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## LECTURES ON HISTORY.

### INTRODUCTORY OUTLINE.

[CONCLUDED.]

With David began the most glorious portion of the history of the chosen people. Having conquered Jerusalem, he made it the capital of his kingdom, which was extended on every side by the power of his arms. A greater ruler than David, or a more worthy one, has scarcely ever existed. A great king, a great conqueror, a great prophet, his greatest glory is that he was considered worthy to sing the praises of God in those glorious psalms which are still chanted in our churches. The civil war caused by the rebellion of his son Absalom was the chief calamity of his reign, and this was considered as a punishment of the only crime of which he was ever guilty. He was further punished by not being permitted to build the Temple, an honor reserved for his son Solomon, whose hands, besides, were not stained with the blood of the nations conquered by the arms of Israel.

Contemporary with Solomon, or immediately after, were Hesiod and Homer, the great Greek poets, who first gave a literature to the Greeks, as David had already given one to the Hebrews.

Solomon was the last king of Israel. After his death ten tribes including all the Hebrews, except the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, revolted and became idolaters. The tribe of Levi, however as well as many families from the other tribes, repented, and were incorporated into the kingdom of Juda. The remaining history of the ten tribes is a history of sanguinary conflicts and crime, until, in about two hundred and fifty years, they were overpowered and carried off by the Assyrians. From that day to this nothing

has been certainly known of the ten lost tribes. They stepped, as it were, out of history, and were lost in the obscurity of eastern Asia. Some have supposed that they continued on until they arrived at the north east of Asia, where they crossed Behring's Straits and entered America, passing down and settling the country, even as far as Mexico and Peru. Whether America thus received its native population or not is, however, quite uncertain, although it is very possible and even probable. Others have supposed that the shepherd kings of Egypt, who first received Jacob and his sons and treated them and their descendants so well, and who were afterwards driven out of Egypt by the people who enslaved the Israelites, traveled by the same route through Asia into America. It may be that both these suppositions are correct; for undoubtedly, the Indians of America are descended from different Asiatic emigrants. The E-quimaux, the North American Indians, the Mexicans and the natives of South America, are all so different from one another that they have evidently sprung from different ancestors. But, what a reflection is this, that the glorious children of Israel, the chosen ones of Heaven may, in consequence of rebellion and idolatry, have fallen so low as to be known to us as the savages of America!

During the two hundred and fifty years that the kingdom of Israel lasted after the separation of the Ten Tribes, God favored those unhappy people with many holy men who might induce them to return to His worship. Among these were the great prophets Elias, Eliseus, and Jonas, the latter of whom was sent to convert the people of Ninneve. Another good man who remained a faithful Israelite was Tobias, whose son, equally good, was favored on his travels with the companionship of an angel.

The destruction of the kingdom of Israel occurred about seven hundred years before the

Christian era. One hundred and fifty years afterwards, the kingdom of Juda was overthrown, the temple destroyed, and the people carried into the Babylonian captivity. During this hundred and fifty years flourished Isaias one, of the greatest of the prophets, who foretold the birth of Christ and the history of the Christian Church down to the remotest ages. During this time also lived Judith who triumphed over Holofernes the haughty general of the Assyrians.

During the same period, in the year 753 before Christ, a few years after the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, occurred one of the most noteworthy events of history, the founding of the city of Rome. It is remarkable that the history of the city of Rome begins almost precisely where that of Israel, or the ten tribes ends; and that the history of the empire of Rome begins almost precisely where that of Juda, or the remaining two tribes ends. Thus Roman seems to be the continuation of Hebrew history, both carrying the history of the world back to the beginning of all things; ancient history closing with the final close of Hebrew power, and modern history beginning then, when Roman power became universal, and when Christianity took the place both of Judean law and pagan lawlessness.

The most remarkable personages connected with the history of the Babylonian Captivity were the Prophets Jeremias, Ezechiel and Daniel, besides Esther, the Hebrew maiden who became queen of the land of captivity. The most remarkable Grecian of that time was Solon the Athenian lawgiver; almost three hundred years before whom had lived the Spartan lawgiver Lycurgus.

The Babylonian Captivity lasted about seventy years, after which the Jews were suffered by Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the Temple. At the time of the return, lived in Greece Miltiades, Themistocles, Pindar, Eschylus, and Pythagoras; and in China, Confucius. This and the years immediately following, including the age of Pericles, was the most glorious period of Grecian history. It was also the beginning of the period of Roman liberty under the Republic.

Rome was at first a kingdom, afterwards a republic, and finally an empire. The kingly form of government continued from the founding of the city by Romulus, in 753 before Christ, until 510 before Christ, when Tarquin the Proud, the seventh and last king of Rome, was driven out by the people, and a republic established. This

was but a few years after the return of the Jews from captivity; so that the rebuilding of the Temple of the Jews and the remodeling of the government of Rome were identical in time. The Roman republic lasted for about five hundred years, until it was finally merged into the empire by the artifice of Augustus Cæsar, when the sterling virtue of the old Roman republicans had passed away forever.

The republic is the glory of Rome. Then it was that the Roman character stood forth in all its greatness and majesty. Then it was that the noble Romans existed. Before the Republic the Romans were barbarians, during the overgrown and sensual empire they were but a nation of slaves and tyrants. It is therefore in the history of the Republic that we are to look for the greatest deeds in the annals of this wonderful people. In free, republican Rome it is that we find such names as, Regulus, Fabius, Scipio, Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar, as well as of the Gracchi, Brutus, Antony, Catullus, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, and the grandest of all the Romans, and hence, we may almost say, of all mankind, Cicero. For a while, during the empire, especially during the reign of Augustus, much of the fruit whose seed had been sown in the republic continued to flourish, but the glory of ancient Rome had essentially passed away forever—buried in too much wealth and comfort, and their consequent luxury and sensuality. Only Christianity could renew the glory of Rome, and with Christian Rome began the glory of modern civilization, which has so far surpassed the gross civilization of the great pagan city.

The establishment of the Roman republic, and the return of the Jews from captivity is also the time when the Grecian nations, especially the Athenian republic, began to be famous in their great men and great deeds. Leonidas the Grecian, and Coriolanus, the Roman hero, flourished at this era. In the next century appeared Xenophon, Epaminondas, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and a little after Philip and Alexander of Macedon. After the conquests of Alexander, and the division of his empire, the Greeks, were no longer a great people politically, and were finally embraced in the wide-spread empire of Rome. But the intellectual influence of Greece continued all-powerful; so that even the conquering Romans were themselves conquered intellectually by the Greeks,—the literature of Rome being but a mere continuation or imitation of that of Greece. Indeed the intellectual empire of the

Greeks has never been overthrown. They are even now the lords of literature, before whom the modern world itself is willing to bow its proud head.

The history of the Jews after their return from Babylon is no longer the history of a great people. Captivity had debased their spirit, and they never entirely recovered from their degradation. Although, led by the Machabees, the old Hebrew spirit seemed to flash out for a while; yet not long after the death of Judas Machabeus the nation merged with the rest of the known world into the vast empire of Rome.

Then at last, when there was no more to conquer, the world was at peace: and in that sublime peace, coming to the world after so long a strife, in that blessed interlude between the ancient and the modern, to the peaceful world, came the Prince of Peace, to give to man a better light than he had hitherto known. A new era had begun for man. A way was opened for him by which he might regain what Adam had lost, and arrive at a more glorious Paradise than that which Adam had possessed. Henceforth the history of the world is the history of Christianity contending with the passions of men, and leading them to be greater and better.

### On Mutability.

*Clown.*—Prithee, Signor Bernardo, on what subject is thy poem?

*Bernardo.*—On Mutability, knave.

*Clown.*—And Mute Ability, I take it, would signify the ability of dummies. I knew a dummy once in Windsor, etc.

—*Love in a Mist.*

To write on Mutability is to write on things as they are. And yet not as they are, but as they were and may be. For the present, being but a mere point of time, is not of sufficient duration for mutability to show itself therein. Change implieth a succession of moments.

Mutability seemeth to be of the essence of human life, so intimately is it connected therewith. Without it we think that we should die. Sameness is tiresome to the children of men. Even were we regaled, like the Israelites, with heavenly bread containing within itself the flavor of every kind of food, we should still weary of the sameness, and clamor for the fleshpots of Egypt.

And yet Mutability is an evil. In the eternal truth, and good, and beauty, there is no change. Mutability is from death, and tends to death.

It cannot give life. Yet it is inherent in all creatures, inasmuch as they are imperfect and fall short of the infinite immutability. In some more, in others less, according to the perfection of their nature. Those nearest the Creator can change but once. The angels fell, but they could not repent. Their immutability then became their perdition. But where intelligence is bound in the chains of matter then is mutability the greatest. Man, who cometh next to the angels, is the most changeable of beings. Below him are the animals, which change not their humors, nor their habits, nor the utterances of their voice, nor their mode of life. Below them trees and all vegetables, which change not the place of their growth. Below them the rocks and metals which have no growth; and gold and jewels, suffering not even rust. And if a change happen in the stars of heaven it shall be noted by wise men as a prodigy.

So when spirit is freed from matter, as in the angels, there is also freedom from mutability; and when matter is freed from spirit, as in gold and jewels, there is also freedom from mutability. But when matter and spirit mingle and mix and vex each other continually, as in man, then is mutability the greatest; and the lower creatures are mutable in proportion as they approach him. For we know many creatures, as doves and coney, which when wild are uniform, and of one shape and color; yet the same, being tamed by man and breeding under his protection, do change both shape and color to many varied forms and hues.

Mutability hath two phases or aspects: Growth and Decay; and albeit that mutability is an evil, yet mutability established, Growth is good. For if we needs must either grow or decay, it is best to grow. So when Immutability put on mutability, though the breath of decay could not touch Him, He "waxed strong, and grew in grace before God and man."

Growth and decay may coexist, as when the hollow trunk of an ancient tree beareth green branches, but in general the end of one is the beginning of the other. When a man hath reached that point which divideth Growth from Decay, he is said to be in his prime. And a nation in like condition is said to be in her glory.

The decay of individuals is inevitable, but the decay of nations may be retarded by wise men. Some flourished but for a lifetime, like the Empire of King Alexander the Great. Some have lasted since the flood, like the monarchy of the Chinese.

Let us then, who have time given us for reflection, meditate on the Growth and Decay of nations, and diligently enquire the causes thereof; that when the time of need cometh, we, as wise men, may give counsel to our own nation, and thus promote her growth and retard her decay.

Let no nation boast of her rapid growth; for a rapid growth presageth a rapid decay. Consider the mushroom, how it groweth in one night, and presently falleth away into the dust by sudden corruption, and is found no more.

The bond of nations is in the heart of man, and when the heart of man is corrupt the bond breaketh, and the nation is scattered and ruined. What corrupts the heart? The desire of unlawful gold.

When men shall seek high places, not that they may serve their country, but that they may heap up to themselves treasures of unlawful gold, then are the seeds of decay sown. The nation may grow still, but it is the growth of the tree with the hollow trunk.

The bond of nations is in the administration of justice. When the evil are no longer restrained in their wickedness. When the judges of the land will not enforce the laws. When the honest men, seeing evildoers unpunished, are driven to inflict, without authority, the penalties of the law in self-defence; then are the seeds of decay sown and growing rapidly.

But the seeds of decay may be plucked up by a vigorous hand, even as the gardener plucketh up the weeds from his garden. Yea, even as the woodman cutteth down the oaks of the forest and tearth up the roots out of the earth.

Who will find us a man that shall thus pluck up the seeds of decay? That shall restrain from unlawful gains those who profess themselves devoted to the service of their country? That shall enforce the laws and enable honest men to live at peace?

See if thou canst find one such: and if thou find one, perchance thou shalt see more.

And the Decay of the nation shall be changed into Growth, and so shall it continue growing until the end of all. For mutability bringeth its own doom; when its reign shall be over and its victims shall be free, then they shall rejoice and put on immutability.

For the end of mutability is Death. S.

HAPPYNESS consists in bein' perfectly satisfied with what we have got, and what we haint got.  
—Josh Billings.

### St. Edward King, of England.

There are innumerable fictitious and external circumstances which seem to exalt men in the social scale, and to impart to them apparent advantages over the rest of the race, as wealth, accomplishments, etc., etc., but *virtue* and *wisdom* alone bestow *absolute superiority* upon the human character, and invest it with a beauty as eternal as the source whence they are derived.

Of this truth we have an admirable instance in St. Edward, King of England, who reigned in the eleventh century to the great edification not only of the age in which he lived, but likewise to that of all succeeding generations.

It has been said of the poets, that they "learn in sorrow what they teach in song." May it not be said of those who have proved benefactors to mankind,—especially of those who have been entrusted with regal authority,—that in adversity they have learned the insignificance of human power, the baseness of human motives, when employed for the attainment of selfish ends; and when once in possession of the ability they have left no means untried to make reparation, offsetting the cruelties and injustices of others by their own meekness, their deeds of generosity and mercy.

O, but for the upright and the holy, whose biographies beam calmly forth from the dark annals of the past, like the pure radiance of stars through the black clouds of a tempestuous midnight, how our hearts would fail us, how hopeless would life appear!

As small natures become weak and contracted when surrounded with prosperity, large souls grow strong and expansive, or rather their innate goodness becomes manifest to the world. Not with the blood-stained sceptre of the Conqueror stands St. Edward before mankind; not with the gorgeous equipage purchased at the price of orphan's tears, and the poor man's toil: not with the egotism of the false philosopher, or the Pharisee thanking God "that he is not like other men," but with the humble unselfish grace of a PERFECT CHRISTIAN we behold him upon the throne, the distinguished legislator of *equal human rights*.

Exiled in early years by ambitious and crafty men, who, envious of his right to the crown, sought to rid themselves of all dangerous rivals, and who assassinated his brother, awaiting but the opportunity to put an end to the life of this

young Prince, the sentiment of revenge found no quarter in the pure soul of St. Edward. The only conquest he sought to achieve, was that of justice. The heavy burden of taxation oppressing the people, was removed by his fatherly hand. From his private treasury this great king drew the gold which restored comfort to the wronged, imparted encouragement to worth, and alms to the needy. Old Westminster stands as the grand monument of his profound piety. He beheld its consecration and then past on to Heaven.

Every year, as royal old October with his mantle of crimson and gold marches along, crowned with the hazy light of the Indian summer sun, a sweet reminder of this great king and greater Saint is presented to every youth of Notre Dame University. On the thirteenth of this month we always celebrate his festival, and honor him while we make our joyful acknowledgment of indebtedness to Very Rev. Father General, the devout and worthy representative of St. Edward in our midst.

Too many exhibit a frenzied ambition to emulate men notorious for their vices and crimes. Happy those who enlist under the standard of St. Edward, and who seek to be remembered as benefactors of humanity, and as worthy the benedictions and imitation of posterity.

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## COLLEGE BULLETIN.

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### Saint Edward's Day at Notre Dame.

The patronal feast of the Very Rev. E. Sorin, always a great day at the University of which he is the founder, was this year celebrated with more than usual splendor, owing to the fact of the venerable gentleman having, during the past summer, become the recipient of the highest honor and position that the religious order to which he belongs can bestow, namely: the Generalship.

The exercises commenced by the ringing of bells on the evening of the 12th inst., the vigil of the festival. The sweet chimes of Notre Dame, mingling their merry notes with the deep bass of the largest bell in the United States, saluted the ears of the Very Reverend gentleman in the most gladdening strains of joy at the return of the anniversary. A guard of honor, headed by the

Notre Dame University Cornet band, then escorted him to Washington Hall, where the greater portion of the students were assembled. The following programme was then presented to the audience:

#### PART FIRST.

Grand Opening March . . . . . N. D. U. Cornet Band  
 Allegro, Haydn's 4th Symphony . . . . . Orchestra  
 March—chorus, (V. E. Becker,) . . . . . Philharmonics  
 Latin Address . . . . . James Cunnea  
 Greek Address . . . . . James O'Reilly  
 "Land of Light"—chorus, by . . . . . Philharmonics  
 English Address—Senior Department . . . . . H. Keeler  
 French Address . . . . . D. J. Wile  
 German Address . . . . . M. Foote  
 Doretten Polka . . . . . N. D. Orchestra  
 Music . . . . . N. D. U. Cornet Band  
 English Address—Junior Department . . . . . J. Ryan  
 Minims' Address . . . . . E. Lyons, G. Gross, J. Wilson  
 Music . . . . . N. D. U. Cornet Band  
 Song—(The Founder of N. Dame,) . . . . . Choral Union  
 Kalif de Bagdad . . . . . Orchestra

#### PART SECOND.

THE GHOST—A Comedy in Three Acts—By the  
 Thespian Society.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Garrick (the actor) as Capt. Storm  
 and Mr. Wilde, Sr. . . . . M. S. Ryan  
 Plump, (an honest landlord) . . . . . A. B. White  
 Blinde, (a conscientious magistrate) . . . . . H. B. Keeler  
 Wilde, Jr . . . . . James O'Reilly  
 Gouvernet, (a scene painter) . . . . . J. M. Moriarty  
 Tom, (a servant boy) . . . . . Wm. Rhodes  
 George, (not afraid of ghosts) . . . . . Wm. Ryan  
 Newsboy, (crier of *The Star*,) . . . . . Jas. Page

After Act I—Orchestra. After Act II—Band.  
 After Act III—Orchestra. March for Retiring.  
 Closing Remarks.

The performance was such as to elicit continual applause from the audience, and a handsome compliment from Very Rev. Father Sorin, at its close. If it were not invidious to particularize, I should select as especially worthy of mention the "Doretten Polka," and the immortal "Kalif de Bagdad," by the orchestra; under the leadership of Prof. Max Girac, a gentleman so well known to the musical world of Chicago. The Cornet Band also furnished its quota of music in very fine style, considering the short time since the beginning of the scholastic year which they had for preparation. Among the addresses, that by the Minims probably carried the loudest applause, as it generally does,—the little fellows usually taking advantage of these opportunities to assert their dignity in a strain rather comic. But from a serious point of view, the address from the Senior Department, read by Mr. H. B. Keeler,

seemed to be the best received. The clear and expressive delivery of Mr. Keeler conveyed to the words an additional charm.

The Philharmonic and Thespian societies, both under the management of Prof. Corby, undertook the chief portion of the evening's entertainment; and, I must say, they performed their difficult parts with great credit to themselves and pleasure to their audience. Public opinion of Notre Dame now exacts a very high order of musical and dramatic talent in every one that ventures upon the stage of Washington Hall; and therefore, when it is stated that the exactions of public opinion were more than satisfied, praise can go no further. Mr. White's performance of the character of "Plump," the *honest* landlord, was particularly worthy of commendation; and, when I say that he so completely transformed himself into the dramatic creation that his very prefect did not know him, all (and there are many) who are acquainted with Bro. Benoit and his powers of ocular perception, will appreciate the force of the remark. The acting of Mr. M. S. Ryan, who took the most difficult part in the play, was also very fine, and the subordinate characters were performed in a style to do honor to the principals.

On emerging from the hall, the crowd found the college buildings illuminated with Chinese lanterns; and a display of fireworks closed the amusements of the evening.

On the following day, early in the morning, the college faculty presented their respects to the Very Rev. Father,—the customary address being read on this occasion by Prof. L. G. Tong, of the Commercial Department; to which the recipient replied in his usual graceful terms, and with expressions highly flattering to the feelings of those who had addressed him. During the sermon of the High Mass, which followed, the Very Rev. E. Sorin again took occasion to dwell on the marks of affection and esteem he had received from the inmates of the University, and added some beautiful practical reflections on the virtue of perseverance. He then adverted to the thought arising from the perusal of the life of the Saint whose festival they were celebrating, and the history of the "Age of Faith" in which that saint lived. He assured them of the protection of Divine Providence, accorded to all that trust in God.

After Mass, the various literary, scientific, religious, musical, and dramatic organizations waited upon the venerable Father and offered their congratulations. A sumptuous dinner followed; and the afternoon was spent in the

innocent recreation afforded by rural sports, and games of strength, swiftness, and skill,—Very Rev. Father Sorin being present and encouraging the emulous contestants.

#### SENIORS' ADDRESS.

VERY REV. FATHER:

When first your attention was called to the West,  
And you left far behind you the home you loved best—  
Fair France left behind you,—and crossed the broad main,  
Your sacrifice, certainly, was not in vain.

But when this locality first met your eyes,  
With nothing around but the woods and the skies,  
And the lake that reflected the heavenly blue,  
Did you dream of the scene that at present you view?

Did visions of palaces stately and fair,  
And blest by the mingling of science and prayer—  
Did these haunt your pillow when sleeping you lay  
In the wanderer's hut built of logs and of clay?

When the Indians around you astonished would stare  
At the great undertaking they saw you prepare,  
Did you dream such a concourse of Japhet's white race  
Would hail you their Father and throned to this place?

Did the statue of One rising up over all,  
Whom all generations most blessed shall call,  
Did this pass before you as musing you stood,  
And made your orisons beneath the dark wood?

Did the carols of birds in the wilderness drear  
Foretell of the chimes to your listening ear,  
Or the voices that rang from the shores of the lake,  
Like the tones of the organ your pulses awake?

Did you think that the landscape around you would swell  
And resound with the sonorous notes of the bell?  
That bell so renowned as the largest, to stand  
Unmatched through the length and the breadth of land

And when meditation your eyelids would fold,  
Did you see passing by you in purple and gold,  
Processions and banners with sacred display,  
To keep with rejoicing some festival day?

Ah yes! some such visions as these must have blest  
The eyes of your mind when you sought in the West,  
A spot in which wisdom her dwelling might build  
And radiate light till the land should be filled.

Some thoughts such as these must your heart have consoled  
When far from your friends and in perils untold,  
You faced and you fought with the world, till at last  
Glad triumph rewarded the trials that were past.

But bright as the visions must doubtless have been  
That were sent to support you by Heaven's great Queen,  
We surely must think when the past we recall,  
That this present reality passes them all.

A century's quarter and more has gone by  
Since you took your abode 'neath the Westerly sky,  
And again you return from your own native land,  
Adorned with new honors and powers to command.

You sat in the council with Bishop and Priest,  
And many had come from the West and the East;  
Around you the holy, the wise and the true,  
The office of General placed upon you.

So you, when, at present, our Father we call,  
We claim many brethren in distant Bengal:  
Your children thus spread without national bound,  
In America, Europe and Asia are found.

But we among all have the principal claim  
To share in your joys and partake of your fame,  
Since we are the sons of the home of your choice,  
And in your success most sincerely rejoice.

Accept then our warm salutation to-day;  
And believe for your welfare we ever shall pray,  
That your administration may fortunate be,  
And prosperity constant your order may see.

That honors around you may thicken and grow.  
And each happy day some new blessing may show,  
May you live to enjoy them for many a year,  
And ev'ry St. Edward's day pass with us here.

Your devoted children of the  
SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

### JUNIORS' ADDRESS.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

The bells proclaim a new St. Edward's day;  
The brazen horns wind forth in notes of glee,  
The student hallward wends his gladsome way,  
To form a world of brightness all for thee.

Now shine the glimmering lanterns on the sight,  
And all the air their golden radiance holds,  
Save where the distant darkness proves 'tis night,  
Whose circling zone this brilliant spot enfolds.

Beneath these honored walls—this temple's shade,  
Where heaves the heart with many a joyous leap,  
The students have this entertainment made,  
Their founder's feast with merriment to keep.

The drowsy call to slumber until morn,  
The fitful nodding of the wearied head,  
The prefect's signal, on the echoes borne,  
Not now shall lure us to our peaceful bed.

For thee to-night the blazing lamps shall burn,  
And stately Thespians play their part with care,  
While all rejoice to see this feast return,  
And in these growing triumphs claim a share.

The height of eminence—the bliss of power,  
And all that wisdom, all that grace e'er gave,  
Descend upon thee in a constant shower,  
In foretaste of the joys beyond the grave.

For see in this thy chosen home is laid  
A firm foundation that celestial fire  
May bless. The rod of empire may be swayed  
By some of us, while others wake the lyre.

For knowledge to our eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time doth now unroll,  
And Honor here excites our noble rage,  
And stirs the genial current of the soul.

Full many a youth with mind and heart serene,  
The fostering arms of Alma Mater bear;  
Full many a genius, otherwise unseen,  
Breathes his effusions on the classic air.

But thou, our Founder, here with dauntless breast  
Thy difficulties and thy trials withstood:  
And here, this glorious day, thou findest rest,  
The recompense of tears—perhaps of blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter learning o'er a smiling land—  
And read thy thanks in students' grateful eyes.

Thy lot is blest: and not for earth alone,—  
Thy growing virtues are not here confined;  
But thou shalt reach at last a heavenly throne,  
And open gates of mercy to mankind.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,  
Thy footsteps towards this Western home did stray,  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,  
Henceforth to keep the tenor of thy way.

Yet even these sweet groves did not protect  
From clamorous honors heaped upon thee high;  
And though with titles and with splendors decked,  
Thou turn'st from solitude with many a sigh.

On fervent prayers thy constant soul relies,  
The pious vows thine office great requires,  
And many a voice for thee to Heaven cries,  
And tends for thee the altar's sacred fires.

Large is thy bounty and thy soul sincere,  
May Heaven a recompense as largely send,—  
A rich reward for every prayer and tear,  
And grant thee where thou dost desire—a friend

No farther here thy merits we disclose,  
Nor draw thy virtues from that blest abode  
Where they in heartfelt hope and faith repose—  
The bosom of thy Father and thy God.

Your devoted children of the  
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

### MINIMS' ADDRESS.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

We hardly know how to commence our address to you this year, but thought as you looked just the same, and acted just as kindly to us little fellows, we would venture to tell you what we wished to say, as freely as we were accustomed to do other years.

This is the first time that we have had an opportunity to tell you how glad we are that you are Father General, for if you were always very good to us, of course you can afford to be kinder than ever now, that you are so great. We would be delighted if we only knew that you would never go away any more, but we are beginning to find out that we cannot have hardly anything as we want it; for example, if there comes a very pleasant day, and we feel just like having a gay time, and playing all day, the old bell has to ring at the very minute, and in we have to march to study and class, the same as if it were raining or snowing; and you know, dear Father, that that is by no means as little boys would wish to have things, for you were like us once and doubtless remember how you used to feel, if you were put in detention, or had not time enough to play; but we would try to put up with all the rest if you would only promise us that you would not go away from us any more.

We are very good this year and are learning rapidly, even though Johnnie Wilson does spell cat with d-o-g, and Master Coffinit insists that duck is the plural of goose.

The First Class can spell or parse anything almost, if it don't happen to be a little too hard.

We hope you are not displeased with us for writing on the wall with lead pencils; Father, it was not us that did it, indeed it was not, it was Dave Walk, and he was a big boy. We don't intend to do anything of the kind.

Father, will you please tell the big boys to stop making fun of us and calling us babies?

Not a single Minim went around crying because he felt homesick, and we saw lots of them crying; now don't you think they are more like babies than we are?

We will try to be as good all year as we have been, and hope that if you should have to go any place this year you will not forget to bring us lots of nice things; and if you should happen to

see the Holy Father, please give him our love, and tell him if we could get hold of Garibaldi we would treat him just as we do our foot-ball; but as we cannot do anything else, we will pray that God may change all his enemies into friends, and you know, Father, that we almost always get what we pray for. We will say all our prayers for you to-morrow, and we said some to-day. As we don't like to make the other young gentlemen wait, we will close by wishing you a very happy feast, and that instead of once a year it came once a month, so that we might have an extra recreation day and do just as we pleased a little oftener.

We rejoice in the title of  
Your affectionate MINIMS.

**Arrival of Students at N. Dame.**

OCTOBER 12TH.

A. W. Arrington, Chicago, Ill.

OCTOBER 14TH.

Charles C. Bane, Lacon, Ill.

OCTOBER 16TH.

Michael Fitzpatrick, Pana, Ill.

**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**

**Table of Honor, Sr.**

Misses J. Cheseboro, M. Carraher, A. Darcy, J. Denny, C. Davenport, K. Carpenter, M. King, A. Mast, J. Lonergan, A. Mathews, M. Sherland, and J. Dobson.

**Table of Honor, Jr.**

Misses A. Clarke, L. Jones, S. Dunbar, M. Bader, L. Wilder, L. Thomson, J. Walton, M. Nash, M. McNamara, B. Henry and A. Strieby.

**St. Edward's Festival at St. Mary's.**

Feast of Very Rev. Father General, Oct. 13, 1868

St. Edward's festival was celebrated at St. Mary's in the beautiful style, the secret of which seems known only to the young ladies of that Academy. The programme was well made and well carried out; beginning, by a grand march, with pianos and harps. We note, *en passant*, that the relative positions of piano and harp did not please; for though it is agreeable enough to see the young ladies playing the harp, it would be more so if the sound of the piano did not drown the mellow notes of the harp.

**PROGRAMME.**

Entrance March } Misses L. and L. Tong, C. Davenport, M. Sherland.  
Chorus—Greeting to Very Rev. Father General.  
Address—Sr. Department—Miss K. Livingston.  
“ French Class—Miss A. Carmody.  
“ German Class—Miss E. Crouch.  
Vocal Duett—“*Light in the East is glowing*”—  
Misses A. Mulhall, C. Davenport.  
Address—From the Juniors and Minims.  
PLAY—Juniors and Minims waiting for Father General's decision.  
Concert Stück—(Von Weber)—Miss E. Lily.

**COAINA; or the Rose of the Algonquins.**

Dramatized by Mrs. M. A. STACE from Mrs. Dorsey's beautiful story.

**ACT FIRST—Scene I.**

COAINA.....Miss E. Carr  
Antonia.....M. Letourneau  
Winona (cousin to Coaina).....K. Medelle  
Madamme Boule.....C. Foote  
Wabassa.....E. Ewing  
Wah-nah-tah-see.....J. Hynds  
Wawa.....M. Kirwin  
Siquetta.....A. Boyle  
Was-sa cum-mi-ed.....M. Sherland

**Scene II.**

Altontinon (aunt to Coaina).....K. Livingston  
Makee.....M. Morrill  
Hontus.....R. Rettig

**Scene III.**

Song “*My Parent Dear*”.....Miss J. Hynds

**Scene IV.**

COAINA—alone.

**Scene V.**

“The Song of May” (W. Wallace)...Miss Smyth

**Scene VI.**

**Scene VII.**

Overture to Don Giovanni { C. Foote,  
(Mozart) { E. Lilly,  
{ E. Longsdorf.

**ACT SECOND—Scene I.**

**Iroquois Lodge.**

Owenee.....L. Chateau  
Kewa.....C. Thompson  
Adecka.....L. Leoni  
Skabo.....M. Toomey

**Several Squaws.**

Song “*My Angel*”.....E. Longsdorf

**Scene II.**

Opeeka.....A. Darcy  
Opee.....H. Niel  
French Song (Judith).....Miss Smyth

**ACT THIRD—Scene I.**

Hilda (Mother to Tarrahee).....E. Crouch

**Scene II.**

Soprocca (A Witch).....N. Tracy  
Epilogue.....R. Rettig  
Tableaux—(Death of Coaina.)

Closing Remarks.