The observance of this caution will secure the safe transmission of letters, etc., to these places, and prevent much annoyance arising from letters being mis-sent.

**ERIC; or, Little by Little.**

A Tale of Boslyn School.

By Frederic W. Farrar.

**PART FIRST.  CHAPTER I.  CHILDHOOD.**

Ah dear delights, that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing she doth fly!
Ah flowers, that joy from Eden side,
While Innocence stood laughing by.—**Oldeidge.**

"Hurr! hurr! hurr!" cried a young boy, as he leaped vigorously about, and dropped his hands. "Papa and mamma will be home in a week now, and then we shall stay here a little time, and then, and then, I shall go to school." The last words were connected with immense importance, as he stopped his impromptu dance before the chair where his sober cousin Fanny was patiently working at her crochet; but she did not look so much affected by the announcement as the boy seemed to demand, so he again explained. "And then, Miss Fanny, I shall go to school."

"Well, Eric," said Fanny, raising her matter-of-fact face from her endless work, "I doubt, dear, whether you will talk of it with quite so much joy a year hence."

"O say, Fanny, that's just like you to say so; you're always talking and prophesying; but never mind, I'm going to school, so, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! and he again began his soaring—jumping over the chairs, trying to vault the tables, singing and dancing with an exuberance of delight, till a sudden and streaming flood of words in the form of protest and remonstrance suppressed him. Everything looked smiling and beautiful, and there was an almost irresistible contagion in the mirth of her young cousin, but she could not bear it. There was not so much as a semblance of a laugh upon her face from her endless work, "I doubt, dear, whether you will talk of it with quite so much joy a year hence."

"But that bright boy," thought Fanny, "what will become of him? I have heard strange things of school; oh, if he should be spoiled and ruined, how misery it would be. Those baby laps, that pure young heart, a year may work and change in their words and thoughts!" She sighed again, and her eyes glistened as she raised them upwards, and breathed a silent prayer.

She loved the boy dearly, and had taught him from his earliest years. In most things she found him an apt pupil. Truthful, ingenuous, quick, he was always ready when his parents called on him to be naughty too when he came home. From the first he had a well-oriented mind, and it did him good. He grew up fearless and self-dependent, and never felt the want of amusement. The garden and orchard supplied him a theatre for endless games and romps, sometimes long letters which every mail brought from his parents; and all his childish affection was entwined round the fancied image of a brother born since he had left his own.

When Eric arrived in England, he was introduced to the care of a widower aunt, whose daughter, a young girl, was in a school in the warm-bath seaside-town. At first, the wayward little Indian seemed likely to form no accession to the quiet household, but he soon became its brightest ornament and pride. Everything was in favor of the pleasant home of Mrs. Trevor. He was treated with motherly kindness and tenderness, yet firmly checked when he went wrong. From the first he had a well-directed mind, and it did him good. He grew up fearless and self-dependent, and never felt the want of amusement. The garden and orchard supplied him a theatre for endless games and romps, sometimes long letters which every mail brought from his parents; and all his childish affection was entwined round the fancied image of a brother born since he had left his own.
away insensibly in the presence of their cultivated minds; so that friend-ship with them was a bond of union among all, and from the vice to the daisy.

They troubled themselves with no theories of existence, but mingled gentle nurture with "Wholesome neglect." There was nothing exotic or constrained in the growth of Eric's character. He was not one of the angelically good children at all, and knew none of the phrases of which infant prodigies are supposed to be so fond. But to be truthful, to be honest, to be brave, these lessons had been taught him, and he never quite forgot them; nor until the staves of after life did he ever quite lose the sense—learned at dear quiet Fairholme—a present loving God, of a tender and long-suffering Father.

As yet he could be hardly said to know what school was. He had been sent indeed to Mr. Lawley's grammar school for the last half-year, and had learned a few denominations in his Latin. But as Mr. Lawley allowed his upper class to hear the little boys lie less an, Eric had managed to get on pretty snugly as he liked. Only once in the whole time he had been there, did he master himself, and of a certain it was a ruinous failure, involving some tenses and errors of Eric's hair, and making him tremble like a leaf. Several times he tried to make Mr. Lawley dumbfounded by the visions his imagination. Ever since he was quite little, he had been doing something, or the reverend pedagogue was surprisingly passionate.

Then, again, he spoke so indistinctly with his deep voice, that Mr. Lawley wanted his services. Although he had not the least idea of earning his daily bread; and the weight of this miseries, its madness. "Yes," he thought, "I am free to live as a man is to be, to do, to suffer. The cry of the new-born infant expresses all this. For in uttering the sound, as the child does, it proves that it is alive. It tells us that it has, that it is conscious of the world, and of the helplessness of his condition. The same may be said of the last groan of the dying."

But study well the powers of nature and you will find everywhere a latent triplicity. You will see her dispensing life in three states—the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous. In music you will find three tones which form a single chord. In light, three colored rays, which blended, form clear white.

Finally, in the human act there is a triplicity of the thought, the word, and the deed. The thought, whose origin is perhaps unknown to the mind to which it suggests itself, is the word, and not necessarily a spoken word, but the interior word by which the thought makes itself understood, and by which it is heard and understood. The word, by its repetition. And the first number evolved from one is one. It may seem that duality should stand before triplicity. But duality cannot stand.

Observe first in matter, how it requires three dimensions to constitute a determinate attribute of extension. Represent to your mind a cube; the form by which all solidity is measured. Its length is equal to its breadth, and its breadth to its height. Each of the three dimensions possesses whole and entire all the attributes of the other two. There is no distinction of greater or less among them. Yet, let one dimension alone be taken away and the cube disappears. What remains is, if you will, a mathematical quantity—an area—capable of measurement indeed, but not capable of containing matter. In the material world, then, two cannot stand alone.

Observe again in mind, how three powers, the will, memory and understanding, are necessary to the human act. But although he learns little there, and gains no new lessons taught him—his hopes, its failures, its miseries, its madness. "Yes," he thought, "I am free to live as a man is to be, to do, to suffer. The cry of the new-born infant expresses all this. For in uttering the sound, as the child does, it proves that it is alive. It tells us that it has, that it is conscious of the world, and of the helplessness of his condition. The same may be said of the last groan of the dying.

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Does the Study of Nature Lead to Irreligion?

ADDRESS FROM THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT, DELIVERED BY JOHN M. GRAYS, LAST COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 21, 1871.

Respected Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Among the many thoughts which, in many masses, throng upon our minds on this, our Commencement, there is none more difficult to express than that we find anything animate or inanimate that is not a divinity that has come, we know not how, and left behind him an everlasting splendor that in an instant melts away and is gone forever! From the contemplation of these images we often return to the question, "Nearer! In what sense do we mean nearer?"

Nature is not so diffuse and ever-living beauty of God's creation around us, we see but typified the honor and admiration of Him who created it. And does the Astronomer's telescope, among the worlds which it traverses, teach us religion, too? "Winging its flight from star to star, from world to luminous world as far as the universe spreads its flaming wall," does the imagination find inducements for denying the God whose presence is proclaimed in every particle of matter around? God forbid that it should! God forbid that we should ignore Him in whom all things move, and whose energy and beauty is but the faint reflection! God forbid that we should lightly close our ears to the signs of His presence all around, and multiply each through endless years, one minute of heaven is worth them all! Would we go farther, and reflect on the workings of that intellect—that strange, undefinable power with which we are endowed? Ah! then would we perceive that bright spark of intelligence proclaiming to us in its eminence itself, a ray thrown off from the glorious regality of the Almighty, which turns into a delicious cordial the little cup of life's miseries, and fringes with a bright corona of golden splendor even the darkest clouds that float across life's horizon. It speaks to us in its own eloquent way of another world purer and brighter than this. Else how are we to interpret those eloquent ways of another world purer and brighter than this. Else how are we to interpret those evanescent dreams of loveliness, those bright visitations of thought which we have all felt at times—evanescent dreams of loveliness, which, like ecstatic visions, thrill our souls by their beauty and float away, leaving them an ever-living, ever-fascinating source of joy! Do not those ethereal visions whisper to our souls as they pass over them, of a world from which they came, a world of joy to the weary soul, of bright, ever-living spirits of this earth, and to which they are returning to bask in the sunshine of unalloyed happiness? We feel there is within us the imprintation of a divinity that has come, we know not how, and left behind it a radiant light and beauty even in the simplest hours of adversity. Why, then with such manifest and eloquent proofs around and within us, of the contrary are we told that Nature leads us to irreligion? Where can the advocates of this theory find proofs for their assertions? From a false premise these men have argued to a false conclusion. Into a fathomless abyss they have plunged in search of mythical truth, neglecting and wilfully closing their eyes to the bright reality that invaded its summit.

Far away, hid in an intricate labyrinth of doubt and obscurity, have they perceived the faint glimmering of a light, and overlooking the glorious brightness that surrounded them, have lost themselves amid the maze, pursuing to its destruction this ignis fatuus of Science. In mid-air round with moon and stars, have they relented, and embellished an edifice which in their fond dreams they imagined would be permanent. But the Most High, whose presence is proclaimed in every particle of matter around, will not be mocked. We are told that Nature is a limpid stream which reflects to us as a means whereby we might instruct ourselves in the ways of the Creator, and shall we not see it? If we go down to the grounds and see the wonderful arrangements made by the hand of Nature, let us never forget the Invisible Cause, and so use it, of gently laying aside its folds, and seeing the realities of this life a bright veil of delightful mysteries, in which by its own charms and attractiveness, would, like the brilliant gem in the poorest setting, attract your attention solely to itself, shielding from your criticism, and robbing in a flood of light, that which holds it up to your view. Nature has clothed herself in splendor for this generation, and, with glorious array, come to you, our honored guests, to this seat of learning and instruction,—this favored spot, over which she has cast a mantle of beauty, and wove garlands and flowery chaplets round the brow of our own, our cherished Notre Dame. What more presumptuous than that you should find the adornments of nature's beauties; what more natural than that we should speak to-night of her whose building charms we have seen develop around us in the last five months of our College course?

We sometimes hear it said that the study of Nature leads to irreligion, and the Natural Sciences are but the guides to infidelity. Was ever an argument more absurd? "Was ever a man more interested in their childish jiracs as if nothing had happened, while all seemed to rejoice that Mrs. Preston's acquirements, broke off in the midst of her speech, and looked at the speaker with an expression of deep pity for his ignorance and said: "Ma, didn't she say Pa wouldn't come, and then he did, didn't she say Pa wouldn't come home yesterday, and then he did?"" "Why no, my dear," replied the mother, a little anxiously; "what made you think so?" "Why," said the child, "you said Pa wouldn't be home till to-morrow.""

"Oh no," said the mother, desirous to remove the wrong impression from the mind of her child; "I did not expect Pa home yesterday, and when I said I would not come I really believed he would not, so it was not a story but only a mistake." The little one pondered a moment as if trying to comprehend the distinction, then with a sad, wistful eye said: "Oh! it was only a mistake," and ran off to find her little brothers and sisters, who it appears had been previously discussing the circumstance and debating the possibility of their mother's coming. When she had joined the little group, she exclaimed with an air of superior knowledge: "Now, Ma doesn't tell stories." "But didn't she say Pa wouldn't come, and then he did, and that's a story?" "Oh no," said one of her little brothers. The little one drew herself up with great dignity and looked at the speaker with an expression of deep pity for his ignorance and said: "Ma, you tell stories!"
The student is not expected to understand how one and yet every student, on entering College, should have at least one general plan of action, and one upon which he should base his mind, and use the assistance of others only in the execution of that plan. Experience, however, proves that many students, perhaps a majority of them, enter the college without any definite object in view, then when they go to College, beyond that general wish to learn, and finding so many things to learn, they either overburden themselves with studies, in the vague hope of gaining all at once, and thus expose themselves to serious physical injury from excessive labor, or they become discouraged at seeing that there is to be learned, and the folly of attempting to embrace the entire field of knowledge at once, and yet not knowing precisely what special branches of study it would be most advantageous to them to cultivate; they become despondent in their studies, and their minds are constantly distracted by a desire to change from one thing to another, as if they wished to taste of each science in turn, without mastering any. In either of these cases they fall in a greater or lesser degree, to attain the object for which they entered College, however good their intentions may be, or however sincere may be their desire to become thorough-going education. To aid our young readers, who are now entering upon a new term of study, to derive all the advantage possible from their labors, we propose to offer a few suggestions by which we trust they will strive to profit.

Education has three grand departments: moral, intellectual and physical. Our moral education consists in the development of the moral sentiments, such as veneration, benevolence, conscientiousness, etc., and in controlling the passions. This department cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to become a member of society; but as it belongs specially to the religious teacher—although in its general principles it belongs equally to the school-room—we will not dwell upon it for the present. Physical education, though often neglected, is nevertheless sufficiently understood to justify our passing over it also for the present. We propose, therefore, to speak of intellectual education, as it constitutes the special object of school-room instruction.

Intellectual education, so far as the School of College is concerned, consists in developing the powers and faculties of the mind, by a systematic drill in the principles of the various arts and sciences. It may be complete and comprise all the principles which one may be supposed to require of human knowledge, or it may be partial, embracing only certain departments of knowledge; finally, a partial education may be general in its character, and embrace the principles of all branches of knowledge, or it may be special and include only those branches which pertain specially to some particular avocation in life.

A complete education by all means to be preferred, when time and means permit the young student to pursue a full course of study, and for those who desire to secure the superior advantages of the species they are to pursue; only the wise plan is to begin with the lowest branches of study and proceed gradually to those of a higher grade, applying the mind at one time only to those studies which have a close natural affinity to one another, and above all never trying to grasp too much at a time. A complete education prepares a man for a particular avocation upon which one proposes to enter. Having fixed upon that position in life for which he thinks himself most naturally adapted, the young man should consult some prudent person who has labored successfully in that particular sphere, and learn from him what branches of knowledge are required in such a pursuit, and, what branches of useful study are used by those whose career he wishes to pursue. On entering College, he should apply himself to the study of those branches which have been pronounced necessary, beginning with the simplest and proceeding gradually. When he has mastered the necessary studies, if he have time still at his disposal, he should apply himself to those branches which are useful, and in the meantime proceed with those studies which, however attractive or even useful in themselves, have no affinity with his chosen sphere in life. Should he still have time at his disposal, he would do well to devote it to the acquisition of general knowledge, always, however, preferring those branches which bear the closest relationship to his special avocation.

One great mistake should be carefully guarded against by every student, and that is the foolish desire to advance too rapidly. The mind, like the stomach, can digest only a certain amount of food in a given time, and all over and above what is properly digested is a clog and a detriment. Many students, likewise, make a great mistake in trying to enter higher classes of studies than for which they are really fit, as if the number of hours of their degree was a criterion of their proficiency in knowledge, while the fact is, that those who go on, who work themselves into a higher class than they are qualified for are by the very fact greatly retarded in their real progress, and leave College with a sort of mutilated education. Students, then, should cheerfully submit to the guidance of those to whom they have confided the care of their education, and not undertake to direct those who are better qualified to direct them. It merely occurs, of course, that a student succeeds in passing himself forward beyond his qualifications, though it may sometimes happen, yet the mere attempt to do so, is pernicious. If his conduct renders the young man dissatisfied with his proper position and distracts his mind from its proper sphere of action, and thereby retards his progress.

If students would only labor systematically, and follow faithfully and patiently the guidance of those who are qualified to direct them, education is as sure to be greatly simplified. The great simplification which is daily made in our age, when young men imagine that they understand better than their teachers how to acquire that knowledge which
they do not yet possess, and which they expect their teachers to impart.

We trust our young readers will carefully consider these few suggestions, which, though perhaps not very scientifically proposed, are sufficiently to indicate the course which should be pursued by all who wish to succeed in acquiring a solid and useful education.

Our Visitors.

We regret that in the hurry necessarily attending the return of Students for the opening of classes, the College porter was unable to take note of all our esteemed friends who visited us during the past week; but amongst those who favored us with a visit, and further showed their confidence in Notre Dame and St. Mary's by placing their sons here as students and their daughters at the Academy, we had the pleasure of meeting the following: Mr. Tubert and daughter, of Lafayette, Indiana; Mrs. Col. Dunbar and daughter of Waukesha, Wisconsin; Miss Noel, a former pupil of St. Mary's, who came to place her little brother at Notre Dame; Mr. Col. Kinzie, of Chicago, Ill.; Col. R. S. Moore and lady, of Havana, Illinois; W. J. Quan and daughter, of Chicago, Illinois; N. Juill, of Detroit, Mich.; J. Graham, Chicago, Illinois; T. Melone, Elgin, Ill.; G. W. Crummy and wife, of Champaign, Illinois; Rev. Paul Niul.,(Rev. Taylor, Chicago, Illinois; J. A. Bech, Chicago, Ill.; Dean Swift, Elkhart, Indiana; H. A. Schmidt, New Haven, Indiana; W. C. Page, Joliet, Michigan; Hon. L. F. Fields and lady, Chicago, Illinois; F. Kline, Cincinnatii, Ohio; M. Hoffman, Chicago, Illinois; S. Gleboff, Chicago, Illinois; P. Doo, Hennepin, Illinois; Hon. O. Daugherty, Chicago, Illinois; Dr. C. S. Scholten, Chicago, Illinois; Squire Carlin, Findley, Ohio; S. Wile, Laporte, Indiana; Myers Livingston, South Bend, Indiana; Mr. C. Tissett, linguist, and Mr. Charles Tiesset, pianist and vocalista, Chicago, Illinois; Mr. M. Intris, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. W. Olhees, Columbus, Ohio; J. G. Cannon, Tuscola, Illinois; J. J. Sutphen, Omaha, Nebraska.

List of Students will be given next week.

Want of space prevents us from giving an account of our visit to Sacred Coen.

Mr. Remley of Laporte paid us a short visit during vacation. He was engaged in putting in an engine in the buildings of the former M. E. college which the Misses Sundebaker now use as a furniture manufactory.

S. T. Montgomery, Esq., the enterprising Editor of the Middlewauk Enterprise, paid a flying visit to this office on Tuesday. We were very glad to see him, and regret that his duties did not permit him to stay long enough to take a look through the Institution; but we hope to see him soon at Notre Dame again.

Classes have been resumed with vigor, and students as well as teachers seem determined that this session shall be profitably spent. The reports of the Director of Studies were too late for insertion this week, but a full account of the arrangements of classes, and other matters of interest, will appear in next week's Scholastic.

It will be gratifying to all of our readers who know Prof. A. J. Stace, to learn that he is once more at Notre Dame, where he resumes his beneficent labors as a teacher of the young, in which his experience of the past two years as a civil engineer, will, no doubt, add to his efficiency as an Instructor. The Professor has evidently been benefited by the length of a pause, and is looking remarkably well, which makes our hearts rejoice.

Notre Dame and its R.R. Connections.

We were not aware, until a late trip over the roads, that Notre Dame is the centre of a great network of railroads. The way our eyes were opened was thus: We had long been used to only one road for getting away from the College, and no matter whether we wanted to go North, East, South, or West, we were obliged to go via stockings, a shirt and a paper clock-box in a sleigh, and sallied forth to Chicago, thence to take a new departure to the final point of desire. Having, however, to go to Fort Wayne when the days of vacation were in a waxing scarce, we made inquiries among our extensive circle of travelling friends and found we could go to Fort Wayne in almost a direct line, via Kendallville or Waterboro, two charming towns on the Air Line of the M. S. & L. R.R., at the former of which the Grand Rapids Road, and at the latter, the Saginaw Road, both running down from the watery and wooden regions of Michigan, cross the M. S. & L. S. R.R. and run convergingly to Fort Wayne.

Not to interrupt the quiet course of our elucidation of how we found out the net-work of railroads leading to Notre Dame, we shall say nothing of our trip to Fort Wayne, except that at Kendallville we met some Students of Notre Dame—Petier and Mitchell,—the former married and living "ever afterwards" happy; and the latter having his hand in a sling—not married, as far as we could learn—and game being scarce in that region and he, wishing to keep his hand in, had shot a hole through his thumb and fingers.

From Kendallville to Fort Wayne the distance is 26 miles—long measure. We made the trip in four hours on the Mixed Train, stoppages included. Having arrived in the youthful and pushing city, and transacted whatever of business we had, we thought of departing from it, and we sorrowfully anticipated another railroad ride at the rate of six miles an hour; but on making further enquiries—we found that we had the choice of any number of ways of getting back to Notre Dame, towards which, it seems, that all the lines of railroads in Indiana and the West, generally, tend directly or indirectly; and as it was formally said that "all roads lead to Rome," and the like, so now we may say "all railroads lead to Notre Dame." We had our free choice of the following ways of getting back to Notre Dame:

1. To return as we came, on the Grand Rapids Road and take the M. S. & L S. at Kendallville.
2. To reach the M. S. & L S. by the Saginaw Road at Waterboro.
3. To take the Wabash Road and M. S. & L. S. at Toledo.

Other ways of getting home were pointed out, as for instance:

1. Or, the Wabash R.R. and take the M. S. & L. S. by the Wabash R.R. and the M. S. & L. S. which runs directly to Fort Wayne.
2. Or, the Wabash R.R. and take the M. S. & L. S. and run convergingly to Fort Wayne.

Latin Short-Hand.

O Quid tua
be bis his
ra ra
et et
ram ram ram

Will some of our Latin students give the long-hand rendering of the above.

A Problem.

A farmer wishes to plant nineteen apple trees in nine rows in such a manner that there will be five trees in each row. He can't do it, and wishes to know if some of our geometerians can furnish a plan for his orchard. Solutions of the problem will be received by the Editors of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

We understand that Prof. Stace met the frequent during his engineering tour—in fact we have reason to believe that Adolphus, the hero of the "Gilded Barn" was no other than our identical "Ike." The readers of the SCHOLASTIC may expect to hear some "good things" of Isaac during the coming year, as the Professor has an excellent memory.

On Wednesday evening all the lovers of music at Notre Dame enjoyed quite a rich treat in the College parlor where Mr. Charles Tiesset executed some extremely difficult airs of the piano. Mr. Tiesset does not play merely with that mechanical accuracy, necessary to all good execution, but with that refined appreciation of sentiment which shows a soul fully awake to the beauty of sound and harmony.

New Publications.


This volume is one of the "Clase and Sturtt Classical Series," and is indeed a fine edition. The text is in large, clear type, and printed on a superior quality of paper. The explanatory notes are clear and abundant, without being too extensive, and references are given to all the Latin grammars in use, and to other works of reference. We think the book well adapted for class use.
A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM THE 
CONCILIATION OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE ECONOMICAL 
COUNCIL OF THE VATICANS, WITH QUESTIONS ADAPTED TO THE 
USE OF SCHOOLS. BY REV. THEODORUS NESTORUS; 
BALTIC: JOHN MARPHY & CO, PUBLISHERS.

This work, already received with favor by the public, is now presented in a new form, admirably adapted to the use of history classes. It is provided with a most complete table of contents which renders it most valuable as a book of reference, and at the end of each chapter we find a number of questions on each chapter successively, so full and comprehensive as to comprise the entire substance of the book. Those engaged in the management of schools will do well to follow this work; such a method will find it admirably suited to the purposes of instruction.

REV. FATHER MAHER has still on hand a few copies of the "Silver Jubilee," containing a sketch of the history of Notre Dame up to the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, and also biographical sketches of all the officers and graduates of the institution up to the same date. All who wish to preserve a record of Notre Dame in a neat style should apply at once at the students office for the "Silver Jubilee."

ONLY A FEW COPIES LEFT.

HOLLY WATER WORKS AT LAPORTE.

We have the pleasure of visiting the Holly Water Works with an agreeable company, about eight o'clock in the evening, and of having the splendid machinery put in motion and its action explained by one of Mr. Brown's assistants, who patiently got wearily answering the many questions put to him by our party.

On the 30th ult, the works were tested. A committee—one of whom was Mr. J. R. Reynolds, well known as a practical and successful worker in iron—together with several of the members of the Common Council, and other citizens, were appointed to report proceedings. We have mislaid the Laporte paper, which contained a full account of the experiments; but the following brief account from the Register will give our readers an idea of the importance of these works:

"At 9:30 p.m., the trial commenced. Six streams were thrown on Main street, from six different hydrants, through one section of hose, each hydrant having an elevation of about ten feet. After playing about forty minutes, two additional hydrants were opened, making eight streams in all. At four o'clock two streams were forced through 600 feet of hose. The test was made to see two streams through 1,000 feet of hose, but the main pipe near the works bursted, which caused the experiment to be stopped.

The entire building is situated about half a mile from the Court-House, and is built of brick, much of which was used in the building. The building is of the flat-roofed type, and is intended to be a filter, the water, for distribution, passing through a body of gravel before entering the pipes.

The machinery, in brief, consists of two piston engines, each of 50 horse-power (one single and fifty combined), for general use, and a rotary engine of one hundred and fifty horse-power, in tended in case of fire or accident. We never saw machinery of such weight so easily controlled as this.

The pumps, of which there are six, are so arranged that no two of them draw at the same time. The streams run, therefore, continuously. They are capable of delivering one million and a half gallons of water per day, which can be increased if necessary. On the opening of a hydrant in any part of the city, the arrangements are such that an alarm whistle in the engine-room, which is immediately answered by the chime whistle.

The track of this road was laid across the bridge to the west bank of the river on Wednesday of last week, and on Thursday from seven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon it was put through the city to the western limits—over a mile in six hours. It was laid so quick that many, not aware of the fact, were greatly surprised on hearing or seeing the locomotive on our streets.

A good joke is told of one man who lived just beyond the L. S. & M. S. R. Road, to account for the Peninsular, which his family came to dinner, and not knowing the track was laid, on coming to it supposed it to be that of the first-named road, and that he had gone too far, and turned around and did not bother the city. The track is now laid to the intersection of the L. S. & M. S. Road, and will be pushed forward as fast as possible, reaching Valparaiso, Wis, in six weeks. There is now iron enough on hand to lay twenty miles west of here. The Company will put a Y in here, and, for the present, run in connection with the Lake Shore, but the design is to push on to Valparaiso, and form a junction with the P. St. W. C. O. Road from there to Chicago, in return for which that road is to have the privilege of running freight trains over the Peninsular from the junction with its northern branch at South Bend.

Regular trains will be put on, it is said, as far as South Bend on Monday next. A dinner and excursion are also talked of, but nothing definite can be ascertained. "Register."

A SHORT TALE OF YOUTHFUL TRAVEL.

A young man on his way from New York to Notre Dame, last week, came as far as Toledo without accident. "The shades of night were falling fast" as the train left that flourishing city in the dim distance.

The young man, weary with two days' travelling, naturally felt sleepy, and just as naturally went to sleep. There was nothing strange or alarming in that, but as the night wore away and the train was approaching a station about forty miles east of South Bend, "a dream came o'er" the traveller; he was, he dreamed, accompanied by his sisters, and was just entering South Bend, where he was anxious to procure a conveyance at once, lest all the carriages should be engaged; just at this juncture the train stopped and the brakeman cried out the station; our young traveller got up and started for the outside of the car, baredhead (for his hat had fallen off as he nodded). The conductor perceived him as the train was getting in motion, and called: "Hey! get back to the car." No you don't," answered the youth, "I stop here!" He did stop there, and woke up just as the train disappeared in a cloud of dust. He boarded the next train, however, and arrived safely and soundly, though less rich by the price of a hat.

A GOOD many tradespeople only give fifteen centimes to the pound. It is a weight they have.
The White and Brown Bread.

A Speech.

In a meeting of Professors and Students held some years ago in San Francisco, L. G. C., then Professor of French, was called for a speech and delivered himself of the following effusion:

Venerable Collaborators and Beloved Students: I came here to listen, not to speak. My part, which was in conformity with my taste, has been, I think, extremely successful; as a listener, I have been lucky beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have been delighted by the music of your strongly-accented native Anglo-Saxon, and I have been charmed in the French language. Be not contented with the past; without speech? A dumb and deaf people is unequal to its task. The Greeks will discover to you the other half. The Greek will abundantly and constantly of this substance of the origins of your tongue, and the German will mathematically form judgment, in a measure, and in the straight line of your scientific speculations. Your native English, with its brilliant literature, is indeed your white bread; you devour it rapidly and constantly, you digest it easily, and you get fat on it. But, beloved Students, this starchy, sugar and alcohol food is not the one which will make you strong. Your nature craves and your stomach needs—what? brown bread, that is, that severe but useful study of foreign languages. To a superficial or prejudiced observer, these languages seem to contain more brain than flour. But, be not deceived; the gluten is there; the gluten, that nutritive principle which will form your bones and muscles. You wish to be strong, heavy, as you shake "all creation" by the hand, and receive; the gluten is there; the gluten, that nutritious element which will prove and test the value of the metal which may be contained in our speech, or in our silence. Silence with judgment is gold. But speech with judgment is gold also, and silence sometimes becomes less than silver, less than iron—it may become poisonous copper. Suppose that the Apostles, after the death of Christ, should have remained silent—would their silence have been gold? Suppose your mother or sister insulted by a foul tongue—would your silence be gold? So judgment must decide the case, and our study improving judgment teaches us not only to speak, but to judge. Yes, gentle men, judgment is especially nurtured, developed by linguistic exercise. Mathematics may form judgment, in a measure, and in the straight line of your scientific speculations. It shows that the comparative study of languages is the best means to regulate and direct minds in the crooked ways of the world, in the sinuous paths of private or public affections. Distinguished lawyers and statesmen, successful lawyers and literary men generally live and prosper on brown bread.

And you, young gentlemen, to whom perhaps it has been too frequently said that you may become presidents of this republic, (I say too frequently because the premium being so high and so far, nobody cares for a simply possible reward) I will not repeat that worn-out compliment. I will say to you: Will you be a sound judge, an enlightened and enlightening editor, an eloquent member of the bar, a skilful physician, an intelligent agnostic a successful cultivator of natural sciences, exercise your mind by the intellectual gymnastics of classical linguistic. Will you be a strong man, mentally, morally, religiously speaking, eat our brown bread, and plenty of it.

L. G. C.

Kicked by a Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about this mule. He— the animal—could kick higher, hit harder, on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old, but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and boasting; therefore, he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you Jim? Fine morning?"

"Heartily, sir," replied Jim. "Fine weather, nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country. Paid $300 for him."

"Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off any man without his hurting him."

"Now, look here, squirm," said Jim. "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to waste your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squirm, I'll take such bets all the time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a dollar—say five dollars."

"All right, squirm, your man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh! yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'all, I'll do it; but you are to bet against my five, if I risk it."

"Alright," grunts the squirm. "Now, there is a fly on your shoulder. Stand still," and Johnson adjusted the mule.

"What, Jim?" said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising, in towering rage, he exclaimed: "Yass, that is smart! I know your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that all put up. I would not be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork me a bit for making a fool of my way."

"Not so fast, Jim; Jervey did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off man without his hurting him. You see the mule is not injured by the kick, and is the same as it was before."

"Television," grumbled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murrining to himself, "Sold, by thralder, and kicked by a mule!"

Ten typos are not the only ones who "harrow up our souls" and make things daily generally. Witness the following:

The Lord, the lady and the mysterious telegram. The London Court Circular relates the following anecdote respecting a noble lady, who is young, beautiful and good.

During the Army-bill debate her noble husband, who is as proud and fond of her as he should be, was just about to rise and deliver a violent attack upon something or somebody, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, turned pale, and quitted the house, called a cab, drove to the Charing Cross station, and went to Dover, and was no more heard of until the next day, when he returned to his own home, and to his first inquiry was told that the Countess was in her room. He hastened to her and a terrific row ensued, the exact words of which no one knows but themselves. At last, however, he burst out, "Then what did you mean by your telegram?"

"Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?"

"Read it for yourself," replied the still unperturbed husband.

She did so. "I see with Mr.—to Dover straight. Pray for me."

For a moment she was startled, but then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Most dreadful telegraph people. No wonder you are out of your mind. I telegraphed simply, 'I teas with Mrs., in Dover street. Stay for me.'"

His Lordship was so savage at the laugh he had raised against himself, that he was at first inclined to make a Parliamentary question of it, but listened to more judicious advice refrained.
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

BIRTHING, CHIMING CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Mary's Academy, Sept. 7, 1871.

St. Mary's now presents a most animating appearance.

Happy meetings, joyous greetings,...