In the Land of Cotton.

It was not yet daylight when the editorial excur- 

sionists left Columbus, Ky., for Corinth, Miss. 

Travellers, like other people, generally obtain their 

knowledge of the world by the sense of sight or of 

hearing; but those of us who could keep awake 

during this interval of darkness acquired our expe- 

rience of western Kentucky altogether by the sense 

of feeling. Whether it was the contrast with the 

slow movement of the boat, or whatever the rea- 

son, certainly it is that we felt oddly to fly over 

the road, and, as soon as the restless light looked 

in upon our disheartened and dilapidated company, 

we broke out in sleep and wakened at the mad rushing 

of the current to the north. If we did not look 

within, the swamps did not look well without; and 

there was consequentely a double disillusion, this 

of Indiana's others, and that of Kentucky swamps, 

both of whom seemed flying away from 

each other.

But soon the sun shone glorious through 

the eastern forests; we "fixed up" a little, and 

the country did the same; the swamps dropping 

behind as Father Mississippi fled off to the right, 

until finally the snowy-cotton fields burst upon our 

sight, and Indiana and Kentucky were well satis- 

fied with one another. Although, properly speak- 

ing, Kentucky is not in the land of cotton, yet as 

soon as we saw the jolly king in these, his outposts, 

we could not refrain from the belief that we were 

indeed in his realms of the stunny south.

The country on the east side of the Mobile and 

Ohio Railroad may be said to improve constantly 

from the time of leaving the river at Columbus until 

you reach Jackson, Tennessee. Still there is much 

low land. These Kentucky and Tennessee forest 

look quite different from ours. Of course they 

were much greener, though not so much as one 

might suppose, considering the difference of lati- 

tude. We found the contrast one of kind rather 

than of quality. The gum trees, harel tails, and 

other trees and shrubs, so rare with us, are quite 

abundant there; while the cypress and some others, 

which we have not, could be seen frequently; in 

fact we had seen the cypress, with its reddish, au- 

dacious foliage, while we were yet sailing down the 

river. After leaving this part of "old Kentucky," 

with her "cypress swamps, where the ground is 

low and muddy," we strike a fine country, such as 

one might expect to find in Indiana or Michigan, 

only that our climate won't compare "worth a 

cent" with that of Tennessee.

One would think that such a soil, with such a 

climate, would be the habitation of the best de- 

veloped, happiest and most prosperous people in 

America. Perhaps it will some day. Tennessee 

seems to occupy the golden mean between the 

terrestrial south and the extreme north, and the census 

shows it to be the healthiest State in the Union. 

Southeners come so far north to spend the sum- 

mer, and northerners go so far south to spend the 

winter. And even a slight emigrational pres- 

sion there from the extreme parts of Alabama, 

while the emigration from the north is known to 

be considerable, so that the good time for Tennes- 

see is certainly coming.

Jackson, at the junction of the Mississippi Central 

Railway, is the centre of a very fine farming 

region, and is itself the most flourishing city we 

saw in west Tennessee. How large the town is 

I cannot say for certain, though a resident, on two 

different occasions, warned members of our party 

that the population is three thousand, eighteen 

hundred and sixty.

Throughout the south, so far as we saw, there 

appears to a general want of care in the culture of 

the land. A few poor stock, no manure, no cow- 

vans, all shallow ploughing to care of crops, such is the 

rule, though there are notable exceptions. With 

such farming our lands would become barren, and 

our people starve. Farming in the south is left to 

the negroes, and "it was for the west." It may be 

presumed that the whites have not yet learned, 

and that the negroes have in part forgotten. But 

if a northern man will take with him good cattle, 

hogs and sheep, and a supply of cow-seed, he 

may expect, in a few years, to raise more than half 

a bale of cotton to the acre; or, better still, he 

will raise corn, fruit, etc., and let cotton slide. 

There has been far too much cotton raised, for the 

good of the southern people. The excess of supply 

has brought down the price, and the great amount 

planted has impoverished the soil. The south is 

poorer to-day, for its cotton, than it had been 

contracted to raise half the quantity.

At Corinth, Miss., there seem to be some enter- 

prising men, who now understand this, and who 

are trying to divert the attention of the people 

to the culture of other crops, and to the manufac- 
	ure of what cotton they do raise. Let cotton be man- 

ufactured in the south, where it grows, and let 

the people give a part of their lands up to corn, 

clove, cotton, and to a specially to fruit, and the 

south will indeed become a land flowing with milk 

and honey. The north will also be benefitted by this 

change, in duty bound. That at Huntsville is one of the 

finest in the world, supplying the whole city with, 

water, and having enough to spare to make a small 

river. Those at I-Iuntsville are micellar, and the 

place, is nicely fitted up as a summer resort. Two 
sails, southwest of Huntsville, was fought the battle of which 

do Richard N. Rosemann said: "Price ordered up, 

and I-beard him!"

After passing Tuscumbia we stopped in the 
nile of a large cotton plantation, and like chil- 
dren let out of school, ran heed into the fields to 
gather specimens of the wonderful plant. The 

talls resemble overgrown buckwheat, and were 

covered with rip and green bolls and flowers; for 

all the bolls (bales) do not come to maturity at the 
same time. The land on which this excellent crop 

was raised, was as beautiful and rich as our filling; 

Prairie, and had been lately sold for twenty-three 

dollars an acre, and was considered dear at that 

price. Why should farmers go out west, when such lands 

and at such a price, to be had at the south?

Our very accommodating train also stopped be- 

side a grove of pecan trees, and again we 

were rushed. Those who tasted the sweet once, pro- 
nounced them good; those who tasted the hard 

ones, refused to a sweeter, and for some reason 
drew 

up their mouths into a strange and unnatural kind of 

grimace. From personal experience I can say 

that green pecans are a highly pernicious species 

against hunger; they tighten up the stomach 

that there is no room for, and consequently no need 

of food.
The Middle Ages.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. EDWARD'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION, MARCH 30, 1859.

BY M. B. B.

CONTINUED.

IV.—LITERATURE.

Turning now to the subject of literature, we find that there are two standards by which we can determine the literary character and energy of any age; namely, the number and culture of its literary men, and the number of books they produced. We will, therefore, make a rapid review of the principal writers of the Middle Ages, and then take a peep into their libraries.

The successive invasions of the barbarous hordes, which, in the fifth century composed the downward course of the Roman Empire, produced, at the same time, a Babul-like confusion of language, by the introduction of a heterogenous mass of Iberian dialects, which had well nigh proved fatal to literature. But the Gauls, fortunately, would have done so, had not those earnest and erudite monks, in the silence and obscurity of their monasteries, clung to those remnants of past genius which had escaped the destructive hand of barbarism, and kept up, among their people, the burning love for letters, the study and transcription of the early Christian writers, and also of the ancient classical authors. But the turbulence of the times and the chaotic confusion of language were decidedly opposed to the production of new works; and, although some energetic efforts were made in that way, literature steadily declined, till near the close of the eighth century, when the genius of Charlemagne checked the downward tendency for a time, and laid the foundation of future triumphs. Among the illustrious names which shed a light on those three centuries of society and intellect, there were hardly a few great writers, who worked beyond the limits of their language, and thus became the basis of all subsequent French history; Cassiodorus and Boethius, in Italy, renowned as philosophers and literary writers. The latter translated, into the language of his country, the works of Pythagoras, Plato, Euclid, Plato, Aristotle and Archimedes. In the seventh century, we have Theodorus, Archbishop of Canterbury, who introduced the study of Greek literature into England; and St. Gregory the Great, who contributed much by his numerous writings, to stem the torrent of decline; Isidore, of Seville, who wrote on almost every subject. His works are little else than an epicopeia of universal knowledge. And last, though not least, the venerable Bede, the historian of England, who also wrote valuable works on grammar, music, arithmetic and other sciences.

We have now arrived at the eighth century, when a new impulse was given to literature by the efforts of Charlemagne. This wise monarch, by his liberality, attracted to his court the most learned men of his age, among whom was the celebrated Alcuin of England. We have already seen how he established the University of Paris, and caused schools to be opened throughout his vast dominions. The light of intellectual again shone upon the world, and many rendered their names famous by their literary labors. St. John Damascenus wrote works so remarkable for precision and force of ideas, that he is generally supposed to have been the reve¬

ler of Aristotle's method of reasoning, which was introduced into Europe about this period; Paul the Deacon, the historian of the Lombards, flourished in this century; Paulinus wrote Latin poems of considerable merit; Egenhart, secretary to Charle¬

magne, was celebrated as a historian and ecclesiastic writer in this period.

Though the intellectual movement, in which Charlemagne took such a prominent part, probably saved his age from total darkness, yet it was not destined to be a permanent success in itself. This great Emperor died early in the ninth century, and with him died much of the zeal for letters, so tenacious in his reign. For nearly two centuries after his death, literature declined rapidly, till, in the tenth century, a dead gloominess than any previous one, settled on the intellect of Europe; and, had it not been for the monks, whose unceasing zeal for study, and untiring industry in the transcription of those n~mnants of past genius which had escaped the destructive hand of barbarism, and kept alive the spark of genius, the labors and treasures of all preceding ages would probably have been lost for ever.

Although the efforts of the eighth century were apparently abortive, they nevertheless produced precious fruit. Under the impulse imparted to the study of letters, great men were given to eloquence and regularity of style, which contributed materially to the formation of the various languages of Europe. The Latin language preserved by the Church in her liturgy, forming the basis, produced, by a combination with different modifications of the Teutonic 'element in the North, the English and German languages. In the south and central regions, where the Latin element predominated, its combination with the various dialects of the tribes which successively invaded these parts, produced the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese. These languages having been reduced to something like system by the labors of the preceding centuries, the way was now open for new developments in literature, and it needed but some decided movement to rekindle the slumbering fires of genius, and give new life to the study and transcription of the classics.

This desirable impulse, brought about chiefly by circumstances connected with the frequent pilgrimages made by devout Christians to the Holy Land, was given by the Crusades towards the close of the eleventh century. The movement was not only of an ecclesiastic nature; it did not only give the final blow to the Feudal System, by introducing a greater equality among the different orders of society; it afforded a fertile topic to the moralist, the orator and the poet; but also granted enlarged men's views by bringing them into contact with the various peoples of the earth, and thus directly influenced the development of talent.

This century and those that followed it produced a galaxy of literature, and the world, in the age of the latter, is well known to all readers of ecclesiastical history, as from the fact that they portray the popular taste and manners of the time. And certainly, were we to take some of these as our guide in forming a judgment of the character of the Middle Ages, we would be forced to agree with those who style that period dark and barbarous. Yet the better class of novelists show society rule, may be, but still actuated by noble principles, and tending to refinement and cultivation, while several poets of the higher order of genius, prove conclusively that love songs were not the only productions of the mediaeval muse. Thus Dante and Petrarch, in Italy; Jean de Meun, in France; Digby's "Mores Catholici."
the number of able writers which they produced, the Middle Ages deserv[e] our respect and admiration; and that a manifestation of contempt, on our part, would argue nothing more than a narrow-mindedness of the 8th or 9th or 10th of that ignorance with which we accredit them.

But what did these men do? Where is the evidence of their genius and hours? Look into the libraries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and you will see ample evidence of their talent and industry. Without stopping to examine the libraries of all the monasteries and cathedral schools, though we are amazed by all the brilliant manuscripts which speak of this particular, that every monastery and cathedral school had a library proportioned to the importance of the establishment, we will visit only a few of the most notorious.

The library of Constantinople, previous to its destruction during a popular tumult, contained one hundred thousand volumes in manuscript. That of Alexandria, destroyed by order of Omar, in 622, contained seven hundred thousand manuscript volumes. That of Rome is still in existence; and the thousands of manuscript volumes coming down from the medieval times speak for themselves. That of Spamheim, in Germany, contained two thousand books; that of Novalesa, in Piedmont, contained six thousand; in the Abbey of Peterborough there were seventeen hundred manuscripts. Let us take, for instance, the one which was formed in London; the library was twenty-nine by thirty-one feet, and well filled with books. The library ofCrowdel had six thousand volumes, in 1500, when it was burned. The library of Benedict ofLoir contained five thousand volumes. The libraries of the monasteries of Toms, Lerin, Monte Cassino, Bobbio, Fuldis, Corby and Werumouth, were also filled with hundreds of books which were contained. Hundreds of others might be mentioned, as well as the many large collections made by private individuals, but those already named are quite sufficient to show how productive was the labor of those "wise monks," to whose patient industry the world is indebted for all of ancient and medieval literature that has escaped the ravages of time and revolutions.

We pass now to the consideration of another subject, from which it will appear that the activity of the Middle Ages was not confined to the mere mechanical labor of transcription.

Our Family.

[Concluded.]

I suppose you have heard of the man who used to carry two large satchels: one hanging on his breast, and the other hanging on his shoulders; in the one before, he made it a point to put the faults of his neighbors; in the one behind, his own were accommodated. The strings of his peculial satchel were twice worn out, owing to the pressure of the contents, before the bottom of the scapular satchel was covered. In the fulness of his generous heart, that of his neighbors; in the one behind, his own were twice worn out, owing to the pressure of the contents, before the bottom of the scapular satchel was covered. In the fulness of his generous heart, his practice and his preaching were not distinct. I can't, now, recall the name of this patriarch; but his industry the world is indebted for all of ancient and medieval literature that has escaped the ravages of time and revolutions.

That of Spanheim, in Germany, contained six thousand; in the Abbey of Peterborough there were seven thousand, owing to the pressure of the contents, before the bottom of the scapular satchel was covered. In the fulness of his generous heart, his practice and his preaching were not distinct. I can't, now, recall the name of this patriarch; but his industry the world is indebted for all of ancient and medieval literature that has escaped the ravages of time and revolutions.

The reason is obvious.

Of its dominion over men. All use it, and all consider calumny under two heads, namely, one arising from custom, and the other from the influence of the latter. By this I wish to illustrate the fact that the library of the Middle Ages was not confined to the mere mechanical labor of transcription, but was one of the main sources of education for the monks, and in that way the cabinets of Europe were formed, and the mott secret intentions. He has the figures of a thousand ways of assaulting virtue, and though it is a shame to a woman not to be shorn or shaven, let her be shorn. But if it be a shame to a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her cover her head. She is generally regarded as the Prima Donna of Women's Rights. Do you see those two engaged in earnest conversation? One is a sub-dictor; one has a load of Justice, and the other a load of health, which they are bent on carrying across the Rocky Mountains to the benighted people of the Far West. They have been kissed off the stage as blockheads, because their pockets were empty. Do you see that grave-looking man with a large bag under his arm? He's an editor, and that bag is filled with five thousand editorial articles treating on all sorts of subjects, from the periodic times of the planet down to the bottom of an oil-well. He is the most ingenious man you ever saw; all his Roman and Euclidian art of file and correspondence are manufactured weekly in the sacrum, and in that way the cabinets of Europe can't, without his readers being posted on their latest stratagem, continue with the sanctimonious face. Well, he's a preacher. His sermons are always cut out of a text from the latest platform of his party, and he is universally admitted to be a "start," when he returns to the other third is a compound of Homer, Socrates, and Homer, as well as the many large collections made by private individuals, but those already named are quite sufficient to show how productive was the labor of those "wise monks," to whose patient industry the world is indebted for all of ancient and medieval literature that has escaped the ravages of time and revolutions.

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The reason is obvious.
two—disturbance, and whilst A is wearing B's
character, B be performing a similar opera-
ture on A's. The victim and the slayer can be made to
exist in places in the twinkling of an eye. This
is all the reason why people confound us
and use us almost in the same breath. They use us, be-
cause they have no regard for the feelings of others,
and they consider it, because they fear them the
very essence, by A to C, will also be said of C or of A,
when the proper time comes. I do not care wheth-
er the column is censorship, i.e., small talk, or vols
to be forming a similar operation like a colossus repos-
ing on two grains of sand for a
est achievements of past ages, and yet neglected to
rest his greatness on a moral basis, he would be
or friends, whom, fearing to be recognized because
of injuries done to them, you are forced to address
honest heart you can light up with the smile of
I mean that one acquaintance, or one friend, whose
not altogether a myth, for, I think, it had a sj-m-
which there is a good fire, or plenty of steam. As
wonders from beneath the veil of hypocrisy. If one had
of stimulus to the physical system that the outdoor
of your sweltering games of base-ball with the
know how much more boys can enjoy themselves
winter. The Literary Societies, especially, have
advantages in the long winter evenings that neither
spring nor autumn afford them. Last case of spend-
ing mornings of old winter, afford such an amount
in this " old arm chair "—the very one, by the way,'
laughing and merriment. Neveitlieless, winter is by no
the season, and only begins to show his beaming
winter. The Literan- Societies, specially, have
pursued with greater zest. The Societies, Literary,
most extensively, and the St. Cecilians
arrive at the top rung of the ladder—speeches, ora-
tage of that season over all others for the decorous
students now the same fatherly care he exercised
now become the Superior-General of the Congre-
college walks with me—some have passed in quiet
It is now a great deal more than I am—a young
self, was just ten years ago. I was a boy at school.
My kids have a foot-ball twice as big as the head of
of health, looking as natural as life! Why the
of stimulus to the physical system that the outdoor
would be of little conse-
that we, as Excursionists of the North-
"-chair," (there is an old arm-chair in our acenutum,
and a very old one, too,) not feeling at all up to the
in this " old arm chair "—the vei^- one, by tlie wa3',
room, and assume themselves by " going for" or
"cach," in its most amplified form, has been thrown
out to others, already, with whom it had as little con-
character is pure or sound enough to be respected
for he will coil around it, the poisonous foids of
character of the weakness, or the fail-
for good and for bad which contin-
advantages in the long winter evenings that neither
spring nor autumn afford them. Last case of spend-
thing to know, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below."
In a few days many students of Notre Dame will be crowding the cars of the L. S. & M. R., on their way home. We wish them a Merry Christmas,—the miles of parents, the greetings of friends, the best of dinners, the jolliest of companions,—a good time, with no headache nor heartache after it.

Dr. REVEREND PROFESSOR was at Notre Dame this week. Right Rev. Bishop Borgia, of Detroit, was also at Notre Dame, on his way to the city of Niles, Michigan, where he consecrated last Sunday the new Catholic Church which the Catholics of Niles have erected. Very Rev. Father Corby preached the sermon of the occasion.

During his visit to Notre Dame, Hon. ex-Senator A. C. Dodge, of Iowa, addressed the Juniors and Seniors, on the duties of students and the benefit of College education. Nothing could be more appropriate than the remarks of the honorable speaker, whose personal example very fully confirmed the truthfulness of his words.

Our Two-day night, Irene A. G. Dodge delivered before a large and select audience in the grand hall of the University, an interesting lecture on Spain to which the honorable gentleman was accredited minister during four years. We need not say that the lecture was well appreciated, and each word spoken came from their lips with the prejudice that some had entertained concerning the noble country of Ferdinand and Isabella. From statistics, it was made evident that Spain is inferior to no European state in her educational advantages and appointments, while she is superior to many larger kingdoms in the number of her old endowed universities, schools of painting, medicine, commerce and navigation, not to speak of theatrical and normal schools, annually providing for the wants of the clergy and people.

Here and There.

The bulletin was sent home to parents this week.

Boating. The boating season is over and the boats have been laid up.

Students going home, should make it a point to return as soon as possible after the holidays, in order to prepare for the semi-annual examination.

The departure of the students, for the holidays, will take place Wednesday morning, 21st inst., by special train leaving South Bend, at 754 A.M., for Chicago.

Bro. ALONSO has been appointed prefect in the Senior department, eto Bro. Benoit, who after twenty years passed in the faithful discharge of the duties intrusted to him, retires to an easier sphere of labor.

Lecture. The lecture given by Prof. Belock, in the parlor of the University, Wednesday evening the 7th inst., was largely attended, and fully appreciated by all especially those who are partial to the German language.

We are happy to state that Mr. James McFickle, a graduate from the scientific department, of class of '08, is practicing law successfully in Toledo, Ohio. Mr. McFickle will make his mark in the world, if we may judge from his College career.

We learn—the weather took a sudden change Sunday last, and overcoats and shawls were in demand, probably not to be laid aside until spring, seems to have commenced in good earnest. Particular care should be taken to keep the feet warm and dry.

It has been justly remarked that the laboratory of the chemistry class, is altogether too small for practical purposes, and thus prevents the trial of many useful experiments, we hope this will soon be remedied in the way of a new class-room and laboratory.

 Erections.—A class of elevation has been organized in the past week, professed in the hands of Prof. M. T. Corby. It numbers about 40 students of the Senior department. We should judge, from the nature they make, that their intentions are good.

Personal.—We regret to chronicle the departure of the oil and efficient member of the Theotic society, Marcus J. Moriaty, who has gone to Philadelphie. We wish him a happy journey through life, and great success in whatever profession he may enter upon.

Last year the Minims ran a pig to death, and were mulcted $30 for damage done to his hogstall and fero butcher, whose culinary plans were thwarted thereby. This year they upturned, or caused to be upturned, by being off the track, one of the Senior refectory cars, loaded at that time with a precious freight of earthenware, at a loss of $10.

Dance.—The lovers of dancing are impatiently awaiting the appearance of the Senior orchestra, which has agreed to furnish them choice music. We must not forget to return our sincere thanks to Rev. Father Brown, for his kindness in lending his violin to the gentlemen musicians who composed the music of the Teresa, on recreation days.

Football. Football is a splendid game for exercise, but do not kick too high, as some bad result is sure to follow, either the decline of dry goods or the loss of the ball. The latter (of course) became enraged not long since at the mal-treatment it was receiving, and sought refuge down the play-ball chimney. We believe some of the students were kind enough to get the ball, but lost the lock, hence—we are minus foot-ball. A subscription is being raised, which will soon supply the deficiency.

The Thespian in accordance with their time-honored custom will enliven the holidays with a dramatic entertainment. Two plays are on the boards, both of them intended for the special amusement of young and old folks.

As many of the young ones will have gone home to enjoy the sweets of the holidays, we hope that a good many old, or even middle-aged, or such others as may wish to come, will be present, Monday evening, 20th inst., in Washington Hall.

The plays to be performed are: The Irish Lion, a farce in two acts; TheBanister, a farce in two acts; Music, etc.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 5th—J. Fox, R. Flannigan, N. Michel, J. Hogan, M. Daly, T. O'Mahone, L. Eaton, W. Clarke, T. Murphy, B. McGinnis.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINOR DEPARTMENT.

December 14th—We suspend the Weekly: R. Hopkins, H. O'Brian, L. Montedonico, C. Whitney.

Why is the Princess Louise likely to have remorse of conscience?

Do you give it up?

Because she leaves her mother for Lorn.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PROFESSOR BELEKE, of Chicago, delivered here, last week, a very interesting lecture on "Language and Mental Development." He commenced by saying: 'Of all the natural phenomena, the power of speech is the most wonderful. All we see, hear, feel and read, the world without and the world within, time past and present, is photographed on the mind and reflected in language. A mere breath of air, modified into articulate sound, becomes the bond of society, the mirror of the soul, the symbol of liberty, essence of culture, the key of knowledge, the gate of the universe, everywhere, we behold unity in variety. As people, originally of the same family, under different physical influences, change their languages, so, too, their mental culture. Thus, not to speak of the more ancient languages, the language which we speak at this present day, is the language of Virgil has been transformed into that of Dante, the language of Utopia into that of Shakespeare, and that of Shakespeare into that of modern English. Of all the languages, those of savage tribes are the most changeable, because, for want of civilization, there exists no concentration. Almost every tribe speaks a different language, and every hamlet a different dialect.

In speaking of the decay of language, Professor Beleke observed: 'As on the banks of the Missouri, the mighty oak, dropping into the river, whilst carried down the stream, breaks branch after branch, and limb after limb, till nothing is left but the mere trunk, thus words, coming down the stream of time, gradually lose letters after letters, and syllables after syllables, till nothing is left but the mere stem, and even this is often abbreviated and corrupted; and this decay is the more rapid the more active, commercial and refined the people are, because the mind, acting with the swiftness of lightning, does not wish to be retarded, impeded and encumbered by long and difficult words; it wants to be free and rule over matter. Thus, instead of the short terms of uncivilized people, we say in French, bon and moli, and instead of diners and fagon, eat and flat. By omitting t, and contriving the adjoining vowels in potter, water, we obtain the French, pomer, eau. The Latin re­ tenda gives us, in French, re ten and, and the German word, rund. The German house and the English hove are shortened in Spanish into la, and in French into al. The Latin bonum augurium and medium augurium are contracted in French into bon and mel, and nutrient into meli, etc. Nearly all the numbers in French are abbreviations of Latin numbers. This abbreviation occurs, also, most frequently in the common conversation. Thus papa and mamma are abbreviated into ma and pa, and gentlemen into gents, omnibus into bus, Patrick into Joe, Frederick into Fred, Catherine into Kate. In writing, sometimes only the initial and final letters are used. Thus Mary­ land is indicated by Md., Missouri by Mo., etc.

The speaker contrasted the long Indian words with the short terms of civilized people.

After this, and other general remarks on lan­ guage, Professor Beleke compared the different nations with regard to their mental culture, and showed how the national character is reflected in the national language.

The lecture gave much satisfaction and will soon appear in print.

Mr. Erron: I have received the enclosed letter, which seems to me altogether too good to retain for my sole pleasure, since it will doubtless be as welcome to many of your readers as it was to me. The writer is Mr. J. M. Heward, class of '03, who since he left Notre Dame has been very successful in his career, a husband and a father, and he has consequently every right to feel satisfied with the way in which fortune has treated him thus far. Being in Lafayette a few days ago, I was glad to learn from a legal gentleman of high standing in that city that Mr. H. is one of the rising young men of Logansport, and that his prospects of success, in his profession, are most promising. To him and to every old student of Notre Dame I would say, so mote it be: T.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Nov. 28, 1870.

My dear Friend: The first number of Volume IV of the 'Scholastic', kindly sent me by the editor, was indeed a "reminder" of my neglect of duty. But tempus fugit et factus, (lit. and fait. over spilled milk, I determined to subscribe for the Scholastic, and be continually reminded of the doings of Notre Dame, as well as to have more vividly called before me the many happy scenes, sayings and doings of "all of which I saw and part of which I was"—those wild gay, jolly, rollicking days the memory of which makes one smile even to myself in my most genial way. All college students are, I take it, like me. In this regard, and find no greater pleasure than to meet a warm­ hearted companion of their best days, and in pensive converse "go through college once again, as the soldier loves to rehearse and "fight over" his battles and skirmishes to the companion of his trials. And then, did we not have battles and ari­ mades at Notre Dame? And did I never wish for my old "boys" and my much respected friend Bro. Renelt, be my w't-o-sons? These friends of my college days I see but seldom, yet, as I see leaving, it has been my good fortune to meet many of them, and one of the great­ est sources of pleasure to me was their propinquity, coupled with the respectful positions which they held in the esteem of their fellow-citizens. In almost every place I go, Notre Dame has her fast friends, and I am satisfied every one of her old students would gladly take your paper, if the sub­ ject were fairly presented, in the editor, as I would do if I were very much disposed to read, the landscape is lit up with the old "boys" and my much respected friend Bro. Renelt, be my w't-o-sons.

But I have written more than I intended, yet not so much as I would desire, for the day is very beautiful, the atmosphere clear, and the sky is bright. As I write, the landscape is lit up with the old "boys" and my much respected friend Bro. Renelt, be my w't-o-sons.

As for myself, I have never been more disposed to do what I can to extend your subscription list, and call the attention of my friends elsewhere to the Scholastic.

When Spring returns, each passing year
The winds come o'er the land,
And gently whisper to my ear
Sweet memories of thee.

And zephyr, with ambrosial wings,
Laden from flower and tree,
Comes to my lone retreat and brings
Sweet memories of thee.

The rill's soft purr by the bane,
The murmurs of the breeze,
In silence from my heart no word
Sweet memories of thee.

A bird, a flower, a gem, a star,
As with a golden key,
And songs of joyous birds awake
Sweet memories of thee.

A joy, a hope, a happy hour,
A thrill of harmony,
Stir in my soul with magic power
Sweet memories of thee.

And sweet emotions of the breast,
When the full heart is free,
Awake, too, to be expressed,
Sweet memories of thee.

In pleading dreams that bless my couch,
Fair beings come to me,
And as with wands, they gently touch
Sweet memories of thee.

All beings beautiful and bright,
And joyous, pure, and free,
All things that charm and give delight
Sweet memories of thee.

J. M. H.

An Illinois lad waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a "bit" of bacon for his old man. The conductor violated di­ vine law all the way to the next station.
DEAR EDITOR.—Although we have been silent for some time, we do not wish you to conclude that idleness has been the cause. On the contrary, we have been very busy, as you may judge from the following:

The first regular meeting took place Wednesday, Nov. 15th, and from the proceedings, I make this brief sketch, viz.:

Treasurer—W. S. Atkinson.
Secretary—R. Crenshaw.
V. Rector—A.M., for producing, on the same occasion, the most amusing and eloquent gems.
Our Christian philosopher performed his task well.
Our “national feast.” All hearts were elated.
At night Father General benediction bestowed.
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Mr. Editor:—Thinking you will be pleased to learn the progress of music in the Senior department—the organization of an orchestra—permit me to call your attention to the following:

The following members read compositions and delivered both in modulation of voice and graceful movements:

Mr. McGuire, on “A witt-Personation.”
Mr. Fletcher, on “The Office of Education.”
Mr. Hayes on “Skating.”
Mr. Peterson, “The Indian Warrior’s Reply.”
Mr. Dodge, on “The Drummer-boy of Shiloh.”
Mr. Ivers, A.M., for producing, on the same occasion, the most amusing and eloquent gems.
Mr. McGuire’s composition, “A witt-Personation,” received particular mention; and Mr. C. Dodge deserves great credit for the manner in which he served particular mention; and Mr. C. Dodge deserves great credit for the manner in which he

The twelfth regular meeting took place November 26th. At this meeting Mr. McGinnis presented himself for membership, and, after complying with the conditions, was unanimously elected a member.


The thirteenth and fourteenth regular meetings came off December 3rd and 10th, respectively. The former meeting was in Indianapolis as first, Evansville as second, Terre Haute as third, Fort Wayne, Logansport fifth, Lafayette sixth, South Bend seventh, Jeffersonville eight, Richmond ninth, New Albany tenth, Elkhart twelfth, Crawfordsville thirteenth, Connersville fourteenth, Vincennes fifteenth, Greenfield sixteenth, Kokomo seventeenth, Anderson eighteenth, Cauconel nineteenth, and Aurora twentieth.


The thirteenth and fourteenth regular meetings came off December 3rd and 10th, respectively. The Debate Resolved—“That War hinders Civilization” was discussed at these two meetings. Those who took part on the affirmative were C. Dodge, J. McHugh, L. Hayes and C. Resti; those on the negative were S. Ashton, J. Ward, C. Peterson, T. Foley, and M. Mahony appearing as volunteer in favor of the negative. All did well; but C. Dodge, J. McHugh, S. Ashton and J. Ward, deserve particular mention; and C. Dodge deserves also great credit for the manner in which he opened and closed the debate. Rev. Father Lemmonier received the debate, and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. After a brief and pointed speech by B. F. DeMars, the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Hogan, Conv. Soc., pre ten.

“Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up two hours already.”

“Well, what if he has?” said Smithers. “He goes to bed at dark, while I’m up till after midnight.”

Mr. Shannahan’s subject was thoroughly treated in that logical and practical manner for which he is remarkable. It is useless to attempt a thorough criticism.

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Crayonizing—Misses E. Kirwan, M. Dillon.

INSTITUTIONAL NEWS
First Class—Misses C. Footo, T. Byrnes, M. Shirlart, K. Young.
Second Class—A. Dorpur, A. Carmody, K. Parks.
Second Division—M. Kell, C. Clarke, A. Caroll.


First Class—I. Kearsley, N. Kearny, E. Greenleaf, A. Mast, M. Augen, A. Shen.


Third Class—A. Byrne and M. Quan, F. Butters, H. Horigan.

Harp—M. Shirlart.

Harmony—M. Shirlart, K. Young, K. Parks, A. Carmoly, C. Footo.


TABLES OF Honor—JR. DEPT.


The election of officers in the Society of the Holy Family, to be held on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1870. The following was made.

President—H. Merlery. Vice-President—E. Kirwan. Secretary—E. Young.

President—L. Finley, L. Meavly, M. Honeyman.

Mr. Baten of Paris, has taken a patent for the manufacture of steel printing types. The inventor states that, with single machines and steam to the extent of one nominal horse-power, he can produce 35,000 types in twelve hours, and that while the faces are the most perfect and more durable, the type themselves are cheaper than those in general use.

There have been noiseless street movements in London. A part of Holborn has been laid with a smooth "patent asphalt," over which the wheels of cabs and wagons roll without clatter. The daily News demands that a fair trial should be given to this improvement, and states that although the traffic of London shall guide through the streets "as noislessly as the galloons of Venice."