

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 20, 1874.

Number 43.

Letter from the Far Northwest.

MR. EDITOR:—I think I may presume to offer the following letter for publication in the SCHOLASTIC, as I trust the writer will excuse the liberty on account of the interesting matter it contains.

M. B. B.

HELENA, M. T., May 17, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—Last evening I returned from a two weeks' trip across the range, whither I had gone on pleasure and business combined. Your kind letter of the 21st ult. reached me a few hours before leaving here, and consequently I had no time to answer it before getting under way; as you know the many little things to be done before starting on a trip take up most of the time immediately preceding one's departure. Now, however, that I am back and once more in a house, out of the numerous letters calling for my attention I select yours as having the first claim, mostly because I enjoy writing to you. My first trip across the range to the west side was a very enjoyable one, and a short sketch of it may be of interest to you. I outfitted myself with a light wagon and pair of horses, and small tent, and good supply of provision, and with a companion started on Monday, the 4th inst. The morning was bright and clear, and not too warm. We gained the summit of the main range eighteen miles from here, and had a magnificent view east and west, from our altitude of over 8,000 feet. Looking back, the rugged masses of the Belt Range, 55 miles distant, rimmed the broad fertile valleys of the Prickley Pear and Missouri, which lay spread out before us; but the eyesight wandered far over these mountains in the clear atmosphere, and the range of vision was only bounded by numberless snow-clad peaks over 100 miles away—shining little pyramids of purity. To the south, Red Mountain (a few miles distant, a peak of the same range on which we were,) raised its conical bald summit 2,000 feet above us,—whiteheaded, one might imagine, on account of the immensity of the secrets confided to it, for within the last eighteen months it has been found to be almost a solid mass of minerals, hundreds of rich silver leads being scattered all through it. To the west, the mountains, heavily covered with timber, descend rapidly to the valley of the Little Blackfoot; while beyond, the course of other streams can be traced, by the breaks in the lower spurs of the mountains. It is certainly as lovely a panoramic view of mountain and valley as can be obtained from any other point in the country. Driving rapidly down to the bottom lands, we followed the green banks of the noisy little stream for about ten miles, then turning to the left crossed a low divide, and ten miles farther on pitched our tent on the bank of the same river, near an ice-cold spring issuing from the side of the mountain. I have often mentioned to you the beauty and smoothness of our natural roads in this mountain country,

and though you may perhaps think that I am stretching a point, yet I believe they are scarcely excelled by the drives in Central Park. My travels heretofore have been confined to the "East Side," and I was surprised to find what an entirely different aspect the western slope presented. As I remarked, the country is densely timbered, but with a growth of pines far superior to those on the east side, being much larger and the ground free from underbrush and fallen timber. The great forests, composed of giant trees, some of which are fifteen and twenty feet in diameter, reach down from the mountains and spread over a greater part of the valley; and the greater portion of our drive of one hundred and seventy-five miles we were shaded by the dark green canopy seventy or eighty feet above us. I felt like myself again when once more in 'camp' out in the woods, and would not have exchanged my easy position before the bright camp fire, in the clear, mild starlit night, for the honored seat in the finest drawing-room in New York.

There may be many who would laugh at such 'savage' tastes, but even *they* would be fascinated by such a life had they but once such an experience. The next day we made a drive of forty miles, and camped near a toll-bridge across the Deer Lodge River. We had a fine camp, near a creek in which there are plenty of trout, on which there was a number of ducks, and near which, in the underbrush, there were many grouse; so you see that our mess was well supplied. The succeeding day we drove fifty-five miles, passed through the town of Missoula, and camped in the valley of the same name. The Bitter Root River joined the Missoula about opposite our camp, and the broad valley of the former is claimed to be the garden-spot of Montana. The beautiful valley certainly looked as though it might be a garden spot of almost any country. The day following we had a most charming ride through forests that seemed to grow more beautiful as we advanced. We were in the heart of the Indian country—on the new reservation of the Flathead tribe—and saw many "Los!" in all their natural ugly, greasy dirtiness. About 3 P. M. we reached St. Ignatius' Mission (for the Pend Oreille Indians), and were heartily welcomed by the Jesuit Fathers. The valley of Mission Creek is very beautiful, lying at the very base of the main range, and completely surrounded by snow-crowned mountains, except in the north, where a broad valley extends to Flathead Lake, 30 miles distant. The mission was founded by Fr. De Smet and the good works accomplished since its foundation are innumerable. They have a large handsome church, and a commodious house for the Sisters (of whom there are five), two resident priests, and six Brothers. The Sisters teach the young Indians—a day-school for boys and boarding-school for the girls—of the latter there are 32, and they are a very cleanly, civilized-looking set. I heard some of them read, and saw their writing, and was very much surprised at

the excellence of both. One of the lassies wrote a hand which any young lady of the 'Chimes' need not be ashamed of, and she is a pure, thoroughbred, out-and-out Indian. All the Indians when not away on their fall hunts or spring fishing, hear Mass daily, have their morning and night prayers in the church, and lead a life which might put to the blush many a Christian community. The Brothers raise all the breadstuffs and vegetables consumed by the Community, and have a surplus. They have a fine grist and saw-mill, run by waterpower, and are altogether self-supporting—and a good deal more, which latter the Indians come in for. Quite a number of the Indians have built themselves substantial log houses round the Mission and have gone to farming. The day after we arrived, the first rain-storm of the season brought up our rear, and prevented our departure for the Flathead Lake, whither we had intended going for a day or two. Though disappointed, we contrived to get a good deal of enjoyment during the four days we remained—going out on short fishing excursions between storms and getting thoroughly wet before we returned. One afternoon, when the clouds lifted a little, we drove out about five miles to get a view of the wonderful falls of Mission Creek. We obtained a view from the side of a mountain about three miles from the cataract, being as near as we could get in an afternoon, as a whole day is necessary to travel to the foot of the falls through the thick timber. They are truly wonderful, and are the Yosemite of Montana. Taking leap after leap from the snow-wreathed summit, they have in one place a perpendicular fall of nearly *one thousand* feet. I could hardly believe that the long silver thread glistening in the afternoon sun was really the same large body of water flowing at my feet. I much regretted that we could not approach nearer, but I have promised myself a trip there next August, for the special purpose of following the falls to the summit of the mountain. How I wish you could be here to accompany me, and from there to the lake! Can you not take a vacation here amongst the wonders? I had quite a chat with Michael Bighead, the chief of the Pend Orielles, and he gave me an invitation to come back to his country at any time; "so when royalty beckons me I must." But I have been scribbling away since Mass, and it is now nearly supper time, and you are probably wondering "when is he going to give us a rest?"—Yet I haven't written half what I wished to, but in pity I will close. [I could bear to have the dose doubled].

When you have time, please make a literary carom on

Sincerely, your friend,

BLAINE.

The Coming 8th of December, 1874.

The 8th of December, 1874, is a day that is looked forward to with anxiety and hope, since the 24th of November, 1639. An event took place on that day which was expected by one only out of the whole human family. Mr. Horrox, a young English gentleman, who as an amateur had devoted himself to the study of astronomy, had satisfied himself by calculation that on that day the planet Venus would pass between the sun and the earth, or in other words, there would on that day be a transit of Venus across the face of the sun. He notified his friend Mr. Crabtree, residing in another part of England, and who had also devoted himself to a similar course of studies, to observe the

sun on that particular day. These two gentlemen, in different parts of England, distinctly observed a small black ball enter upon the sun's face and slowly pass across his entire diameter, in the same manner as if it was an ordinary eclipse. This was the first transit of Venus that had ever been observed, and caused the name of Mr. Horrox to become famous all over Europe. Unfortunately for science, his early death in 1640 put a period to the hopes that were entertained of his future renown.

The great astronomer Kepler had predicted that there would be a transit of Venus in 1631. But no eye had seen it, and in 1639 it had not occurred to any one to use it for the purpose of discovering the distance of the sun from the earth. After the last named date, astronomers began to calculate for the next transit, and they discovered it would take place in 1761.

In 1677, when Mr. Halley, the great English astronomer, was at St. Helena for the purpose of forming a catalogue of the stars in the southern hemisphere, he observed a transit of Mercury across the sun, and from his efforts to measure its position was induced to form the opinion that if a transit of Venus could be properly observed it would afford a precise determination of the sun's distance; he knew he could not live to see the next transit, but he did the next best thing, he studied out all the conditions of the question, published all his plans, and made all necessary calculations, so as to aid, as far as possible, in obtaining the best results when the proper time arrived.

As the year 1761 approached, Halley's computations were closely criticized and such alterations made in them as were warranted by the advance in science and the improvements in instruments called for. The various Governments of Europe gave their aid and ships to convey the observers to distant parts of the globe. One hundred and twenty stations were selected, and great expectations were formed of the results; but all was to end in sad disappointment. There were wars in those days, and observers were refused permission to land at some of the far-distant ports. Cloudy weather interfered with observations at these stations, while at others, almost at the moment of contact, the observers had their instruments set, their eyes to the glass, the black spot was seen to approach the edge of the sun, in a moment more the instant of contact would have been noted, when on a sudden a black wedge-like shade passed between the sun and the observer, shutting out the moment of contact. When this mysterious shadow passed away, Venus had advanced from 12 to 15 seconds of time on to the sun's face; the great point of the expedition was defeated. The observer was confounded and disheartened, but he consoled himself with the reflection that others might have done better, and that he alone was unfortunate, Alas! it was not so. All had met the same fearful disappointment. Skill, labor, time, money, all spent to but little advantage. The only consolation that could be given or received was that in eight years more there would be another transit, and by that time some means would be devised that would secure success in the future.

In 1769 the stations were as numerous, the Governments' aid as liberal, the instruments were thought to be more perfect, and the observers as enthusiastic and as careful as before, and perhaps more skilful from their past experience. But, again, all in vain! the world of science was doomed to another and more bitter disappointment. More bitter from the fact that 105 years must pass away before

a third opportunity would offer to clear away the mystery of that dark veil, with the nature of which astronomers are not to this day agreed. Every precaution then known to science was employed to secure success. Again the black ball was seen to approach the edge of the sun, and while at a distance apparently of only $\frac{1}{2}$ its own diameter, the disk of the sun seemed to tremble and a dark streak or band seemed to interpose between them like a black cushion; as they pressed against it, the curved outlines of their edges seemed to be pressed back or flattened, as if by the resistance of the cushion, and lose their normal shape. There was a pause in the onward movement, a quivering motion, and then by a convulsive jump like that of two drops of water coalescing into one, Venus was seen to have entered some way into the disk of the sun. The resulting uncertainty was even greater than that of the former observations; it was held to reach fully twenty seconds.

When they afterwards undertook to calculate from such observations the distance of the sun, some made it not more than 87,890,780 miles, while according to others it reached 108,984,560 miles, the majority finding intermediate values. On the whole, it did not appear that there was much improvement on the estimate made by Cassini a century and a half before,—viz.: that it was not less than 85,000,000 miles.

The records of observations were scrutinized and weighed, and the calculations based upon them repeated and criticised. The great Rucke, in 1824, after several years of special study of them, summed all up and gave as the best result attainable 95,274,000 miles. The scientific world, hopeless of anything better, seemed for a time to acquiesce, as there could be no sensible doubt of its accuracy.

But its accuracy has since been impugned, and on very strong grounds. It was known that light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes 13 seconds. Experiments carefully made by Arago, Foucault, and Fizeau, show that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. This would give the distance of about 91,400,000 miles. Le Verrier, the discoverer of the planet Neptune, and Mr. Stone, made it 91,730,000; while Hansen the Dane found it 91,659,000 miles.

This is the position of the question now, and our astronomers aim to obtain a yet more precise and definite result. Will they succeed? They are full of confidence now. What will they say a year hence? Time, learning, skill, energy, money, everything that man can give, will be devoted to ensure success in the astronomical work to be done on the 8th of December next.

The astronomers will follow two methods, known as those of Halley and Delisle. They each require two stations, so far apart on the surface of the earth as to give a satisfactory base line. In fact the farther apart the better, all things else being equal. For Halley's method, the two stations lie as nearly north and south as may be. For Delisle's they lie east and west.

Let us suppose two such stations to be chosen, one or nearly on the same meridian of longitude, and 6,000 miles apart. From each of these places the planet is seen to traverse the disk of the sun, like a dark spot moving steadily across an illuminated dial-plate. The lines, as seen so far apart are sensibly different. What the observers first seek to know is the apparent distance between these lines, and the angle they form when seen from the

earth. Were both seen at once from the same station, with the same telescope, it would not be difficult for a skilful observer to measure the angle directly; but at each station only one line is seen, if indeed we may give that name to the course of the black spot that passes on and leaves no trace behind.

Each observer must determine the correct position of his line across the face of the Sun, in order that it may be afterwards compared with the other line similarly determined at the other, and the apparent distance between them is then determined by calculation.

The English observers are now assembled at the Greenwich Observatory, in London, undergoing a course of training for the grand day. They have a *fac-simile* of the Sun and Venus, which are made to move in such a manner as to give as exact a representation of the transit as possible, and they practice observations on this artificial transit. It is said that even in this *fac-simile* the black band has shown itself, and that one important lesson now being learned is how to judge of the instant of contact despite this obstacle.

There is, however, another and still better safeguard—the use of photography. The transit will record itself more minutely and more accurately than any other observations for measurement could do. The spectroscope comes in also, to aid in determining with the utmost precision the moment of contact.

It is confidently expected that by some one or by all of these methods the mistakes of 1761 and of 1769 will be avoided, and that the instants of the commencement and conclusion of each line of the transit may be so accurately determined that for neither of them will the error as to their duration exceed one second.

Did the time occupied by Venus in making the transit, as seen at one station, differ from the time as seen at the other by only one minute, the uncertainty of one second would be less than two per cent., but in fact the times will differ by 15 minutes, and by skilfully choosing the places a difference of twenty minutes may be obtained; in that case the error or uncertainty would be less than one per cent. For the present, the scientific world will be satisfied with that degree of exactness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST CHURCH IN AMERICA.—The Key West (Fla.) *Dispatch* says: "On Cozumel Island are yet to be seen the walls of the first church ever built on the continent of North America. Cortez, before his conquest of Mexico—say about three hundred years ago—built his first place of worship on this beautiful island. The foundation and walls are yet partially preserved; each side has an elevation of some ten feet in places. The altar is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of chaparral; and all about and even inside these ruins are ancient and modern tombs, where patriarchs rest. The wild flowers bloom over them in great profusion, and the birds carol sweet songs morning and evening. A paved walk extends from the portal several hundred yards westward, but is almost buried from sight in the sod. Excavations are seen, where searchers after hidden treasures have delved. There is a fine field yet there for the curious to explore. But the natives of the locality allow it to rest so quietly that the dense shrubbery almost buries it."

The Scholastic.

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TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00
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SOCIETY DAY on Monday.

PLAY on Tuesday evening.

AND now we have plenty of rain.

BOAT-RACE at 3 o'clock Tuesday, P. M.

CONFERRING degrees Wednesday, at 8 o'clock A. M.

THE drizzle-drozzle rain made a dreary day of Monday.

ASPIRANTS to diplomas in the Commercial Course were examined on Tuesday.

IF you want a quick and easy ride from the depot to the College or St. Mary's, take Mr. Shickey's 'bus.

NEXT week we shall give a full account of the Commencement Exercises at the College and St. Mary's.

THE oral examination of the candidates for graduation in the Classic and Scientific Courses took place on Monday and Tuesday.

COMMENCEMENT Exercises at St. Mary's at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning. Examination of the first classes of Instrumental and Vocal Music, at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

ONE advantage of tardiness of the season this year is, that all the trees are in their newest green and the flowers in their freshest bloom around the College, an' over the lake and far away.

WE were very much disappointed at not receiving any account of the Entertainment on the 1st of June at St. Mary's, describing the tableaux and the excellent music that charmed the eyes and ears of the audience. We are not sufficiently posted on art criticism to describe the tableaux, and our musical education was too much neglected to allow us to give appreciative judgment on the singing, and the playing on the piano. All we can say of the music is what everybody who knows St. Mary's knows already that both the vocal and instrumental pieces showed the talent of the young ladies and the excellent training they get from their teachers. As for the drama, and the illustrative tableaux, we can say that from beginning to end the attention of the whole audience was kept riveted on the scenes that passed rapidly before them; and that is the best proof of their excellence, when it is taken into consideration that the audience was composed of those young ladies of the Academy who took no part in the drama, of the Clergy and Professors of the College, besides several friends from near and afar. We anticipate great pleasure in listening to the examination of the superior classes of music next Tuesday afternoon—to which we hereby freely and duly invite ourselves.

THE blessing of a beautiful Statue of St. Cecilia, purchased in Paris by Mother Angela, Superioress of St. Mary's Academy, and presented to Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, President of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, will take place Sunday evening, June 21st, at 7 P. M. Hon. A. C. Dodge and Prof. T. E. Howard will speak on the occasion.

MEANDERING through Mr. Bonney's perambulatory establishment, now happily anchored near the Minims' playgrounds, we saw a multitude of photographs that are to hand down to future generations the lineaments of some of the men of the age. A great number of students' faces were there, and some professors'? The cabinet size photograph of Prof. Lyons' faculty group is worthy of attention; Father General's photo., cabinet size, is the best we have ever seen of him; Father Lemonnier's is a *chef d'œuvre*; Father Brown's, with the classic folds of his voluminous cloak cast athwart his stalwart shoulders, is equally fine; while Father Toohey's beautiful hirsute adornments setting off his handsome countenance would not give you a realization of your ideal of a grim Prefect of Discipline. Our all around man with his incipient Burnsides is one of the handsomest pictures in the lot. We are glad to see so many pleasant faces in Mr. Bonney's establishment.

Graduates.

With pleasure we announce this week, after an unusually severe examination, the following young gentlemen passed for degrees in the Classical and Scientific Courses—all being above the standard, 80 per cent.

Classical Course.

THOS. P. WHITE.
WM. J. CLARKE.
CHAS. J. DODGE.
LOUIS S. HAYES.
ROBERT W. STALEY.

Scientific Course.

DANIEL E. MALONEY.
CHAS. A. BERDEL.
HAROLD V. HAYES.
WM. W. DODGE.
THOS. A. DAILEY.
HENRY W. WALKER.

We offer these young gentlemen our sincere congratulations, and our best wishes for their future success. They will be a noble addition to our Association of Alumni, and on our part we are proud of them.

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

Roll of Honor

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1874.

B. J. Baca, J. F. Beegan, J. Buchanan, W. P. Breen, M. Burge, C. Burger, C. Campeau, A. Crunkilton, J. Cullen, J. Crummey, J. Cohen, J. Dalley, F. Bugner, A. Byrne, J. Doyle, N. Dryfoos, J. Delvecchio, W. Darst, R. Downey, F. Ewing, J. Ewing, C. Furer, H. Faxon, C. Freese, J. French, G. J. Gross, J. C. Golsen, O. Gove, E. Grambling, W. Green, T. Gallagher, C. Hake, S. Kennedy, C. A. Kreiter, M. J. Kinsella, A. Kramer, C. A. Lewes, B. LeFevre, J. Lambin, C. Walsh, M. McCormack, P. McBride, G. McNulty, T. McNamara, J. McIntyre, J. Marks, P. Moran, C. Myers, W. Meyer, F. Miller, J. McHugh, N. J. Mooney, C. Nichols, D. Nelson, G. Nestor, J. O'Connor, D. J. O'Connell, C. Peltier, H. Quan, E. L. Ratigan, J. F. Soule, F. Smyth, L. Smith, J. Smith, W. Schulthies, A. Schmidt, T. Sauvageot, T. Solon, C. Stucker, F. Thalman, E.

Washburn, F. Weisenburger, F. Wittelsberger, J. E. Wood, R. West, R. Walker, D. J. O'Hara, H. Zuber, D. Gorman.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

M. Mc Auliffe, F. Carlin, J. O'Meara, E. Buchanan, L. Goldsmith, J. Blaine, A. West, R. Golsen, C. Parker, H. Canoli, T. Hooley, H. Middleton, F. Campeau.

The Banquet.

On Thursday evening, June 18th, the most magnificent banquet of the present year was given by a grand combination of our College Societies—consisting of the St. Cecilians, the Columbians, the Thespians and the Philopatrians; and we may be permitted to add, *en passant*, that we have seldom had the good fortune to witness a better practical exemplification of the importance of united efforts for the accomplishment of a great result. Informed that Prof. Lyons was at the head of the entertainment, the readers of the SCHOLASTIC—or many of them at least—need not be told that it was a complete success.

At half-past three in the afternoon the members of the above-mentioned societies and the invited guests, of whom there was a large number, assembled in the Juniors' Refectory, which, by the way, was magnificently and tastefully decorated for the occasion; and after a beautiful piece of music from our Band, which contributed much to the *éclat* of the entertainment, all with one accord took their seats at the tables, which were literally loaded with costly viands. And now while our friends were busily engaged in discussing the dishes that were placed before them, we had an opportunity of looking around us and seeing

WHO WERE AT THE BANQUET.

We were delighted to see Very Rev. Father Granger presiding at the principal table. Next to him, on his left, sat the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Father Toohey, and on his right there was a vacant chair, which we conjectured had been intended for Rev. Father Lemonnier, who—to the disappointment of many—was not present at the beginning of the entertainment. At the same table sat Prof's Howard, Stace, Schnurrer, Kelley and Edwards, and also our friends of last year, Messrs. Mark Foote and Denn's Hogan. At the other tables we noticed the prefects of the different departments, our interesting old friend, Bro. Peter, and representatives from all the societies in the University.

And now while we were engaged in our survey of the persons assembled at the banquet,

REV. FATHER LEMONNIER ENTERED,

and was received with enthusiastic applause by the students, who were evidently delighted to see our good President once again at their public exercises. Father Lemonnier's health, we are happy to state, has begun to improve, and we are sure that all our friends at Notre Dame will join with us in the ardent prayer that this improvement may continue, and that our kind Father may be able to take his accustomed place at our Commencement Exercises next week.

Master Breen, of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, now introduced the second part of the entertainment by inviting the company to

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul!"

Following are the toasts, in order:

1st.—THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME—Our Alma Mater:

The Home of Religion and Science. May her past history, glorious as it is, be only the prelude to a still more glorious future.

Rev. Father Lemonnier responded to this toast in a few words in which he expressed the pleasure which he felt in seeing so many of the students assembled together in social enjoyment around the festive board; but owing to the delicate state of his health, he did not feel able to do full justice to the sentiment, and therefore he would call upon his kind friend Prof. Howard to say a few words for him. Prof. Howard responded briefly, in his habitual calm and dignified manner; but we must check our erratic pen, for Prof. Howard is too well known at Notre Dame to need any encomiums from us.

2d.—PIUS THE NINTH.—the saintly and illustrious Vicegerent of Christ,—who during his long and eventful Pontificate, in which he "has seen the years of Peter," has never ceased to be the ornament of the Catholic Church by reason of his extraordinary virtues. That he may live to witness the confusion of all his enemies is the ardent prayer of every true Christian heart.

Very Rev. Father Granger, who was requested to respond to this toast, begged to be excused, and called upon Prof. Stace to take his place. The Prof. responded in a few words in which he extolled the noble character of our Holy Father and exhorted those who heard him to be true in their devotion to the Holy See in these days of trial.

3d.—VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL,—the Founder of Notre Dame: in whom we recognize a kind father and a generous benefactor, who, far back in the past, ere many of us were born, sowed the good seeds of which we now enjoy the precious fruits. May God grant him a safe return from Europe, and may he live many years to enjoy even in this world—where, unfortunately, virtue is not always recognized and rewarded—the recompense which is justly due to him in the evening of a long life of generous and self-sacrificing devotion to the best and noblest interests of humankind.

Mr. B. J. McGinnis, of the Philodemic Society, briefly and appropriately endorsed the sentiments contained in this toast.

4th.—COLLEGE ASSOCIATIONS.—In vain would we look about to find one who is better acquainted with college associations, or one whose memory is more replete with interesting college reminiscences, than our worthy and esteemed Prefect of Discipline, Rev. Father Toohey.

Rev. Father Toohey responded to this toast in a few well-chosen words.

5th.—OUR COLLEGE SOCIETIES.—Long may they flourish in sweet sisterhood, and be counted among the ornaments of our Alma Mater.

Prof. Keeley, in response to this sentiment, made a beautiful little speech which reminded us vividly of the days of "auld lang syne" when he as a student stood among the first of the young orators of Notre Dame.

6th.—OUR UNION,—great, glorious and free,—while the old monarchies of Europe are tottering under the weight of years and political infirmities. May she continue to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and to throw open her hospitable doors, as she has ever done in the past, to the downtrodden and oppressed refugees from other less favored lands.

Mr. Edward McSweeney, of the Law Class, responded to this toast in a few eloquent and patriotic words.

Prof. Lyons then introduced "the third and closing scene of the drama" by calling on the refectorian to produce [the large cake which contained the mystic ring-

Preliminary to the ceremony of distributing this cake among the members of the St. Cecilia Society, Prof. Stace was requested to explain the origin and significance of this mysterious and inexplicable feature of the banquet, and also to give a synopsis of the history of rings in general, from the days of Pharaoh down, through the centuries, to the present time; in responding to this request he delighted his auditors with a few facetious remarks in which he averred that the ceremony of the ring was quite as mysterious and incomprehensible to him as it evidently was to those who had called upon him for an explanation. He mentioned many notorious historical rings, among which the great "Tammany Ring" held a prominent place. He concluded by saying that he saw two gentlemen sitting at the opposite side of the table who had had more experience in "the ring business" than he. The hint was understood immediately, and the students called enthusiastically for Prof. Schnurrer. The Professor would not undertake to explain the ceremony of the ring, because he did not understand exactly what it meant; but he would avail himself of the opportunity which the occasion presented of making a few farewell remarks to the officers of the University, who were present, to his fellow-Professors, to the Prefects of the different departments, and to the students. The Professor's remarks were highly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of hearing them.

The cake was then distributed among the St. Cecilians, and when Prof. Lyons announced that our young friend Master W. Meyer was the lucky finder of the mystic ring, the announcement was greeted with loud applause, as all thought that none deserved it more than he.

The entertainment was now over, and after a blessing by Father Granger all began to retire, to the music of the Band. It remains for us only to thank the various societies to whose united efforts we were indebted for this grand banquet, and to wish them many long years of prosperity, while we remain, as ever, their devoted friend,

HAPAX LEGOMENON.

WE have been handed the following letter, and we deem its contents of sufficient interest to secure it a place in the SCHOLASTIC:

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., June 10th, 1874.

REV. A. LEMMONNIER, C. S. C.:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—Your kind invitation to attend the Commencement Exercises is before me; but I regret to say that I cannot be present, though I should wish very much to attend. But though I am unavoidably absent, I express to you my best wishes, for it is ever a source of gratification to me to witness the prosperous advance of institutions like Notre Dame, in which that healthy, vigorous, manly education is administered,—education not alone intellectual, but physical and moral also. Since my departure from *Alma Mater* it has been my good fortune to visit many educational institutions, and some indeed of enviable reputation. Yet the defect in moral culture was but too evident in those in which young men were educated, and in physical culture in the ladies' schools; and this is the education which has, to some extent (not altogether, by any means) brought about the moral degradation,—yes, and I might say physical incompetency—into which our people (native) have fallen and are still sinking.

I did not set out to write anything more than a regret at not being able to comply with your invitation, but I could not refrain from paying a well-merited compliment and bidding you a God-speed in your work of love and charity. May heaven continue to shower its choicest blessings upon you.

I may have the pleasure of visiting you towards the close of this Vacation, but would not promise.

Hoping you will have the kindness to remember me to Rev. Fathers Brown, Louage and O'Connell, Prof. Lyons, Howard, Ivers and O'Mahony, and to the graduates of '74, I have the honor to remain

Yours sincerely,
E. B. GAMBEE.

Baseball.

THE CHAMPIONS VICTORIOUS.

Quite an interesting game was played on the Excelsior grounds, on June 14th, between the Star of the East and the "invincible" picked nine. The game resulted in favor of the Stars. The game was rather close, and was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. C. Campeau of the Excelsiors filled the position of umpire to the satisfaction of all. The game lasted about two hours and three-quarters—not a very long game. For the benefit of all interested, we append the

SCORE.

STAR OF THE EAST.		PICKED NINE.	
	O. R.		O. R.
M. O'Day, p.....	4 3	J. A. Roberts, s. s.....	3 2
J. O'Connor, c.....	4 3	J. Shields, 1st b.....	4 2
D. McGinnis, 1st b.....	3 2	L. Hayes, c.....	2 4
F. Devoto, 3rd b.....	3 2	H. Hayes, 3rd b.....	3 2
E. Graves, r. f.....	2 3	A. Kreichgauer, c. f.....	4 1
J. Boyle, l. f.....	3 2	C. Reynolds, r. f.....	2 3
J. Dunne, c. f.....	2 2	J. Dwyer, p.....	2 3
O. Tong, 2nd b.....	2 3	T. Culliton, 2nd b.....	4 1
E. S. Monohan, s. s.....	4 2	D. J. Hogan, l. f.....	3 1
Total.....	27 23	Total.....	27 19

INNINGS:

Star of the East:.....	2	4	9	5	1	1	0	0	0	—22
Picked Nine:.....	0	0	7	0	2	3	1	5	1	—19

Umpire—Mr. C. Campeau. Scorers—C. Villeneuve and D. J. O'Connell.

A good game was played between the Excelsiors and a picked nine. The game at the end of the eleventh inning stood 27 to 23 in favor of the Excelsiors. D.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last issue, I noticed in the "All Around" columns an item concerning feasts, which, the writer said, were numerous but not sumptuous. Hereafter parties having the like will please invite your correspondent, who probably may describe them better.

X. Y. Z.

FOUND—A bunch of keys. Call on Bro. Celestine.

The Pope—Even an Infidel would Kneel to Him.

From C. W. Stoddard's Letter to the San Francisco Chronicle.

There is something marvellously magnetic in the atmosphere of this wonderful Pope. I defy any man who is a man to stand in that audience chamber and not feel an instinctive desire to go down on his knees, and, of course, the very next minute down he goes. It is not necessary to be a Catholic; it is not necessary even to feel a particular reverence for the Pope, as you would for any man the purity of whose life has never been attacked by his enemies. It

s the indescribable something that possesses you the moment he enters the room and holds you fascinated as long as you are in his presence. And then it doesn't leave you at once; you remember him with a sense of uncommon pleasure. It is much like the spiritual elevation, the delicious calm a fellow feels after he has made a good confession, if you know what that is, and probably most of you don't! The Holy Father was not more than ten minutes in our room, for there were rooms full of other folk anxiously waiting his approach. To one he gave his benediction and passed on; to another, a General of distinction he spoke rapidly and with great spirit, and yet he spoke to this man of war as if he were speaking to a child, a son who had merited his father's love, and it was charming to witness the intercourse. Some of the gentlemen were introduced by the proper officer, who learned from their official document their nationality and a few items relating to them which might interest his Holiness. Then came my turn. Before my presentation I was immediately recognized, and, with a twinkle in his eye and a gracious familiarity, he leaned on my shoulder and said to my companion, whom he greeted cordially: "Ah, this is an American!" I was never so flattered in all my life.

Wanted to Knock Somebody.

I went into a Philadelphia bookstore the other day for the purpose of procuring a copy of Christopher North's well-known *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The first person I encountered was a red-haired clerk, to whom I said:

"Have you *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what d' you say?" he asked, with mouth and eyes wide open.

"I called to ascertain if you have *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?"

"I don't exactly—that is, I don't under—knocked his—what d' you say?"

"I say that I understood that you had *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. If you haven't why don't you say so at once?"

"I don't know what you mean. I never did such a thing in my life."

"Perhaps you don't understand me. I wish to see if you have *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. "Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"O, he has, has he? He's knocked his, what you call it has he? Well, I don't care a cent if he has. You've come to the wrong shop. You must be crazy. Your mind seems to be unhinged; you haven't—" (Breaking off suddenly and addressing a clerk in the rear of the store) "Say Bill, here's a feller that's foolin' around here wantin' to knock somebody. Get a policeman quick."

Then I left and hunted up another emporium of learning.—*Max Adler.*

A Hindoo Story.

A tiger, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bleating calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Brahmin happened to pass that way. "Oh, Brahmin!" piteously cried the beast, "have mercy on me; let me out of this cage." "Ah, but you will eat me." "Eat you! devour my benefactor? Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger. The Brahmin, being

benevolently inclined, was moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage. The tiger walked up to him, wagged his tail, and said: "Brahmin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you." "Oh, how ungrateful! how wicked! am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest. "True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat a man when we get a chance, and I cannot afford to let you go." "Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," said the Brahmin. "Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his decision." "Very well," replied the tiger. The fox, assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could master, and looking at the disputants, he said: "Good friends, I am somewhat confused at the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render equitable judgment, but if you will be kind enough to act the whole transaction before my eyes I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered the cage, and then you, Mr. Brahmin, show me how you liberated him, and I shall be able to render a proper decision." They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, and the spring door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner. The judicial expression faded from the fox's countenance, and turning to the Brahmin, he said: "I advise you to go home, and abstain, in future, from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Brahmin; good morning, tiger."

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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
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Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.

President.

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Bristol, Tenn.

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after May 24th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.			
Night Express,	-	-	12.45 a.m.
Mail,	-	-	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	-	-	12.12 a.m.
Accommodation,	-	-	7.35 p.m.
Atlantic Express,	-	-	8.55 p.m.
Way Freight,	-	-	8.00 a.m.

TRAINS WESTWARD.			
Evening Express,	-	-	2.35 a.m.
Pacific Express,	-	-	4.40 a.m.
Accommodation,	-	-	6.25 a.m.
Mail,	-	-	3.57 p.m.
Day Express,	-	-	4.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	-	-	1.45 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.			
EASTWARD.			
Mail—Arrives in Niles	-	-	9.15 p.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation	-	-	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express	-	-	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight	-	-	10.30 a.m.

WESTWARD.			
Three Rivers Accommodation—Leave Niles	-	-	6.05 a.m.
Mail	-	-	3.45 p.m.
Pacific Express	-	-	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight	-	-	5.05 p.m.

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Trains leave South Bend—8.15 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 3.00 p.m., 6.30 p.m.
 Arrive at Niles—8.42 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
 Leave Niles—6.30 a.m., 9.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 4.35 p.m.
 Arrive at South Bend—7.05 a.m., 9.65 a.m., 1.20 p.m., 5.10 p.m.
 Sunday Trains Leave South Bend 9.00 a.m., 7.00 p.m.
 Arrive at Niles—9.30 a.m., 7.30 p.m.

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Arrive—7.00 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 5.05 p.m.
 Leave—8.20 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 3.05 p.m., 6.35 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Arrive—8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m. Leave—9.05 a.m., 7.05 p.m.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago, Illinois.
 S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend.
 B. CELESTINE, Agent, Notre Dame.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.35 p. m.; Buffalo, 8.55 p. m.
10.38	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 10.20
12.27	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.50; Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo 4.05 a. m.
9.11	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.
7.54	P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 p. m.
3.55	P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.30 A. M.
4.50	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.40; Chicago, 8.00 A. M.
5.55	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6.55; Chicago, 9.10 p. m.
4.51	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5.45; Chicago, 8.00.
8.00	A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
7.20	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.

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2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

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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.

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LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & 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.