The Seasons and Life.

BY POETRY.

I.
The changing seasons to the thoughtful mind
Reveal a wisdom bountiful and rare,
Mingling a pang with pleasures most refined,
To teach our soul that earth, however fair,
Is not our destined home,—that man is heir
To joys more lofty than the joys of time;
To joys that through eternal years he'll share
With angels bright in heavenly courts sublime
Untouched by sorrows felt in every other clime.

Thus Summer, with its bounteous golden yield,
Its fragrant bloom, that on the zephyr's wing
Hovers around like angels unrevealed,
Yet sweetly felt, is not without its sting.
Like to the thorns that round the rosebud cling;
For languid suffering, caused by noontide ray—
The ray which calls to life the joys we sing—
Mingles its pain oppressive, to repay
The matchless pleasures of each glorious summer day.

III.
Then Autumn, laden with its ripened store,
Comes to repay the laborer's anxious toil
With Nature's rich abundance, and restore
The languid pulse to vigor, and beguile
The weary spirit by the placid smile
Of Earth, free from {Stiva's ardent reign;
Yet falling leaves and faded flowers the while
This new-born gladness tinge with chilling pain,
Casting around it coming Winter's icy chain.

IV.
Bleak Winter comes,—the fertilizing snow
Broods o'er the fallen leaves and fading bloom.
Tis Nature's sleep—her pulse beats feebly slow
And painfully reminds us of the tomb.
But in that sleep her wasted powers resume
Their wonted strength—we know she will revive,
And this assurance mitigates the gloom
That else our life of gladness would deprive,
And hope expectant still bids pleasure's sense survive.

V.
Sweet Spring now smiles the wintry gloom away;
The warbling songsters trill their gladsome strain;
Awakening Nature doth her charms display
And beauty now resumes her welcome reign
O'er hill and dale. The hearts of men would fain
Forever listen to the infant sigh
Of Nature's budding beauty. But in vain!
For while they gaze, they know that these must die,
And sorrow mingles with the sweet prevailing joy.

VI.
Such are the seasons, such the life of man;
Alternate joys and sorrows, hopes and fears
Fill up the measure of his vital span—
Yet tears with gladness, happiness with tears,
Is ever so mingled, that he bears
The cheering voice of Hope in sorrow's hour,
And grief's sad warning voice when gladness rears
Her magic standard in his soul. The flower
Is not without its thorn—no thorn without its flower.

VII.
But in our life some sorrows are more keen,
And times there are when soothing hope seems dead;
Dark desolation lowers upon the scene,
As if forever peace and joy had fled
To regions far from earth; a silent dread
Of coming evil shades the weary mind
In bowling gloom, as if death's shaft had sped
Nor yet attained its object; still we find
Though yet concealed, a triple gladness gleams behind.

VIII.
Such is the shade that falls upon the soul
When one whose presence fills our hearts with cheer,
Whose kindly voice all sorrow doth console
Is seen no more by eyes that love—revere,
And which now learn, to shed the bitter tear
Of utter loneliness. Yet, though the scene
Robbed of its sunlight, desolate appear,
A blithesome gladness renders all serene
When that loved presence rends sad longing's dusky screen.

Notre Dame Geographic Expedition.

City of Vera Cruz.—Its Surroundings.—Mount Orizaba.—Arrival in Mexico.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC.—Since our arrival in this country
we have lost no time in observing its manners and customs and viewing the many objects of interest that naturally attract the attention of a stranger, especially when he hails from the United States. We spent Monday and Tuesday, 4th and 5th inst., in a very agreeable and highly instructive manner, by visiting, in company with our friend Santiago Valdez, all places of historic note in and about Vera Cruz, and found that, although not an important place, it offers much food for the artist, antiquarian; historian and geographer. Its ancient walls and moulder-
power on the continent. The castle has likewise played a very important part in the various Mexican wars, when both it and the city generally suffered the reverses of fortune. The residences are all about of the same style of architecture, being built of coral limestone which is obtained in great quantities along the Gulf coast and although not as easily handled by workmen it serves all the purposes of common limestone equally as well. We also saw many objects that stand as living witnesses of the early civilization of Mexico which were found from time to time hidden and preserved beneath the surface. They were the remains of the so-called Aztec civilization, so much a subject of study and careful research with antiquarians; we will meet with many such, no doubt, before we leave this country, which even derives its very name from MexicO, the Aztec god of battles.

On the morning of the 6th we engaged a number of carriages, of rather rude appearance, at least to us, the effect, however, being counteracted by sleek little mules attached thereto, and having placed all needless baggage in the care of those we left aboard the vessel, in the harbor, we set out on our journey to the capital city. We followed as nearly as possible the line of the Mexico and Vera Cruz R.R., stopping during night, to rest and also in the middle of day for dinner. We could have taken the cars, but wishing to travel in the manner Mexicans generally do and to have a better sight of the country, we determined to employ this means to accomplish our journey as far, at least, as Cholula. On the 10th, the white top of Orizaba could be distinctly seen, with its glistening fields of perpetual ice and snow, and on the 11th we wended our way around its foot, without stopping to make any closer observations. The region through which we passed was very thickly inhabited, and the wondering natives viewed us with critical eyes, but always saluting us in their usual generous-hearted manner. On the 14th we passed the city of Puebla, taking only a glance at its numerous gray buildings, many of grotesque design; but we will reserve a description of this city until our next, for we stopped here a short time on our return from the capital.

At Cholula we took passage on the cars and were exceedingly surprised at the comfort they afforded; we did not, of course, expect to enjoy as much ease in them as in our own American palace coaches. The rate of travel, however, was comparatively slow, seldom being more than 12 miles an hour, but within, we were satisfied with our situation, and spent the time very pleasantly in social chat and smoking our cigarritos, which consist of fine-cut tobacco rolled up in corn-husks. The cigarritos are indulged in by ladies as well as gentlemen, in the parlor, cars, theatres, etc., without any discrimination as to place or company, and is the first luxury of which the Mexican invites you to partake. Although moving along slowly, time and patience brought us to Lake Tezcuco, a narrow portion of which we crossed when two miles from Mexico, and on the evening of the 16th we set foot in the ancient capital of the Aztec empire, the city which witnessed the glory of Montezuma and his capture by the Spanish invader, Cortez. Time will not permit our noticing this city in the present letter, and will therefore retain our description for a future occasion; in the mean time we will endeavor to glean more facts relative thereto.

Yours,

VIATOR.

Thanksgiving at St. Mary’s.

Complimentary to the Very Rev. Father Qarin, Superior General.

—In accordance with the promise recorded in last week’s Scholastic, we proceed to give our friends a description of the delightful evening which we spent at St. Mary’s on the occasion of the national Thanksgiving.

Passing over the preliminaries, such as the walk from Notre Dame to the Academy through a pelting snow-storm, the hearty greetings of a few special friends, etc., we come at once to the leading feature of the occasion.

At four o’clock promptly, we were summoned to the Hall, where the young ladies were in waiting to receive us. As we entered, a burst of sweet harmony greeted us. However, we were not surprised at the artistic style in which the Overture was rendered, when we observed that Miss Kate Young, Miss Minnie Spiers and Miss Emily Plamondon were the presiding geniuses at the pianos.

The Vocal Class next delighted us with a beautiful chorus, beautifully sung, after which Miss Bridget Crowley, attended by Miss Nellie Gross, read a brief but truly neat and appropriate address to the guest of the evening, Very Rev. Father General. At the conclusion of the address, Miss Kate Young executed a fantasia from Rossini in a style which elicited the admiration of all.

As the soft cadence of the music was dying away, Miss Annie M. Clarke appeared to announce in her peculiarly pleasing style the tableaux vivants which were about to be presented. The first of these tableaux represented Queen Emma placing her two children, Alfred and Edward, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. As the curtains parted, the beautiful group was revealed to view, lighted up by the artificial red fire, which, while it gave distinctness to each of the figures, scarcely added to the beauty of the scene, which needed no artificial aids to render it charming. Miss Rose Mary Spiers personated the Blessed Virgin, elevated above the surrounding throng and encircled by a numerous guard of angels, whose names (we mean the personating angels) we have not been able to ascertain. Misses Mary R. Ewing and Laura MacInn on took the parts of Alfred and Edward most charmingly, while Miss Hattie Niel appeared in regal beauty as Queen Emma, surrounded by her maids of honor, the Lady Ermelinda (Miss Mary Brown), Lady Margaret (Miss Mary Comer), Lady Ursina (Miss Libbie Black), Lady Edgetha (Miss Aline Todd), Lady Ulinda (Miss Jennie Tucker), Lady Andelia (Miss Alice Shea), Lady Gertrude (Miss Bridge Crowley). While we gazed upon this picture we almost forgot our Republican prejudices, and found ourselves strongly tempted to cry Vive la Reina! But the curtains closed upon the royal group, and we felt it to be our duty to collect our thoughts sufficiently to enjoy the next piece on the programme, which, as announced, was La Sonnambula, rendered in a most appreciative style by Misses Lilly West, Ross Devoto and Mary Prince, whose well-cultivated voices expressed the beautiful sentiments of the piece with pleasing effect.

Then followed the second tableau, representing St. Edward making public reparation to his royal mother for his apparent distrust of her innocence when charges of a serious nature were preferred against her by wicked and
designing persons. In this tableau Miss Lizzie King personated King Edward, and did it right royally. Her courtiers would have graced the proudest Court in the world. The Queen, Miss Hattie Neil, appeared if possible even more royal in this than in the first tableau, while Miss Annie T. Clarke, in the character of Justice, though blindfolded, looked grand as she smiled with pleasure on the triumphant innocence of the Queen; and Ambition, personated by Miss Daisie Green, hung her head in confusion as she saw her plans against the noble Queen frustrated, while Miss Ida Reynolds, the fair representative of the Angel of England, looked down with delight upon fallen Ambition and the full vindication of England's saintly Queen.

As the curtains closed upon this new vision of beauty, Miss Emily Plamondon aroused us from our dreamy visions of courts and thrones by a lively and charming piece on the piano. This was followed by a vocal solo, sweetly sung by Miss Rosa Devoto.

Again the curtains parted, and another tableau, representing Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel, was revealed to view, and this time we had the additional pleasure of hearing the "angel" speak.

The next pleasure in store for us was the vocal duet by Misses Quan and Devoto, which closed the first part of the entertainment. After this came the Juniors' entertainment, which, as usual, was very funny and excited frequent laughter and applause.

Miss M. Faxon opened the Juniors' entertainment with a prologue, explanatory of the "Wax Works" to be exhibited by Mrs. Jolly. The prologue ended, Mrs. Jolly, alias Miss Belle Quan, came forward, and with all the assurance of a Woman's-righter, because with all the simplicity of childhood's innocence, began to point out the beauties of her "forthcoming Wax Works." Finally she presented the first group,—her "Classical Wax Works," which consisted of an apparently promiscuous heap of little ones representing the murdered children of Niobe, with the bereaved mother standing by, gazing in agony upon her murdered darlings. After explaining the tragedy, Mrs. Jolly ordered her assistant to "wind up the figgers," whereupon the assistant went vigorously to work turning the handle of an old-fashioned coffee-mill, when Niobe began to weep and cry most piteously.

After an instrumental interlude by Misses Todd and Plamondon, Mrs. Jolly brought out her "Historical Wax Works," in illustration of the story of Romulus and Remus. When the explanation had been given, and the "figgers" wound up, the ghost of Remus began to make sordid demonstrations of a threatening nature, and the frightened Romulus shrank away in terror. This was a most laughable scene, but we could not help reflecting that our little Remus would scarcely be a success as a pupilist.

The "figgers" were, by order of Mrs. Jolly "welled," and Misses Ward and Black sang in beautiful style a charming duet, after which the unwearied Mrs. Jolly brought out her third group, which she entitled "Promiscuous Moral Wax Works." These, if not "promiscuous," were certainly miscellaneous and laughable; but the most laughable feature of this group was a laughing little figure which by some ingenious device, suddenly laughed her head completely off.

When this laughing scene was over, Mrs. Jolly retired, and the Vocal Class wished us a sweet musical "Good-night." Yet still we lingered, till several of the invited guests had expressed the gratification afforded by the very pleasing entertainment which we had just witnessed. We then retired, to the lively strains of a well-executed march.

We had scarcely left the Hall, however, when we were summoned to the visitors' dining-hall, where a simple but plentiful repast awaited us. We partook according to our needs and inclinations, and after a short time spent in social conversation with some friends, we faced the storm again and returned to the college, well satisfied that we were more than repaid for all we had to endure from the piercing winds and driving snow.

We had attended several entertainments at St. Mary's, but never witnessed one that pleased us more than that on Thanksgiving evening. Again, therefore, we thank the good Sisters and the young ladies for the real pleasure we experienced on the occasion.

Lecture Season.

The first lecture of the course announced in a previous number of the Scholastic was given on Tuesday evening by Rev. Father Condon. The Rev. lecturer took for his subject, "The Relations which men sustain towards the institutions under which they live." The manner in which Father Condon handled this important subject was forcible and masterly. He pointed out the true basis of all government; showed in clear and pointed language the duty of the citizen; illustrated, by numerous and appropriate examples from history, the truth of the positions which he maintained, and finally brought the subject home to his youthful audience by directing their attention to the important part which they, as educated American citizens, would soon be called upon to act in the maintenance of truth and justice, and the perpetuation of a well constituted government. The Rev. lecturer was listened to with breathless attention throughout, and at the close of his truly beautiful lecture was greeted with a hearty round of applause.

We hope that all of the lectures to be given during this season, may be as interesting and as instructive as the one of which we speak.

For laughable nonsense, we think the following, from the pen of an Arkansas local, takes the lead:

"Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bunghole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bunghole, and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel, and slaked its thirst with the bunghole, or if the bunghole had pulled the horse out of the barrel, and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bunghole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it."

The biggest catastrophe we ever heard of was the amount Whittington got for his cat.
The Scholastic.

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Notes by the Way.

HEALTH.—Mankind (this excludes horses) is enjoying excellent health at Notre Dame. Cold is the principal cause of complaint. No Spring fever just now.

Those who belong to the Literary Societies spend their recreations as usual in their respective rooms when they occupy themselves with useful reading, preparing for debates etcetera—yes, the winter is always a golden season for the societies; we hope some or all of them will give us an entertainment before Spring.

MUSICAL.—There is to be a musical festival in Cincinnati, Ohio, next May, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas. All musical societies are invited to take part in the festival, and those intending to accept the invitation should place themselves in Communication with Dr. C. C. Miller, official Agent.

We have lately learned from reliable authority that the Thespians intend giving an Entertainment next Tuesday evening. We wish them success equal to that which crowned their efforts on St. Edward's Day. However as the evening fixed for the entertainment interferes with the Literary Societies, we are authorized to say that on all occasions of such interference with the literary meetings, a postponed meeting may be held on Saturday evening instead of Tuesday.

REGULATIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No student will be permitted to leave the College during the holidays unless a letter from parents or guardians be received authorizing him to do so. In no case will a student be allowed to leave before Monday, the 23d. All students permitted to go home or elsewhere for the holidays shall be required to report again on the 4th of January. These rules will be strictly adhered to, and any one absenting himself for a longer time will be expected to bring a letter explaining the cause of the delay.

Thus the critics are searching their dictionaries in vain for the word "spate," which occurs in the third line of Tennyson's last Arthurian Idyll, "Gareth and Lynette," as follows:

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicbeth
And tallest Gareth, in a showerful spring,
Stared at the spate."

Although not to be found in Webster or Worcester, "spate" is a good old Saxon word, still in use in all the Lowland dialects of Scotland. It means the sudden flooding of a stream caused by heavy rains.

Personal.

John Hoyne, for two years past employed in this office, bade farewell to his associates on Tuesday evening last, returning to his former home, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Recovering.—Rev. Father Jacob Lauth, who has been confined to his room by sickness for the last two months, is, we are pleased to learn, fast recovering. We hope soon to see him in the enjoyment of perfect health.

We had the pleasure of a visit last week from Messrs. M. Foote and H. E. Hunt, of Burlington, Iowa. These gentlemen correspond exactly with our idea of friends, and on all occasions show that they feel perfectly at home with us. Their visits are always a source of real pleasure to us.

John Sheridan, formerly a student here, and for some years past a workman in the Notre Dame boot and shoe shop, left this week for New Orleans, whither he was called on account of the illness of his father. John will probably make his future home in the South, and we bespeak for him that respect, wherever he may locate, he enjoyed here amongst his many friends.

Our Exchanges.

Thus far we have received the following exchanges: The College Courant, The Annalist, the Yale Courant, the Yale Record, the College Express, the College Argus, the McKendree Repository, The Little Scholastian, the Scholarist, the Index Niagragensis, The Chronicle, the College Journal, The Volante, The Blackburn Gazette. We received one number of the College Mercury but have not seen it since.

OUTSIDE PAPERS.


Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Buter, W. Briant, A. Blong,
C. Berdel, H. Beckman, M. Bastorache,
R. Boyle, V. Baca, L. Burridge,
G. Brown, J. Blong, W. Bartlett,
J. Brown, M. Brown, J. Brogan,
J. Begue, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke,
A. Costello, J. Comer, B. Dorsey,
J. Donnelly, F. Donnelly, C. Dodge,
W. Dodge, J. Drake, T. Dunden,
J. Devine, J. Eisenman, T. Fitzpatrick,
T. Flannigan, M. Foote, J. Flynn,
B. Gorman, J. Gilles, E. Gambee,
E. Graves, J. Gillespie, D. J. Hogan,

Salmagundi.

A gentleman of the murdie family pays us frequent visits.

The firemen always have a good fire in the play-hall.

Speak well or not at all of your neighbor. This does not mean to "soft soap" him, however.

It is said "that an appetite is a big thing to lose," hence it must be a big thing to have. This can be substantiated by observation.

"Why is it that so many are to be seen with boxes of pie under their arms after dinner on Sundays?" "They are going West, sir!"

We would like to hear that gentleman who asserted "that he could play that upon the violin" pointing to some "radical equations." Of course there must be harmony in them; but how to get it out—"that's the question."

Skating has come, and we fear gone. We think those who tried it last Wednesday week, were pressing the occasion; the snow was too deep. There was skating then, however (under the snow).

Snow-storms are of almost daily occurrence; it would seem we must have fine sleighing soon. Though we can enjoy it in imagination only, we like to see others, who have the time, enjoying themselves.

THE SCHOLASTIC.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

PREPARATORY COURSE—SÉNIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it is dear; I eat mutton because it is cheap."

They are telling about tobacco bugs out West now. That's nothing; we have them here—big bugs too.

Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

The Marquis of Bute is the principal owner of the new line of steamers from Cardiff to New York. Will his sailors be Bute-Jacks?

"Ma," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live my life out on the prairies, than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

A law of Pennsylvania makes the taking of money at the door of a theatre on Sunday illegal, wherefore it is invariably taken at the window.

Sensitve people have terrible times in this cold and ungenial world of ours. A girl in Wisconsin lately committed suicide because her hair wouldn't curl.

A cruel shock has fallen upon the Scotch public. The sword known as the Wallace sword in Dumbarton Castle turns out to have been wielded by Edward V.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed, a few evenings ago, at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

An exchange says, "This is the fifth trout caught this year from the same 'hole,' the total weight of which is six pounds."

"Good," says the Ottawa Citizen; "now we know what a hole weighs."

Mind and Matter.—Augustus (poetically)—"Look, Edith; how lovely are these fleecy cloudlets, dappled over the—" Edith (prosaic)—"Yes. Exactly like gravy when it's getting cold. Isn't it?"

A baby had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink-bottle. Its mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheafs of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

Appleton's Journal says: "What is more charming than an old lady exquisitely attired in a costume appropriate to her age and condition?" That isn't much of a conundrum. Why, a young lady dressed that way beats an old'un all hollow.

A young man of Watertown, Wis., thought it was all nonsense to carry his powder in a flask, and instead he carried it loose in his coat-pocket. On one side behind he isn't so heavy as he is on the other by about three pounds, or he had to get an entire new suit of clothes.

An absent-minded man entered a Troy shoe-store the other day, and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the boy?" said the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man, "I've left the boy at home. I'll go and get him," and off he started for his house six blocks away.

A sportsman in Springfield, Mass., went out for a day's shooting not long since, and mistaking a hornet's nest for a gray squirrel, he fired at and brought it down. Then, like the proud shotist that he was, he went for to bag his game. He picked it up, but he somehow dropped it again as though it was hot. He went home with only one eye open and more cheek than a lightning-rod man.

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax-models for the million, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head. "I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator. "Very likely," replied the man, shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor, "but if you'd been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin."

Fishing is not always a remunerative business, neither does it always pay as a recreative sport. A man in Boston went out for a day's fishing last week, and when he returned he had walked fifteen miles, lost a hundred-dollar watch, spoiled his thumb, spoiled a sixteen-dollar pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught one bad cold and two toad fish. On his arrival, his favorite cat attempted to get away with a piece of clam that he had left on his hook, whereat said cat caught the hook in her throat and couldn't cough it up, and his son in trying to assist her, got another hook into his toe, and the doctor had to cut it out; and to top all, his wife was disgusted and snappy. He says fishing may do all very well for a man who is born lucky, but no more for him.

Curiosity of Literature.—It is a requirement of the law for postmasters, in making out their quarterly returns, to certify on oath to the correctness of the same. One of these useful officials "away out West," in the State of Iowa, living some distance from a justice of the peace, and evidently thinking it a great hardship to hunt up that official, sends the following to the Department in justification of his delinquency in failing to perform this duty. It is genuine and from the original. We suppress the name and office:

Dear sir: I cant a ford to go 5 or 6 miles to a Justes and Pay 25 Cents for nothing if i hant give oath enuff then you can take the office and i shall be very glad of it—I shall do the Best i can fur the United States that i dont think it pays to go so far to a Justes once in 2 years is a nuff—I should have to hier a horse it is up hill.—Recharge.

Ancestral Wisdom.—In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of Peter Van Schreubendyke, who had cleared his own farm, guarded it carefully from the attacks of the Indians, and willed it to his son Jacob. Situated in the interior, and far from any settlement, the farm was transmitted in regular order from father to son, and at last became the property of Heinrich Van Schreubendyke, a good-natured, stolid Teuton, whose son Johannes, a bright and lively youth of sixteen years, was told to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with the grist, and hurry back. The grist was on such occasions placed in one end of the bag and a large stone in the other end to balance it. Johannes having thrown the sack across the horse's back, had got the grist evenly divided, and had no need of the stone to balance it. He ran to his father and cried:

"Oh, father, come and see; we don't need the stone any more."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the scene, and with a severely reproachful look, said:

"Johannes, your padder, your grandfadder, and your great-grandfadder, all went to de mill wid de stone in one end of de bag, und de grist in de other. Unt now you, a mere boy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. You put de stone in de bag, und never more let me see such smartness like dat."
SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

Saint Mary’s Academy, November 27, 1872.

On last Sunday evening the young ladies of the First Senior Class read the first number of their official organ, “The Chimes.” Many of the articles were very good. The tone of “The Chimes” is musical and merry. All the bells seem in perfect harmony. Very Rev. Father General seemed well pleased with this editorial effort of the First Seniors, and promised when he again visited Europe to be their foreign correspondent.

The preparation for the celebration of Thanksgiving Day now occupies the attention of the pupils. The morning during the winter is highly appreciated. “Blessed be the man who first invented sleep,” say all the pupils.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the Table of Honor (Sr. Dep’t) Nov. 24, 1872.

Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen,
Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bridget Crowley,
Lizzie King, Minnie Lange, Aline Todd,
Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke,
Nellie Gross, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown,
Rose Mary Spier, Mary Comer, Libbie Black,
Nellie Langdon, Emma Haggarty, Mittle Ward,
Annie Lloyd, Manne Prince, Julie Kearney,
Minnie Quan, Bay Reynolds, Mary Wicker,
Bridget Grace, Lizzie Daly, Jennie Tucker,
Kitty Finley, M. Letourneau, Agnes Church,
Emily Plamondon, Sarah Shipley, Carrie Creveling,
Nellie Ball, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline,
Laura Wehrlech, Mary Riley, Jennie Noonan,
Esther Boyce, Nellie Foote, Hanna McMahon,
Mary Layfield, Nellie Heedy, Addie Hambleton,
Rebecca Woolman, Louise Pfeiffer, Katie Miller,
Lizzie Ritchie, Lou Beckman, Emma Ives,
Annie Reid, Mary E. Roberts, Elia Quinlan,
Mary Kelly, Mary McGuire, Maria Pinney,
Anabel Stockton, Sarah Chenoweth, Rebecca Marr,
Annie Eby, Mary White, Ros Klar,
Ella Drake, Joanna O’Neill, R. Manzianes,
Angeline Monroe, Mary Lyons, Henrietta Miller,
Lizzie Sheiber, Louisa Lilly, Fannie Snouffer,
Nellie Hinkston, Mary Gregg.

Honorably Mentioned in Instrumental Music.

First Class—K. McMahon, E. Plamondon, G. Crapser.
Second Class—L. Black, E. Quinlan, A. Goldhardt, A. Todd.
Second Division—M. Prince, D. Greene, L. West.
Fourth Class—M. Kearney, A. Reid, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Letourneau.
Second Division—H. Foote, E. Howell, E. Parker.

Fifth Class—A. Mast, E. Haggerty, E. Boyce, K. Finley, D. Simonds.
Sixth Class—F. Lloyd, C. Creveling, M. Faxon, M. Pinney, A. Conahan.
Eighth Class—L. Harrison, E. Richardson, N. O’Meara; M. Walsh.
Ninth Class—T. Schulte, E. Lange, M. Gall, B. Pfeiffer.

HARP.

GUITAR.
S. Shipley, L. Harrison.

HARMONY.

THEORETICAL CLASSES.

EXERCISES.

Vocal Music.
First Class—Miss L. West.
Second Class—M. Wicker, A. Shea, M. Quan.
Second Division—A. Rose, L. James, R. Spiers, M. Letourneau.

General Class.
A. and S. Lynch, Addie Walsh, L. Walsh, M. Walsh, M. Carlin, A. Goldhardt, Mary and Monica Gall, M. Booth, E. Jackson, M. Hepp, M. O’Meara.

DRAWING.
First Class—Miss Rose Devoto.
Second Division—Miss Laura Weinreich.
Second Class—Misses Amelia Keeline, R. Woollam, S. Chenoweth, D. Simonds.
Second Division—Misses N. McMahon, N. McAuliffe, Sophia Smith, A. Goldhardt.
Third Class—Misses N. Booth, C. Smith, N. O’Meara.

OIL PAINTING.
First Class—Misses K. Young, L. Black, B. Reynolds.
Second Class—Misses E. Howell, E. Wade, N. O’Meara.
Second Division—Misses L. Pfeiffer, R. Klar, L. Forrester.

CRAYON.
Miss Sarah Shipley.
FRENCH.
Third Class—Miss A. Todd.
GERMAN.
Second Class—N. Finley, R. Klar, A. Rose.
Third Class—A. Shea, B. Crowley, E. Richardson, M. Marx, L. Daly, P. Pfeiffer.
LATIN.
Misses L. King, J. Tucker.
TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEPT) Nov. 20, 1872.
B. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce.
L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, E. Parker.
L. Harrison, L. McKinnon, P. Lloyd.
A. Walsh, M. Hepp, A. Gollhardt.
M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch.
N. O'Meara, M. Brown, M. Walsh.
C. Smith, L. Schuerle, B. Hassler.
T. Cronin, A. Noel, M. Reynolds.
A. Burney, R. Hooley, A. Rose.
M. Carlin, C. Walker, M. Ewing.
A. Paulsen, B. Pfeiffer, E. Jackson.
K. Hector, E. Lappin, E. Bolton.
L. Walsh, F. Kendall, G. Hooley.
M. Hughes, C. Hughes, A. Green.

SOCIETY REPORTS.
St. Mary's Nov. 20th.
A meeting of St. Agnes' Literary Society was held this evening, presided over by the Sister Directress. The votes were taken for the election of officers, and the following young ladies were appointed:
President—Miss E. Richardson.
Vice-President—Miss G. Kelly.
Secretary—Miss L. Tinsley.
Treasurer—Miss L. Harrison.
Librarian—Miss A. Walsh.

What is the difference between a gauze dress and a drawn tooth? One is too thin and the other is too tooth out.

A DREADFUL disaster has overtaken Mrs. Emma Oiler, of Garnet. She was washing shirts on the back stoop, when she received a letter from an uncle saying that she was one of a few heirs to three millions of dollars in Scotland. She has not been able to wash any more since.

How noble a thing is gratefulness! An engineer on a railroad in Vermont lately saved the life of a child at the risk of his own. The father, poor man, worth only one hundred thousand dollars, asked the courageous man to take a glass of spruce beer as a reward for saving the life of his little darling. The engineer, being a temperance man, declined the generous offer. But this incident shows that the human heart is not entirely devoid of generosity and things, no matter what cynics may say.

WOO D'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.
AGENTS may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by addressing Wood's Literary and Art Agency, New York, New York.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE
Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEAVE</th>
<th>ARRIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line</td>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.</td>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wabash, Laramie and Washington Express (Western Division)</td>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joliet Accommodation</td>
<td>4:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line.</td>
<td>16:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division</td>
<td>5:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville Division, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.</td>
<td>9:30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Except Sunday.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Except Sunday.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The only road running 5 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Chicago.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.
PI TTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.
Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9:00 p.m. Arrives at New York 11:30 a.m.*
2d train " 5:15 p.m. " 6:41 a.m.
3d train " 9:00 p.m. " 11:30 a.m.*

Connections at Crescent with trains North and South, and at Mansefield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.
J. S. MCCLURE, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.
H. W. GWINNER, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
P. R. MYKID, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Agent, Pittsburgh.

* Second day.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.
AUTUMN ARRANGEMENT.

Trains now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEAVE</th>
<th>ARRIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>South Bend 10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>Buffalo 4:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 12:33 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 4:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 2:00 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 4:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 3:37 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 4:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 5:20 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 4:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 8:20 p.m.</td>
<td>Runs to Elkhart.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

GOING WEST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEAVE</th>
<th>ARRIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>South Bend 4:35 p.m.</td>
<td>Chicago 8:20 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 5:00 a.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 8:20 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 5:35 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 6:37 a.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; 9:00 a.m.</td>
<td>&quot; &quot; 8:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Making connection with all trains West and North, except Sunday.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

GO Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.
CHARLES PAINE, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
J. W. GARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. M. NELLIUS, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
J. M. TOULSCH, General Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.
To Lafe ette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 6:30 a.m.; 11:25 a.m.; 1:40 a.m.

Freights, 8:00 a.m.; 1:40 a.m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 6:30 a.m.; 1:40 a.m.; 9:45 a.m.

Freights, 9:00 a.m.; 4:45 a.m. | H. N. CANIFF, Agent.