

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 11, 1874.

Number 33.

## Geysers in the Distance.

No. V.

On the night of the 28th of August, when camping at the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone, ice formed on the buckets of water standing in our tents, two inches in thickness; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, as our altitude was between seven and eight thousand feet.

Certainly, during the summer season, the climate of that mountainous country is the most delightful to be found anywhere on the continent. Roused at early sunrise, one is wide awake in a moment; and, springing from his blankets, walks about in the fresh, glorious morning, with vigorous life tingling in every fibre of his body. There is no yawning, or curling up in the robes for "one more snooze"; it is a peculiarity of that atmosphere that one either has his eyes open to their widest extent or is in a deep, dreamless sleep. One of the ladies of our party who, for a number of years has been much of an invalid and denied the blessing of natural sleep—there passed the nights in quiet, peaceful slumber, on rude 'shake-downs' spread out on Mother Earth.

The morning of the 29th was yet young, when, leaving behind the glories of the Grand Cañon, we wound down the precipitous, gloomy gorge of Cascade Creek, *en route* to the Lake. In making the steep ascent, after crossing the creek, our "kitchen mule" when near the top, with the perversity of its race refused to hold on to the side of the mountain, and rapidly making a backward descent end over end, reached the bottom and sat down promiscuously on our camp kettles, coffee-pots and dutch oven. The mule "saved his bacon" but we lost ours, for the bread placed in the oven for safe transportation was a total loss. The last-mentioned valuable cooking utensil was also demolished, and with it many prospective batches of hot biscuits. We regretted the oven—which is more than I could have said of the mule if he had been less fortunate. I would *have* like to mention a trait of mulish nature. When one of these animals once knows how to do a disagreeable thing he is always anxious and discontented unless engaged in doing it. I obtained this knowledge by that morning's subsequent experience; for when our long-eared beast—bless him!—again drew near the top of the hill, with his pack securely strapped and in position, he once more loosened his hold, and tumbled back into the bottom of the ravine with about the same results. The packers looked on the first manoeuvre as rather playful and interesting; but, when it was repeated, considered it somewhat monotonous; so the third time they curbed the frolicsome jack's avalanching propensities with ropes, and finally landed a much belabored animal on top of the mountain. We, who had been lookers-on, were much amused, and had many laughs over the ridiculous incident. One o

the wits of the party remarked that the tumbling waters had excited the poor animal's ambition, and that his head had been turned. Now I won't deny that his head was turned—and several times,—for I saw it turning myself, but I think the first statement rather improbable. One thing I do know however, in this connection, is that the waters mist at the foot of the Falls, and at the foot of ~~his~~ fall the mule didn't.

Galloping through a magnificent forest on the grassy banks of the placid Yellowstone, about two miles from Cascade Creek, we crossed a little crystal rivulet and stopped for a moment in the shade of some pines to taste its waters. They hold in solution a large quantity of alum, and come from a group of mineral hot springs some miles farther up. The water is cold, and the acid flavor makes it a cooling, palatable drink on a warm day. It would be convenient for travellers if nature would only furnish a large deposit of sugar near at hand—but then perhaps that is looking for a little too much. Soon after leaving "Lemonade Creek, we turned to the right, through the timber, and coming out near a yellowish marsh followed along its edge quite a distance:

As we drew near a chalky-looking hill, on the trail ahead of us, a large volume of steam was seen arising from its base, and this appearance caused a general race over the treacherous marsh, in the anxiety of the different members of the party to be the first to reach the new wonder. The white hill is one of the noted 'sights' in the basin, and is known as Sulphur Mountain. Hitching our horses to some stunted pines, we spent an hour in gratifying our curiosity and taking lunch—in the order named, although our morning's ride had given a keen edge to our appetites. One large spring, circular in shape and about twenty feet in diameter, boils up at the foot of the hill. The clear waters are of a bright lemon yellow, and are in a constant violent agitation in the centre, being thrown to the height of three and four feet. They are extremely hot, and send forth great clouds of steam, which, blown in the face of a too curious tourist, give a painful scald. The water flows down a slope, formed by its own deposits, and assists in making the swamp before-mentioned. A border surrounds this cauldron, like that of the boiling lake at the Mammoth Hot Springs, differing only in the tints being straw-color and purple,—and lying around on it is a number of smooth, grey stones, about the size of ordinary potatoes, which, our guide said, are thrown up by the spring. That I cannot state on optical evidence, for the thermal stomach was in healthy condition while we were there; but I think it very likely, as there seemed no other place for them to come from. They are called "geyserites," and are about as hard as a flint. On being broken, they are found to be hollow; the shell varies in thickness, and looks much like a striped cornelian, while on the inner side are most beautiful, delicate crystals of pure sulphur. Dozens

were broken by our party, and many others carried away as specimens. The boiling spring had not been christened; at least we were not cognizant of the fact if so, and one of my companions, with an idea of the general fitness of things, and on the principle of "rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," named it the "Devil's Bath Tub." But the mountain itself had claims to be considered as even a greater curiosity, for now that we were near it we discovered that it was in a general state of profuse perspiration. From thousands of pore-like crevices, tiny jets of steam were ejected, and anyone tearing up the earth would be scalded by a rush of heated vapor from the fracture. The internal fever is by no means cooled by the constant sweating, for the crust in many places is so hot that the hand cannot be allowed to touch it; when one succeeds in tearing up a piece of this crust, the lower side of the grey, sponge-like rock is found to be coated with crystals like those in the geyserites, and the sulphur so pure that it is easily lighted. The pungent odor of the great quantity of sulphurous vapor is very disagreeable, and one feels as though breathing nothing but the fumes of lucifer matches. While lunching, we were out of spirits—I mean a certain kind,—and there being no water in the neighborhood fit to drink, we were obliged to take our bacon and bread *straight*.

As we were engaged saddling our animals, we heard some distance to our right a strange noise repeated at regular intervals, but so indistinct that none of us could determine what it was. We rode through a small belt of pines, on a voyage of discovery, and found a number of what are known as "mud-puffs," and 'twas not much wonder that we failed to imagine the origin of the strange noise, for it is likely our imaginations would have snapped had the attempt been made to stretch to the degree required. In a large depression or sink, circular in shape, and probably an acre in extent, were some dozen or more round, funnel-like holes, varying from one to ten feet in diameter and scattered at unequal distances from each other. These were filled to within a foot of the top with boiling mud, about the consistency of mush, and in the various holes this was of different colors, dull grey, red, slate, blue, and dirty yellow. The noise we had heard was produced by the bubbles of steam bursting with a dull thud as they rose to the surface. The entire depression looked as though it might in some past time have been one immense cauldron of boiling mud, for the surface is composed of some finely pulverized earth and sulphur, and, though dry, the soil has the crumbly appearance presented by rich loam when the frost first leaves it,—one has rather an uncertain feeling in walking over it, the foot sinking two or three inches at every step. 'Tis very curious to stand by one of these mud-pots and watch the steam, generated by some infernal furnace, puff up the mud in a great blister and then burst, scattering the slimy stuff on the sides of the strange kettle, to ooze back again, and again be spurted forth.

The odors arising from these loathsome pools are hell-born, and one might easily imagine, standing in the midst of the sulphurous vapors, while the dark clouds of night spread over the pines, that in some such place, lighted by the forked fires of volcanic mountains, Macbeth consulted the three weird sisters.

Having gratified our curiosity, we turned our backs on Sulphur Mountain, the Devil's Cauldron and the "mud-puffs," and once more were *en route* for the Geysers.

## The Rain.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF 'BEAUTIFUL SNOW.'

Oh! the rain, the miserable rain!  
Stopping a moment, then at it again,  
Flooding the house tops—flooding the street,  
Falling in torrents on people you meet,  
Drifting,  
Pelting,  
Sleet along,  
Miserable rain it does very wrong,—  
Dropping its wetness on fair lady's cheek,  
Dripping from noses,—a frolicsome freak;  
Miserable rain why stay not above  
And be pure as an angel—gentle as love?

Oh! the rain, the miserable rain,  
How the drops gather I cannot explain.  
Down they drop, in their cruel fun,  
Dampening *all* and every one,  
As hurrying,  
Flurrying,  
Skurrying by,  
Poor victims wish "it was all in their eye"  
And even the dogs, not attempting a bound,  
With tails at half-mast, sink growling around,  
The town is like death and none can refrain  
From saying "confound the miserable rain."

To half drowned travelers hurrying along,  
The pattering drops are no musical song.  
And they only wish in hurrying by  
For some friendly sheltering cover nigh.  
They quickly,  
Swiftly,  
Rapidly strain  
Each nerve to get out of the miserable rain.  
Rain pleasant enough if it staid in the sky,  
But not relished on earth by the few passing by,  
For they have to take on their trim-covered feet,  
The soft mushy filth of the horrible street.

Once I was out in the rain, and I fell!  
Fell in the mud! I'm afraid I said—well  
I fell to be laughed at ere gaining my feet,  
Covered with mud from the horrible street.  
Rolling,  
Slipping,  
Hating to lie  
A laughable sight to the few passing by,  
Overcoat—undercoat—breeches—all;  
Gloves and cigar I lost by my fall,  
Merciful fate! prevent my again  
Falling so flat in the miserable rain.

Once I was thoroughly wet by the rain,  
Made chilly and cold, and a horrible pain  
Took from my person its natural grace,  
Doubled my body,—distorted my face.  
Cramps,  
Spasms,

Cholic and all  
The ills to which man is heir since the fall,  
Racked my poor frame, 'till the passers-by  
Wondered and stopped as I wandered nigh,  
And asked the cause of my terrible pain,  
Groaning I answered "the miserable rain."

How strange it is that the miserable rain  
Should be ever dripping and never refrain—  
However, when cosily rolled in my bed,

I do not care *then* how it *pleuts* overhead  
 But loungely,  
 Dozing,  
 Sleeping alone

The waters may pour and dampened winds moan,  
 And I do not care what is drenching the town  
 Nor for the pitiless rain coming down,  
 But going to sleep I think not again  
 Of drenchings I got in the miserable rain.

F. D. ZEQQLZ.

## The Women's Crusade.

BY B. J. M.

On all sides we hear the exclamation, "Old parties are dead! they have outlived their usefulness!"

The great question of Slavery is settled forever. We find "protectionists" and "free-traders" in all parties. But it seems to be the decree of an inscrutable Providence that political parties are essential to the maintenance of our institutions. All speculations as to the nature of future parties must, necessarily, be to some extent erroneous. However, from the popular feeling as now expressing itself, we have reason to believe that the great question upon which issue will be taken at no distant day, is that of Temperance. Be this as it may, it brings me to the subject of this communication, the present crusade of the women against saloons and saloon-keepers.

All will admit that intemperance is an evil through which the community at large, and particularly the female portion of it, has suffered deep and lasting wrongs. The intentions of those engaged in the present "movement" are good, and to that extent are commendable. But do the means justify the end? We think not. Liquor is recognized by law as property. This implies the right of buying and selling it. So, as far as the municipal law is concerned, the rights of saloon-keepers are identical with those of the grocery, hardware, or drygoods merchant.

With the exception of force—and I say it with all respect to the ladies—the bands at present engaged in visiting saloons have all the destructive features of a mob. For whether you violently take my goods from me, or prevent the prosecution of my lawful business in any other way, it is in result the same.

Let us inquire whether the present raid is directed against the real evil. Its professed object is to prevent the sale of all stimulants. Those engaged in it reason that if liquor is not sold it cannot be used, and therefore not abused. As well might it be argued, because some few individuals use arsenic and lace to improve (?) their appearance, that drugstores and drygoods stores should be done away with.

If liquor was an evil in itself, then there might be some excuse for this summary mode of proceeding. Though powder is daily made a much more effective agency of mischief than liquor ever can be, yet it is not pretended that its use should be prohibited. If let alone, it will hurt no one. Those who use it wantonly are held accountable for the injury they do; and this is as it should be. As powder when properly used is beneficial, so the medicinal properties of alcoholic stimulants have been proved, and there can be no justice in making one individual suffer for the wrongdoings of another.

The use of wines and liquors is as old as civilization it-

self; all efforts to suppress it always have been, and ever must be, futile. The Government which should attempt to prescribe what I should or should not eat would, indeed, be tyrannical,—yet one can be intemperate in eating as well as in drinking. The proper office, as well as the duty of Government, is to regulate the sale of stimulants, and when it goes beyond this it transcends its functions. By interfering with individual rights it is made an instrument of oppression rather than protection.

The question of intemperance is an ethical one, and as such we must treat it. No matter how wrong it may be from a moral point of view, unless an actual offense has been committed by the inebriate, Government has no right to interfere, and much less any of its individual members.

The only plea urged in favor of the present "movement" is that good will result from it. We have seen that it is inherently wrong, as against the law of the land. By following this reasoning to its logical sequence, to wit: "Do wrong that good may come," all law and order will be undermined and anarchy reign supreme. But it may be claimed by those who favor the crusade that it is authorized by the Divine will. Our Saviour at the feast of Cana, in Galilee, turned water into wine; and the Scriptures in other places, indirectly at least if not directly, sanction its use. Neither does the natural law support their views. By it we enjoy liberty and happiness, and it is absurd to assert that any one is more competent to judge what constitutes these than he who is to enjoy them.

Even if those who are engaged in the crusade have a right to set themselves up as paragons of morality,—about which there is an honest difference of opinion,—appealing to the passions of saloon-keepers is a poor way of convincing them of the illegitimacy of their business. They can see no morality in taking bread from the mouths of their children.

The crusade, besides being unlawful, is unfounded in reason. It aims to calk a crack in the flume while the gate is left open. If it accomplishes all the most sanguine predict for it, it can but result in having those who will have liquor obtain by foul means what they cannot obtain by fair. But why pursue the discussion further? though the present movement makes a great flutter, there will be but few feathers, resulting in injury rather than benefit to the cause of Temperance.

THE remark of a severe lady, who says that male is only mule spelled wrong, is supplemented by the New Orleans *Picayune* with the declaration that according to Latin authorities a woman is *mulier*.

Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,  
 In a beautiful hole in the ground;  
 Where the bumble bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,  
 And the straddle bugs tumble around;

So that in winter, when the snow and the slush  
 Have covered his last little bed,  
 His brother Artemus can go out with Jane  
 And visit the place with his sled.

TELEGRAM as sent: "Ft. Wayne, Ind. Dr. Howard, Wellsville, Ind.: Come at once with prescription. Case of Cerebro Spinal Meningitis." As received: "Come at once to see procession of Carrie Spencer's Menagerie."

# The Scholastic.

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A full report of the St. Cecilia meetings next week.

REV. FATHER SPILLARD has given the benefit of a Mission to his parishioners. Fathers Cooney and O'Mahony conduct the Mission.

We heard in the distance the Band in open air practice last Thursday, but did not get near enough to congratulate the talented leader and his skilful players.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL is on a visit to the Establishments of the Holy Cross in the Southern States and will probably not return for a couple of weeks.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL will represent the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the American Pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes. He publishes a card in the "AVE MARIA" in which he expresses his willingness to be the bearer of any contributions to the Peter's Pence which may be sent in his care between this and the 10th of May.

A postal note from Mr. C. G. Powell, President of the Editorial Fraternity of Northern Indiana, informs us that he has taken the responsibility of postponing the next meeting until about the first of June, and that he will in the mean time make arrangements for a successful and pleasant gathering of the Press gang—such as he hopes will fully satisfy them for the delay.

We had not the pleasure of being present at Notre Dame on Easter Sunday: but we hear from all sides praises of the music at High Mass, both vocal and instrumental, and much merited praise given to the Director of the Choir and the leader of the Band; the sermon, also, by Father Brown, was spoken of in our presence as one of the very best ever delivered in the college church.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we receive the *Univers* of the 20th of March, the first number published after its late suppression by the French Government. It contains a letter of the Holy Father, which we would like to give entire, but want of space prevents us from giving more than an extract:

"In this great perturbation of civil society, as your efforts and your strength, my dear son, have been faithfully applied to the propagation of good, you should not be surprised to be in tribulations. But while the most inveterate enemies of the Church, thinking to advance in security, find themselves rapidly carried off in the ways of injustice and perdition; while those who seek to reconcile light and darkness fallaciously and foolishly flatter themselves that they shall attain their desired end; while others, through fear of a violent tempest, inconsiderately bend their heads before the false wisdom of the age, wrongly believing that by this means they shall escape the violence of the storm; you, my dear son, with a firm, confident, and tranquil heart, await with all good men the time and the hour which the heavenly Father has designated in His power; and all this

while you have been in prayer before the throne of Him to whom the words of the humble and the sacrifices of those who suffer assuredly ascend.

"We desire that the Apostolic Benediction, which we tenderly give to you in the Lord, and to your associates, according to your desire, may be to you the augury of heavenly aid and the pledge of our affection."

## The Anniversary of our President's Birthday.

BY THE "ALL AROUND" MAN.

Wednesday, the thirty-fifth anniversary of our Rev. President's birthday, was very appropriately celebrated by our students of Notre Dame. It is to be regretted that more time was not allowed in preparation for the celebration; however, as it was, all passed off satisfactorily, being a complete surprise to Rev. Father Lemonnier, and comparatively so to a majority of the students. The secrecy with which the little celebration was gotten up will account for the Commercial and Preparatory Departments not being represented, and the Junior Societies likewise. However, we understand that they have something nice in store for him to-night. On Tuesday, a few of the more thoughtful students got together and talked the matter over. What! were they going to allow Father Lemonnier's natal anniversary to pass by in silence? No; they could not entertain such a thought, but they were in doubt as to whether they would take it upon themselves, without consulting and asking the assistance of some of the officials. On consideration, they came to the conclusion that it was their prerogative to pay honor to their superior. So they immediately made it known to many of their companions, who aided them in the preparations. Representatives were selected from the different Senior Societies, and also the Collegiate Department. B. J. McGinnis was chosen to represent the Collegiate Department, E. McSweeney the Philodemic Society, C. A. Berdel the Thespians, and L. C. Watson the Columbians. On Wednesday morning, immediately after breakfast, the Brass Band struck up a lively tune on the front steps, and all the students were drawn up in file in front of the College. After waiting a short time, the Rev. Father made his appearance. He was greeted with loud applause from the assembled students. The different addresses were then read to him. They were all well written and well delivered, and all expressed those true sentiments of love and respect for our worthy President which animate the bosom of every student of Notre Dame. Father Lemonnier responded to the various addresses in words full of love and feeling for his beloved children in Christ. He stated that he always endeavored, and ever shall endeavor, to use the power confided to him for the advantage of the students in all things. He thanked the students for the honor they paid him, and promised that he would not forget them. As our sentiments are all embodied in the address from the Collegiate Department, given below, and read by B. J. McGinnis, we refrain from giving the Addresses separately.

VERY REVEREND FATHER LEMONNIER:

On an occasion like this, the anniversary of your birth, it is both becoming and proper that the members of the Collegiate Department should tender to you, Very Reverend Sir, their humble though heartfelt congratulations,—while at the same time fondly hoping that your life will be as

happy in the future as it has been useful in the past; that your joys will be many, and your sorrows few; and that you will see the justly earned fame of the Institution of which you are at present the honored head, increased a hundredfold.

In thus waiting upon you, Reverend Father, far be it from us to be actuated by any selfish motives. It is not because you are the President of an Institution whose fame has been spread broadcast over a great nation; an institution celebrated as much for its learning as for the piety of its founders, whose patronage is not confined to any particular sect—though Catholic in its teachings, yet extending a kind invitation to all,—and withal thoroughly American. It educates the heart with the head, and inculcates into the minds of its members those essential principles of Christian morality common to all religious denominations, and without which knowledge tends to the degradation rather than the elevation of its recipient.

Not to mention the many kindnesses you have shown to us individually, the many failings you have so generously overlooked, the paternal watchfulness you have ever exerted in our behalf, and the many personal traits which have endeared you to the students of the University, there would appear to be a peculiar appropriateness in an address on the present occasion. The Church of Christ to which you have devoted your life is in trouble. Trouble brought about by a Godless education which you and your worthy assistants are endeavoring to combat by your praiseworthy endeavors. She has been despoiled of her possessions by a ruthless band of robbers. Satan and his tools have everywhere the ascendancy. They have turned those institutions of learning which have ever been the pride as well as the protectors of the Church into mere machines for the manufacture of miscreants. The whole Catholic world, and particularly the Clergy, have indeed reason to mourn. However, in this our day of sorrow we should remember that the present crisis merely presages a brighter future for the Church. The lessons of history present no warning to these sacrilegious robbers, and the words of the sacred writer, "Boast not for to-morrow: for you know not what the day may bring forth," are lost upon them. But while all is thus gloomy abroad, in this far distant land of the West has been planted one of the numerous germs from which a second and more glorious civilization is to spring.

Reverend and dear Father, receive once more the sincere and heartfelt congratulations of the Seniors of the Col-Collegiate Department, and be assured that when we are far from our Alma Mater and have entered upon the stern realities of life; when we in our turn will be called upon to fill the positions now filled by our fathers; when surrounded by pleasures and lured by temptations—our hearts, which owe so much to the admirable system of instruction established by you and your worthy predecessors, will return in their yearnings to a place rendered dear by so many cheering reminiscences—among which the present anniversary of your birth shall be ever cherished in grateful remembrance.

#### THE SENIORS OF THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

Dr. E. O. Haven, formerly President of the Michigan University, said at a late meeting of the Methodist clergy in New York that "the twelve different Protestant denominational Churches in Italy afforded a spectacle for infidels and skeptics to laugh at."

### Arrivals.

Edward W. Washburn, Chicago, Illinois.  
John Douglas O'Hara, Chicago, Illinois.

### Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, APRIL 9th, 1874.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Andre, J. Browne, C. Berdel, J. Brogan, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, O. Corcoran, G. Cunnea, J. Caren, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, T. Cashin, E. Dunn, F. Devoto, T. Dailey, B. Euans, J. Egan, H. Esch, M. Foley, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, E. Gribling, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Handly, M. Jeffreys, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, P. Lilly, J. McManus, S. Marks, F. Morass, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, M. McCullough, E. McSweeney, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin, J. Ney, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, T. O'Mahony, J. Ott, M. Proctor, J. F. Rudge, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, C. Ruger, F. Scrafford, P. Skahill, J. Van Dusen, J. Wolfe, C. Walter, L. Watson.

#### JUNIORS.

J. F. Beegan, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, L. Best, M. Burge, J. Cullen, J. Cohen, J. Dalley, J. Doyle, W. Darst, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, C. Freese, W. Green, G. J. Gross, E. Crambling, E. Gorman, C. Hake, M. J. Kinsella, C. A. Kreiter, J. Kinley, L. Loser, J. Lynch, C. A. Lewis, B. Le Fevre, G. McNulty, J. D. McIntyre, F. H. Farrell, N. J. Mooney, C. Meyer, W. Meyer, J. R. Minton, J. E. Marks, F. Miller, P. Moran, J. Connor, D. J. O'Connell, C. Peltier, H. Quan, E. Riopelle, E. S. Ratigan, J. Crummey, J. Rider, F. Stoppenbach, A. Schmidt, R. Sobey, J. F. Soule, S. Smith, J. Smith, T. Solon, R. Walker, J. E. Wood, F. Weisenburger.

#### MINIMS.

Ralph Golsen, Frank Carlin, John O'Meara, Michael McAuliffe, Edward Stichtenoth, Charles Campean, Harry Canoll, Lee Frazee, Edward Buchanan, Harry Middleton, James F. Blaine, Albert West.

### Class Honors.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, APRIL 9th, 1874.

#### PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

##### SENIORS.

J. W. Andre, W. T. Ball, J. Egan, M. Foley, J. Fielding, W. Henry, J. Handley, J. Luby, J. McManns, F. Morass, T. B. McDonough, D. McGinnis, W. McClure, L. Proudhomme, G. Roulhac, J. Wolfe.

##### JUNIORS.

C. Burger, J. Buchanan, J. Brie, J. M. Crummey, C. Campean, J. Cullen, W. Chapoton, F. X. Claffey, J. Cohen, J. Daly, W. Darst, J. Doyle, R. Downey, J. G. Ewing, H. Faxon, J. French, P. Fitzpatrick, B. Greene, C. Hake, J. Hayes, M. Hayes, J. Kietly, S. Kennedy, J. Kinley, J. Lambin, B. Le Fevre, C. Lewis, G. Lehman, N. J. Mooney, T. McNamara, J. Minton, D. Nelson, D. O'Connell, D. O'Donnell, E. O'Connor, W. Ohlen, Jas. O'Connor, C. J. O'Connor, F. Perll, C. Peltier, H. Quan, E. Ratigan, J. Rider, P. Schnurrer, W. Schulthies, J. Smith, H. Schilt, F. Smyth, R. Sobey, H. Zuber.

### All Around.

WE were surprised by a white Easter.

THE recreation on Easter Monday was deferred.

PROF. IVERS will deliver a lecture in South Bend to-morrow evening.

THE number of members of the Circulating Library is increasing.



THE Philopatrians come out to-night. We wish them success.

FROM recent appearances it would seem that the bust of Sir Walter Scott in the Collegiate Department has been on a "bust."

THE work on Father General's house is progressing rapidly.

IS there no way of putting a stop to that violin on the fourth floor of the College? Can't the accomplished musician give us a rest?

OUR lawyer lately went to South Bend and ridded himself of his cumbersome beard. It took the students about two days to get re-acquainted with him.

OUR printers may be fond of visitors when their calls are moderate, but when carried to excess and beyond the bounds of etiquette they become disgusting.

ON Easter Sunday we had one of the heaviest snows of the season. It continued unceasingly all day, and was the source of many disappointments.

OUR little invitation to the "Atlantics" has had the desired effect. They have "gone and done it" for the Star of the East,—score, 15 to 19.

WHEN youths armed with pocket pistols go hunting ducks on the banks of the St. Joe, can we say that it is *four* practice? Perhaps W. or G. can throw some light on this question.

THE new boats have been launched and tested by their respective crews. They ride nicely. It is believed that with these the crews will be able to make faster time than they did with the old ones.

THERE is a certain friend of ours to whom we would like to give a brass button to wear around his neck for a *charm*. He is such an obliging gentleman. We sincerely return him our thanks for the favor he conferred on us last week.

ONE table in the Seniors' Refectory boasts of a *crusty* bachelor who has a little table etiquette of his own, particularly concerning the choice of bread. He takes crust.

### Publications.

SNATCHES OF SONG. By Mary A. McMullen ("Una"). St. Louis: Patrick Fox, publisher, 1874.

This delightful volume of 203 pages is a valuable addition to the poetic literature of the country. Every piece is a gem in itself, and fully worth the price of the whole volume. The high-toned morality and patriotic fire which breathes in every line is most cheering, especially in an age when so much trash and worse than trash is palmed off upon the public under the high-sounding name of literature.

To those who have read the poems of "Una" in the *Pilot*, the *Catholic Telegraph*, the *AVE MARIA*, and other journals of the day, no special recommendation of this volume is necessary to insure a high appreciation of its real literary and artistic merits; to those who are not familiar with the genius of the talented authoress, we will only say that a rich and wholesome treat is still in store for them.

All who wish for pleasing, instructive, soul-inspiring reading, should at once procure a copy of the "SNATCHES OF SONG."

Want of space will not permit us to give our appreciation of the pieces separately; and where each of the many poems possesses a high degree of merit, it is difficult to make judicious selection for particular notice, yet we can-

not refrain from calling attention to a few which struck us as peculiarly beautiful. First, "The Wayside Shrine," published first in the *AVE MARIA*, portrays, in the form of a legend, the truth so familiar and so sweet to every Catholic heart, that confidence in the protection and intercessory power of Mary is a sure guarantee of final salvation. The beautiful poem on the most beautiful subject in the annals of heroic faith and virtue, "St. Agnes," is not only a touching picture of the angelic loveliness and virtue of the child-martyr, but manifests a richness of poetic fancy which makes one wish that the poem might never end. The spirited poems "Unite," "The Songs of Eire," "Our Captive Brothers," "Cashel," and others, manifest a patriotic soul that only needed to be lodged in a masculine bosom to take a leading position in the ranks of military glory; while the touching lines "To Lizzie" show the calm, tender spirit which can suffer patiently itself, but grieves to look upon the sufferings of others.

The great diversity of subjects treated in this delightful collection (all of them treated with masterly skill), not only indicate a versatile genius in the authoress, but affords delicious food for every worthy mood of mind. We sincerely hope that many similar contributions will still be made to literature and virtuous pleasure by the same gifted authoress.

### Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

John A. Shields, Armstrong Co., Pa.....	\$10 00
Ernest Morphy, (deceased), Quincy, Ill.....	10 00
Lizzie F. Morphy, Quincy, Ill.....	10 00
Mrs. Savage, Boston, Mass.....	10 00
Henry and Rosanna Casey, Notre Dame, Ind.....	12 00
Charles Lacast, Notre Dame, Ind.....	10 00
Francis Fitzmaurice, Manitowoc, Wis.....	5 00
Mrs. Boyle, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	10 00
Miss McCloskey, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	5 00

[TO BE CONTINUED]

WE are aware that there is at Notre Dame a flourishing society under the name of the Choral Union, but we do not know if it numbers among its officers a Corresponding Secretary. If there be such a dignitary he should not keep all the good news to himself, but should let the anxious public hear occasionally of the doings of that worthy body. We are a music-loving people; and having an especial liking for vocal music, we very naturally feel a great interest in the new organization.

MUSICUS.

### Society Reports.

ST. ALOYSIUS PHILODEMIC SOCIETY.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—We have purposely refrained of late from reporting the proceedings of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society, feeling that such communications at best can be of but little interest to the ordinary reader. However, I would be derelict in duty if I were to allow the debate of last Wednesday evening to pass unnoticed. The President being absent, Mr. McSweeney, the Vice-President, presided. The Society having disposed of the business preliminary to the debate, the Secretary stated, by request, the question selected for discussion: "Resolved, That Secret Societies should be Abolished." Messes. T. A.

Dailey and E. G. Graves supported the affirmative, and Messrs. M. Bastarache and P. J. Cooney supported the negative. Mr. Cooney being absent, in consequence of sickness, Mr. Dehner was appointed to take his place.

The debate was opened by Mr. Dailey. Disdaining all pretensions to eloquence, the gentleman proceeded to a lucid and logical discussion of the question. The first argument adduced by him in support of their abolition was that the rights of society demanded it, as they prevented the administration of justice. His second point was, that where they exist in colleges, they have a tendency to draw students from literary associations, which, he proceeded to show, was one of the least pernicious of their influences. In support of this point he read a very interesting as well as instructive extract from a lecture delivered by Professor Estabrook, of the Michigan Normal University. The gentleman's third point supporting their abolition was, that "they should be abolished because they are from their very nature and essence evil;" and his last argument was that they should be abolished because they are *secret*. The gentleman dwelt at considerable length on each point. We should like to give his arguments in full; but inasmuch as space will not permit us to state the arguments in refutation adduced by the negative, we fear it would be in bad taste. Notwithstanding the gentleman's disclaimer of eloquence, if a forcible delivery and good sound reasoning would constitute these, we would be disposed to take issue with him on the point.

Mr. Bastarache was the first speaker on the negative side of the question. As a speaker, he has improved greatly since his last effort, and will in the course of time make a very forcible debater. He endeavored to show that most existing secret societies were charitable associations, having for their object the elevation of their members, and their relief when in distress. He maintained that the fraternal feeling engendered by men associating thus could not but be conducive to good results.

Mr. Graves, the second speaker on the affirmative, confined himself principally to the evil effects of centralization in government, to which he claimed secret societies had a tendency. Having dwelt at some length on the arguments of his colleague, we can only say of Mr. Graves' speech that it did him credit.

As we have seen, Mr. Dehner was not appointed till the evening of the debate, and therefore had no time for preparation. However, he showed from the able manner in which he treated the subject that he was master of it. He repudiated the gentleman's argument that religion should enter into the discussion of the question, claiming that if we were to take the testimony of a particular sect there was no question to be discussed. He showed the injustice of holding an organization responsible for the acts of its individual members. As we cannot give the gentleman's whole argument, we will close our report with saying that his speech was one of the most effective extemporaneous discourses it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

The presiding officer, Mr. McSweeney, after summing up the arguments in the masterly manner characteristic of that gentleman, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

B. J. MCGINNIS, *Corresponding Secretary*.

#### THE BOAT CLUB.

MR. EDITOR: It has been sometime since you have heard from us; but don't imagine we are defunct because we have kept quiet until we have something to say, which, I know, you will grant is indicative of praiseworthy discretion on our part. In the first place the boating season has opened earlier than usual, which is a favorable circumstance in itself, and we are taking advantage of it. Secondly, our new boat-house is completed,—and a nice, roomy, and airy one it is—a decided improvement on the old one. But what we all are most delighted with is the arrival of our new boats. To use a phrase, "They are beauties;" some thirty-five feet keel, and four feet beam, and made each to seat six oarsmen. It would be nothing more than proper to mention here the deep sense of gratitude we feel towards Rev. Father Lemonnier, our much-loved and kind Director, who is ever ready to do and grant everything that will consistently promote our happiness and pleasure. He it is who has so promptly granted our

wish for the two elegant boats which we now possess. The new boats are named respectively the "Minnehaha" and "Hiawatha." Our fleet now consists of five staunch boats. I shall occasionally let you know how we are progressing, and shall now conclude by giving you the result of our recent election of officers.

*Director*—Rev. A. Lemonnier, C. S. C.

*President*—M. A. J. Baasen, A. M.

*Secretary*—Chas. J. Dodge.

*Treasurer*—Harry W. Walker.

*Commodore*—Daniel E. Maloney.

*Captain of "Minnehaha,"* H. W. Walker; *Captain of "Hiawatha,"* D. E. Maloney; *Captain of "Pinta,"* G. W. Crumme; *Captain of "Santa Maria,"* C. Villeneuve.

C. J. D., *Sec'y*.

#### STAR OF THE WEST B. B. C.

MR. EDITOR: DEAR SIR,—Your "All Around man" must not have been all around for some time, or he would certainly have seen the Star of the West Base-Ball Club, which is up and doing, and mighty lively at that.

We never like to threaten—but when a man so far forgets the respect due to us as a Society, organized for the advancement of base-ball and the development of muscle, of which article we have quite a supply—I repeat when he so far forgets said respect as to say that we, the Star of the West, are no longer visible, we feel a little like making him see stars.

NATHAN DRYFOOS, *Sec'y*.

The well known Quickstep Base-Ball Club, of the Minims Department, held its first meeting on March 3rd for the purpose of organizing for the present season. Brother Albert, the Director of the Club, after calling the meeting to order, explained its object, which was the electing of officers. The election resulted as follows:

*President*—Ralph Golsen.

*Vice-President*—Tommie Hooley.

*Secretary*—Colly Clarke.

*Treasurer*—Cicero McKinnon.

*Capt 1st Nine*—Frank Carlin.

*Field Directors*—Charles Parker and Otto Lindberg.

A very interesting match game of base-ball was played on St. Patrick's Day between the first nine of the above-mentioned Club and a picked nine of fine players from the Juniors. The game was very well played by both nines. The catching, especially, was excellent. At the close of the game the score stood: Quicksteps, 28; picked nine, 22. Umpire, Mr. E. Graves, of the Juanita Base-Ball Club. Scorers: Raymond West and Edward Buchanan. The Juniors were not discouraged by their defeat, and challenged the Minims for a second game on the following day (Wednesday), with the hope of having the good fortune of beating them; but the Quicksteps were too quick for them, and the Minims gained a second victory over their older friends by a score of 14 to 20. "NOTHING LIKE IT."

A French paper publishes some calculations respecting Easter, from which it appears that this feast will fall on the 25th of April in the year 1886. The 25th of April is St. Mark's Day; in that year Good Friday will fall on St. George's Day, and the feast of Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day. There is an old prediction repeated by Nostradamus in his "Centuries":

Quand Georges-Dieu crucifiera

Que Marc le resuscitera

Et que Jean le portera

Le fin du monde arrivera.

**\$25 Per Day** guaranteed using our **WELL AUGER** and Drills. Catalogue free. W. J. GILES, St. Louis, Mo.



**MURDER? NO.**

But a man can earn with this WELL AUGER, in good territory, **\$25 Per Day**. Wells are bored any size, and at the rate of 150 feet per day. Augers made of Cast-steel and warranted. Always successful in quicksand. Best tool in the world for prospecting for coal and ores. Farm, Township and County rights for sale. Send your P. O., Co. and State, and get descriptive book with explanations. Address Auger Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## 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,	9.20 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 March 1st, 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,	11.50 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.
TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.20 p.m.
Day Express,	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight,	1.45 p.m.
AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail,	9.15 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,	5.05 p.m.

## NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

## LEAVE NILES.

9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.  
5:20 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.  
7:35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

## LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11:09 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the m-in line. 6:15 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent,

Mar 14—1f.

CHICAGO.

## 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, 2.10; 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 Ticket 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 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 .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.

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.