Correspondence.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, January 22, 1874.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—Dear Sir,—Perhaps a few words concerning matters at St. Laurent may prove of interest to the readers of your journal. Presuming such is the case, I beg leave to transmit you an account of a grand séance which took place, in our new hall, on the evening of the 18th inst.

Though, since taking possession of the hall, several private séances have been given, yet the grand public opening was reserved till last Sunday evening, when between five and six hundred friends of the college, and students, assembled to witness the representation of a serio-comic play, entitled "Baldini," by a party of French students, with the beautiful and highly tragic play of "William Tell," in English, by the members of the St. Patrick Literary Association.

The séance, we are proud to say, was a grand success, completely casting into the shade every former effort of the students of St. Laurent. The Band and Orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Lecours, N. P., played admirably, and the several instrumental solos received well-merited applause.

The opening piece, "Baldini," was excellently rendered, and kept the attention of the refined and appreciative audience alive from beginning to end. But the master-piece of the evening was Sheridan Knowles' sublimely pathetic play of "William Tell:"

Never before did the students of St. Laurent achieve such complete success as did the members of the St. Patrick Association in their presentation of this well-chosen piece.

The attractive appearance of the large stage with its new and complete set of theatrical scenery, kindly purchased by our Rev. Superior; the rich and appropriate costumes, added to the natural and feeling acting of each and every member engaged in the piece, completely took the audience by storm, and called forth repeated and wildly enthusiastic bursts of applause.

The audience, carried away by the perfect portrayal of the spirit of the piece, was at times tearful and sympathetic with some poor victim of the tyrant's aggression; while, again, it almost rose to aid the patriot Tell in his glorious cause.

At the termination of the French piece, during which the whole of which we noticed most masterly acting, a short interval was required to prepare the stage for the English play, during which the audience was entertained by several vocal and instrumental solos. Among those whose masterly acting during the representation of "Baldini" elicited much applause, we noticed Messrs. Vian, Champeau, Rivel, LeCavalier, Valiquette and Bonhomme, with many others.

The curtain now arose on the play of "William Tell," and with it rose a tremendous tumult of applause from the delighted audience, who, when they saw the admirable and most perfectly natural effect of even the minutest particulars could not refrain from expressing their open admiration by repeated plaudits.

Though the whole séance was very successful, this play in itself was indeed a grand success; and during its entire length the audience manifested such a breathless interest in it as was never before witnessed at St. Laurent.

The different tableaux were most beautiful; and after each the audience rose en masse to demand a repetition.

The St. Laurentians, French and English, may well be proud of the success achieved by them; the evening of the 18th, and the St. Patrick Literary Association can with confidence defy any college or educational institution in Canada to rival them in either the literary or histrionic arena.

The whole play of "William Tell" is filled with exciting and affecting scenes, and each member engaged entered heart and soul into its finest passages. Mr. Jas. Coyle, of Providence, Rhode Island, as "Tell," the fearless champion of untrammeled liberty, did nobly. Naturally gifted with a full share of the innate spirit of freedom common to all the children of that fair green isle in the western ocean, his acting and speech were as if the natural promptings of a heart wildly throbbing and unconquered beneath the tyrant's rough and heavy yoke.

Master Dennis McCarthy, of New York, as Albert, Tell's son, won the hearts of all by the unstudied grace and freedom of his acting and by a keen perception of his rôle. Mr. John Bowles of New York, sustained several rôles admirably, but his chef d'œuvre was the personation of "Old Melctal," father of one of the Swiss patriots. After having his eyes burnt out, at the command of the tyrant Gesler, he appeared before Tell, his son-in-law, where the very wonderful histrionic talent of which he is possessed shone forth pre-eminent in his masterly rendition of the affecting scene.

Mr. Jas. Coyle, of Providence, Rhode Island, as Ernest, had the heart and soul into its finest passages. Mr. Jas. Coyle, of Providence, Rhode Island, as "Tell," the fearless champion of untrammeled liberty, did nobly.

Mr. John Bowles of New York, sustained several rôles admirably, but his chef d'œuvre was the personation of "Old Melctal," father of one of the Swiss patriots. After having his eyes burnt out, at the command of the tyrant Gesler, he appeared before Tell, his son-in-law, where the very wonderful histrionic talent of which he is possessed shone forth pre-eminent in his masterly rendition of the affecting scene.

W. B. Meenan, of Providence, Rhode Island, was not quite at home in the character of Gerard, Tell's father, into which that of Emma, Tell's wife, had been transformed, but made ample atonement in his impersonation of the tyrant Gesler.

Messrs. J. Burke of Providence, as Sarnez; J. McCarthy, of New York, as Pierre; F. Hoben, of Missouri, as Michael; M. O'Hare, of Providence, as Erul and Rodolph; James Fogarty, of the same city as Theodore, with George Miller, of Ontario, as Furst and Jas. Wiseman, of New York, as Latold, all rendered their respective parts most excellently. It would be useless to canvass the respective merits of each; suffice it to say that the rendition of every character was well-nigh perfect, and spoke well for the elocutionary standard of the house.

It is the intention of the Patricians, under the direction of their youthful and skilled instructor, Mr. J. Locke, C. S. C., to give another séance, entirely English, on or
about St. Patrick's Day, when they expect to surpass even their effort of last Sunday evening.

Wishing them complete success in their every undertaking, I have the honor to subscribe myself, dear Sir,
Your most respectful servant,

"YANKEE."

Friendship's Parting Words.

"Ametitas nisi inter homines esse non potest."

Loved Friend, look not with longing eyes
For beauties bright, for flowers fair
Within these lines; heart-throbbings though they be
My muse has sought her sunny skies,
Nor pearly pink nor roses rare
Has left to twine a garland grand for thee.

Do not expect such lay as thrills
Like silvery sounds the charming chords
Of Friendship's soul; no master touch is mine
To steal from out these shining strings
Soft, soothing strains; I've never soared,
On wayward wing, where Music sits sublime.

Not mine to tune and sweep the lyre,
Nor waft on high, with burning breath
Delights delicious mingling in my mind;
Though far within, the flaming fire
Of song gleams and glows, and yet
Imprisoned is, by some strange fate unknown.

My theme! how great, inspiring, grand!
It thrills ten thousand touching thoughts
That sweetly spread fond Friendship's holy heart;
'Tis there their glittering glories blend
In rainbow rays, in twilight tints.
Would I could paint them even in part.

Pure Friendship! 'tis a sacred gem,
A boon from heaven, gift of God,
Dropped down to bind in brilliant bands of love,
The high of heart, the model men,—
With them, on earth, is its abode.
Its real home, like ours, is far above.

Rich treasures from its angel wings
Forever falls to smooth our way
Through tortuous trials on Earth's broad battle-field;
How sweet the blissful beams it brings,
When sullen gloom enshrouds the day,
And dreadful darkness stands alone revealed.

Oft hast thou felt its magic power,
Its captivating influence
Come stealing o'er thee, whispering in thine ear
Of those who in some happy hour
With Friendship's sweets wood every sense,
And lightly laughed away corroding care.

Oft in the stillness of thy soul,
Thou'st listened to the mystic flow
Of Friendship's tine, pearl-tipped, sparkling streams,
Singing their songs, as on they roll,
Their laughing wavelets all aglow,
With mellow light from out sweet-smiling scenes.

Like fragrance from some favorite flower,
or zephyr's kiss upon the cheeks,
Thy friendly feelings I full dearly prize;
They cast a charm 'round each bright hour.
Fond memory backward, swiftly sweeps
To where, and when, and how, they took their rise.

I bless that time; it gave a link
To Friendship's golden, heaven-forged chain,
That joins in love the good, the pure, the true;
That lovely link will erst remain.
To bind, though distant far, your friend to you.

My task is done; alas, how ill!
The heart's unuttered poetry
In vain, in vain I've essayed to express;
Soul unto soul alone can tell
Its magic might, its melody,—
Not mine the art the secret spring to press.

Farewell, my soul's own genial friend!
We meet, maybe, on earth no more;
Our paths through life lie severed far and wide.
But weary, worldly ways will end,—
Ah, then! we'll meet on Heaven's shore,
And there, forever, with saints reside.

On Treats.

The subject upon which I have chosen to address you, Mr. Editor, can hardly be called a dry one. A treatise on treats, if properly treated, may prove a rich treat to those whose entreaties have prevailed upon me to attempt it. But hold! be not so sanguine—too sanguine, I mean, of my success. I have failed in several treaties lately, particularly in one which I attempted to make with the inexorable goddess, to whom I addressed a beautiful ode, beginning:

"Aphrodite! Aphrodite!
Can't we make a sort of treaty?"

But allow me to plunge at once into my subject. Treats are of three kinds—the treat possible—the treat probable—and the treat actual. The treat possible is when you have paid all kinds of delicate attentions to an illustrious-looking stranger—protected him from the importunities of hotel runners—carried his carpet-bag half a mile—found out for him the street and number of the residence of the friend whom he has come to visit—taken his part in a street row and knocked down seven canal drivers, besides giving the rest into custody. The treat probable is hard to depend upon—for, as the old proverb says, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." And as to the treat actual, it does not exist until the mellifluous nectar has begun its downward course through the esophagus, and even then it's a chance if your treatist's postal currency has not mysteriously disappeared in the interim, leaving you to take your share of the indignant obligations of the bar-tender.

Furthermore, a treat may be formal or it may be material. A formal treat may be illustrated thus: A.—"Will you take something?" B.—"I don't care if I do." A.—"Well, then, let us take a walk." A material treat must not be confounded with the materials for a treat. The latter are crushed sugar, lemons, hot water, and—what—what dear me, what makes the wind whistle so to-day? I can't hear myself speak—Don't put in too much sugar for a scent—sugar has a soporific tendency, and soap and sugar will bring a boil to a head sooner than anything else I know—so if you want to boil your head—but what am I saying? I merely meant to remark that it is not advisable to put in too much sugar for a scent—the scent of the lemons is more efficacious.

Many are the phenomena of treating. When you hear a young gentleman lay it down as a geometrical axiom,

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HARWICH.
that "Things which are double of the same thing are
double of each other," you may safely infer that that is one
of them. When you read in our green-covered edition of
Walter Scott, the expression "flushed like the moon when
rising in the North West"—you cannot help the conclu-
sion that either Walter himself, his editor, or his printer,
must have had some personal experience in regard to treat-
ing. A literary friend of mine told me the other day that
when he writes he always holds his pen behind his ear.
I knew what was the matter at once, but I did not choose
to say anything. It was doubtless some of these phenomena
that first suggested the proverb, "All roads lead to roam," (not "Rome," as the vulgar imagine,) and the true meaning of
Sic itur ad astra—"So we go up st'rs." Deal gently
with the erring—but in order to preserve the equilibrium
of forces, if you deal gently, you must shuffle and cut
wildly—madly—ferociously. It is a bad thing to be in
liquor, but then there is no use in being too dry. I knew a
Brother once who left the Order because it was too dry.
He left the order for a pair of light gaiters at the shoe
shop because it was too dry to wear his double-sold cow-
hide stogas. Mathematics is a horridly dry study too.
It is so unpopular at a certain University we know of, that
the curriculum of reproduction for the sake of the great truths condensed
into small space which it contains. There is a Mo
nastics were allowed to run about at will.

The Libraries of France.

The amusing tirades against France on account of the
lack of education, to which all her misfortunes are ascribed
by ignorant writers, find their refutation in the simple ex-
ample of the condition of what is granted by all to be a most
efficient means to promote, and the clearest proof of the,
education of a people, namely its libraries. The following
was the condition of the libraries of France in 1863, accord-
ing to the Nouveau Dictionaire d'Histoire et de Geographies,
published by Jacques Lecoffre, Paris, 1866. As the full list,
would be too long, we only give the libraries possessing
3,000 volumes and over, as follows: Chartres, 31,000;
Aix, 100,000; Dijon, 50,000; Ajaccio, 20,000; Dôle, 35,000;
Douai, 36,000; Amiens, 53,000; Angers, 35,000; Laffecie,
34,000; Grenoble, 30,000; Arles, 40,000; Havre, 25,000;
Arras, 36,000; Lille, 30,000; Auxerre, 30,000; Lyons, 150,
000; Avignon, 60,000; Le Mans, 40,000; Besancon, 80,000;
Maries, 51,000; Bordeaux, 123,000; Metz, 30,000; Brest,
24,000; Nantes, 30,000; Caen, 45,000; Nancy, 30,000; Cam-
bral, 53,000; Orleans, 33,000; Chalons-sur-Marne, 26,000;
Poitiers, 25,000; Rheims, 30,000; Rennes, 40,000; Rochel-
elle, 30,000; Rouen, 110,000; Strasbourg, 189,000 in 1866;
Toulouse, 50,000; Tours, 35,000; Troyes, 100,000; Ver-
sailles, 56,000.

PARIS LIBRARIES.

Imperial Library, 2,000,000 volumes, 200,000 MS.; St.
Genevieve, 210, 000; Legislative Body, 70,000; Mazarine,
129,000 volumes, 50,000 MS.; Medical School, 30,000;
Sorbonne, 80,000; Institute, 60,000; Arsenal, 300,000 volumes,
9,000 MS.; Invalides, 30,000; Jardin des Plantes, 30,000;
Paris Library, 63,000; and several dozen more, aggregating
4,000,000 and over.

To this might be added several hundred more libraries
having less than 20,000 volumes, the libraries of other smaller
cities, of universities academies, and colleges, those of
seminaries, bishoprics, and monasteries—all of which help
to promote the education of the nation.

All the public libraries are open daily from 10 o'clock,
A. M., to 10 o'clock, P. M. Besides the public city li-
braries, there are many circulating libraries, club and society
libraries, whose influence towards instructing and enlight-
ening the people cannot be doubted. Extensive and val-
uable museums, art galleries, collections of minerals, etc.,
are attached to each library.

DAVIDSON COUNTY, Tennessee, has the champion poor-
house. The justices who recently inspected it say that the
beds, which had originally contained straw, were nearly
empty, and the sick, the old and the feeble were compelled
to sleep on slats. The faces of the inmates were dark
brown for want of water, and the rooms were like hog
pens—the broken windows admitting the cold wintry
blasts. The diet was coffee, corn bread, and pork. Lu-
natics were allowed to run about at will.
An article on the moon sent to us for publication seems to us to be unnecessary, as a learned scientist—the director of the observatory of Marseilles, we believe—has announced to the world that a pupil of his has discovered that the satellite so useful at night is cracked, and cannot last very long in its present condition. Ah!

We feel ourselves obliged to adhere to the resolution expressed last week, and therefore cannot comply with the request made to publish another communication concerning the *pas de deux* between C. C. J. and LA-ME-RI-MI LA-MI-LA. It is a very pretty fight as it now stands, and we object to making it a triangular duel. Let us have peace.

The services of Mr. John Pendel, a remarkable sculptor in wood and marble, have been secured. He will teach his art to those desirous of learning it. The few specimens of his skill which he exhibited to us place him in the foremost rank among the men of his art. He will work for the new Church.

From the *Announcement* we learn that Col. Dunbar's celebrated Bethesda Spring is as flourishing as ever, if not more so, and that its waters continue to do immense good to numbers of sufferers. Our sentiments on the subject are still the same; and its waters continue to do immense good to numbers of sufferers. Our sentiments on the subject are still the same.

The Thespian Exhibition for the 22nd of February (it will be postponed till the 24th) will be one of the finest ever given at Notre Dame. The plays to be represented on that occasion will give the Thespians a fair field to display their talent, which this year is remarkably good. The music will be in keeping with the rest.

The Catalogue of Books published by Murphy & Co., Baltimore, contains a long and varied list of excellent Catholic works. Many of the books should be found in every library, and we regret that on looking over the list of a circulating library not a thousand miles from Notre Dame we see several books that might well be thrown out and their places filled by such works as Messrs. Murphy & Co. advertise in their Catalogue.

The little depot of the Michigan Central Railroad at St. Mary's Station was the object of an act of reckless vandalism last Wednesday. We cannot ascribe such a deed as the breaking of window-glass and smashing of doors to anything except malevolent prepossession and to a spirit of destruction such as would entitle the performer of such a deed to the severest punishment. The kind attentions of the manager of the Michigan Central Railroad provided our Station with a neat and comfortable depot, and that for the special benefit of the College and the Academy. Now, the stupid vandals who from time to time attempt to deface that house should meet with condign punishment, the more so that the students of the College, who are generally and indiscriminately charged with the crime, do not feel inclined to suffer for the guilty.

**Publications.**

**Brownson's Review**—January, 1874.

The 1st No. of the Second Volume of *Brownson's Review* contains interesting articles on two of the great prelates of America, Most Rev. Archbishops Hughes and Spalding; Home and Foreign Politics; Evangelical Alliance; a continuation of Dr. Brownson's Refutation of Atheism; besides articles on the Marriage of the Deaconship of the Republic; Holy Communion; Transubstantiation, Literary Notices and Criticisms.

**Catholic World**—for February—

Contains—the Principles of Real Being; Spiritualism; Nano Nagle; The Jansenist Schism in Holland; Our Masters; A Looker-Back; New Publications; besides Poetry and the continuation of the serials Grapes and Thorns, The Farm of Mercurion, and the first part of Grace Seymour's Mission.

**The Catholic Record**—for January—

Has the continuation of the article on Spiritualism, by Rev. Dr. Moriarty; A Church of the Period; The O'Donnel of Innismore; In the Church there exists a Divine Means for the Communication and Preservation of Truth; At the Mouth of the Pit; Religion in Education; Souvenirs of the Autumn of 1841; Curiosities of Sound; besides several articles in verse, and Notices of Publications.

It is a long time since we received the *De la Salle Monthly.*

We acknowledge receipt of the Fifth Annual Price List and Specimen Book issued by the Toledo Commercial Co.

**All Around.**

**Skating** was good this week.

**Soirées** to-morrow evening at Washington Hall.

**New Students** are arriving to fill up the ranks.

REV. T. SULLIVAN, of Laporte, was at Notre Dame last Tuesday.

**Examination** is over, and the new Session commences Monday.

**Commercial Seniors** are being examined to-day for diplomas.

MESSRS. P. Ratigan and Stephen Mack, of Detroit, gave us the pleasure of a visit.

**The Examination** went through in the quietest way possible, and every one was in earnest about it.

REV. J. FANNING, of Fairbury, Illinois, was at Notre Dame last Thursday.

J. MALONEY, Esq., of Harvard, Ill., was at Notre Dame this week.

**Work** is going on rapidly on Very Rev. Father General's house, which will be finished early in the spring.

MR. D. CORBY, of Detroit, father of REV. W. Corby, C.S.C., spent a few days at Notre Dame this week.

**Classes** will be resumed Monday, no interruption intervening between the two Sessions.
There is a magnificent bust of the late Hon. Thomas Ewing in the Room of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association.

The members of the Boat Club intend putting up another boat-house to shelter the two fine boats which will be added to their fleet next spring.

Bro. Charles is perfecting the plans of the ceiling of the new church. When they will be carried out and completed, the new church will present the handsomest interior appearance of any church in the West.

Why is it that our friends at the steam-house are so irregular in sending steam to the study-halls? Can’t this be remedied?

We were very happy to meet our old friend, Rev. John Lauth, who has been in Watertown, Wis., for the last two years. He is looking extremely well.

It has been suggested that a bridge be built from the College to the Senior play-hall. It would not be bad for such weather as we had this week.

“Ike” has arrived, and entered as a student. He intends to make a specialty of domestic economy, as he is to be a real estate agent next year. Good for “Ike.”

The St. Cecilians are reading in the Junior Refectory a very instructive as well as entertaining work, the biography of the late Hon. Thomas Ewing, Ohio’s greatest statesman.

Mercury’s period is said to be eighty-eight days. Well, our mercury beats that time; ours makes it in eighty-eight minutes. We suppose he could have a longer period if he wished.

Rev. Father Carrier has received a number of new instruments for the Laboratory, which, by the way, is in a better condition than ever before; and we believe the present Chemistry Class is the largest that has been at the University for a number of years.

Is it not pretty near time the Thespians were at work for the Twenty-second—their great day? We hope to see them come out and maintain the character they have always held of being the Society of Notre Dame when Exhibitions were on the programme.

Two of our noted ball-tossers were amusing themselves last Sunday by catching an apple, when a third party, a non-ball-tosser, came in view, at the same time making a “catch” that surprised our friends and ourselves last Sunday by catching an apple, when a third party, a non-ball-tosser, came in view, at the same time making a “catch” that surprised our friends and selves.

“Various are the conjectures about “The All-Around man.” Some speak of him as a cross fellow, others say he is inquisitive; and others still go so far as to assert that he is misanthropical. Now, we don’t like to be uncharitable, but we would like to tell those surmising folks that they are “another.”

We feel it our duty to beg pardon of our readers for not keeping them better informed on the various Lectures that have been delivered during the past session. It has been one of the most successful lecture seasons Notre Dame has ever witnessed. We hope the incoming session will be as successful a one.

Teacher—“Who was the first man?” Head scholar—“Washington; he was first in war, first in—” Teacher—“No, no; Adam was the first man.” Head scholar—“Oh, if you are speaking of foreigners, I s’pose he was.”

Roll of Honor.

SENIORS.


JUNIORS.


MINIMS.

M. McAulliffe, F. Carilo, C. Buchanan, J. O’Meara, F. Campbell, L. Goldsmith, E. Cleary, C. Clark, R. Golon, H. Middleton.

The Minims on Wheels.

We have frequently of late imagined ourself in the same situation as a certain Ohio politician, of whom it is said that he never opened his mouth without invariably putting his foot in it. Now, please, kind readers, do not interpret literally, for we speak figuratively, and would be sincerely sorry to leave you under the impression that we are such a monster as the literal accomplishment of that feat would require us to be. What we wish you to understand is that we cannot say anything, be it ever so trivial and unassuming, without being called to an account for it and threatened to have an addition made to our capital dimensions, which would be very unpleasant to us under the circumstances. But we trust that the Prefects and Juniors will not remain “down on us,” because we happened to mention some little things concerning the latter’s jaunt. The Columbians, also, accuse us of blundering very much, and later still an esteemed friend says that we could not be blamed for our misdeeds as we were not accountable.

Finally we find ourself in the clutches of the Minims, who make threats of an alarming nature in case we say anything derogatory to their character or conduct at the St. Joe Farm the other day. We will consult our interests and be prudent accordingly, lest perhaps we do get into a hornets’ nest and as a consequence be restrained from making a defence of the principles and theories of balanced umbrellas and moving bodies which were so beautifully illustrated on the occasion referred to.
The morning on which we started was quite chilly, but homœopathy was called into practice by our occupying springless wagons, and trotting the teams over hard-frozen roads, thus giving us the appearance of a party of slackers, as far only as our shakings propensities were concerned. For fear that our keg of cider might share in the general commotion and get out of order, it was considered necessary to place a prefect over it. But Brother Albert can testify that it was not a very agreeable situation, and one that could not be endured very long.

The wagon occupied by Bros. Augustine and Ferdinand was more favored than ours, as we discovered before we had gone one quarter the distance, by its possessing a cook who favored us with a little refraction.

At the Farm we again met the esteemed Father Lourneau, the hospitable Bro. Matthew, Director, with his worthy assistant, Bro. Paulinus, and the ever good-humored Bro. Henry. Bro. Dionysius, too, was there to greet us. At dinner we had the pleasure of partaking of the good things prepared by Sister Good Shepherd and her assistants, and of listening to the sapient remarks of our respected steward.

After spending a few hours as best we could under the circumstances, which circumstances were rain, hail, snow, mud and water, and gathering as many facts on different subjects pertaining to the raising of stock and milking of cows, we began to beg umbrellas, blankets, etc., that should protect us from the teeming rain on our home-bound journey. To the kindness of the good Sister are we indebted for our success in obtaining the much-desired articles, which we solemnly promised to have returned on the morrow in as good order as possible. All things being in readiness, we had: good evening to our generous entertainers and resigned ourselves to the inevitable fate of getting a "ducking," but we determined to stand it with Christian fortitude. We have learned, however, that sometimes one umbrella is better than two, because when two are close together, as on the present occasion, and one is persistently kept lower than the other, thus causing an overlapping, we beseech him who overlapped his neighbor's!

When half way, we were rejoiced to notice that the rain had ceased and that we could light a fragrant cigar presented us by a friend, and enjoy it in quietude whilst we mused over the adventures of the day, and thought of the reception we should get if the students could witness us, so much resembling a lot of barn-yard poultry immediately after a heavy shower to which they had been exposed. The Minims and their fatherly Prefect will please accept the thanks of "Joe."

A Fair Field and No Favor.

"Host not a furnace for your friends so hot As to scorch, may burn, your important selves."

For some days the air has been tremulous with startling rumors to the effect that poor derelict "Harwich" was about to be visited with a severe chastisement for some unpardonable offense recently, and, as it seems, designedly committed by him. Conscious of having violated no rule of courtesy and politeness as a reporter, no maxim of paternal charity as a Christian, a spirit of native-born independence sanctioned by the dictates of common sense forbade us to make an "amende honorable" for the spurious meaning extracted—but not very ingeniously—from the words of our report on the New Year's festivities. Supported by the rectitude of our intentions, and knowing that we had not disobeyed that interior voice ever commanding us to cast aside the pen and let it rust in idleness forever sooner than make it the instrument for piercing any person's feelings, we awaited the onset with perfect equanimity. We were apprized, before "Misstated Facts" flashed upon us benighted, that "Joe" was rushing on as heaven's Nemesis to avenge the shade of his "departed preceptor," and strike a telling blow for the endangered science of numbers. It were well if he had used that "piece of buckskin" which served him so faithfully "when he toddled about in gingham aprons and copper-toed boots,"—from which, we may add, he was emancipated too soon—in rubbing the rust from his ideas before beginning the contest. But does "Joe" come to the front single-handed? We apprehend not. He is a sort of multiplied individual, embodying in himself and blazoning forth the subtlety and sophistry of one opponent and the consequence of another.

The mathematician gives us an interesting autobiography of his early years, dwells on the riot of joy he experienced when, at a comparatively recent date, his preceptor had after exhaustive hammering made him "grasp the mighty idea that everything: has two halves, and only two," and since a barrenness of thought warns him off "from the marshes of rhetorical English," where he would fain abide, if he could, follows the "will o' the wisps" of abortive wit continually enticing him on and continually mocking him with the tantalizing challenge: "Catch me if you can." We are not surprised at his admission, then, that "sad experience taught him that one half a rod would make an ac迦, as well as three halves." The application of the "birch" must have been carried to its highest excellence. Would, however, that its salutary lessons, so well learned by the boy, were not forgotten by the man.

With regard to that "congratulatory New Year's address," which he takes as a convenient peg whereon to hang the disjointed medley of his insensate attack, even if we overlooked the agreement between "unify" and "two halves," it was for the sake of throwing that address into bolder relief; and, to do this, we superadded a "third half!" Being, as it was, a combination—nay, a sublimation—of wit, eloquence, and poetry, it was eminently worthy of being called a speech and a half. Let "Joe" ponder this, and he will see how easily we can reconcile our position with his own. Yes, times are changing, and homines mutantur in illis.

Even "Joe" into the spirit enters, And fits his little frigate for adventures, With jokes exploded, and pointless sarcasm laden, He steers this way in hopes of trading; Good people purchase, his stores are ample, Take "Misstated Facts" as an excellent sample.

We take a melancholy amusement in watching him floundering about, and almost on the point of drowning, but we will reach out a rescuing hand at the last moment. It is to be regretted that he has not outgrown those ideas which involved him in so many difficulties when his aunt sent him on that memorable errand.

"Qui stat videat ne cadat." The gage has been recklessly flung at our feet. Did those who so heroically cast it there, with a broad-chested swing and a look of valaorious defiance, hurl themselves into the easy conviction that we would not dare to take it up? If they founded their hopes...
of coming victory, and wreathed their brows with the laurels of prospective triumph, on this supposition, their hopes are still-born, their laurels nipped by untimely frost, and they are the victims of a vain delusion. We are prepared to shiver a few lances with those redoubtable knights, and do here and now make manifest this disposition. It is foreign to our nature to be disputatious, neither are we desirous of gaining notoriety by entering the lists with those who have attacked us without cause; but much less are we disposed to sit by in acquiescent silence when reflections unjust as they are ungenerous are levelled against us. "Joe" & Co. have "called out the music." Are they willing to let the dance go on? If so, we can assure them that they will be joined in it, with a heart and a half, by misrepresentation.

HARWICH.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED.]

Miss Mary Kaul, Lancaster, Pennsylvania........... $10 00
Mrs. Christiana Brown, New York.................. 10 00
Miss Mary G. Brown, New York..................... 10 00
Miss Margaret Mary Hynes, St. Louis, Mo........... 3 00
Miss Mary A. Dolan, New York...................... 10 00
Margaret Murphy, St. Louis, Missouri.............. 10 00
Mrs. P. V. Fort, Albany, New York................ 10 00
Alexis Joseph Sullivan, Charlestown, Mass........ 10 00
Thomas Maloney, Harvard, Illinois................ 10 00
Julia Sweeney, Boston, Massachusetts............. 10 00
Mrs. M. E. Murphy, Newark, New Jersey............ 3 00

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE eleven largest libraries in the United States, with the number of books in each, are as follows: Library of Congress, 183,000; Boston Public Library, 133,000; Astor Library, New York, 138,000; Havard Library, Cambridge, 118,000; Mercantile Library, New York, 104,500; Athenæum Library, Boston, 100,000; Philadelphia Library, 86,000; New York State Library, Albany, 76,000; New York Society Library, 67,000; Yale College Library, 50,000; Georgetown College, 40,000.

SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

St. Mary’s Academy, January 23, 1874.

The examination of the pupils in the Conservatory of Music commenced on the 12th inst. During two hours a day, for ten days, the different classes were examined in theory, scales, exercises and performance of the graded compositions practiced by each class. The examination was very thorough and satisfactory. We give below the names of those pupils who were promoted in Instrumental Music. The First and Graduating Classes will be examined the close of the term, after which a Musical Soirée will be given by the highest classes in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

The examination in English branches commenced last Monday and will continue till Friday, followed by examination in Foreign Languages, Drawing, Painting and Composition.

Bulletins containing a full report of standing in all the classes will be sent to parents and guardians.

TABLET OF HONOR (Sr Dep’t.)


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Promotions in the Musical Department.

To the Second Class—Misses H. Foote, A. Smith, L. West.
To the Second Division—Misses D. Simonds, A. Morrison, M. Quan, A. Roberts.
To the Second Division—Misses E. Ives, N. Kengel, L. Wyman.
To the Fourth Class—Misses J. Simpson, A. Marantette, L. Tinsley.
To the Second Division—Misses E. Boyce, C. Miller, B. Wilson, C. Klotz, N. Huber, M. Hoover.
To the Fifth Class—Misses I. Hatch, M. Cummings, E. Roberts, M. Johnson, M. Hayes, M. Kasseberg.
To the Sixth Class—Misses F. Hoyt, L. Walsh, K. Morehead, E. Wade, A. Curtain, M. Schultheis, M. Walsh, A. To the Second Division—Misses F. Gunzert, J. Adams, B. Pfeiffer, N. O’Meara, R. Canoll.
To the Seventh Class—Misses M. Reynolds, R. Gallery, E. Lappin.
To the Ninth Class—Misses B. Brown, A. Ewing.

TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEP’t.) FOR JANUARY 23D.


HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE
First Senior Class—E. Richardson, A. Smith.
Third " "—M. Faxon.
First Preparatory Class—M. Resch, M. Carlin, A. Shores, L. Fisk, M. O’Connor, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds.
L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

**GOING EAST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.47 a.m.</td>
<td>A. X. (No. 35), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9:30 a.m.; Cleveland, 3:15 p.m.; Buffalo, 10:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>A. X. (No. 31), Mail, over Main and A. X. Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5:10 p.m.; Cleveland, 9:50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:58 p.m.</td>
<td>F. X. (No. 40), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5:23; Cleveland, 9:40 p.m.; Buffalo, 4:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:09 a.m.</td>
<td>A. X. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2:40; Cleveland, 7:05; Buffalo, 1:25 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:45 p.m. (No 70), Local Freight.</td>
<td><strong>GOING WEST.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:20 a.m. (No. 5), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4:25; Chicago, 6:05 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:20 a.m. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6:15; Chicago, 8:20 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:34 p.m. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7:30; Chicago, 10:20 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:45 p.m. (No. 11), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte, 6:40; Chicago, 9:00.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:05 a.m. (No. 71), Local Freight.</td>
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**THE OLD "RELIABLE" DWIGHT HOUSE, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.**

Messrs. Knight and Mills having become managers of the above popular and reliable house, renovated, repaired and furnished it with new, first-class furniture, the travelling public may rely on finding the best accommodation.

Ladies and gentlemen visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary’s will find here all the comforts of home during their stay.

JERRY KNIGHT, Captain Mills;

**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.**

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman’s Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Philadelphi and New York without Change.

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

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. F. McCULLOUGH, Gen’l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. C. BURKHART. Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.
F. R. MYERS, Gen’l Pass and Ticket Agent, Pittsburg.

* Second day.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

Trains leave West-Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LEAVE.</td>
<td>ARRIVE.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
<td>6:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:45 a.m.</td>
<td>4:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:50 a.m.</td>
<td>4:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:40 a.m.</td>
<td>6:40 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30 p.m.</td>
<td>11:30 a.m.*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
<td>6:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15 p.m.</td>
<td>7:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line.
St. Louis and Springfield Light Luggage Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division.

Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. F. McCULLOUGH, Gen’l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. C. BURKHART, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.
F. R. MYERS, Gen’l Pass and Ticket Agent, Pittsburgh.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Duly. ‡ Except Monday.

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