

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 4, 1873.

Number 17.

## Why are You Shedding Tears?

While sitting at my window one lovely evening in May, buried in thought and unmindful of the presence of some one who had entered my room, I was aroused from my reverie by a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and the inquiry: "Why are you shedding tears?" I then first discovered that I had been weeping—and well might the fountain of tears be open, for I was thinking of the loved and absent, the cherished living, and the ever present though slumbering dead! Feigning some excuse, I endeavored to pass the matter off as well as possible—yet still the heart was sad. As soon as I found myself once more alone, I traced the following lines:

Oh ask me not why tears are streaming  
Down my fevered, burning cheek,  
Why this saddened heart is dreaming,  
Over ills it may not speak;  
Chide me not,—oh! judge not harshly  
Of the grief thou canst not feel—  
There are griefs we cherish dearly,  
Ills we may not to the world reveal.  
Sorrows too be deeply hidden,  
Cherished fondly in the heart,  
While the tell-tale tear unbidden,  
From its hiding-place will start,  
Like the wounded bird that flies  
With her wing the dart concealing  
Till she reach her nest—and dies.  
Then ask me not why thus I'm weeping,  
Why thus sad and lonely here—  
Are not guardian spirits keeping  
Kindly watch o'er sigh and tear?  
Then let me weep while thus they're ling'ring,  
Whispering peace, and hope, and love,  
With their smiles fond tears are mingling,  
Tears of pity from above.

J. P. D.

## Good Books.

A good book has been likened to a well-chosen orchard tree, carefully tended. Its fruits are not of one season. Year by year it yields abundant product, and often of a richer hue and flavor.

Perhaps the calmer industry of the matured taste helps it to find the hidden fragrance. Many flowers—gay and flaunting—the commonest insects may rife; but only the bee's tongue reaches the honey where it lies in a long tube. Moreover, the toil of the bee is always tranquil; its hum ceases over the blossom. From numberless books the fluttering reader—idle and inconstant—bears away the bloom that only clings to the outer leaf; but genius has its

nectaries, delicate glands, and secretaries of sweetness, and upon these the thoughtful mind must settle in its labor, before the choice perfume of fancy and wisdom is drawn forth.

The truest blessing of literature is found in the inward light and peace which it bestows. Bentley advised his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; as if the thrush in the May leaves did not contradict the caution. The music of wisdom is in the heart.

A sincere lover of literature loves it for itself alone; and it rewards his affection. He is sheltered as in a fortress; whatever troubles and sorrows may besiege him outside, his well of water, his corn, and his wine are safe within the walls; the world is shut out. Even in the tumults of great affairs he is undisturbed.

A story is told of a Roman who expended vast sums in purchasing a household of learned slaves. He wished to have the best poets and historians in living editions. One servant recited the whole of the "Iliad;" another chanted the Odes of Pindar. Every standard author had a representation. The free press has replaced the bondman.

Literature is no longer an heirloom, nor can an emperor monopolize Horace. A small outlay obtains a choicer collection of verses than the ancient amateur enjoyed, and without the annoyances to which he was subject.

He had no familiar book for a corner, nor any portable poet to be a companion in a cornfield or under a tree. Not even Nero could compress a slave into an Elzevir. Moreover disappointments sometimes occurred. Perhaps the deputy "Pindar" was out of the way, or a sudden indisposition of "Homer" interrupted Ulysses in the middle of an harangue, and left Hector stretching out his arms to his child in vain.

Pleasant it would be for us, in our gloomy hours of time and sadness, if we might imitate that Indian bird which, enjoying the sunshine all the day, secures a faint reflection of it in the night, by sticking glow-worms over the walls of its nest. And something of this light is obtained from the books read in youth, to be remembered in age:—

"And summer's green all girted up in sheaves."

Coleridge said that the scenes of his childhood were so deeply written on his mind, that when upon a still, shining day of summer he shut his eyes, the river Otter ran murmuring down the room, with the soft tints of its waters, the crossing plank, the willows on the margin, and the coloured sands of its bed. The lover of books has memories also not less sweet or dear. Having drunk of the springs of intellect in his childhood, he will continue to quench his thirst from them in the heat, the burden, and the decline of the day. The corrupted streams of popular entertainment flow by him unregarded. He lives among

the society of an elder age. Tasteful learning he numbers among the chiefest blessings of his home; when clasping the hand of religion, it becomes its vassal and its friend.

By this union he obtains the watchfulness and the guidance of two companions, loving and beloved, who redouble his delights in health, bring flowers to his pillow in sickness, and shed the lustre and the peace of the past and the future over the blackness and the consternation of the present.

### Bill and I.

We were bilious on New Years' Eve—Buffalo-Bilious. Whether the "buck fever,"—that epidemic of incipient deer-stalkers,—have any affinity with buffalo-biliousness we are unable to say. It is a very extraordinary dramatic composition—whether tragedy or comedy we will not pretend to determine; but we doubt if either Melpomene or Thalia would claim the inspiration thereof. The scene opens and discloses the hired gal and a looney individual who is rather spooney besides. The company is gradually augmented by Mrs. Buffalo Bill, and Miss Lilly Buffalo Bill, the mother and sister of the hero, who announce his coming in terms of unmeasured satisfaction. He comes! He tells the story of his wrongs, and assures the audience that he does not want to shoot his enemy,—one Jake McCauldlish—who happens to be present—disguised in a red flannel shirt,—oh! no; he only wants to roast him alive by a slow fire on the spot where his crimes were perpetrated. Then Miss Buffalo Bill is carried off by Jake, and rescued by somebody else. It is this young lady's fate to be carried off and rescued once or twice in the course of every act, until the last, when she narrowly escapes being blown up by a torpedo put in an empty teapot. There is an Indian called Firewater Tom, who is always being captured and escaping—so is Jake McCauldlish,—only those who capture him generally let him go spontaneously, so as to reserve him for the vengeance of Buffalo Bill. They have a compound sparring and wrestling match in the Fourth Act, which apparently puts an end to Jake. At any rate he doesn't appear again.

S.

### Railroad News.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company, in connection with the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Company, have purchased a plat of ground, 110x120 feet, on the corner of St. Clair and Ontario streets, Cleveland, Ohio, with the intention of erecting thereon, during the coming year, a building to be used for the general offices of the two Companies. The plans, as already drawn, are for a building containing five stories and basement, covering the whole lot. It is to be built of stone, and when finished will be as near fireproof as a house can be made,—the general opinion being, since the great fires of Chicago and Boston, that no building can be made completely fire-proof. The estimated cost is \$300,000; with the lot, \$357,000.

It is estimated that the gross earnings of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, for 1872, will amount to the large sum of \$17,500,000. The gross earnings for 1871 were \$14,798,000, showing an increase of about two and

three-quarter millions. The taxes on the gross earnings per year are about 2 per cent, or nearly \$350,000. This sum is paid over and goes into the Treasuries of the six different States through which the road passes, the Company thus being of benefit financially to the people of these States, and the road a great convenience to the shipping and travelling public.

The Company have added to the rolling stock during the past year much valuable machinery. They are now using 414 locomotives, which have run in the passenger service of the Company since September last 230,134 miles; in freight service, 583,034 miles. Total number of miles run, including working and switching, 1,172,054. The average cost per mile for repairs was, 06.34; for fuel, 07.52; for enginemen, firemen, and wipers, 06.3. Total average cost per mile run, 18.32.

They have now on hand 130 first-class passenger coaches, 18 second-class, 2 pay-cars, 27 emigrant, 11 postal, and 61 baggage cars,—making a total of 239 cars used in the passenger business of the Company. They have also 9,000 freight, stock, and other cars—making a grand total of 9,240 cars owned by the Company.

### Our Chinese Correspondent.

MR. EDITOR: I deign to enlighten you on a subject of which, doubtless, you do not in your ignorance comprehend the importance.

When I honored you with a short communication not many days ago, I thought there was every probability that you would not understand how important it is to bring up the women of this country to the level of our Chinese, and consequently that you would consider the subject of their feet—I despise the pun you sillily allow yourself, as you mentally call them their understanding—as a very trivial affair.

But has the truth never penetrated your dull brain that the question of feet is intimately connected with Woman Suffrage?

Now Woman Suffrage is the real indication of the progress of men in true Chinese civilization. The old system of Christianity, which most of the barbarians in the West pretend to profess, and which influences them all, has raised woman to such a high pinnacle that so long as she maintains it there is no hope of you barbarians becoming thoroughly Chinese, how much soever you may pride yourselves on approaching to that desirable end. This Christian system has developed to such a high degree the sentiments of respect, honor and love in the hearts of sons for their mothers, of brothers for their sisters, of husbands for their wives, and of all young men for all young women who have sense enough to keep the high position your system has placed them in, that it is impossible to overcome their influence (which all tends to the upholding of the Christian system) unless her position be undermined, that is, unless we can lessen in the hearts of sons and brothers and husbands that respect they have for their mother, sister and wife, and by concomitance for all of the sex.

No means more powerful to effect this has as yet been brought to my notice; and I honor those men who under the pretence of redressing Woman's wrongs and advocating Woman's Rights are doing so much to destroy woman's influence at home, as a mother, sister, wife.

Very little, it is true, has as yet been done. But I have hopes. While on the one side they are made to think themselves down-trodden because they cannot vote; and that they are slaves while they are queens in the household—the result of Christianity; on the other hand they will in a few generations, entirely disable themselves by wearing tight shoes; there is, I repeat, not tautologically, but, sir, for the sake of emphasis, there is hope; hope that not many years hence true Chinese civilization will root out of this western land the exaggerated respect which you barbarians have for your mothers and sisters and all who like them are true women in your Christian sense of the term.

I am, sir, yours, etc., etc.,

AH-CHEEK-AH, D. D.

### The Fee-Nicks.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: DEAR SIR: I am sorry to notice in your issue of the 21st inst. an article headed "The Phoenix," and signed "Drummond," in which all the antiquated fables of the past are drummed up and foisted on the minds of the intelligent public of the nineteenth century.

The Phoenix, or rather the "Fee-Nicks," about which so much delusion seems to exist, consisted simply of an ancient method of keeping accounts in vogue before the invention of the Italian system of Double Entry. Owing to the high price of papyrus, the lawyers and physicians of ancient times kept account of the fees due them by making notches or nicks on a stick kept for that purpose. At long intervals it became necessary to use another stick, to which the unpaid fees remaining tallied on the first were transferred. The old stick was then burned and the new one took its place—hence the fable of the Phoenix rising from its ashes. It is said to expire on a pyre of cassia—or more properly on a pile of cash—ah!—because when the cash was paid the fee-nicks of the account were cancelled. As for the egg story, that alone is *un auf* to show the absurdity of the classic fable.

I hope Mr. Drummond won't take umbrage at these little explanations. Some persons there are so attached to classic fiction that even when truth stares them in the face they flout it and scout it, and flee at it, and jeer at it, and sneer at it, but we have a better opinion of Drummond.

SYMBOLS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* writes:—"The interest in the fate of the late Sir John Franklin and the expedition which accompanied him, has been again revived by the reception in England of an almost entire male skeleton, discovered in the Arctic regions by Hall, the American explorer. It appears that the bones in question were taken to the United States and presented by the discoverer to a Geographical Society, the members of which gave them in return to Rear-Admiral Inglefield, C. B., our late naval *attaché* at Washington, who despatched them to our Admiralty. The bones are those apparently of a fine grown man of about five-feet eight inches in height, and one of the-teeth was found stopped with gold, which would indicate that the remains were those of an officer, especially as a fragment of a fine 'jersey' was also discovered close to them."

### The Persian Air Flower.

Poets sing a little flower

That blossoms 'neath a Southern Star,  
It never fed on sun or shower,  
Yet wafts its fragrant breath afar,  
And lordly hall as cottage bower  
Claims alike that beauteous flower.

They say affection's sacred air  
Fed that flower's day by day,  
But should the breath of scorn blow there,  
Its life and beauty fade away;  
The incense of their gods they prize  
As naught compared to its sweet sighs.

Oh, that sweet flower in pagan land  
Shadows forth a flower divine,  
Planted by a Saviour's hand,  
Christian heart, in soil of thine;  
No golden sun of worldly smile,  
No pearly showers of earth's applause  
May feed its bloom; it grows the while  
Sustained and fed by nobler cause.  
From heaven it came, my soul, to thee,  
And there they call it *Charity*.

### A Vision of the Night.

It was the festival of St. Thomas—the shortest day of the year—and when the solemn night set in—the long and dreary night—with it set in a fitting tide of visions. Methought I was a walker in the valley of birds—the bird-dell I might call it,—they were blackbirds, and their songs were melodious. No living creature save these birds inhabited the valley. A stream ran through it which I scanned for fish in vain—I could no gill espy. But as for the birds—every foot of the valley was crowded with them. I came not there to pillage their nests—to rob, hurts the feelings of the parent bird, and the thought of such cruelty causes my blood to boil—my "*cor*" makes a silent protest against it. What son of Christian parents would be so unmerciful? The spirit of evil—"mal"—only could prompt it. Neither would I resort to dodges in the shape of traps in order to secure them, for they utter a rougher note in captivity, nor are the eyes in man delighted with the spectacle of an imprisoned songster. But my dream was becoming stale—I fancied that my clock—Lynn was the maker—had told the hour of noon, and on rousing myself found it had struck twelve indeed—but the twelve of midnight. My visions passed away, and I fell into a peaceful morning slumber. And yet it was not all a dream.

DARNETT CAUNCHY STOPFSQZCKJH.

### Notice of Publication.

LOUISE LATEAU, THE ECSTATICA OF BOIS D'HAINE; her Life, Stigma's and Ecstasies. By Dr. Lefebre. Translated from the French by J. S. Shepherd, West-Chester. New York: The New York Catholic Protectory.

This is a translation of a portion of the important work of Dr. Lefebre, who wrote an account of the case of Louise Lateau in reply to the scoffs of the so-called enlightened and scientific writers who, credulous and superstitious in affairs of spiritism, show their ignorance by condemning without investigation all supernatural manifestations of the power and goodness of God. The perusal of the book is highly interesting and no less instructive.

# The Scholastic.

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## Liberty of the Press.

This is one of the stock subjects of us newspaper scribblers; one we can always fall back upon when we have nothing else to write about, or when we wish to laudate ourselves.

We take it for granted that our intelligent readers know all about how the liberty of the press is a Palladium, a Bulwark, a sheet-anchor, and many other things that we need not now repeat. It would be an old song, but not like Home, Sweet Home, the more agreeable the oftener we sing it.

They also know how the papers of this country, and of others, too, but we confine ourselves to our native land—how the papers of this country raised their voices, from the clarion notes of big editorials in our great dailies to the penny-whistle shriek of little items and scissorings in our innumerable weeklies (with or without patent insides) when they foretold how Victor Emmanuel was going to heave this sheet-anchor into Rome, and by it hold fast his kingdom of United Italy in the Eternal City, and how Kaiser William was to bring back to Modern Germany the grand national feeling of the Empire with this Palladium, and hold united Germany together by means of this Bulwark. Liberty of the Press, said these papers, was to be proclaimed by these great champions of freedom, by these liberal rulers.

The muzzled press of Rome under Victor Emmanuel is rather a poor fulfilment of these foretellings. The papers counted their chickens of freedom before they were hatched. Victor Emmanuel being a bad egg himself, it is not a matter of surprise that the chickens never hatched under his addling influence. The fact is that while the press in Italy has full license to print anything and everything that can corrupt the morals of the people and make them irreligious and contemptible, it dares not print a word to show its detestation of the acts of injustice committed by the government of a royal profligate.

As for Germany, the telegram from Berlin we publish to-day shows how the liberty of the press is understood there.

As for the manner it is understood by some in this country who write weak, trashy stuff about the liberty of the press, we may gather from the fact that the daily paper from which we copied the telegram, in an editorial on the subject, repeats the substance of the despatch in different words, but makes no comment upon it, taking it as a matter of course, and perfectly in accordance with that paper's idea of the liberty of the press, since the papers prosecuted were Catholic journals, and they were prosecuted not for anything immoral, not for anything

against their country, but for publishing the Allocution of the Head of the Catholic Church, who has the right to speak to all the millions of his Church, while they have the right to hear what he says, and consequently the right to publish in the press the words which he addresses to them.

What a difference would have been in the tone of that daily if it had been a Catholic sovereign, the Pope for instance, whose government had attempted to suppress a newspaper! What long editorials would be written denouncing the tyranny of the Catholic Church—even when the Catholic Church has nothing to do with it.

If some vile sheet reeking with immorality, profanity and blasphemy would be suppressed by a Catholic government, all the vials of wrath and bottles of dirty ink would be poured out on it by certain newspapers of this country that have not a word of condemnation to utter against the tyranny of the German Emperor.

Such papers mean by liberty of the press, liberty to assail the Catholic Church with calumnies, to advocate her destruction, to blacken the character of Catholics as a body, to impute the vilest and wickedest intentions to them, to attack them in their property, their person, and political rights, and liberty to gag the Catholic press if it dare attempt to refute the calumnies or defend the rights of Catholics—rights which they possess and intend to hold, on an equality with their fellow-citizens; no more, no less.

We do not understand the liberty of the press in that light. And in this country people generally, the daily just mentioned to the contrary notwithstanding, do not so regard it.

We, and all sensible people in fact, hold that such prosecutions as those announced by the telegram from Berlin, and such repression as is made to bear on the press in Italy by the government of Victor Emmanuel, indicate the weakness of the government, show on what a feeble foundation the government stands, and prove it has not the confidence of the people.

To apply this to Germany and Italy would be saying what every one who has followed the course of events knows. Were not Bismarck and his master in dread of the weakness of their hold on Germany and of the disaffection of the finest part of the Empire, they would not have expelled the Jesuits and other religious orders from Germany. They wish to enslave Germany, to establish Cæsarism, to abolish the freedom of the constitutive States of the Empire, to enthrall religion and make it a mere creature of the state; they know the people are attached to their freedom, to their religion, and that the Catholic religion is the only efficient barrier against despotism, the only protector of the rights of the people; hence the Jesuits were first banished, then the other religious orders, then the Bishops and secular clergy were persecuted, and finally the Catholic press was gagged. Greater signs of weakness than these could not be shown by any government, unless by that pitiable excuse for a government that now misrules and oppresses the fair land of Italy. There we find the same signs of weakness with a greater amount of imbecility on the part of the king and ministers. Confiscation of ecclesiastical property by the government—property to which the government has no more right than we individually have to our neighbor's farm or dwelling-house; wholesale depredation on neighboring states, per-

secution of the Catholic Church, especially in the person of the Pope. Is it a matter of surprise that to all these acts of injustice, every one of which is a confession of impotency and imbecility, we find the press tyrannized over, and newspapers fined or suppressed whenever they dare to raise their voice against injustice or utter a political opinion in variance to those of the government?

Perhaps some of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC may think that this is rather too heavy. But we deem it proper to awaken them to a sense of the injustice of some papers they swear by, perhaps, or at least get their ideas about foreign matters from. The fact is that the editors of these papers have not the manhood to avow the truth; they have not the moral courage to defend the truth when they imagine it is not popular; they have not the honesty to go by the homely old maxim that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Catholics and the Catholic Church never get fair play from such papers. Considering the low estimate placed on the honesty of these papers, even by those who read them for one reason or another, Catholics should consider themselves honored by not being in good odor with them. The devil, it is said, hates holy water; thieves hold the officers of justice in utter detestation. We do not expect a thief to make the panegyric of Justice or her officers; still we detest his thievery. We do not expect such papers to praise the Catholic Church or Catholics; still that is no excuse for their dishonesty and want of manhood.

### An Invitation.

"Many men of many minds." We think we wrote a whole page of that when we were a boy, and out of our pot-hooks—and consequently the copy was impressed upon our mind as a vital truth. In regard to editing a college paper we do not believe that the diversity of opinion is so great; and all men have one of two decided opinions.

One set, who have never tried the matter—and never dropped a thought upon how the old thing works—are decidedly of the opinion that it is an easy matter to edit a college paper. There is not much expected from it, like there is from the big papers of the outside world—and therefore it is an easy matter to satisfy the readers. At the same time they pass their remarks on the college papers before them—not very complimentary ones either. "The articles are too long and prosy; or the style is too light; the subjects too trivial." And yet there are very few who, while kindly pointing out the defects, think of carrying their kindness still farther and of writing some better articles for the paper. The other class of men is composed of those who "know how it is themselves;" who have tried to edit a college paper and, whether they have been successful or not, know that it is no easy matter.

We belong to the second class.

And we make this little confidence to our readers at the beginning of the year because of two things:

#### I.

1st. We know we have many friends who kindly criticize our little paper, and who take a real interest in it.

2nd. We know that they belong to the first class mentioned above, and have that bent of mind which makes them consider it an easy matter to get up a good paper.

#### II.

1st. We desire, most ardently wish, that we be still favored with judicious criticisms.

2nd. We very much desire that those who criticize would furnish us with something better for our little paper.

### Our Box.

When we announced that our Contribution Box was nailed up in the classic halls of the College, we counted without our host, or rather without our Cabinet Maker, who had such an amount of business on hand that *had* to be done last year, and all ready for '73, that he could not make ours a Christmas Box. We now record with pleasure that Our Box will be found always in its place, especially on Mondays and Tuesdays, in the hall near the door of the Seniors' Study Hall.

### Thanks.

We return our heartiest thanks to Messrs. Beach and Keedy, the enterprising paper manufacturers of South Bend, for the promptness with which they filled our order, given on short notice, for paper for the office. The extreme cold and great amount of snow have so impeded the trains that three shipments of paper due at this office three weeks ago are still somewhere on the railroad, thus leaving us without paper; it was in this difficulty the above firm came promptly to our relief.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—A good comment on the blatant utterings of the enemies of the Catholic Church about the liberty of the press is contained in the following cable despatch:

BERLIN, January 1.—Prosecutions have been instituted against the Roman Catholic journals in this city, and in the provinces, which have published the recent Papal Allocation.

WHAT has become of the Standing Committee of the Associated Alumni?

WE have not heard from Father Ruthmann for an age. We know, however, that he is well.

COL. ROBARD, of Austin, Texas, a valued friend of Notre Dame, died a few months ago.

WE take pleasure in announcing the safe return of Father Vagnier from his holiday tour.

THE delay in the issue of the last number of the SCHOLASTIC was occasioned by the cold weather and snow.

WE have received the *Chicago Teacher* for January. A thoroughly earnest paper, devoted to the support of the common schools.

PROF. SCHNURRER arrived at Notre Dame last Tuesday evening and received a kind welcome from the members of the Faculty.

THE loss sustained by the burning of the church in Lowell was \$4,000, of which 2,500 is covered by insurance. The vestments and altar ornaments were saved. A new church will soon be commenced on a more eligible spot, and of a size to accommodate the large congregation of the excellent pastor, Rev. Father Demers.

WE acknowledge receipt of the *Rapport du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique de la Province de Quebec*, printed by order of the Legislative Assembly.

REV. F. SPILLARD, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, lost by fire—in spite of the exertions of the congregation—a beautiful representation of Bethlehem.

WE have just heard with sincere regret, and with sympathy for his relatives, of the death of Mr. John Carlin, a graduate of '64. We have not the particulars of cause, place and time of his death.

OUR readers will no doubt rejoice to hear that our corps of reporters is complete. The Fly-Catches will prove one of the most interesting portions of the SCHOLASTIC, and to our reporters all the honor will be due.

REV. F. KILROY, President of the Associated Alumni of Notre Dame, writes us from St. Mary's, Canada. We are glad to hear that he is in the enjoyment of vigorous health, and that we may expect him to be here without fail next June.

THANKS to the many friends who have written us their kind wishes for the coming year. We would like to write to each and all, but we know they will excuse us on account of our various occupations, and accept our plea of Business before pleasure.

A VERY pleasant sleigh-ride to Mishawaka proved to our satisfaction that that enterprising town is recovering from the effects of the fire. We would mention the phoenix in this connection, but "Symbols" would object. We regret we did not find F. Oechtering at home.

THE Minims of St. Mary's gave a rare Christmas entertainment, at which several of the faculty, we learn, were present. We were promised a description of the pretty scene,—Christmas tree, Santa Claus, his reindeer and all—but up to the time of writing this we have had no word.

COLLEGE DAYS is the name of an exchange which hails from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It is a monthly devoted to the interests of Franklin and Marshall College. It is edited with ability, and will deserve a place among the best of our College papers if it continue as it has commenced.

THE printer made a ridiculous typographical blunder in last week's SCHOLASTIC by setting up "head" when we had written *beard*. We have sent on by express for a pair of leather spectacles for that printer, and though we are not vindictively inclined we would not feel *awful* bad if somebody would put a head on him.

WE have not heard for months from our friends in Galveston. What has become of Rev. Father Hayes, of Bro. Boniface, Bro. Charles and others? Are Bros. Felix, Anselm, and others, still living? What of our good friends Prof. Goldthorn, Dr. C. H. Wilkinson? Now, dear Bro. Boniface *take your pen in hand* and tell us all about our friends in Galveston and St. Mary's College.

### Items on New Years' Day.

IN the afternoon the Faculty paid their respects to Professors W. Ivers and T. E. Howard, by whom they were cordially welcomed.

THE Professed Brothers, some fifty or sixty in number, and the postulants and novices, some fifty or sixty more, were received in turn by Very Rev. Father. *eaera.*

THE High Mass of the day was celebrated by Rev. J. C. Carrier, assisted by Rev. E. Lilly, as Deacon, and Rev. J. O'Connell, as Subdeacon. Rev. P. Lauth preached an appropriate sermon.

AFTER dinner, Very Rev. Father General received the members of the Faculty, and was addressed by Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, A.M. Very Rev. Father General answered with kindness the beautiful address of the Professor, and entertained his guests with his usual courtesy.

THE members of the Scholasticate, all youths of great promise, it would seem, led by Rev. Father J. C. Carrier, C.S.C., presented thirteen addresses in thirteen different languages. They were written in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, French, German, Italian, Roman dialect, Spanish, Polish, Russian, Suabian, Lithuanian and Luxemburgian.

EARLY in the morning the members of the Faculty, led by the Director of Studies, paid their respects to the Rev. President, who was addressed very feelingly by Prof. A. J. Stace, A.M., spokesman on the occasion. The President responded to the address by expressing his heartfelt wishes of a Happy New Year to each and all the members of the noble Faculty. The exchange of compliments was followed by a pleasant hour of social intercourse. Afterwards the Faculty called on Very Rev. Father Granger, and Prof. T. E. Howard, A.M., presented him the compliments of the season in behalf of his fellow Professors.

### 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 20, 1872.

#### COMMERCIAL COURSE—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

S. Valdez, P. Cooney, H. Saylor, J. Schmidt, G. Stack, G. Crummy, W. Briant, J. Comer, E. Morancy, F. Donnelly, J. Wolfe, M. Torbet, F. Hamilton, T. Flanigan, J. Noonan, C. Hodgson, A. Mooney, H. Cassidy, P. Jacobs, E. Mullin, J. Ireland.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

O. Waterman, S. Wise, L. Loser, Frank McOscar, J. Mullarky.

### Fly-Catches.

THE Minstrel Entertainment given on the evening of the 21st ult. by the "Corps Histrionic," it appears, has been without a "special reporter," and therefore it falls to our lot to say a word. Well, in a word, it was amusing, and had not the severity of the weather caused bodies to contract, we have no doubt that one might have found plenty of "buttons" on the floor of the hall the next morning. Our favorites, Harry and Joe, kept all in a roar of laughter. Their singing was artistic; their clog-dancing worthy of professionals; their handkerchiefs, gorgeous. In the "Babe in the



SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, January 2, 1873.

A happy new year to all! a very happy new year! If 1873 proves as bountiful in blessings as 1872, we may begin already to give thanks for favors to come, for truly St. Mary's has reason to be grateful for the past and very hopeful for the future. No calamity to record, and among the pupils no dangerous nor even serious illness to chronicle. An unusually large number of pupils, cheerful, diligent, and bright, living together in such a friendly manner as to form a pleasant, social circle, or rather a family circle, sharing with each other the labors, honors, joys, and pastimes that make up the sum of a school-girl's life. Certainly St. Mary's has been highly favored, and all who claim it for their *Alma Mater* have reason to be grateful.

The great closing scenes of the past year, Christmas festivities, were, as usual, celebrated with much religious fervor and social delight. High Mass was celebrated at midnight by Very Rev. Father General. At this Mass the members of the Community and all the Catholic pupils approached the Holy Communion. Immediately before Mass, Miss Mary Rosa Green received Baptism from the hands of the Rev. Celebrant; the scene was very edifying. After a short sermon and fervent thanksgiving all retired. The next High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock, all the pupils assisting. The morning devotions over, the pupils gave themselves up to the childlike joy peculiar to the sweet festival of the Infant Jesus. Congratulations were exchanged between the Superiors, Sisters and pupils. The little Minims took the lead, as is their right on such occasions, and they read all the formal addresses.

Opening Christmas boxes, and exhibiting and changing presents, formed the delightful occupation of the afternoon, until Vesper time. As midnight rising had deprived the pupils of their usual rest, all were very willing to postpone the Christmas-tree distribution till the feast of the Holy Innocents. On that sweet feast Very Rev. Father General and several of the Rev. Clergy condescended to honor the Minims by accepting *their* invitation to *their* feast. These little people were well represented by little Kate Lloyd, who expressed herself very consequentially on the occasion, appropriating to the Minims *all* the glory of the entertainment.

Old Santa Claus, with his live reindeer, kindly visited the scene, and in a very sublimely arctic poetical carol, of which we will give a few stanzas, gave an account of himself, distributed gifts to all his special friends and retired with the promise to call again in 1834.

I.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
Be quiet, Boxa, you vixen;  
Down that tall chimney top  
Right quiet we'll drop,

And into St. Mary's we'll suddenly pop.

II.

Old Santa Claus now appears to your view  
With gifts and good wishes well laden;  
A gay happy Christmas he wishes to you,  
Rev. Father General,—why, how do you do?

III.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
Well, really, I can't help from singing;  
'Tis such a delight

Wood," the first of the after-pieces, no one knew the Bidly of color, so excellently did Mr. R. E. Boyle perform his part, and the care given those innocent little babes was worthy of imitation. The part of the Cruel Uncle was well rendered by M. Foote; in fact all did well. In "The Ticket Taker" there was fun also. The tasty, neat little family ticket was well adjusted by Mr. C. Berdel; but he seems in most cases to have got the "*esquijulum*" instead of the five dollars; however, he was not a bit scared at any time. But we must not forget to notice Mr. Berdel's "tumbling" in the first part of the entertainment; it was the best we have seen for some time. In conclusion we must express our satisfaction, and feel as the members do that much of the success of the entertainment was due to the efforts of Prof. A. J. Stace, A.M., who took so much pains that all should come off well. It is to be noted also that only about a week was given to the preparation of this exhibition. When are we to have another?

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.—Each one amused himself in a thousand and one different ways, and each in his own way. The various parlor games went the rounds, and every one is wondering what made the holidays pass so quickly by—a sure sign of enjoyment. But we did not have our usual Holiday Exhibition, though we cannot say why. The Commissioner always brought up a good load of "sundries," and "boxes" were not scarce among them. "Did my box come?" is a familiar question now as of holidays of yore. Scarcely a day passed without some one inviting his friends to partake of his bounty. Of course all were present when B. Thomas treated; there is *one*, however, who asserts that he missed the treat.

Among other good times there was the trip to Niles, in which Minims, Juniors and Seniors participated. On Saturday, the 23th ult., at eight o'clock the merry sleigh-bells announced the arrival of the sleighs. In a moment all were off, and Notre Dame presented a scene similar to those of vacation. Fleet steeds and good sleighing soon brought them to the city of Niles. At the Reading House they halted for dinner. After spending a good part of the day in Niles they returned to the College, and in a few hours were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming, perhaps, of the good time they had just had. While in Niles all conducted themselves *gentlemanly*, and did not enjoy themselves as, alas! too many young men do, in drinking and carousing. Their conduct was in keeping with the "deportment" of the students of the institution during the last session, which we consider very complimentary.

INDEED this is a season of enjoyment for the students of Notre Dame, and well may they enjoy it. The mind like the body requires rest and a cessation from toil; recreation is to it what water is to the body—refreshing. Though those who went westward arose at about four A.M., and the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of 16° below zero, they all left with smiling face, thinking, no doubt, of the joy they were about to experience in meeting father, mother, brother, sister, and once more enjoying the solace of "home, sweet home." Those who remained felt joyous too, joyous in beholding others thus happy. And when seven o'clock came and we proceeded to earnest work, the ranks were thinned, indeed, nearly two-thirds having departed for home.

THE St. Cecilians are rehearsing "Solon Shingle." Have "buttons well secured" when it comes.

To see you to-night,  
For you all look so happy, so merry and bright.

## IV.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
Just see how those girls there are smiling  
At this queer-looking chap  
With his comical cap:  
Take care, my young ladies, I'll give you a rap!

## V.

Now, two years ago 'twas said far and wide  
Santa Claus had deserted St. Mary's,—  
On Niles' train he did ride,  
Got out on the wrong side,  
But I assure you, dear friends, the telegrams prevaricated.

## VI.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la;  
For now I am here in my glory,  
With gifts of the best  
For each Rev. guest,  
And a stocking apiece for the girls I love best.

## VII.

Now, the cause of my absence I'll briefly explain,  
And say to your great satisfaction,  
'Twill not happen again while alive I remain,  
If I have to come here on the lightning train.

## VIII.

The night that I left in 1870  
I felt rather tired and dozy,  
I gave Reindeer a rap,  
And pulled down my cap,  
And settled myself for a very short nap.

## IX.

Oh! tra, la, la; but it proved such a nap  
As would match that of old Rip Van Winkle.  
When I lost the control of the reins to the pole  
The reindeer ran off with this sleepy old soul.

## X.

And 'way up in Lapland he landed the sleigh;  
Then quietly he commenced browsing.  
The silence around was so very profound  
That it caused me to sleep, sir, remarkably sound.

## XI.

For nearly two years in a slumber I lay,  
I'm afraid I was guilty of snoring,  
When a very loud knell  
From a very big bell  
Aroused me at once from my long, sleepy spell.

## XII.

Ding, dong, ding, dong! What is that! I exclaimed;  
'Tis the bell that from France was imported  
Which I hear they intend very soon to suspend  
In a church being built near the town of South Bend.

## XIII.

What time is it now? then I asked in a fright  
Of a short little friendly Laplandler,  
It is the full moon, six months after June,  
I'm afraid, my old friend, you've awakened too soon.

## XIV.

And then came a tall Yankee pedler along  
With news from the girls at St. Mary's.  
Said he: "You old ghost,  
'Tis two years almost  
Since down at St. Mary's you filled your old post."

## XV.

This roused me at once, to exertion and ire

And I left for St. Mary's instanter,  
That no one should boast  
That I gave up the ghost  
And left unfulfilled my time-honored post.

After his departure each one present received a token of remembrance from the richly laden Christmas tree, and all retired well pleased with the programme of the evening. Classes were resumed on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday the morning was devoted to religious service and formal greetings. New Year's congratulations were presented to Very Rev. Father General on behalf of the Senior Department by Miss B. Crowley. The Juniors were represented by Miss L. McKinnon; the Minims by little Mary Ewing.

The Mother Superior received through Miss Rose Devoto the good wishes of the Seniors; Miss M. Faxon spoke for the Juniors, and little Mary Ware for the Minims. In the evening the Seniors had a sprightly little entertainment.

To-day a grand sleigh-ride closes the programme of Christmas holidays. But sleighing will continue as long as the snow lasts, for Rev. Father General at his own expense fitted out Turko so handsomely with new harness and bells that Turko thinks he must go out every day just to show off. So says Mr. Joseph, the driver, who well understands the language spoken by the Mexican ponies, and translates their ideas into the purest English.

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), Dec. 22, 1872.

Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lassen, A. Mast, A. Shea, K. Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lange, A. Todd, L. Niel, M. Kearney, N. Gross, V. Ball, I. Reynolds, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, D. Green, G. Crapser, M. Comer, L. Black, N. Langdon, M. Ward, E. Haggarty, A. Lloyd, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, B. Grace, L. Daily, A. Church, M. Letourneau, C. Creveling, N. Ball, G. Walton, J. Fanning, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, L. Weinreich, M. Riley, J. Noonan, E. Boyce, A. O'Connor, N. Heedy, A. Roberts, L. Pfeiffer, K. Miller, A. Ried, M. E. Roberts, A. M. Roberts, E. Quinlan, M. Kelly, M. McGuire, A. Conahan, S. Chenoweth, L. Forrester, R. Marr, J. Connors, M. Dillon, M. White, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, H. Miller, T. Snouffer, N. McMahon, L. Schiber, M. Gregg, M. Lyons, L. Lilly.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED IN CLASSES.

Graduating Class—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, A. Shea, K. Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lange, A. Todd.

First Senior Class—Misses L. Niel, M. Kearney, N. Gross, V. Ball, I. Reynolds, R. Devoto, M. Brown, D. Green, G. Crapser, M. Comer, L. Black.

Second Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, B. Grace, L. Daily, M. Letourneau, A. Church.

Third Senior Class—C. Creveling, N. Ball, G. Walton, J. Fanning, A. T. Clarke, M. Riley, J. Noonan, A. St. Clair, E. Boyce, M. Layfield, A. O'Connor, N. Heedy.

First Preparatory Class—Misses A. Hambleton, N. Nash, L. Pfeiffer, K. Miller, K. Casey, L. Ritchie, L. Beckman, A. Ried, M. E. Roberts, A. Roberts, A. Conahan.

Second Preparatory Class—E. Burne, A. Stockton, S. Chenoweth, L. Forrester, R. Marr, K. Wickham, J. Connors, M. Dillon, N. McAuliffe, M. White, R. Klar.

Third Preparatory Class—J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, H. Miller, L. Schiber, T. Snouffer, M. Gregg.