

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

Number 12.

To Whom it may Concern.

A SATIRE. BY MC.

I.

"The noblest work of God is man,"—
So says immortal Pope,—
Believe its truth we eas'ly can
When firmly based on hope.
But there are some who bear the name
Yet would deny the rule—
Too bold to feel the blush of shame,
Not wise, yet scarce the fool;

II.

Too indolent to work for fame,
Too vulgar to have pride,
Too vain to dread their self-made blame,
Too meanly low beside;
Too weak in mind to hold constrained
The sickly wit of theirs,—
Too small of heart to feel it pained
With shocked, reproachful stares;

III.

Too deeply plunged in vice to spring
One only noble thought,—
And, fond of praise, disgusting cling
To what there may be got;
Too ignorant to be refined,
Too fond of filth to learn,
Too small of soul to fill the mind
With nobler lights to burn.

IV.

Such men disgrace the name they bear,
Disgust both friend and foe;
Low-bred, consider table's fare
A place for gluttons' show.
Their true companion is the beast,
Their home should be the den
Where unrestrained their greed might feast
Without disgusting men.

V.

At work or play, no matter where,
Disorder is their rule,—
How others feel they do not care,
They'll regulate the school.
So fully filled with laggards' pride,
Just duties disregard;
Excuses lame, with laugh beside
Completes the low blackguard

VI.

Such beings scarce are worth our scorn;
Our sorrow we must give

That such low creatures e'er were born
With noble men to live.
They part belie the words of Pope,
The gifts of God disprove,
And aimless through this life they mope,
The meanest things that move.

Notre Dame Geographic Expedition.

Junior Division arrives at Cork.—A Storm at Sea.

CORK, IRELAND, NOV. 2, 1872.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC: You can scarce conceive the great pleasure we experience in addressing you for the first time from the Emerald Isle. You have been kept well posted in our travels hitherto by the correspondent of the Senior Division, whom we met in Halifax, and to whom we gave our full reports with power to communicate them to you. It has become necessary, however, to have a special correspondent of our own, since we have parted with our friends and taken an opposite course; hence the undersigned being duly sworn enters upon the discharge of the onerous duties assigned to such an officer.

As Viator left us at Halifax, waiting for a ship's husband to make the necessary repairs and provisions for our voyage across the briny deep, our duties of course commence at that port. On our return from Greenland, we relinquished all right to further use of the brig "Advance," and turned it over to its owners, having previously secured passage on the ocean steamship "Challenge."

In this vessel we set sail on the day following the departure of our friends for the South. We were all well-provided, through the courtesy of the agent, with elegant state-rooms and all the comforts the boat could afford.

Steaming majestically out of the grand harbor, from a complete forest of masts and away from the noise and excitement produced by in-coming and out-going vessels, we gained the open sea. Sails were loosed, and an unfrequent gale from the N. W. drove us rapidly on in our course which lay E. S. E. All things went as merry as could be expected upon the Atlantic at this season of the year, but we enjoyed a pleasant change of atmosphere at the expiration of a day and a half, when we entered upon the dark, bluish waters of the Gulf Stream. Continuing in this great current, we were carried along more pleasantly and at an accelerated rate; but we were not long to enjoy the comforts of a voyage without any of its attendant dangers and disasters. Little did we think that we were doomed to experience the perils and terrors of a

storm at sea, although we were traversing the stormy region of the *gloomy ocean*. We had, however, observed very anxiously for any indication that might arouse our suspicions of a change of weather. Finally, towards evening of the 23rd ult., unmistakable signs of an approaching storm were observed by many, not a little to their great uneasiness and dismay. The wind, gradually becoming higher and higher, had veered around to the northeast, driving dark and ominous clouds wildly across the heavens, thus giving us ample warning to prepare for very high winds and rough waters. Sail was ordered to be shortened, and preparations for the worst that could happen began to be made. The order was scarcely given when a sudden wind-squall sent us reeling, broke our fore-topmast off at the fore-cap and carried away our main-royalmast; but recovering from the shock, we resumed our posts. We must acknowledge that we were frightened—and why should we not be? It is impossible to express the feelings of one who for the first time witnesses a vessel of which he is an occupant tossed to and fro upon a raging, gloomy sea, out of sight of land, and having no hope of help from his fellows. Language, at other times his willing servant, is then entirely powerless. Such was our condition, only becoming more terrible to us as the murky darkness increased, and the waters, becoming more furious, rocked us with greater violence each succeeding minute, until we looked for the vessel to be blown, eventually, to pieces. But, as long as life lasted, we hoped for a safe exit from the stormy locality in which we struggled, and had the satisfaction to see our little ship brave the elements, and ride gallantly up the liquid mountains and down again, securely, into the watery valleys beneath.

During a severe part of the storm, we were without the assistance of steam-power, the paddle-shaft having been dislocated by some unaccountable means; in a short time, nevertheless, it was properly readjusted, and the excitement occasioned thereupon gradually died away.

Whilst nature thus held unlimited sway without, her laws were faithfully observed within the vessel. The occasion was, indeed, too terrible an one for us to stop at the time and contemplate its ludicrous part, but we cannot now refrain from reviewing a scene so amusing. Many of us had never before been shaken up in so promiscuous a manner, and consequently felt very much in the same condition as he who, taking his first "chew" of tobacco, was placed in a whirligig for the first time. Bunks offered no rest; from the seats we were thrown with violence, and perhaps startled a companion who was clinging to some stationary object, by bumping heads. Is it any wonder we all had the "O my!" so very badly? Dishes, kettles and other cooking utensils required all the skill the corpulent cook could muster to preserve them in harmonious sway and keep them from joining in the general tumult. But he himself would, when occasion required, lose his vertical position and find it in a remote corner of his department, at right-angles to his former position. Our favorite cat also protested vehemently against the unsteady motion to which she was subjected, but finally succeeded in bracing herself in an obscure corner after making many good attempts at somersets.

In this manner the entire night was spent, the wind not abating its fury before morning, and even then the sea continuing very rough. The command to make sail was given, and we travelled on, making good time; the hands,

the while, making the repairs rendered necessary by the storm.

On the morning of the first inst. we arrived in the world-renowned Cove of Cork, situated about nine miles from the principal part of the city. Of this more again.

Yours, sincerely,

PEREGRINATOR.

A Poetical Curiosity.

The following lines, copied from an exchange, are susceptible of two meanings. A bachelor friend reads the first and third, and second and fourth lines together, and seems to find an internal satisfaction in reading them thus, from some cause or other:

The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no peace,
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female heart appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The falsehood that in woman dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Fooled be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Who changes from his singleness,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

Cowper.

H. F. O.

Few poets have exerted by their writings a greater and more wholesome influence than WILLIAM COWPER, and no English poet is read more habitually and is more universally admired; and yet he is not as much esteemed now as he was in his own generation. Our taste as a poetry-loving people has changed; we have wandered far from the pleasant fields and placid streams of pastoral and lyric poetry, where once we loved to roam; popular taste demands more passionate themes than those of the gentle Cowper. Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Swinburne, it may be, are now our favorites; but when we have grown older—after we have learned by sad experience that everything human is vain and unstable—that friends are often unfaithful, and fortune uncertain—when the necessity of religion becomes more and more convincing,—a real want which will be felt as soon as the wild storm of the passions which so long held sway in our hearts has ceased,—then, tiring of the rank pastures of a corrupt literature, we shall seek a more genial and healthful soil. It has been said that no poet who foregoes the passions can ever become popular,—but this is a great mistake. Cowper and Wordsworth are as much read and admired as Byron, and their names will be held in fond remembrance as long as the

English language is spoken; but the few pure and sparkling gems of Byron will not be able to rescue his name from the oblivion it deserves.

Cowper was pre-eminently a religious poet, it is seen, in all that he wrote; his beautiful soul is reflected in every line:

"In morals blameless, as in manners meek,
He never had a thought he might not speak."

He was a lover of nature, too, and many passages in his writings remind us of the not less delightful Wordsworth. His love for animals is proverbial. Tiney, Puss, and Bessie, the mute companions of his solitude, he has immortalized in prose and verse. He delighted in describing moral scenes, and found pleasure in the solitude of moral life. In the following oft-quoted lines we have a charming description:

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on,
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept."

Cowper was the moralist of his age, and was loved and revered for his sincere piety and purity of life. His highest reputation is as a religious poet. Charity, Truth, and Hope are such subjects as he loved to write on, and it cannot be denied that it was with such he succeeded best. The hymns which he contributed to the Olney collection are indicative of his deep religious feelings and gentle, sensitive nature, and by elevating the standard of morals have done much for the cause of religion. Cowper's intellectual power and poetic talent were of the highest order; his rhythm is remarkably pure and his language is always choice. No English writer has a greater power of language, and few have excelled him in beauty of expression.

Cowper is celebrated as a classical scholar. His translation of Homer, on which he spent several years of hard labor, though not now holding a very high place among our translated classics is nevertheless a monument of his genius and erudition.

The publication of the famous ballad of John Gilpin, which he is said to have written in one evening, and only for the amusement of his friends, made Cowper the most popular poet of his day,—till then he was little known or admired except by his intimate friends. Shy and reserved as he was, his popularity was most painful to him. The Royal George, familiar to every school-boy, is remarkable for its deep pathos and elegance of rhythm. His verses ascribed to Alexander Selkirk are equally well known and are not less beautiful:

"Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again.
My sorrows I then would assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age.
And be cheered by the sallies of youth."

"The Task," however, is by far the best and most finished of his poems, and entitles him to a high rank among English poets. The following is one of the finest passages:

"Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain

Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes in nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which they sprinkle all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak,
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

His ode to Friendship and the address to Winter in the fourth book of "The Task" are among his most celebrated poems, and they are admired by all lovers of poetry.

For a man of literature, Cowper is said to have read little. Nature was the book from which he caught his inspiration, and blended with Religion gave a peculiar charm to all he wrote. The early death of his mother left a wound in his grateful and affectionate heart that time could not heal; he mourned her loss throughout his sad life, and the most beautiful of his minor poems records her memory.

The dread of eternal punishment which hung like a dark cloud over his troubled soul was always present in his mind; a deep melancholy took possession of his innocent and once joyous heart, and he fell a victim to insanity.

Though melancholy, he was never morose. He often tried to be cheerful, and the faint smile which now and then lit up his pale, intellectual face gave it an expression of peculiar beauty.

The sad strange life of this great man was like his death. He bore his heavy cross even to the grave, and his pure soul, untainted by the wicked world in which he lived, found rest at last with the God he loved.

"The path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveller ever reached that blessed abode
Who found not thorns and briers on the road."

—The Task.

Cleansing Fires.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,—
Thy red gold, precious and bright;
Do not fear for the hungry fire,
With its caverns of burning light.
And thy gold shall return more precious,
Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail.
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For, as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and the glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire you have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
Shine bright, strong, golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain!

The Scholastic.

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

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Squeamishness.

This very expressive term is used chiefly to signify that extreme nicety in regard to the "proprieties" so peculiarly characteristic of small-minded individuals and half-converted sinners. These over-nice people, thinking, no doubt, that they will raise themselves immensely in the estimation of others, manage, somehow, to discover an impropriety in the most innocent actions and words of all with whom they come in contact. They manifest the most earnest zeal in guarding everybody from harm, even when there is scarcely a possibility of harm, and are wonderfully expert in seeing some unavowed motive in every word and action, which they first suspect, then take for granted, then exaggerate to its fullest proportions, and finally, on this for a foundation, build a huge structure of fears and insinuations, calculated to render the unsuspecting suspicious and even fearful of the innocent victim.

Unthinking persons are liable to be influenced by the hints and insinuations of those outwardly zealous and good people, but a reflecting mind cannot fail to see the shallowness of such self-asserting virtue, and the pernicious consequences of the line of conduct based upon it.

Let us look a little closely into the case. Is this extreme rigor (towards others) on the part of those squeamish individuals any evidence of unusual virtue in them? Decidedly, no. Virtue is based upon truth. But the one who finds fault with an innocent action or word, as if it were something bad, does what he can to make others believe that what is innocent is bad. This is deception,—it is falsehood acted out, and saps the very foundations of virtue.

As a general thing, also, those over-particular censors of the conduct of others are not a particle better than their neighbors, and in many cases not so good as some of them; and by pretending to a stricter style of virtue, they pretend to something which they do not possess, and again try to deceive. They think falsehood, they breathe and speak falsehood, they are themselves a living falsehood.

Now, there are two possible and opposite consequences to the conduct of such people. First, if they fail to deceive others, if they are recognized for what they are, they win for themselves the just contempt of every right-minded person; this is the least deplorable of the two consequences. Secondly, if they succeed in deceiving others, if they can pass for exceedingly virtuous people, they will very likely exert an influence on some, making them believe that right is wrong, and innocence crime; thus exposing them to incur guilt in many cases in which, were

they properly taught, they would have acted an innocent part. This is really serious, and people who wish to pass for "particularly good," should reflect upon the injury they are likely to do to others, before they cry "bugaboo" at a smile or a pleasant joke.

There is a standard of right and wrong pointed out by the great Author of Christianity, and every rightly instructed conscience will see it readily, and the true course is: Do what is right and avoid what is wrong yourself, and use your influence to lead others to do likewise, but do not make yourself ridiculous and expose others to harm by trying to invent some excuse for calling that which is innocent wrong or dangerous. Don't be squeamish. There is enough of real evil to contend against without striving to invent more. If a straightforward course does not bring you safely through life, then nothing can.

Notes by the Way.

WE saw in a late issue of the *St. Joseph Valley Register* the announcement that Very Rev. Father Sorin intended leaving soon for France, where he purposed making his permanent residence for the future. We do not know how the *Register* came by that information, but it certainly is mistaken. Father Sorin indeed intends going to Europe soon on business of importance to the Congregation over which he presides, but we are happy to be able to state that he does not by any means intend remaining there permanently.

WE have received the first number of the "*Bethesda Advocate*," a paper of neat size, published in the interest of the Bethesda Mineral Springs, of Waukesha, Wis. The object of this paper is to bring before the suffering and afflicted well-authenticated cases of wonderful cures wrought by the water of these springs. We would recommend all persons afflicted to send for the paper and read for themselves the wonders of Bethesda. Perfect reliance may be placed on whatever appears in the "*Bethesda Advocate*" relative to the Springs; indeed, they cannot be praised too much.

THANKSGIVING.—We had the pleasure of being present, on Thursday evening, at a Thanksgiving entertainment given by the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy. We would be glad to give a suitable description of the evening, but cannot do so this week as the pressman is growing impatient; yet we cannot refrain from expressing our sincere thanks to the good Sisters and the young ladies, for the enjoyment of which we were, through their kindness, made partakers. Next week we shall be most happy to give our views and criticisms,—if we can find anything to criticise.

MR. JOHN E. CAVANAGH, for some time past assistant book-keeper in this office, left for his home in Philadelphia on Thursday evening. Mr. Cavanagh had become a favorite with everyone with whom he had any dealings while here, and his departure is sincerely regretted. However, his own best interests called him away, and while we regret our loss, we rejoice at his gain and wish him all success.

THE report from St. Mary's Academy arrived too late for publication this week. It will appear in next number, together with the regular report of that week.

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.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Buter,	W. Briant,	A. Blong,
C. Berdel,	H. Beckman,	M. Bastorache,
R. Boyle,	V. Baca,	L. Burridge,
G. Brown,	J. Brennan,	W. Clarke,
A. Costello,	J. Comer,	L. Campeau,
B. Dorsey,	F. Donnelly,	C. Dodge,
W. Dodge,	J. Drake,	T. Dundon,
J. Eisenman,	T. Flannigan,	T. Fitzpatrick,
M. Foote,	J. Flynn,	B. Gorman,
J. Gillen,	E. Gambee,	J. Gillespie,
J. E. Hogan,	E. Halpin,	W. Hoffman,
J. Harrington,	F. Hamilton,	C. Hodgson,
J. Ireland,	E. Kimm,	T. Keenan,
C. Karst,	J. Kelly,	W. Lucas,
F. Leffingwell,	J. McGlynn,	E. Morancy,
D. Maloney,	T. Murphy,	A. Mooney,
J. McCormick,	E. McSweeney,	E. McLaughlin,
E. Monohan,	J. Murphy,	J. Noonan,
T. Noel,	P. O'Meara,	P. O'Connell,
F. Phelan,	B. Roberts,	H. Saylor,
G. Stack,	J. Shiel,	F. Scrafford,
G. Summers,	M. Torbett,	A. Taggart,
P. Troudeau,	S. Valdez,	W. Van't Woud,
A. Voorhees,	T. White,	C. Walters,
H. Walker,	W. Wallace,	T. Watson,
	J. Ward.	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin,	B. Baca,	L. Busch,
W. Breen,	G. Berdel,	W. Ball,
C. Burger,	J. Caren,	J. Dore,
J. Ewing,	G. Fliehmman,	J. Grace,
R. Golsen,	J. Graham,	E. Holt,
V. Hansen,	R. Hutchings,	L. Hibben,
H. Hoffman,	W. Haney,	M. Hilliard,
J. Jepson,	R. Kelly,	A. Kleine,
L. Loser,	F. McOsker,	J. Mullarky,
S. Marks,	J. Marks,	E. Mohl,
J. McGrath,	W. Meyer,	W. Morgan,
F. Miller,	E. Milburn,	V. McKinnon,
J. McHugh,	F. Mulligan,	J. McDermott,
N. Mooney,	T. McGee,	J. McGinnis,
L. Munn,	J. Nevin,	J. O'Connell,
A. Ried,	C. Ruger,	D. Salazar,
A. Schmidt,	F. Sweger,	A. Shiffer,
J. Stubbs,	H. Schaller,	W. Schulthies,
L. Van't Woud,	L. Whitaker,	S. Wise,
J. Wanbaugh,	J. Williams,	W. Dexter.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. Faxon,	A. Murphy,	J. McMahon,
J. O'Meara,	A. Koch,	A. Miller,
G. McCollum,	C. McKinnon,	J. Nelson,
	J. Cooney.	

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

SLEIGHING has been rather "thin."

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, NOVEMBER 22, 1872.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

S. Valdez,	J. Hoeveler,	H. Saylor,
E. Schmidt,	A. Greening,	G. Stack,
G. Crummey,	W. Briant,	J. Comer,
E. Morancy,	J. Donnelly,	C. Johnson,
J. Wolfe,	M. Torbett,	F. Hamilton,
V. Baca,	T. Flanagan,	J. Noonan,
C. Hodgson,	A. Mooney,	S. Wise,
L. Loser,	E. Milburn,	F. McOsker,
J. Mullarky,	E. Ohmer.	

St. Cecilia's Day at Notre Dame.

On the evening of the 22nd, inst., the Fifteenth Annual Exercises in honor of the festival of St. Cecilia were celebrated by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

At 7, P. M., the entertainment commenced with a grand opening march by the Notre Dame Cornet Band. It was delightful, and we congratulate the "Band" on its rapid progress. The Orchestra then performed "Lodoiska" charmingly. Scarcely had the music ceased when the curtain rose and Master O. Waterman read in a clear voice the address from the society. Master J. Langenderfer followed with two declamations which were well received. Master Eddie G. Ohmer delivered Dryden's famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." He did very well, and will no doubt be a credit to the society. The Orchestra again treated us to another choice *morceau* from the Opera of "*La Dame Blanche*." Then came the principal part of the entertainment, "The Recognition," a drama in four acts, written for the society by a member of the Faculty. The costumes, scenery and acting were never better. Master L. O. Hibben personated the Duke with effect. At times his delivery was monotonous, yet all in all he performed his part to the satisfaction of all. Bartolo (J. Devine) had the same defect—which, however, did not last, and his acting was fine. Riccardo (W. Meyer) was the personification of a wily yet faithful courtier, always ready to further the designs of his prince. It was well rendered, as were also the parts of Giacomo (O. Waterman), Stephano (J. Langenderfer), Prince of Macerata (L. Whitaker), Leonardo (H. Hunt), Lorenzo (J. Campbell), Gratiano (V. McKinnon), Fabiano (W. Ball). "Reub" made a good officer Johnnie Quill a fine jailer, and Frank McOsker a splendid blacksmith. The other minor characters were well sustained, and those particularly of W. Fletcher, D. O'Connell, W. Gross, T. McGee, J. McHugh and S. Marks.

We have reserved for the last the description of the parts of Masters F. Egan and Eddie G. Ohmer. The former as "Balthazar" and the latter as "Antonio" were the best-rendered characters of the evening. Master Egan's

acting and delivery were worthy of a more practiced player—his pronunciation almost faultless; he was perfect in his personation of a faithful friend to "Antonio," or "Julio," as he called him. Eddie G. Ohmer's conception of his part was quite original; his acting graceful and natural. His part contained many fine passages, which were all given with effect, especially the following: In the prison scene, after disclosing his secret to "Balthazar," he renders the expression, "And now, Balthazar, I have told you all; I am ready to die," with force and great effect. Success to you, Eddie and Frank; may you succeed as well in the play of life as you did on that evening.

When the curtain dropped for the last time we were sorry. The bright dream passed away, and the stern reality of a wintry night somewhat cooled our enthusiasm.

The Band discoursed some fine music between the acts. The play being ended, Rev. Father Lemonnier, President of the University, requested Rev. Father O'Rourke to make the closing remarks. Though very much fatigued on account of having just returned from a journey, the Reverend gentleman spoke in an eloquent strain for a quarter of an hour, and concluded by thanking the St. Cecilians, in the name of all present, for their pleasing Entertainment; and we inwardly yet heartily responded, Amen.

All in all it was an evening well spent. Success to the St. Cecilia Society. M——.

Salmagundi.

COLD mornings these.

SOME don't like the *return* mail.

THE wild-birds are flying southward.

THANKSGIVING DAY was much enjoyed.

THE youngsters are anxious for skating.

THE road to St. Mary's is being improved.

THE boats have been laid up for the winter.

WHAT a profound text-book is not the Almanac!

WORK has ceased on the new Church till Spring.

NIGHTMARES are not subject to the horse disease.

GOOD conduct, if anything, will insure privileges.

THE Societies are manifesting more life than usual.

REV. FATHER LETOURNEAU is on a visit to Detroit.

SOME Kentuckians, it is said, voted for Jackson, as usual.

ONE of the Juniors says that Chaucer didn't know how to spell.

WHO was it that went about last week with a feather in his hat?

SOME accounts of the Boston fire were greatly exaggerated.

THE clock, like any other sensible person, takes a rest occasionally.

ONE who has been there, describes Bertrand as a very thriving town.

THE parallel bars have been repaired and a pair placed in the play-hall.

RECREATION at table is well improved and not abused by the students.

THE new boxes in the wash-room are just the thing.

BALDNESS is defined as the state of being barefooted on the top of the head.

HONESTY is the best policy; should be quoted only in Hebrew or Sanscrit.

A SOLITARY loon held undisturbed possession of the upper lake last week.

THE Minims used the first snow to give one of the "big ones" a face-washing.

THE grounds of the Scholasticate have been improved by new rows of trees, etc.

SOME one complains that "The Uses of Ice" is too dry a subject for a composition.

THE lower lake is frozen over. Somebody says the first person to cross it was a dog.

CAN you say of a man with a sorrowful face that he looks "like a deserted village?"

IT is reported "that the clothes-horse has the *epizoötic*." Can an ox be substituted here?

THE Minims enjoy the snow amazingly. Is that the way their graduate hurt himself?

A MAN in Kansas says that Webster's Quarto would be a very useful book if it had an index.

"TRANSACTIONS in hair" is the heading given by a Detroit editor to an account of a street fight.

THOUGH the College is quite comfortable now, preparations are making to put in another immense boiler.

ONE cathartic pill killed a Denver man, and the doctors are congratulating themselves upon the growth of science.

ONE of the six-footers plays the flute, while the other students dance. The violin is seldom heard in the play-hall.

A SAVANNAH man was cured of rheumatism by the active movements he made to get out of the way of a mad steer.

THE Juanitas closed their successful campaign with an excursion to Mr. Chirhart's. All were well entertained there.

MANY are wearing eye-shades to protect their eyes from the light; these are not "French roofs," as some would call them.

WEATHER.—We have had quite disagreeable weather for the past two weeks. It would seem that winter had set in in earnest.

THE Life of St. Cecilia is being read in the Juniors' refectory, while Irving's Washington still attracts the attention of the Seniors.

SOCIETIES.—It is said that the United Scientific Association is soon to be reorganized by its able founder and Director, Father Carrier.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, Memramcook, N. B., has as many boarders as can be accommodated. A new building is to be erected next Spring.

INDIANA has twenty-three daily, four tri-weekly, one semi-weekly, two hundred and forty-three weekly and nineteen monthly publications.

EVERYBODY is highly pleased with the manner in which the "Recognition" was rendered by the St. Cecilians. We have heard no one speak of it except in terms of praise.

Slang Phrases.

Rev. Dr. Hall was sitting in his study one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his train of thought was rudely interrupted, and his attention distracted from his theme by the following conversation:

"Oh, Nellie, where are you? You'd ought to have been there—just the stunningest fellow."

Then a sound of running feet, and pretty soon he heard his daughter exclaim:

"Is that you, Maggie?"

"Yes, come down quick? I've got something to tell you."

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

Then a door opened and shut, and in a few minutes:

"What do you think! as I was coming over here, there was just the stunningest fellow right in front of me. Just as I got opposite the new church, my music-roll slipped, and every paper in it fell out on the sidewalk."

"Gracious! I should have been dumbfounded."

"And so I was, but it was so ridiculous that I almost died a laughing."

"Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all hunky dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him of course, etc., etc. 'You know how 'tis yourself.'"

The good Doctor scratched his head. Could that be his Nellie, whom he thought so ladylike? He opened the door, softly, a little crack, thinking no doubt that he had a right to play the part of a listener to so strangely mixed a conversation, and in his own house. Very soon it was continued, this time his daughter commencing the conversation.

"There! how's that for high?"

"Oh, isn't that sweet! How much was it?"

"Only five dollars; cheap enough."

"Yes indeed; but you said you were going to have pink; this is blue."

"Never mind; it's all the same in Dutch."

The Doctor peeped to see what they were talking about—and Miss Nellie was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiring gaze of her friend.

"It's raging hot here."

"Well I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie, looking around; "I'spose father'd kill me if I opened a door. Her father had requested her the day before to keep the doors closed."

"I guess it's time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie, rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night."

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to-night."

"Did he? He'd better spell able first."

"That's so. If there's anything I hate, 'tis the boys bothering round; they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a fond adieu now; I've got thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good-bye."

"Oh, the dickens! I've left my parasol."

"Here it is."

"Now, good-bye; be sure and come to-night."

"Yes; good-bye."

Then the door closed, and Nellie went up stairs.

The Doctor gently shut the door, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. He sat buried in thought some little time. Now and then a good-humored smile broke over his face. And once he shook with silent laughter. Then again his face lengthened and his brow grew dark, until at last with a profound shake of the head he sat down to resume his sermon; but in vain, he could not concentrate his thoughts, not an idea would enter his brain: so he sat idly scratching his pen on the paper, till at last with a gesture of impatience he pushed back his chair, got up, shook himself, took his hat and went out for a walk. He got as far as the gate, when an idea seemed to strike him. He came back, hung up his hat, and went in search of his wife. For a long while they were closeted together, until time for tea. When tea was ready, Miss Nellie came down equipped for the lecture. After they were fairly seated at the table Mrs. Hall said, "My dear sir, will you have some tea?"

"In a half jiffy, madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no notice.

"Really, this cake is quite stunning," went on the Doctor, as solemn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor. "Gracious, I'm dumbfounded!" ejaculated the doctor, getting it a little wrong. Nellie gazed at her father in perfect amazement.

"My dear, this sauce is staving. Where did you buy it?"

"I made, it," said his wife, coolly.

"Oh, well, it's all the same in German."

Nellie dropped her knife and fork.

"You must give me some money for the butcher to-morrow," said Mrs. Hall.

"You'll have to spell 'ability' first," growled the Doctor savagely.

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow. "There!" said he, "how's that for high?"

"I know how 'tis myself," meekly replied his wife. This capped the climax. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room. The sage doctor nodded wisely to his wife, and, when she had got out of hearing exclaimed, "There, wife, I guess we shall hear no more slang phrases from her."—*Congregationalist*.

ALAS! Washington's nurses are becoming scarce, and there is scarcely a remnant left of the large army of colored body-servants who attended the Father of his Country. The cherry tree went long ago, and the immortal hatchet has not been heard from in an age. These precious relics are fast disappearing. Even the numberless white horses ridden by Washington at the battle of Princeton have become things of the past, and nothing is left now but the trees under which the great man pitched his tent during various battles. But even these are going. We read that an old tree called "King of the Woods," under which Washington pitched his tent when he occupied Jersey City Heights, is being cut down. Soon there will be nothing left but acorns from shoots of the tree, but fortunately these can be perpetuated to the latest generation.

—*Boston Transcript*.

A Cheap Barometer.

Dealers in philosophical and optical instruments sell simple storm-glasses which are used for the purpose of indicating approaching storms. One of these consists of a glass tube, about ten inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, filled with a liquid camphor, and having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder perforated with a needle. A tall phial will answer the purpose nearly as well as the ten-inch tube. The composition placed within the tube consists of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, and half a drachm of the muriate of ammonia, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of proof spirits. The tube is usually suspended by a thread near a window, and the functions of its contents are as follows:—If the atmosphere is dry and the weather promises to be settled, the solid parts of camphor in the liquid contained in the tube will remain at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will gradually rise, and small crystalline stars will float about in the liquid. On the approach of high winds, the solid parts of the camphor will rise in the form of leaves and appear near the surface in a state resembling fermentation. These indications are sometimes manifested twenty-four hours before a storm breaks out! After some experience in observing the motions of the camphor matter in the tube, the magnitude of a coming storm may be estimated; also its direction, inasmuch as the particles lie closer together on that side of the tube that is opposite to that from which the coming storm will approach. The cause of some of these indications is yet unknown; but the leading principle is the solubility of camphor in alcohol, and its insolubility in water, combined with the fact that the drier the atmosphere the more aqueous vapor does it take up, and *vice versa*. Here, then, is a storm-glass so cheap that the poorest can afford to have one; and simply as a matter of curiosity, to say nothing of convenience, it is well worth keeping.

POSTAL DECISION.—The Postmaster General has recently decided that under sections 133 and 163 of the new postal code, chromos, engravings and other prints are to be classed as printed matter, in regard to postage, and also as to the weight of the packages to be admitted into the mails. Hence packages of chromos, engravings and other prints, not exceeding four pounds in weight, may be mailed to one address at a postage of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by postage-stamps. The said packages must be put up so that the contents may be readily ascertained without destroying the wrapper, and must be unconnected with any other manuscript matter other than the address. This is, in effect, a reversal of a recent decision of the Post-office Department, and for the benefits to be derived from it, the public here and elsewhere are indebted to the earnest and intelligent statement of the case by the Philadelphia postmaster.—*Columbus Gazette*.

WE have seen a *fine* composition on *dogs*, which however is rather hard on the "kaiser" kind, and does not include the "purp," who deserved the compliment paid to the Newfoundland.

HERE are a few facts which are worthy of the attention of careless people, particularly those who have occasion to correspond with newspapers, inclosing money and expecting answers:

"During the past year there were sent to the Dead Letter Office nearly three millions of letters. Sixty-eight thousand of these letters could not be forwarded, owing to the carelessness of the writers in failing to give the county or State; 400,000 failed to be sent because the writers forgot to put on stamps, and over 3,000 letters were put into the Post Office without any address whatever. In the letters above named were found over \$92,000 in cash, and drafts, checks, etc., to the value of \$3,000,000."

No doubt the whole of that vast amount of money was made up by inconsiderable sums in separate letters; indeed the proportionate average is a little over one dollar per letter. Publishers could add many curious items to these absurdities, such as money-letters properly addressed, but bearing no date; others without signature, and some even without either date or name; and these, too, are usually the ones most peremptory in their orders for the immediate forwarding of papers, etc. People are apt to think but little of their own little acts of omission and carelessness; but once in a while an aggregate statement such as the above will startle them into a consideration of their ways.

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