Rhyme.

The Goths and Vandals affected more than one revolution in poetry—their verse was rhythmical, and they substituted the intricacies of the feudal system for the unity of the imperial government. The gloomy vault and frowning battlement for the light pillar and gilded archway; the Warwick faiths for the individual champion for the disciplined movements of the legionary phalanx—but they also extended their sway into the realm of literature, and from them date the triumph of accent over quantity, and of rhyme over blank verse. Yes; from the never changing burden of the sea, from the pulsating crash of the wintry blast, from the weird and pitiless North, resonant with the reverberations of the hammer of Thor, came the spirit of rhyme.

And is there not a charm in rhyme? A charm far beyond that of the measured tread of the swelling hexameter, or the inflated and pompous blank verse of Milton. In his days, all that was Gothic was condemned as barbarous. The pagan spirit of the Renaissance had again attempted to impose the old Greek and Roman sensuous civilisation upon the descendants of the Christianised Goths. Rhymes were denounced as artificial—jangling—shackles unworthily placed upon the poetic Muse—and incompatible with the sublime. Happily, that mode of thinking has passed away, never to return. It never completely regained its ground. It held away over a coterie—a clique of arisocrats. It never established its empire in the Gothic heart—\[Further text...\]
home-circle from which he had been separated for a year. And yet over all his happiness hung a sense of change and half melancholy; they were a year. And yet over all his happiness hung a sense of change and half melancholy; they were a year.

Monty you know; he is more like Edwin than any other boy, and I like him very much. You didn't know Upton, but I am a great deal with him, though he is much older than I. He is a fine, handsome fellow, and one of the most popular in the school. I hope you will know him some day."

"The very next morning Eric received a letter which he at once recognized to be in Upton's handwriting. He eagerly tore off the envelope, and read:

"Dear Eric: I have got bad news to tell you, at least I feel it bad news for me, and I don't know whether it will be bad news for you."

In short, I am going to leave Roslyn, and probably we shall never meet there again. Therefore I say good-bye to you in the name of the very next morning."

"I hope you have been enjoying your holidays, and that all is well at home. You forget that I am leaving, but I want you to know that I am not going away to have no more to do with Roslyn; that I have had enough of it in the past, and that I shall never go back there for the rest of my life."

"I am going to leave Roslyn, and probably we shall never meet there again. Therefore I say good-bye to you in the name of the very next morning."

"Good-bye now, old fellow! Do write to me soon, and forgive me ever,"

"Your most affectionate,

Horace Upton.

P.S.—Is that jolly little Vernon going back to school many things which will shock his modesty, and much language which will be offensive and blasphemous? You fear that he will meet with many bad examples, and learn to look on God and goodness in a way far different from that to which he has been taught at home. You fear, in short, that he must learn through the most degrading associations to which you have yourself been subjected; to which, perhaps, have become attached.

Well, Eric, this is all true. Yet, knowing this, I say, by all means let Vernon come to Roslyn. He cannot, under any circumstances, be permanent, nor is it at all valuable as a foundation of character. The true preparation for life, the true basis of a manly character, is not to have been ignorant of God, but to have been taught to reverence Him; not to have been sheltered from temptation, but to have passed through it and overcome it by God's help. Many have drawn exaggerated pictures of the lowness of public school morality; the best answer is in the history of the school, and yet of it. The ruin of human souls can never be achieved by enemies from without unless they be aided by traitors from within."

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"Good-bye now, old fellow! Do write to me soon, and forgive me ever,"

"Your most affectionate,

Horace Upton."
amount to about one hundred, all discovered in this
I love you,—I love you as myself. Oh, why must
the entire day! Approving smiles always accom­
" How miserable I am! fatigued I sought thee in
projecting rock. " Here do not refuse me thy
pany every action of my brother, while melan­
bear it—it has even now robbed me of peace for
Ha! must I always awake to hear lamentations?
before me! fright and terror and gloom combined.
sounding in the lonely quiet morning twilight like
left his hut he murmured thus to himself, his voice
had wept over hira and prayed for him. As he
valleys, and pale twilight lingering on the moun­
93,000 millions of miles, and its time of revolution
one year.
million is its nearest. Flora, 201 millions; that of the
sun is about 260 millions of miles; that of the
millions of miles, and that his diameter is 37,000
The dreamer
...—I will unbosom to you though
let us attack them
...—irony sacrifices, or these "linim planets," but fear to tres­
...—curse if all beastly toil in order to sustain life or
...—anger, and every tormenting passion into a
curse? or should the cuise affect only the first­
...—beautiful strings of the harp to cultivate the soil;
...—mann on
...—winds in the woods, ye birds of the air do not sing
...—cloud painted on his brow, and stamping
...—wished
...—and, raging, looks around for his foe, and in blind
...—a respectful distance from him, for danger Inrks
...—a tremendous roar when he suddenly feels
...—it is better to avoid dangerous encounters.
thus he bitterly
...—how full of care and trouble! how heavily lies the curse upon
...—Dearest, I will unbosom to you though
...—he spoke, and lay upon the fragrant grass, and
...—always in the hours of rest. Grant me, thou
...—began to come to awaken me. Here, here at least nobody
...—a wild rustling was heard among the tree­
...—as he glided to the side of Cain. As he lay
...—and now stood beside him. "Deep sleep has over­
come him," said he, and now I will place myself
...—the day, lie in profound sleep, let us attack them
...—began to be crowned with roses and to rest 1
...—are, ye pleasant dreams of daily occupa­
...—in joy and happiness has been transferred to yon voluptuous
...—only poverty and toil is left to us
...—wretched.
...—the dreamer now beheld on the other side of the field a flowery plain,
...—sparkling springs meandering joyously in their
...—and leaning against it.
...—and, bending over the face of the earth, sent its burning rays upon their tanned features.
...—sleep had already taken possession of him.
...—or bent over and rooted out with wounded hands the
...—thorny weeds which crept around the fruits of the
...—poverty, or dug the rough earth to plant new seed,
...—poverty dwelt; his sons and grandsons stationed
...—covered with scattered huts where simple
...—tops, and a howling wind penetrated the forest.
...—over the flowers. Tempe was not thus beau­
...—sponsored grove of palm trees spreads its inviting shade
...—Snow-white flocks were straying about in the tpll
...—the flowery banks of a sequestered lake the young
...—curse, too laborious a toil in order to sustain life or
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Oh! . . . I tremble! . . . one of the cursed rebels ingeniously wears his form and curses! . . . where is my brother, that I bless thee?"

Thou smiling, weeping favorite of the revenger of wrongs! whose posterity is to act as slaves to the more fortunate race; whose posterity is to be happy on this earth! alone .... and every agreeable joy to the soul, when will those happy days, those happy hours, those happy moments be restored? gentle rest and a good Christian life to meet his Creator. May he rest in peace!

Mr. C. Hutchings. "We think Prof Corby a good authority for others than his old Student, and worthy member of the St. Edward's Literary Association, was joined, last Saturday, the 16th, by the Rev. Father Letourneau, Provincial, assisted by the Rev. Father O'Connell, S.S.C, as Substitute. It was a grand sight to see the church filled at midnight with a large congregation of religious, students, and others, assembling at that hour to pay their respects to the memory of one of our best friends of the Christian faith."

The religious services at Notre Dame on Christmas Day.

The religious services at Notre Dame on Christmas day were beautiful and grand in a high degree. The first Vespers of Christmas were sung on Sunday, the 24th, by Rev. Father Lemonson, S.S.C, with assistants in cope. At midnight, Sollem High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, assisted by the Rev. Father Letournan, S.S.C, officiating as Deacon, and the Rev. Father O'Connell, S.S.C, as Subdeacon. It was a grand sight to see the church filled at midnight with the congregation of religious, students, and others, assembled at that hour to pay their respects to the memory of one of our best friends of the Christian faith, because "Christ was born on Christmas Day." The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Routier in his usual happy manner.

At ten o'clock, Sollem High Mass was again
The Thespian Exhibition.

The Christmas Exhibition of the Thespians came off, as announced, last Tuesday, 28th inst. The Christmas holidays at Notre Dame could not very well pass off without some theatrical performances, and our good friends of the Thespian Society have, from time immemorial, regaled their patrons during those days with some frolics let not of their choicest, at least of their amusing Exhibitions. Tuesday evening witnessed, therefore, a large gathering of friends and Students seated in Washington Hall, enjoying merrily the minutes which preceded the rising of the curtain. It was evident as the Band struck up and the Exhibition formally commenced, that the mere reading of the programme of the performance, and our good friends of the Thespian Band, assisted by the members of the Brass Band, might well have been, and seemed to be, partial to their young levites; and they have always deserved this partiality. The music, no doubt, would have been much enhanced by the melodic talents of the students remained at Notre Dame, but most of the members of the choir went home. As it was, those who remained did very well. We must not forget that the band played well before and after the Solenn Vesperas and Vespers.

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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

The Holy Bible; translated from the Vulgate, diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek and other editions, in divers languages, being the edition published by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1685, and not corrected and corrected, in 1505, according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, by the Venerable Richard Challoner, Bishop of Dorn, with his annotations for clearing up the principal difficulties of Holy Writ. New York: D. & J. Sadlier, & Co.

This is a very fine edition of the Donahue Bible—in a convenient, portable, finely bound, handsond case, and well printed on good paper. It is also of very convenient size to use as a book of reference, not being of the large proportions of a Family Bible, encompassing the writing table, nor so small as to refuse to stay open at a given page.

The version in which the word of God is held by the Catholic Church and by Catholics, is demonstrated by the zeal which has always animeted them in producing correct editions of the Bible. Before the introduction of printing, it was the Catholic Church, by the hands of her learned monks and priests, that preserved the Bible; and as it was the Catholic Sages who translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue of their time for the inhabitants of England, so it was the Catholic Caxton, the first English printer, that first gave in type the English Bible.

To and From the Passion Play. P. Donohoe, Boston.

This is a very interesting book of travels, as well as a full account of the celebrated Passion Play at Ammergau.

Last summer the papers, daily and weekly, were full of the accounts given by various persons from among the vast number who flocked to Ammergau from all parts of the world, but particularly from England and the United States.

Several centuries ago the plague made ravages throughout Germany, and the good people of the little hamlet of Ammergau being simple Catholics, believe firmly in the efficacy of prayer, endeavored by prayer to avert the calamity of the Irish through the conversion of the Irish before they were full of the accounts given by various persons. 

This is perhaps the most interesting part of Irish history, and the one the least known by the descendants of those who so far to thank the Irish scholars of that period for the preservation of literature and Christianity in the limits of their countries.

The fourth, or Norman period, is occupied with the ruthless raids of the Danes, and the establishment of the first foreign settlement in the green soil, and its final destructional the battle of Clontarf.

This is a very fine edition of the Donahue Bible—its final destruction at the battle of Clontarf.

The third or Irish period, contains an account of the Irish pentarchy, the conversion of Ireland to Christianity by St. Patrick; and of the Irish schools and saints, and missionaries. This is a very fine edition of the Donahue Bible—

The fifth period, or the sad times of Ireland under the tyrannical rule of Tudors and Stewarts, down to William of Orange. It ends with a few short chapters on the Catholic Association, the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the present edification since the Union.

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The fifth period, or the sad times of Ireland under the tyrannical rule of Tudors and Stewarts, down to William of Orange. It ends with a few short chapters on the Catholic Association, the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and the present edification since the Union.

This work is the latest on the list of readers designed for the use of colleges, academies and schools, and is a very superior work. The compiler has made a judicious selection of illustrations ranging over a very wide field of literature, and displayed not only an extended acquaintance with the works of the best authors, but great ability in the choice and arrangement. One notable feature of the book is that it contains a great quantity of new matter. The editor has cut loose from the manacles that seem to have bound most of his predecessors, while he has not ignored the claims of the effusions of bygone days, and other lands, to preservation in the school exercise, he has given a liberal number of his pages to extracts from the speeches and writings of Western men of our own day, it has therefore many new names figures in the table of contents, and the result is that the scholar has the opportunity of knowing what the men of his own time and section are thinking about, and how they treat the subjects of greatest interest in our day. The effect of this cannot be otherwise (than to better prepare the student for the one world of ideas and things he is about to enter upon;) and we should not be surprised to find that this work is the beginning of a sweeping reform in the compilation of school readers.

The extracts are preceded by a very valuable introduction to the principles and practice of eloquence and vocal culture, written by the Rev. M. B. Brown, S. S. C., Professor of Theology and Moral Science, in the University of Notre Dame (Indiana), with which institution Prof. Lyons has long been associated.

Nor are Catholic periodicals more slack in expressing their sentiments towards the work which the Association is engaged in. We quote from the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph:

From a cursory examination of the Ethicomanist and Dramatic Reader, prepared by Professor Mrs. Frances E. Willard, of the University of Notre Dame, we consider the work well worthy the patronage of our Catholic schools, to which we earnestly recommend it. The Ethicomanist, from the press of Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, leaves nothing to be desired in the scope of its subject matter, in its aims, and in its style. The selections, prose and poetry, are judicious and interesting.

To these flattering notices we have little to add, except that we believe every word of them, and wish the compiler all success in the good work he has undertaken.

The American Eclecticist.

Appreciative opinions of the press on the merits of Prof. Lyons' excellent work are pouring in on all sides. The following is from the Chicago Tribune:


This work is the latest on the list of readers designed for the use of colleges, academies and schools, and is a very superior work. The compiler has made a judicious selection of illustrations ranging over a very wide field of literature, and displayed not only an extended acquaintance with the works of the best authors, but great ability in the choice and arrangement. One notable feature of the book is that it contains a great quantity of new matter. The editor has cut loose from the manacles that seem to have bound most of his predecessors, while he has not ignored the claims of the effusions of bygone days, and other lands, to preservation in the school exercise, he has given a liberal number of his pages to extracts from the speeches and writings of Western men of our own day, it has therefore many new names figures in the table of contents, and the result is that the scholar has the opportunity of knowing what the men of his own time and section are thinking about, and how they treat the subjects of greatest interest in our day. The effect of this cannot be otherwise (than to better prepare the student for the one world of ideas and things he is about to enter upon;) and we should not be surprised to find that this work is the beginning of a sweeping reform in the compilation of school readers.

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St. Edward's Literary Association.

There is a good old time-honored proverb which says: "It is a poor heart that never rejoices." We can scarcely imagine that there is any heart so poor, even though it be afflicted with the many necessities, not to say the luxuries of life, that it cannot at this festive and redeeming season feel a sense of subdued happiness stealing sweetly over it while thanking it obliquely, if not directly, that must that heart be weak and sorrowful that cannot on the saving occasion of our Lord's advent into the uncharitable world, indulge in a fair measure of that innocent and healthful recreation which the return of Christmas with its glorious train of solemn ceremonies and innocent amusements, so conserving and beneficial to the Christian soul, ever revives in, and stamps upon, the heart. We must not forget that the St. Ed's Literary Association are waiting and expecting to hear from us, and we must not disappoint them, lest we should appear derelict to our duty. The Association at the present prosperous stage of its career may be said, without any ostentation or affectation on the part of its CORRESPONDING Secretary, to be characterized by its magnificent zeal and indefatigable efforts in its endeavors to satisfy the high expectations which its appreciative friends entertain regarding the elevated plane of literary worth which they look upon it to attain. A retrospective glance at the many causes which have been prolific of brilliant effects in elevating its culinary and securing its present high tone, we would indulge in, were it not that we are conscious of infringing thereby on somebody else's space in the SCHOLASTIC, and thus laying ourselves open to the charge of being wantonly inconsistent. Following close in the wake of the highly entertaining banquet given by the Association on the 19th inst., the occasion of which afforded so much unmixed pleasure and called forth such a profusion of "winged words" from the eloquent lips of many of the guests, came the ablest, the most methodical, and the most interesting debate which it has been our pleasure thus far to listen to and engage in. It came off on the 22nd inst. The house was It came off on the 22nd inst. The house was
An Appeal in Behalf of the Union Catho­lic Library Association of Chicago.

In the great fire that has lately laid the city of Chicago in ashes, the Union Catholic Library was wholly destroyed. The library was the fruit of the efforts of two years, built slowly up by the patient industry of the Association, and had attained, at the time of its destruction, an influence limited only by the extent of our reading Catholic community. The Association was prosperous and out of debt, and saw before it a future in which the Catholic youth of Chicago would grow up in pos­session of a library of their pride and the pledge of their devotion to our holy faith in this vantage ground of the northwest.

Profoundly impressed with the necessity of resto­ring that which had been, by a power upon Catholic habits of thought, the Association has re­solved to commence at once the Library's recon­struction. Unfortunately, most of the members are direct sufferers by the fire, and are incapable of giving to it that support which the prosperity of others afforded. They, therefore, deem themselves justified in appealing to the enlight­ened charity of the Catholic world, the charity which realizes that its duty lies not alone in the furnishing of food for the body, but which sees in the minds and souls of the young of this genera­tion the highest and most useful fields for our efforts. For these rea­sons, the Association respectfully requests gifts of books—old and new—or money, according to the choice of the giver.

Donations may be sent to "the Union Catholic Library Association," 103 W. Randolph st., Chi­cago, and will be gratefully acknowledged and prop­erly inscribed.

The Bishop of Chicago, Right Rev. Thomas F. DODGE, D.D., is a life member of the Association, and sustains its aims.

Wm. J. English, Thomas Breken, James Goodin, Edward Hurdeman, Jeremiah Maroney, 

Committees in behalf of the Association.

Chicaco, Nov. 1, 1871.

All is Well that Ends Well.

The Christmas holidays have at length arrived. Oh! how ardently they longed for by many of the students for many days, and perhaps weeks, and even months past; and how eagerly were the daily packages of letters looked for in the pleasant anticipation of some comforting word. The patronizing permission to spend the joyful time amid the beloved friends and companions of that dearest of all places on earth—home. What true happiness was brought to the heart of the student who received this per­mission! With what joy did he leave professors, friends and companions, books and studies, and prepare for his homeward voyage! What a dif­ference is there between this parting and that after the Commencement in June! Here all is joy; there also is joy, but alloyed with sorrow—sorrow at parting with the companions who have shared both the joys and toils of the monotonous college year, whom, perhaps, we may never meet more; sorrow at being disappointed in some favor­able expectation, or being thwarted in some little pet scheme of our own. In both we know not but that the separation may be forever, as unforeseen obstacles may be presented to prevent return from the Christmas holidays as well as from the summer vacation, yet now we seem to feel an almost instinctive assurance that return is certain, and this, together with the hope of pleasantly spending the most joyful and grand time of the year, seems to lift us from sorrow but happiness and drows all thought of care and sorrow.

Such is the condition I find myself placed in this 21st day of December. All is confusion and bustle. Every one seems to be joyful and gay, except the unfortunate ones who are compelled by the decrees of fate to remain at Notre Dame—who are destined to spend the privileging of non-interference in other people's business, to be fol­lowed in his turn by Mr. Snark, who saw no reason whatever why the poor Kewkows should not be without him. Our family of great Steers again had a very merry Christmas, and a delightful New Year, which he hoped that he would succeed in spending in the society and friendship of all those who have a seat in his mind. The negative recognized in him an able defender. Rev. A. Lemonnier, in his address, expressed the sentiments of all the members, and added that they would meet again to meet on the 6th of December, 1871.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth regular meetings took place respectively Dec. 6th, 13th and 14th.

At these meetings, the admission of members, reading compositions, delivering declamations, recapitulation of words mispronounced in the recitation and elsewhere during the last four months, election of officers, etc., were comprised in the programme of exercises. The following were elected members: Sidney Ashton, Frank McGinn, James Spillard and Ed. Monahan Shuehnan.

Of the compositions, Mark Foose's "Pleasant Evening in the Large Parlor", was carefully written and well read. Mark will make a fine critic. Denia Hogan's "Our Court in Ireland" was the next. S. Ashton's "Charity" was to the point. E. M. Sheehan's "Best Ride" was pleasant. Frank McGinn's "Fate of the Miner" was well told. J. Spillard's "War" was well fought. Frank Araneda's "Education" was pretty well developed. Willie Kelly's "Saw Mill" works well. "Beard" Hardy's "St. Patrick's Day Excursion" was most interesting. "Souls" description of animals in St. Joe County, which attracted his attention on the excursion, was ludicrous. This over, C. Berdell and D. Dodge declaimed in their usual style.

After this an election by ballot, to fill the office of Vice-President, left vacant by M. Mahony, now a senior, took place, and resulted in a unani­mous vote for C. Dodge, formerly Vice-President of the Dramatic Branch, which office, being now vacant by the promotion of C. Dodge, was awarded to C. Berdell by a unanimous vote by ballot.

Rev. Father Lemmonter presided, and gave his criticism on the last exhibition; his remarks were highly complimentary to the members and were well received. The President, in concluding the exercises, spoke in praise-worthy terms of the noble city of Chicago, saying he had hoped that he would succeed as well in the senile department as he had done in the juvenile, and the members of the association gave a pleasant Christmas and a delightful New Year. The association then adjourned to meet on the evening of Jan. 6th, on which occasion the Vice­President delivered the following address, declaimed in their usual style.

D. Hogan, Corresponding Secretary.
"Words and their Uses."

BY A MISGUIDED QUAKER.

New York, 5th Month, 20th, 1871.

Respected Waze—From these few lines my whereabouts they'll learn.

Moreover I'll begin to the my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me.

And with words are figments of a reckless mockery.

For instance, as I left the car, an imp with dusty face,

"Shine!" "Shine!" "Nay, I'll not shine!" I said, "except with inward grace."

"Is inward grace a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.

"And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?' asked this young Turk.

"And worship me straightway to a respectable

"Yet, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed.

I gave them a specimen of calumny broke

"Nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be

"How's that for high?" exclaimed the young Turk.

"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.

"I tarried there no longer, for plain spoken men, like me,

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"

"Is inward grace a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.

"And study I'd "snatch his bald head," and likewise

"Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect.

"Nay, verily, I shouted not," quoth I, "my speech is

"That thee convey me straightway to a respectable

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be

"Tea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed.

"And what J Till thee explain thyself, I cannot tell,"

"With simple yea or nay, he gruffly said, "Ton

"And with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was

"Is inward grace a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.

"I smote him hip and

"Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off

"Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off

"It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and

"And study I'd "snatch his bald head," and likewise

"But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design!

"But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design!

"And when I asked if lightning clamped his car,

"With such perverters of our tongue can have no unity.

"And words are figments of a reckless mockery.

"Etymology and grammar, inquired if I was

"Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off

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