

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

Number 13.

Reflections.

The grave! the grave! how can it be,
My soul, that thou shouldst e'er forget
How bright life's sun arose for thee,
How soon, within the grave, 'twill set!

O think, my soul, of those now gone
To sleep, within the silent clay,
While o'er their bones man hurries on,
Unmindful of that awful day!

And yet e'en he, the best of all
Created by the hand of God,
Like yonder stately pine, must fall,
And sleep beneath the grassy sod.

Those hands on which were jewels rare
Will moulder into dust again,
While those who wore them, young and fair,
May feel the pangs of endless pain.

Then they who were despised on earth,
Will rise triumphant from the grave,
And soar unto that land where death
Is never known to prince or slave,

There, there, in endless joy, we'll meet
The parents, friends, and all we love,
And sing fore'er the praises sweet
Of Mary pure, in Heaven above.

Weep not, my soul! I'll labor not
For earthly honors or renown,
But struggle for a happy lot,
And for a never-fading crown.

CELT.

Recreation Chats with the Boys.

UNPROFITABLE ACQUAINTANCES.

"How careless one becomes of new faces here in school!" some one remarked to me a few days ago. Yes; and why not. Every day, almost, brings new faces into the playground and the study-hall; and, my friend, do you think you could become acquainted with them all if you tried? No, I can answer for you; I am certain you could not. True, you might succeed in learning the name of every boy in the yard, where he lived, and a great many other data concerning him, but would you presume to say: "I am acquainted with him." No; there are boys here, no doubt, with whom you could never become familiar. They live within themselves, or perhaps they belong to some one else, and their time is entirely monopolized. A few, a very few attempts would convince you that you have nothing in common with them; you can be of no service to them; you could give them no advice, nor would they offer you any; and so you pass on your way, they on theirs, and you are as well acquainted now as you ever will be, in all probability. Yes,

and it is just as well. Why should you seek to form an acquaintance or friendship? I will tell you. If you feel that you can impart advice, assistance, or sympathy, then you should endeavor to do so. If you can help a brother over some rough spot, if you can banish a dull or careworn look from his countenance by a genial smile or humorous anecdote, then make his acquaintance at once. But if you are convinced that you can be of no service to him, but may only serve to annoy and vex him by your importunities, then you are not justified in wasting his time.

I know objections may be raised against this. You may say: "A friendly conversation, though of no benefit to either, serves very frequently to kill time which otherwise would drag heavily." Now, do you not see your statement is liable to different interpretations? If it serves to pass away an otherwise idle hour then it is a benefit, and your statement is a contradiction; but if you mean to absolutely kill, or squander, an hour of your time, you are guilty of a theft. You have taken that which does not belong to you, and which you can never refund. It is the economy of moments that will make you learned in any profession; for life, at best, is too short to waste any of it, and if you fall into the habit of wasting whole hours you might as well stop right where you are,—you will never succeed. You are going in direct opposition to the experience of centuries: and not only you, but you may be the cause of the failure of some one else whom you have hindered, in your persistent efforts to kill time. We are comparatively free from this latter evil here, owing to the watchful care of our instructors; but I have seen instances where such was not the case, where one idle boy, in his endeavors to kill time, was a source of constant annoyance and dread to every one of his acquaintances within his reach. I can imagine nothing more distasteful than to receive a visit from an idler when one is in the very midst of some duty that must be performed at once. He wishes to be courteous but, inwardly: how heartily he wishes his visitor on one of the "South Sea" Islands no one can fancy but he who has suffered from a similar instance.

If you fall into this habit once, you will find it very difficult to correct, and when you go out into the world it will cling to you until those whom you once enrolled among your friends will absolutely shun you as if you had committed a crime. Then you will begin to learn what you should have known at first, that there are those in the world who have too much to do, too many duties demanding their attention, to waste any of their precious moments in assisting you to kill time. The great trouble is, we form too many transient acquaintances; they engross all our time and leave us nothing for permanent, enduring friendship, and less still for the reading of standard authors and the deep cultivation of our intellect by observation and quiet reflections. An unprofitable acquaintance is

an enemy in every sense of the word. "For he who does not good, works evil." The evil may not be apparent, but it is there nevertheless, as you will surely realize in after-years. A great difficulty you will encounter here is to determine exactly who is to you an unprofitable acquaintance, and the only safe guide here is your own conscience. If you feel that you have not, cannot receive any benefit, can be of no service to your friend, then it is your duty to strike his name from your list and associate with him no more. You will find this a safe plan if you are honest with yourself. Be certain that you allow not prejudice to warp your judgment and you need never fear of making a mistake.

T. A. D.

Biography and Biographers.

All are doubtless aware that when a man has attained any considerable degree of eminence in any profession, and frequently where that desirable consummation has not even been approximated, he is seized with the very laudable ambition to furnish to the public a few hundred pages of prosy reading matter in the unpalatable and egotistical form of an autobiography. Of all the grades of literature this is the easiest to write and the hardest to read. Even the best autobiographies are undesirable; and rare indeed are the cases where a reader is paid for the time he expends in their perusal.

But the biography is different. The man is here seen as others see him, and not reflected from his own mirror. His deeds are told by some one else; and whether colored by prejudice or overdrawn by party rancor, they are modified by the reader, almost unconsciously; and when he lays the book down at the last page he feels that he has added something to his store of knowledge—and he is satisfied. Now, in the writing of the biography a vast amount of introductory work has to be gone through with before a page can be written for the book. Those who never saw "behind the scenes," where biographers "grow"—can form but an imperfect estimate of the magnitude of the labor. The collection of facts and dates, habits of people, and geography of places, is a labor that requires time and patience. Months and years are necessary; and then comes the arrangement. Upon this he spends less time, and this is just where the biographer fails. The arrangement of facts is very essential, and it requires a nicety of discrimination, a keen penetration and a thorough judgment,—in short, legal ability of a high order, that few who read the book think necessary, and consequently give the author no credit for possessing; but let an author who lacks these qualities undertake a work in this department of literature and they are the very first to notice this defect and declare his book a failure. But arrangement is not all: for following it comes the drafting of outline; and the real artist work commences,—description. The light and shade, the wonderful charm of the romancist, the blending of truth and fiction, call into exercise all the idealism of the writer. Many an otherwise good biography failed in this respect. It lacked the charm of human interest—that something we can readily understand, but which words are inadequate to explain,—a nameless witchery of words that falls upon the senses like the delicious music of a dream.

The different kinds of biography are almost infinite in number, but they should agree in this one point—a faithful narrative of the man's life as it concerns the public; for a

single error in time or place will detract much from the beauty and force of the work. Yet there is, however, vast room for the exercise of the inventive powers of the writer; and if he keeps a lively fancy within the bounds of the probable he is almost certain to succeed. No biography can be considered good without incident and illustration. Some of the very best biographies we have ever seen were replete with droll anecdotes, all of them authentic, or at least very well attested; and though we did not believe them, we would not consent to have them omitted. They are the very life of such composition when well told. But as the height of one extreme is sometimes the inception of the other, so the greatest vigilance must be exercised lest the fund of anecdote be expended or spun out to such exceeding tenuity that the object becomes apparent.

And again: we question the right—nay, we even assert that it is even a forfeiture of honor, a sacrilege—to introduce into a biography the little incidents, the private cares or sorrows, the loves and closeted skeletons of a time-honored name,—to enter, as it were, the very temple of a human heart and wantonly expose the varied and inexplicable joys and griefs, the lights of hope and dark shades of despair—all to the venom dipped pens of reviewers and critics. We protest against it. It is wrong! and the whispering voices of the loved and departed, who have been thus insulted without reason save that a sensation-loving people might have a feast and the author reap a sordid harvest, grown upon the fair soil of a brother's reputation,—do they not speak to us of the cruel wrong done to their memories? Their whispers may not, often, be recognized; but when, sometimes, they do catch the attention of a cultured and Christian people, the strong and mighty power of their love for the memory of the venerated true and just is felt, and it falls—as fall it should—with the crushing force of a thunder-bolt, smiting the base author to the dust and covering all his former glory with the lava ashes of oblivion. Can anyone question if this be true? We would refer you to a familiar instance in our own time—that of Mrs. Stowe, and her base attempt to hold up the private life of Lord Byron to the scorn of the Christian world. Was her justification of Lady Byron called for? The world said No, and the crushing force of that verdict consigned Mrs. Stowe to obscurity; and the connection between the authoress and her former masterpieces of romance has been severed forever. Again: Colonel Lamont has produced a book, a biography of the purest, truest man the civil war produced. He had been the private secretary of the martyred Lincoln and knew very much of the private life of his patron, and he must needs gather together the material for a life of him without whom he might have remained forever in deserved obscurity. He does not attempt his public life alone that would not pay: too many had been already written on the subject; but he goes to Lincoln's early home, visits the cabins—if they yet remain—where the young lawyer gained his first popularity, gathering many an incident of the border life of "the man of destiny" and coining many more. He weaves them all into a skilful and even fascinating biography, and seven years after his benefactor's death his book is issued from the press. Did it sell? Yes, at first; and the author's end was attained, for the book was eagerly sought, read, and commented upon by the critics. But when the world came to understand the character and aim of the book, there was a change. The thinking people, reflecting while they read,

were indignant at the utter lack of delicacy displayed by the author in treating of the most sacred feelings, sympathies, loves, and secrets, of the nation's martyr. A year passed by, and it was pronounced a financial failure; and though a second volume was announced it was not issued, nor will it ever be. Still the book will sell and will be read while many a better one is allowed to molder on the shelves; for the portraiture of character, the vivid description, the intensity of human interest, lends to the book a halo it does not deserve. The author can never gain upon our hearts: we will regard him as a libertine, as a man who has committed a crime by striking a blow at the life of truth and virtue. Nor can such a book ever become truly popular. Men read and comment upon it, then throw it aside with anything but a pleasant feeling. Doubtless the criticism made by Macaulay on the author of the "Life of Johnson"—Boswell—would apply to Lamont, though in a slightly altered sense. "Great men have written biographies, but the smallest, the meanest man in England has beaten them all." Such instances are rare, however. A good, true man is almost certain to be the only one to write a biography to please, to instruct, to refine, to ennoble his fellow-men. And thus biography should be written; this only deserves success. Not alone should it point out the great deeds of the man—hero or sage—but rather develop the reason underlying his success, holding forth all that is noble and worthy of emulation to guide and impel the youth of coming years to deeds of self-sacrifice, patriotism or scholarly attainment.

T. A. D.

Memramcock, N. B.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, November 12, 1873.

To the Editor of the Scholastic:

SIR:—As I have not seen for some time anything relating to this institution in THE SCHOLASTIC, I think a few remarks relative to its progress and some of the events which have transpired here may be acceptable. The number of students present during this term greatly exceeds that of the preceding; and from the fact that almost every day when we go into the Recreation Hall we see a strange face, we are led to suppose that all have not yet arrived. The ranks, in fact, are more crowded than ever before.

The most important event which has occurred this year was the Ordination of Rev. F. C. Bigelow, C. S. C., a former student of Notre Dame University. It took place on the 28th ult., and on the same day Mr. James McDevitt received Minor Orders. Right Rev. Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, officiated, and was assisted by Fathers Cormier, Belcour, Lefebvre, Lecours, Bradley and Labbé. On our return from the Church it was announced that the following afternoon would be a *congé*, which announcement always meets with due appreciation from the students.

A stranger visiting the Collège during a few days of last week would see something very uncommon—an assemblage of boys, in the playground, who maintained a strict silence among themselves. His first conclusion would be that it was a deaf and dumb institution, but upon asking he would be told that the students were on a "Retreat." The Retreat, preached by Rev. Fathers Lefebvre and Bigelow, commenced on Tuesday evening and terminated on Friday, the students having all received Communion on that morning. During the time it lasted, the most rigid silence was maintained.

The next event likely to disturb our ordinary life will be *séance* to be held on St. Cecilia's Day, at which time you will probably hear from us again. Until then, adieu.

A. M.

Dualin.

A correspondent of the New York Times, writing of a visit to the iron mines of Missouri, makes interesting mention of that terrible explosive agent, dualin. He says:

"I arrived at a fortunate moment. Three blastings were going to be made with dualin. The obliging foreman showed me this formidable son of nitro glycerine. He appears something like brown sugar, and smells like vinegar and iron done up in a brown paper tube an inch and a half in diameter, looking very much like a stout rocket without a stick. The foreman whipped out his four-bladed knife and cut the tube in two as if it had been a sausage. He threw down one-half carelessly on the ground, and commenced making a hole in the other with the point of his knife. Then he produced a percussion cap made twice the length of those used for fire-arms, and also a coil of fuse, attaching a length of this to the cap, which was then stuck into the dualin tube. "Now, sirs," he said, collectively, to a party from Salem who had come out with me to see the mine, "here is a mass of specular which weighs about a ton, and is nearly globular. To break that piece so that it could be handled would require the labor of one man with a sledge hammer for a whole day, so tough is this ore. I'll just put this piece of dualin in the top, covering it over with mud so as to exclude the air, and when I explode it, you will see the iron in lumps the size of your fist." Then he complimented another obstinate lump with the other half, and gave a whole tube to a boulder weighing about sixty tons, that projected from the side of the hill. We all retired behind the tressel-work of the tramway for the disposal of refuse and dirt, and their ore, which is carried over the rail track and dumped on the opposite side. We had hardly squatted down half a minute when we heard three loud reports like artillery, and fragments of ore came whistling over our heads. Then we ran up to the scene of action, and truly the two obstinate lumps were rent into fragments not larger than one's hand. The boulder lay prone in half a dozen big masses, but these were so demoralized that they were easily broken up by means of a wedge and hammer. And the most surprising thing about this dualin is that no accident can occur with it. If a tube were hurled from the top of Trinity spire it would not explode. If it were ignited, with a match, say, it would go off in gases. It must be ignited by a cap, or it refuses to act. Wetting it in water has no effect upon it. Indeed, in winter time, the miners always dip it in warm water before using it, for below 45 degrees, Fahrenheit, it freezes, and then the least shock would send it off. Another curious thing about it is that it affects persons who handle it with nervous tremors and headaches. These soon pass off, and the miners are enthusiastic over it for its force and its singular quality of exerting power downwards."

In an article on "Tea" we discovered (what has been a question of discussion) that the effect is to produce reflex excitability and cephalalgia. Our regret at finding that it is conducive to cerebrospinal affections and locomotor ataxy is lessened by the assurance that when the ganglionic system is in a high state of activity tea may be taken with perfect impunity.—*Harvard Advocate*.

The Scholastic.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS unavoidably omitted in this number of the SCHOLASTIC will have their proper place in future numbers.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP PURCELL and RIGHT REV. BISHOPS DWENGER and GILMOUR honored us with their presence Wednesday and Thursday.

THE "transferred" celebration of the St. Cecilians will take place, as we are informed, on Tuesday evening, the 2d of December.

THE CLASS OF TELEGRAPHY is fully equipped with instruments, etc. It is one of the most interesting Classes in the College.

WE do not hear from the Phonography Class. We know however that it is in good running order. We would like to hear more about it.

THE first rehearsal of the Orchestra passed off very creditably; perseverance ought to be one of the qualities of musicians.

PROF. HOWARD's lecture on Modern History, delivered before the Collegiate students on the evening of the twelfth inst., was excellent in every respect. The Collegiates appreciate Prof. Howard as a lecturer.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES are about to be extended to the Novitiate, across the lake. The wire, insulators, etc., are ready to be put on the poles. We hope yet to connect our wire with the main line at South Bend before long.

SNOW fell on Wednesday to a considerable extent and still covers the ground. However, owing to the roughness of the roads under the snow, sleighs are not yet in demand, and the jingle of the bells is not yet heard.

MR. MARTIN AITKEN, formerly of this office, where he was very much liked by all, has returned from the Iowa Agricultural College, where he spent the past year. We had the pleasure of a long chat with him and of seeing that he has greatly improved in health.

Our Choir.

We are glad to see an improvement in our Choir. Last Sunday's Mass was at least an effort in the right direction. It was not a perfect success, but it bids us to hope for it at a very early date. What pleased us more even than the musical performance was the right good will manifested by the old members, who heartily took part in the singing. With the present number of singers, and with the fine voices which we heard last Sunday, we feel at rest as regards the success of the Choir this year. They have our best wishes.

The "*Ave Maria*"—sung several times already at the Offertory—is a beautiful composition, and pretty well ren-

dered. There are other pieces equally beautiful which might alternate with it.

The New Tabernacle.

FOR THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART
AT NOTRE DAME.

It is indeed gratifying to see the real spirit of Faith which prompts many a generous soul around us. It was only the other day that a gentle call was made among our Catholic friends to aid in procuring a beautiful Tabernacle, and already over five hundred dollars* have been subscribed. Surely there can be no spirit of ostentation in the bright opening of this list; for after a few months of exhibition in the University parlor, where visitors will have an opportunity to examine the new Tabernacle at leisure, and to see the names of the donors engraved on the gold plates, these names shall be forever withdrawn from public gaze, "and hidden, as it were, in the face of the Lord"; and yet everyone wants his name written there, even though it never should be known but to God. We congratulate those pious friends whose faith alone raises their minds above all human considerations, and shows by deeds that the "mystery of faith," so generally denied or so weakly believed by many in our land, have a strong hold even on the hearts of those whose sentiments are revealed in their ready subscriptions; for we cannot view the occasion in any other light than in that of a test of faith. May their names be registered at the same time in the Book of Life; and while the Tabernacle retains their faithful names, may it retain also their practical faith, with the best sentiments of their hearts and those of their children forever.

Nor is this subject of a new Tabernacle irrelevant of our general scope, the honor of the Mother of God. We are building here a temple to be dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We expect to see it an acknowledged monument; but were it ten times more beautiful, what of it, if there was no altar in it where to offer the Holy Sacrifice, no "Tabernacle where God would reside with the sons of men"? St. Paul's in London is a large church, the next in the world in dimensions after St. Peter's in Rome; and yet the most ordinary and modest Catholic church is infinitely superior to it, because of its Tabernacle that makes it "the House of God."

We are told that a beautiful marble statue, nine feet in height, is now being made in Rome for the new church. It will stand immediately behind the great Tabernacle. This statue will be after the design which came first after the one adopted by the Holy Father in 1854 for the monument erected on Piazza di Spagna to commemorate the definition of the Immaculate Conception. We are even assured that for sometime his Holiness hesitated in his choice between the two first models. The reason of the preference given to the second, for our new church, is that the extended arms of the grand statue in Rome would have rendered the transportation of it here very dangerous to the safety of the hands. In the second design the hands are modestly folded on the breast, while the eyes are half uplifted, exactly suiting our purpose, namely: to rest them on the rich crown imported here from Paris, and already known to most of our friends. It will overshadow the

* Now eight hundred.

Tabernacle as a brilliant canopy over the residence of the King of glory. To behold, *d'un même coup d'œil*, over the altar, such a Tabernacle, such a statue, and such a crown, will be, we imagine, a glorious sight; but the main point—the reason of the whole—will be the Tabernacle.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS:

John McScheffrey, Pennsylvania.....	\$ 0 00
Wm. McScheffrey, Pennsylvania.....	10 00
Martin Noon, Wisconsin.....	10 00
Mrs. Margaret Welsh, Brooklyn, New York.....	10 00
Louis Hickey, South Bend, Indiana.....	10 00
Eloi Hickey, South Bend, Indiana.....	10 00
John Hogan, Sr., Chicago, Illinois.....	20 00
Mrs. John Hogan, Chicago, Illinois.....	10 00
John Hogan, Jr., Chicago, Illinois.....	10 00
D. J. Hogan, Chicago, Illinois.....	10 00
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Joseph A. Roberts, Notre Dame, Indiana.....	10 00
Edward McVeigh, St. Joseph's Novitiate, Notre Dame, Indiana.....	5 00
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Peter Talbot, Notre Dame, Indiana.....	10 00
Dr. C. J. Lundy, Notre Dame, Indiana.....	10 00
Industrial School, Notre Dame, 1873-4, per Bro. James, Director.....	10 00
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Mr. James F. Edwards, Notre Dame Indiana...	\$10 00
Miss Catherine Dougherty, Massachusetts.....	\$10 00
P. Shickey, South Bend, Indiana.....	\$10 00

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALTIMORE, November 18, 1873.

VERY REV. FATHER SORIN,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Rev. Father:—The grand Tabernacle of which you have given so beautiful a description in the late numbers of "AVE MARIA" cannot fail to excite in the breasts of all who read our Blessed Mother's Journal emotions of deep and earnest devotion. Your great anxiety to have so magnificent a masterpiece of human contrivance to adorn and ornament your new church at Notre Dame will not be wondered at by any who love the beauty of the Lord's House; and cold, miserly and uncatholic will they be who will fail in assisting you in procuring so rich a residence for our Divine Lord who deigns to dwell with us in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist. My great desire is to share in the honor offered to all who will take part with you in this glorious enterprise: besides I am ambitious to have my humble name inscribed on the golden tablet mentioned, that is to be placed so near to where our dear Lord will sit enthroned. The time is most opportune for every one who loves God's Holy Church to make some little sacrifice to give evidence of his fealty. The day that will test our courage cannot be very far distant; our enemies are mustering in all their strength and putting themselves in battle array, and when the crash comes, if not supported by God's strengthening grace we will assuredly be found want-

ing in valor, the distinguishing trait and glory of the soldier, Enclosed is a money-order for ten dollars; and with best wishes. I remain, dear Rev. Father.

Most respectfully, your obt. servant,

RODY QUIN.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. Ackhoff, W. Appleyard, F. Buter, W. Ball, J. Berry, C. Berdel, J. Browne, M. Bastarache, A. Baca, H. Clarke, W. Clarke, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, J. Callery, P. Cooney, J. Christy, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Daily, E. Drinn, W. Dodge, C. Dodge, J. Devine, J. Dwyer, B. Evans, J. Falvey, M. Foley, W. Fitzgerald, T. Flanigan, J. Fielding, H. Fearon, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallaher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, E. Gribbling, H. Hayes, L. Hayes, W. Hughes, A. Horne, E. Halpin, J. Hogan, P. Hennessey, A. Hess, C. Hess, V. Hansen, T. Hansard, J. Kelly, J. F. Kelly, M. Keeler, J. McDonough, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, D. McGinnis, J. McDermott, E. McCunniff, E. McSweeney, J. McManus, M. McCullough, M. McGovern, T. Murphy, J. Murphy, S. Marks, F. Morass, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, E. O'Connell, J. E. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, M. O'Day, P. O'Sullivan, C. Proctor, J. Rudge, T. Rourke, H. T. Small, H. P. Small, L. Sanders, F. Scrafford, J. Trabbie, J. Van Dusen, W. Van't Woud, J. Ward, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

G. Amann, W. Ames, B. Baca, J. Beegan, C. Burger, W. Breen, W. Boulger, A. Crunkilton, J. Caren, J. Cullen, J. Delvecchio, J. Dore, R. Downey, F. Egan, F. Frazee, C. Freese, W. Gross, G. J. Gross, W. Green, D. Gorman, B. Hersey, J. Hooper, C. Hake, M. Kinsella, B. LeFevre, G. McNulty, J. McHugh, W. Meyer, C. Meyer, N. Mooney, J. Marks, L. Marantette, F. Miller, J. O'Connell, H. Quan, A. Schmidt, J. Soule, W. Schulthies, H. Shepard, E. Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

M. McAuliffe, F. Carlin, C. Buchanan, T. Hooley, L. Goldsmith, J. Blaine, C. Campan, F. Campan.

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 Courses; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1873.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.—C. Dodge, W. Dodge, W. Clarke, R. Staley, C. Berdel, T. Dailey, L. Hayes, H. Hayes, D. Maloney, T. White.

JUNIOR CLASS.—T. Grier, T. Murphy, E. McLaughlin.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—E. Graves, M. Bastarache, C. Walter, C. Proctor, F. Devoto, T. Gallagher, J. Hogan, E. Monahan, J. Caren.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—A. Mooney, H. Dehner, B. Evans, T. Hansard, G. Crummey, W. Appleyard, H. Cassidy, P. O'Mahony, J. Gillen, W. Breen.

All Around.

REAL summer weather on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst.

TIGHT BOOTS are the curses of some of our *bon tons*.

SOME of our Literary Societies should come out and give the public a literary treat of some sort.

A line of telegraph has been established between the College and the Novitiate.

PROF. CORBY was with us for a few hours last week. He was looking well, and was the same M. T. as ever.

"THE FALL has commenced," remarked one of our smart Juniors as he saw a Senior come down on the slippery walk.

THE Little Seniors are rejoicing because the time is fast approaching when they will hang their tiny stockings around the chimney.

THE erection of the Stand-pipe at the water-works in South Bend was the occasion of attracting some of our curious philosophers thither not long since.

A great deal of shooting is done around the lakes these days, and we think with little success; at least we do not see any of the hunters returning very heavily laden with game.

WE were asked why we did not report the proceedings of the Junior Police Court from day to day. Well, for the same reason that Jonas didn't swallow the whale, is our simple and unequivocal answer.

THERE is great interest manifested by the students in the Classes of the Natural Sciences. The other day we noticed some so engrossed with science that they were sitting in a snow-drift studying the formation of crystals.

SEVERAL fine singers have joined the Choir, as was clearly evident at Mass last Sunday. It is hoped they will furnish us with some fine music between this and Commencement Day.

WE hear compliments from all quarters passed on the zealous Knights of the Round Table and their noble leader. We congratulate them on the energy they manifest, and hope they will persevere in future with the same spirit as in the past.

A Yankee pedler from Frenchdom made his appearance in the yard last Monday. He gathered a large crowd around him in a short time, and we are sorry to say that after being delayed for quite a while he left the curious crowd without having "struck" a single bargain.

The New Edition of the Ritual.

RITUALE ROMANUM PAULI V. Pont. Max. jussu editum et a Benedicto XIV auctum et castigatum, cui novissima accedit benedictionum et instructionum appendix. Excerdebat Joannes Murphy, summi Pontifices, atque Archiepiscopi typographus. Baltimori.

This is a fine large edition of the Ritual, printed on durable paper. The binding is good and the presswork excellent.

Music.

We have just received a volume of "Choice Trios for Female Voices," selected and arranged by W. S. Tilden. It contains some charming airs from Mercadante, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, Abt, Concone, and others, simplified and arranged so as to be within the range of every singer's voice. The words suit the flowing melody, and are such that no young lady need blush to articulate each syllable in a clear, round tone, which is becoming a rarity in the popular and even more difficult music of the

day. It is a lamentable fact that some of the most beautiful songs—those that would be useful and instructive exercise for pupils cultivating the voice—have to be entirely discarded; or if used at all, put in some unknown language on account of the sentiment expressed. The trios which compose this new publication may be used either for single voices or chorus, and this will be useful for academies, normal schools, or singing classes. It can be procured of Ditson & Co, Boston; and Lyon & Healy, Chicago. We recommend it to vocalists.

The Anatomy of the Stand-Pipe.

B. P. is delighted with the brilliant success of Mr. Staples in successfully raising the Stand-pipe. We met him yesterday evening, when he asked us if we studied the anatomy of the Stand pipe; we acknowledged our total ignorance of the subject. He expressed his pity and wonder most emphatically, and we a member of the press! He said: "Take out your tablets, my child, and write." First he said: "Know all men that it is made of iron; the base weighs 10,920 lbs—which rests upon the foundation, of course. The pipe is of sheet iron, 7-16th of an inch thick at the bottom and 3-16th at the top; 'tis 200 feet 4 inches long, and 5 feet in diameter; it is constructed of 108 sheets of iron, weighing 41,382 pounds, and 7,856 rivets weighing 2,000 pounds; the principal ginpole used in its erection is 146 feet high. The pipe will hold 3,927 cubic feet of water, weighing 245,437.5 pounds, equal to 29,453.67 gallons, or 935 barrels,—which if it were lager beer would bring, at \$8 per barrel, \$7,480; or if sold at the usual price of 5 cents per 1/2-pint glass, it would bring \$11,771.40, and would require a man 82 days to serve it out at the rate of 6 glasses per minute, working 8 hours per day." It was suggested by J. E., who was standing by at the time, that the authorities of South Bend fill the pipe with ager and let it run on a free tap in order to ascertain the length of time it would require to run it dry—especially just now, as there are so many persons out of employment who would most kindly lend a hand, *free gratis*, for nothing, in order to show their patriotism and love of country these hard times, and to assist in celebrating the event with all due honors.

We have endeavored to give this very interesting information, for which we were duly thankful, as correctly as possible.

Suum Cuique.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the last issue of THE SCHOLASTIC I notice a paragraph claiming that Galileo was "the inventor of the telescope and the discoverer of the earth's rotation." In this statement there are two errors: Galileo did not invent the telescope, nor did he discover the rotation of the earth. If the inventor be the one that first suggests, then we have probably to go back to Friar Bacon to find the inventor of the telescope; and if he be the one that first makes and uses, then we must go to the Dutch spectacle-maker to find him. It is true that Galileo improved the telescope, and also first turned it to the heavens, but he was in no way its inventor.

So we find that, among moderns, Copernicus, a Catholic priest, was the first to suggest the rotation of the earth on its axis, and also its revolution around the sun; and that

Kepler, by his studies of the observations of Tycho Brahe, and Newton, by his deductions from the law of gravitation, were the first to prove the truth of the theory of Copernicus. Thus Galileo neither suggested nor proved the truth of the Copernican theory; he merely adopted it, and tried to force the Roman theologians to interpret the Scriptures in accordance with what was then an unproved hypothesis. The fact is that the truth of the theory could not then be proved; Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, was born the same year that Galileo died, and the proof of the theory depends directly upon this law. It is true that Galileo offered what he supposed to be a proof of the Copernican theory, but the theologians showed their wisdom in deeming his proof insufficient. The proof which he advanced was drawn from the existence of the tides. They seem, said he, to flow west, and this is merely the result of the earth's turning east and leaving the waters behind. Plausible, said his judges, but not conclusive, for the tides may result from some other cause; and so say modern scientific men, who ascribe the tides to the action of the moon, in accordance with the law of gravitation. Galileo has rendered great services to science by his improvements in the telescope, by his investigations of the laws of falling bodies, &c., and it is quite unnecessary for his fame to give him credit for that which he did not do, and which in his day no one could do.

COPERNICAN.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir: Your man that does the "All Around" business has thought it advisable in your last issue to introduce into his column the following item:

"It has been asked: 'Are the unknown qualities 'X Y Z' capable of being eliminated?' We think they are."

Oh! he does, does he? Perhaps he would like to try it.

We may remark that the unknown quantities in question are capable of almost everything; but whether people are capable of all that they fondly imagine is highly improbable. We would also beg leave to observe that what the *profunum vulgus* suppose to be the Roman characters X Y Z are in reality the Greek characters Chi Upsilon Zeta; the initials of three words in that classic tongue signifying: "Mayest thou rejoice in a superior life"—a greeting of kindly yet solemn import; and it would be well if it were taken seriously to heart by some who seem content to flutter through the superficialities of an aimless existence. The object of the Club is to elevate the tone of society, none but Athenians or those tantamount to such, being admitted. What is understood by being tantamount to an Athenian may be learned on application to the Hierophant. No barbarians, however, need apply. The Club seeks quality rather than quantity in its roll of membership. Envious persons, and those making sarcastic remarks, will be visited with secret but sure vengeance. I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours truly, X. Y. Z.

Calculus of Probabilities.

No branch of mathematical science is more abused, because less understood, than the Calculus of Probabilities. We certainly live in a *matter-of-fact* age if not a religious one, and men do not wish to deal with probable results any more than they would feed upon "hypothetical" meals, thus running the risk of dying of that malady so much dreaded by "Konx Om Pax,"—*reductio ad absurdum*. We do not understand how there can be so many "scientific" sceptics, when all theories that explain away so beautifully the various phenomena that surround us are based on great and unvarying mathematical principles. Why should they, for instance, condemn *in toto* a beautiful theory—that is proved to a "mathematical certainty"—that coal is nothing less than concentrated rays of the sun? Why should it be thrown amongst the refuse of scientific meat

as though it were "concentrated lye," to make soap for the unbelieving?

We were much amused the other day at the performance of a mathematical friend, who whilst proceeding leisurely on his way to the shoe-shop with a solitary distorted boot swinging gracefully in his hand, was suddenly aroused from his study by the ringing bells and blowing whistles of South Bend. He paused but a moment, and took in the situation—turned on his heel, and with the boot in one hand and his hat in the other made his way back much like a hungry hen in pursuit of a grasshopper. He immediately re-entered his apartment and dashed the boot in a corner where the plasterer had just mixed mortar with which to make some repairs in the ceiling, and snatching his spy-glass from a table, started for the top of the College. We met him on the staircase and, divining that he had the *probabilities* very bad, instinctively gave him a wider road; but he stepped up to us and declared that South Bend was *probably* on fire. We ventured to assert that it was *more probably* that fire was on South Bend. He gave us a significant look, and we slid down the banister. He discovered that the excitement was caused by the rejoicing of the people over the elevation of the stand-pipe and the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes from its dizzy top.

Another young friend of ours, also mathematical in his mode of life, does not hesitate to crack walnuts over our precious head with perfect impunity, and then demonstrate by the Calculus of Probabilities that our *cranium* is just as secure as a nest of robins when a *jay* stays away. Look out, Mr. Cracker, for *probable* results.

JOE.

THE SUN.

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GOING SOUTH.

Leave Niles,	6.50 a.m.	Arrive South Bend,	7.30 a.m.
"	9.35 a.m.	"	10.15 a.m.
"	4.50 p.m.	"	5.30 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	"	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Arrive South Bend,	9.30 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	10.00 a.m.
"	5.30 p.m.	"	6.30 p.m.

S. G. Agent, South Bend.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, November 2, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

- 2.32** A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.45 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.10 A. M. (No. 2), M.-il. over Main and A. R. Lines; Arrives at Elkhart, 1.50; Toledo, 5.10 P. M.
11.58 P. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.05 A. M.
9.11 P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.10; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
5.10 P. M. (No. 52), Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

- 7.05** A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 8.10; Chicago 11 A. M.
5.20 A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.50 A. M.
6.42 A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 7.25; Salem Crossing 8.05; Grand Crossing, 9.37; Chicago 10.15.
5.45 P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express; Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6.40; Chicago, 9.20 P. M.
9.10 A. M. (No. 51), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

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 J. H. PARSONS, Supt Western Division, Chicago.
 W. W. GEDDINGS, Freight Agent.
 C. M. BROOKE, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9 and 15; East, Nos. 2, 10 and 16. Passengers taking No. 2 for Air Line points change cars at Elkhart without delay. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 1.40 P. M., running through to Wabash. Grand Rapids Express leaves Elkhart at 5 A. M., and 4.05 P. M., running through to Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids. Passengers for Detroit must take Nos. 2, 8 or 16, as through tickets are not good via Air Line, — 2 and 8 carry through coaches. Through Tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance Tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent, or R. M. BETTS, Ticket Clerk, at the Depot, at the head of Lafayette and Frank in Streets, South Bend. No trouble to answer questions. C. M. BROOKE, Ticket Agent.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....7.20 P. M.
 Freight.....2.45 A. M.
 Freight.....8.57 P. M.
 Pass.....9.34 A. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Pass.....8.23 P. M.
 Freight.....10.47 A. M.
 Freight.....4.45 A. M.
 Pass.....11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

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TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 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.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
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