The Human Soul.

Only a mate in creation wise,
A rare thing in the benighted light,
A little drop in the endless tide,
Whilst eternity measures its stern cold flight.

However so niggard a man may be,
One can never have too much of truth to be.

What if a city, although it should hold
Its millions and millions of men,
Should be a Home, and cover me with diamonds and gold.
And my name with its honored and beat exulted.

What more, after all my provead, am I than—
A bubble blown up seemingly to rise.
To burst, and, lo! nothing is left to the view.

What use after all is it to strive to attain
Pleasure, and peace, and ease.
Since all things on earth are but fleeting and vain.
While the world is but wedded to sorrow and pain.

Oh, like the least atom in space, why not wait
Inert, to accept the fierce pressure of “fate”?

Thus nature speaks out in the heart maximized
In the mouths of the mothers of Faith.

For the rule growth of passion was rank and unsound;
Even the bleeding mind, each inflicted its wound.

To licentiousness no sanction is not permitted.
But a horrid reason that light of earth,
Fond at such a heart, and a deep joy had birth.

No longer a mate, a poor worthless abode,
A pitiful atom in space,
Without name, without glory; but transitory lost;
Its memory forgotten, its worthlessness shed;
And covered with the stamp that no time can erase.

O, awful soul! how the by-ways of life
Are pasted over with blows.
When sweet Jesus defines all Earth’s mystical strain,
Clearing up the denser air with sentiment so mild,
With a beauty too pure for a weak mortal’s eye.

The literature of our modern enlightenment,
Not excepting many authors who profess a belief
In Christianity, has so mingled Pagan, Mohammedan,
And rank infidel ideas, that in the very
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Imagination, has so mingled Pagan, Mohammedan,
Thy perch not, but calmly, sweetly sleep
Who fall on glory's sugarless plain—
Beyond the grave we'll meet again!

"Ah, might I press once more those lips, dear mother
That taught me how for liberty to die!
For I yield my life; but I added—
Nay, millions more—are I would furtily say,
"I would gladly give them all;
They were not worth an hour to fall!"

He presses to his heart the precious relics—
The young heart's trickling gore;
The blue eyes blazed with wild, manly pleasure.

"From his weak grasp to earth down drops his treasure,
Deep-emrional i with his young heart's trickling gore;
The blue eyes blazed wild, manly pleasure.
Then close upon this world for evermore.
Upon the shattered breast his head.
Low droops—the Soldier Boy is dead!"

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic.

Chapter About; or, What Is It?

By Geren.

"Two miles with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one.

CHAPTER IV.
Concerning a Siesta, and the Waking and Sleeping Dreams attendant thereupon.

Do you like to take forty winks after dinner? And if so, is your vigorous couch ever obliged to decipher in obedience to that hereditary we which we are still compelled to entertain for the bad English, the obtuse jargon called Norman-French, and the abominably bad Latin of feudal manuscript.

The Soldier Boy.

("The misnested boy to the ass is gone.")

By Parthi.

1. With heart on home intent, all else forgetting,
On battle-plains there lie, the not alone,
A rosy, where a bright is so softly setting,
The wild to weeping heaves he makes his mean.
Ah, wounded, helpless, hopeless boy,
What glory o’er my thought employ?

2. From next the heart he draws, with eager fingers,
A rosy, where a bright is so softly setting,
A picture scene; entranced, his dim eye lingers
On that moment of his boyhood’s bliss.
The pale lips emit with final joy,
Wistful sighs the dying boy.

3. "My love, my light, my life, my joy, my Mother!
How subtly beam those tender eyes on me,
As if your kind heart felt, and tender to another.
The thought of your dark destiny,
Far, far from you my course is run,
No more, no more have you a son!"

4. "When came the foe, our happy homes to ravage—
Who will stand for which our fathers fell?
With fire and sword, as come the ruthless savage,
Where murder marked his path, and slaughter red,
You girt the steel upon my thigh,
And bade me for my country die!!"

5. "Yonder from my foot my course is run,
No more, no more have you a son!
By Parthi.

Then my wandering thoughts reverted to Sarah—
That magnanimous young lady who first set fashion at defiance, and introduced the Roman toga into American west. Her noble-hearted enterprise was rewarded by the appreciation of a generous public. The garment was called the Sabri-togs, in honor of her to whose revival was due, and a fashionable watering-place was immediately erected to commemorate the happy event. Her domestic virtues also claimed a share of my regard, and particularly her invention of preserved peaches, called after her the Great Dessert of Sarah, although when the peach-stones stick in your throat you are apt to get the b in the wrong place and pronounce it Sabra.

From preserves to tea is an easy mental transition. I reflected on how the Independence of our glorious Republic is chiefly owing to the tax on tea, and furthermore, on how tea is chiefly owing to logicians as the sioxcous public. The garment was called the Sarah-togs, in honor of her to whose revival was due, and a fashionable watering-place was immediately erected to commemorate the happy event. Her domestic virtues also claimed a share of my regard, and particularly her invention of preserved peaches, called after her the Great Dessert of Sarah, although when the peach-stones stick in your throat you are apt to get the b in the wrong place and pronounce it Sabra.
CHAPTER I.

My room is a model in its way. It is not exactly what you would call luxurious in style, nor in most other respects. I should say that it has been gotten up more in accordance with the Stoic, than with the Epicurean system. It would take me longer to tell you what it has, than to tell you what it has not. It is both clear and philosophical at the same time, I lay down as a self-evident truth that what it has in esse falls far below what it has in posse. I may therefore safely add that on the in posse side of its possessions it abounds in more promises than does any other room I ever heard or read of. If it is ever realities of these intangible estates, the promises I mean, I'll put over the door: "This is the Promised Land!" In one sense I might do so now. Just imagine the consolation it would be for a fellow, every time he passed in or out, to be looking at and reading: "This is the Promised Land!" and then to have everyone else envying him on account of his happiness.

CHAPTER II.

I well remember the stilly night when my guide—whom, for the sake of mystery, I call the Tall Man—ushered me into the "Promised Land." It was ten o'clock when the Tall Man and I got to the top of the 12th flight of stairs; he opened the door of my destined local habitation, and after passage through the darkness and handing me in, said in a low solemn whisper: "LARRY, how do you like the prospect?" This was rather a delicate question, and under the circumstances required a delicate answer, so I said:

"I like them more or less—perhaps, although it might be more if I had the gift of seeing things in the absence of light."

"True for you," says the Tall Man, "and stay there till I borrow a lamp."

In the course of a few minutes the Tall Man returned with the lamp; and, setting it on the window-sill, said with the most triumphant politeness:

"Isn't it capital?"

"Isn't what capital?" says I, trying to be polite too.

"Why, the room," says the Tall Man.

"I don't like it better," says I; "so if you'll show me where the bed is, I'll like to gratify a falling if I have to sleep."

"That'll be all right," says the Tall Man; "the chambermaid is sick, and when she gets well, as she is expected to do in the course of eight or ten days, I can promise you that you'll have a bed in your room."

There was so much delicacy and consideration about this piece of news that I felt completely overcome, and so I says: "Is there a lawyer near by?"

"A lawyer?" says the Tall Man.

"Yes," says I; "for if I have to stay here eight or ten nights without a bed, I might as well be gin to make my will and testament now."

"Wait till to-morrow," says the Tall Man, and with that he disappeared; I also disappeared out of the "Promised Land" and stumbled into another room, where I found a bed, which by ordinary calculation was three stories high, forty-eight inches long and six inches wide. There was the bed, but to get into it was the next point. Sleep, however, is like necessity, it often makes a man perform illegal eccentricities. "Mr. Doolan," says I to myself, "you're in a dilemma; you must either surmount that difficulty, or else lie under it. Which will you do?"

"I'll surmount it," says I; and I did.

When I got to the top, I was obliged to tax my knowledge of gymnastics to keep myself from slipping down again, for the place where a man is in the habit of endorsing himself, was, in this instance, an acute ridge, and altogether from my excited position I was enabled to perceive that the bed on either side of the ridge presented a perfectly inclined plane, and I concluded that the chambermaid had contrived it rather with a view to discharges the functions of a water-shed, than with any design to the comforts of sleep. I saw at a glance that the situation demanded not only all my power of self-possession, but also a fair knowledge of the principles of Centripetal Force; therefore says I to myself: "Hang on with all your might, Mr. Doolan, for the space between you and a three-story descent is not equal to the gain of a wrongly balanced man; so if you once get detached from the center, you'll soon be like a stray comet in search of a stopping place. After all," says I, being polite to myself again, "after all, Mr. Doolan, you have been in harder places than this,—but not much, and consequently when the radiantly in the darkness, everything into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series of ideas be formed to be called in their own nature collateral? Not at all," says I, "ergo,"—notices the philosophical touch—"ergo" if you yield to your present Centripetal Force, I don't see what can save you from coming into a collision with the surface of your floor which you may discern in the dim distance?" It's not often that a man takes his own counsel. I did it this time, and felt asleep as I was. At this stage of my escape, however, I

CHAPTER III.

Time rolled on and the promised bed came. The Tall Man came too, and looked at the bed, and said it was glorious. Now I have my own ideas of glory, but this bed isn't one of them. If I'm compelled to associate with a thing, I wouldn't mind its being more strained in its notions of somniferous economy. The next article of furniture that presented itself was a promised chair, and although from all appearances the most conceivably observer would swear that it had four legs, yet owing to some confounded whimsicality that it hagos into its head, or rather into its bottom, I can never prevail upon it to use more than three in any conceivable position. Do what I will, it insists on being a tripod. It's obstinacy in this regard often puts me into a very awkward position, for the three legs that it uses being of unequal length, every time I sit upon it it sets off rocking with such triangular precision that one might think it was master of Loomis, and Doctor Bourbon, and was endowed with perpetual motion besides. I have to make my throne as large and dignified while sitting on it, but it's no use, and this greatly mortifies me when there's anyone present,—which is often the case. It was only the other day that my physician, looking on, said: "Mr. Doolan, why don't you once get detached from the center, you'll soon be like a stray comet in search of a stopping place. After all," says I, being polite to myself again, "after all, Mr. Doolan, you have been in harder places than this,—but not much, and consequently when the radiantly in the darkness, everything into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series of ideas be formed to be called in their own nature collateral? Not at all," says I, "ergo,"—notices the philosophical touch—"ergo" if you yield to your present Centripetal Force, I don't see what can save you from coming into a collision with the surface of your floor which you may discern in the dim distance?" It's not often that a man takes his own counsel. I did it this time, and felt asleep as I was. At this stage of my escape, however, I..."
the housekeeper promised you about two months ago, and she wants you to spread it alongside of the road so that you will not be offended—for I don't like to contradict a lady in the morning."

"In the mean time, when you want to let out the window, you shall have the thing done. I promise you when the glass-blower recovers as much as I can, as we are not in a hurry. That's original too," says the Tall Man, "and says he: "Isn't that—meaning the lamp—brilliant!"

"Excuse me, sir," says I, "but if you'll not be offended I'd rather use a milder term, and call it a shine. Is there a glass-blower near by?" says I.

"A glass-blower?" says the Tall Man.

"Yes, I say," for I have my doubts about the composition of that fabulous cone; and if it's not all made up of soot or smoke, we can easily convince ourselves by getting the glass-blower to blow out the glass, if there's any in it, and give the light a chance to be seen."

"That's original," says the Tall Man, "and I promise you when the glass-blower recovers, as he is expected to do in a few months, from his present illness, you shall have the thing done. In the mean time, when you want to let out the darkness you have only to raise your window."

"That's original too," says I, trying to be complimentarily in turn.

"Come, now," says I to a new visitor who came to my room, and holding something in his hand about the size of a Lake Street belle's pocket-handkerchief.

"That, sir," says he, "is the new carpet which the housekeeper promised you about two months ago, and she wants you to spread it alongside of your bed, on the place where you jump down every morning."

"That's considerate," says I; "but if she won't be offended—for I don't like to contradict a lady—that's no carpet at all."

"Well, that is strange," says the new visitor.

"Not at all," says I, "and so far from it being strange, it's a part of a very old and intimate acquaintance. In fact, it's a rather small section of the Mississippi high-pressure, flat-bottomed steamer, which even invested barrenness with beauty, and which, only more deeply shadowing the disappointment of its matured experiences by their contrast with the realities of life, is still fondly cherished and indelibly marked within the book and volumes of the brain."

"That's stranger still," says the new visitor; "what will you do now?"

"In the range of domestic economy," says I, "the case is nothing like as bad as I'll have this sad momento of a close and long intimacy factored into a lord-Byron style of collar, and presented by the Common Council to the Young Men's Christian Association. If it sticks to them as the one of my two shirts that I sent some time ago, I'll write a poem in its honor, and by the time it's worn out the 'Promised Land' may be in esse what it is now in posse. Then, and not till then," says I, with rising dignity, "shall this story be concluded."

And now, dear reader—whether you be a lord or lady of creation, it's all the same to me—if the recital of the woes and sorrows incident to this, my lonely condition, has roused in your breast the sigh of sympathy, or swelled in your eye the tear of pity, I only have to say that I have not written in vain.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic.

"When I was a Boy."

BY D. J. WILE, OF THE ST. CECILIA PHILANTHROPEAN ASSOCIATION.

When many of you have entered upon the broad arena of life to brave the attacks and conquer the lion of adversity, your thoughts will advert to the bright college days that you are now enjoying—days of joy and pleasure, to the time when you were boys together.

Suffer your imagination to go with me a short distance along the river of time, and meditate, when there, upon your former days; when you will be busy acting your part on the troublesome stage of life, instead of the mimic stage, and your every sentence is "When I was a boy."

What a store of dear and cherished recollections, long hoarded in memory's richest and dearest treasury, those spell-word's! They are the "Open sesame" to all the visions of young enchantment that brooked over our fresh imaginations are yet the hand contact with the work-day world of reality dulled their hues or dissipated their glory. Even now, in the mere memory, seen through the thickening atmosphere of the shadowy past, how powerfully do they affect us! How strongly do they enchase themselves to the heart's best feelings, gaining in the tender gentleness with which we invest them an interest so graceful and touching that it perhaps more than counterbalances what is lost of their original radiance.

Fancy yourself soliloquizing, speaking to yourself about the past, when you are a man. "Surely," you say, "my mode of existence must have been altered, as well as my very nature! Can I be the same thing of fairy-land, that dweller in a region of flight, that used to bask in the pleasant sunshine, and wonder why words of power had lost their influence, practiced our elevation on a word with every variety of tone and pronunciation, indulging the fond hope that we should some day become masters? Oh! where are those days with their dreams? those creations of undefined loveliness which the guileless young heart conjured up to satisfy its early yearnings after intellectual beauty, and which, only more deeply shadowing the disappointment of its matured experiences by their contrast with the realities of life, are still fondly cherished and indelibly marked within the book and volumes of the brain."

"Is that Eden of existence forever closed? Shall we ever again revel in the paradise of boyhood feeling? Is it gone, and forever, that spring-time of young feeling, which even invested barrenness with beauty, and made sunshine in the dark places?"

Those glorious and romantic visions of the past, that come to us like faint but welcome glimpses of a preexistent state, like memories of another being, are numbered amongst the "things that were;"—never, never to return. There is a gap in the history of existence; a period has dropped out of the life of man; and like the lost plead, boyhood has fallen away from the human system. There are—no, there has never been, nor have there been for a number of years; even the same names pass with the reality, for who now hears the word "boys?" Young gentlemen, forsooth, has taken its place.

"For what do I say? Take an example, a spot, and probe, tell me to what he is over and above his stature? Where is that careless heart, glowing in his face like sunshine? Where is the ringing laugh of young and buoyant vitality? If you do not see these marks. But look at his careful, thinking eye, his heedful step, and his calculating behaviour; all, all prove that he is so soon immersed in the all-absorbing vortex of worldly interests."

Again, show me rare boy, whose thoughts, feelings and pursuits are akin to his period of life. He has his toys, and delights in them; because they are typified and imagined in his own thoughts. Show me the one who is foremost among crowds of Lilliputian beings assembled in the "one loved spot" to determine whether "Feel-away."

"Prisoner's base" or "hide-and-seek" should take precedence in the sports of the day? And where they rush to get nearest to him who could best show them the shadowy path and shelter them trembling to bed, almost merging the last honor of "tag" in its thrilling and harrowing interest?

To be sure, you will once in a while see a hoop rolling, a ball bouncing, a top spinning, where is the spirit of the game? They look like young philosophers making their practical observations on gravitation, or studying the mysteries of centrifugal and centripetal forces. Instead of exercising an impulse, we see boys excercising their judgment, whether or not to use flexors, extensors, depressors or elevators in attaining their object. I do not, however, wish to discontinue this love of gymnastics; but on the contrary would encourage their use, but without the use of such philosophical discussions.

The dear romance of boyhood! More exquisite than even its quicker delights, and throwing "on dazzling spots remote its tempting smile?" That too has departed with all its dreamy glory! No more will it return, and with it the days of sunshine and song, Sweet childish days that were so long At twenty days are now.

Who now strolls out in the sunny glimmering to indulge in the instinctive delight, the poetry of the spirits in which the young heart loves to revel ere the passions that build up the human soul, in their lordly brattling drown the entran­cing music? Who hides himself in the leafy nook, listening to the indistinct whisperings of his own spirit shaping the mystic sounds into some undefined promise of future hope, and framing an elfin world of his own, into which some fragments of the "work-day world" are admitted to give a soothing stability to his imaginary creation? No; there are no dreams now, nor waking thoughts for anything but business; children of seven years already talk of their prospects in life. Yes, the creed of boyish faith will soon lose its worships; beautiful and romantic dreams of its own spirit will pass as the shadows moulder into dust; its altars be overthrown; its memories vanished; yet it will be sweet, though sad, to dwell among its many dilapidated and decay­ing monuments and conjure up the tender and touching associations that still fondly linger around it.

Perhaps we are a little too mournful over the
state of things; but let us in our bitter grief do no injustice to nature; we, believe she sends forth just as many beautiful spirits as ever; but it depends on yourselves to educate those spirits. Be boys, therefore, while you can, but do not forget that your dignity is to be supported, and the sun of your honor never to be allowed to sink.

To you, the old members of the Association, I tender my most sincere thanks for the confidence reposed in me during my stay among you, as far as my office was concerned; and to the new members in particular, and to you all as a body, I wish success.

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We thank most cordially our above-named contributors, and assure them that we will regard, as a favor to ourselves and a sign of success to the paper, the continuation of their interest in the Notre Dame Scholastic.

Our little paper differs in many respects from our contemporaries, which are generally replenished with interesting news from other colleges. We deem it unnecessary to retail news which may be clipped in nearly every daily paper, and are abundantly supplied to the Literary Institutions as we see from our exchanges. Moreover, we find that the matters pouring into our sanctuary are more than sufficient to fill our short columns; therefore we confine ourselves exclusively to the sphere immediately surrounding us. "We hail therefore we confine ourselves exclusively to the more than sufficient to fill our short columns; clipped in nearly every daily paper, and are replenished with interesting news from other colleges. We believe she sends forth just as many beautiful spirits as ever, but it depends on yourselves to educate those spirits. Be boys, therefore, while you can, but do not forget that your dignity is to be supported, and the sun of your honor never to be allowed to sink.

The Weatheter.—The clerk of the weather is in his office.

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Our little paper differs in many respects from our contemporaries, which are generally replenished with interesting news from other colleges. We deem it unnecessary to retail news which may be clipped in nearly every daily paper, and are abundantly supplied to the Literary Institutions as we see from our exchanges. Moreover, we find that the matters pouring into our sanctuary are more than sufficient to fill our short columns; therefore we confine ourselves exclusively to the sphere immediately surrounding us. "We hail therefore we confine ourselves exclusively to the more than sufficient to fill our short columns; clipped in nearly every daily paper, and are replenished with interesting news from other colleges. We believe she sends forth just as many beautiful spirits as ever, but it depends on yourselves to educate those spirits. Be boys, therefore, while you can, but do not forget that your dignity is to be supported, and the sun of your honor never to be allowed to sink.

The Weather.—The clerk of the weather is in his office.

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Arrival of Students.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

Moses Miller, Chicago, Ill.
William Haney, Notre Dame, Ind.
Michael Daley, Dayton, Ohio.
Michael Joy, Tipperary, Ireland.
Casimir C. Tarble, Chicago, Ill.

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Honorable Mention.


Zoology.—J. Gearin, F. Bodeman, T. Heery, J. Finley.

Vocal Music.


Instrumental Music.

PIANO.


VIOLIN.


GUITAR.

Fourth Class.—J. McClain. Fifth Class.—J. Leungin, O. Bell.

FLUTE.

Second Class.—W. H. Murphy, Z. Vanderweer. Third Class.—W. B. Clarke. Fourth Class.—D. Hogan.

CUIM.


PENNSHIPS.


WEDDING TOUR.—We had the pleasure of welcoming last Sunday an old student of Notre Dame, Mr. Robert M. Hinde, who in company with his accomplished lady, formerly Miss Ella Ross, a few years ago a pupil of St. Mary's Academy, paid a visit to Notre Dame and the Academy.

Our friend Mr. Hinde is a worthy young man, and we are glad that he is blessed with a good wife in the person of Miss Ella Ross, daughter of Senator Ross of Illinois. Miss Ella Ross is a virtuous, model young lady, on whom her parents bestowed every care and on whose education no expense was spared. By special invitation here, W. Corby, President of Notre Dame, went out, accompanied by Master James Edwards, to perform the marriage ceremony. We are told that he had a gay time getting there, as the storm was very great and 'tains not at all time.' Many jugs were passed and not a few at the expense of the 'bus-driver at Canton.' The ceremony of the marriage was very fine indeed. We are glad to know the names of the bride's maids and bride's men. The ceremony was accompanied by Miss Paulina Kellogg, Mary Ross, Emma Tenny, and Mears. Lawrence James, Louis Ross, and John Ross. May God bless this young couple, who enter their new life with bright prospects and the best wishes of a host of friends.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

After the transaction of the business of the Society the literary exercises commenced by Mr. J. C. Garrity, the critic of the previous meeting, reading the criticism. It was evident that Mr. Garrity never kisses that famous stone which his countrymen are so often accused of embracing. He had very few empty compliments to bestow. He pointed out with precision all the errors, suggested the necessary corrections, and like a true critic dwelt at length upon the many excellencies of the productions he was reviewing.

The criticism being concluded, Mr. J. Eisenman read an essay entitled "The English Language," in which he traced the origin and growth of the language. Mr. Eisenman handled his subject with considerable skill. The selection of his topic, and the manner in which he treated it, convinced us that he is a diligent student of one of the most important, as well as refining studies that can occupy the mind.

Mr. B. Walker next took the stand and read a lengthy essay entitled "The Superiority of Europe over the other parts of the Eastern Hemisphere." The extracts from this composition would fail to give your readers an idea of its excellencies; that Mr. Walker is a close student of his know and a keen observer of events cannot be doubted; nor are the graces of composition to be ranked among the least of his acquirements.

Mr. D. A. Clarke followed the last gentleman with a composition,—subject, "Knowledge is Power." In this age of cent. per-cent., a different opinion prevails. But we think Mr. Clarke succeeded in establishing his proposition. Aside from the subject itself, Mr. Clarke's composition was remarkable for its clearness and perspicuity. The exercises concluded with an essay by Mr. J. M. Duffy, on "Commerce." He commenced by showing that necessity first compelled men to dispose of their surplus productions; and as the desire for wealth increased, and the tastes of men radically lost their simplicity, they had recourse to foreign traffic for the gratification of both desires, till at length the productions of nearly the entire globe find their way in the great commercial mart.

Although he paid our own country a deserved tribute for her enterprise and the honorable position her merchants hold in the commercial circles of the world, he did not fail to denounce the insane desire of men to become suddenly wealthy. It is evident that Mr. Duffy's tastes are not entirely centered in book-keeping.

Your correspondent will long remember the entertainment of this evening, and trusts the members of the Society will not be offended at the liberty he has taken in making public exercises that were intended for private amusement and instruction.

TATTERS.

St. Cecilia Philomathic Association.

The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth meetings were held respectively on the 13th, 17th, 21st and 24th of November.

At these meetings the following students presented themselves and read their essays for membership: Messrs. J. Hogan, J. Kline, W. Gros, J. Runney, J. Foley, W. Dodge and H. White, all of whom were unanimously elected. Among those who distinguished themselves for declamation, we may mention Messrs. C. Burdel, M. Mahony, C. Dodge, S. McArtur, S. Ashton and H. O'Neill.

Rev. Father Lemoungier was present at the last meeting, and expressed his entire satisfaction at the manner in which the members had acquitted themselves of their respective exercises.

Wm. B. Clarke, Cor. Sec'y.

Thespian Society.

The fourth, fifth and sixth regular meetings of this Society were held in Class-room No. 5, on the 7th, 14th and 21st of November.

At the first of these, declamations were delivered by Messrs. A. W. Arrington, G. M. Atkinson J. A. Fox. The declamation of Mr. Fox was delivered very correctly and with all the variety of voice necessary.

At the meeting on the 14th, Messrs Akin, Logon, Morancy and Wilson favored the Society with the following selections: "Reply of Wm. Pitt," "Impalement of Warren Hastings," "Brutus to the Romans" and "The Warden's Revenge."

The last-named selection, delivered by Lawrence Wilson, was the best prepared, and rendered in the true spirit. Messrs. Akin, Logon and Morancy also deserve credit for correctness of delivery.

On the 21st, Messrs T. Dillon, P. Clarke, E. Gambee and J. Weldon appeared before the Society and declaimed the following pieces: "A Pause," "Spartacius to the Gladiators," "Cataline to his troops." Cataline expelled." The Society were especially delighted with the speeches of...
serves the house of a flower bed for his huge nine-foot Imperial Parisian glass. I hope he may be successful, but I hear that there is some idea of getting one of Mr. Solomons, three-foot Celestial Telescopes with a three-inch field and of wondrous power. If these two fine instruments are placed on exhibition in Notre Dame a visit to the observatory must be very interesting; and I hope to be able to enjoy that pleasure as soon as possible.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

J. F.

The Box.—This much used-up vehicle needs very essential repairs at this present time. Its dilapidated condition is not at all in keeping with the object it purports to make. We hope, therefore, that its owners will give a little consideration to this matter.

YALE COLLEGE has 737 students, representing twenty-seven States, the Canadas, England, Wales, Scotland, South Africa, China, and India.

These students of Bowdoin college have suggested to the faculty, that they could keep Sunday much more strictly were Monday morning recitations abolished. The recitations some before breakfast.

SAIN T MARY'S ACADEMY.

November 10th, 1869.

Arrivals.

Nov. 4th.—Miss M. Lasson, Dixon, Illinois.
Nov. 10th.—Misses Aurelia Mulhall, St. Louis, Mo.; Agnes Locke, St. Louis, Mo.; Cordelia Steiger, New Baltimore, Mich.
Nov. 19th.—Miss Rachel Nelson, Red River Landing, La.

Table of Honor.

SAXON DEPARTMENT.


Honorable Mention.


Table of Honor.

SAXON DEPARTMENT.


Honorable Mention.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

November 21st, 1869.

Table of Honor.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Nov. 10.
Misses H. Leoni, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Kreutzer, L. Davis, L. James, A. Byrne, E. and M. Hutchinson, A. and G. Garrity.

HONORABLE MENTION.


DRAMA.


GERMAN.

First Class.—Miss E. Hoerber. Second Class.—Miss C. Hoerber. Third Class.—Misses A. Clark, C. Heckman.

FRENCH.


VOCAL CLASS.


PIANO.


Junior Department.

Misses C. Foote, A. Mulhall. Second Division.—Misses L. Thompson, E. Whitfield. Fifth Class.—Misses L. Thompson, E. Whitfield. Fifth Class.—Misses L. Thompson, E. Whitfield.

First Class.—Misses E. Lins-Gill, C. Heckman, B. Gardner, M. Bahm, L. Hoyte, L. English, C. Foote, M. Edwards, S. Carver.

Honorable Mention.


Oil Painting.—Miss M. Cook.

Water Colors.—First Class.—Misses C. Heckman, K. Robinson. Second Class.—Misses E. Henry, A. Robson.

E. PHILLIPS, O. P. LELFORD, H. BEOWF, O. P. HATCHER.

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Pera Accommodation..... 8:30 a. m. 3:00 p.m.

Pacific Night Express.... 10:30 p.m. 4:10 a. m.