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"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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NUMBER 19.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.
A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART SECOND.
CHAPTER II.
WILDEY.

That punishment's the best to bear That follows soonest on the sin, And guilt a game when lesser far Better than those who seem to win.

Eric soon learned to like Wildey, who was a very bright, engaging, spirited boy, with a dash of pleasant impudence about him which took Eric's fancy. He had been one of the most mischievous of the lower fellows, but although clever, did little or nothing in school, and was in the worst repute with the masters. Until he was "taken up" by Eric, he had been a regular little hero among his comparses, because he was game for any kind of mischief, and, in the New Testament phrase, his fearless disregard of rules made him the object of general admiration. From this time, however, he was much in the studies, and unhappily carried with him to those upper regions the temptation to a deeper and more lamentable class of transgressions than had yet penetrated there.

It was an ill day for General Wildey when he sent his idolized little son to Roslyn; it was an ill day for Eric when Duncan first asked the child to frequent their study.

It was past nine at night, and the lower school had gone to bed, but there was Wildey quietly sitting on Eric's knee by the study fire, while Duncan was doing some Arnold's verses for him to be shown up next day.

"Neither these verses," said Duncan, "I shall have a whiff. Do you mind, Eric?"

"No; not at all."

"Give me a weed, too," said Wildey.

"What! young un—you don't mean to say you smoke?" asked Eric, in surprise.

"Don't I, though? let me show you. Why, a whole lot of us went and smoked two or three pipes by Riverbend only yesterday."

"Flaw!" said Eric, "then I suppose I must smoke too to keep you in countenance," and he took a cigar. It was the first time he had touched smoke too to keep you in countenance;" and he took a cigar. It was the first time he had touched

"Why, how glum you are, said Wildey, patting him on the head."

"Oh no!" said Eric, shaking off unpleasant memories. "Look," he continued, pointing out of the window to change the subject, "what a glorious night it is! Nothing but stars, stars, stars." "Yes," said Duncan, yawning, "this smoking makes one very thirsty. I wish I'd some beer."

"Well, why shouldn't we get some?" said Wildey; "it would be very jolly."

"Get some! What! at this time of night?"

"Yes; I'll go now, if you like, to Elian, and be back before ten."

"Nonsense," said Eric; "it ain't worth while."

"I believe you think I'm afraid," said Wildey, laughing, and looking at Eric with his dark eyes; "and what's more, I believe you're afraid."

"Little whipper-snapper!" said Eric, coloring, "as if I was afraid to do anything you dare do. I'll go with you at once, if you like."

"What are you thinking of?" asked Duncan; "I don't care twopence about the beer, and I hope you won't go."

"But I will, though," said Eric, a little nettled, "Wildey, of all people, should think him wanting in pluck."

"But how will you get out?"

"Oh, I'll show you a dodge there," said Wildey. "Come along. Have you a dark lantern?"

"No, but I'll get Llewellyn's."

"Come along, then."

So the little boy of twelve took the initiative, and, carrying the dark lantern, instructed the two study-boys of sixteen in a secret which had long been known to the lower past of the school. "Just oliveri dhibi sab tusu." He led them quietly down stairs, stole with themnoiselessly past the library door, and took them to a window in the passage, where a pane was broken.

"Could you get through that?" he whispered to Eric, "if we broke away the rest of the glass?"

"I don't know. But, then, there's the bar outside."

"Oh, I'll manage that. But will you go and peep through the key-hole of the library, and see who's there, Duncan?"

"No," said Duncan, bluntly, "no key-holes for me."

"Then I will," and he glided away, while Eric, as quietly as he could, broke away the glass until it was all removed.

"There's only old Stupid," whispered he, irresolutely designating an under-master named Harley, "and he's asleep before the fire. Now, then, just lift me up, Eric, will you?"

Eric lifted him, and he removed the nails which fastened the end of the bar. They looked securely enough, and were nails an inch long driven into the mortar; but they had been successfully loosened, and only wanted a little pull to bring them out. In one minute, Wildey had unfastened and pushed down one end of the bar. He then got through the broken pane, and dropped down outside. Eric followed with some little difficulty, for the aperture would only just admit his passage; he was a low, with the great black eyes, who came at the beginning of the quarter? No, I don't know who it was."

"Well, a very nice little fellow; a regular devil."

"Humph!" said Eric, laughing. "I shall bring out a new Duncan-dictionary, in which kerkokero-"nicht, and, in the new tone of popular morality, compeers, because he was game for any kind of mischief, and, in the New Testament phrase, his fearless disregard of rules made him the object of general admiration. From this time, however, he was much in the studies, and unhappily carried

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You know I am apt to express myself strongly. He could not trust himself to say more, but held out his hand.

Eric got red, and hesitated for a moment.

"Come, Eric, it is not quite my fault, is it, that we have got so warm to each other as we were when..."

"Oh, Monty, Monty!" said Eric, softened by the allusion; and he warmly grasped his friend's professional hand.

"Oh, Eric!"

The two shock hands in silence, and as they left each other they felt that while things continued the friendship could not last. It was a sad thought for both.

Next morning Wildney received a severe flogging, but gained great reputation by not betraying his companion and refusing to drop the least hint as to their means of getting out, or their purpose in visiting Elian. So the secret of the bar remained undiscovered, and what the boys wanted to get out at night—unhappily the trick now became common enough—he had only to break a pane of glass in that particular window, which, as it was in the passage, often remained unsmashed and undiscovered for weeks.

After the flogging, Mr. Rose said shortly to Eric, "I want to speak to you."

"I beg you won't speak of any friend of mine in terms so severe," said Eric, drawing up haughtily.

"I hope you don't call a bad little boy like Wildney, who'd be no credit to any one, your friend, Eric?"

"Yes I do though. He's one of the pluckiest, finest, most promising fellows in the lower school."

"How I began to hate that word plucky," said Montagu; "it's made the excuse here for everything that's wrong, base, and unmanly. It seems to me it's infinitely more 'plucky' just now to do your duty and not be ashamed of it."

"You're certainly required a kind of pluck to bear you up lately, Monty," said Owen, looking up at him.

"I think I suspect who was Wildney's companion."

"It was silent.

"I have no proof, and shall not therefore set on vague suspicion; but one whose course lately has given me the deepest pain; one who has violated all the early promise he gave; one who seems to be going further and further astray, and sacrificing all moral principles to the ghost of a fleeting and most despicable popularity—to the approval of those whom he cannot approve himself."

Eric still silent.

"Whatever you do yourself, Williams!—it was the first time for two years that Mr. Rose had called him "Williams," and he waved a little—"whatever you do yourself, Williams, rests with you; but remember it is a ten-thousandfold heavier sin than any one who has violated the early promise he gave; one who seems to be going further and further astray, and sacrificing all moral principles to the ghost of a fleeting and most despicable popularity—to the approval of those whom he cannot approve himself."

Eric was silent.

"I wasn't the tempter, however," thought Eric, still silent—it was the silence of pride and unwill ing conviction.

"Well, you seem hardened, and give no sign. Believe me, Williams, I grieve for you, and that deeply. My interest in you is no less warm, though my affection for you cannot be the same. You may go."

Another friend alienated, and, oh, how true a one! He has not asked me to see him once this term," thought Eric, sadly; but a shout of pleasure greeted him directly he joined the football in the play-ground, and half consoled, he hoped Mr. Rose had heard it, and understood that it was meant for the boy whom he had just been rebuking. "Well, after all," he thought, "I have some friends still."

Yes, friends, such as they were! Except Duncan, hardly one boy whom he really respected ever walked with him now. Even little Wright, one of the very few lower boys who had risen superior to Brigan's temptations, seemed to keep clear of him as much as he could: and, in every way, he was obliged to associate with fellows like Attily, and Graham, and Llewellyn, and Ball.

Even with Ball! All Eric's repugnance for this boy seemed to have evaporated; they were often together, and, to all appearance, were sworn friends. Eric did not shrink now from such conversation as was pursued uncheckered in his presence by nearly all the boys. Wiser, he had lost his heart, and he was neither afraid nor ashamed to join in it
Assigned it a period of three hundred and thirty-five years. The comet of 1843 was discovered by Mr. Klinkerfus, at Göttingen on the 10th of June, at which time it was a faint telescopic object. About the 7th of August it began to be faintly visible to the naked eye, on the 20th it was equal to a star of the third or fourth magnitude, on the 30th it was as bright as a star of the first magnitude. From that to the 4th of September it was observed at midday, although only seven or eight degrees from the sun; also on the 8th of September, about noon, Mr. Hartung of the Liverpool observatory, saw the comet distinctly with his telescope. By the 1st of September the comet had increased to a length of about fifteen degrees. This comet was visible in various parts of the world; at Santiago de Chilli, till the 7th of October, at the Cape of Good Hope it was observed on the 9th of October, at Rio Janeiro, and New Zealand until the 13th of September.

It would seem that this would be the proper place in which to introduce a short account of meteors or falling stars, which are small luminous bodies that move rapidly through the atmosphere followed by trains of light and quickly vanishing. They sometimes appear in numbers so great as to seem like showers of stars. These star-showerers are found to occur at certain periods. Every year about the 14th of November, there is a larger fall than usual of meteors. But about every thirty-three years, it has been noticed, there is a great star-shower. Those which occurred in November 1866, had been predicted from previous events of the kind. Thus a star-shower occurred in November, 1852, also in 1799, and there are eighteen observations of the phenomenon from 1699 to 622, all corresponding in periods to that mentioned above.

The shower of 1799 was awful and sublime beyond conception. It was witnessed by Humboldt and his companion, M. Bonpland, at Camarón, in South America, and is thus described by him: "Towards the 15th of September, 1799, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting stars. Thousands of bolides and falling stars succeeded each other for four nights. Their direction was very regular from north to south, and from the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with bolides or falling stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands behind them, which lasted seven or eight seconds."

The same display was witnessed throughout the whole of North and South America and some parts of Europe.

The most splendid display on record was that of November 13th, 1833, and is especially interesting as serving to point out the periodicity of these phenomena. Over the northern portion of the American continent the spectacle was of the most thrilling grandeur. And in many parts of the country the population were terror-stricken at the awfulness of the scene. The slaves in the South-country the population were terror-stricken at the spectacle; nor one more worthy of the contemplation of an intelligent being, than that which is presented to our interest by the starry firmament in an unclouded sky a few hours after the setting of the sun. We then observe innumerable brilliant points, spread in every direction over the same canopy of the heavens, varying in magnitude and brightness, and distributed in groups and arranged in groups to which the imagination will readily attribute so many forms and characters. The stars are luminous bodies like the sun, but situated at so vast a distance that the light which they emit is dim, and always in the nearly same positions in respect to each other.

The scintillations, or twinkling of the stars, is due to the inequalities in density, moisture, etc., of the different parts of its atmosphere. The materials composing these bodies are nearly always the same, consisting, 99.5 per cent of iron, and so many of any other elementary substances than sand found on the earth. A mass of this description was found weighing 30,580,000. At Buenos Ayres a shower of 1799 was seen in Scotland, England and France; it produced a sound like distant thunder, which was heard at the height of fifty miles when it exploded. Its diameter was about half a mile, and its velocity about three thousand miles an hour. Meteors or falling stars, which are small luminous bodies that move rapidly through the atmosphere, filled every instant with trains of light and quickly vanishing. They sometimes appear in numbers so great as to seem like showers of stars.

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the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.
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whether they are all intended for St. Mary's. The
in English Literature Thursday evening, 13th
Bequieacat in pace.
mourn his loss feel proud of
in the Student's Office.

Nearly all the students have returned from the
SKATING was never better on the lakes than it is at
The ice-boat was rigged and put in flying trim
by Bro. Wildrid and Bro. Polycarp.
Rev. Father Marieze and two Brothers left
here for New Orleans and Texas last Tuesday.
Prof. T. E. Howard will deliver his first lec
ture on English Literature Thursday evening, 19th
All the classes are now in splendid working
order, and every student is doing his best to make
up for lost time.

We spent some very agreeable hours with our
cold friend Mr. John Fitzgerald, who came to Notre
Dame this week to prove in proper persons that
and kindness is not forgot.

The Mexican ponies, so long expected, arrived
this week, and are now recruiting their strength
and spirits in the farm stable. We do not know
whether they are all intended for St. Mary's. The
Mutins would be glad to know it.

We have news from St. Laurent's College, Canada,
by which we learn that the institution is
in a very flourishing condition. The
number of boarding Students is over two hundred,
while many others attending the same College are
day scholars. St. Laurent is under the direction of
the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

It is again our painful duty to chronicle the sad
news of the death of one of our old and best stu
dents, Master John Klein, who was killed at a
late fire in his own city, Mansfield, Ohio, while
endeavoring to save property. He was buried
with fireman's honors and had one of the largest
funerals, ever witnessed in Mansfield.
We regret him heartily, we who knew him so
well and saw in him the earnest, faithful student,
growing to be an honorable man in society. His
college records are such as his fellow-students who
would put the same words to the ab of
music of arias from
or any
hear complained of in some churches. Mozart's
degenerated into the outlandish vagaries that we
show of reason for opposition to ecclesiastical chant.
Rev. Father General, at which the choicest luxu
ries of the season were plentifully displayed.

South Bend Weekly Tribune.

We are glad to see that the spirit of enterprise in
South Bend demands another newspaper besides
the excellent ones already published. The Tribune
Printing Company, all the members of which are
friends and for a long time well known for
their business and amiable social qualities, will be

SOME Students, of the Young America pattern,
should be sent to Editors Schola
tic, Notre Dame, Indiana.
SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind.

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SOUTH BEND WEEKLY TRIBUNE.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

The usual addresses were delivered to the received reciters of the entertainments, and several songs were charmingly sung. It is unnecessary to state that the addresses were well read, for they are always at St. Mary's, and we have been always so well pleased with those we have heard that we always thought the last one the best; they have had the same effect at St. Mary's, saying the same thing without seeming to repeat, but always making everything appear as right fresh from the mint, which gift is given only to those of excellence which he should have had for his older relation. Soon after the performance, Mr. Lynch arrived, George, to the greatest amusement of all the little fellows in the yard, related how George—got up earlier than usual; perhaps he added a little to them—but it was a great thing for us youngsters to repeat them for—not the edification of Major,—the “Major” was very proud of his military uniform—walked and walked with all the dignity it becometh a Major to walk. I remember the first excursion the company made to Mishawaka. The “Major” was the play and an energetic organizer of military company, and as fine a company as could be found in the State of Indiana. It was organized nearly taken, and whether in the manner born. Poor, good, pretty Cinderella herself was very naturally taken, and whether in her fairy robes, or in her every-day dress, which was not up to his idea of ecclesiastical chant; and when the student singers performed the same chant as if they were to the manner marred. Poor, pretty Cinderella manner taken, and whether in the manner bom. Poor, good, pretty Cinderella...

The “Major” was a perfect image of Geo. Scott. “Oh no! no!” said the “Major,” with truly becoming modesty, perfectly convinced that the writer had no idea whatever of humbugging him. “Indeed” said Charlie Healy, a gallant cadet, to me he seems to resemble Gen. Taylor.” This was acknowledged with bows and smiles. The crowd, seeing how easily he swallowed the compliments, walked up to him and in the space of one hour had him looking like Gen. Jackson, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Gen. Hitcher, Alexander the Great,—and nearly every General that ever lived. The good old “Major,” believed them all.

The company made at different times trips to South Bend, Mishawaka, Laporte, Elkhart and Niles. Lynch was very anxious to have the members go to Chicago, but Capt’n Healy, on his way to that place, could not persuade them to remain there after it had passed and the trip to Chicago was made. In the spring of 1851, Capt’n Lynch entered the ranks, and was a member of the company made at different times trips to South Bend, Mishawaka, Laporte, Elkhart and Niles. Lynch was very anxious to have the mem-

The “Major” was very proud of his uniform...
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Despite these, many other members of the Cadets enlisted in the cause of the flag—too many for us to name here on the spur of the moment; many were killed in Southern graves, many were crippled—and many returned to their homes to take upon themselves positions of honor and trust in the civil service. We know that all of the old men reflect with pleasure the days they passed shoulderling a musket in their younger days.

Additional Entrances.

John McIntyre, Lake Forest, III.
N. Bloomb, Fort Wayne, Ind.
F. Fitzgerald, St. Louis, Mo.
B. J. Hughes, Chicago, Ill.
Chas. W. Goit, Chicago, III.
John C. Howe, Chicago, III.
Edward Charnis, Kentland, Ind.
Edward Kaiser, Pittsburgh, Pa.
William G. War, Richmond, Ind.
John J. Porter, Louisville, Ky.
William R. Goit, Grafton, Wis.
William E. Austin, Woodstock, Ill.
Colly Clarke, Chicago, Ill.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

December 15.—E. W. Barry, Edward Chaiais, Edward Elaiser, Edward Mc-.
December 23.—J. Kilcoon, C. Hntchings, H. Hunt, M. Weldon, J. Mc-

Honorable Mentions.—NIXON DEP.

Geography. 1st Class.—E. DeGroot, A. McIntosh, M. Farnabber, B. Raymond, P. Gall, T. Nelson.

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor:—If it can be doubted, we believe, that the Professor and the Student are the lieue of the animaL Its skin is thick; towards was owned by—ourself! Of course, we

Bishop Hay.

The San Francisco Monitor says:

We take the following from a very fair review of the works of Bishop Hay, which appeared last week in the Scotsman (Presbyterian paper). These works have been entirely reprinted by Messrs. Blackwood in an extremely handsome manner, under the editorship of the Right Rev. Bishop Strain, and after a little satirical contrast of the mild persecution which has made the fortunes of so many Pulkirk missionaries, and the real persecutions endured by the Catholics of Scotland, the writer continues: "The blessings obviously attendant on a little persecution tempt one to be mildly satirical. It is otherwise when one is called on to consider the suffering for conscience sake of others. If one can have but little sympathy with the dramatic power of a Guthrie, it is impossible to repose pity and indignation at the atrocious usage which the Catholic layman, the father of the family, the husband, the bread-winner, the man who has come to enjoy a little happiness by the assistance of his fellow-countrymen. Bishop Hay was one of those who really had to endure suffering in very severe forms for the sake of his religious convictions. It is true that he was a Roman Catholic Bishop, and we in Scotland have so constantly declined into us that the Roman
A. Sanders, K. Sullivan, B. Gaffney.

TRUE devotion to the Blessed Virgin is manifest in the children when they produce in themselves the virtues of their model.

Now, after our greeting of St. Mary's, January 7, 1771.

Their names in heavenly courts be landed
On life's grand stage to be star actors.

To all our friends, far and near,
May all life's ills be light and fleeting,
And peace and health and every blessing.

To editorial friends a greeting—
May all life's faults be at once forgotten,
And joys abundant theirs!

St. Mary's sends a salutation,
A cordial New Year's gratulation,
To all engaged in Education.

To the Juniors bright, and "Sisters merry,
May all life's trials a pleasant journey;
May editorial chairs
Be filled with wisdom, wit, and learning,
The lamp of Truth before them burning.

Their noble aims may be—
May premiums rich, and honors wearing
Bread, brown—true praise, reward—
Reward their earnest toil.

To the Juniors bright, and "Sisters merry,
St. Mary's gives a very, very
Loving greeting! May they grow
In grace and knowledge, joy and beauty,
In prompt response to every duty;
And may they ever show
The good effects of early training,
Each day new grace and knowledge gaining,
And yet in innocence remaining.

St. Mary's sends a salutation,
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—Success attend their labors—
May their aim be grand, aspiring,
God's greater glory first desiring.

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