

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

Number 14.

The American Eagle.

BY ARTHUR F. BROWN.

At the first flush of light,
In our national skies,
When we saw the bright sun
Of our liberty rise,
With the dark clouds of monarchy
Scattered and burst,
Where kings and oppressors
Were doing their worst,
'Twas then that we hailed thee,
Proud bird of the free,
And watched thy glad flight
Over mountain and sea.

With storm-daring pinion,
Through peace and through wars,
We saw in thy talons
Our broad stripes and stars
While thy keen shafts of justice,
Unerring and true,
Have served to make brighter
Our red, white and blue;
The shackles of bondmen
Are borne from our shore,
With "justice to all men,"
We cry evermore.

Soar on, noble eagle!—
From near and from far,
The nations shall greet thee
As hope's rising star.
An era of grandeur
Shall mark thy career—
Thy daring shall raise us
From darkness and fear;
And when the bright stars
Of eternity rise,
Shall bear us aloft
To our home in the skies.

Notre Dame Geographic Expedition.

The City of Cork.—Shandon Church and Bells.—
Blarney Castle and its Famous Stone.

CORK, IRELAND, November 4, 1872.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—In our last, we made mention only of our arrival in the Cove, time not permitting our entering into details; but since then we have been actively engaged in visiting various parts of the city, and learning a little of its interesting history. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the beautiful panoramic scenes that greet-

ed our vision as we pursued our course in the steamship from Queenstown to Cork; yet it would be great folly for us to attempt to describe them, for abler pens than ours have vainly endeavored to do them justice; they could not convey an adequate idea of its surpassing beauty, and the impression made upon the lover of nature. As we entered the harbor of Cork, the radiant orb of day was just commencing its ascent, shedding a lustre upon all terrestrial objects, and lending its genial influence to conduce to the life and gayety of the little white villages that disposed themselves at intervals upon the verdant plains contiguous to the shores. The crystal waters, too, reflected the brilliant sky and the picturesque elevations that here and there rose from the sides of the alternately widening and narrowing stream. An author, whilst commenting on this scenery, states that "no part of it is barren or uninteresting; a perpetual variety is presented along the whole course. The eye, whilst lingering over some happy picture, is continually attracted by a new succession, possessing all the charms of the most romantic landscape." The harbor is of sufficient capacity to shelter the whole British navy; and is, therefore, the most commodious in the United Kingdom.

At Roache's Point, a few miles south of Queenstown, and about eight miles from Cork, mails for the United States are brought aboard the mail steamers.

Out of the Cove, we were in the river Lee, and landing at the junction of its north and south branches, our baggage received an inspection from the Custom House officers, after which we engaged a number of two-wheeled cars, at 6d. apiece, to convey our trunks and boxes to the Royal Victoria Hotel, situated about five blocks from the Custom House.

The city is very irregularly laid out, displaying no design whatever, showing almost conclusively that it was settled in haste, to meet the requirements of the time only; its founders, the Danes, not possessing sufficient foresight to know that its situation would render it a metropolis. Although the city dates its existence from the sixth century, still it bears no traces of the bloody revolutions it has witnessed, nor displays the remains of foreign misrule to which it has been subjected. In 1649, its inhabitants were inhumanly treated by Cromwell—the Protector. The principal part of the city is that portion which is nearly surrounded by the branches of the river, and occupies the center of the corporation; two bridges over the North Branch and four over the South Branch, connect it with other portions of the town.

Having partaken of a hearty dinner, on the day of our arrival, at the hotel previously named, we set out on a walk through the principal streets.

St. Patrick's Street, on which we are stopping, is a wide thoroughfare, but its buildings are devoid of beauty on account of their various sizes and designs. Crossing Grand Parade, under which is a deep channel, we entered Castle Street; from thence we proceeded into North Main Street, over North Gate Bridge, when we found ourselves in Shandon Street. It was not long before the story-famed steeple of Shandon Church—St. Ann's—displayed its rocks of red and white to our anxious gaze. We shall never forget the impression this venerable edifice made upon us, for we had heard, from our childhood, of the famous bells that swung within that tower, and loved to hear repeated the song that commemorates their sweet melody and soul-inspiring sounds. Yes, Bells of Shandon, live forever in the lines of famous Father Prout:—for

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells."

We then retraced our steps, and prepared for a visit to the celebrated Blarney Castle, situated five miles west of the city. Jaunting cars were procured at an expense of 2s. apiece, and early in the morning of the following day, we started, taking the road along the north bank of the river, which is preferable on account of its beautiful scenery. On the opposite shore we beheld the ancient Castle of Carrigrohan, now kept in good repair. Arriving at Blarney, the first and only thought of the visitor is to behold the famous "stone," to the kissing of which is attributed the persuasive flattery so observable in the language of the Cork people; hence the word in common use—"blarney." The original stone has been dislocated, and the inscription upon it—"CORMACH MACCARTHY FORTIS MI FIERI FECIT"—has become almost obliterated by the devastations of time and the elements. It was fastened to a buttress by iron bars, below the level of the top of the wall, so that the aspirant for "blarney" honors was compelled to have himself held by the heels from above, and swing down in order to reach the stone. Another stone, said to be authentic, is now quite accessible. The groves surrounding the Castle, with the remains of their statues, bridges, and grottoes, are still beautiful in their ruins, and invite the poet and the artist to study and contemplation. We regret that we have not convenient a copy of "Father Prout's Reliques" from which to quote a stanza of his memorable poem upon the scenery of Blarney.

To-morrow we leave for Dublin, and will, in our next, give an account of our trip thither.

Yours sincerely,
PEREGRINATOR.

ONE of the most touching instances of gratitude is alleged to have occurred at Lock Haven the other day. A little boy, the child of a wealthy mother, tumbled into the river. He was rescued by a workingman and restored to his parents. The woman gave the man a three-cent post age stamp, and said she would be glad to have him come up to her house and sit out in the entry and hear her play the piano. He went away with tears in his eyes. He said he wasn't used to such overwhelming kindness.

An Exciting Introduction.

The affectionate father of Mr. Felix Flutter had conveyed to that young gentleman the melancholy intelligence that the time allowed him for his "whack"—a very low phrase, signifying the period he was to be permitted to run wild before marriage—was over; and poor Felix sat in his bachelor chambers, among his chattels, like, to use a brightly original simile, Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The magnificent St. Bernard dog, presented to Felix only two days before, had been sent away to Mr. Gringo's niece, and his master was to follow immediately on the morrow. Jack Burgoyne, who was the only one in the secret, took the rooms and furniture just as they stood. The morning came, and their former owner vanished, leaving not a trace behind. At Gringo Hall, the elderly proprietor met him joyfully.

"Come down to marry my niece, Felix, you rogue, and to accomplish the wish of mine and your father's heart, eh? You've never seen her, but when you do, it will be all over with you, my boy! Though I say it myself, she is really a lovely woman!"

"Ah!" sighed Felix. "I'm so awfully bashful! I hope she liked my present; I sent him down in advance, to make way for myself."

"Oh, yes," returned Mr. Gringo, faintly, "she was delighted. We were all delighted. In fact, I may say we were charmed. But—ahem!—don't you think the fellow's a little—a little dangerous?"

"Not at all. I'm not acquainted with him, but I'm sure he's not dangerous."

Clearly the magnificent St. Bernard had become a source of anxiety already. Old Mr. Gringo's eye looked, most unquestionably, full of trouble. "There's no fear of hydrophobia, you think?"

Felix answered that there need be none in the world; that Carlo was a magnificent animal.

"Very magnificent, no doubt," returned the prospective father-in-law, still gloomily; "but he certainly has a remarkably large mouth. I think he could bite about five pounds of flesh out of a person's leg at one mouthful. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea—merely to be on the safe side, you know—for us all to wear leather pantaloons."

Felix, of course, deprecated this notion instantly. He could not allow the bad impression, which Carlo had evidently made, to exist any longer; so he said:

"Make the dog's acquaintance myself. I'll pat him on the head and talk to him, and you'll see how fond he will be of me. When your niece and I are married, he will be such capital company for us, you know. I will lend him to you, too, sometimes, if you want him."

But Mr. Gringo was by no means enthusiastic over this offer, since to confess the truth, if he had one dread in life more than another, it was of hydrophobia. Therefore, no sooner had Felix vanished through the doorway, in pursuance of his intention to get on friendly terms as soon as possible with the St. Bernard, than the old gentleman gave vent to his indignation.

"A rascally piece of business to bring that beast into my house!" he exclaimed. "At the instant the marriage has come off I'll rid myself of him, for I haven't had an hour's rest since his arrival;" and then he went to seek his niece.

Suddenly a clamor rose in the yard. Sounds of savage

barking, in a voice that might have come with grace from the throat of a particularly blood-thirsty tiger, mingled with the rattling of chains and frantic screams of terror, could be heard, and presently Mr. Flutter burst through the window, shattering the sash, and fell prostrate on the floor. His misfortunes had begun.

"What an escape!" he murmured, breathlessly.

"My dear sir, I am going out presently to—"

"By Jove he nearly ate me up! Here's my new coat—ruined forever.

It was indeed. The tails had been completely wrenched off, and now drooped from the body by a single thread.

"I'm in a nice condition to commence my courtship! Suppose I should meet Gringo's niece—what impression would I make in this state?"

Hardly had he uttered these words, when the door opened, and a lady entered. Tall, long, angular, and elderly. She was, in point of appearance, an absolute fright.

"My dear Mr. Flutter," she cried, advancing hastily toward him, "you've been attacked by that dreadful dog, haven't you? I heard you cry out, and hurried to your assistance. The circumstances permit me to introduce myself, and I am glad to meet you indeed."

Poor Felix was horror-struck. With both hands behind him holding up the tails of his damaged coat, he groaned to himself.

"So this is Gringo's idea of a lovely woman! Heaven help me! what shall I do?"

The lady continued to approach, but in his confusion he began to retreat.

"There must be no ceremony between us, you know," she said, smiling sweetly.

"So it appears indeed," he answered.

"Mr. Gringo says you are a delightful gentleman, and I've no doubt you are."

"Indeed!" returned Felix. "That must be a hint," he thought. "She expects me to make love the first thing."

"We shall become very dear to each other, I am confident; in fact the closest of friends!"

"Ah—really—I hope so—ahem!" He couldn't think of anything to say for the life of him.

Such an opportunity as yours seldom falls to the lot of a young man.

"That's modest, by Jove!" said the suitor, to himself, growing more and more perplexed. Then, with an effort, he pursued, aloud:

"Ahem! very rarely indeed! So much beauty! so many accomplishments and virtues!"

"I only trust you will lose no time!"

"Decidedly she *does* mean me to begin my lovemaking at once," he reflected. "I fear, miss, that too much boldness at first might undo me. Not that the—ah—charms of beauty have failed to make an impression; on the contrary, my—ah—my heart's in a state of conflagration! Yet, I dare not hope for a responsive warmth so soon."

"Oh, hope for everything!" exclaimed the lady, warmly. "I should counsel you not to be at all backward."

"She evidently appreciates the force of her own counsel," thought Felix; "for, hang me if ever I knew a man to be made love to in this style before! I wish I could think of something to say!"

"There's an old cry," continued the lady: "Go in and win."

"What an idiot I am!—ahem—you are right, ma'am. I

fancy it would be—ah—rather difficult to go out and win!"

She stared at him in astonishment. He hastened to recover himself, and floundered in the mire more deeply than ever.

"Oh, I beg pardon. I mean that under the circumstances—considering the—I mean the relative chances—the—the—the fact is," his voice died away, "I don't know what I mean!"

She began to retreat, looking at him in alarm. His face scarlet, the perspiration trickling over his nose, perfectly desperate, he followed her up rapidly.

"Excuse me, I beg. The truth is I am sometimes subject to a confusion of ideas—a sort of a—you know what—this kind of thing!" He dropped his coat-tails, and, gesticulating wildly, turned round and round on one foot, like a whirligig. "As I was saying, the mode of procedure, speaking, of course, with reference to jurisprudence—ahem!—in point of fact, a man can't marry his great-grandfather!"

"He's mad!" she cried making for the door.

"I see that you are on the track closely—whereas if it were considered trigonometrically, X plus Y would be equal to A—to A—bisected parallelogrammic hypotenuse!"

"He's certainly a lunatic! I must go for Mr. Gringo."

"With a shriek, the lady fled from the room, and poor Flutter fell on the sofa, exhausted.

"What have I done?" he groaned. "Ruined myself, all owing to my accursed stupidity! Yet wouldn't it have been more stupid to have stood still and have said nothing! That confounded dog, too. Well, he shan't defeat me, I'm determined. I'll subdue him, if it costs me not only another pair of coat-tails, but even a whole coat."

He rose and went to the window. An ecstatic vision burst upon his sight. Glancing into the garden, he beheld a beautiful young lady of seventeen, ripe as the roses around her, daintily watering them. Who could it be? He would instantly find out. To attract her attention he adopted an ingenious and highly romantic plan.

He began shouting and barking at the savage Carlo. Still she wouldn't look up. Felix was disconcerted; but not to be conquered, he barked and snarled more furiously than ever. And yet it was ineffective. Now, if the young man had two strong points, they were perseverance and fertility of invention.

He perceived on the table beside him a silver salver, which he resolved to rattle against the window as a sort of accompaniment to his own personal canine performances in the way of vocalism. He turned to seize this, and beheld, to his amazement, old Gringo, his ugly niece and a crowd of servants standing in the doorway, observing him attentively. But at the instant they saw his movement they were all taken with a visible trepidation, and precipitately fled. Felix couldn't understand it. Were they making a fool of him? Angrily he strode to the window again, and sought another sight of the beautiful tenant of the garden; but she was gone.

"Felix," said a timid voice in his ear; "dear Felix! come dear."

Turning in the direction of the sound, he perceived that the fugitives had reappeared. Mr. Gringo approached him cautiously.

(Concluded on page 112.)

The Scholastic.

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

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The Winter Exhibition of the Thespians

Took place Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. An Entrance March was performed by the Band, after which Mr. E. B. Gambee, of '73, delivered the Salutatory Address. The programme of the evening consisted of two plays; the first a Drama in Three Acts, entitled "The Expiation;" the second a Comic Drama in One Act, "The Smoked Miser; or, the Benefit of Hanging." "The Expiation" was produced with the following cast of characters:

Count Flavy.....	T. L. Watson.
Rinaldi, (his Esquire,).....	C. Berdel.
Beppo, (Captain of his Guard and Gaoler,).....	D. E. Maloney.
Loredan, } (Two Knights,).....	C. J. Dodge.
Gerard, }.....	J. C. Eisenman.
Inn Keeper,.....	E. J. McLaughlin.
Robert of Lusigny, (a Boy-Captive of Flavy,).....	M. Foote.
Ghost, Crier, Servant, 2 Assassins, Knights, Guards and Peasants.	

It is needless to say that the foregoing young gentlemen sustained their various roles to the satisfaction of the critical audience assembled to witness the performance. Watson, as "Flavy," was a decided success. We would like to see him render "Julius Cæsar" in Shakspeare's admirable tragedy. Berdel, as "Rinaldi," fully sustained his enviable reputation as a personator of no small merit. His death-fall, in the fencing scene, was perfect in its naturalness, and drew forth the applause of the audience. "Loredan" was well represented by C. J. Dodge. It is only necessary to say that he is the young gentleman who received the grand gold medal, last Commencement, for excellence in Elocution. Eisenman, in the character of "Gerard," the brother of "Loredan," did well. Maloney, as "Beppo," made a first-class soldier and gaoler, and a very good ghost. McLaughlin, as the "Inn-Keeper," made his *debut* on the stage of Notre Dame. He left a good impression of his talent upon the audience. Little Mark Foote as the young "Count of Lusigny," deserves special notice; his acting was free from all affectation, and his sufferings excited the sympathies of all present. The fencing scenes were grand, and the seeming earnestness of the combatants, and the flaming sparks of fire, rendered the spectacle truly fearful, and held the audience spell-bound. Watson, Dodge, and Berdel are masters of the sword exercise. At the end of the Drama the Band played a lively piece, after which the curtain was again rolled up and the Farce commenced. Characters:

Screw, (the Miser,).....	R. E. Boyle.
Nail, (his Friend,).....	W. J. Clarke.
Captain Darling,.....	M. Foote.
Goliath Spiderlimb, (the Miser's Man,).....	H. W. Walker.
Giles Sowthistle, (a Farmer,).....	W. Dodge.
Theodore Buttons, (a Page,).....	B. Roberts.
Neighbors, Villagers.....	

Boyle was the personification of a miser, and will succeed as an amateur. "Nail," his friend, was well represented by W. J. Clarke. Foote and W. Dodge were excellent in their respective roles. Both are capable of sustaining heavier parts. Walker, as "Spiderlimb," was the life of the evening. His inuendos were piquant, and he handed his friends the fowls with great dexterity. It is not safe to witness his delineations of comic characters unless buttons are well secured. Roberts, as "Buttons," was profuse in his display of big buttons, and did well.

The Exhibition as a whole, was a success, and Mr. O'Mahoney deserves credit for his management of the Association. We may say, *en passant*, that the Thespians were never better than they are this year, and they are worthy successors of their predecessors. When the performers had divested themselves of their costumes, they assembled in the body of the hall for the purpose of enjoying themselves. They were scarcely seated when Rev. Father Lemonnier, the President, made his appearance, accompanied by two persons laden with the wherewith for having a social time. They passed an hour or so in agreeable converse, and then retired to virtuous couches.

Notes by the Way.

THE new boiler is at work.

THE St. Cecilians' room is very exquisitely finished.

THE Band, as well as all the other societies of the University, all reports progress and improvement.

THE cry for "recreation" on Saturday last was rather faint, and could not justify itself with an excuse, so it fell unheeded.

WE omitted in our list of exchanges last week to mention the *Owl* and the *College Courier*, with both of which we are much pleased.

WE welcome among our exchanges *The Reveillé*, published at the Louisiana State University. It promises to be a sterling College paper.

CALISTHENICS are receiving their due meed of attention from the members of the class. Great improvement can be seen at the dances in the play-hall.

Society Reports.

BOATING.

MR. EDITOR: On Thursday, November 28, a meeting of the Boat Club was held. The meeting was called to order by the director, Rev. A. Lemonnier, who stated the object of the meeting to be a general understanding of the affairs of the club preparatory to going into winter quarters. The treasurer, being called upon for a statement of the financial concerns of the club, gave them as \$67.00 better than they were at the commencement of the session. Next summer we expect to add a sail-boat to our fleet, and those who love sailing more than rowing will have an opportunity of satisfying their desires. The club at present numbers twenty-two members.

Since navigation is closed for an indefinite length of time, we are unable to say when you may expect to hear from us again, but hope that an early spring may cut our silence short. Respectfully yours,

J. D. McCORMICK, *Rec. Sec.*

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, DECEMBER 6, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Buter,	A. Blong,	C. Berdel,
M. Bastorache,	J. Boyle,	R. Boyle,
V. Baca,	W. Bartlett,	L. Burridge,
G. Brown,	J. Brown,	J. Brogan,
V. Baca,	J. Begue,	P. Cooney,
H. Cassidy,	W. Clarke,	A. Costello,
J. Comer,	J. Crummey,	L. Campeau,
B. Dorsey,	F. Devoto,	C. Dodge,
W. Dodge,	J. Drake,	T. Dundon,
J. Devine,	J. Eisenman,	M. Foote,
B. Gorman,	J. Gillen,	E. Gambee,
E. Graves,	J. Gillespie,	J. D. Hogan,
W. Hoffman,	J. Harrington,	F. Hamilton,
D. Halloran,	J. Ireland,	P. Jacobs,
T. Keenan,	E. Kimm,	F. Leffingwell,
P. Lilly,	J. Lee,	J. McGlynn,
E. Morancy,	J. Miller,	J. Murphy,
J. McAlister,	A. Mooney,	T. Murphy,
J. McCormick,	E. McSweeney,	E. Mullin,
E. McLaughlin,	J. Noonan,	P. O'Meara,
P. O'Connell,	J. Rourke,	B. Roberts,
H. Saylor,	E. Spitley,	G. Siack,
J. Shiel,	F. Scrufford,	G. Summers,
A. Taggart,	P. Trudeau,	S. Valdez,
W. Van't Woud,	L. Watson,	T. White,
C. Walter,	H. Walker,	J. Wolfe,
W. Wallace,	T. Watson,	J. Ward,
J. Ward,	T. Ferrey,	E. Halpin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin,	B. Baca,	L. Busch,
C. Black,	P. Brosseau,	W. Breen,
G. Berdel,	W. Ball,	C. Burger,
J. Caren,	J. Carmody,	P. Corbett,
M. Casey,	B. Casey,	J. Dore,
W. Dexter,	F. Dowe,	J. Daly,
F. Egan,	J. Ewing,	H. Enneking,
W. Fleicher,	G. Gross,	W. Gross,
V. Hansen,	R. Hutchings,	L. Hibben,
J. Hackett,	H. Hoffman,	W. Haney,
M. Hilliard,	H. Hunt,	A. Kreiter,
W. Kelly,	A. Kleine,	H. Kinley,
J. Langenderfer,	L. Loser,	J. Lynch,
F. McOsker,	J. Mullarky,	E. McMahon,
S. McMahon,	E. Mohl,	J. McGrath,
W. Morgan,	E. Milburn,	F. Miller,
V. McKinnon,	F. Mulligan,	N. Mooney,
L. Munn,	J. Nevin,	J. O'Connell,
W. Pollard,	J. Quill,	A. Ried,
C. Ruger,	D. Salazar,	J. Stubbs,
J. Skalla,	H. Schaller,	H. Shephard,
L. Van't Woud,	L. Whitaker,	S. Wise,
O. Waterman,	J. Williams,	P. Tansey,
J. Callaghan,	C. Carey,	J. Wanbaugh.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

F. O'Brien,	J. O'Meara,	H. Faxon,
C. Faxon,	A. Murphy,	D. Green,

E. Raymond,
J. Hilliard,
A. Wetherbee,

T. Nelson,
J. McMahon,
A. Miller,

C. McKinnon,
E. Cleary,
C. O'Brien.

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, DECEMBER 6, 1872.

GERMAN.

C. Hake,	J. McNally,	W. Ball,
L. Best,	P. Brosseau,	J. Burnham,
H. Beckman,	J. Crummey,	P. Cooney,
J. Dore,	J. Devine,	H. Enneking,
H. Faxon,	G. Fliehman,	J. Golsen,
E. Greaves,	J. Hoeveler,	J. Hanley,
A. Kleine,	W. Kinzie,	C. Karst,
J. Langenderfer,	F. Miller,	J. McHugh,
H. Mathews,	J. C. Nevin,	W. Hake,
S. Marks,	A. J. Mooney,	P. O'Meara,
W. Pollard,	F. Phelan,	C. Reid,
W. Rumely,	H. Randolph,	A. Reid,
C. Ruger,	E. W. Schmidt,	A. Schmidt,
W. Schulthies,	W. Van't Woud,	O. Waterman,
T. Walsh,	C. Walsh,	S. Wise,
H. Walker,	H. Zuber.	

FRENCH.

G. Gross,	T. Noel,	J. Rofinot,
A. Schiffer,	F. J. St. Aubin,	L. C. Watson.

DRAWING.

F. Bauer,	J. Dunne,	T. Culleton,
P. Daly,	J. Daly,	W. Gaar,
J. Graham,	D. Glickauf,	L. Hinkston,
W. Hoffman,	W. Lucas,	J. Lynch,
E. S. Monahan,	J. McIntyre,	H. Nirdlinger,
E. Ohmer,	E. Ohlen,	C. Hake,
R. Kelly,	W. Kelly,	L. Muan,
T. Nelson,	J. E. Porter,	W. Rumely,
B. Roberts,	A. Schmidt,	W. Schulthies,
A. Schiffer,	J. Schmidt,	W. Vestal,
W. Van't Woud,	L. Van't Woud,	O. Waterman,
	C. Hodgson.	

PIANO.

J. Boyle,	W. Breen,	W. Ball,
L. Best,	A. Costello,	J. Crummey,
J. Campbell,	C. Campean,	W. Campbell,
L. Campeau,	L. Danz,	J. Eisenman,
J. Gillen,	J. Golsen,	R. Hutchings,
L. Hayes,	C. Hake,	J. Hoeveler,
J. Ireland,	A. Kleine,	T. Mullin,
J. McGinnis,	D. O'Connell,	E. Raymond,
C. Reid,	F. Smyth,	H. Schaalier,
E. W. Schmidt,	A. Schmidt,	W. Schulthies,
C. Walter,	L. Watson,	O. Waterman,
	H. Zuber.	

VIOLIN.

H. Beckman,	J. Brennan,	J. Hogan,
W. Kiazie,	T. Keenan,	W. Lucas,
J. Lynch,	L. L'oser,	R. Lewis,
F. Miller,	J. McHugh,	J. Noonan,
J. O'Connell,	W. Rumely,	B. Roberts,
J. Rourke,	J. Schmidt,	L. Van't Woud,
E. Kimm,	J. Hackett,	H. Templeton.

CLARINET.

G. Brown.

FLUTE.

J. Hoeveler,	E. Ohmer,	W. Ohlen.
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Arrivals.

Frank B. Ryan,	Springfield, Illinois.
Daniel Halloran,	Lowell, Indiana.
Lorenzo Hinkston,	Waukegan, Illinois.
John J. Claffey,	Bertrand, Michigan.
Francis X. Claffey,	" "
James Hand,	Niles, Michigan.
Thomas McNamara,	Dexter, Michigan.
R. Beaudoin,	Lowell, Indiana.
Edward Hubert,	East Saginaw, Michigan.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
MEMRAMCOOK, NEW BRUNSWICK, }
November 25, 1872.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: A very successful exhibition took place at our College on Friday, November 22d, the feast of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music. It would take up too much of your space to particularize the parts taken by the many young men—students of the College. It will suffice, then, simply to give the programme, and state that it was acknowledged by all to have been the most successful exhibition ever given here:

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Grand Entrance March.....	College Band
Opening Address.....	André Bourque
Opening Chorus.....	College Choir
Solo—(Piano).....	Prof. Ringuette
"Bernardo del Carpio"—(Declamation).....	Geo. V. McInerny
Duet—(Piano).....	Aimée Bourque, J. Levasseur
Oration—"Mozart".....	Napoleon Bourque
Solo—(Piano).....	André Bourque
"Saracen Brothers" {	Saladin.....Thos. McFadden
	Malek Abdel.....Edward McPhelin
	Attendant.....John H. Maher
Solo—"David before Saul".....	Napoleon Bourque

PART SECOND.

Music.....	College Band
Declamation—Lally—Tolloudal.....	André Cormea
Grand Chorus.....	R. L. Walsh and Choir
Declamation—"Marmion".....	Richard L. Walsh
Solo—(Piano).....	Napoleon Bourque
Oration—"Influence of Music".....	Henry McGill
Comic Song.....	Philias Bourgeois
Oration—"Music".....	André Bourque
Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep".....	Richard L. Walsh
Duet—(Piano).....	George V. McInerny, Christopher Yorke

THE SURPRISE.

A FRENCH PLAY.

Characters by—		
Fidèle Belliveau,	André Cormea,	Henry McGill,

Napoleon Bourque,	Philias Bourgeois,	André Bourque,
Placide Godet,	Denis Bourgeois.	

Chorus.....	College Choir
Closing address.....	John O'Flaherty
Music.....	College Band

Remarks in highly felicitous strains were made at the conclusion of the Exhibition by Rev. Fathers Lefebvre, President of the College, and Murray.

The College is highly prosperous. The number of students exceeds by forty that of any previous year. Next Spring new college buildings will be erected, and we hope to see three times the number of students here that we have now.

MALEK.

Obituary.

Died, at Notre Dame, Ind., on Wednesday, the 11th inst., MRS. MARGARET DILLON, in the ninety-fifth year of her age. The deceased was the grandmother of the Rev. Fathers Patrick and James Dillon, both of whom are well known to all our friends.

May her lot in eternity be crowned with that happiness which her life of virtue and goodness upon earth deserves.

Salmagundi.

EPIZOOTIC has quit the country.

HAND-BALL is the game of the play-hall.

SKATING has not deserved the name as yet.

WALKS are looked upon as things to come—none now.

THE first sleigh-bells of the season were heard last week.

It is said that the *horse-fly* is the only animal of the horse kind that has escaped the malady.

HORNE Tooke, when asked by George III why he never played at cards, replied: "I cannot tell a king from a knave."

AN old maid, hearing a married woman among a crowd of men saying: "I am looking for my husband," could scarce refrain from saying: "So am I."

THE clerk of the weather is giving us winter right along now, though it is evident he don't approve of skating, and prefers the wagon to the sleigh; we don't agree.

CAN'T we have a couple of entertainments during the holidays? They will make the time pass so much the pleasanter to those who remain. Of course we can.

A GOOD joke is told of a junior, unusually scrupulous and conscientious, who, through force of circumstances, wished to lay aside for a moment his severe solemnity. As it happened one day our sanctimonious friend, not being too well prepared, thought to resort to the *devil's trick*, as it is called—that of concealing one's self when called upon to recite; and here is the result: on hearing his name called he squatted, as quick as a canal-boat chambermaid at an unexpected bridge. The professor, in this case made it a point to see the trick, winked to the class, leaned back in his chair and after surveying the situation awhile, with characteristic drollery remarked, "*Mr. W—, your ears are sticking up.*" It is needless to say that Mr. W— left his satanic majesty to play his own tricks thereafter.—*Chronicle.*

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, December 10, 1872.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with great animation. A spirited entertainment in honor of Very Rev. Father General followed the orthodox constitutional Thanksgiving dinner. The day's recreation closed with a ball in the Exhibition Hall. The only regret expressed on Thanksgiving evening was that the day was too short by at least three hours.

As the musical and artistic entertainment has been so elaborately described, and the affair so highly complimented in last week's SCHOLASTIC, it is unnecessary to enter into details.

The course of edifying sermons and instructions given by the Rev. Father Cooney during the three days' Retreat that closed on the festival of the Immaculate Conception, was very highly appreciated by his hearers.

The "Children of Mary" celebrated to-day the feast of the "Holy House of Loreto." It was to them a day of great devotion and innocent joy. After the Mass in Loreto, which was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father General, the following young ladies were admitted as Children of Mary and aspirants:

As Children of Mary: Misses K. Casey, R. Manzanares, J. Valdez, N. Vigil.

As Aspirants: Misses M. Brown, L. Black, M. White, E. White, M. Lyons, M. Dillon, M. Kelly, L. Beckman, J. Noonan, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, N. Heedy, A. O'Connor.

The lecture given in the Seniors' study hall by the Rev. Father Condon on "The relations which men sustain to the Institutions under which they live," was listened to by the audience with attentive interest, and all felt indebted to the Rev. gentleman for the intellectual treat and practical instructions conveyed in so agreeable a manner. Though the lecture was written for the benefit of the stronger sex, yet the Rev. lecturer made it plain that the young ladies, too, had a deep interest in the subject, and had no unimportant part to play in sustaining the "institutions under which they live."

Christmas is now the topic, and for the benefit of parents and guardians we give the following regulation: All pupils who have received written permission from the proper persons to visit their homes in Chicago, will leave St. Mary's on the 23d inst., and are expected to return to St. Mary's January 2d, 1873.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

TABLET OF HONOR (SR. DEP'T), Nov. 30, 1872.

Katie Zell,	Mary Cochrane,	Mary Lassen,
Alice Mast,	Alice Shea,	Katie Haymond,
Bobbie Crowley,	Lizzie King,	Minnie Lange,
Aline Todd,	Lizzie Niel,	Mary Kearney,
Annie Clarke,	Ida Reynolds,	Rose Devoto,
Mary Brown,	Rose Mary Spier,	Mary Comer,
Libbie Black,	Nellie Langdon,	Mamie Prince,
Minnie Quan,	Bay Reynolds,	Lettie Ritchie,
Bridget Grace,	Lizzie Daly,	Jennie Tucker,
Kittie Finley,	M. Letourneau,	Agnes Church,
Sarah Shipley,	Carrie Creveling,	Genevieve Walton,
Julia Fanning,	Amelia Keeline,	Annie T. Clarke,
Jennie Noonan,	Esther Boyce,	Nellie Foote,
Hanna McMahon,	Annie O'Connor,	Nellie Heedy,
Addie Hambleton,	Mary A. Roberts,	Emma Wade,
Bell Wade,	Rebecca Woolman,	Louisa Pfeiffer,
Katie Miller,	Edna Crawford,	Annie Reid,

Mary E. Roberts,	Mary Kelly,	Mary McGuire,
Agnes Conahan,	Sarah Chenoweth,	Rebecca Marr,
Annie Eby,	Josie Connors,	Emma White,
Mary White,	Rose J. Valdez,	R. Manzanares,
Nora McMahon,	Angeline Monroe,	Mary Lyons,
Henrietta Miller,	Lizzie Sheiber,	Rose McKeaver,
Louisa Lilly,	Fannie Snouffer,	Nellie Hinkston,
Mary Gregg,	Bell White,	Ella Howell,
	Lavinia Forrester.	

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Graduating Class—Miss Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen, Alice Mast, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bridget Crowley, Lizzie King, (first in lessons), Minnie Lange, Aline Todd.

First Senior Class—Miss Lizzie Neil, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Nellie Gross, Vadie Ball, Ida Reynolds, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown, Rose Mary Spier, Daicie Green, (first in lessons), Lillie West, Mary Comer, (Libbie Black), Nellie Langdon.

Second Senior Class—Mamie Prince, (first in lessons), Julia Kearney, Minnie Quan, Bay Reynolds, (first in lessons), Mollie Wicker, Lettie Ritchie, (first in lessons), Lillie Dent, Bridget Grace, Lizzie Daley, Jennie Tucker, Katie Finley, Maggie Letourneau, (first in lessons), Agnes Church.

Third Senior Class—Miss Carrie Creveling, Nellie Ball, Jennie Walton, Lella James, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Laura Weinreich, Mary Riley, Jennie Noonan, Agatha St. Clair, Esther Boyce, (first in lessons), Nellie Foote, Hanna McMahon, Mary Layfield, Annie O'Connor, Nellie Heedy.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Addie Hambleton, Mary A. Roberts, Josephine Walsh, Maggie Nash, Emma Wade, Bell Wade, Rebecca Woolman, Louisa Pfeiffer, Katie Miller, (first in lessons), Flora Rush, Lizzie Ritchie, Lou Beckman, Annie Reid, Mary E. Roberts, Addie Roberts, Bell White, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, Maria Pinney.

Second Preparatory Class—Clara Germain, Ettie Burney, Bell Johnson, Anabel Stockton, Sarah Chenoweth, Lavinia Forrester, Rebecca Marr, Annie Eby, Josie Connors, Mamie Dillon, Nellie McAuliffe, Sophia Smith, Ida Hatch, Emma White, Mary White, Rose Klar.

Third Preparatory Class—Joanna Valdez, Romualda Manzanares, Nora McMahon, Angeline Monroe, Mary Lyons, Henrietta Miller, Lizzie Schiber, Carrie Rishling, Rose McKeaver, Louisa Lilly, Fannie Snouffer, (first in lessons), Nellie Hinkston, Mary Gregg.

TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEP'T), Dec. 1, 1872.

E. Richardson,	A. Smith,	E. Parker,
L. Harrison,	A. Walsh,	M. Hepp,
A. Gollhardt,	M. Martin,	G. Kelly,
B. Quan,	E. Orton,	T. Schulte,
S. Lilly,	M. Hildreth,	M. Brown,
J. Thompson,	M. Thompson,	C. Smith,
L. Schuerle,	T. Cronin,	A. Noel,
M. Reynolds,	A. Rose,	M. Carlin,
C. Walker,	M. Ewing,	A. Paulsen,
B. Pfeiffer,	E. Jackson,	K. Hector,
E. Lappin,	E. Lang,	A. Ewing,
K. Bolton,	D. Allen,	E. Hassler,
M. Lowrey,	G. Hooley,	M. Hughes,
C. Hughes,	J. Tallman,	A. Green.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

Second Senior Class—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

First Preparatory Class—L. Tinsley, M. Faxon.

Second Preparatory Class—K. Joyce, E. Parker, L. Harrison, F. Lloyd, L. McKinnon, A. Walsh, M. Hepp, A. Gollhardt, M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch, B. Quan.

Third Preparatory Class—N. Vigil, T. Schulte, S. Lilly. First Junior Class—M. Brown, M. Walsh, K. Schmidt, C. Smith, B. Hassler, T. Cronin, A. Noel, M. Reynolds, A. Burney, K. Lloyd, M. Gall, M. DeLong, M. Booth, A. Rose, M. Carlin, C. Walker, M. Ewing.

Second Junior Class—A. Paulsen, B. Pfeiffer, E. Jackson, K. Hector, E. Lappin, E. Lang, A. Ewing, K. Bolton, D. Allen, E. Hassler, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, F. Kendall, G. Hooley.

Third Junior Class—M. and C. Hughes, A. Green, M. Gall, J. Tallman, A. and M. Green, N. Lloyd.

(Continued from page 107.)

"Poor fellow!" said the old gentleman, soothingly; "don't excite yourself now! be calm!"

"Calm!" exclaimed Felix. "Will you please explain the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, Mr. Gringo?"

"Quiet now! be very still, Felix. While you're gentle there'll be no danger of a fit, you know. We have a painful duty to perform, but you must submit."

"Submit! submit to what? You've been lunching!"

"Poor, poor Flutter! Little did I anticipate such a misfortune! But there's no time to lose."

"I know what's the matter with him," thought Felix. "He's going to quarrel with me about my conduct to his niece. I must say something ardent to her. He approached the angular and long lady, and, bending low, exclaimed tenderly:

"Dear madame, your most devoted slave."

But to his astonishment she merely smiled, and patting him on the back, answered, in a soothing tone:

"Poor Mr. Flutter! don't excite yourself now! Keep quiet?"

"What does she mean by that?" he gasped. Then, in a more ardent voice than ever, he resumed:

"Lady, I must beg pardon on my bended knee for my absurd deportment but a few moments since. It was—ah—but the effect of a too sudden view of your superabundant charms!"

Old Mr. Gringo burst into a roar. "Ha, ha, ha! it's painful, but it's amusing too. Superabundant charms! Ha, ha ha!"

The niece, in no way discomposed at his singular circumstances, still kept up her expressions of kindness. "Poor Mr. Flutter! Quiet now, quiet!"

The unfortunate object of her solicitude grew nearly frantic with amazement.

"There's something the matter with that old woman!" he whispered to himself shuddering. "I wonder if Gringo keeps a demijohn?"

"Sad case! sad case!" commented Gringo, with a sorrowful gesture, observing him attentively. "He's gentle now, but the fit will be on directly, and so we had better secure him at once."

The servants gathered mournfully around.

"Don't be agitated, Felix," pursued the old man, producing something from his pocket. "We have a painful duty to perform, and you must submit. We are going to handcuff you."

"Handcuff me? This is beyond endurance; Gringo, you've been at the demijohn too. Pity for you Gringo,—pity for you, indeed—to get intoxicated thus early in the morning, and at your time of life! And your niece so fond of it, too! What a lesson it will be to me!"

With this scrap of morality in his mouth, he was just sauntering off, when Gringo and the servants sprang upon him and seized his hands.

"Come, come!" cried Felix, struggling; "no confounded nonsense! Let me go, I say. If you don't release my hands I'll bite you!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mr. Gringo, triumphantly, "I knew the fit was coming on! It's always the way. Gently, now—gently."

Felix fought with all his might. "Release me, I command you! If you don't keep off, as heaven is above me, I'll bite you!"

"Do you hear him?" sighed the old man, compassionately. "Poor fellow! he's raving now. It is hopeless—hopeless!"

But Felix—perfectly convinced that he had fallen into the company of lunatics—with one supreme effort broke away.

He bounded through the window, and fell plump into the garden fish-pond!

He heard a shriek. It was the beautiful young lady, surprised at his abrupt appearance. Fortunately, she had good nerves, and, recovering her presence of mind, she ran to his assistance, and helped him out.

"Oh, miss!" he groaned falling on his knees, and shivering all over; "I don't know what's the matter with the people in the house. They are all crazy. I came here half an hour ago to ask the hand, in marriage, of Mr. Gringo's beautiful niece, and my first disappointment was to find her as ugly as the Witch of Endor—"

"How, sir!" exclaimed the young lady, bridling; "do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult *you*? not for worlds! I speak of Mr. Gringo's niece."

"He has but one," returned the young lady; "and I am she."

"No, you're not," contradicted Felix, rising to his feet, absolutely desperate; "for here comes Gringo, with his niece, at this very moment."

Gringo and the angular lady, followed by a pack of servants, armed with pitchforks, shovels, ropes, carving knives, and other weapons, came running breathlessly out of the house, and shouting as loud as they could bawl:

"Be careful, Rosie—he'll bite you: he has the fit on him!"

Felix could stand it no longer. He doubled his fist, and approached Mr. Gringo menacingly.

"Sir," said he, "you're an old fool and a ruffian. The manner in which you have treated me, since I've been here this morning, has been disgraceful. But your low humor shall not go one step further. I demand an explanation, or, venerable as you are, and venerable as that ugly female is next you, whom you call your niece, I shall assault you both."

The "ugly female" swooned on Gringo's arm. He grew purple with rage.

"Sir," said he, "what do you mean by calling my wife an ugly female?"

"Your wife!" gasped Felix.

"Yes, my wife."

"Is that your wife?" O, Lord, Lord, what will become of me? I mistook her for your niece, and went and made a fool of myself, talking love to her!"

"Rosie is my niece," continued Gringo; "but you cannot expect to marry her now."

"Why not?"

"Because you've got the hydrophobia!"

"What?"

"I say you've got the hydrophobia. You were bitten by that confounded dog, and I myself heard you bark and snarl, not ten minutes afterward, at the window. Mrs. Gringo will testify that the language you addressed to her was the idiotic raving of a lunatic!"

Felix's temper changed. He burst into a prolonged roar of laughter.

"My dear friend," said he, "it is all a ridiculous mistake. Carlo didn't bite me—he only tore off my coat tails. When you heard me barking at the window, I was only teasing him—afraid to approach nearer. What a game at cross purposes we've been at!"

The old gentleman could scarcely realize it.

"Felix," he faltered, "I fear I really have been a contemptible old noodle. Forgive me and let me go somewhere and hide my face."

"No, no; I need forgiveness, too. Let us say we will forget everything on both sides."

Mrs. Gringo, the "ugly female," did not answer. Her husband, however, spoke up for her.

"I will attend to that, my dear fellow. I think, first of all, you had better come with me into the house, and change your dress. The truth is, a battered hat, a coat without any tails, muddy pantaloons, and an injured nose are not altogether becoming. We'll talk everything over after a while. Egad! I can scarcely stand for laughing! Ha, ha, ha! As long as you live, never forget how you commenced your courtship with my niece."

"No," said Felix, reflecting for the first time on the ridiculous figure he must cut before the beautiful Rosie, and edging towards the house; "it's not likely that I ever shall; nor my exciting introduction to her."—*Columbus Gazette*