

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 14, 1874. —

Number 29.

## Geysers in the Distance.

BY A. SPOUTER.

As a general thing, I dislike travelling alone, and much prefer companions; but to be a companion, one must be pleasant and agreeable, and if in imagination you consent to accompany me as I wander again in spirit through a past experience, please cultivate these characteristics. If you are a critic, my descriptions may afford a field for your labors, but I will not look upon you as a companion. Do not expect a rhetorical display, for rhetoric would add little to my subject; and now, with this prelude, if you think we can harmonize, I will be glad of your company. I know not well where to begin my description. The good old nursery style, "to begin at the beginning," is probably the best. On the 17th of August last, I was one of a party of seventeen that left Fort Ellis, M. T., fitted out for a fourweeks' trip in Wonderland. To-night I start again, with no baggage save a pencil and a few sheets of foolscap. Our camp the "first night out" was near the head of the divide separating the waters of the Yellowstone from the Missouri. The scenery in the vicinity was not picturesque, and the camp itself might not have been remembered, but for the delicious supper of fresh trout and grouse which was enjoyed with a mountain appetite by all the party. The next noon we entered the valley of the Yellowstone, but in a heavy rain-storm.

I did not deliver my apostrophe to the valley, thinking my general dampness would destroy the effect; so I rode on to camp. We passed Emigrant Peak, but the clouds resting on its base obscured the view of its snow-crowned summit. This mountain is over 10,000 feet in altitude, and rises very abruptly nearly 6,000 feet above the valley. I have seen it—standing in shadow at its base—when the rays of the setting sun clothed its summit in royal purple and gold, and have gazed at its grandeur until the shadows claimed its beauty. "The morning after the storm" was as bright as poets make it, and rendered our enjoyment perfect as we cantered up the lovely valley in the best of spirits, produced by the exhilarating atmosphere. That day we passed through the Middle Cañon,—and to do this, one requires a cool head. It tasks even a steady brain to gaze from the mid-air trail—no wider than a cow-path—into the dizzy depths, where, five hundred feet below, the fretted river grows white in impotent rage as it struggles in its contracted and obstructed channel. The gorge is grand in its intense gloom, but the feeling is oppressive, and one wishes to be out again in the sunlight—to leave far behind the narrow trail where the rugged black brows of the mountains frown a perpetual shadow. We pitched our tents that evening under some cottonwoods on the grassy bank of the river, above the cañon, and when we sportsmen had done our duty, in furnishing the mess, trout,

grouse, and rabbits, we gathered around the fire and vied with each other in expressing pity for absent dear ones, and a sense of our own good fortune in being where we were. 'Twas one of our most beautiful camps, and I wish this pen-picture could shadow forth a reflection of its surroundings. 'Tis photographed on my memory, but I fear I cannot reprint from the negative.

I am coming in from a short stroll up the valley, and as I ascend a gentle slope the four white tents appear a half mile distant. I will rest a moment. It is a quiet, peaceful scene. The shadows of the western mountains have crossed the river, and already the bright blaze of the fire clearly defines the group of ladies and gentlemen seated around it. There, in the background, is the gloomy head of the cañon, where the river plunges into early night and the shadows have lost their soft tints and joined the legions of darkness. But I turn from the gloom to the eastern mountains, and my heart feels lighter. What a blaze of glory! mountains piled on mountains! their snow-capped peaks a glowing mass of purple and gold—and the clouds floating round their summits clothed in the same royal tints. How grand is the majesty of color! what heart can look on such a scene and not feel its influence in thoughts not occurring in everyday life;—thoughts that, for the time, raise the soul into more active life, thrilling with a consciousness of its own capabilities. Alas! that such feelings are *only* for a time!—that, like the sunlight leaving the mountain tops as the night creeps up from the black cañon, the shadow of indolence spreads over the spiritual heights of the soul and chases away the sunlight of grace. But before the mountains become but a black outline against the sky, the stars twinkle out one by one, and soon the whole heaven is covered. Ah! God does not leave anything in complete darkness; there is at least starlight for all of us. But I am chilled, standing so long—so I will join the group around the camp-fire.

The next day we were favored with the same bright sunlight and clear sky, as we galloped along the trail up the valley. All were anxious to reach the famous Hot Springs, where we were to camp, and paid but little attention to Cinnibar Mountain and the Devil's Slide, which lay a short distance to the right of the trail. The former is a high peak, transversed from summit to base by a broad band of ferruginous rock, mistaken by early explorers for Cinnibar, whence it derives its name. The latter is a curious formation on the same mountain,—two parallel walls of trap rock, about sixty feet in height and the same distance apart, running from top to bottom. It was a strange thing to me that his satanic majesty should choose to slide down this; and he would never have done so unless he enjoyed friction—for it is very rough, and does not at all conform with my idea of a slide. But, then, he probably has different tastes from mine.

Three miles from the springs, and near the northern

boundary line of the Yellowstone National Park, we left the river and commenced an arduous climb up the mountain. Multiply the meaning of that word *arduous* by ten, and it will express a more correct statement. We finally reached the plateau—turned for one last view of the lovely valley as it lay spread out for miles in the bright sunlight—and then, wheeling our horses, a short gallop soon brought us in sight of the Springs—a half mile distant. Here the enthusiastic youngsters of the party sent up a shout that must have startled the sombre old pines that had been gazing at the phenomena for centuries; and spurring their horses into a mad gallop, they swept into camp and soon after were interviewing the wonders. The spontaneous shout was not inappropriate. You, my friends, would have joined in it, and your tired horses could not have transported you quickly enough into the near presence of the lovely vision. From where we first beheld it, it looked as though a Niagara tumbling in foaming cascades down the mountain, had, in all its life and activity, been “caught in icy bands and firmly chained.” The deception is so complete, that for an instant you are startled, and wonder that the sun is not obscured by wintry clouds, and that you do not feel the cutting blasts swept from some mountain glacier. But all there is not “still death,”—the power that has created all this yet lives. From the top of the formation rises a column of vapor. On approaching the base, your wonder and delight is increased. But how is it possible for words to paint the picture? ’Twill be but as a charcoal cartoon to a delicately shaded steel engraving; for the power of language, no matter by whom wielded, is inadequate to convey an idea of its beauty. But I cannot turn back, now that you have accompanied me so far.

The formation, resembling at a distance a gigantic frozen cascade, at near approach is shown to be a number of basins, of infinite variety of shape, formed by the mineral waters of boiling springs depositing their sediment in flowing down the side of the mountain. That—is a matter-of-fact description and explanation; and you probably see in imagination a number of successive little reservoirs, of a smooth and chalky appearance, filled with hot water. But that is not what my memory pictures to me. I see those basins ranged one after another in irregular terraces for a thousand feet up the mountain,—the boiling water constantly rippling over their sides, instead of being smooth and chalky,—the sediment deposited in crystals delicate as a snowflake, and variegated by the softest of all possible colors—pink and orange predominating. Have you ever noticed a large snow-crystal as it rested on your sleeve? If so, you can have an idea of the beauty of this formation, composed of unknown millions of these delicate crystals, tinted in softest shades and blended as no painter has ever harmonized color. In walking around the basins, thousands of these beautiful forms are crushed by every footstep. But the creation is constant, and in a few days the little rainbow crystals again appeared where their fairylike forms had been destroyed.

There are numerous springs on the mountain, but two only are of large size, and these deserve rather the name of lakes. The largest is probably two hundred feet in diameter, nearly circular in shape, and has the greatest out-flowing body of water. It is constantly in a state of ebullition, and boils up in the centre to the height of four or five feet. The waters are as nearly crystalline as possible

and at a great depth the white formation of its basin is so distinct that its frost-like tracery is clearly discernible. At the cavity in the centre, the waters are of a deep ultramarine, and have a depth that has never been fathomed. The border of this boiling lake is beautiful beyond description, and it also struck me as being very curious. It has evidently been formed by the water, like the basins below; but, unlike their softness, is as hard and smooth as marble. It is irregularly scalloped, and its perpendicular edge of about four inches is like the onyx stone—in horizontal layers of deep purple, white, and blue. Along the stream, as it rushes from the pool, the same border exists, until it falls into the basins below; but the depositing of the colored crystals commences in the bed, near the brink.

The other spring is a counterpart of this, but on a slightly smaller scale. But I will not have space to describe a tenth part of the wonders. The whole mountain for five miles is formed by these mineral springs, and the same phenomenon is repeated again and again, but always under different forms. In walking over it, you are made aware of some cavernous depths beneath you, by the hollow rumble produced by your footsteps,—some old reservoir of an ancient spring, whose waters closed up their outlet and there found some subterranean channel to another opening. Even had I space to tell you of the Devil’s Well, the Devil’s Kitchen, the Devil’s Paint-pot, and the Geyser Spring,—of the beautiful specimens to be obtained by cutting the crust of the mountain itself, and of many other wonderful curiosities—’twould be perhaps but to grow tedious, for I am painfully aware how little I can convey by description. But before leaving you for the present, I would like to remark that I had no part in naming the natural phenomena of this region; and those who did, probably selected the nomenclature with which they were most familiar. We have but just entered Wonderland; and from here on, for over a hundred miles of travel, is a continuous succession of wonders, culminating in the world-renowned geysers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Artists.

### No. II.

“If we are to have money and reality, Lewis, you must allow me to go back to those artists who rank the highest; because they show us what Art really is, and how she rewards those who devote their lives to her.”

“But you must not go across the water, Gus. Keep this side of the Atlantic, when citing examples of successful artists,—rich artists, or at least artists who were not obliged to live in garrets and feed on a penny-roll a day.”

“Very well, Lewis; I am willing to accept your terms. I will keep on American soil, and will prove to you, under the shadow of the *Stars and Stripes*, that to be an artist is not, of necessity, to be a poor man, much less a poor dog.”

“Begin with Benjamin West, Gus. We all know about his drawing his baby brother or sister, and painting with a brush made from a cat’s tail.”

“Yes, begin with him; and as you know all about him, you say, let us go on to Washington Allston. How I wish you could see his pictures, Lewis! His *Jacob’s Dream*,—which is not in this country, but purchased abroad; and his *Angel Uriel in the Sun*; and his *Miriam*; and *Florimel*, flying through the dense woods on a milk-white courser,

as fleet as an Arabian! Then the moonlight scene in the Merchant of Venice:

"On such a night, sweet Jessica,"

and I could go on for an hour, Lewis, describing the pictures I have seen from the pencil of this wonderful artist, without even touching upon his *Beltassar's Feast*."

"There, Gus! you have at last grazed your ship's keel on a rock; for the genius of Allston foundered upon that unfinished picture."

"Then it foundered when it was time for the noble ship to go down; for he had already completed so many great ideal works that Americans can always speak of him with pride."

"But what of the money, Gus? We must not forget that we are talking, not alone of famous artists, but of successful ones—rich ones."

"Washington Allston was certainly a successful artist. Although he was not rich, he was very far from poor. A South Carolinian by birth, he was a Bostonian by education. From Boston he went to England. There he met with a heart-breaking domestic affliction—and to this, we must suppose, may be traced his pecuniary difficulties; for, at one time, he was reduced to such poverty that he had no money to purchase the necessary comforts of life."

"Now, you have the real life of an artist, Gus! Own up to it."

"No, Lewis; for this poverty was of so short duration, that it may be called the only dark time in the long, sunny life of this man of genius. The real story is too good to be lost. After his great affliction he had no heart to mingle in the society of London, in which he could have had so distinguished a place; and he made no sale of his pictures. It was only when he found himself alone in a foreign land, without money to feed himself for a week, that he realized his situation. He knew that he had no human means at his command, and threw himself on the Divine providence. Kneeling down on the floor of his studio, he repeated the 'Our Father,' with a fervor which he always remembered. Hardly had he finished this short prayer when a knock was heard at his studio door. He opened it, and there stood before him an English nobleman, who had heard of a picture still in his studio and had come prepared to purchase it. He made no scruple at the price already fixed upon it by Mr. Allston; and, from that hour, Mr. Allston could not only sell his pictures when finished, but persons of the highest distinction, in Europe and America, were ready to advance money on the pictures begun by Mr. Allston in order to secure them."

"You have really proved your point so far as Mr. Allston goes; 'but one swallow does not make a summer.'"

"Very true; and you must allow me to go among the sculptors, Lewis, and show that even their far more laborious and uncertain art has not been slow in bestowing its rewards."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Women's Crusade.

VIEWS OF MRS. ADMIRAL DAHLGREEN.

To the Editor of the Washington Republican:

SIR: Of course no one but the toppers themselves, who are at once the dupes, victims and parasites of the liquor-dealers,—no one but these miserable unfortunates can feel any direct regret or personal pity for the troubles which

have overtaken this class of men. Nor, perhaps, is it to be wondered at that fanatical zeal should use as its ready instruments the sorrowing women who have suffered so long in silence from the heartless gold-greed which dominates the whiskey-vender.

*Were this all*, we might, if not active helpers of such a movement, at least look on, holding that silence which gives consent. *But this is not all*; for we behold, in this intemperate epidemic now raging among so many communities of women, a formidable rebellion against law and order.

A false theory, once seized by the masses, is all the more to be dreaded, where, as in this case, some real grievance is to be redressed, but "two wrongs never yet made a right," and no excesses can be more dangerous than those which bear a semblance of truth; for where a mask of virtue is worn, the righteous, if possible, may be deceived.

Let us in this case tear away all sophistical subterfuge and ask the plain question: How are we to be at one and the same time God-fearing and law-breaking?

Our laws are subversive of natural right; let us legislate anew. But can legislation reach the moral stains which arise from the unregenerate heart? A true temperance movement must be, first of all, law-abiding—must address the affections; must be based on prayer to God to change the corrupt heart; but this passionate outbreak,—this furious, fanatical action comes not from above, nor can it do Heaven's work, except, indeed perchance, as a sinful instrument used by God in His wrath to punish sin. Yet the cause of these suffering wives and mothers is too pure, too holy, to be thus perverted.

We plead for that which most nearly concerns the general welfare, and which, in the whirl of this seething cyclone, has been lost sight of; we plead for the rights of these men as citizens. So long as their traffic is protected by law let there be no invasion of their sacred rights. Strike higher, strike deeper! Elizabeth Cady Stanton is right when she designates this crusade as "mob law," and she may now see some of the results of that disregard for law so persistently preached by herself and by Susan B. Anthony, in their present attitude, against established law as regards the suffrage question. Of such is the Commune. And what is the Commune? Why, simply organized subversion of law to meet outside interpretation of right. If a mob of women may be allowed to attack and invade the private rights of one class of men, and whole communities are guilty of the moral cowardice of failing to vindicate their common rights then what next? Who can foresee the direction which, the advancing tide of fanaticism may take? The history of religious excitements furnishes the most extraordinary vagaries of the human mind, which have led to the most fatal actions in the name of truth.

If bands of wronged women are to be allowed to destroy the rights of citizens without let or hindrance, and in their blind zeal sweep away our common protection, we again ask, What next? There are likewise starving bands of men and women, with unpaid labor due them, in our midst. Why should they wait for the slow action of the law? Why not wrest from those in opulent power the needed relief, and claim as their ægis, justice—right? Why not rob the bloated contractor in his palatial home? for he, too, has robbed the people. Why let one stone rest

[Concluded on p. 231.]

# The Scholastic.

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## TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00  
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"JOLLY BROTHERS GALOP"—received from D. P. Faulds, Mo. 70 Main St., Louisville, Ky.

THE Hartford *Daily Courant*, March 2nd, says: "The funeral of John M. O'Brien, the youngest son of Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien, was attended by a large concourse of people.

We are glad to notice in the *South Bend Union* that the proprietor of the St. Joseph Hotel has given strict orders to his bar-tender. This is as it should be, and as it should have been long ago.

N. TIBBALS & SONS, 37 Park Row, make a "proposition": viz., they offer one thousand copies of "Songs for the Right"—a book containing fifty pages of Temperance Hymns and music—at five cents each, in large or small quantities, free by mail. The regular price is 20 cents.

FROM the Hartford *Daily News* of the 2nd inst. we learn that the funeral of John M. O'Brien took place on the 1st inst., the body being taken to the Cathedral Church, St. Patrick's. A very large concourse of people accompanied the remains to the grave.

WE are not sure, but we think that by their license saloon-keepers or bar-tenders are explicitly forbidden to sell liquor to minors, and that an offense against this requirement of their license is finable. Selling liquor to young boys is a crime and an abomination, and the heartless knaves who do it should be publicly exposed and meet their due.

WE had presumed that the Editor of the *Northern Indiana Teacher* was both a gentleman and a scholar, but the use he makes of the adjective *Romish* proves that he lacks the qualities of either one or the other. If he calls himself a gentleman, while he applies the word *Romish* as he does, then he is no scholar. If he prides himself upon being a scholar, then he is no gentleman.

REV. FATHER CONWAY, whom many remember at Notre Dame, Pastor of St. Patrick's church, Chicago, intends having sacred concert on the 15th inst.; and we have no doubt it will be a success, just because he has taken hold of it. Father Conway has lately purchased an organ,—cost \$5,000,—and we presume it is to help to pay for the organ that the concert is organized.

WE do not care to revert to the apparent lack of generosity on the part of the proprietors of the Dwight House in refusing blankets to the two students who applied for them in a moment of sore need. We have no doubt the proprietors of the Dwight House wished to do all in their power to ameliorate their distress, that beds were offered them etc.; we only reiterate what we stated once before—viz., that the young men who desired to return to the college, where they knew their friends anxiously awaited them, returned, not wrapped up in the blankets of the Dwight House, but in robes furnished by Mr. Ireland's livery.

However, we have no complaint to lodge against the proprietors of the Dwight House. We think them good landlords and worthy gentlemen, and would even recommend their hotel to our friends.

WE understand that some parties in South Bend intend running a 'bus in opposition to Mr. Shickey's. The trade is not paying very largely with one vehicle, and with two it will end by some one running ashore. Mr. Shickey has faithfully done his work, with the sanction and encouragement of the College and of the Academy. He got up a fine omnibus lately, for which he ran in debt and which it will take many a laborious day to pay. Having a large family to support, and with no other means of obtaining a livelihood, his fortune being invested in his 'bus and three horses, it sounds rather harsh and cruel to hear that other parties who have abundant means of livelihood should interfere with his modest business, with a clear intent to run him out. We have no objection in the world to the welfare of our livery men; we wish them plenty of work, and hope that visitors to Notre Dame will avail themselves of the splendid facilities offered by them, but we decidedly object to a new 'bus entering our premises with the names of Notre Dame and St. Mary's advertised on it.

## Notice.

We would notify a few persons, who seem to consider themselves privileged characters, that while classes are in session, or lectures in course of being delivered, no person except one of the officers has any right to enter the room where such class or lecture is going on. If anyone wishes to see the stars or witness the killing of a rat by the air pump, he will find the professors who attend to these matters quite willing to afford the information or amusement outside of class hours. But class is class, and we cannot allow the regular business of the College to be interrupted for amusement sake or to give some one an opportunity to show how smart he is.

M. B. B., *Director of Studies.*

## Necrology.

We are sorry to hear of the death of MR. JOHN HOGAN, Sr., an old friend of Notre Dame, who died at his residence in Chicago on the 2d inst. Mr. Hogan had but last year his two sons, Dennis and John Hogan, students here. Dennis graduated at the last Commencement, in the classical Course. John is studying medicine at present. We sympathize with them and their bereaved mother in their affliction.

Another friend, father of two of our students, MR. N. HUNT, of Chicago, departed this life on the 8th inst. A few weeks ago, Mr. Hunt was here on a visit, and appeared to be in the enjoyment of good health. We regret his loss, and condole with his afflicted family.

Some time ago we heard of the death of MR. THOMAS TOBERTY, of Lafayette, well known to and highly esteemed by many at Notre Dame; but it is only to-day we receive through the hands of our steward a letter announcing his death, and the following notice clipped from a Lafayette paper:

"The funeral of the late Thomas Toberty was very largely attended yesterday afternoon. There were ninety carriages, buggies and wagons in the procession. The interment took place in the Catholic cemetery, south of the

city. Deceased was one of our oldest and best known citizens, having immigrated to the city some thirty years ago, where he has always resided with the exception of a short time in California. He had been actively engaged in business for many years, as railroad and street contractor, and wholesale liquor dealer, with which latter business he was connected up to the time of his last illness. His sickness was of about a week's duration, and his disease intermittent fever, which terminated fatally. He leaves but one child, an unmarried daughter."

### List of Letters

REMAINING IN THE NOTRE DAME POST-OFFICE, MARCH 14, 1874.

James Lonahan,	John Carroll,
Miss Febionia Gottfried,	John Belladine,
Joseph Archambeau,	Robert McGill,
J. Hartnet.	

### Celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame.

MARCH 16, 1874.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT TO BE GIVEN BY THE ST. ALOYSIUS PHILODEMIC SOCIETY.

Entrance March.....	N. D. U. C. BAND
Overture.....	ORCHESTRA
Address.....	W. GROSS
Essay.....	THOS. GRIER
Declamation.....	CHAS. A. BERDEL
Irish Song.....	THOS. CASHIN
Essay.....	H. L. DEHNER
Declamation.....	W. BALL
Music.....	ORCHESTRA

#### DEBATE:

QUESTION—"Resolved that Capital Punishment ought to be Abolished."

Affirmative.....	{ E. MCSWEENEY,
	{ P. O'MEARA
Negative.....	{ B. M. MCGINNIS
	{ J. J. GILLEN
Closing Remarks.....	
Music.....	N. D. U. C. BAND

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIORS.

J. Browne, W. Ball, L. Burridge, C. Bowman, J. Berry, M. Bastarache, C. Berdel, J. Brogan, G. Burbridge, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crumney, W. Clarke, P. Cooney, J. Christy, T. Cashin, E. Dunn, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Dailey, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Evans, J. Egan, H. Esch, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, H. Hayes, D. Hinds, B. Hersey, P. Hunt, J. Kennedy, J. E. Kelly, J. Luby, L. Murphy, J. McManus, S. Marks, J. McDermott, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, D. McGinnis, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, E. McSweeney, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, B. Mathers, J. Mathews, J. Ney, J. E. O'Brien, P. O'Mahony, P. O'Meara, E. O'Connell, J. O'Toole, C. Otto, J. Ott, C. Proctor, J. F. Rudge, J. Rudge, G. Rudger, H. Randolph, G. Roulhac, L. Sanders, P. Skahill, H. Shephard, S. Studebaker, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. Watson.

#### JUNIORS.

Bonifacio J. Baca, Joseph Beegan, W. P. Breen, Joseph Buchanan, C. Campeau, John Cullen, James Delvecchio, William Darst, John Ewing, G. J. Gross, E. Grambling, Dennis Gorman, C. Hake, Lloyd W. Hatch, Stephen Kennedy, J. Kinley, Louis

Loser, B. Le Fevre, G. Lehman, Jules Borie, G. McNulty, N. J. Mooney, W. S. Meyer, J. E. Marks, A. H. Mitchell, F. Miller, D. J. O'Connell, J. Leander Perea, H. Quan, R. Sobey, J. F. Soule, Louis Smith, J. Smith, T. Solon, E. Wood, H. Zuber, J. Cohen.

#### MINIMS.

M. McAuliffe, R. Golson, I. O'Meara, C. Parker, A. West, F. Campeau, L. Goldsmith, L. Frazee, T. Hooley, E. Buchanan, H. Middleton, H. Canoll.

### Class Honors.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, FRIDAY, March 6, 1874.

#### SENIORS.

W. T. Ball, J. Brogan, V. Baca, J. Egan, J. Fielding, C. Favey, W. Gross, V. Hansen, W. Henry, J. Handly, M. Jeffreys, J. Kennedy, J. Luby, J. McManus, L. D. Murphy, F. Morass, T. B. McDonough, D. McGinnis, L. Proudhomme, G. Roulhac, M. Spillard, J. Wolfe.

#### JUNIORS.

T. Buchanan, R. Bull, J. M. Crummey, J. Cullen, F. Claffey, J. Cohen, J. Dally, W. Darst, J. Doyle, J. Ewing, H. Faxon, P. Fitzpatrick, O. Gove, J. Kielty, S. Kennedy, J. Kinley, J. Lynch, G. Lehmann, N. J. Mooney, J. Nelson, D. Nelson, D. O'Donnell, E. O'Connor, J. Rider, F. Stamm, C. Stucker, P. Schnurrer, W. Schulthies, J. Smith, L. Smith, H. Schilt, R. Sobey, F. Wittlesberger, R. Walker, R. West, H. Zuber.

### All Around.

PUBLIC DEBATE next week.

MOOT COURT soon by the St. Cecilians.

ST. PATRICK'S Day, Tuesday. There will be no parade.

HANDKERCHIEFS have been in great demand for the last week.

THE LAZY LIST was unusually large. What's up?

THE new boat-house is progressing slowly but surely.

THE new boats are expected soon. The crews have been selected.

BRO. B. is quite busy in the garden again. It will look nice in a short time.

THERE does not seem to be much interest manifested in billiards of late. There are only three tables in use at present.

THE "Life of Father Mathew," the great Apostle of Temperance, is now being read in the Seniors' Refectory. It is an interesting work.

THE Gregorians and Holy Angels enjoyed an extra recreation day on the tenth inst. They were deserving of it.

WE heard a hint about wash-stands some time ago, but since then we have heard nothing. Has the project died out?

HAND-BALL is getting lively again. There is good, healthful exercise in this game. We would like to see it become more popular.

PROF. CLARKE's little pony is a fine animal. Of course it is full of tricks, as all ponies are; but that's nothing.

PROF. HOWARD delivered an interesting lecture on English History before the Collegiate Department on the seventh inst. Several members of the Faculty were present.

THE COLLEGIATES are the happy possessors of a young post-office. Great excitement exists about the appointment



of a postmaster. There are several candidates for the position.

WE think it is very suggestive to hear a Collegiate going around crying about some one taking his soap. We are waiting for the verdict.

MRS. MAY SCOTT SIDDON'S gave a reading in South Bend on Monday evening. She had a full house, and pleased everyone, as she always does. A small party of Notre Dame folks went to hear her, and came back delighted.

WE have been requested to state that it was not through humility, as stated in the last SCHOLASTIC, that those gentlemen declined to accept offices in the Columbian L. A., but for other reasons.

THE Choral Union is progressing finely, under the Directorship of Rev. Mr. Henrion. It contains all the embryo vocal talent of Notre Dame, besides some fair raw material. Although they have not long been organized we expect to hear them before the public soon, and hope we will not be disappointed.

THE excitement of the great "Temperance" crusade by the women has just reached our neighboring city, South Bend. The women of that place started out the other day and commenced their praying in front of the saloons. But we believe they met with little success.

ONE word about ourself. We do hereby duly inform all whom it may concern that it is our purpose to call on them to investigate the condition of their culinary departments. So be ye all prepared. Any amount of corn-cakes and molasses, or slapjacks and same, with a little milk, will be acceptable. Bear in mind that we have regard more for quantity than for quality, curbed by a little sense of the æsthetic. This is all we have to say, so take warning, given in time.

MR. BONNEY, we understand, intends to visit Notre Dame soon for the purpose of taking photographs. We can assure him that he will have as fine a set of subjects as he ever placed his camera before. We have among us all sorts of good-looking fellows. It would be better for many of them to have their pictures taken now before warm weather comes on, lest their tender moustaches wilt ere then and take a "droopy" picture—and this would ruin their character forever.

WE hope that our Irish students will not permit St. Patrick's Day to pass by in silence and unobserved. We have among us quite a number of good and true sons of Old Erin. Let them come forward on this day, and show that though they are separated by thousands of miles from their mother country, they still do not forget her, and that they join with her noble sons scattered over the whole earth in glorifying the great apostle who freed their ancestors from the bonds of pagan ignorance, and pointed out to them the beacon light by which they could be saved. None of them should neglect to wear the shamrock, the emblem of Irish faith.

### Society Reports.

#### ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

The 28th regular meeting was held March the 9th. At this meeting Master J. E. Wood presented himself for admission, and after fulfilling the necessary conditions for membership was unanimously elected. Then the following

members displayed their elocutionary powers in well-selected Declamations: A. Schmidt, made "Marmion" die nobly; J. Soule's "Warren's Address" was nicely rendered. J. P. McHugh was lively and graceful, in a "military selection;" the "Youbedam," a geographical piece, by Jos. Marks, shook us, almost killed us, with laughter—our constitutions suffered no damage however; W. Meyer and C. J. O'Connor fought well "The Battle of Fontenoy;" B. J. Baca stood up bravely and fought like a man for "Happy, proud America;" Jas. Campbell caused "the Dying Brigand" to die with dramatic effect; C. Nichols handled "Old Ironsides" in a very creditable and calm manner; J. Beegan closed the Declamations with "The Fireman." Compositions were then read by W. Green, J. Minton, D. O'Connell C. Furer and W. Burge.

Next week the Moot Court will be held,—a full account of which I will give in my next report.

JOS. BEEGAN, *Corresponding Sec'y.*

#### ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

The 14th regular meeting came off March 7th. The following delivered Declamations: J. McIntyre, F. Claffey, H. Faxon, T. Gallagher, J. Quinn, R. West, F. Weisenberger, R. Downey, W. Darst, W. English, H. Quan. Master C. O'Connor then presented himself for membership, and on fulfilling the requisite conditions was elected, Mr. C. Berdel, who was present at the meeting, was loudly called on for a speech. He arose, and after a few remarks delivered two fine Declamations in his usual graceful style.

M. J. KINSELLA, *Cor. Sec'y.*

### Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

John Callan, Virginia City, Nevada.....	\$ 50 00
Mrs. Mary Coomes, Hunter's Depot, Kentucky....	3 00
Patrick Brady, Hartford, Connecticut.....	10 00
Norre Pilon, Williamsburgh, New York.....	10 00
Francis Canavan, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.....	10 00
Mrs. Thomas, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.....	10 00
Alexis J. Sullivan, Charlestown, Mass.....	10 00
Wm. A. Devine, Chicago, Illinois.....	10 00
Thomas O'Hagan, Chicago, Illinois.....	10 00

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL CULLEN, in his Christmas Pastoral, calls attention to the dangers of immoral newspapers, in language which will be properly considered in America as well as in Dublin. He says: As so much is done by the press to infect the minds of youth, we should make efforts to counteract the poison, and to supply good and wholesome reading for the edification and instruction of the rising generations. All books against religion and morals, all dangerous romances and novels which disturb the mind and corrupt the heart, and those newspapers which are filled with sarcasm against the Catholic religion, or encourage secret societies or revolutionary movements so destructive to society, or which publish filthy reports of divorce or criminal cases, well calculated to corrupt public morality, should be carefully excluded.

ACCORDING to the Church Union, a Baltimore church has had for its pastor, in the order named, the Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup and Burnop.

[Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's Letter.—From p. 227.]

upon another of the lordly mansion of that greedy usurer where blood-money is stamped upon the very portals? Why should the perishing seamstress behold other women ride about in easy carriages, dressed in silks and velvets, for the making of which she remains unpaid? Yet all these things are wrong, foully wrong; they cry to high heaven for redress, and yet shall mob law arise to do vengeance for these and every other right violated? Then, indeed, shall we wade knee-deep in streams of blood, helpless victims of our own moral weakness, while the red flag of the Commune triumphs. And is this the way to effect any real reform? No! no! a thousand times no! Progress has been indefinitely arrested. The very class of men who before were friendless have now a real wrong; and with this mighty weapon they will soon turn back from the rout as victors.

The present outcry resembles a fierce prairie-fire that devastates a limitless plain, finding no resistance. Caught in the hot whirlwind, the tall weeds shrivel and perish, but the noxious snake slowly drags to his hissing hiding-place, from whence he will again arise, charged with added venom, and more surely strike the snared with his death-dealing fang.

This momentary fury must soon expend itself, having brought about no permanent reform, but having only given us the dangerous example of violated law.

M. VINTON DAHLGREN.

### Little Kittie.

Sweet little black-eyed Kittie has gone home;  
'Mid earth's green fields she will no longer roam,  
For azure-winged Angels bore her off  
To save her from the world's deceit and scoff.

Dear little black-eyed Kittie is no more;  
She wanders on Eternity's great shore,  
Companion of the Cherubs sweet and bright,  
In regions of all happiness and light.

Blithe little black-eyed Kittie, from above  
Looks down with beaming orbs of truest love  
Upon her mother sad, and whispers soft  
These words by zephyrs pure repeated oft:

"O, grieve not, mother; grieve not now for me;  
I'm not so far, and only wait for thee,  
In this most beautiful of all bright regions  
Where Angels, Seraphs, Cherubs are in legions.

"Remember, mother dear, and sigh no more,  
That here, more high than mighty eagles soar,  
We're yet to meet and live, and live for e'er  
Where there is naught but happiness most rare.

C. J. D.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 10, 1874.

### TABLET OF HONOR.

#### SENIORS.

Misses L. Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker, J. Kearney, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, M. Letourneau, J. Locke, E. Boyce, A. Curtin, M. Walker,

J. Fanning, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, N. Foote, M. Riley, A. St. Clair, M. Quan, J. Stimpson, C. Nason, E. Bohan, M. Johnson, E. Denehey, E. Doherty, S. Sweeney, R. Burke, L. Pfeiffer, A. Conahan, N. McEwen, F. Moore, A. Roberts, J. Bennett, M. Emmons, L. Wyman, L. Keena, R. Roscesco, M. Kengel, M. Barry, M. Bell, A. Hambleton, M. Hoover, L. Bradford, A. Minton, L. Henrotin, E. O'Connor, R. Canoll, R. Klarr, L. Lilly, C. Miller, L. Johnson, T. Heckman, E. Gosse, K. Graham, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, F. Gunzert, A. Mertz, F. Howard, S. Murrin, M. Poquette, M. Klotz, C. Sottrup, M. Sheil, A. Baser, A. Garies, C. Morgan, K. Irmiter, J. Adams, R. Nestor.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ENGLISH STUDIES.

GRADUATING CLASS—L. Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker.

1ST SR. CLASS—A. Lloyd, J. Kearney, B. Reynolds, M. Walker, V. Ball, L. Ritchie, J. Dent, M. Letourneau, E. Haggerty, E. Boyce, K. Finley, A. Curtin, M. Walker.

2ND SR. CLASS—Misses Walton, Fanning, Keeline, A. T. Clarke, Foote, Riley, St. Clair, Quan, Stimpson, Nason, E. Sweeney, Bohan, M. Johnson, Denehey, Burke.

3RD SR. CLASS—Misses Pfeiffer, Conahan, McEwen, B. Wade, Ball, L. Ritchie, A. Roberts, Moore, Bennett, Wyman, Keena, Barry, Bell, Germain, Hoover, Lloyd, Bradford, Minton.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses Henrotin, Casey, Ross, F. Taylor, O'Connor, Canoll, Lilly, Miller, L. Johnson, Heckman, Kelly, Gosse, B. Johnson, Graham, Mahoney, H. Miller, McAuliffe, McKeever, Gunzert, Mertz, Howard.

2ND PREP. CLASS—M. Quill, Murrin, Poquette, O'Connell, Klotz, Sottrup, Shields, Boser, Garies, Morgan, Irmiter, Engel, A. Sweeney, Nestor.

#### TABLET OF HONOR.

##### JUNIORS.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. Morehead, K. and M. Hutchinson, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Martin, M. Walsh, E. Orton, L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Pritchard, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown, J. and M. Thompson, H. Peak, M. Summers, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schulteis, J. Brown, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsan, J. McDougall, C. Orr, M. Schnoback, L. Walsh, A. Goewey, E. Lappin, G. Barry, S. West, M. Ware, E. Simpson, N. and I. Mann, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, J. and F. Dee, A. and L. Snorin.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

3RD SR. CLASS—M. Faxon, A. Walsh.

1ST PREP. CLASS—M. Resch, M. Carlin, I. Fisk, K. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Martin, M. Walsh.

2ND PREP. CLASS—L. Harrison, H. Hand, E. Lang, M. Brown.

JR. PREP. CLASS—J. and M. Thompson, M. Summers, M. Jackson, M. Hutchinson, J. Brown, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsan, J. McDougall, J. Andrews.

1ST JR. CLASS—C. Orr, E. Schnoback, L. Walsh, A. Ewing, A. Goewey, E. Lappin, R. Lassen, G. Barry, S. West, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simpson, B. Gallary, N. Mann.

2ND JR. CLASS—I. Mann, M. Hughes, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, H. Mier.

## UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.

Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

## TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek); Washing and Mending of Linens, per Session of five months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Commercial, \$5; Scientific, \$8; Classical,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationery, etc., at current prices.

The First Session begins on the first Tuesday of September; the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

**Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.**  
President.

## NILES and SOUTH BEND R.R.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Leave Niles,	9.27 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	6.30 a.m.
"	5.20 p.m.	"	11.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	6.15 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Leave Niles,	10.00 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	8.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	5.00 p.m.

S. R. KING, Agent, South Bend.

THE OLD "RELIABLE"  
DWIGHT HOUSE,  
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

MESSRS. KNIGHT and MILLS having become managers of the above popular and reliable House, renovated, repaired and furnished it with new, first class furniture. The travelling public may rely on finding the best accommodation.

Ladies and Gentlemen visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary's will find here all the comforts of home during their stay.

JERRY KNIGHT, } Proprietors.  
CAPTAIN MILLS, }

nov 15-1f

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD  
Time Table.

From and after November 2, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.51 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 p.m.
TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.21 p.m.
Day Express	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight	1.45 p.m.
AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail	9.20 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight	10.30 a.m.
WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive	6.45 a.m.
Mail	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight	5.15 p.m.

## NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

## LEAVE NILES.

7:35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo and Three Rivers.

9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

5:21 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.

## LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:15 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Main Line and Air Line east.

1:00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line.

1:30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

Mar. 14-1f.

## L. S. &amp; M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

## GOING EAST.

1.47	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9.50; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.
10.10	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5.10 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 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 4.20 A. M.
9.09	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.25 P. M.
3.45	P. M. (No 70), Local Freight.

## GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.25; Chicago 6.55 A. M.
5.20	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.34	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10 P. M.
5.45	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte, 6.40; Chicago, 9.00.
9.05	A. M. (No. 71), Local Freight.

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

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 P. M., running through to Wabash. 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.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL  
DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

## PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p.m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p.m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p.m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and a Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

\* Second day.

## CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

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.

\* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. § Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON,  
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,  
CHICAGO.

J. C. McMULLIN,  
Gen'l Superintendent,  
CHICAGO.

## LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY &amp; CHICAGO R.R.

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

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH	
Pass.....	7.29 P. M.	Pass.....	8.23 P.M.
Freight.....	2.48 A. M.	Freight.....	10.47 A.M.
Freight.....	8.57 P. M.	Freight.....	4.45 A.M.
Pass.....	9.24 a.m.	Pass.....	11.23 A.M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.