

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 13, 1872.

NUMBER 31.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

And hath that early hope been blessed with truth?
Hath he fulfilled the promise of his youth?
And borne unscathed through danger's stormy field
Honor's white wreath and virtue's stainless shield?
—Harrow. A Prize Poem.

The other day I was staying with Montagu. He has succeeded to his father's estate, and is the best loved landlord for miles around. He intends to stand for the county at the next general election, and I haven't the shadow of a doubt that he will succeed. If he does, Parliament will have gained a worthy addition. Montagu has the very soul of honor, and he can set off the conclusions of his vigorous judgment, and the treasures of his cultivated taste, with an eloquence that rises to extraordinary grandeur when he is fulminating his scorn at any species of tyranny or meanness.

It was very pleasant to talk with him about our old school days in his charming home. We sate by the open window (which looks over his grounds, and then across one of the richest plains in England) one long summer evening, recalling all the vanished scenes and figures of the past, until we almost felt ourselves boys again.

"I have just been staying at Trinity," said I, "and Owen, as I suppose you know, is doing brilliantly. He has taken a high first class, and they have already elected him fellow and assistant tutor."

"Is he liked?"

"Yes, very much. He always used to strike me at school as one of those fellows who are much more likely to be happy and successful as men than they had ever any chance of being as boys. I hope the greatest things of him; but have you heard anything of Duncan lately?"

"Yes, he's just been gazetted as lieutenant. I had a letter from him the other day. He's met two old Roslyn fellows, Wildney and Upton, the latter of whom is now Captain Upton; he says that there are not two finer or manlier officers in the whole service, and Wildney, as you may easily guess, is the favorite of the mess-room. You know, I suppose, that Graham is making a great start at the bar."

"Is he? I'm delighted to hear it."

"Yes. He had a *mauvais sujet* to defend the other day in the person of our old enemy Brigson, who having been at last disowned by his relations, is at present a policeman in London."

"On the principle, I suppose, of 'Set a thief to catch a thief,'" said Montagu, with a smile.

"Yes; but he exemplifies the truth, *chassez le naturel, il revient au galop*; for he was charged with abetting a street fight between two boys, which very nearly ended fatally. However, he was

penitent, and Graham got him off with wonderful cleverness."

"Ah!" said Montagu, sighing, "there was *one* who would have been the pride of Roslyn had he lived. Poor, poor Eric!"

We talked long of our loved friend; his bright face, his winning words, his merry smile came back to us with the memory of his melancholy fate, and a deep sadness fell over us.

"Poor boy, he is at peace now," said Montagu; and he told me once more the sorrowful particulars of his death. "Shall I read you some verses," he asked, "which he must have composed. poor fellow, on board the 'Stormy Petrel,' though he probably wrote them at Fairholm afterwards?"

"Yes, do."

And, Montagu, in his pleasant musical voice, read me, with much feeling, these lines, written in Eric's boyish hand, and signed with his name;

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

Alone, alone! ah, weary soul,
In all the world alone I stand,
With none to wed their hearts to mine,
Or link in mine a loving hand.

Ah! tell me not that I have those
Who own the ties of blood and name;
Or pitying friends who love me well,
And dear returns of friendship claim.

I have, I have! but none can heal,
And none shall see my inward woe,
And the deep thoughts within me veiled
No other heart but mine shall know.

And yet amid my sins and shames
The shield of God is o'er me thrown;
And 'neath its awful shade I feel
Alone,—yet, ah, not all alone!

Not all alone! and though my life
Be dragged along the stained earth,
O God! I feel Thee near me still,
And thank Thee for my birth!

E. W.

Montagu gave me the paper, and I cherish it as my dearest memorial of my erring but noble school-boy friend.

Knowing how strong an interest Mr. Rose always took in Eric, I gave him a copy of these verses when last I visited him at his pleasant vicarage of Seaford, to which he was presented a year or two ago by Dr. Rowlands, now Bishop of Roslyn, who has also appointed him examining chaplain. I sat and watched Mr. Rose while he read them. A mournful interest was depicted on his face, his hand trembled a little, and I fancied that he bent his grey hair over the paper to hide a tear. We always knew at school that Eric was one of his greatest favorites, as indeed he and Vernon were with all of us; and when the unhappy boy had run away without even having the opportunity of bidding anyone farewell, Mr. Rose displayed such real grief, that for weeks he was like a man who went mourning for a son. After those summer holidays, when we returned to school, Montagu and Wildney brought back with them the intelligence of Eric's return to Fairholm, and of his death. The news plunged

many of us in sorrow, and when, on the first Sunday in chapel, Mr. Rose alluded to this sad tale, there were few dry eyes among those who listened to him. I shall never forget that Sunday afternoon. A deep hush brooded over us, and before the sermon was over, many a face was hidden to conceal the emotion which could not be suppressed.

"I speak," said Mr. Rose, "to a congregation of mourners, for one who but a few weeks back was sitting among you as one of yourselves. But, for myself, I do *not* mourn over his death. Many a time have I mourned for him in past days, when I marked how widely he went astray—but I do not mourn now, for after his fiery trials he died penitent and happy, and at last his sorrows are over for ever, and the dreams of ambition have vanished, and the fires of passion have been quenched, and for all eternity the young soul is in the presence of its God. Let none of you think that his life has been wasted. Possibly, had it pleased Heaven to spare him, he might have found great works to do among his fellow-men, and he would have done them as few else could. But do not let us fancy that our work must cease of necessity with our lives. Not so; far rather must we believe that it will continue for ever, seeing that we are all partakers of God's unspeakable blessing, the common mystery of immortality. Perhaps it may be the glorious destiny of very many here to recognize that truth more fully when we meet and converse with our dear departed brother in a holier and happier world."

I have preserved some faint echo of the words he used, but I can give no conception of the dignity and earnestness of his manner, or the intense pathos of his tones.

The scene passed before me again as I looked at him, while he lingered over Eric's verses, and seemed lost in a reverie of thought.

At last he looked up and sighed. "Poor Eric!—But no, I will not call him poor! after all, he is happier now than we. You loved him well," he continued; "why do you not try and preserve some records of his life?"

The suggestion took me by surprise, but I thought over it, and at once began to accomplish it. My own reminiscences of Eric were numerous and vivid, and several of my old school-fellows and friends gladly supplied me with other particulars, especially the Bishop of Roslyn, Mr. Rose, Montagu, and Wildney. So the story of Eric's ruin had been told, and told, as he would have wished it done, with simple truth. Noble Eric! I do not fear that I have wronged your memory, and you, I know, would rejoice to think how sorrowful hours have lost something of their sorrow, as I wrote the scenes in so many of which we were engaged together in our schoolboy days.

I visited Roslyn a short time ago, and walked for hours along the sands, picturing in my memory the pleasant faces, and recalling the joyous tones of the many whom I had known and loved. Other boys were playing by the sea side, who were strangers to me and I to them; and as I marked how wave after wave rolled up the shore, with its murmur and its foam, each sweeping

farther than the other, each effacing the traces of the last, I saw an emblem of the passing generations, and was content to find that my place knew me no more.

Ah me! the golden time!—

But its hours have passed away,
With the pure and bracing clime,
And the bright and merry day.

And the sea still laughs to the rosy shells ashore,
And the shore still shines in the lustre of the wave;
But the joyance and the beauty of the boyish days is
o'er,

And many of the beautiful lie quiet in the grave;
And he who comes again
Wears a brow of toil and pain,
And wanders sad and silent by the melancholy main.

The Origin of Ideas.

AN ESSAY—BY M. B. B.

The study of the human mind is one which has ever been attended with peculiar difficulties. The almost impossible task of making the mind itself the subject-matter of its own investigations, and the important part which external objects play in the process of mental development, constitute the chief sources of these difficulties and give rise to various and often conflicting theories for the solution of several important questions concerning the mind, particularly in its relation to truth and external things.

Prominent among these controverted questions is that celebrated one regarding the origin of *ideas*, which we now propose to discuss for the benefit of all those of our readers who take an interest in such matters. First, therefore, let us understand what is meant by an *idea*.

An idea is that representation, in the mind, of any object, by which we are able to know that object, or to recognize it as the same object however often presented to the mind. An idea differs from a *concept* as a genus differs from a species; every concept, rightly and completely formed, is an idea, according to the definition just given, but every idea is not a concept, since, according to the theory which we hold on the subject, and which we hope to establish fully in this essay, there are ideas in the mind, independent of all experience, which existed in the mind from its very creation, and were never actually acquired by the mind, and which, consequently, are not concepts or the results of conception.

Another distinction will not be out of place before we enter upon an examination of the principal question, namely, that between an idea and a perception. First, a perception is that contemplation of an object, actually present, by which we note distinctly the peculiar attributes or qualities of that object, and are enabled to distinguish it from all other objects. Perception is of two kinds: external, usually termed the perception of the senses (although its object does not always come under the external senses), the legitimate result of which is conception or the actual forming in the mind of a representation of the object perceived; internal, or the contemplation of that which actually exists in the mind itself, by which we determine the nature of the thing contemplated. This perception is also of two kinds: first, that by which we contemplate those representations of things which have been acquired by the mind through conception, and this species of perception retains the name of *internal perception* simply; secondly, that by which we contemplate those representations of things which have not been acquired, but which are innate in the mind, and require only to have the attention of the mind directed to them to be distinctly known. This species of perception may be properly termed *intuition*, by which we understand the immediate intellection of the object presented to the mind,

or a simultaneous perception and intellection of the object. We are well aware that others give the term intuition a different application, referring it to the immediate vision of truths themselves, independently of our ideas, but we shall see further on that intuition, in man's present state of existence, is possible only in the theory of innate ideas, and can be exercised only upon our innate ideas. If, indeed, we take the word according to its etymological signification, we might truly say that every perception is an intuition, for the word, derived from the Latin *intueri*, literally means to regard or contemplate, but philosophers intend to use it in a special sense, to distinguish the intellectual act which it is used to express, from every other intellectual act, and hence the restriction of its meaning to the perception of innate ideas, during our present state of existence. In the next life intuition will have a different meaning, for then it will be a perception of realities in God Himself. This is well expressed by St. Paul when he says that in the present life we see God, as it were, in a glass (*per speculum in enigmate*). In the next life we shall see Him face to face, *i. e.*, by intuition. What is it to see God as in a glass, but to see Him reflected in our own souls, which are His image!

From the distinctions above indicated, which will be valid or invalid according as we succeed or fail to establish our theory of innate ideas, it will be seen that a concept, that is, an idea formed by conception, differs from external perception as the end differs from the means; for perception in the case is only the means by which the mind is prepared to conceive the object, or, in other words, to form within itself a representation of it. A concept or idea differs from internal perception simply as an effect differs from its cause; for the concept or idea is the result or effect of the internal perception, which operates as a cause to determine and fix in the mind the representation which was simply formed by conception. Finally, an idea differs from intuition, or immediate perception, as a quality or attribute of a being differs from the act of becoming conscious of the existence of that quality by the being in whom it exists; for the innate idea is, as we shall see, essential in the soul of man, and the immediate perception or intuition of that idea is nothing more nor less than the act of becoming conscious of its existence.

We have seen, thus far, that innate ideas, in their relation to objects known, are simply representations of those objects in the mind. Now, as regards the nature of innate ideas in themselves, the question arises whether they are mere images or representations of things, distinct from the soul, or whether they are simply modifications of the soul itself and indistinguishable from its essence. We hold that innate ideas are essential modifications of the soul itself, and equally indistinguishable from it as the faculties of reason, memory, consciousness, etc., and yet that these ideas are not mere faculties of knowing, or powers of acquiring knowledge, but the actual germs of knowledge, that is, the impress, as it were, of the primary principles which constitute the basis of all knowledge, and that they exist in the soul from its very creation, and are so essential to its nature that to remove them would be to destroy the intelligence of the soul itself, and so change the soul that it would no longer be the human soul as it now exists. This may appear to some a rather bold assertion, but we now proceed to give our reasons for it, and only ask that our readers withhold their judgment of the theory itself till they have examined the arguments upon which it is based.

First, what grounds have we for maintaining the existence of innate ideas, or ideas which are coexistent with the soul itself, and therefore independent of experience? Among the extrinsic proofs of this tenet, we have the testimony, at

least the indirect testimony, of divine revelation. We read in the first chapter of Genesis, twenty-seventh verse: "And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him." Now, man is not like God in his body, since God has no body of which that of man could be the likeness. Hence, man is like to God in his soul. But what constitutes that likeness of the human soul to God? Evidently the fact that the human soul represents God as He is; for, otherwise, it would not be the *image* of God. If, for instance, a photograph does not represent my external form and features, it is not a likeness of me; if the son has not the same expression of countenance, the same endowments of mind and the same natural impulses as his father, he is not like his father in those respects. But, although a photograph might represent me in some respects and not in others, because my physical organization is composed of many parts each of which may have its special representation, and although the son may be like his father in some particulars and not in others for a similar reason, it is quite different with a likeness or representation of God. He has no external form; He is a pure essence, and indivisible; whatever is in Him is essential, and every student of philosophy knows that to destroy or remove any essential attribute of a being, would destroy the being itself. Hence, the image of God must represent Him as He is or not at all. That so-called likeness which would represent only some of the attributes of God while failing to represent others which are equally essential, would simply be no likeness at all, since God is indivisible. But truth, that is, all absolute truth, or the primary principles, are essential in God, for "God is truth." Therefore, that the soul may be really the image of God, it must, as a being, represent those primary truths which are essential in God; but it cannot represent those truths otherwise than by possessing in itself the representatives, or, in other words, the ideas of those truths; and as the soul was "created to the image of God," it must have represented Him from the first instant of its creation, and, consequently, must have possessed the representatives or ideas of those truths which are essential in God, from the very beginning of its existence. Hence, we say rightly that these ideas are innate. Moreover, as the soul was created in a special manner to be the image of God, if it did not possess these ideas from the moment of its creation it would not be the being which God intended it should be, since it would fail to correspond to the primary intention of God in creating it. Hence we said above that innate ideas are essential in the soul according to the intention of the Creator, and indistinguishable from the soul itself, as an essential attribute of any being is indistinguishable from that being, since to remove such attribute would be to destroy the being itself. Hence, when we distinguish between the soul and its innate ideas, or the faculties of reason, consciousness, etc., it must be understood that the distinction is not real but a mere abstraction, made for the sake of greater convenience in pursuing investigations.

Another testimony from revelation, and we shall examine the intrinsic proofs. In St. Paul's epistle to the Romans (ii, 14-15), we read: "For when the Gentiles, who have not the law, do *by nature* those things that are of the law, these having not the law, are a law to themselves: who show the work of the law written in their hearts, *their conscience bearing witness* to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them, or else defending them," etc. We would call attention to two points in this passage: first, that the gentiles do *by nature* what the law enjoins; and secondly, that *their conscience bears witness* to them that they do so. What is meant here by doing the things that are of the law? Undoubtedly it means doing that which is right, and which the law of God

commands us to do, and avoiding that which is wrong and which the same law forbids. But how do the Gentiles, to whom the law of God has never been taught, fulfil that law? St. Paul tells us that they do so *by nature*, that is, by an impulse of nature. Hence, there must be in the nature of man—in his soul—something which serves as a guide to the discharge of his duty. What is that guide? Surely it is his *conscience*, which *bears witness to him, accusing him when he violates the law, and defending or approving his conduct when he fulfils the law*. Now, how can conscience bear witness to the rectitude or sinfulness of an act, unless it have some standard by which to determine the morality of that act? It cannot do so at all. Hence there must be a standard. But, according to the obvious meaning of the passage above cited, there is no such standard in the case in question, except what is inherent in the nature of man himself; for the Gentiles have not the law, and yet they *naturally* fulfil the law, their conscience testifying to the fact. Now, what other standard can there be inherent in the nature of man, than the *idea* of right and wrong, together with that of similarity and difference, by the aid of which the mind determines the rectitude or sinfulness of particular acts? I can see no other way of explaining the fact. It cannot be accounted for by any other theory of ideas, as we shall see when we come to examine those theories.

We now come to the intrinsic proof of our doctrine of ideas, and may thus state the proposition which we intend to establish by it: unless there are ideas in the mind which are prior to all experience, thought and reasoning would be impossible, and, therefore, the acquisition of knowledge would be impossible.

Before entering upon the proof of this proposition, we deem it advisable to explain some of the leading difficulties raised by those who reject innate ideas. First, it is claimed that sense-knowledge, or that which is derived from external objects through the senses, is prior to our consciousness of the ideas of primary principles, whence the opponents of innate ideas conclude that our ideas of primary principles are formed from our experimental ideas, and are therefore dependent upon the senses for their existence. To this we would answer, that the fact of our not being conscious of our ideas of primary principles, by no means proves the non-existence of these ideas. An illustrative comparison will render our meaning clear. A man walking is conscious of the fact that he is walking, but, without a special act of reflection, he has not a reflex consciousness of the power by which he walks. In childhood and early boyhood he exercised that power long before he even thought of the power itself, and during that time he had no consciousness of its existence as a distinct power. Now, does it follow from this that the physical ability to walk arises from the exercise of walking and is dependent upon it? Evidently not. No one would presume to deny that the power existed prior to its exercise and that the power itself depends upon certain muscles which form a part of our physical organization, although exercise may have served to develop the power more fully, and experience induced reflection, and reflection finally awakened a distinct consciousness of the power and its source. So the fact that we are not conscious of our innate ideas until we have had a certain amount of experience, proves nothing against their real existence; while, on the other hand, reason compels us to admit that the power of acquiring experience must exist in the mind prior to the actual acquisition of such experience, and that that mental power must arise from something in the nature of the mind itself. What, then, is that something? Some of our opponents say that it is the intelligence of the soul which constitutes its power of knowing. Aye, but what is intelligence? How comes it that the

soul is intelligent? They can only answer that intelligence is the power of knowing, and that the soul was created with this power. This, however, does not explain *how* the soul is intelligent, although it sufficiently explains *why* it is so. Now, we claim that the soul, being a spiritual substance, is essentially active, but that its activity is rendered intelligent by the presence of these primary ideas of which we are speaking, and that without them the soul would not be intelligent or capable of acquiring any knowledge of truth. This we will establish by argument further on. Another class of our opponents explain the power of knowing, by having recourse to an immediate intuition of the primary principles in God. They say that the soul has, as it were, a constant and immediate vision of truth in God, and that by the light of that truth it judges all things submitted to its contemplation. This explanation will not bear examination, even in their own theory; for if they reject innate ideas for the simple reason that we are not conscious of their existence, how will they explain the fact that we have this immediate vision of truth in God while we are not conscious of it?

Without noticing, for the present, any other difficulties raised by our adversaries, we will now proceed to establish the proposition already stated: that unless there are ideas in the mind prior to all experience, thought and reasoning would be impossible, and, consequently, the acquisition of knowledge would be impossible. Knowledge may be defined as the aggregate of truths which are consciously possessed by the mind, and whose relations to one another are clearly perceived by the mind. There are three degrees in knowledge, the lowest of which is the simple *conception* of an individual object, by which we know that object sufficiently to be able to recognize it when again presented to the mind; it is a knowledge of the distinctive form or appearance of the object, nothing more. The next higher degree of knowledge may be termed *cognition*, by which we know not only the distinctive form of the object as an individual thing, but also its component parts (if composite), together with its attributes or qualities and their mutual relations. Hence, cognition supposes many separate acts of conception, united into one act of knowing. The third and highest degree of knowledge is *intellecion*, by which we know not only the component parts and qualities of an object, but also its essence and the substance or reality which underlies the phenomena or appearances which constitute the object of perception. Not, indeed, that we are able to understand what essence and substance are in themselves, but by an act of intelligence based upon our innate ideas of essence and substance, that is, of reality, we are able to infer with certainty that these are present as a necessary basis of the phenomena perceived. The reason why we cannot fully understand what essence and substance are in themselves is, because in man's present state of existence the soul is trammelled by its material habitation, being obliged to exercise its activity through a material medium, and hence is prevented from arriving at a full and perfect consciousness even of its own nature while thus associated with matter. It is only when the soul is freed from the body and put into the normal state of a purely spiritual being, that it will be able to appreciate rightly its own being, and clearly perceive the realities of things and the representative ideas of these realities which constitute the intelligent part of its own nature. For this reason a perfect and explicit knowledge of realities, or, in other words, perfect intellection, is impossible in man's present state of existence. We know phenomena or appearances explicitly, and we infer or know implicitly the realities which underlie these phenomena. This fact, however, does not in the least militate against innate ideas, the necessity of whose existence as the starting point of all knowledge we are now prepared to show.

Beginning with the lowest degree of knowledge, which, in the order of experience, is the first degree attained by the human mind, we must inquire first into the process by which it is attained. First, the object must be present, and be noted or perceived by some one or more of the senses; the object thus perceived then reacts upon the sense or senses perceiving it, producing that effect which is known as a sensation; this sensation communicates itself to the soul, producing a corresponding modification in the soul; this modification of the soul is not a sensation proper, although it is sometimes designated by that term, as also by the terms *sense*, feeling, impression; but we prefer using the term modification simply, as it seems to us to express the peculiar effect of a sensation upon the soul better than any of the other terms. When this modification is produced in the soul, the attention of the mind is attracted to it, and, by an act of internal perception, the mind contemplates it, and decides whether or not it is a true representation of the object perceived. If it finds it to be a true representation, it hands it over, so to speak, to the memory to be preserved; if, on the contrary, it finds that it is not a true representation, it rejects it, or, perhaps more frequently, reserves it to be corrected by a subsequent perception of the same object. When the mind pronounces this modification to be a true representation, and places it, as it were, in the treasury of memory, it becomes, what we have already denominated, a concept or acquired idea.

Now, I would ask, how does the mind determine that this modification is a true representation of an object perceived? To do so it must declare that it resembles or is like that object. But how can it declare that it resembles that object, unless it has a knowledge or an idea of resemblance (similarity)? It cannot do it. Hence the idea of resemblance or similarity must exist in the mind prior to the formation of a concept of any object, and therefore prior to all experience. Nor will it do to say that the Creator communicated that idea of similarity to the soul at the moment when its presence was required to form that conception; for either God at that moment made that idea an essential element of the soul, or He simply presented it to the soul, which then conceived it as any other object of perception. In the first case God would have changed the nature of the soul by imparting a new essential element, a thing which cannot be admitted. The second case would involve a contradiction, for, as we saw above, to form a concept, the idea of similarity is necessary; hence, to conceive the idea of similarity we should already possess that idea; but in the supposition we do not possess it prior to the conception; consequently in that supposition we would possess and not possess the same idea at the same time, which is a contradiction. Therefore, one idea, at least, must exist in the mind prior to all experience, and could not have been acquired. Therefore, that idea is innate in the mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A *bon-vivant*, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been told that he could not in all probability survive many hours, and would die before eight o'clock next morning, summoned strength enough to call the doctor back, and said, with the recklessness of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle that I live till nine!"

ANECDOTE OF FENELON.—When Fenelon, as almoner, attended Louis XIV to a sermon preached by a Capuchin he fell asleep. The monk perceived it, and breaking off his discourse cried out: "Awake that sleeping abbé, who comes here only to pay his court to the king," a reproof which Fenelon himself often related with pleasure as he became Archbishop of Cambray.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Week during Term
Time, at

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:
One year..... \$2 00
Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

A COLD snap on the 9th.

LET us have peas, and let us—

"FAME" will appear next week.

ARE we to have an exhibition soon?

NAVIGATION in the upper lake is now open.

THE blackbirds have settled down for the season.

REV. FATHER CARRIER has re-commenced his entomological investigations.

WE notice that the new blinds for the front windows of the College are being hung—"slowly, by degrees."

THE fields about the College have exchanged their coat of white for one of green, and the genial breath of Spring is imparting new life to all.

MANY of our students are already beginning to dream of "degrees," "diplomas," and "honors." Let them but use their time and talents well, and all these things will come in due season.

HON. P. B. EWING, of Lancaster, O., accompanied by his son, Master Neal, visited Notre Dame last week. We were delighted to see both, and only regretted that their visit was so short.

THE Copy and Proof Hooks must not be touched by any one except the foreman. Please take note; and when found make the application of it. The Printing Office recognizes no privileged persons in this respect.

MR. E. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, O., made a short call at the College last Sunday; he was on his way to Chicago, and stopped over to pay us a flying visit. We were glad to observe that he was looking well and hearty.

WE like a joke, as we consider jokes good things, and we can take a joke ourselves: in fact we have often taken them—out of newspapers: but in our scissorings as well as in our appreciation of jokes played around us, we persistently protest against all such as wound the feelings of any one. We do not consider such jokes in good taste.

DR. J. M. BIGELOW, who enjoys a well-merited high reputation among scientific men as a botanist, visited the College last week. At his departure he promised to return and spend a few weeks in investigating the flora of the St. Joseph Valley, or that part of it around the College. We hope we may have the pleasure of accompanying him in some of his botanizing expeditions here and in Laporte County.

"Saint" Mazzini.

Mazzini has been canonized by all the daily newspapers, by the weeklies, by reviews, magazines, and quarterlies. They all proclaim him a kind of martyr, and send down their incense to him in black clouds of wordy praise, in which his treachery to his friends and satellites, his enmity to God and the Church, his avowed doctrine of

assassination, are the splendid virtues that cause his worshippers to canonize him at once, and call on all their readers to fall down and adore him.

Incredulous Catholics who have a notion of what a real saint is—they have so many of them, from the times of the Apostles to the present century—are not so easily taken in by these bogus saints. Voltaire's reign as a saint is about over; and but few, even of those who set him up, would care if his statue, erected in Paris just before the breaking out of the German-French war, were overturned and dragged in the mud. Have they not Mazzini to howl about until Garibaldi's poor soul has strength enough to quit his miserable body? and when it does, then "Saint" Mazzini will be sent to the rear along with Orsini and other assassins—beg pardon—"saints,"—until Garibaldi's red shirt has its daily, weekly and monthly washings, and is hung up to dry in the quarterlies.

According to all accounts, Mazzini's devotedness to the cause of Italy was like A. Ward's devotedness to the cause of the North. Artemus was willing to have his cousins and all his wife's relations drafted for the army, and generously offered them as substitutes. So the glorious Mazzini, safely hid away in London, generously sacrificed his deluded followers, whom he excited to insurrections the usual result of which was the death or imprisonment of the blind tools he made use of. The *Daily Telegraph*, eulogizing Mazzini, whose name, according to the *Telegraph*, is worthy to be numbered still amidst the great ones of a country still rich in greatness, says: "Just as he was prepared, unless we wrong him, to recommend assassination as a means to an end, so he was ready to forfeit his own life, or what he valued more, the lives of all who were dearest to him, if he might but advance one step towards his object." The *Telegraph* knew well that he did not wrong his "Saint" in saying of him that "he was prepared to recommend assassination as a means to an end." The attempted assassinations to which Mazzini urged his oath-bound followers were but the practical enforcement of his doctrine. The great care Mazzini took to keep miles away from any outbreak showed plainly that though, like Artemus, he was ready to forfeit the lives of all who were dearest to him, there was just one life he would not expose to danger for his dear Italy, and that life was his own. The *Telegraph* continues its eulogy of its "saint": "Fusillades, confiscation, lifelong imprisonment, military execution, martial law, and all the cruelties by which despotic governments, maddened with apprehension, sought to keep down resistance, were, in his judgment, *needful* to excite the passion of Italy for freedom; and to keep alive the sacred fire (!) he consigned his followers to certain death or to a living grave without pity or remorse."

When those who take it upon themselves to canonize the angel of assassination are reduced to admit that he not only was prepared "to use assassination as a means to an end," but, as if to palliate his guilt in this, are obliged also to add by way of praise that he was willing "to forfeit the lives of those dearest to him," and "to consign his followers to certain death or a living grave without pity or remorse," it is not surprising that we do not admit him into the catalogue of our saints, and that we have no desire to place him in the list of great men.

No, poor wretch; his miserable death, after two years during which the really great mental gifts with which he had been endowed by God, and which he so wofully abused, were withdrawn, and he left in a state of imbecile idiocy, was the beginning of the punishment which an all-just and long-suffering, because eternal, God visits impenitent sinners.

Who was Richard the Third before he was "himself again?"

In Memoriam.

CHARLES F. T. ELISON died at Notre Dame, Indiana, April 5, 1872, aged nine years, five months and nine days.

INSCRIBED IN TRUE SYMPATHY TO HIS DECEASED PARENTS.

He has gone to his rest, yet he sleeps not in sorrow,
For sin had ne'er tainted his innocent mind;
He has left us in grief, yet our hearts still may borrow
Sweet joy from the thought that, in life more refined,
He awoke 'mid the angels, on that glorious morrow,
Which dawned on his last earthly sleep with mankind.

Yes, Charlie, the tomb hath closed over thee early
And hides thee from eyes that are moistened with
tears,

With tears of regret that the one loved so dearly
Was summoned away in the morn of his years,
Ere that beautiful mind, that was dawning so clearly,
Had shed its bright light on life's lofty careers.

But thou wert an angel—on earth but a stranger—
Thy home was with God in the regions of light;—
And the Father withdrew thee from sorrow and danger
Lest sin should e'er taint thy pure soul's spotless
white,

And the angels who sang around Bethlehem's manger
Received their sweet brother with songs of delight.

Then, Charlie, though tears for our loss still are falling,
Though fond loving parents still sigh in their grief,
Yet we bow to the will of the Father, though calling
Our darling away, and we rest for relief
On that infinite goodness that chastens, by veiling
Eternity's joys beneath pain, sharp yet brief.

Yes, parents, look up through your tears—'mid the
sainted

Your darling still lives, with an angel's bright life;
O, repine not that long ere his young heart was tainted
With worldly contagion, so painfully rife,
He was called to that home after which his soul panted,
Where we must rejoin him through danger and strife.
M. B. B.

At a meeting of the Thespian Cadets, held April 9, 1872, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to the Almighty to remove from our midst our beloved companion, Charles F. T. Elison.

Resolved, That we, bowing submissively to the Omnipotent decree which deprives us of our dear friend, do tender our condolence to his parents in this their hour of affliction. If they have lost a child of promise, they and we have gained a friend at the Court of Heaven, where, sooner or later, we must all appear.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of our deceased fellow-member, and that they be published in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

C. BECK,
H. PORTER,
S. McMAHON, } Committee.

T. NELSON, President.
E. McMAHON, Rec. Sec., pro tem.

A Few Thoughts on Reading and Books.

Reading is unquestionably one of the most fruitful sources of amusement and instruction, provided that what we read is always good and well-selected. The perusal of a single book may do a great deal towards forming the character of a young person. Hence the necessity of exercising care and judgment in the selection of what we are to read. How many there are who have lost virtue and innocence in the marl-pit of a polluting literature! Yes, the ruin of many noble souls and great minds may be attributed to the baneful effects of what they had read. The works of Voltaire alone have led thousands into the endless mazes of infidelity,—aye, have corrupted a nation.

The press is a great instrument of good, as well as a powerful engine of hell; and its influence,

whether beneficial or injurious, is exerted over the whole civilized world.

In our age, more especially, there is no lack of all kinds of reading: books to instruct, books to amuse, books to benefit, books to corrupt.

To choose from this mass such books as are profitable requires no little experience. One cannot have a better companion than a good book; and if it were not for those silent friends, which it is in every one's power to possess, the world would even be more wicked than it is. Choose your books, then, as you would your friends, because one is always known by the society which he cultivates. It has been truly said that we may have a better knowledge of a man by a glance at his library than by a year's acquaintance. When a person tells you that "he takes *narya* periodikle," you know at once how much his comments on the news of the day would be worth.

A young man once asked a celebrated writer what he should read. "Begin," was the reply, "with standard authors and end with them." Never read a work you know nothing about, unless the author is one of established reputation; if the book is really worth reading, it will soon make itself known to you. Don't be deceived by flaming advertisements, or the flattering notices of reviews and newspapers, which are often written by authors and publishers to make trashy publications sell well. A novel entitled "Griffith Gaunt," published a few years ago, was so thoroughly advertised and so extensively puffed, that the sale was almost unprecedented, and attracted more notice than would be given to a translation of the Talmud. Never be decoyed by pretty covers or high-sounding names. "Herman: or Young Knighthood," was the rather attractive title of a very stupid book.

The mere reading for amusement is the custom of indolent and light-headed people; a book from which there is nothing to learn is useless, if not bad. Novels and romances, it cannot be denied, are the most numerous of this class, because they are for the most part carelessly written, often with no other aim than to make money, or for the sake of notoriety. The reputation of a novel-writer, if he has no other, is one that no sensible person would envy. In a novel written, strange to say, by an American, we are told about the cotton-fields of Massachusetts; and from another, by an English author of some celebrity, we get the startling information that monkeys abound in Illinois, and that a pleasure-party sailing down the Mississippi River had a charming view of the Rocky Mountains. If young people were to confine their reading to such books as these, surely their stock of general information would not be much increased.

We are not of the number of those good folk, more precise than wise, who condemn novel-reading as a heinous crime; we should not forget that the term *novel* is indifferently applied to a great variety of good books, for want of a better name.

It is really too bad to be obliged to class such writers as Dumas, and a host of others, with the honored names of Thackeray and Hawthorne; to mention "Waverly" in connection with "A Dark Night's Work" is an insult to the memory of a great author. Some one who enjoys that rare privilege of coining words should invent one that we can apply to these paper-destroying, ink-wasting, day-dreaming novelists. Bad poets we can name versifiers, poetasters, rhymesters, or makers of rhymes, if they deserve such epithets; but the bad novel-writers have no name, though their number is legion. We do not mean to infer that novels of any stamp may be read continually without injury; the best sometimes present false views of human nature, and are often too ridiculous to be possible; the moral tone is usually good; and right generally—almost invariably—triumphs over wrong, but in real life it is not always the case. The trouble is, novel-reading easily becomes

a habit; and when it does, it gives a distaste for all serious reading; and again, it is a great waste of time. A person who reads Dickens constantly will never be able to appreciate Macaulay or Ruskin; and the class of persons that read Marryatt and Cooper don't trouble such authors as Irving or Parkman.

An occasional novel may be read by way of relaxation, but it should always be one by a standard novelist, in order that we may improve our style or derive some other advantage at the same time.

One more remark and we are through with novels, novel-readers and novel-writers.

Dime-novel reading is simply preposterous, and the persons who read such trash are truly to be pitied; but if they would return to the pleasant paths of *literature*, let them take a week's rest from all reading, meditating meanwhile on "the last four things to be remembered," and make a generous resolution never to touch another "Dime." And by the blessing of Providence and careful training, they may be able, in course of time, to appreciate something better.

The great fault of most people is that they read too much and too confusedly, forgetting that digestion requires time. The man who has read most is not always the wisest; and often the most superficial scholars are those who have studied, or rather skimmed over, the greatest number of books. We once knew a young man who had read Prescott entire, but, as he himself confessed, Montezuma, Cortes, Pizarro, Ferdinand, Charles V and Queen Isabella were all so mingled together in his mind that he was unable to individualize the actions of each. In reading, like anything else, it is necessary to have order; if not, it is impossible to remember what we have read.

We respect "the man of one book," but only if the book is a clever one. As far as our experience goes, however, the one-book man is a great bore; he is forever quoting from his *favorite author*; he can talk of no other; if you go to visit him, he invites you to listen to a *short passage* he would read for you. Respect, but be careful to let alone this strange man.

There is a large class of books which might be called classical tales, such as Elizabeth, Rasselas, Paul and Virginia, The Arabian Nights, etc., etc., which every young person should be ashamed not to have read. Think of a boy attaining the age of eighteen years without having read Robinson Crusoe, that *liber librorum* of boys books!

As for poetry, it is sure that there are more who read than are able to appreciate it,—more who try to write poems than succeed even partially.

It is a strange fact that nearly everyone, nowadays, seems to be under the impression that he was born a poet, and this accounts for the almost innumerable volumes of poetical works issued every year. It is a pleasure, however, to be able to state that the number of abortive attempts at writing poems, according to good literary authority, was smaller last year than the year before, if we judge from the number published in book-form. After one has read all the standard poets he may safely dispense with the rest; not that we should act on the supposition that there are to be no more poets; the world may still produce another Milton; the name of Morris may yet out-rival that of Spenser.

The Americans are peculiarly a literary people. It is our pride to number among our authors those whom the whole world admires. The names of Longfellow, Irving and Prescott are household words in countries besides our own. Our libraries are numerous and extensive, rich in all departments of literature. Let it ever be our aim to preserve our high reputation as an intellectual people—our highest honor, our greatest fame.

COSMAS AND DAMIAN.

A GOOD MANY MERCHANTS REST ON THEIR OWNERS.

Additional Entrances.

Arthur W. Weir,	Owensboro, Ky.
William J. Moyer,	Chicago, Ill.
John Moen,	Belvidere, Ill.
Henry Schaller,	Chicago, Ill.
P. H. Dillon,	St. Louis, Mo.

PRIZE PUZZLE SOLVED.—R. Staley reads the mysterious note thus:

"Meet me at the corner of Burr and Lindley streets at ten sharp, thence we go to Chapin's, bag our game, and off to Buffalo.

J. MORSAN."

"P. S.—The bearer is one of us, and will be your guide.

J. M."

The puzzle consisted in taking, alternately, the letter preceding and the one following those required to form the words given.

This is the correct solution, and Mr. Staley being the first of the students who handed in the correct explanation, has carried off the prize.

Others also gave correct solutions, but came too late.

WE see in the daily papers that the bill concerning postal cards was passed in the House on the 9th inst. A special telegram says:

"The House to-day passed a bill authorizing postal cards at one cent postage, and with an envelop flap to them, so that their contents can be concealed. The open card was opposed on the ground that it would be used for libellous purposes."

We have received from the records of the Commercial Board the following statement of the candidates for graduation and those accepted during the past four years, which, no doubt, will be of interest to the Students now pursuing this course:

1867-68—February—11 candidates;	2	accepted.
" " June.....42	"	28
1868-69—February—12	"	1
" " June.....71	"	13
1869-70—February—10	"	2
" " June.....34	"	14
1870-71—February—28	"	3
" " June.....59	"	23

N. B.—We may say that we look anxiously forward to the result of the present year.

St. Patrick's Parochial School, South Bend.

Last week we had the pleasure of calling on Rev. Father Spillard, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend. We found him at home, and had we not seen his own familiar face we would scarcely have realized that we were in the presbytery of former days, so much has the house changed its appearance for the better. After a short time spent in his cozy drawing-room he invited us to go with him to attend the examination of his parochial school, which is under the charge of Bro. Theogene, S.S.C. To judge from the classes we heard—the arithmetic classes—Bro. Theogene's efforts to make the young ideas shoot have resulted in a complete success. We had time to hear the arithmetic classes only; and on our pointing out some of those whose prompt and intelligent answers to questions pleased us, he gave us their names, with some others who in his and Rev. F. Spillard's opinion deserved special commendation. The following are the names:

First Arithmetic—J. Farrington, F. Dwyer, T. Monahan, M. Lovett.

Second Arithmetic—J. Vanderhoof, P. Conley, J. Butler, J. Monahan, D. Lyons, P. Farrington, F. Pine, D. Sheehan, W. Farnsworth, D. Hagerty.

Third Arithmetic—W. Cooney, J. Bauer, G.

Mückendollar, T. McLaughlin, D. Casey, F. Vennet. Fourth Arithmetic—J. Conley, J. Butler, P. Flynn, J. O'Dea, D. Guilfoyle, P. Dubail, J. Dubail, W. Fuery, S. Clifford, G. McCreary, G. Dolan, P. Shickey, L. Landgraf, D. Guilfoyle.

After partaking of his hospitality we bade farewell for a while to the Rev. Pastor and to the efficient teacher of his parochial school.

The "Owl" and the "Progress."

Certent et crenis ululæ.—*Virgil.*

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of March 30th you inserted a commendatory notice of the "Philodemic Owl," in which, with the view of generously encouraging the editors of that periodical, you instituted comparisons between it and the old "Progress," calculated to induce those unacquainted with the latter to believe that the "Owl" is on a par with, if not superior to, the "Progress."

I recognize this as truly generous, when I reflect that you yourself, Mr. Editor, were most actively engaged in forwarding and fostering the old "Progress;" but permit me to question, after a careful deliberation of two weeks, and giving the "Owl" another chance to redeem itself,—permit me to question, I say, the compatibility of your generosity with the claims of justice.

If I founded my views on mere opinion, I might be accused of partiality. They are founded, however, not on opinion, but on facts. As thus:

The "Progress" was read before a large and mixed audience. The Junior Department attended in the Senior study-room to hear it, and dispersing itself promiscuously throughout the hall, would have made good order impossible, were there not an object of interest sufficient to enchain the most earnest attention. The Faculty were attracted from their usual evening recreations. Bro. B. was dethroned, and sank for awhile into comparative oblivion. The reader of the "Progress" was set up in his place, and became the cynosure of all eyes. The delight of the audience was frequently testified by cheers during the course of the reading.

Per contra, the "Owl" is read before an audience professedly literary and very limited in number. But I do not exaggerate when I say that in a small audience of thirteen, more inattention—not more in proportion, but more absolutely—is manifested than in the immense audience that used to attend the readings of the old "Progress."

Such are the facts.

As for the ornamented and *expensive* cover of the "Owl," in my opinion the neat and legible calligraphy of Johny F. and Rashe C., which cost nothing but care and good nature, was more truly admirable than the effigy of the long-eared bird on the printed cover. The more so, as the legible handwriting contributed much to the fluent reading, and enabled us the better to appreciate the elegant and correct delivery of our James B. R., and the rich, full tones of Orville T. C.

I beg you to take notice, Mr. Editor, that these remarks of mine are made not with the view of depreciating the "Owl" (for I should be sorry to throw cold water upon any literary enterprise, however humble,) but rather with the intention of doing just honor to the memory of the old "Progress," around which some of my (and I am sure I may say, of yours, Mr. Editor, also,) fondest memories of Notre Dame have ever clustered,

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very faithfully,

AN OLD BOY.

"PADDY" said an angry lieutenant, "you are out of step." "No, yer honor," rejoined Paddy; "I'm the only man in the company that has the step at all."

"GENTLEMEN" said Artemus Ward, when once called on for a speech, "I have the gift of eloquence but I havn't it about me."

Business Law.

[See No. 29, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, Vol. V.]

"4. An agreement without consideration is void." How, with a promissory note payable to A, or order, assigned to and in the hands of B, an innocent holder, supposing A had never paid any consideration for said note?

"7. The acts of one partner bind the others." What acts? Do acts outside of the partnership business have that effect?

"8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced." This is notoriously untrue, except at common law, and even in common law there is serious question of the correctness of the rule. See the opinion of Judge Caldwell in *Sellers vs. Dugan* in 18 Ohio (O. S.), 493, and *Swisher vs. Williams*, Wright's Rep., 754. In the latter, which was a proceeding in chancery to set aside a conveyance which was executed on Sunday, the language of the Court was as follows: "The objection that the deed was executed on Sunday will not avail you. Both parties partook equally of the sin of violating the Sabbath, and the law does not require of us to enable either party to add to the sin, by breaking the faith pledged on that day, and commit fraud out of assumed regard for the Sabbath." In my opinion, any Sunday law making Sunday contracts void, would not be constitutional.

"9. Contracts with minors are void." They are not. Some of them are voidable—in fact, they are generally voidable. The SCHOLASTIC knows that there is an immense difference between the two words "void" and "voidable." Some contracts of a minor are binding on him—as for necessities; and if one of the parties to any contract, not illegal, be a minor, and the other of lawful age to contract, as against the latter the minor may enforce the contract, even when not enforceable against him. The rule should read thus: "9. Contracts of minors are generally voidable."

"11. Contracts for advertisements in Sunday papers are void." Not so. There is no foundation for such a rule in most States, and unless we are guided by the State of Rhode Island, we demur to the rule. The fact of Chief Justice Chase owning five acres of that State, and contemplating the purchase of the other fifteen, don't raise the legal presumption that the "rule" regarding such contracts as No. 11 are decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I make the above criticisms for the purpose of removing any false impression that the rules mentioned may have given, and ask you respectfully to insert the same. Very respectfully,
EDWARD J. M.

Winning to Virtue.

The love of approbation is one of the strongest motives that influence mankind. The Greeks recognized this in giving, as their highest award for military achievement, for literary merit, for civic renown, a laurel wreath. For this Demosthenes wrought in his immortal Oration for the Crown. The laurel faded, but the honor it was intended to signalize was imperishable. Milton declares

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

And he, great soul, solaced the busy middle years of his active life with the hope that he should be spared to write something the world would not willingly let die.

"Reputation," says Sidney Smith, "is one of the prizes for which men contend; it is the cheap defense and ornament of nations, and the nurse of manly exertions; it produces more labor and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius, and it is the

imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy."

We see this desire for the good opinion of others in almost every one around us. When it has died out in any human heart, what hope for elevation or improvement is left to the philanthropist? The language of complaint universal in polite society recognizes this principle, and it is because this language is often hollow and hypocritical that many earnest and sincere persons abjure it entirely. They refrain from expressing admiration and approval of meritorious deeds for fear their words may be misconstrued, and they feel bound in candor to utter freely any adverse criticisms that may seem to them to be called for. In some families how seldom do we hear the language of appreciation and complaint from one to the other. The ties of relationship are often only an excuse for uttering freely unpleasant remarks and harsh censures. Not in this way is domestic life made a type of the heavenly. Why should we not dwell on all the lovely qualities of those with whom we daily associate? Why should we not praise their beauty, or their talent, or their excellent qualities? Is not a noble nature as truly shown by the love of that which is beautiful, elevating, virtuous, as by the abhorrence of whatever is ugly, degrading, immoral? Many parents seem to fancy that the proper training of children consists in a series of prohibitions, in weeding out faults, errors, vices. This is only the negative and minor part of training. Every activity of the child, both mental and physical, is to be called out in the right directions, and if the parent can throw around him a constant atmosphere of approval and happiness everything will be made easier. A comely daughter rarely receives the admiration at home that she does abroad; parents are afraid she will be spoiled; the spoiling is done not at home, but by strangers. Is it not wiser for the family friends to recognize the beauty nature has bestowed, and rate it at its true worth? Thus they may provide an antidote in anticipation of the poison that injudicious flattery will minister.

Years ago we knew a little girl left to grow up quite as she listed, who is now a useful and noble woman. In speaking of herself, she said, "I was always stimulated and encouraged in my girlhood by an opinion which a lady of high position expressed with regard to me: 'Jane,' said this lady, 'will make one of the best or worst of women.' Was it then possible for me to be one of the best of women? I resolved that this it *should* be."

Love is the most powerful cosmetic. It will make the plainest face radiant as that of an angel. The consciousness of meriting and receiving approval gives increased lustre to the brightest eye and makes the dulllest shine. If by agencies such as these we can win our children and our friends to virtue, shall we not use them? The time will come when the memory of every appreciative word, every loving tone, every thoughtful kindness will be dearer than rubies and choice pearls.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Minims Defeat the Juniors.

MR. EDITOR: On the 10th inst. we had the pleasure of witnessing a very interesting game of base-ball between the Quicksteps (Minims) and the Alpines (Juniors), in which, as usual, the Minims came out victorious by the score of 42 to 28. And knowing that all the friends of the Minims (the "Afflicted Reader" excepted) will be delighted to hear of this victory over the Juniors, we give the score:

Minims.—E. McMahon, 3 outs, 4 runs; D. Green, 2, 5; H. Deehan, 3, 4; E. DeGroot, 3, 3; S. McMahon, 3, 3; A. Morton, 3, 3; C. Green, 3, 3; W. Dec, 2, 5; C. Walsb, 3, 3.

Juniors.—O'Connell, 5 outs, 3 runs; McIntosh, 1, 6; Long, 3, 3; F. Smith, 2, 3; L. Schmidt, 4, 3; Butters, 1, 5; McIntyre, 6, 1; Byrne, 4, 3. S.

LA CROIX HOUSE, is the name of the new hotel at Salem Crossing, Indiana, J. R. Doing, proprietor. May he be *doing* well, and give our boys who have to stop over at that place a *square* meal.

ONE, of four or five victims, desires to state, for the benefit of a certain individual who sends fifteen times a day to the Post-Office, that there are two daily mails arriving, namely, from the east, at 7½ A.M., and from the west, at 1 P.M.

Table Etiquette.

A correspondent, who is somewhat of a philanthropist in his way, sends up the following hints on table etiquette, for the benefit of the members of the club. We believe they will be superfluous to most of our readers, but as our correspondent begs us not to lose the opportunity of improving the present occasion, we append them:

1. Do not commence eating before your host gets through with his grace. I have known some men to bite a biscuit as large as a blacking-box into a half-moon, and have to hold it between their teeth, under a suspension of the rules, during a blessing. This is disgraceful.
2. Do not sup soup with a fork. Your soup will always have you at a disadvantage with such odds. Besides, it is "superfluous."
3. In passing your plate to be helped, retain your knife and fork in your vest pocket.
4. When asked for a dish, do not propel it across the surface of the table after the manner or game of shovel-board; always pitch it gracefully, after the manner of quoits. This will be "quoit" sufficient.
5. Never try to eat fish with a saltcellar.
6. While drinking, be careful not to empty hot coffee or anything of that sort into your neighbor's paper-collar.
7. Do not eat too fast. You will not "get left," if you make up in heroic doses for that time.
8. If you find anything suspicious in your hash, don't eat any more hash; and if there is anything wrong in your butter, propose a toast or tell an anecdote.
9. When you burn your mouth with a cold potato, don't whistle or make faces at the company, but shed tears in silence.
10. Never leave the table without asking the lady of the house to be excused; if you don't happen to be in a barbecue or a free lunch, don't leave as long as there is a bone or a crumb in sight.
11. Should you put too much pepper in your soup, and the tears come to your eyes in consequence, do not wipe your eyes and blow your nose in your napkin.
12. Be careful when resting your elbow on the table that your neighbor's little preserve plate is not within reach, not that you mind upsetting it, for that would only serve him right, but you may get your coat-sleeve jellied through his carelessness in not giving you room enough.
13. Do not pick your teeth with your fork, or wipe it on the table-cloth after you have just extracted a long piece of sinew from a hollow in one of your double grinders.
14. If you happen to partake of some dish with which you are unacquainted, don't spit it out on your plate with a splutter, as if you had been poisoned, because it might be supposed you had been accustomed to move in society. Simply rap on the table with your fork for the servant, and tell him, or her, to fetch a spittoon. By that time all eyes will be upon you, and as the servant brings the spittoon you can eject the disagreeable mouthful with a proper air of disgust, remarking that you always hated French *kickshaws*, and preferred something, the real origin of which you could guess at. By this proceeding you will let the people at the table see you know a thing or

two and are not to be easily taken in.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In the year 1843, during the Millerite excitement in the usually quiet town of Durham, "Aunt Sally —," who would "weigh nigh two hundred pounds," came to the conclusion that she was bound to "go up," and one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm season of exhortation, she arose and said:

"Oh! brethren and sisters, bless the Lord! I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong. Oh, yes powerful strong it is. So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a bird on wing, "that it does seem as if I could fly right away now and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming:

"Try, sister, try! perhaps you can fly if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can," she exclaimed; "I know I can, and I will!"

She was standing near a window which was raised on account of the oppressive heat—for it was summer. With her handkerchief in one hand and her fan in the other she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air, with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for her faith and the gravity of the audience. Down she came with an enormous and not very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great weakness sneaked back into her seat, evidently disappointed.

The next evening some of the young folks asked her:

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop!" was the meek and conclusive answer.

Curran and the Mastiff.

Curran used to relate with infinite humor an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighborhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with which did not care what end of a boy went foremost, so that he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, I fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word," said Sir Jonah Barrington, to whom Curran related this story, "the mastiff may have left you your centre, but he could not have left much gravity behind him, among the bystanders."

Why is the letter H the best cure for strikes? Because it converts Ire into Hire.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
April 9, 1872. }

Spring has at last ventured to come out in her own attractive garb, with sunny smiles upon her brow. In her train we see her lovely attendants, the girls and birds, who seem to vie with each other in making the groves around St. Mary's joyous with sweet sounds. Sweet sound! how soothing to mind and heart! the sacred bells, the reverent tones of prayer and hymns of praise, mingled with the organ's solemn peal! How cheering the sound of music, song, and merry voices, interrupted now and again by those spontaneous outbursts of genuine laughter which can only flow from innocent hearts as yet unburdened with corroding cares! And then the birds. They seem to be singing a perpetual canticle of gratitude to Him who marketh even the sparrow's fall.

Yesterday being the transferred feast of the Annunciation, the Catholic pupils celebrated it by the usual religious observances.

After the holy Mass, at six o'clock, A.M., there was a reception of new members into the Confraternity of the Children of Mary. Class duties were not interrupted, but at four o'clock, P.M., the Children of Mary had a simple feast in honor of the day, and in compliment to the new members all the pupils of the school were granted the pleasure of a promenade through the woods.

We give below the names of the young ladies who were admitted as members and as aspirants among the Children of Mary:

As full Members.—Misses M. Quan, A. Clark, R. McIntyre, M. Cummings, M. Leonard, M. Quill, M. Kelly, M. Roberts, A. McLaughlin, H. McLaughlin.

As Aspirants.—Misses N. Gross, R. Manzanaras, J. Valdez, N. Vigil, E. Drake, K. Casey.

STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

April 8th.—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, K. Brown, L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, A. Piatt, S. Johnson.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, Sr., A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses M. Lassen, B. Crowley.
Second Senior—Misses F. Butters, L. West, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, A. Robson, N. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Dickerhoff, E. Paxson, S. Addis, C. Craver.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, L. Sutherland, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, J. Walsh, C. Crevling, B. Gaffney, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Kelly, E. Layfield, N. Ball, G. Kellogg, A. Calvert.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, L. Eutzler, L. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. Johnson, K. Casey, A. Monroe, M. Addis.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, C. Germain, J. Valdez, R. Manzanaras, N. Vigil, M. McNellis, A. Tucker.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver, A. Mast, I. Wilder, A. Robson, H. McMahon.

First German—Misses L. Pfeiffer, K. Miller, K. Zell.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, N. Ball, J. Millis.

Latin—Misses G. Sturgis, F. Munn.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses J. Hynds, M. Kirwan, M. Shirland.

Second Division—Misses H. Tompkins, A. Borup, K. McMahon.

Second Class—Misses A. E. Clarke, G. Hurst, A. Todd.

Second Division—Misses A. Goldhardt, L. Duffield.

Third Class—Misses M. Quan, D. Green, M. Lassen, M. Prince.

Second Division—Misses M. Lange, M. Donahue, K. Brown.

Fourth Class—Misses I. Wilder, N. Gross, J. Forbes, L. Pease, A. Byrne.

Second Division—Misses S. Johnson, A. Robson, M. Cochrane.

Fifth Class—Misses J. Millis, M. Cummings.

Second Division—Misses L. Woods, L. McKinnon, L. Tinsley.

Sixth Class—Misses K. Haymond, A. Conahan, N. Sullivan.

Second Division—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Edwards, L. Sutherland.

Seventh Class—Misses I. Reynolds, M. Carlin, A. Rose, C. Crevling.

Eighth Class—Misses A. Walsh, M. Hildreth, L. Harrison.

Ninth Class—Misses K. Fullmer, L. Walsh, M. Walsh.

Tenth Class—Misses D. Allen, T. Cronin, E. Richardson.

Harmony—Misses J. Hynds, R. Spiers, M. Shirland, A. Borup, M. Kirwan.

Theoretical Classes—Misses A. Todd, L. West, A. Mast, D. Green, L. Duffield, A. Shea, M. Letourneau, K. Brown, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, M. Layfield, J. Kearney, I. Wilder, R. Devoto.

Guitar—Misses H. Tompkins, B. Crowley, G. Kellogg.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses R. Devoto, G. Kellogg, I. Logan, J. Coffee, J. Millis, E. Howell, M. Kelly, B. Johnson, H. McMahon, A. Lloyd, F. Lloyd, F. Moore, L. Pfeiffer, I. Edwards.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

April 9th—Misses B. Quan, A. Burney, K. Fullmer, A. Rose, M. Walsh, A. Noel, M. Booth, M. Carlin, M. DeLong.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Cummings, A. Byrne.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, L. Harrison, L. Wood, A. Walsh, L. McKinnon, F. Munn.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, M. Faxon, L. Wood.

A DISSOLUTE father, admonishing an equally dissolute son, said:

"My son, I spared no pains to bring you up."

"Do I not show my brought-up?" remarked the precocious lad.

A LADY with a little boy, stopping at a Wisconsin hotel, was informed that the bill was "fifty cents for you, and twenty-five cents for the chap."

THE SPECTATOR is the name of the paper published by the students of St. Lawrence College, Canada, à la mode de hibon.

BOOK-KEEPING IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend them.

The "AVE MARIA,"

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL, particularly devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, encouraged and approved by the highest authority of the Church.

TERMS:

Life subscription, \$20, payable in advance, or by installments paid within the year.
For 5 years, \$10, in advance.
For 2 years, \$5, in advance.
For 1 year, \$3, in advance.
Single copies, 10 cents.

To clubs of ten subscribers, for one year, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$25, in advance.

To clubs of ten subscribers, for two years, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$45, in advance.

To clubs of twenty subscribers, for one year, twenty-five copies of the AVE MARIA for \$50, in advance.

The postage of the AVE MARIA is but five cents a quarter, or twenty cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office.

Address, EDIZON AVE MARLA, Notre Dame, Indiana.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty-six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.

The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,

St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS ROAD IN THE WEST.

(See Classification of Railways by Board of Railway Commissioners.)

The Shortest, Best and Quickest Route

FROM

CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS,
Without Change of Cars.

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

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:15 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation	*4:10 p.m.	*9:30 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line	†6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	‡9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	‡9:00 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.

Time, only 11 Hours.

The only Line running Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago and St. Louis.

Close Connections in St. Louis for all points in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and California. The Direct Route and the only ALL RAIL ROUTE to Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points South.

Avoid a long Steamboat Transfer of Twenty-Five Miles, and changes of Cars by taking this Route.

Pullman Palace Cars run on this Route only from Chicago to New Orleans, with but one change.

Louisiana, Mo., New Short Route, Chicago to Kansas City via Chicago & Alton and North Missouri Railroads, passing through Bloomington and Jacksonville, Ill., and crossing the Mississippi at Louisiana, Mo.

The best Short Route, from Chicago to Kansas City without change of Cars.

Close Connections in Union Depot, Kansas City, with all Western Roads for Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and California, and in Chicago with trains of all Eastern roads.

Elegant Day Cars and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars run through from Chicago to St. Louis and Chicago to Kansas City

WITHOUT CHANGE.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

The only Line running these Cars between Chicago and St. Louis, and Chicago and Kansas City.

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

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, it 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);	12 50
Washing and Mending of Linens; Doctor's Fees and	150 00
Medicine, and attendance in sickness, per Session of five	2 00
months,	15 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish,	10 00
each,	12 50
Instrumental Music,	10 00
Use of Piano,	2 00
Use of Violin,	15 00
Drawing,	5 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	16 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l, \$3 00; Scient'c, \$5 00; Class'l,	35 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the Col-	
lege are charged, extra,	

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

Very Rev. W. COREY, S.S.C.,
President.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10 28 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 2 10 a. m.
" " 12 22 p. m.	" " 11 00 a. m.
" " 9 30 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 5 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.
" " 3 15 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 4 30 a. m.	" " 7 20 a. m.
" " 5 22 p. m.	" " 9 20 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.
JNO. DESMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.
J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.
M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Freight, 4:05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m. Freight, 4:50 a. m.

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.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

ON and after June 1, 1871, the 9 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11:30 a. m. the second day, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other route; with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5:15 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6 41 a. m. the second morning, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace Car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a. m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached. Through between Chicago and New York, without change, 3 1/2 hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other Line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot, corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

THOMAS L. SCOTT, President

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

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Sup't, Pittsburgh.

H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

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

W. C. CLELAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.