

The Scholastic Year.

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Editors of the Present Number:

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HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

Delivered before the Senior Students of the University, February 16, 1868.

BY PROF. T. E. HOWARD, A. M.

It has been thought well to open the Course of History with a few remarks concerning History in general, the object of the study, and the best manner of pursuing the same. The acquisition of historical knowledge may be considered in two lights, as a source of mental pleasure, and as a means of advancing our interests in the practical affairs of life.

It is always a pleasure to us to recall to mind the actions of our fellow-men in the past ages of the world. Even as a mere matter of curiosity, there can be nothing more interesting than to explore the paths of ancient empire and renown, to read over the exploits of the great men of Judea, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Phenecia, Greece, Rome, Carthage, and the kingdoms and empires of the middle ages and of modern Europe, as well as of our own Continent. What names we meet with in such a review! The heroes of Asia, Europe and America pass before us, and we look with admiration upon their godlike forms, and contemplate with enthusiasm the deeds which have raised them to the very stars. They are the actors in the great drama of time, and seem to walk before us, and for our own amusement, upon the ever moving stage of human action. The play is always waiting for us, the actors are ready, the scenery is up; open the magic page of History, and, lo, there they are, Warriors, Statesmen, Discoverers, Orators, Poets, Painters, Sculp-

tors, Architects; the wise, the good, the great; yes, and also the evil; all are there. Call them up at pleasure; for you may open at what page you please. Do you wish tragedy? Turn to the History of Carsar, the Fall of Jerusalem, the Death of Charles I, the Wars of Cromwell in Ireland, the French Revolution, the American Rebellion, or the Scenes in Mexico; if these do not satisfy you, History has plenty more; open at another page.

Are you fond of the grand, ennobling Epic? Turn to the Bible, and read the wonderful story of the Jewish Nation, culminating in the glory of the Saviour of the World. Or, read, in History, as well as Romance, the tale of those Crusaders; that tramping host of Europe, who shook the whole earth with the sound of their war cries; and their shouts of exultation, above the ramparts of conquered Jerusalem. Or, again, watch the steady, strong growth of the great Roman empire; until, from a small spot in the swamps, on the banks of the Tiber, it spread out and grasped in its embrace the whole known world. Or, look, from that Jewish nation, from that Jerusalem, from that Rome, see that more wonderful growth; bathed in their own innocent blood, behold that despised people, still spreading as they are trodden upon, until the great ones of the earth are fairly won by the supernatural humility, and the magnificent concourse of Christianity become the glory and the beauty of humanity. And if you would fain look for the sublime in the annals of your own land, take up the story of the Discovery; live over with Columbus those weary years of preparation, of disappointment, suffering and hope, and then start with him and his three small ships and their little

crews, bearing out boldly, with the blessing of Heaven, into the unknown western waters, hope sinking and rising in their timorous breasts, but ever flaming in the great heart of the leader, until at last the long-looked-for land bursts upon their vision, and a new world is added to the domain of God's people; and the untold glory of the future Republic of America looms up to gladden the soul of the hero.

Have the great epic poems of the world, the poems of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, and of Milton, anything more grand in them than is to be found in these inspiring epics of History? and are not the tragedies of History as heart-moving as those of Shakspeare, and of all the great dramatists?

And, indeed, when we come to look closely at the matter, from what sources but those of History did those poets, and all the other great ones who have written for the world's unfailing delight, derive their beauties and their sublimities? The History of man's mind, as exhibited in his actions, is indeed the subject matter of nearly all that is excellent in literary composition; that is, the beautiful poetry of all time is but the History of all time, reformed and compacted in the creative mind and heart of men of genius.

And, speaking as I am now of the pleasures to be derived from the study of History, how without the knowledge of History, shall we be able to enjoy, at all, the beauties of the fine arts, of poetry, of oratory, of music, of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture?

Is it possible for me to apprehend the beauties of Homer, and of the other Grecian poets, unless I understand the History of Greece itself? Every one of these old bards has constant allusions to the customs, laws, and wars of his country; and shall I sit down now, in this age of the world, and endeavor to read Greek poetry with true enjoyment, when I understand little or nothing of the character and History of the wonderful Grecian race? And what to me are the grace and grandeur of Roman poetry, if I know not the truth of that grander Roman History? And, when we come to modern poetry, French, German, Italian, Spanish, English, and American, our inability to enjoy it without a knowledge of History becomes still more apparent. For modern poetry is not only crowded with allusions to modern History, but it is also full of references to that of Greece, Rome, and all the nations of antiquity.

Who again can appreciate the excellence of the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, O'Connell, Patrick Henry, Otis, Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and the rest, or who can enjoy the perusal of their matchless eloquence, unless he first has a knowledge of the leading facts in the History of their respective countries? To take pleasure in the Philipics, of Demosthenes, we must know the History of Philip; to be swayed by the orations of Cicero against Cataline, we must know something of the conspiracy of Cataline; to be fired with the eloquence of Burke and Chatham, we must peruse the History of England, of the American and French revolutions, and of Hastings, in India; to be moved by O'Connell's grand voice, we must know the cruel wrongs of Ireland; and to take pleasure in our own great orators, we must know the History of our own great country.

The like may be said of the other fine arts: we cannot enjoy them unless we know the History of the people, and the ages which produced them. The development of these arts depends upon the kind and the degree of the civilization of the nations by whom they were produced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ice is out of the Lake, my Boys.

Ho, the ice is out of the lake my boys
The waters are flowing free,
The merry March winds are as gay and warm
As any March winds can be.
The cotton woods, down where we moored our skiff
Last fall, when the leaves were dry,
From its swelling buds, sweet odors sends forth;
A prayer to the sheltering sky.
And the clouds bend down, with a flush of red
In their mingled white and blue,
That the struggling flowers under the ground
May gather and wear the hue.
Yes the ice is out of the lake my boys
Our skiff has a sturdy sail,
Hark, hark! with a shout, 'tis a gruff, strong shout,
It spreads its arms to the gale;
And the waves leap up with a welcome gay,
A wreath of foam for our prow,
For our souls are fresh as the air we breathe,
No care upon heart or brow;
No care but the care to be good, and true,
And brave through the storms of life,
So onward we bound with a loud huzza,

We are growing strong for the strife.
Yes, the ice is out of the the lake, my boys,
And the warm young spright of spring
With her blossoms and birds her leaves and
flowers

Now poises on roseate wing,
And no ice shall be in our hearts my boys
Though toilsome the path we tread,
The world shall remember us kind and true,
When it counts us 'mong the dead.

L. M. G.

"THE RECOGNITION."

ACT THIRD—SCENE II.

Leonardo enters, pensive, walking slowly.

Now, this puzzles me to know how this arrow came there, and who shot it. I saw it rattling on the roof of the tower, but the knave kept aloof; the fiends have not all gone, I'll bet. What was that fellow doing on the rocks below, keeping his eyes on me the while, as if he knew me? I'll vouch the rustic meant no good, strolling about the castle. Perhaps he himself sent that arrow, for when the hoary voice of Stephano bellowed out from the tower the scamp cleared out through the narrow lane, as if he saw sack and cord at his heels. (Stephano comes in.) Ah, bravo, Signor Stephano, 'twas you who drove the last enemy from our premises.

Stephano.—(with an air of importance.) Perhaps I did, master Leonardo. I was armed, too, and I would never swerve from my duty, sir, never. From the time I was a boy, I always liked to chatter about battles and sieges. To hear the whizzing of arrows always woke me up, and the near approach of the enemy never failed to produce its wonted sensation on me. Oh! how often at night I *dreamt* that I was engaged in the hottest of the fire, my helmet *firm* on my head and my body clad in complete brass. *Every body* shooting me!—*Archers* shooting me!—*Arbalasters* shooting me, and I, never minding to be shot, so that at last I would get so demoralized as not to know when I was shot. *I would walk the battlements on fire*, as some stout skipper paces his deck in a suit of Bergamo, calmly oblivious of the April drops that fall on his woolen armor. Yea, my besiegers would get spiteful, and would not waste any more good steel on me, and I would laugh: ha! ha!

Leonardo.—What avails it to be so brave in dreams, and hear all your eloquence when the battle is over, Signore Doctore.

Stephano.—Hush, you unreasonable man! Do you think that I would seek the eye of the public like that warlike vagabond of Balthazar, who would sling blazing tar barrels if he could? God forbid!

Leonardo.—Disguise it as you will, sir, bravery is bravery, and this is what rid us of our enemies last night.

Stephano.—Idle chat! idle chat! when you have slain all your enemies and in the end lie a helpless corpse yourself, is your country the better for that? Are you the better yourself? Was not Greece saved by the retreat of the *Ten Thousands*? Their *retreat*, sir, was commendable and worthy of the admiration of all ages!

Leonardo.—And it was out of admiration for these Greeks that you hobbled to the tower's top in great hurry, ha! ha!

Stephano.—Aye! you call that hobbling. 'Twas a narrow escape, (peevishly) for you as well as for me. For if the fellow had reached the loop hole! It chills my blood in my veins to think of it! But I kicked down the ladder, and the vagabond nearly broke his skull. Aye, sir, we all ran the greatest risk; I was placed for a minute between the uncontrollable desire to flee and

hide, and let the place be carried by the ruffians, and my *PETERMINATION*, sir, to defend my post at the cost of my life and play havoc among them, and *this*, with the help of God, I have done; for I threw the panic in their ranks, aye, and to increase their terror I *nodded* to them, sir, and *grinned* to them, then in defiance I roared out to them: "*Videamus quamdiu crudebitis in hac aula morari.*" They shook like aspens, and stole away on tip-top, one by one at first, then in a *rush*, and left me alone. Then I lost all consciousness, and the next thing I can well remember is my *waking* up, in the tower, when Signor Fabiano sent you after me.

Leonardo.—(wondering aside.) Ro co la ra ri! Pouch! These are the words I heard you mumbling with your mouth broad opened and your body all in a sweat. Such a gibberish. 'Twas a terrible nightmare, sir! ha!

Stephano.—I never saw the like of it in Cæsar or Xenophon!

Balthazar.—(enters, eying old Stephano.) Ah! ah! old Beelzebub, 'twas your croaking that spoiled my shot and scared the game away. I would have doffed his doublet and jerkin, but your irreverent howling made him prance away, and so it went wide of him two inches. By Anibal's helmet, I thought I would make another gap in the roof of the tower, and make you converse with him by signs, but my respect to property and the fear of hitting my milkshops nestling with you prevented my doing it. Zounds!

Stephano.—'Twould be little worthy of you, and it would make you none the braver to kill an old man after the battle is over. For my life I would give little. The arrow did not hurt me, although it might as well, to please you.

Balthazar.—What then, did it harm the boys?

Stephano.—I dared not give the alarm to the Duke, but Lorenzo was badly touched; I attended to him; he will soon do well.

Balthazar.—Marry, you are no peevish brat, Stephano. I thought you were all skins and parchments, and I used you wrong, but now I confess I have been a boorish archer; here my hand, Stephano, come to see the boys; poor things, I must see that nothing is amiss with them, (to Leonardo) and you, popinjay, it is no time to look awry, go and pack up your trunks. (Balthazar means to go away, but Stephano detains him.)

Stephano.—(looking to see if Leonardo is gone.) Balthazar, I have something on my mind to tell you.

Balthazar.—Ay, to me—anything you please, Stephano; you've done me a good turn in tending that boy's wound. I am all ears to you. Why do you stare so strangely with your ashy face?

Stephano.—(confidentially.) On the arrow there was a letter.

Balthazar.—Humph! a letter—and what was in that letter? did you keep it?

Stephano.—No, I would not cut my throat for what does not concern me; I took it to the Duke.

Balthazar.—What,—didn't you read it?

Stephano.—I did.

Balthazar.—What did it say?

Stephano.—It read in this way: "Antonio, I know that you are here; I will do all in my power to see you, Bartholo."

Balthazar.—Some foolery, I'll bet,—and the Duke laughed at your nose—did he?

Stephano.—No, he seemed very serious. 'Twas a treason, he said.

Balthazar.—Oh, bah; by Jupiter it was the knave who sent that arrow; no matter, I'll think of it, Stephano, I'll see if some time I can splice that on something else; by the way, didn't you mark how sad Julio looked to-day? I'll bet the Duke was informed by some one of his scrape. The wretch who did it deserves to be punched.

Stephano.—'Twas not I, Balthazar; I would not grieve Julio's heart for the whole of Montefalco.

Balthazar.—I know you well now, Stephano; come, I'll see what is the matter; come, every body must be in the hall now.

SCENE III.

The great Hall—Duke on a throne with Julio—All the courtiers surrounding the throne—Balthazar on one side and Stephano on the other, the farthest from the throne.

Duke.—Nobles, and you of my household, be attentive to what I have to make known to you, and to all my people whom you now represent. You all know the sad events which have marked the three years of disturbance and bloodshed brought on us by unjust aggression from one near related. You know what were his aims, with what covetous eyes he beheld our fertile lands and our prosperous towns. What I have done to prevent his designs needs not to be recalled. What you have done as my helpers and firm supporters, calls for my just thanks and gratitude. With me you rejoice in our glorious achievements, the fruits of which you shall also partake. Yet even in the midst of our exultation, even after this great decisive triumph of yesterday, one thought weighs on my mind, one thought which I tried in vain to shake off, and yet the accomplishment of which might be the source of new disasters and irreparable ruin to our enterprise. I fear I shall die before I succeed in the overthrow of my enemy.

All.—God forbid, good Duke.

Duke.—I am mortal—death may reach me at any hour, but I have provided for what may come, and therefore, according to my ancestors custom and the laws of our country, I name my successor. Should I die in this struggle—behold my only, my legitimate heir in my son Julio.

All.—Long life to our worthy Lord Duke and his son Julio.

Riccardo.—Long life to the legitimate heir of Spoleto. (They bring a crown to Julio, who places it on his head.)

Balthazar.—And soon of Macerata, I'll bet I'll bring him in

Stephano.—Tush, Tush, Balthazar. You are always boasting

Duke.—Now, my lords, do you all promise obedience and swear to serve the interest of my heir, and future successor.

All.—(raising their hands.) We pledge ourselves to serve him, and may God help us.

Duke.—Then let it be heralded throughout our dominions, let our faithful people rejoice and the foe tremble in his last retreat, for now we shall march on Macerata and there plant our banners.

Julio.—My Lord Duke, and much honored father, permit me to acknowledge the marks of kindness you have shown towards me, especially this last and least expected, and also allow that before you depart for new scenes of danger, I ask to follow you with my companions, Lorenzo and Gratiano. Three years I have not quitted these walls, and know scarcely what is the meaning of the great dignity conferred on me. I also desire to conquer fame and renown and render myself worthy to command.

Duke.—And you would desire to share our dangers and our glory before Macerata? My son, an accident might happen to you; you are yet inexperienced.

All.—We will protect him—we will defend him.

Duke.—And which of you will pledge his life for Julio's?

Balthazar.—I will. I'll pledge it ten times.

Julio.—My Lord Duke—Balthazar has been ever faithful to me. It is to him that I owe my knowledge in archery—I feel secure with him.

Duke.—Let your wishes be gratified. Balthazar, you answer for Julio; on your life, mind my word.

Balthazar.—I shall, my Lord! Zounds—there is no danger in my company.

Duke.—And now let us depart. Riccardo, you shall lead the van of the army. I shall command the center, and Fabiano shall bring up the rear, and see to the baggage trains and supplies.

Fabiano.—Your excellence, everything is in readiness.

Duke.—Forward then, all on Macerata.

All.—Macerata—Macerata.

Stephano.—(aside to Balthazar.) Did you see how sad Julio looked?

Balthazar.—I did. Bull of Basan, something goes wrong. I'll soon know it. (Exeunt all in solemn order.)

[Martial music.]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXCURSION OF MERCY.

We have a history to tell,

One very, very funny,

And if we could but give it well,

'Twould be worth more than money.

'Tis of a country cottage scene,

One from the rare adventures

Of Madam Generous; I ween,

'Mong wooden bowls and trenchers:

You know how much she loves the poor,

And how she goes to see them;

To bring sweet comforts to their door,

And from their wants to free them.

Well sometime since (we can't tell when)

She went out in the wildwood

To take warm clothes along, and then

To clothe the poor suffering childhood.

Well, come with me! The room is small

The chairs are few and "flecting,"

And most of them inclined to fall

Like folks at a camp meeting,

Though not because they have the "power"

But 'cause the power is lacking,

The stove seems to have had the "scour"

The floor t'ave had the blacking.

Well, on the bed, in quiet rest

Behold, a hen is setting!

For rats will surely get the nest

Without she has this petting;

Beneath the stove, behold a pig

Which as the guests all enter

Jumps up and burns his brussel wig

And back, all down the center.

Now list! A full, a frightful, "bah!"

Bursts through the open casement,

Ah, 'tis a calf that calls it's "Ma,"

To Madam's great amazement,

Then, on the cabin's other side

Responds the bovine mother

Right through a window, open wide;

They call to one another.

Then last of all a cat doth mew,

And standing there in wonder,

With tail erect, she looks at you

As if to make you plunder.

Her eyes are large; her body small

Her ears are like a rabbit;

If food you chance to have at all

That cat will surely nab it.

Then madam pities this poor cat

The good dame would not hear it,

"If she," quoth she, "but see a rat

She never will go near it,

But on the table she will spring
 Whenever we have dinner,
 And then will eat up every thing;
 The wicked little sinner!"

And then she boxed the poor cat's ears,
 And kicked the pig for burning,
 And both turned off with prudent fears,
 Aroused by former learning.

And Madam thought the cat was mad,
 (Or "*angry*" Madam said it)
 But if it hydrophobia had,
 There was no need to dread it

For pussy cat, she had no strength
 To waste in fits and flying;
 Her spasms went their greatest length
 And lost themselves in crying.

Well, Madam gave what she could spare,
 The food, and clothes they needed
 And from her three legged rocking chair
 Unto the door proceeded,

Then, all went home, but trust my pen,
 This day, the calf's loud bawling,
 The squealing pig, the clucking hen,
 The cow her offspring calling.

She hears, and now believe my word,
 My truth! no smile can quell it,
 You'd laugh to fits, if you but heard
 Dame Generous once tell it. L. M. G.

St. Aloysius Philodemic.

The twenty-third meeting of the Philodemic Society, was held on Tuesday evening, March 3d. The President called the Society to order, and after the usual preliminary business, proceeded to the order of the evening. An essay on Dissipation, was read by Mr W. Walker. The article was well composed and reflected credit upon its author. The question:

Resolved, "that the power of England is Beneficial to the World" was then debated. The first gentleman on the affirmative, not being prepared to maintain his side of the question, Mr. Johnson volunteered to fill his place. The negative was sustained by Messrs. Grogan and O'Reilly. The contest was well conducted and spirited. The President said that he was well pleased with the debate, and gave his decision in favor of the negative.

The Corresponding Secretary having ceased to be a member of the Association, an election was then held, to fill his place, with the following result, M.J. O'Reilly being elected by a large majority.

After some miscellaneous business being transacted, the meeting adjourned. REPORTER.

Tables of Honor.

Week ending Feb. 21st.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Wm. Spalding, H. Lenehan, C. Fuhrer, B. Woolman, J. Sterling, Jas. W. Murphy, C. Ogle, J. McBride, A. Maierhoffer, P. Rhodes and R. L. Aikin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

T. Selby, J. Winterbotham, R. Broughton, J. Coppinger, H. Moody, T. Batman, Jas. Waters, E. Bain, C. Enis, E. Morancy, J. Alber.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. Hukill, G. Lyons, Jas. Murphy, G. Trussell and C. Twombly.

Feb. 28th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Silas Teats, R. Short, C. Hertich, D. Fitzgerald, G. B. Roberts, J. Dickinson, Wm. Abell, R. Callahan, P. McKeon, Wm. P. Weaver and S. L. Moore.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Hackman, J. Nash, J. Lewis, H. Eisenman, E. Benoist, A. Cable, Jos. Smeltz, H. P. Morancy, J. Raggio and James Sutherland.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Harvey Bouton, Daniel Cooney, Rudolph Cure, George Terrell and David Walk.

SURVEYING.—The organization of a Surveying Class is generally the first premonitory symptom of spring at Notre Dame,—even anterior to the removal of the temporary porch which in winter time adorns (goodness gracious!) the front of the principal building. We are disposed to hail any thing which heralds the approach of gentle spring, and hence we exclaim: "Hail, hardy and adventurous Surveyors! May you never suffer from a stoppage *in transitu*. May your heads be ever level, and may your cross-hairs never prove cantankerous!" Ike Partington, on hearing that the class was started, immediately applied to the Prefect of Studies for permission to join. He was asked if he understood trigonometry. "Trigonometry?" said he, "Oh, yes, and I had a double barreled gun once, only mother would never let it inside the house, even when it wasn't loaded, for fear it might go off, for she said you never could tell what might'n't turn up, and then where would we be?—which was very true. So I always had to leave it out in the woodshed, and there it 'went off' one night, sure enough, and never came back."

My Skating Experience.

"What's that you say?" "Did I ever go skating?" "Yes, I did once, and I have had a very full sufficiency thereof!" How I was persuaded to go on the ice, it is needless to say; let it suffice for you to know that I never was on skates previously to this occasion. The occupants of *one* of the skating houses politely invited me to enter under their humble thatch, and placed me under the greatest obligations, by placing a pair of skates under me. I had skates on my *soles*, but oh! would that the thought of skates had never entered into my *soul*! would that I had never seen them!

It appeared to me the easiest thing in the world to skate, when I beheld all the little boys shooting around me, in every direction. I thought I would have no difficulty in the attempt. Therefore, as soon as my feet touched the ice, I "struck out," but alas! for human expectation, my feet flew up and my head down, and my body took a violently recumbent position. Yes, the ice was slippery and I fell. Not in the least daunted, however, I arose and tried it again, but only to make another and more preposterous fall. I had considerable difficulty in regaining a perpendicular position—which, in my estimation, is the proper one, for a man, on skates, at least; and after I had done so, I was accosted by some diminutive urchins, with, "Well, Mister, you're a big thing on ice!" "Cut *stars* first rate!" "Guess you saw plenty of *them*, just now!" "Say, which was the hardest, your head, or the ice?" Now, these remarks did exasperate me very much, and I did straightway determine to chastise the youthful cavilers. Forgetting all about the skates, I attempted to pursue them. My feet flew up in the air, and once more I measured my length on the ice, where I found myself much longer than I was before.

Wildly, I attempted to rise, but, oh! horror, my tailor had not well performed his task, and the sound of tearing cloths was heard "like thunder in the distance, rumbling loud!" Every person was laughing, and in the greatest confusion I attempted to escape. My friends (?) would not hear of such a thing, and as I was utterly powerless in their hands; they led me to a place, where one of the champion skaters was displaying his many antics to the admiring beholders. The crowd continued to increase, and I have no doubt that all the students would have congregated on the spot had not an unlooked-for

accident occurred. The ice cracked! Oh! if you had seen those boys scatter. I have no doubt but that the mice were thrown into great confusion by the appearance of the crabs, in "*y• oldenne tymes*," but their confusion could not be compared to that of the students of Notre Dame on this momentous occasion. Every person, with the exception of myself, had forsaken that fatal spot. I made an attempt to follow their example, but, alas! although the intention was there, the power was wanting, and I failed to do so, and failing to do this, I also failed to stand up, therefore I fell down. Again, and again, I attempted to rise, but the more I attempted, the more I couldn't do it, and at last I abandoned the attempt in despair. As I lay in a recumbent position on the ice, a bright and original idea flashed across my brain—I would roll away from the dangerous spot! I did so, and here I am, and I won't go skating any more!

St. Cecilia-Philomathean Association.

The nineteenth regular meeting of this association was held, Sunday evening, March first.

After the preliminary remarks by the President, the subject of debate—

Resolved, That "moral force is more powerful in forwarding civilization than physical force" was ably discussed, the debaters on the affirmative being M. O'Mahony and J. F. Ryan, those on the negative, D. Wile and R. Staley, besides several volunteers for both sides. All spoke well and produced very strong arguments, evidently showing that they had prepared themselves for the debate with great care. Among those who excelled I must not omit to mention the name of D. Wile, whose splendid comparison between the great orators and renowned generals of ancient and modern times showed his knowledge of history to be very thorough. His arguments, and the manner in which he produced them, displayed that ingenuity and logical turn of mind which we rarely see equalled in the precocious youth of the present day. After reviewing the discussion and summing up the arguments the President gave the decision in favor of the negative. The subject of the next debate was then given, "is a Republican form of government preferable to a Monarchical form?" we expect this will be a very interesting debate, as many of the most talented members of the association are to take part in it. In the last report the name of Master John McHugh, who read before the society a well written

(though very brief) essay entitled "liberty," as he understood it was by some mistake left out in last week's number of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. After reading the essay he was unanimously elected a member of the association.

DNALREHTUS.

THE PAPAL BRIGADE.—Notre Dame will have the honor of taking the initiative in the United States, in the matter of sending volunteers for the Papal service. Hitherto the Catholics of the United States although liberal of the *sineus* of war, have not made a general offer of their blood to the Holy Father. But they will no longer be behind the rest of mankind in this respect. The Church is Catholic—she subsists in all nations,—and all nations should therefore send representatives to fight in her defence at the summons of the Holy Father. It is well, no doubt, to send money to his aid, but unless some men also go to fight, there is not the same proof of earnestness shown. The Church is defended by heavenly soldiers not only against the powers of hell, but also against those of earth, when sacrilegious enough to array themselves in opposition to her. Those, therefore, who with devoted hearts and honorable intention, offer themselves in her defence, become the fellow-soldiers of the angels, and if they die on the field of glory, what doubt but that they will be received by their heavenly comrades into the glory of a life without end? The example we say has been set by Notre Dame. Six young men, from amongst us, have already determined to go and fight in the Pope's defence. They will do their best to get up an American regiment, but if a sufficient number cannot be found to join them, they will attach themselves to any other regiment, wherever a favorable opportunity presents itself. In June, when the engagements which prevent others from following their example will be concluded, no doubt many others will go from here to fight in the same noble cause, unless the troubles be ended before that time.

A RAW IRISHMAN, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have. "Why, something to ate, av coorse," was the reply. A plate of hash was placed before him, "Ph'what's that?" demanded he. "That's wittles," was the answer. He eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabbers! that man that chawed that can ate it!"

Items of Interest Concerning Notre Dame.

The floors of the main building represent an aggregate area of 69,822 square feet. The floors of the other buildings of the University, proper have an aera of 40,000, this estimate does not include the church, the apprentice house and many other buildings used by the Community.

140 steps lead to the floor of the dome. There are four staircases leading from the basement to the sixth story of the building.

It takes three barrels of flour a day to supply the bread used by the students and the Community.

40,944 pounds of beef, mutton and pork have been sent to the kitchen during the months of October, November and December.

Seven hundred hams and shoulders have been purchased during the same months, and a much larger number procured from the farm have been disposed of, moreover, four thousand fowls a year, three hundred and twenty pounds of green coffee a week, or, forty-six pounds a meal; sixty pounds of tea a week; two hundred and fifty pounds of sugar a day; nine hundred pounds of butter a week; two barrels of fish for a meal and two hundred dozen of eggs a meal.

These figures are not at all exaggerated, and will be better understood when it is known that six hundred are fed at Notre Dame every day.

The food expenditures of St. Mary's are not included in the above.

Fashion Base Ball Club.

The first regular meeting of the Fashion Base Ball Club was held on Wednesday, Feb. 19th. The first business on hand was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

Director—Bro. Florentius.

President—James Dooley.

Vice-President—Francis Nicholas.

Secretary—Michael O'Mahony.

Treasurer—John Alber.

Field Captain First Nine—Thomas Arrington.

Field Captain Second Nine—Charles Hutchings.

R. STALEY, Sec. *pro tem*.

A FEW DAYS since, O. D. Rupel, Esq., of Sump-tion Prairie—a former student of Notre Dame—killed, on his father's farm, a large bald eagle, which he kindly sent to us for the College Museum. It is a magnificent bird, weighing, when killed, fifteen and a half pounds, and measuring seven feet three inches from tip to tip of wings,

three feet four inches from beak to tail, and three inches across the upper part of the superior mandible. Thanks to the skill of our taxidermist friend, Bro. Ferdinand, that fine eagle is now ready to occupy a prominent place in our cabinet of Natural History, which, until now, did not contain in its extensive collection of specimens of the feathered tribe, *the King of the Birds*.

It is a tale of the times which have passed, but nevertheless one which has often made me laugh. John Phoenix went to the theatre. Two seats in front of him was seated a gentleman whom he thought he recognized. Wishing to speak to his supposed friend, he requested the gentleman in front of him to punch him with his cane. That obliging personage immediately consented, and straightway the "unknown" was made the recipient of a most terrible punch in the ribs. In the mean time John Phoenix had ascertained that the unknown was not the person supposed, and leaving said "unknown" to settle the difficulty with the gentleman of the cane as best he could, John was profoundly interested in the play. The "unknown" and "he with the cane" were for a while engaged in uttering expressions of defiance and vows of vengeance; one of them, however, soon turned to John; and, with a very sinister countenance exclaimed: "Say! didn't you tell me to punch this fellow with my cane?" "Certainly, sir," was John's bland reply. "Why! in thunder! did you tell me to do that for? roared the infuriated man. "Why! I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not!"

THE EAGLE mentioned elsewhere in our columns, as shot by Mr. Rupel, and presented (defunct) to the College Museum; has since been identified as the self-same venerated bird, whose evolutions supplied matter for so many local notices, in the early numbers of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR,—whose loss was mourned so sincerely by the Society for the Promotion of Ornithological knowledge and the Personal comfort of the Feathered Race, and whose cage still stands—an abomination of desolation—in a corner of Brother Peter's garden. Oh! cruel Rupel! wherefore did thy blood-stained hand imbue itself in the red heart's current of our beloved and majestic friend?—why was thy deadly aim so unerring?

The funeral obsequies will be celebrated by the aforesaid Society for the P. of O. K. and the P. C. of the F. R., and divers orations will be made over the stuffed remains of the deceased, which will be considered in the light of an Egyptian mummy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
March 2d, 1868. }

ARRIVAL.

Feb. 29th—Miss Caroline Edwards, Chicago, Illinois.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Emma Longsdorf, C. Wolfe, Mary Oechtering, L. Chouteau, Mary Morrill, Emma Conan, N. Simms, Christina Thompson, Teresa Stapelton, K. Carpenter, K. Connor, B. Acker.

Junior Department.—Misses J. and M. Walker, M. Toberty, M. and N. O'Meara, Ida Furbish, Anna Garrity, Leonora Mills.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. and L. Plimpton, Mary Tripp, H. Brooks, Blanche Walton, J. Schutt, K. Doran, L. Murray.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, K. Livingston, A. Ewing, K. Cunnea, Laura Lewis.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Mary Carraher, E. Ewing, Anna Cunnea, L. Lyons, A. Adams, Carrie Davenport, C. Bertrand, Rosanna Mukautz, Virginia Brown, Anastasia Darcy, L. McManman, J. Service, N. Taber, M. Barnett, M. Sterling, F. Brady, Mary Claffey.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Amanda Sissons, Emma Ranstead, Josephine Greishop, Winifred Corby, Clara Foote, Mary Wade, L. Bicknell, E. Howard, Emily Plomondon, E. Lindsay, Rose Joslin, Amelia Boyles.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses H. Cameron, M. and L. Cumberford, Mary Simms, Mary Rooney, Harriet and Ellen Thompson, Josephine and Esther Lonnergan, Julia Gittings, Mary Gordon, Clara Casteeter.

Second Intermediate Class.—Misses Anna Boyles, Anna Clark, L. Niel.

First Junior Class.—Misses Mary Sissons, A. Metzger, Mary Clark, Agnes Longley.

Second Junior Class.—Misses H. Hunt, K. Foremann.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, }
SOUTH BEND, March 5th, 1868. }

The following are the names of the pupils in the several classes, deserving of honorable mention for punctual attendance, excellent lessons and deportment:

First Senior.—Misses M. and A. Logan.

Second Senior.—F. Weaver and C. Rockstroh.

Third Senior.—M. Norris H. Talbot.

Second Intermediate.—H. Knoblock and Leo Van Winkle.

First Junior.—M. Luey and A. Sack.

Second Junior.—M. Veesev and C. Orvis.

Minim.—I. Periam, M. Measels and A. Elbel.

Drawing Class.—M. Logan and L. Hanauer.

French.—S. Archambeau and R. Hill.

German.—A. Massy and S. Vanderharr.