOWARD
- Music—Quatuor (*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET

PART SECOND.

'TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJUROR.

By the Thespians.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

- Peter, Czar of Muscovy, - - - - T. WATSON
- Admiral Veransloff, - - - - J. EISENMAN
- Baron Van Clump, - - - - D. MALONEY
- Count de Marville, - - - - C. DODGE
- Van Dunder, - - - - H. WALKER
- Peter Slausnitz, - - - - C. BERDEL
- Van Block, - - - - R. E. BOYLE
- Hans—Van Dunder's Nephew, - - - - W. CLARKE
- Officer, - - - - W. DODGE

Waiters, Workmen, Guards, *et al.*

Music, - - - - UNIVERSITY BAND

AFTER-PIECE.

LEFT THE STAGE.

A COMIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

By the Thespians.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

- Messrs. T. L. WATSON, C. BERDEL, and M. M. FOOTE.
- Music—Quatuor—(*Kozeluck*), - - - UNIVERSITY QUARTET
- Closing Remarks, - - - - VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL
- Music—March, - - - - UNIVERSITY BAND

Salmagundi.

- THE vintage is over.
- STEAM is in season and on hand.
- THE demand is—"more foot-balls."
- NOW is the time for good long walks.
- MATCHLESS MISERY—Want of a cigar-light.
- FLOORING rooms is said to be *very slow* work.
- SENATOR TRUMBULL spoke in town last week.
- THE classes in Natural Science have commenced.
- ALL the students take plenty of physical exercise.
- BOATS, etc., are in constant use on recreation days.
- AN inquiring Junior inquired: "Who is that Sall. Magundy?"
- THE road from the Scholasticate to the College is to be improved.
- THE Studio is elegantly fitted up; it shows great taste and order.
- "JONES is dead—rum and rheumatism" was the way a telegram read.
- THE St. Cecilians are having their society-room thoroughly renovated.
- SOMEBODY wants to know who this Mr. Anonymous is that writes so much.
- WE hear a great deal about "bad" colds; who ever heard of a good one?
- WE had one very hot day last week. The Almanac man must have made a mistake.
- "No one should presume to wear a diamond pin who is not versed in Oriental languages."
- ONE who knows says that petty annoyances are like rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way.
- THE Minims and Juniors are evidently "warm-blooded," as they do not seem to mind the cold.
- ONE of the students kicked the foot-ball over the exhibition hall, clear of the ridge—a good kick.
- "WHEN any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it."
- THE leaves on some of the trees hereabouts have assumed a yellowish tint and commenced to fall.
- THE base-ball game between the two Departments resulted in favor of the Seniors by a score of 8 to 2.
- WE think that the well which has been so long digging in the Juniors' yard will when finished be *well* dug.
- THE right way to *retain* a privilege is to abuse it, (?) for then you will be sure to get another when you ask it.

Obituary.

It becomes our painful duty to record this week the death of MOTHER M. OF ST. EUSEBIUS, who departed this life, on the 9th inst., at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

Mother Eusebia had been Directress of Studies in St. Mary's Academy for several years, and the high state of perfection to which she had brought the studies of that excellent institution testifies to her superior ability as an organizer of classes, while the solid scholarship of the graduates who have gone forth from St. Mary's each year since her appointment is an unmistakable guarantee of her learning and of her talent for teaching; for, it should be remarked, apart from the onerous duties of General Directress of Studies, she had for years taught the higher branches of study in the Academy, and given the final master touch to the education of its graduates.

By the death of Mother Eusebia, St. Mary's has lost a talented, accomplished, and noble Sister, and education has been deprived of an energetic and able promoter.

We sympathize with the good Sisters of the Holy Cross in the grief which they must all feel at the great affliction to which they have been subjected, and we sincerely regret the serious loss which education has sustained in the death of one so highly gifted. Yet the will of God must be done, and in our sorrow we can only say: "She did her work nobly on earth,—may her reward be exceeding great in heaven."

FEAST OF ST. MAURICE, YONKERS, Sept. 22, 1892.

VERY REV. A. GRANGER:

Dear Father and Friend: I write to make a request of you which is most sorrowful, and yet has its own proper joy in the pious dispositions that prompt it: My child—my dear son Maurice—wishes me to beg of you the privilege that he may die at Notre Dame.

The physician who has attended him almost throughout his sickness has pronounced his life near its close; and ardently desiring to prepare himself with all fervor for the great change that awaits him, he wishes, while his strength is sufficient, to return to the spot where his early piety was strengthened during some happy years of his boyhood, and there yield up his innocent life to the God who gave it. At home, where every physical comfort and most tender, domestic intercourse surrounds him, he cannot find that spiritual atmosphere so characteristic of Notre Dame, and for which he longs in the path his feet must tread.

His affectionate heart, it is true, clings to these dear members of his family circle, but, as he said to me a few days ago with tears dropping from his eyes, "the parting will be bitter, for if I leave them I shall go knowing I have looked my last; but, after all, it will be only anticipating death which will in a few weeks later tear me from them. And oh, I cannot die here, where though I can get the Sacraments, I shall not have the daily and hourly comforts of religion that I need. And perhaps God will accept the sacrifice since I make it for my soul."

Will you accede to his request, and receive him into the infirmary or elsewhere where the sisters and the priests may prepare him for his last end? I will watch with him at night, for while God leaves him to me I will never leave him. He needs no medicine and I will, of course, pay our

expenses. Please mention what they will probably be. Direct to me, care of J. D. Bradford, Yonkers, N. Y.

Hoping that your answer may be speedy and favorable, I remain,

Truly and respectfully,

VALERIA S. WILLIAMS.

[The request was of course granted immediately.]

Never Tempt a Man.

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed its sway, and he reflected, seriously:

"How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of the noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? Ay—I will drink no more!"

And he solemnly resolved that, henceforth, he would drink nothing stronger than water.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way, to stop and dine with the governor.

John, the governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board, occurred a scene which we will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day, the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me.

"John," said he, "you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution!"

"Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich. Recently I visited the grave of the old chief and there above his mouldering remains, repeated to myself the inestimable lesson."

EPITAPH FOR A MUSICIAN—Here lies a finished artist.

From Abroad.

ST. ANGELA'S ACADEMY, }
MORRIS, ILLINOIS. }

The young ladies of the above institution had a gala time on the 4th of October, it being the annual commemoration of the great saint after whom the superior is named. Interesting exercises, consisting of an original drama arranged for the occasion, addresses in English and German, the presentation of some valuable pieces of philosophical apparatus, with greeting and special present from the graduating class, occupied part of the afternoon. In music, the easy rendering of difficult pieces such as the fantasia "Cromatique et Fugue en Ré Mineur," by J. S. Bach, and Schubert's "Erl King," transcribed by F. Liszt, evinced the high order of talent and culture to be found at St. Angela's, which, when joined to the elegant, graceful appearance of the young ladies as they performed their different parts in the tastefully festooned hall, produced a very favorable impression on the invited guests. The happy day wound up with a fancy dress ball, and so bright and blissful was that fair hall to the light-hearted occupants that the spirit of Saint Francis might have entered to say the small hours, had not the kind managers interfered—brought in a delicious lunch, and ordered all to the fairy land.

SPECTATOR.

Advertise in The Scholastic.

We have concluded to take a limited number of choice advertisements this year, should our business friends conclude to patronize us in this department.

This arrangement, however, will not interfere with the reading matter, as we propose printing the advertisements on a separate sheet, to serve as a cover to the present SCHOLASTIC. This will be done as soon as a sufficient number of advertisements are secured.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 page.....	\$150	1/2 column.....	\$ 30
1 column.....	80	1/4 column.....	18
1/2 column.....	50	1-16 column.....	10

Advertisements for a shorter time than one year, at proportionate rates. Address EDITOR SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

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

Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek); Washing and Mending of Linens, per Session of five months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Commercial, \$5; Scientific, \$8; Classical,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

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

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

For further particulars, address

Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.,
President.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

AGENTS may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by addressing
WOOD'S LITERARY AND ART AGENCY,
Newburgh, New York.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:15 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
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.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only. ‡ Except Saturday. † Daily. § Except Monday.

The only road running Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL
DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.**

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11 30 a. m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a. m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p. m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburg.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburg.

* Second day.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.]

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 11 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4.25 a. m.
" " 12.53 p. m.	" " 4.30 a. m.
" " 9.18 p. m.	" " 2.00 p. m.
" " 12.35 a. m.	" " 5.25 p. m.
" " 8.50 p. m.	" " 6.50 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 4.30 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8.00 p. m.
" " 3.15 a. m.	" " 6.50 a. m.
" " 4.40 a. m.	" " 7.25 a. m.
" " 5.28 p. m.	" " 10.00 p. m.
" " 6.35 a. m.	" " 10.30 a. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES PAINE, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. S. NELLIS, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
J. M. TOLCHARD, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 6.09 p. m.; 8.58 a. m.; 5.29 a. m.;
Freights, 6.30 a. m.; 8.06 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 8.58 a. m.; 10.46 a. m.; 9.25 p. m.
Freights, 1.00 a. m.; 4.48 a. m. H. N. CANIFF, Agent.