

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

Number 15.

The Beautiful Snow.

Gentle Reader, do not let the caption of this article mislead you. It has nothing to do with the poem so-called. Neither is it sentimental or metaphorical, or in any respect rhapsodical. When we say snow, we mean snow, and if we call it beautiful, it is because it *is* beautiful.

Beautiful as it lies in masses on the pine branches—beautiful in its depths of solid whiteness—beautiful in the renewed health and vigor which spring from its influence—in the rosy cheek and sparkling eye it imparts to those who riot in its magnificent abundance—beautiful in its purification of the atmosphere, as it comes from heaven like some white angel, striking down contagion and infection and binding them with an icy chain, not to be loosened until genial Spring has prepared a flood that will sweeten them with their fetters off the face of the earth. That giant fiend, the cholera, they say, has long been meditating a descent upon our shores; but the beautiful snow will frustrate his efforts. "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," says the old proverb; but our Christmas will be of unsullied whiteness according to present appearances.

Go out into the wild woodland and see the leafless boughs of the oaks covered with a new foliage of pearls and diamonds, reminding one of the mystic forests of a fairy dream. The timid rabbit in rain endeavors to flee with his usual speed. His little legs, entangled in the glittering masses, refuse their office, and leave him to the mercy of his captors—some long-legged hound, perhaps, or some pitiless sportsman. But the snow-birds rejoice, whirling in their airy circles, and making the stillness of the landscape resound with their cheerful twitter. Why do they love the beautiful snow? Does it afford them sustenance? And if so, in what way? Nothing edible seems within their reach—nothing but the dark-blue berries of the cedar. The scarlet wintergreens are deep down under the fleecy snow. And yet these little birds live—and live happily,—can any one tell us how?

Now tinkle the merry sleigh-bells once more. The horses have recovered from the new scourge inflicted on them, and are ready for their heavy winter's work. There is wood to be drawn, and the snow has come in plentiful supplies to help the exhausted beasts and lighten their labors. True to the old saying: "Heaven never shuts one door but to open another."

And when will it go away—this beautiful snow? When will these continual supplies cease? "Hast thou beheld the treasure-house of crystals?" There is a short season known as the "January thaw," from the month in which it generally occurs; but we cannot say, like the old lady:

"I have seen thousands and thousands of Januaries, and never knew one without a thaw in it yet." On the contrary, a general degelation in the month of January has ceased to become a matter of popular expectation. For our part, we hope the snow won't go away till the middle of March. S.

Our Chinese Correspondent.

[We overlook the manner of the following communication for the sake of the matter. Ah-Cheek-Ah, D.D., has decided views upon some things—his own importance, for instance,—and we like men of decided views.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR: As I was taking my rice with the calm composure which every true Celestial feels with a well-baked rat on the table to be eaten with a Welsh rabbit—the latter dish I have added since my residence in this barbarous country—I ceased the delightful exercise of the chopsticks, for the thought struck me that it would be highly appropriate for me to honor you with a few ideas.

To me it would be far more congenial to open the flood-gates of the mighty waters of science that I have drawn into my own mind—which is of vast capacity—from the inexhaustible fountains of knowledge left us by the great men of my native country, but as I fear your feeble intellect could not bear the rush, I refrain, and limit myself to some observations which, if possible, I will bring down to the level of your understanding.

I am filled with satisfaction to find that there are some things in this partially civilized-region that meet with my high approbation and distinguished consideration.

My missionary labors in various parts of the hitherto benighted countries of Europe enabled me to frequently note—need I say with the greatest pain to my enlightened heart?—one of those signally significant signs of utter and deep-seated barbarism. Yea, when I saw with what large feet the ladies, especially of England and Ireland, had taken their stand upon the mass of barbarous customs which for centuries have been accumulating in those countries, I almost gave up in despair my arduous and herculean labors for the benefit of those nations; for I said to myself—speaking to a sensible man, you may remark, if your dull comprehension can see the point of an exquisite Chinese joke—it is my wont to season at times my erudition with a joke, but this I do only in condescension to shallow minds, like yours, for instance, Mr. Editor, to whose enlightenment I have sacrificed the pleasures of my native land; but I beseech you to remark that my jokes are always exquisite,—I was once told by a person of some discernment, though he was an American, that

they were excruciating. But to take up again the principal thread of my epistolary discourse, I said to myself that though the women of themselves do not amount to much, yet, on account of the exaggerated and insensate estimation in which they are held by men in those countries, it would be impossible for me to do anything towards the conversion and enlightenment of the said countries, unless I could enlist the sympathies of the female portion of the community on my side, and I clearly saw that as long as they stood on such a firm foundation as that which is afforded them by feet of the natural size they could never be upset in their opinions.

You may imagine then, Mr. Editor, what intense joy was given to my noble missionary soul, when on my arrival here I saw indications of an advanced civilization which are rarely seen in Europe—unless among what the French call the *demi-monde*. To the glory of this country and to the never-ceasing praise of the ladies, I can say, with that truth which is one of my grand characteristics, that the ladies here pinch their feet as much as the women of China do. Yet, owing I presume, to the semi-civilization of the country, the mothers do not begin soon enough. I know from my observation, that mothers frequently—to their credit be it said—make their daughters wear No. 3's when the daughter's foot is a No. 4. This, as I observed, is laudable in the extreme, and shows aspirations to a higher civilization than has ever blessed the Western world. But it is thoroughly wonderful to me that they who show so much enlightened zeal in reducing the size of their daughters' feet should not have grasped the sublime principle of the Celestial women, who are the true models of refined femininity; it is wonderful to me, I repeat, that they have not, by means of iron shoes, placed on the feet of their daughters when quite young, prevented their feet from ever becoming No. 4. But doubtless this is asking too much even from women who display so much enlightenment in endeavoring to overcome the effects of their faulty education. I nevertheless have great hopes of the American ladies. The daughters who so willingly enter into their mothers' views on this subject, and who sometimes even exceed them in zeal by wearing even a tighter shoe than the mother, not yet sufficiently enlightened, would approve of, will doubtless improve on the manner they have been brought up themselves, and, like sensible Chinese ladies, will encase the feet of their children in small iron shoes and thus prevent their children's feet from growing more than to a No. 2.

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble and debased slave,

AIH-CHEEK-AH, D. D.

P. S. I unconsciously fell into the style of my native land at the termination of my letter. I shall do so no more—for though I aver it, like everything Celestial, to be the best, yet as you in your ignorance might not understand that style, I shall abstain from using it hereafter. "Your humble and debased-slave" means in Chinese that I consider myself your superior in everything, and that you are highly honored—as, no doubt, you consider yourself—by having me your distinguished and excellent correspondent.

"Don't you think it safe, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "for men to take off flannel when it looks like spring?" "Perhaps so," replied his wife, "but I never saw any flannel that looked like spring?"

Elegy on the Death of a Cobbler.

BY MC.

I.

The lingering sounds still on the breezes float,
The night-hawk, listening to their mournful strain,
Enthralls the music in his copious throat
And sends it flying back o'er hill and plain.

II.

The watch-dog howls his plaintiff mournful song
As dreary night-winds whistle round his door.
And awful dread betokens something wrong
That human skill or art cannot restore.

III.

The cattle lying round their stable door.
Awake, in terror, from their calm repose,
And snuffing swine, as learned as those of yore,
Try hard the dreadful mystery to disclose.

IV.

All living creatures felt a feeling strange,
The cause of it they could not, dare not tell,
But in their hides there seemed to work a change
That strengthened with each tolling of their bell.

V.

And well they might be filled with joy and dread,
With feelings they had never felt before,
The village cobbler now lay stark and dead,
On earth his patching, cobbling days are o'er.

VI.

No more his work on well-worn shoes will be,
His balls of thread and wax are spun and told,
As life leapt into dread eternity
The last peg hid, the cobbler's shoe was soled.

VII.

Full well he plied himself unto the last
And stitched and hammered hard the pliant kip,
Until around him Death his mantle cast
And pegged him far away, there let him R. I. P.

The Phoenix.

Phoenix is the name of a bird whose history is wonderful. Herodotus is the earliest writer who gives a detailed account of this bird. "There is," he says, "another sacred bird, in Egypt, which is named Phoenix. I have seen only its picture. Indeed it is rarely seen; and according to the report of the people of Heliopolis, it comes but once in 500 years into the country, when its father dies. If it be like its picture, some of its feathers are golden and some are red. It likewise resembles an eagle in form and size. They say, (but it seems to me incredible,) that coming out of Arabia, it carries to the temple of the sun its father, wrapped up in myrrh, and there buries him. It contrives the mother thus. It forms a mass of myrrh in the shape of an egg, and such as it may be able to carry. Then it makes the trial of carrying it; and after this experiment, it excavates the egg, places its father within, and stops up the opening with fresh myrrh. The egg with the father inclosed is then of the same weight as the whole mass had been, and it is thus that it carries it to the temple of the sun."

Artemidorus, an Ephesian by birth, who lived in the time of Antoninus Pius, writing of this fabled bird, says: "The Phoenix, when the fatal period approaches, flies into Egypt from a place unknown to mankind, and dies upon

a pyre which it has constructed for itself of cassia and myrrh. After the pile has been consumed, and a certain time elapsed, a worm is produced out of the ashes; and this worm being transformed, becomes again a Phoenix, and flies out of Egypt to the place whence its progenitor had come."

According to Philostratus the Phoenix resembles an eagle and emits rays of light from its feathers.

A long description of the Phoenix is given by Achilles Tatius, an Alexandrian by birth. A youth is made to relate a story of a military expedition having been delayed in order that the troops might accompany the funeral procession of the Phoenix. The youth inquires what this sacred bird may be, and is told that it comes from Ethiopia into Egypt; that it is like a peacock in size and color, but inferior to that bird in beauty; that its feathers are variegated with gold and purple; that it vaunts the sun as its lord, as is testified by the circle, the image of that luminary, with which its head is crowned; that it is of a cerulean color, of a rosy aspect, and of a pleasant countenance; that its down and feathers project like the solar rays; that the Ethiopians possess it during its life, and the Egyptians at its death. Tacitus says that the Phoenix made its appearance in Egypt in the consulship of Paulus Fabius and Lucius Vitellius. This corresponds with the reign of Tiberius, A. V. C. 787.

Pliny tells the story of the Phoenix at some length, but ventures to hint some doubt of its truth. He makes its last appearance in Egypt take place A. V. C. 800.

The poets have not been silent on the subject. Ovid shortly describes the Phoenix; and thus commences his description:

Una est, quæ reparat, seque ipsa reseminet ales,
Assyrii Phœnica vocant.

The story of the Phoenix was not unknown to the Jews. R. Jannai says, that it lives a thousand years, and at the end of that period a fire bursts from its nest and burns it, but leaves an egg from which a new Phoenix issues. Other writers however have invented some most absurd tales for themselves. They tell us that the Phoenix refused to eat of the forbidden fruit, when other animals followed the example and complied with the request of Adam and Eve. They also say that when Noah found himself getting short of provisions in the Ark, the Phoenix consented to live upon air. On account of its virtue and abstinence, add the Rabbins, God decreed that the Phoenix should not suffer death.

The name and the fable were probably both coined in Egypt; and the Greeks and Asiatics had them most likely from that country. DRUMMOND.

A CINCINNATI WIDOW.—It is said that the following letter was written by a bereaved and stricken widow in Cincinnati:

"DEAREST LOUISA:—Darling John died last night. Congestion of the lungs. Our loss is his gain. I will join him on the other shore. I have ordered the loveliest mohair for the funeral—made with polonaise and trimmed with real point lace. Loss covered by insurance on the ten-year plan; will be paid in sixty days. I know you sorrow with me. We had four doctors at two dollars a visit. Aunt Maria will not go into mourning because she has just bought her fall and winter things. Her bonnet is a straw. There is a balm in Gilead; but my heart is nearly broken. Send me a cut paper pattern of that sacque of yours.

"Your devoted

SARAH."

1873.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	1873.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
JAN....	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	JULY...	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	26	27	28	29	30	31			27	28	29	30	31		
FEB....		2	3	4	5	6	7	AUG....		3	4	5	6	7	8
		9	10	11	12	13	14			10	11	12	13	14	15
		16	17	18	19	20	21			17	18	19	20	21	22
		23	24	25	26	27	28			24	25	26	27	28	29
MAR....		2	3	4	5	6	7	SEPT...	31						
		9	10	11	12	13	14			7	8	9	10	11	12
		16	17	18	19	20	21			14	15	16	17	18	19
		23	24	25	26	27	28			21	22	23	24	25	26
		30	31							28	29	30			
APRIL.		6	7	8	9	10	11	OCT....		5	6	7	8	9	10
		13	14	15	16	17	18			12	13	14	15	16	17
		20	21	22	23	24	25			19	20	21	22	23	24
		27	28	29	30					26	27	28	29	30	31
MAY....		4	5	6	7	8	9	NOV....		2	3	4	5	6	7
		11	12	13	14	15	16			9	10	11	12	13	14
		18	19	20	21	22	23			16	17	18	19	20	21
		25	26	27	28	29	30			23	24	25	26	27	28
										30					
JUNE..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	DEC....		7	8	9	10	11	12
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			14	15	16	17	18	19
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			21	22	23	24	25	26
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			28	29	30	31		
	29	30													

"MAMMA," asked a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

GENERAL SHERMAN'S report shows the actual force enlisted in the army to be 29,336; of commissioned officers, 2,104.

"ARE you not afraid that whisky'll get into your head?" asked a stranger of a man he saw drinking at the bar. "No," said the toper, "this liquor's too weak to climb."

A NEW YORK editor thinks, from the manner in which shirts are made in that city, there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke the next morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

WHEN Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

IN Scotland they have narrow, open ditches called sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when the donkey came to a sheep-drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him around and put the whip to him, thinking of course that the donkey, going so fast, would jump the drain before noticing it. But not so. On they came, and when the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking the donkey straight in the face, he said: "Vera weel pitched. But how are you going to get over yourself?"

The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time, at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year.....\$2 00
One session (5 months).....1 25
Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Valedictory.

As the SCHOLASTIC now has passed into other and more competent hands, I take advantage of the courtesy of the new Editor to thank all those who thus far have not only extended to the little paper the benefit of their patronage, but also the encouragement of their commendation of our feeble efforts to render the SCHOLASTIC a good and interesting college paper.

With many thanks, therefore, for past favor, and a hope that that favor will be still bestowed, I bid a grateful farewell to our readers.

M. B. BROWN, C. S. C., Retiring Editor.

Salutatory.

With pen in hand we make our bow and assume the editorship of the SCHOLASTIC.

The many duties incumbent upon our able predecessor have forced him to relinquish the ever-recurring task of presenting a SCHOLASTIC each week to the public.

We gracefully sit in the Editorial chair and depend upon our friends now as of yore—yore dates back some ten years or more, and runs up to last September; perhaps your yore, young readers, does not come up so close.

We depend upon our friends to help us, and we will assume, if necessary, all the credit for the good articles they may write for us.

We do not, however, intend to hand around a box for contributions.

But we have, as our penetrating friends have ere this remarked, nailed our box to the wall. Long may it wave!

The box is to be the centre of the great literary circle of Notre Dame; to it, let us be allowed prayerfully to hope, both Seniors and Juniors will bring their ideas, carefully wrapped up in paper, written on one side only; and from it their ideas will be diffused by means of the SCHOLASTIC throughout the still greater circle of their friends.

In the words of the poet, "And thus we go bobbin' around."

Our motto is "Be sure you write, and go ahead."

It was got up for the exclusive use of all the students.

When we say students we mean students now in our institutions.

Once in the heyday of our editorial youth, before we had the devil after us for copy, when our experience in pie, though extensive, was yet limited to pumpkin and other pies made outside of the printing-office, everything appeared as bright as a Spring morning or a new nickel of five cents. All was serene, not to say gay and festive.

We then pictured to ourself lots and lots of manuscript coming to our address from our friends, the old students.

We calculated that the P. M. would send us a unanimous vote of thanks for increasing the receipts of his office.

It was a very pretty picture, but a fancy one.

It faded like an old fashioned daguerreotype.

Only a few royal souls responded; and they always remained faithful to us. But the others—good, warm-hearted men they were—but they had all got married or were engaged,—and, it is well known, looking after butchers' bills and calico sadly interferes with literary pursuits.

'Twas always thus from childhood's hour, we sweetly and sadly warbled, and let the picture vanish, like many had vanished before, and may vanish still.

We now count upon our faithful few, our chosen Band of Brothers, our *corps d'élite*, and around them we'll rally the strong, sprightly intellects of the college. Come one, come all! Remember our motto:

Be sure you write, and go ahead!

Then rally 'round the flag boys, rally once again, and keep on rallying until the winter of our six months' term's made glorious summer by the sun of June.

A FULL report of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society next week.

WE hope our Memramcookie correspondent will not allow his ink to freeze.

THE Students were delighted with the manner Father Cooney put them through the Retreat. Xenophon must look out for his laurels.

WE welcome Rev. Father T. O'Sullivan, Ph. D., back from Ireland. We have not seen him yet, yet sure are we that all the Laporteans are jubilant.

WE go to press too soon this week to publish the full account of the obsequies of Maurice A. Williams, of Baltimore, a former student, who died at Notre Dame on the 17th inst. May he rest in peace.

MR. McINTOSH favored us with a call last Monday. The high regions of Green Bay, where his lumber business now keeps him the most of his time, seem to agree with him. All his friends will be glad to hear that he is in excellent health.

WE would be delighted to hear from Father Shortis. We would not be at all surprised to learn that the winter in Canada is much milder this year than it has ever been before. There is sure to be plenty of sunshine wherever his genial spirit reigns.

THE bitter disappointment we felt one morning this week at missing an early morning train was quickly turned to a feeling of satisfaction by unexpectedly meeting Father Corby, who gave us a hearty shake-hands. His friends will hear with pleasure that he is in excellent health, and that the Watertown establishment is in a flourishing condition.

WE were honored last week by a visit from Herb. S. Fassett, of the South Bend *Union*, who was accompanied by Misses Ellsworth and Chestnutwood, of South Bend, and Mr. Hamnett, of Ligonier, Indiana. If our latch-string is not visible, it is for want of a latch to our door, which, however, readily yields to a very slight pressure. Call again, friends; you will ever be welcome.

WE regret the inclemency of the weather and the fear of neuralgia prevented us from attending the Semi-Annual Feast of the Saint Edward's Literary Association, Thursday evening, to which we were kindly invited. We hope to have a full account of it next week.

THE merry *Chimes* harmoniously pealed a second time and pleased the large assembly that attentively listened to them. The chime is composed of sixteen bells. Of them Karl Pretzel would sing:

Chimes ever glorious,
Always harmonious,
Long may your panniers
Wave o'er the free.

WE have made our bow, and we now hasten to say a word of our bow-wow, as little Tracey used to call him. Our purp felt keenly the neglect with which, as he thought, he was treated by the SCHOLASTIC, as by attentive perusal he found himself alluded to only about once every two weeks, on an average. As he could not get it into his dog's head that we had nothing to do with the paper then, he considered that we were neglecting him. This he could not bear; he cut his connection with Bohemian life and went into the butcher business. He has distinguished himself as a splendid Scotch terrier and is a terror to rats. He does not read the papers now. *Sic transit.*

WE have been enjoying the snow. The first time was a pretty heavy enjoy, as there were four of us jammed into a sleigh that the enterprising Studebaker Brothers had made to hold two persons, and not very big ones at that; but we nevertheless expanded ourselves to the jingling of the bells, bells, bells, and made a pleasant circle of our compact company, having nothing to fear from an upset, as we were so closely wedged in that we couldn't spill out even though we had tipped over.

Another time we were putting on a moderate amount of style, having the distinguished pleasure of riding with Fathers Spillard and Vagnier, when the sleigh we first rode in passed by us with telegraphic speed, that fast horse, Charley, being in the shafts. We caught but a glimpse of the occupants of the sleigh as it passed with terrific rapidity; but the glimpse-revealed to us the Napoleonic moustache of Prof. S—, surrounded by the joyous physiognomies of some dozen—more or less—of Thespians.

WE spent a pleasant half hour with Brother John Chrysostom and his efficient corps of teachers, in Fort Wayne, last week. It does an old collegian good to be so kindly greeted as we were by them, and also by Brother Francis de Sales and his worthy colleagues, when we passed through Lafayette, some time before our visit to Fort Wayne.

Speaking of the pleasure of receiving kindnesses when we get outside the College, reminds us of the genuine politeness we experienced from two of the old students whom we met near Fort Wayne. It was Sunday afternoon, and there was no train—not even a freight train—to take us into the city. In spite of the epizootic, which was then prevalent among the horses, and the cold weather, Henry Snelker, of '72, and his cousin Henry Snelker, of '70, knowing our desire to get to town, brought around their carriage to the house we were staying at and drove us in quick time over the six miles to the city. We hope to have the opportunity of returning their kindness. For the present we can only give the will for the deed.

CHRISTMAS Vacation begins Monday 23d, and closes January 2d.

BRO. BASIL has assumed the Directorship of the Orchestra vice Prof. Van de Velde. We look for good music and occasional concerts.

WOULD not some students volunteer to help in decorating the Church for Christmas? We think that quite a number would feel proud to do so.

M. GUSTAVE VAN DE VELDE, the distinguished performer upon the violoncello, is now in New York, and we hope to hear soon that his brilliant musical talent is appreciated.

THE Drawing Class of Bro. Albert is quite a lively and interesting class. From week to week, improvements are perceptible, and new specimens of art frequently exhibited.

ROOM Number Four is an everlasting subject of admiration. The St. Cecilians need but the toga and they will rival the Roman senate. When will our room be fixed?

THE work on Ancient Greek and Roman Literature, by Rev. Father Louage, will soon be ready. The firm of D. Appleton and Co., of New York, have it in hand for publication.

BRO. LEOPOLD is now organizing the Senior Orchestra. The musical talent seems to have passed from the Junior to the Senior Department this year. Will the Juniors remain idle, with their arms folded, as long as they can flourish a bow?

THE rising St. Cecilians need not tremble before the star of Thespis. Their last Exhibition brought out some real talent, and considering that it was their first appearance, they did credit to themselves and came up to the high standard of St. Cecilians. May they prosper!

ONE million bricks are contracted to be made next summer for the college use. Nine hundred thousand were made last year and are now in the walls of the church and in other buildings. Every year a quantity of bricks are made and put up into walls and yet we scarcely notice the increase of buildings here.

A LARGE house is building on the St. Joe farm where spacious stables, slaughter-house, etc., have been recently erected. The College dairy is now located there, (only 6½ miles from here), and the milk, meat, etc., brought daily by special carriers. It is to be hoped that the old stables, etc., which stand now in a forlorn state will soon be numbered with the things that were.

PROF. OTTO SCHNURRER, of Wheeling, has been secured for a professorship at Notre Dame.

We understand that the Professor is gifted with all the qualities which make a scholar and a perfect Christian gentleman. His acquisition is a valuable one. The Professor will be ready to take his classes after the Holidays. We understand that Prof. Schnurrer is not only a classical and German scholar, but also a fine pianist. Our vocalists will then be enabled to continue their lessons.

THE Annual Retreat of the students took place during the latter part of last week and ended Sunday morning with a general Communion of the Catholic students. Rev. Father Cooney, C.S.C., deserves the thanks of the officers

of the College, as well as of the students, for the manner in which he conducted the retreat. We may say that it gave satisfaction to all, and that it was well attended. We trust that much good will be derived from it.

THE talent displayed by the Thespians in their last Exhibition was the subject of frequent conversation during the past week. We are not afraid that they will fail to reach the mark, but we are rather nervous for fear they overleap it: we mean that in this new line they might over do their roles. Yet considering that their efficiency is based on real ability we do not fret unnecessarily. Continue, gentlemen, to be always true to nature, and we will continue to give you our honest praise.

WE have not seen any mention made in THE SCHOLASTIC of the death of our much esteemed Prof. J. Regniers, who died at Ghent some two months ago. The Professor had returned to breathe his native air, hoping that the lung disease from which he suffered would yield to it; but he hoped in vain. Prof. Regniers leaves many warm friends to regret his loss; he was eminently fitted to take the *baton* of Prof. Girac, and had given us great hopes to that effect. However, we were doomed to lose him, and his place is yet to be filled.

THE departure of the students for the Holidays will take place Monday morning. A special train will be ready for the homeward bound at 6½ A. M., and will carry them safely, we hope, from South Bend to Chicago, where it is due at 10 o'clock, in time for all afternoon trains going West, South, and North. They will have plenty of time for resting and comforting the inner man in some of the favorite hotels of the great metropolis. Sight-seeing may be likewise enjoyed to a limited extent.

Rev. Father Condon and Prof. J. A. Lyons will accompany the travellers as far as Chicago. At the depot, omnibuses, etc., will be in waiting, specially for the benefit of the students.

We trust that everything will go on well and merrily.

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 13, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Buter,	A. Blong,	C. Berdel,
M. Bastarache,	W. Briant,	R. Boyle,
V. M. Baca,	J. Brown,	F. Leffingwell,
G. Brown,	J. Begue,	P. Cooney,
V. Baca,	H. Cassidy,	W. Clarke,
A. Costello,	J. Comer,	J. Claffey,
F. Devoio,	J. Donnelly,	C. Dodge,
W. Dodge,	T. Dundon,	J. Drake,
J. Eisenman,	M. Foote,	B. Gorman,
J. Gillen,	E. Graves,	J. Gillespie,
J. E. Hogan,	W. Hoffman,	J. Harrington,
F. Hamilton,	J. Hoffman,	E. Halpin,
D. Halloran,	J. Ireland,	P. Jacobs,
T. Keenan,	J. Keeley,	J. Lee,
J. McGlynn,	E. Morancy,	D. Moloney,
E. Monohan,	J. Miller,	J. Murphy,
T. Murphy,	A. Mooney,	J. McCormick,

E. McSweeney,	E. Mullin,	E. McLaughlin,
T. Noel,	P. O'Meara,	P. O'Connell,
F. Phelan,	G. Ruger,	B. Roberts,
H. Saylor,	G. Stack,	J. Shiel,
F. Scrafford,	G. Summers,	A. Taggart,
P. Trudeau,	S. Valdez,	W. Van't Woud,
T. White,	C. Walter,	H. Walker,
J. Wolfe,	T. Watson,	J. Ward,
	E. Gambee.	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. Baca,	W. Ball,	W. Breen,
C. Black,	P. Brosseau,	C. Burger,
J. Carmody,	J. Campbell,	J. Caren,
W. Converse,	B. Casey,	J. Devine,
J. Dore,	W. Dexter,	F. Egan,
H. Enneking,	J. Ewing,	G. Gross,
W. Gross,	J. Golsen,	G. Gerew,
T. Graves,	E. Holt,	C. Hake,
W. Hake,	W. Haney,	V. Hansen,
M. Hilliard,	L. Hibben,	R. Hutchings,
W. Kelly,	A. Kleine,	H. Kinley,
R. Lewis,	W. Meyer,	F. McOsker,
J. Mullarky,	W. McMahon,	S. Marks,
W. Morgan,	E. Milburn,	F. Miller,
V. McKinnon,	N. Mooney,	J. Nevin,
J. O'Connell,	W. Pollard,	J. Quill,
A. Ried,	J. Stubbs,	D. Salazar,
F. Sweger,	H. Shephard,	H. Schaller,
P. Tansey,	O. Tong,	L. Van't Woud,
L. Whitaker,	S. Wise,	J. Wanbaugh,
	J. Williams.	

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Faxon,	C. Faxon,	J. O'Meara,
J. McMahon,	C. McKinnon,	F. O'Brien,
E. Raymond,	A. Miller,	T. Nelson,
A. Koch,	E. Cleary,	

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 13, 1872.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.—SENIOR CLASS.

E. B. Gambee,	D. J. Hogan,	P. J. O'Connell,
T. J. Dundon,	M. M. Foote,	J. D. McCormick.

JUNIOR CLASS.

J. D. Hogan,	T. P. White.
--------------	--------------

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

W. J. Clarke,	L. Hayes,	D. Moloney,
C. Dodge,	W. Dodge,	F. P. Leffingwell.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

J. Eisenman,	E. G. Graves,	C. Walter,
T. J. Murphy,	J. E. Hogan,	H. W. Walker,
W. Campbell,	C. Berdel,	E. S. Monahan,
T. Noel,	M. Bastarache,	T. Watson,
J. Caren,	E. E. Mohl.	

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary*.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, December 15, 1872.

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

TABLET OF HONOR (SR. DEP'T), Dec. 15, 1872.

Katie Zell,	Mary Cochrane,	Mary Lassen,
Alice Mast,	(Alice Shea,)	Katie Haymond,
Bibbie Crowley,	Lizzie King,	Aline Todd,
Lizzie Niel,	Mary Kearney,	Annie M. Clarke,
Nellie Gross,	Vadie Ball,	Ida Reynolds,
Rose Devoto,	Mary Brown,	Rose Mary Spier,
Lillie West,	Gertie Crapser,	Mary Comer,
Libbie Black,	Nellie Langdon,	Marietta Ward,
Emma Haggerty,	Annie Lloyd,	Mamie Prince,
Julia Kearney,	Minnie Quan,	Bay Reynolds,
Mary Wicker,	Lettie Ritchie,	Bridget Grace,
Lizzie Daly,	(M. Letourneau,)	Agnes Church,
Emma Plamondon,	Fannie Butters,	Sarah Shipley,
Carrie Creveling,	Lella James,	Julia Fanning,
Amelia Keeline,	Annie T. Clarke,	Laura Weinreich,
Mary Riley,	Jennie Noonan,	Agatha St. Clair,
Esther Boyce,	Helen Foote,	Hanna McMahon,
Mary Layfield,	Nellie Heedy,	Addie Hambleton,
Mary A. Roberts,	Rebecca Woolman,	Louisa Pfeiffer,
Katie Miller,	Katie Casey,	Lou Beckman,
Annie Reid,	Mary E. Roberts,	Addie Reberts,
Ella Quinlan,	Mary Kelly,	Bell White,
Mary McGuire,	Agnes Conahan,	Maria Pinney,
Anabel Stockton,	Sarah Chenoweth,	Ella Howell,
Lavinia Forrester,	Rebecca Marr,	Annie Eby,
Nellie McAuliffe,	Ida Hatch,	Mary White,
Rose Klar,	Joanna Valdez,	R. Manzanares,
Mary Lyons,	Henrietta Miller,	Lizzie Sheiber,
Louisa Lilly,	Fannie Snouffer,	Nellie Hinkston,
Nellie Ball,	Mary Gregg,	Genevieve Walton.

TABLET OF HONOR (JR DEP'T), Dec. 10, 1872.

E. Richardson,	A. Smith,	L. Tinsley,
L. Harrison,	L. McKinnon,	F. Lloyd,
A. Walsh,	M. Hepp,	A. Goldhardt,
M. Martin,	G. Kelly,	A. Lynch,
K. Joyce,	B. Quan,	N. Vigil,
E. Orton,	T. Schulte,	N. O'Meara,
M. Brown,	M. Walsh,	K. Schmidt,
J. Thompson,	M. Thompson,	C. Smith,
L. Schuerle,	A. Noel,	B. Hassler,
T. Cronin,	M. Reynolds,	A. Burney,
K. Lloyd,	M. Gall,	M. Booth,
R. Hooley,	A. Rose,	M. Carlin,
C. Walker,	M. Ewing,	M. Hildreth,
A. Paulsen,	B. Pfeiffer,	E. Fackson,
K. Hector,	E. Lappin,	E. Lang,
A. Ewing,	A. Bolton,	E. Hassler,
M. Lowrey,	L. Walsh,	F. Kendall,
G. Hooley,	M. Hughes,	C. Hughes,
	A. Green.	

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses M. Quan, N. Gross, A. M. Clarke,
L. West, M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, J. Kearney, K.
Haymond, M. Lange.

Second Class—Misses M. Comer, A. Roberts, A. Ried,

A. Church, L. Tinsley, A. Lynch, M. E. Roberts, A. Todd,
Third Class—Misses M. Brown, L. Ritchie, L. Niel, B.
Keynolds.

GERMAN.

First Class—Misses K. Miller, H. Miller, K. Zell, L.
Black, M. Comer, L. Weinreich, A. Goldhardt, L. Schei-
ber.

Second Class—Misses Katie Schmidt, L. Schuerle, S. N.
Ball, N. Ball, K. Finley, C. Creveling, R. Klarr, A. Rose.

Third Class—Misses A. Shea, B. Crowley, R. Marr, E.
Richardson, L. Daley, M. and E. Thompson, M. Martin, B.
Pfeiffer.

LATIN.

Misses L. King, G. Crapser.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—E. Plamondon, K. Young, K. McMahon, G.
Crapser.

Second Division—H. Niel, R. Spiers.

Second Class—L. Black, E. Quinlan, A. Goldhardt, A.
Todd.

Second Division—M. Prince, L. West, B. Grace, D.
Greene.

Third Class—Misses Heedy, M. Lassen, M. Quan, S.
Shipley, M. Ward, H. McMahon, J. Noonan, A. Smith.

Second Division—M. Comer, M. Lange, L. Beckman.

Fourth Class—M. Kearney, L. Daly, N. Gross, A. Shea,
A. Ried, M. Letourneau, L. King.

Second Division—H. Foote, J. Kearney, E. Ives.

Fifth Class—M. Hepp, K. Schmidt, D. Simonds, E.
Boyce, A. Stockton, M. Brown, B. Johnson, A. T. Clarke,
K. Haymond, A. Mast, K. Finley.

Second Division—L. McKinnon, L. Tinsley.

Sixth Class—C. Creveling, M. Faxon, F. Lloyd, A.
Lloyd, E. Jackson, M. Pinney, L. Pfeiffer, A. Conahan.

Second Division—Misses Marr, M. Brown, A. Noel, A.
Allen, M. Carlin, B. Wade, E. Wade, C. Walker, A. Rose,
B. Hassler, A. Church, M. Reily, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, N.
Ball, K. Wickham, N. McAuliffe, A. Paulsen.

Seventh Class—N. McMahon, M. Hildreth, M. Nash, E.
Thompson, M. Thompson, M. E. Roberts, F. Snouffer, L.
Weinreich, S. Chenoweth, M. Dilloa, J. Conners, A.
O'Connor, S. Smith, C. Smith, A. Walsh, A. Eby, C.
Reichling, M. Gregg, M. Roberts, R. Hooley, K. Casey.

Eighth Class—M. Walsh, E. Richardson.

Ninth Class—B. Pfeiffer, E. Lange, T. Schulte.

Tenth Class—C. Hughes, M. Hughes, B. Quan, E. Hass-
ler, T. Cronin, L. Lappin, M. DeLong, K. Bolton, G.
Hooley.

FINGER EXERCISES.

B. Johnson, A. Lloyd, A. T. Clark, E. Thompson, M.
Thompson, A. Keeline, E. Lange, A. O'Connor.

THEORETICAL CLASSES.

M. Brown, M. Quan, M. Lange, A. Clark, A. T. Clark,
B. Johnson, M. Nash, A. Stockton, E. Wade, B. Wade, A.
Church, F. Rush, L. Pfeiffer, K. Wickham, R. Manzanares,
N. Vigil, J. Valdors, M. Walsh, L. King, T. Schulte, M.
Brown, L. Reichling, A. Eby, R. Hooley.

VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Lilly West.

Second Division—K. McMahon, M. Ward, R. Devoto,
L. Black.

Second Class—M. Wicker, A. Shea, E. Haggerty.

Second Division—A. Rose, N. Langdon, L. James, R.
Spiers, S. Shipley.

Third Class—Mary Kearney, Julia Kearney, E. Howell, L. Beckman, J. Noonan, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, N. Foote, A. Roberts, H. McMahon.

Second Division—A. Ried, M. Faxon, S. and C. Smith, R. Marr, M. Comer.

General Class—A. and S. Lynch, A. Walsh, M. Walsh, M. Carlin, A. Goldhart, M. Booth, E. Jackson, N. O'Meara, L. Walsh, M. Hildreth.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses K. Young, B. Reynolds, R. Devoto, L. Black.

Second Division—L. Weinreich, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Second Class—Misses A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer, R. Woolman, S. Shipley, E. Howell, D. Simonds, S. Chenoweth.

Second Division—Misses R. Klar, L. Forrester, N. McAuliffe, N. McMahon, A. Gollhardt, S. Smith.

Third Class—Misses M. Booth, C. Smith, N. O'Meara.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class—Misses K. Young, L. Black, B. Reynolds.

Second Class—Misses E. Howell, E. Wade, B. Wade, L. Harrison, L. Pfeiffer, R. Klar, L. Forrester.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

First Class—Miss R. Devoto.

Second Class—Misses E. Howell, S. Shipley, E. Wade, B. Wade, L. Harrison, R. Woolman, N. McMahon.

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1/2 column.....	50	1-16 column.....	10

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	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.

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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, Pittsburgh.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

* Second day.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

AUTUMN ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 10 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4.05 a. m.	Leave South Bend 4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.
" " 12 25 p. m.	" " 4 05 a. m.	" " 2 55 a. m.	" " 6.50 a. m.
" " 9.20 p. m.	" " 1 35 p. m.	" " 5 00 a. m.	" " 8.20 a. m.
" " 12 37 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.	" " 5 55 p. m.	" " 9.40 p. m.
" " 8.20 p. m.	Runs to Elkhart.	" " 6.37 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.

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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.