

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

Number 16.

Died,

On the 17th inst., at Notre Dame, Indiana, of consumption, MAURICE ALLONBY WILLIAMS, of Baltimore. May he rest in peace!

His pure young life, so full of affection to those that were his, and at the same time so acceptable to God, was breathed out as he desired, "but a little while after the administration of the Last Sacraments." Let us hope that the Lord of the harvest culled with pleasure this chosen flower, ere years, temptation and sorrow dimmed its freshness, and let us realize that we do not contemplate a *broken* life, but rather one perfected in its early destination for heaven, fitted and educated for its appointed hour. The bright hopes of youth to achieve *something* in the glowing future, were yielded, not without a struggle, it is true, but with a beautiful resignation which applied every energy to prepare for the end he kept unceasingly before him from the moment the final opinion of his physician forbade the hope of recovery. And a life always remarkable for its unwavering and lively faith in the Catholic truths which were his birth right and inheritance, was crowned by a death, peaceful and holy, amidst Religious, whose presence and surroundings for the last two months of his life, he made his comfort and support in the valley of the shadow of death. His last movements were to wipe the streaming tears from his mother's eyes, and to bid farewell to the priest, faithful and true, whose holy offices in his behalf ceased not in death. His last look was cast on the image of the crucified Lord and the Immaculate Virgin he tenderly loved and endeavored faithfully to serve. May we trust that they received him into the mansions of eternal bliss, and that at this moment the echoes of the rejoicings that commemorate on earth the birth of Christ mingle with the Alleluias of the angels who welcome his redeemed soul amidst the followers of the Lamb.

Physical Myths.

We lately glanced over a very pretty and serviceable little volume—"A Manual of Mythology:" Rev. Geo. W. Cox, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford,—which we are glad to find in the hands of several of our students, as from its brevity and comprehensiveness it is well adapted to assist in unriddling the mysteries of Greek and Latin classics. Taking the Greek mythology for its basis, and giving its details thoroughly, it follows with the Roman, Scandinavian, Hindoo and other systems, showing wherein they correspond to the Greek, and wherein they differ; a better method, perhaps, could not have been chosen.

But every man of genius has his hobby, and in the

riding thereof lie the imperfections of his work. Mr. Cox's hobby is the Sun.

We do not object to the physical interpretation of mythological fable. We think it highly probable that the "gods" of the heathen were for the most part personifications of the greater powers of nature: the blue sky, the lower air, fire, water, earth, the sun, the moon, the planets, war, etc. At the same time we believe that the neoplatonists pushed this system of physical interpretation beyond reasonable limits, finding in every poetic fiction—even in every obscure tradition not sufficiently substantiated to deserve the name of history—such as the Trojan war, or the recovery of the Golden Fleece,—finding in all these nothing but the influence of the sun on the seasons, or the alternate return of day and night, or some other astronomical phenomenon.

With Mr. Cox every god, demigod, or hero of heathen tradition is the Sun, under some or other of his aspects. Now this is going a little too far. It is quite difficult even to identify Homer's Apollo with the Sun, for in the first description he gives us of this god, he tells us that "he came like the night" (Il., A, 47); but, nevertheless, we are used to identify the "Far-darting one" with the orb of day. Classical dictionaries, too, have done their work, and we no longer feel sick when we are told that Hercules, Bacchus, etc., are the inevitable Sun; but when it comes to Achilles,—our familiar Achilles, whose father was a mortal man, and whose mother though a sort of mermaid, was endowed with human affections,—oh! Mr. Cox, how could you place him at a distance of ninety (how many is it?) millions of miles off, enveloped in an atmosphere of carburetted hydrogen?

A very curious little article appeared in some of our periodicals lately showing that the familiar nursery ditty:

"Sing a song of sixpence
A pocketful of rye,"

was nothing more than a "physical myth." The "four and twenty blackbirds" were the twenty-four hours of the day, we believe, and the "maid" who was

"— In the garden
Hanging out the clothes,"

and whose fate forms the catastrophe of the piece, was no less a personage than "Rhododactylos Eos." But twenty years ago, we read a skit that was even better, and which proved conclusively that the Emperor Napoleon (the Great) was nothing more or less than the Sun. We give all that we remember of the proofs, and let the reader take up Mr. Cox's work and see if he has made out half as strong a case for Achilles.

1st. *The name.* Napoleon, without the euphonic N, with which it commences, is "Apoleon," a poetic form of

Apollon, and Buonaparte—*de bonâ parte*—means that the sun rules over the best part of the twenty-four hours.

2d. *His Mother.* Apollo was said to be the son of Leto—Napoleon's mother was Letitia, *evidently* a derivative, and much more like than the Latin word Latona.

3d. *His Birthplace.* An island in the Mediterranean.

4th. *His two wives.*—The Egyptians assigned two wives, the Moon and the Earth, to the Sun, the first barren, the second fruitful.

5th. *His career.* He rises from obscurity, attains meridian splendor, and is repulsed by the North (at Moscow). He finally disappears beyond the Western horizon of Europe, namely, in the Island of St. Helena. S.

The Scholar.

At the present day there is a tendency to depreciate those higher branches of education which characterize the scholar—a tendency to place merit rather in dress than in the mind. The dollar, and not mental development, is that by which the present judges; but happily the taste of the age is not to be taken as the standard, and the time will come when the rich man will be forgotten, and the scholar, the man of worth, of true refinement, will have his merits weighed in the scale of justice, and will receive the praise due him; but he will long since have vanished from earth, and have furnished another proof of the old saying that "he who would be praised must first die." Then, when both have died, mankind expects no farther succor from either; and justice—equal justice—is done to both: each receives his meed of praise. And he of them who has contributed to the real benefit of the human race, who has by the greatness of his mind proved himself worthy the praise and gratitude of mankind, is thus adjudged by the historian, and his name is inscribed upon his immortal pages, there to remain as a monument of his greatness, for the admiration of men.

It is not wealth that influences the critic and historian in his judgment of the man, but mental refinement and worth. And as education is the great source of mental refinement, it becomes us, to some extent, to speak thereon, though it is a subject that every schoolboy has written upon many times, perhaps; but we trust it will be deemed a sufficient apology for us if, instead of speaking of it in general, we particularize, and speak more of some of those branches which in our opinion tend more than others to mental refinement.

In glancing back over the pages of modern literature, we are not a little surprised on finding so many classical scholars among the names inscribed thereon. Those men whose names hold the higher places in the catalogue of fame have, with *very* few exceptions, been men who knew their Latin and Greek. And when we find one among them who was not a classical scholar, we feel a regret that he did not know those two noble languages, that his genius might have been enhanced, and his writings, which bespeak great natural talents, have placed him higher in the scale of authors, and caused his name to shine forth more brilliantly. Thus do we say of Bunyan. It does not answer to merely have read the translations of the great geniuses of antiquity; for though the sentiments may, to a great extent, be preserved in the translations, the language does not conform, and the translation holds the same relation to the original as does the photograph to

the individual: the varied expressions of countenance are not present; and the translator instead of stamping the translation with the likeness of the author has left the impress of his own mind. Besides, that nicety of expression, beauty and refinement are worn away in the process of translation, and the translation itself, to make the best of it, is labored and imperfect. The genius of one language does not suit the literature of another. Then, again, those authors who have come down to us have so much pith in their writings that they are well worth our attention. It is this which has kept them above the surface, and caused them to flow gently down the stream of time until now when we are reaping great profit from them. But we need go no further in endeavoring to bring the value of the classics into general appreciation than to say that all great men do and have highly commended their study to the student. And why should we discuss their utility when they themselves have asserted it? The great generals, statesmen, orators, poets, philosophers, historians and essayists, have nearly all been men of classical attainments. These are the men to whom the country looks to render her signal service in time of need.

It is by the scholars of a country that the country is judged, and takes her rank among the nations of the globe. Thus at the present day do we acknowledge the first place to Germany. And where do we find more learned men? Though we cannot praise the tendency of education in Germany, we cannot help acknowledging the great service her scholars have rendered to philology and many of the other sciences. Alexander Von Humboldt, Müller, Schlegel, and a multitude of others scarcely less eminent, are men whose names reflect honor upon Germany, and to whom she owes the high rank which she now holds among nations.

Though the classical scholars of a country tend much to enhance the esteem of other people for that nation, and go a great way to give to her the title of "seat of learning," still within the last century a branch of education which before was valued but little has so advanced as to claim the attention of all who would lay a just claim to appellation of a *scholar*. This is Natural History. The wonders that the study and investigation of the natural sciences has laid open to the eyes of mankind are truly astonishing, and it is with justice that the scientist has been assigned a high place among the scholars and learned men of the world. The service he renders religion, mankind and his country in laying open the history of the rocks therein and exposing her mineral resources, are no longer to be called in question. And justly may mankind feel proud of such men as Cuvier, Agassiz, Dana, Lyell and others who have signalized and made themselves eminent by the zeal with which they have applied themselves to scientific research, and the great and more than satisfactory results that have attended their investigations.

While thus the scholar makes himself beneficial to his country and mankind, there is to him a pleasure even beyond the gratification of being thus a useful member of society. The philologist has his delight and self-gratification in observing the similarity that exist between the different languages of a family, and between the different families of language themselves, tracing each back to its parent stock, and deducing the conclusion in his own mind that the time must have been when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." The classical scholar

reads the "tale of Troy" time and time again, and is enchanted with the simplicity, grandeur and sublimity of the narrative. The naturalist picks up a little bone, and a whole animal is pictured before his mind's eye; a stone, and the history of its formation is opened before him, and he reads therefrom; he beholds the rocks of the different ages, and the wonders of the creation are exposed to his view. What pleasure must not these things afford the man of learning, who is able to some extent to appreciate them! What sublime conceptions and grand ideas must they not call up in his mind! Yet grand as these pleasures are, they are of the innocent order, and such as cannot fail to awaken in the mind of the truly wise and learned a great reverence for Him who at His simple word made all things thus. Such men care little or nothing for the opinion of the world, and little about temporary fame; they labor for truth, and unconsciously build their temple of fame in the mind of posterity, where their merits will be rightly judged and their labors appreciated. But, alas! men are not all of this class. Some instead of using their knowledge for the cause of *religion* and *truth*, use it rather to shake the faith of men, and remove the necessity of a Creator. To such is the old saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," very applicable. They have lost sight of the Creator in admiring the wonders of His works. Such men have not the "beginning of wisdom," and cannot justly be called scholars, for the word scholar necessarily implies wisdom to some extent. This, however, depends greatly upon the institution at which the individual is educated; for if the institution administers a "godless education," as alas, too many do, do not cause religion and education to walk side by side, hand in hand, the graduate is either indifferent on the subject of religion or is an infidel.

As we have seen, the influence the scholar may exercise upon the minds of men is very great, for the "pen is mightier than the sword," and when wielded by a man of learning is eminently so. The part he has to play, then, is an important one, and great and honorable are the responsibilities that devolve upon him. Whether he play it well or not, posterity is to judge and the historian to chronicle; he may do much good or evil according as he uses those powers which God has given him and which education has developed.

GULLIVER.

Notre Dame Geographic Expedition.

City of Mexico—Mexicans—City of Puebla (de los Angeles).

VERA CRUZ, November 30, 1872.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: We have just returned from our trip to Mexico, highly delighted with our visit hither, which, though necessarily short, proved to be of incalculable advantage and exceeding interest to all of us, as we witnessed Mexican life in all its phases, came in intimate contact with people of all grades of descent, high and low, rich and poor. In no other country, that we know of, can be seen such striking differences in character and disposition as amongst the people of Mexico; and still, with all the diversity that exists, they are yet decidedly national in manners and customs, and not a little jealous of foreigners who may come amongst them. We see no reason, how-

ever, why they should be considered unchristian in their manners, for we noticed everywhere that religion takes the lead in all affairs, civil and otherwise, and that they possess a strong attachment to all things pertaining to its exercise, as shown by the care with which they build and decorate their chapels and shrines.

That which most attracted our attention was the great number of beggars,—*limosneros*,—who, with a deplorable and repulsive appearance, appealed to our charity, almost immediately upon our entering the city. They swarm around many of the principal parts of the capital, from year in to year out, and quite a number make it their life-long occupation to solicit alms. By law, every Saturday is set apart for almsgiving, and hence the crowd that beset us, as we arrived on that day, and were known of course to be strangers.

Notwithstanding this apparent poverty, the Mexicans are a wealthy people, the *ricos* numbering a very great part of the population, and at the time of the conquest by Cortez displayed the unbounded wealth of their country in the gorgeous and magnificent temples and edifices that everywhere met the eyes of the conqueror. During the seventy-five days that the Spaniards besieged the city, the buildings were nearly all destroyed, and the empire of Montezuma fell with its ruler. Modern European Mexico arises from its ruins, rivalling its predecessor in its grandeur and architectural beauty. The residence of the President, the Cathedral, the School of Mines, Academy of Fine Arts, and the Mint, are buildings most imposing in appearance. Time will not permit our entering into a minute description of each; suffice it to say that they in character resemble those of Southern Europe, and are not a little like those of Aztec origin.

Gold and silver are worked to great perfection, the articles manufactured having become celebrated for the artistic taste that they exhibit, but they have recently declined in value as the internal revolutions of the country have considerably impeded the successful carrying on of this industry.

We may expect, some day, to witness the rise of Mexico amongst the nations of the earth; but so long as the government remains unstable, it must be that the industries of the people will receive no attention. The country is now quiet, but ere long we must witness another revolution, for, seemingly, the Mexicans have stopped only to take breath and prepare for renewed exertions.

Reflecting thus on the past and future of Mexico, we continued visiting such places in and about the great city as have become celebrated by the historic events connected with them and the remains of Aztec civilization that are displayed.

On returning, we joined a train of travellers who were going to Puebla. Such a train with laden mules is called *atajo*, and conducted by men called *arrieros*, who are noted for their expertness in horsemanship, rivalling even the Cossacks of Southern Russia.

In a few days we came in sight of the twin volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, the latter of which is now extinct, though still a study of scientific men on account of its peculiar shape and the manner of its former eruptions. Travellers have frequently descended into the crater of the former during the time of its inaction; still, both the ascent of the mountain and the descent of the crater are always attended with great danger. The lava

issues from the sides of the mount, cutting deep ravines in them; one of these, on the eastern slope, is very large, and can be seen at a great distance on account of its dark appearance in contrast with the white snow. This lava channel is called by the Mexicans *El Espinazo del Diabolo*—The Devil's Backbone. After passing around these great volcanoes, we were not long in reaching Puebla. The two lofty towers of its grand old cathedral first greeted our vision, and then the lesser towers of its numerous churches and convents, well built and beautifully adorned. The streets are roomy and regular, dividing the city into squares; the principal one of the latter is magnificent, situated in the centre of the town, and bounded on three sides by uniform buildings, which are the stores of all kinds of merchandise.

Its colleges and schools, once so celebrated, are now quite reduced in number and importance, education of late years being much neglected. The city, however, is gaining eminence by its manufactures, especially of iron and steel; but that which rendered it most famous was its heroic resistance to the French at the time when a monarchy was attempted by that people in 1863.

You shall hear from us when we arrive at San Domingo.

Yours, etc.,

VIATOR.

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Happy New Year!

It is customary to wish a happy new year to our friends as the old one draws near his end. The practice is a good one, for it proves that we have grace enough left to make a show of taking an interest in the welfare of our neighbors, and, in these selfish times of looking out for No. 1, even a show of interest that has the appearance of Christian brotherly love is accepted with pleasure.

We do not mean to say that we are not sincere when we utter this wish. We are sincere; by *we* is meant all of us, my friends. We are sincere at the time, and the pleasure that we feel in expanding ourselves to our neighbors is proof evident that we would be a much happier people if not only at New Year's, but always, we were to take a real interest in our neighbors' well-being. We do not mean meddling with and fussing about affairs that do not concern us, but we mean that a greater show of friendliness would tend to make us feel, and really have, friendship in our hearts. We cannot read the hearts of others; we can only guess their sentiments by their external acts, and hence the good of outward manifestation of our sentiments.

Many families would be far more happy than they now are, if the affection the members really have for one an-

other—or at least once had for one another, ere it died out from want of mutual sympathy—were more genuinely and more pleasantly manifested among themselves. It has got to be a sort of boast among some of us in this country that "we are rough, but when we have to come to the scratch we are ready," and we despise the mere forms of politeness.

This would do in a society of bears, but will never do in a College, or in any circle of society, or in a family where there is any refinement. Outward politeness may be at times mere hollow form on the part of some. Yet we should have confidence enough in our fellow-men and our own worth to be polite to all, and to receive politeness as genuine from others.

We need never be deceived. Even when others try to impose upon us by putting on airs, the bogus article is quickly detected and the genuine is easily recognized.

Even though we should be deceived in the beginning, and accept once or twice burnished brass for polished gold, our loss is not great, and our gain in the school of experience considerable.

We—our we—we wish you a happy New Year; and the way we shall keep you stirred up and interested in the SCHOLASTIC will be witness of our individual sincerity.

May you all have a happy New Year—may it wear well, and be succeeded by others that wear well, and treat you well. May you write plenty of manuscript for the SCHOLASTIC, and though some of it may find its way to the waste basket, you'll be glad of it in years to come for a twofold reason: glad that you wrote, and glad that all your first and crude productions were not printed to stare you in the face, when, by practice and study, you become a finished writer.

A happy New Year!

The Orphans.

In no way can Christian charity be better shown than in the help we give to the orphans. Poor little waifs—the most of them—deprived of their parents by the mysterious ways of a most just and infinitely merciful Father in heaven, it seems that they are placed before us to keep enkindled in our heart that sentiment of pity for suffering which is so honorable to our nature, and which we can make more profitable to ourselves than it is to the orphans, by raising it to the rank of a supernatural virtue,—which we do when we help the orphan for God's sake.

The letter of the Right Rev. Bishop of this diocese is short and simple and eloquent in facts. He is doing his utmost for the orphans now housed in the Asylum,—numbering about one hundred,—and he urges on the Catholics of the Diocese the necessity of present assistance for the present wants of the little children, and need of money to pay off a debt on the Asylum. The Students of the College, coming from many different dioceses, and many of them being minors, cannot be expected to contribute as liberally as the Professors in money for the payment of the debt; yet they can do a great deal to help the present necessities of the poor orphans by looking over their wardrobe, and with no loss to themselves, but much gain to the orphans, selecting articles of clothing that have become too small for themselves, which they can send to the Asylum.

True.

That which shows in the strongest light the weakness of all denominations opposed to the Catholic Church, is the fact that for the education of their children they have to rely on the assistance of the State.

Catholics ask no aid from the State; they only ask to be relieved from the heavy burden, unjustly imposed on them, of supporting schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children. But when they make this reasonable demand they are met with an outcry from all outside the Church that they (the Catholics) want to keep the children in ignorance. Even the honest men among them, those whose native honesty would induce them to do justice to Catholics, are prevented from doing so by the conviction they have that the various Protestant denominations, and the portion of our population who profess to believe in no religion, could not or would not support separate schools for the education of their children. Now, Catholics in this country, though in the minority, though poor, though hampered in their efforts by the unjust tax imposed upon them to support an expensive system of education from which they can derive no advantage, have supported their own schools and built up their own Colleges and Academies.

Take away this tax; let each denomination of Protestants; and those who profess no religion, and Catholics, each depend upon their own efforts for the education of their children, and what would be the result? Protestants and infidels admit the result would be that they could not keep up their schools. On the other hand, Catholics, who even now support their own schools, could give still greater and more ample educational advantages to their children.

That Catholics, while giving their proportionate share to the support of the public schools, maintain their own in a flourishing condition, shows that now, as in all ages, the Catholic Church is earnest in fulfilling her duty of educating her children.

That Catholics can maintain their schools without State support, and that Protestants and infidels confess that they cannot, shows that the Catholic Church is the only organization in our civilized society that can educate its children without demanding outside aid.

In presence of these two facts, is it not time that the honest portion of our Protestant brethren should open their eyes to the real state of the case, and cease uttering the oft-repeated charge that the Catholic Church tries to keep her children in ignorance? a charge that the whole history of Christendom, as well as her position at the present time, refutes in a manner that cannot be gainsaid.

Maurice A. Williams.

Pray for the soul of MAURICE ALLONBY WILLIAMS, of Baltimore, who died of consumption, at Notre Dame, Indiana, December 17, 1872, aged 23 years and 7 months.

Such was the simple announcement which the young man himself dictated a few days before he died, to be printed with some prayers on small note paper, and which he desired to be sent to his friends. He left a blank only for the date and the number of days that his earthly pilgrimage was yet to be prolonged. The date he knew not, but he did know when he dictated the words that only days,

and not years, nor months, would be added to his span of life.

Some years ago, we knew Maurice, a bright, intelligent lad in the Junior Department, who took his full share in all the sports of the play-ground, but who even then manifested that evenness of temper, control of self, diligence in studies, acuteness of observation, and earnest, solid piety that succeeding years developed, and made the words of Wisdom applicable to him; *Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa*: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

He began his active career in the world with high hopes and with still higher motives. The dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the exemplary student, became the earnest, practical workman in his sphere of life; but around all did he throw the brightness of his natural poetic cast of mind, and the halo of those supernatural ideas which his strong faith rendered so clear and distinct in his well-cultivated mind.

When it became evident to the physician who attended him that there was no hope of his recovery from the malady which he was suffering, he was told the truth concerning his state. Certainly life was dear to him, endowed as he was with a large share of the natural gifts which render life successful, and surrounded by friends and relatives devoted to him and to whom he was affectionately attached. Yet when he was told that there was no hope of his recovery, there was no repining, no murmuring, but, after a short pause during which he interiorly resigned the aspirations of this life, the hopes he had formed, the castles in the air which he, like all of us, had built, he quietly said "May the will of God be done."

Though we may say that such a life as he lived was a preparation for death, and his happy death was the best proof of this, according to the maxim: As a man's life so shall his death be,—yet from the moment he knew that his days were numbered, he gave himself up solely to the great work of learning how to die well. It was then, when the near and inevitable approach of death was known, that his thoughts and his heart went back to those scenes of his college days, and though kind relatives were around him, and the consolations of religion were given him, yet he remembered the friends who had rendered him strong and steadfast in the ways of innocence and peace, who had cultivated the germs of virtue which his pious parents and relatives had implanted in his young heart, both by word and example, and he yearned to go back to that wholesome atmosphere of religion and strengthen his soul as his body weakened, by that continual intercourse with God which was so much more attainable there than even in the bosom of a truly pious family; for he felt—and in beautiful and simple language he expressed his sentiments—that no matter how careful and loving they might be at home, yet they could not completely shut out the world and earthly conversations, with which he wished to have nothing more to do, nor could they procure for him that unceasing ministration of religion which he was sure of having at Notre Dame, especially from one whom he had remembered with constant affection—his former confessor.

Those were the motives that brought him back to Notre Dame to die; and like motives prompted him to request that his body might repose in the grave-yard of the Community.

Dear Maurice! his death was so calm, so peaceful, so

full of hope; he was so assured of receiving the victor's palm from the all-just and all-merciful Judge, after his well-fought struggle, that his death does not bring upon his friends the rebellious regrets, the self-h grief, that those indulge in "who have no hope." His death is an impressive lesson to the students of Notre Dame, bringing out as it does in such bold relief the happy results of a well-spent life—of the life of a young man well instructed in the doctrines of the Church, firmly grounded in his faith, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, keen in his appreciation of persons and things, and judging all things by a reason enlightened by supernatural faith. May they long remember Maurice Williams, who has given them an example of how to live and how to die.

A Quartet.

The same year that Maurice Williams, then a boy, entered the College, three other boys, in whom we took a special interest, were in the same department, and of the four three have passed into eternity. We may be allowed to bring "those who have gone before" to remembrance here. Gentle Willy Sherman, the eldest son of General Sherman, whom all who knew him remember with great affection for his sweet and gentle manners and his bright and sprightly mind, went first. Some years after him, impulsive, warm-hearted Frank Guthrie died a calm and holy death, clothed in the Religious habit, and on the cross at the head of his grave is the name "Bro. Athanasius," professed on his death-bed. Maurice Williams has just departed, leaving the fourth of those bright young lads in the vigor of health and youthful manhood, ambitious, with a worthy ambition, to do his duty in life, steadfast in the grand old faith of his forefathers, able and ready to defend it, and faithful in its practice. May God grant him a long life of usefulness, and in the fulness of years, the grace of dying as peaceful and happy a death as his three former companions died in the bloom of their youth.

CLASSES will be resumed on the 3d proximo.

PROF. M. T. CORBY passed a few days with us this week.

THE St. Cecilians will give an interesting exhibition some time soon.

WE had the pleasure of taking our Christmas turkey with our old friend Orville.

SCRUBBING and general cleaning up through the College is going on during the vacation days.

TWENTY degrees below zero was reported several times by owners of thermometers hereabouts.

REV. FATHER COONEY left on Thursday for Green Bay, Wisconsin, where he will give a mission.

BEAUTY and Colly are said to make the finest black team in St. Jo. County. They are not for sale.

As a matter of course, the cold on the morning of the 23d was intense. Nobody entirely frozen, however.

It did us good to meet—"twas in a crowd"—our worthy friend, Mr. Maples, whom we had not seen since election day. In spite of cold weather—which he fearlessly faced with his fine head for a muffler—he was in a right merry Christmas mood.

OUR sanctum is undergoing a thorough overhauling by Messrs J. and F. Ewing, who are making it look as bright as a new one.

LAWYER ED. BROWN paid a short visit to Notre Dame this week. Mr. Brown is about to start for England on some important business.

THE Christmas collection for the orphans was made among the Students and produced \$60. The Juniors gave two-thirds of the whole amount.

REV. T. O'SULLIVAN made his appearance among us last Monday. We were glad to see him looking so well. His trip to Ireland has been beneficial to his health.

THE finest representation of the Grotto of Bethlehem we have seen this year is the one at the Professed House. It has been made with little expense and a great deal of taste.

OUR thanks are due and hereby given to the *Register* for the hearty welcome extended to us. We like to hear the friendly tones of welcome from those we have long known.

THE Students who remained at the College during the holidays have rather a good time of it. Bro. Thomas' store is very popular now, owing to unusual attractions therein.

THE Faculty returned a vote of thanks to Prof. J. A. Lyons for the fitting up of their meeting room. It is nearly gorgeous, and ornamented entirely regardless of expense.

THE sleighing continues excellent. We drove out from the depot in the fastest kind of time in a sleigh belonging to the livery of Mr. Ireland, who has the kindest heart and fastest horses of any man in South Bend.

ONE of the best papers we receive is the *Catholic Review*, published in Brooklyn and New York. Any one wishing to have a Catholic journal with the latest news may have it by sending subscription to P. V. Hickey, 371, Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

ONE hundred and sixty students went to enjoy a merry Christmas at home. The arrangements made to carry them home were very satisfactory. Rev. Father Condon, Prof. Lyons, Bros. Alban, Camillus and Emmanuel accompanied those going West; Bros. Norbert and John those going East.

THE church in Lowell was burned to the ground last Thursday. The residence of Father Demers was also burned, and but little was saved. The loss is a severe one to the Catholic congregation of Lowell, but no doubt the energy of the Rev. pastor and the generosity of his flock will soon restore things to their old footing. It would be better, we think, to have the church in another part of the town.

WE had the pleasure of visiting the University at Notre Dame, on last Friday afternoon. So short a stay as it was necessary for us to make, gave us time for but a passing glance at the numerous attractions. In passing through the building one is thoroughly impressed with the excellent discipline maintained amongst the students, and the particular attention paid to keeping the rooms comfortable, neat and well ventilated. Of course we called at the printing office, and were kindly "shown through" by one of "Old Ben's" true disciples—Mr. W. C. McMichael—who has charge of the office.—*South Bend Union*.

THE St. Cecilia Philomatheans presented Prof. Ivers with a beautiful gold badge as an acknowledgment of services rendered to them on various occasions by the Professor. The St. Cecilians have shown themselves at all times particularly gifted with the virtue of gratitude. Of course Prof. Ivers highly appreciates the honor of wearing the St. Cecilia badge. Who is more worthy of it than the Professor?

THE Festival of Christmas was celebrated in a becoming manner by the inmates of Notre Dame. Midnight Mass was celebrated as usual. Half an hour before the Mass the members of the University Band, led by J. H. Gillespie, played the *Adeste Fideles* in the College hall, and thus gave the sleepers a timely warning to wake up and prepare for Mass. At midnight the Church service began, and, as usual, was very impressive. Rev. Father O'Rourke preached a short sermon adapted to the occasion. The celebrant was Very Rev. Father Granger, Provincial, assisted by Rev. Father Letourneau as deacon, and Rev. Father Carrier as subdeacon. The number of communicants at the different Masses was very large. The grand altar was ablaze with lights, and was very tasty in its decorations. The Band played well, and in spite of its reduced members (many having gone home for the vacation) did credit to itself. The Choir sang the *Adeste Fideles*.

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 20, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. H. Buter, W. Briant, A. Blong, C. Berdel, M. Lasterache, R. Boyle, V. M. Baca, J. Brown, H. Byrne, V. Baca, J. Begue, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, J. Claffey, F. Devoto, F. Donnelly, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, T. Dundon, J. Devine, J. Eisenman, F. Flannigan, M. Foote, B. Gorman, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Graves, J. Gillespie, D. Hogan, J. E. Hogan, E. Halpin, W. Hoffman, D. Halloran, J. Hand, L. Hinkston, P. Jacobs, T. Keenan, J. Kelly, F. Leffingwell, J. Lee, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, D. Moloney, J. Murphy, A. Mooney, J. Murphy, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. McLaughlin, J. Noonan, P. O'Meara, P. O'Connell, F. Phelan, J. Rourke, B. Roberts, H. Lawlor, E. Spitley, G. Stack, J. Shiel, F. Scrafford, G. Summers, C. Spears, 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.

St. Cecilia Philomathean.

The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th regular meetings were held respectively November 21st, 24th, 28th, December 1st, 7th and 14th. At these meetings the following read compositions and delivered declamations: L. Hibben, F. McOsker, O. Waterman, R. Hutchings, J. Quill, W. Fletcher, E. Ohmer, F. Egan, W. Breen, J. Devine, W. Ball, W. Gross, J. Langenderfer, J. Marks, E. Dougherty, L. Whitake, D. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, V.

McKinnon, J. Ewing, W. Meyer, W. Morgan, and H. Hunt.

Masters O. Tong, J. McGinniss and W. Green were elected members. Master E. Ohmer was chosen Vice President of the orpheonic branch. The debate: *Resolved*—"That a Statesman is more beneficial to a Commonwealth than a Warrior," was given out. After appointing a committee to present a badge of the Association to Prof. W. J. Ivers, A. M., the members adjourned until after the holidays. J. QUILL, Sec.

"PHILOMATHEAN STANDARD."

"Devoted to the Good, the Beautiful and the True."

The first regular meeting was held Monday, December 17th, for the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

Director—Rev. A. Lemonnier, C.S.C.
 Superintendent—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A.M.
 Honorary Superintendent—Bro. Camillus, C.S.C.
 President—L. O. Hibben.
 Vice-President—E. Ohmer.
 Secretary—J. Quill.
 Treasurer—F. McOsker.
 First Censor—J. Stubbs.
 Second Censor—W. Meyer.
 Next came the election of Editors:
 Editor-in-chief—W. P. Breen.
 Leader—W. Fletcher.
 Local Editor—J. Quill.
 Religious Editor—J. Devine.
 Commercial Editor—F. McOsker.
 Foreign Correspondent—F. Egan.
 Literary Editor—J. Langenderfer.
 Musical Editor—E. Ohmer.
 Historical Editor—J. O'Connell.
 Junior Poet—W. Ball.
 Special Reporter—V. McKinnon.
 Comic Editor—E. Dougherty.
 Field-Sport Editors—O. Waterman and J. McGinniss.

The first number of Volume II will be out by January 16, 1873. J. QUILL, Sec.

Chips from School Examinations.

Among the really awful facts disclosed by the English Schools' Inquiring Commission, are some which, in spite of the sad condition of things which they reveal, are exquisitely comical. The richest development of the latter is to be found in the reports of examinations. For example, take the following from an examination of a class in Geography from an "Upper Class" Girls' school. The questions were on a half year's work on the United States, Scotland and Ireland. The answers are as rich as any obtained at Cornell University last fall. Of course we pick the worst ones.

"United States is remarkable for its ruins. Each State manages its own affairs; has a Consul-General appointed by the people, and a Governor by the queen. Each State has a king chosen by the people, and a House of Commons and Lords."

"The Capital of the United States is Mexican. It is governed by a queen, a council and two representatives. It is very subject to earthquakes, and all the houses are built low in consequence."

"The population of Scotland is 2,300,000 square miles" (repeated by two others *totidem verbis*).

"The religion of Scotland is Protestant, and the people are Catholics."

"One quarter of the inhabitants of the globe live in Scotland. Oats are the favorite food of the people."

"The climate of Scotland is in a very thriving condition."

"Ireland is nice and clean in some places and dirty in others. It exports tallow candles and cork."

"Ireland is flat: the occupation of the people is to dig potatoes. Its ports are Aberdeen and Dundee, and it exports fish."

If anything could beat the foregoing, it was the spelling of a hopeful, eleven years old, found in a boys' school. This is the way he did it, the occasion evidently being a "dictation exercise."

"The Arabs have all been wondering tribes, and have dell in tenests amid the trackls dersts which cover a large porteon of their contry. There erly history is very imperfectly knon. The first event that is wort recording was the birt of Mahomet. This took place at Mecce a sati on the border of the red sea in the year 570 of the Cinatien era. Till the age of tewlve Mahomet was a Coaml drive in the dester. He after was spent much of his time in Solude. His dwelling was a losome cave weri he pretened to be employed in pray and mtation. When he was forter yearly old he set up for a prothp."

We presume that the little fellow got no credit for his spelling of the last word. He certainly ought to have received one for originality.—*American Educational Month.*

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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.

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"	9.20 p. m.	"	1 35 p. m.
"	12 37 a. m.	"	5 30 p. m.
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"	2 55 a. m.	"	6.50 a. m.
"	5 00 a. m.	"	8.20 a. m.
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