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Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Reflections on the Passing Year.

BY J. E. SHANNAHAN.

In a few weeks the year 1869 will be numbered among the past. It seems but a fortnight since we welcomed its birth. How many changes have taken place! Lips that on its birth wished us "A happy New Year" have since been sealed in death; hearts that beat warmly with high hopes for the future are now as cold as the marble that marks their resting-place. How many good resolutions has it seen broken, brilliant anticipations clouded, and plighted vows discarded! How many hearts has it beheld crushed, bleeding, as the grave closed from their sight their nearest and dearest friends! How often has it witnessed the death of the young, the pure and the beautiful! Its brief career is covered with man's actions, laden with acts of charity and cruelty,—deeds that make the angels weep and rejoice. It is now swiftly and sadly departing to the realms of Eternity, with deeds that it were better for the name of man had never been committed. Nor can wealth, power or influence stay its onward course or erase one line from its fearful record.

Its first-born, Spring, made its appearance—its smile disclosing the beauties of nature, releasing with its warm breath the streams from their icy manacles, welcoming the feathered warblers of the forest, opening the tender petals of the lily and rose, wafting their sweet fragrance on the air—its genial smiles softening the rudeness of the earth, and even creeping into the heart of man, compelling him to bless his Creator—its softening rays reminding man that the time had arrived to cultivate the soil in order to reap its fruits. But at length Spring, the beautifier of nature, the delight of childhood, the staff of old age, the loveliest of the seasons, took her departure 'midst the murmur of the fountains. She was succeeded by her queen-sister, Summer, who came clothed in robes of green. At her approach all nature arose, chanting the praises of the great Creator.

She perfected the work her sister had begun: the trees of the forest were covered with leaves, offering us shelter from the mid-day sun; she presented us with a profusion of the most luscious fruits, inviting us to partake of their sweetness; she strewed the earth with innumerable flowers whose beauty pleased the eye and whose fragrant odor was borne on every breeze to delight the senses; she invited us to wander through wood and forest, to feast our eyes on the wondrous works of her Creator. At night she spangled the heavens with millions of golden stars, inviting us to raise our thoughts and hearts on high. After bringing all the fruits of the earth to maturity she introduced her brother Autumn, and departed. He lingered for a few days, admiring the work of his sister; but he is unable to impart her smiles. The leaves of the trees assume the most varied and beautiful colors—but alas! the hand of death is already upon them. The ear is no longer delighted with the songs of the birds; the days become shorter and the evenings cooler; the leaves drop one by one on the damp earth; the naked trees look on in dispair at the decay of nature, and even man partakes of the melancholy that hangs over the world. Whatever disappointments or sorrows he suffers, he resigns himself in pensive meditation over them. The leaves, the withered roses, remind him of cherished hopes long since crushed to the earth; the fallen leaves, the dead flowers, the short days and the dirge of the wind through the naked trees, are all a solemn warning that he too is mortal, and that he should be ripe in good works when the reaper, Death, comes to gather him into the harvest. After changing the face of nature, Autumn takes his leave to make way for dread Winter. He makes his appearance attended by hail, wind and snow. All nature bows at his approach. The shrubs and trees surrender the last remnant of their vesture at his appearance; the brooks cease their murmuring as he advances to embrace them, and his cold breath arrests the onward course of the rivers. He casts his shroudlike mantle on the earth, and all nature is compelled to wear it. All the beauties of the other seasons that gave us so much pleasure perish at his approach.

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But while the seasons were thus changing the face of nature, were we in any way changing? In the Spring, did we sow the seed of virtue and science? Have we improved the condition of our own mind, or been the cause of improvement to others? Have we acquired knowledge that will be of practical use to ourselves or society at large? Have we discovered and laid up during the summer of life truths that will console us in the winter of our age? Or have we, like the butterfly, lived through the Summer without any thought of the future. Are we satisfied with the labor of the past year? Is there any duty that yet remains unperformed? Finally, have we spent our time and employed our talents to the best advantage?

These are questions that force themselves at this season of the year upon all, but especially on the *student*. He is freed from the cares of the world,—away from its distractions and temptations, in order that he may improve himself and benefit society at large. The world depends on the schools for its future men; and although we may be of small account in our own estimation, and perhaps in the estimation of our professors, yet society will expect some return for the time spent at school.

At this season of the year the merchant takes an inventory of his goods and balances his accounts, in order to discover his profits and make preparations for the coming year. The mechanic counts up his savings of the closing year, places it out at interest in order that the original capital may increase. We too should carefully go over our books, in order that we may be able to discover our mental gains and consider how we may increase them. If we find that we are deficient, set to work like the cautious merchant, to discover the cause of our deficiency—and, having discovered it, resolve to employ our time in such a manner as will in a measure make up for the loss. The school is the market in which we have invested our capital, *time*, and we are sure to obtain an equivalent in proportion to the manner we employ our capital.

In the world two persons may commence business with equal capital; one will become wealthy, the other bankrupt. The success of the one, the failure of the other, are owing to the different manner in which they employed their capital. We have found by experience that Euclid was correct when he asserted that "there was no royal road to knowledge," no pretended machines for turning out ready-made educated men. The paths leading to the mount are narrow and rugged, often strewn with thorns. He who desires to reach the summit must not expect to ride, nor will the surmounting of a few obstacles make the road clear. Mountains must be scaled, rocks climbed, and streams forded; nor must we tarry along about the gardens of pleasure or the bowers of ease. We may possess brilliant genius, but unless we court comely application we will never gain our object.

In a few days some of you will lay aside their books for a brief period, to enjoy the pleasures of *home* and friends. The harder you have studied the keener will be your enjoyment. No smarting regrets for misspent time will mar your pleasure, but the proud satisfaction of having done your best during the time of labor will add to the intensity of your enjoyment during the festive recreation. It is our wish that your pleasure may be as keen and as pure as your studies have been severe; that one and all may enjoy themselves in such a manner that in years to come, when surrounded by the cares, toils and hardships of the world, you may go back in fond memory to the pleasing associations connected with the Christmas recreation of 1869.

AN article in a late number of the Williams College *Vidette* gave us a good deal of surprise. It seems to be the custom there for the Professors to mark the standing of each student every week *in secret*. At the close of the year their marks are averaged by the Professor, and the result is sent to the parents. We can hardly conceive of a more vicious system than this. During the year the student, in ignorance of his progress or standing, is left without confidence or encouragement, and at the end of the year he is placed at the mercy of his teacher.

"They manage these things better in France," or at least at Notre Dame. Here the notes of each student are read in public once in two weeks; and once a month the notes of progress, standing and good conduct, are sent to the parents. We need not say that the result of this system is to give complete satisfaction to students, Professors and parents. It is true that our plan involves a little extra labor, but all are agreed that it is labor well bestowed.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, but did not begin their study until his 27th year.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

The Hymn of the Jubilee.

A CANTATA.

[Written expressly for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the University of Notre Dame, by Rev. M B. Brown; and set to music for the occasion by Professor M. E. Girac, LL. D.]

I.—Introductory—Recitative.

With joy we dwell upon the past,
When honor crowns our toil;
But 'tis better by far—'tis a joy that will last—
To meet with success in a noble cause,
Which heaven approves, while the good give applause,
And the heart contracts no guile.

II.—Initial Grand Chourus.

Then, Father Almighty, we bless Thee and praise,
For Thy right hand hath guided us safe in our ways;
To Thy name be the glory, to man be the gain,
And to us the reward ever true to remain.

III.—Solo—Bass.

When first our founder crossed the main
To bless Columbia's noble youth,
He chose this spot—a virgin plain—
Yet subject to the red man's reign,
On which to light the torch of truth.

IV.—Solo—Tenor.

Years glided by; that sacred fire,
At first a feeble struggling ray,
Aroused the flame of strong desire
In freedom's sons to rise up higher
And catch the gleam of wisdom's day

V.—Duett—Tenor and Bass.

In hundreds from the East and West,
In hundreds from the South and North,
The youth of every creed and quest
Sought out this fount of science blest,
Sought out this spring of taintless birth
To quench the spirit's longing thirst;
And, feeling its unequaled worth,
Declared it of pure founts the first.

VI.—Solo—Recitative.

And to-day we pause in our onward career—
'Tis the day of the Silver Jubilee;
Yes, since truth made her home in this western wild
Old Time hath recorded the twenty-fifth year,
And bids us rejoice with untrammeled glee,
As he points to the future of GOLDEN build,
And to millions of youth
Fired with love of truth,
Thronging round this fair home of the wise and free.

VII.—Grand Closing Chorus.

Then glory and praise to the Father of Light,
For goodness so constant and kind,
And honor to him who with heaven-aided might
And the zeal of a mastering mind
So patiently nourished this truth giving light
Till its rays can no more be confined.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Geometry and the Utility of Studying it.

BY JOHN M. GEARIN.

[Essay read before the Scientific Association]

Although there is some difficulty experienced in arriving at a conclusion with regard to the exact place where geometry had its origin, there being several places claiming that honor from the historian, yet it is generally believed to have been in Egypt. However this may be, it appears to be the country in which we find the first traces of this most important science, and the farthest back we can trace it is about 640 years B. C. The annual overflowing of the Nile, changing as it did the whole outline of the adjacent countries often occasioned disputes, and was very probably the first cause which suggested to the Egyptians the utility of having some science whereby they could measure their lands accurately and prevent the recurrence of disturbance. The origin of geometry followed immediately from this. It must not be supposed, however, that it at once assumed the form of the science which we now call geometry. On the contrary it is more probable, and to a certain degree an established fact, that all that at this time existed were a few simple rules, which were used for a considerable time without attempting to improve them; and being called forth by comparative necessity, were consequently very imperfect. However, if we allow that these are the first of which any traces can be found bearing on the subject, it is of course to the Egyptians the honor belongs of being the first to use geometry.

In the century immediately succeeding its origin, as historians tell us, it began to be introduced extensively into Greece, in which latter country it appears to have received more able professors than in Egypt. Of the works of all the geometricians who in the next three centuries lent their aid to perfecting the science, little is at the present day known; and we must pass on to about 280 years B. C. to find one whose works have survived to the present day. It was about this time that Euclid, appearing like a bright luminary on the horizon of mathematical science, astonished the world by his brilliant discoveries and wonderful genius. Nor can we wonder at his having excited such universal admiration then, at a time when geometry was in its infancy, if we recollect that his "Elements of Geometry," composed at that time over two thousand years ago, have been handed down from century to century and are at the present day considered for close mathematical reasoning to be unequaled by anything which modern science has produced. It may be said with justice that Euclid was the first to reduce geometry to distinct boundaries and arrange the scattered elements which before his time were called by that name. This great geometrician was quickly followed by another, whose name will remain until the end of time one of the brightest ornaments in the history of mathematics. This is Archimedes, who flourished about the year 250 B C., and seems to have been the last Grecian geometrician of great celebrity. Indeed Grecian geometry had at this time reached its highest state of perfection, and though Archimedes was surrounded by many able geometricians, it is from about this time we must note its decline, which was gradual till in the seventh century after Christ, when the burning of the Alexandrian library and subsequent innovation of the Arabians completed its downfall, and deferred its further improvement for nearly six centuries. About the beginning of the thirteenth century the taste for mathematics again revived, and it is to this epoch we may date the regeneration of geometry, as, from this time its progress again became rapid, and every century noted the rise of some distinguished geometrician, up to the present, in which it is considered the most important study in our course of general education.

It is said and admitted as an evident fact that all perfection turns to simplicity, and true simplicity is only found in nature. Hence it follows that a science whose principles are derived from Nature's laws should be perfect in proportion as it corresponds to those laws. Applying this principle to geometry, we cannot but admit that it should approach perfection as nearly as it is possible for human science to become perfect, as on the slightest investigation we will see that a knowledge of geometry is implied in all the works of nature. For instance it is a known principle of geometry that in order to circumscribe the greatest possible surface with the least perimeter, we describe a circle; but, in proving this, have we discovered anything new, have we departed in the least from the evident principles of nature? It needs but a glance to tell us that we have not, but have merely demonstrated a principle, a knowledge of which nature assumes in numerous instances. For an example take the little bee: Nature must have taught it this principle centuries before geometry was thought of, as is evident from the manner in which it shapes its cell. Again, if we notice, we will see the roots of trees (and this is especially true of large ones) branching off from the trunk and forming a peculiar kind of curve. Now geometricians, after years of patient labor and research, have proved that the curving of those roots is not simply an idle freak of nature, but really and practically applications of a very important principle—viz.: that being formed in this way they are more capable of sustaining the body of the tree than if they assumed any other form.

Numerous other examples could be given, but those will suffice to prove that geometry instead of being founded on abstract and impracticable principles, as some would have us believe, is in reality derived entirely from nature. Indeed, men have long ago learned to repudiate the absurd idea that geometry was merely an unmeaning study; and as men are increasing in knowledge, it is rapidly taking its place in the practical theories of life. This fact alone, were there no other, should demonstrate clearly enough its real merit. But when we look around us and see the practical applications which are made of it in all the works of life, and reflect that our engineers, our carpenters, our surveyors and our architects, all owe their science and skill to the application they make of geometry, we cannot help respecting it and regarding it as a precious blessing to mankind.

In studying a science which like geometry is derived from the very first principles of nature, can we say there is no moral instruction and discipline?—can we say, and mean it, that it lends to make us less perfect, or lower our standard of perfection?—can we say, as many pretend to, that in the propositions of geometry we lose sight of our Creator, and are led to doubt divine revelation? Were we to arrive at this conclusion, our reasoning must needs be falser than the absurd philosophy which the narrow minds of some men have cast around geometry; for I think that those who affect to condemn geometry as useless absurdity must be either pitiably ignorant of its true merits or blinded by an ungovernable prejudice against that which their extremely limited intellects render them unable to appreciate.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Elocution.

Elocution may be defined as a knowledge of the rules and principles by which we outwardly express our thoughts. Thus we may possess eloquence, and yet be deficient in using *it* properly and according to nature.

The art of Elocution teaches how to use it properly. It teaches us how to use the vocal organs and voice in a proper manner, how to breathe naturally when speaking, how to stand and gesticulate.

Let us now proceed to the importance of it. Certainly, if anything is important, it is to know how to speak. We may understand thoroughly the arts and sciences, and if we are unable to speak our own language as we should, we may justly say that the most useful and necessary branch of our education has been neglected.

What would you think of a student who after having left college, after having applied himself for years to acquire a knowledge of Latin and Greek, would not be able to use the rising and falling inflection as it should be? And yet many, very many, will you find of that description. From the fact that they do not intend to become lawyers, orators or senators, they argue that it is a loss of time to pay a little attention to it.

Think you, my kind friends, that it is orators or lawyers or senators alone who should well understand the art of delivery? Are you not obliged to make use of *it* frequently during the day in common conversation with friends, in reciting in class, in reading a story or some news to friends? You may not require *it* in the same degree that an orator does, yet need it you do.

The objection that *quite a number* bring against the art of delivery, that unless a man naturally possesses eloquence, it is useless and in vain for him to attempt to acquire it, can be answered by stating that innumerable instances are given, in which persons without any aptitude *or* inclination for elocution have by unremitting toil and perseverance overcome the greatest impediments and difficulties. We need but cite the case of Demosthenes, the greatest orator of ancient times, who on account of his awkwardness in gesture and difficulty in speaking was obliged to quit the rostrum. Yet he did not despair, but with an unconquerable determination of succeeding in what he desired, he overcame all obstacles and showed by his success that where there is a will—a strong, earnest will,—there is also a way.

NEMO.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Chapter About; or, "What is it?"

BY GEMINI.

"Two minds with but a single thought,—
Two hearts that beat as one."

CHAPTER VI, AND LAST.

Containeth Some Account of the Dutch Gap and the Shooting Thereof. Furthermore and In Fine, Biddeth Farewell to the Gentle Reader.

"Row gently here
My grenadier."—*Old Song.*

The St. Joseph River is the crookedest in the United States. Start from Notre Dame University and go due west. Before you have travelled a mile you will find yourself on the banks of the old St. Jo-oh oh-oh-oh! Return to the College and make a fresh start. Go due south. At a distance of three miles the classic stream will burst upon your delighted gaze. Go due north. Ten miles north of the College is the flourishing city of Niles, and there will you find the same dammed river. Make one more start and go due east. Traverse a county or so, and your footsteps will be embarrassed by a silvery thread of limpid water, over which you may pick your way on stepping-stones. Reader, that gushing rivulet is the St. Joseph River.

But it is not only in large circuits that this river displays the sinuosity of its disposition. It has a propensity to wind in and out, zig zag, scollop-wise, about half a mile one way and then half-a-mile the other, its meanderings making the distance to Niles, as per river, about twice the distance as per road, and leaving little peninsulas all along on each side alternately.

In the opening of 1868 very heavy floods occurred. A torrent of water rushed along the river bed. Impetuous in its desire to get to Lake Michigan, it did not see the amusement of stopping to make peninsulas; and finding an isthmus not sufficiently protected by embankments it dashed right across, shortening its course by at least a quarter of a mile, and thereby forming what has since been known to topography as the "Dutch Gap."

Now the river is everywhere swift. It is so swift that it never freezes in the coldest winter, except just above the dam. Imagine the swiftness then accruing from the fall, originally proportioned to the length of three furlongs, being now effected in the course of half a furlong. Imagine the Scyllas in the form of fragmentary rocks and overhanging trees partly torn from their roots by the flood—the Charybdises in the shape of the numerous eddies made by so stupendous a cataclysm; or, if you are unable to picture them to yourself by the aid of the most vivid imagination, perhaps you had better step down to the river—it's about a mile and a half to the spot—and use the method of ocular investigation.

One day during the recent chilly weather, Castor, with two other heroic friends, whom, for the sake of classic uniformity, we shall call Theseus and Polyhistor, shot the Dutch Gap. Pollux was not along—in fact, we hardly think he could have stood it.

Embarking in a light gondola, on the placid waters occupying the former bed of the river, the party proceeded to the Gap, Castor and Theseus plying the rhythmic oar, while Polyhistor benignly smiled upon their efforts from his sedentary employment in the stern-sheets, which were one sheet of ice. He had fondly imagined, perhaps, that the weather was too cold to thaw—even under the pressure of contingent circumstances. *Malheureusement pro pantibus suis*, however, his expectations were deceived, and he realized the inconvenience popularly known as "Fisherman's luck."

Steady rowing soon brought us to the acme of the cataclysm. The crisis was fast approaching. The oars were converted to the purpose of poling. Efforts were made to get into the safest current. Polyhistor grabbed fast hold of the stern, and over she went. Animation was suspended for one instant, and the next we found ourselves in the midst of a thousand whirlpools, fast locked within the fragmentary branches of irrepressible brush.

How we extricated ourselves, and how we worked our way out of the brush and into the main stream, must be left to the imagination of the gentle reader. Suffice it to say that we survive it.

Survive it, however, but to enter an early literary grave. Yes, kind friends, Castor bids you farewell. Both he and Pollux have agreed to depart to the classic shades whence they were coaxed by the editorial witcheries of the SCHOLASTIC. The Dioscuri rarely appear among men, and their last avatar has now reached its term. They are disgusted by the ingratitude of men. The nostrils of Castor in particular have been offended by allusions to a certain oil, called by one of our poets:

"The cup that purges while it lubricates."

with which his name has been incomprehensibly associated. But to their faithful worshipers, the happy few whose virtues make earth still habitable, Castor and Pollux bid a kind farewell, as suring them that virtue never fails to meet its reward. But Gemini has set. No more.

CASTOR.

ICE! ICE!—Lakes Saint Mary and Joseph have finally yielded to the power of Jack Frost, and are consequently covered with a rind of good substantial ice. Snow is fastly covering it, and skating therefore is interfered with, which shall limit our holiday amusements to a certain extent. Still we may hope for a thaw, a rain, and a cold snap; *ergo*, skating.

Law Department of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

The second term of this department opens on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1870. That the student may have the full benefit of the course, it is desirable that all those intending to enter upon the study of Law should make application at as early a date as possible. It is important that this fact should be attended to, inasmuch as we cannot depart from the adopted course of legal studies, and through which the student shall in all cases be required to pass before being entitled to a Diploma from this University.

The course of studies embraces, chiefly—Ethics Constitutional and International Law; Common Law, in all its divisions; the Law of Contracts; Equity; Criminal Law; Commercial Law; the Law of Evidence, Pleading and Practice.

The usual, and it may be added the unprofitable, system of *lecturing* is discarded, and in its stead is adopted the use of such text-books as are universally admitted to be standard authorities on the principles of Law. In addition to this, and for the purpose of imparting a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of his profession to the student, the members of the Class shall be required from time to time to argue cases, draw up pleadings, and conduct law-suits according to the rules and formalities of regular courts of justice. The entire course for those just commencing is intended to be completed in two years, or in four terms; which last correspond with the terms of the other departments of the University.

It is hardly necessary to say that in many substantial features the advantages to the law student are of a superior class. In the first place, the prescribed course is not only much longer, and more fundamental, than that pursued in the majority of law schools, but also in the matter of education, and in general qualifications, a higher standard of perfection is required in candidates for graduation. Again, being entirely separated from the distractions incident to cities and to large communities, the student is free to devote his time and energies to the solid attainment of the knowledge of a profession which while it is the most honorable is also, in point of study the most exacting into which a young man can enter.

For particulars, address Rev. W. CORBY, S. S. C., President of the University.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

A Lecture on Earthquakes.

BY LARRY DOOLAN.

[Delivered before the Consoldated Union of Universal Science.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am to address you to night on the subject of earthquakes Earthquakes are one of my prominent virtues. Earthquakes are, I admit, a rather shaky foundation on which to build a scientific theory. Building theories on shaky foundations is one of my prominent virtues.

I define earthquakes to be—*Terræ motus.* I have chosen this definition because I think it is original. I have another and a graver reason for this definition. It is this: If I had used plain language, the most venerable female lady who hears my voice in this hall would be apt to say that I had told nothing new,—and who will thank me for telling what every other one knows?

I once told a gentleman that my knowledge of phrenology enabled me to divine that the miniature lighthouse on the tip of his nose was a bright index to his spiritual tendencies. At that time I was collecting materials for the present lecture, and finding that I had failed to produce the desired shock, or *terræ-motus* in *corpore humano*, I immediately asked him if I might fraternize with him as a prominent member of the bar? He said —nothing. He didn't even thank me. Why so? Because I neither told him, nor asked him anything new. Hundreds, before me, had told him, and asked him the same thing.

On one occasion I told my French teacher, *Monsieur* McFinnigan, that I thought there was no use for me to try for the premium for penmanship. He grinned, and said that everybody thought the same thing. As a rule, I don't like to be contradicted, but here I expected a different answer.

I once heard a very pious man say that he was a great sinner, and because I thought it more polite to agree than to disagree with him he called me a generation of reprobates. It is safer to contradict a man than to disagree with him when he says anything unpleasant about himself. Observe this rule.

Beloved audience, the current of these observations has now wafted the bark of science to that point on the stream of thought where the pilot of instruction may cast out the anchor of inquiry, and safely anticipate the shadow-heralded approach of your wishes to know what is the cause of earthquakes! [Loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs in all parts of the hall] Beloved audience—[Great agitation among the ladies]—I am profoundly moved with this spontaneous outburst of your intelligent approbation of my humble efforts to throw light on a subject which, I can safely say, has been the cause of more confusion and commotion in the world than has been any other subject that has yet fallen under the eye of scientific investigation.—[Cries of "Good!"—and "That's so."] Encouraged, therefore, by the presence of so much beauty [Great rustling of fans and dresses, and whisperings all around of "I wonder if he means that?"] in the works of nature which the hand of art has left unspoiled and they are many, ["How meanand disagreeable he is!"], I am constrained to saythat the subject is extremely delicate. What then is the origin of earthquakes? I must say that a satisfactory answer to this question presupposes inthe lecturer a thorough intimacy with the subject. From practical experience I could tell any one of you how to spoil a quadrille, or how in days gone by the Bowery urchins used to get up an uproarious bedlam, and what part they played in escorting the "Dead Rabbit" or some other favorite *injine* to a fire; but this thing of earthquakes is, it must be confessed, an entirely different question. I am not familiar with the society of earthquakes, but I'm told that their manners and customs are very shocking to nervous and sensitive persons. A few years ago, there was an earthquake at Ridgeway, in the new Dominion, and the "Queen's Own" said it was enchanting—at a distance. To the ambitious mind it may be more or less satisfactory to explore the clouds amid the flying fragments of an exploded steamboat, or on the splinters of a blasted rock, but in my opinion a man might spend an hour or so in more agreeable situations. As to a train of cars going over a precipice, I have always that a though man derived no great amount of pleasure from accompanying it to the bottom. I am not selfish, however, and if anybody thinks there's fun in these things, I'm ready to make a donation of my prospects in any of these ways It's not funny. Did you ever accompany five or six hundred people to the cellar from a distance of three stories above? I did. I got down first, but I did'nt get out first. I have been in more comfortable positions.

What then is the cause of earthquakes? I'm dead in earnest in asking this question, dearly beloved audience—[Great rustling and fanning among the ladies again, and "He's a flirt," says an elderly maiden in the crowd, "for don't you hear he's making love to us all!" Such giggling and tittering as followed this remark, I never heard before. I saw at once that it required a desperate effort to gain my original ascendency, so I turned a full look on the cause of my interruption, and says I: "Madam, I—" "Oh! dear me, he's looking straight at me! Will I faint?" "Madam," says I again, "If you think that you would derive any consolation from fainting, I have no objection, but before you faint, let me implore you to satisfy this audience that you are not an earthquake!"]

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

"And He Died."

What a solemn sentence is this! how very full of meaning! Every one is struck with its significance, when reading in Genesis of the successive deaths of the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs. Even Mathusela's nine hundred and sixty-nine years of history is closed with this sublimely monotonous assertion—*and he died.*

And since the flood the words have been repeated but the oftener, owing to the greater number and shorter lives of men, until at last the mysterious and solemn sentence makes no more impression on our minds than does any other common thing. But though great things become common, they do not therefore cease to be great, and the silent words, *and he died*, sounding and resounding through all lands and through all time, are only the more awe-inspiring because of the little attention they receive from men, who must themselves soon be the subject of their ever repeated meaning.

The lives of the prophets, patriarchs and kings of Israel are given one after another in the Old Testament, but at the close of each we read, *and he died.* In the new Testament are given the holy lives of apostles, evangelists and disciples; but after each, *and he died.* Even of Mary, and of our Lord Himself, the Master of life, were the solemn words repeated. If these words have been uttered of the holy, not less of the more ordinary mortal. The great ones have risen one by one,—Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Pompey, Cæsar, Cicero, Trajan, Charlemagne, Frederick, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington; their lives were famuos, some lived to be thirty, some fifty, and then it was written, *and he died.* Even so of the poets, of Homer, of Dante, of Tasso, of Shakspeare, of Pope, of Scott; their works will not die, but of each was it said, *and he died.* And the great discoverers have found nothing to keep back the universal sentence: Plato, Aristotle, Copernicus, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, Columbus,—they discovered many things, but at the close, or in the midst of their labors, is silently said, *and he died.*

Where now are our venerable Presidents? Let us call over the august roll: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson. Swift was the race ye ran, shades of the mighty; of all save two it has been said; *and he died.*

Shall we escape? Neither holiness, genius, nor power, has been able to save any. Thy turn will come Live therefore for pure and noble purposes. "Let all the ends thou aimist at be thy God's, thy country's, and truth's." Then will it be well with thee, even at the moment while it is said, *and he died.*

BRO. FRANCIS DE SALES and Prof. J. A. Lyons accompanied to Chicago a number of students going home for the holidays.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

A Little too Much.

"Judging from what we read in the SCHOLASTIC, the students of Notre Dame University, the Catholic institution at South Bend, Ind., must have interesting times. They have recreation halls where the young gentlemen and ladies exercise in dancing and playing hand-ball."—*The Chronicle.*

As we seem to be the cause of having led our *very* excellent contemporary into a good-natured mistake, we feel called upon to make ourselves more clearly understood. In the first place, Notre Dame University is as distinct from South Bend, as the latter flourishing city is from Detroit or from any of its other neighboring villages. In the next place—and may the "gods that never die!" defend us,—as we are not prepared to bear the infliction of a lecture from *Mister-ess* Susan Bernard Anthony, nor from any of that epicene class, we emphatically announce and declare that never within the memory of man, has there been a lady student at this University, and never, no, *never!*—have the ladies, old or young, big or little, been allowed to dance or play hand-ball in the recreation halls with the gentlemen, nor without the gentlemen. *Procul absint cœlestes!* Is that plain? It is possible that the mistake alluded to has arisen from the fact of our publishing, from time to time, communicated accounts of the exercises at St. Mary's Academy, where there are several hundred young ladies, but, then the two institutions have as distinct and as separate existences as if they were one hundred miles, instead of being, as they are, one mile apart. We certainly agree, however, with our ably conducted contemporary, in saying that the truly great University of Michigan ought to have a band of its own. In the matter of good music, as indeed in most other matters, the University of Notre Dame has few rivals and no superiors. In conclusion we present our compliments to *The Chronicle*, and while wishing it a happy and prosperous New Year, we must also pay it the merited praise of saying that its reading matter, for the most part, is pleasing, spicy and scholarly. POLLUX.

SOUTH BEND may well boast of its two splendid public halls: Good's, and Veasy's new Academy of Music. Very few cities of twice as many inhabitants as South Bend afford as good accommodation for public entertainments. Mr. Veasy's Academy of Music is a very large and well equipped hall capable of sitting over 800 persons.

THE *National Union* has made a decided improvement both in its exterior appearance and in the interest of its contents. We know that its able editors can issue a first-class newspaper, and we will not be disappointed. We acknowledge the gracious attention paid to Notre Dame.

"THE *Register* has a column of good things every week, under the title of *Registerings.* But, however, words occasionally, and even the sharpest wit, grows dull at times, as appears from the following, in which our humorous friends would seem to have caught a Tartar:

"It is a singular fact that Christmas comes this year on Saturday and New Year's on Friday.'—*Springfield Republic.*

"The editor of the *Republic* is a good deal like the editor of a Democratic paper just after election—he can't figure correctly."—*Register.*

We thought that only a son of the Emerald Isle could have forgotten that next New Year's comes next year.

THE Hon. Mayor O'Neil, of Milwaukee, has acknowledged with thanks the invitation of the Philomathean Society to their exhibition. Affairs prevented the Hon. Mayor from attending.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

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AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

CASTOR, POLLUX, and ADDITOR .. .Editors.

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St. Cecilia's Day.

The celebration of this Festival, delayed about a month for various reasons, took place on Tuesday evening, the 21st. The entertainment was given by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of the Junior Department, and the Vocal Class of the Senior Department. It consisted of music both vocal and instrumental and a drama entitled "Bellarosa," composed expressly for the St. Cecilians. The weather was very inclement, and hence there was not the usual number of visitors in attendance, but considering this impediment the audience was sufficiently numerous. The first thing that drew our attention on entering was the music of the Band. In fact, this organization, by the superior music it supplied to the audience at intervals during the evening, almost caused us to forget that the Orchestra was absent, and reflected great credit upon its leader Prof. Boyne. Next came the Address from the St. Cecilia Society, by Master Charles Dodge. This young gentleman acquitted himself creditably, and with the exception of a few mistakes in pronunciation, his delivery was faultless. Master Mahony, *alias* Dr. Teddy Mahony, drew rounds of applause from the audience by a lecture upon the efficacy of certain pills which he proposed to vend at a reduced price. The same young gentleman shortly afterwards spoke a Latin ode in a creditable manner. The songs of Messrs. Edwards, Akin and Staley evinced considerable vocal culture on the part of those parties. Prof. Corby then sung a piece entitled "Then You'll Remember Me," in a manner far surpassing anything of the kind we ever heard at Notre Dame. It was vociferously encored, and we have no doubt would have received the same applause at any place or from any audience.

Bellarosa, a drama in five acts, was next begun. It was lately written, and this was its first public rendering. It is evident to all who witnessed it that the Rev. author well understood the abilities of the St. Cecilians, and very happily provided for them. The moral of the play was *obedience*. Bellarosa, the principal character, is a youth of fifteen. His father, Theodebert, is an old man, and an archer in the army of the Duke of Golan, who is at war with some neighboring principality. Theodebert upon leaving home for the war, strictly enjoins Bellarosa not to leave, but to remain until his return.

Bellarosa, enticed by a promise of the Duke, whom he meets in the mountains, carries a message to the army, thus disobeying his father's command. This message that Bellarosa carries, saves the army and estates of the Duke, who in rejoicing at the successful termination of the war almost forgets the cause of his success and the promise he had made. Bellarosa comes into the Duke's camp in the disguise of a minstrel, and sings a song, which is in reality a relation of his own adventures.

The Duke thus reminded of his promise, recognizes Bellarosa, and agrees to fulfill his promise, which was to give Bellarosa half of his dukedom, on one condition, namely, that he does not notice his father if he sees him at court. This Bellarosa agrees to, thinking that there is no likelihood of meeting his father there, and that after he is once a prince, in full possession of his estates, it will be easy to honor him suitably.

The Duke takes him to court, and after keeping him for a short time amongst the pages, declares to his followers his promise, and causes them to salute Bellarosa as prince. Theodebert is present amongst the guards at court during this ceremony, and so great in his emotion at seeing his boy in such a strange position that he almost faints.

Bellarosa meets his father several times at court; but, keeping his promise with the Duke, takes no notice of him, and even offers his attendants to drive him from his presence, although he feels the greatest pain from so doing. His father is almost crazed at such conduct on the part of one who, notwithstanding at first he could scarcely realize it, he is compelled to believe is his only son. Bellarosa finally cannot endure his mental anguish any longer, and determines to escape from the palace and join his father who had left some time before. Meantime, La Brisse, an officer of the Duke's court who was dissatisfied with the Duke's fulfillment of his promise to Bellarosa, makes a plot to kill the prince. He continually watches for an opportunity, but is always foiled in his plans. Finally, with a band of soldiers, he comes upon Bellarosa and his father in the mountains after they had escaped from the palace. He would now have slain both Bellarosa and his father, but for the intervention of Bois Robert, an old archer, and friend of Theodebert. He has been watching for the safety of his friend, and he engages in mortal combat with La Brisse and kills him. At this moment the Duke with his followers comes upon the scene.

Bellarosa's abandonment of the court and princely power for the sake of his father is fitly rewarded, for the Duke and his courtiers had previously determined that if Bellarosa's love for his father conquered his desire for the dukedom, he should possess it, but, that if he preferred the duke dom to a father's love, the Duke's promise should not be fulfilled.

Thus was filial love rewarded in the drama, doubtless to the edification of all. Many other characters besides those mentioned were introduced, chief among whom are Gusman, Bois Bien, Gensano, Amitus and Servillius. The first of these is an old preceptor of the pages, who causes much amusement by his quizzical manner. Bois Bien is Butler of the palace, and gets terribly frightened at a supposed ghost. The other three are pages, and for a time associates of Bellarosa.

First, Master Lewis Hayes recited the Prologue in a simple and appropriate manner, giving the audience a clear idea of what was to follow. Master Dodge performed the part of the Duke of Golan admirably, and certainly carried off the palm for the evening. Master Staley as Bellarosa performed his part excellently, and his singing was especially fine. Charles Burdell as Theodebert deserves great praise for his acting. Master Burdell also delivered the "Seminole's Reply" during the first part of the entertainment, in a style which showed that he had not cultivated his elocutionary powers in vain. J. Sutherland and F. Dwyer, as Gusman and La Brisse respectively, did remarkably well. The former gained rounds of applause by the effective rendering of his part, that of a superannuated pedagogue. F. Kaiser as Bois Robert gave us an idea of the soldier, a man more accustomed to managing the sword than modulating the voice. Wm. Taylor as Bois Bien gained considerable applause. M. Mahony, C. Hutchings, and J. Rumely, as Gensano Amitus and Servillius, pages of the Duke, appeared to considerable advantage. The Epilogue and the closing song were rendered in an effective manner.

On the whole, we spent a very pleasant evening, and we have no doubt that all concerned did the same, even those Juniors performing minor parts, whose names we have not space to mention but who were not undeserving of praise. This entertainment was a fitting one for the opening of the Christmas holidays, and we hope, that before they are over many more such may be given by the various Societies of the University.

ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

OF THE

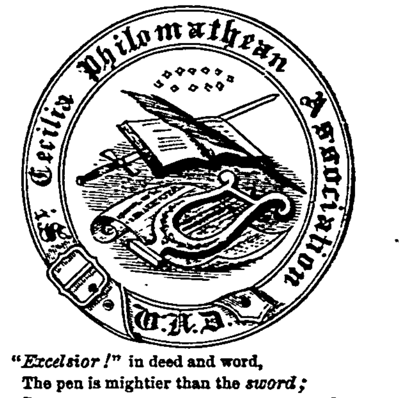
FESTIVAL OF SAINT CECILIA.

By the Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association, of the Junior Collegiate Department, and Prof. Corby's Vocal Class of the Senior Department of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, Tuesday Evening, December 21, 1869.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Grand Entrance March.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture.....Orchestra
Ode to St. Cecilia.....Robert Staley
Ballad,—(*from "Bohemian Girl," Balfe*) ....
Address—St. Cecilia Society.....Charles Dodge
Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
Song—The Wanderer—*F. Shubert*.....R. Staley
Latin Ode.....Michael Mahony
Speech.....Charles Burdell
Address in German.....Frederick Kaiser
Who Treads the Path of Duty—*Mozart*..E. Walker
Declamation.....Harrold Hayes
The O'Kavanagh.....H. O'Neill
Now the Swallows are returning....J. F. Edwards
Now I am a Man.....Selim McArthur
Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
Ballad.....R. L. Akin
Prologue.....Lewis Hayes



"*Excelsior!*" in deed and word,
The pen is mightier than the *sword;*
Wouldst thou receive the *starry crown?*
In *tuneful contests* seek renown;—
"*United for eternity!*"
CECILIANS, such our motto be.

PART SECOND

BELLAROSA---A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAINT CECILIA SOCIETY,

By a member of the College Faculty, for the purpose of bringing out the elocutionary talent of the members of the said Society.

Dramatis Personæ.

Bellarosa, a youth of fifteen, son of Theodebert.....Robert Staley
Duke of Golan, a true Knight.....C. Dodge
Theodebert, old man of 70 years, father of Bellarosa, an archer.....C. Burdell
La Brisse, officer of the Duke.....F. Dwyer
Bois Robert, a soldier 50 years old, friend of Theodebert, an archer.....F. Kaiser
Gusman, old preceptor of the pages...J. Sutherland

Gontrand,	Courtiers	Wm. Clarke
La Fere,		Wm. Dodge
Montreal,		J. McGuire
Albrantin		H. Hayes
Herman,		J. Nash
Gensano,	Pages	M. Mahony
Amitus,		C. Hutchings
Servilius,		J. Rumely

La Rovere, Captain of Archers		S. Ashton
Tristan, officer of the Duke		O. Baker
Godfrey, Marshal		R. Long
Ferrand, Brisban, Quivala, Raymond, Gonslan,	Archers	P. Cochrane, J. Walsh, B. Roberts, J. Klein, J. Hannaher
Bois Bien, chief butler		Wm. Taylor
Favorito, Hoel, Jeronimo, Attivo, Reginald,	Soldiers	J. Kilcoin, J. Hogan, D. Egan, D. Brown, H. O'Neil
Sesmond, Sigefroid, Bataglia, Rudolphe, Norbert, Berald, Brettone, Montalto,	Villagers	H. Hogan, C. Marantette, H. White, Wm. Gross, L. Hayes, S. McArthur, F. Witte, T. Foley

"Be great in act as you have been in thought."—*Shakspeare.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act First.

Scene 1st.—Meeting of the warriors. The hour of trial. Departure of Theodebert. Bellarosa alone in the cottage. Scene 2d.—Bellarosa in the mountains. A voice is heard amid the rocks. The Duke in distress pledges half of his dukedom. Bellarosa will carry the message. The flight of the pages intercepted. A critical moment.—Golan forever.

Music.................N. D. U. Cornet Band

Act Second.

Scene 1st.—Victory Address of the Duke to his followers. A reminiscence of the battle. Thanksgiving hymn. Scene 2d.—Bellarosa in disguise. Minstrel's lay. A condition untold. Hasty promise of Bellarosa.

Music.......................... Orchestra

Act Third.

Scene 1st.—The pages of the Duke. The bugle sounds "Ohe!" Gusman's reproof. Reports in the Court. The Court convenes. Scene 2d.—Courtiers' conjectures. Revelation of the Duke's promise. Threats of revolt. The Archers to the rescue. A strategy of the courtiers. Bellarosa's appearance. Extremes meet. Scene 3d.—Bois Bien up to tricks. La Brisse sure of success. Music—N. D. U. Cornet Band. Scene 5th.—The bright hopes of Bois Bien suddenly blasted. Theodebert's conjectures. Gusman intercepted. Music—N. D. U. Cornet Band. Scene 6th.—Villagers' serenade. Bois Robert's unbelief. Gusman and Bois Bien's ghost-stories.

Music..........................Orchestra.

Act Fourth.

Scene 1st.—Captain of the Archers. Startling reports. Ghost or assassin. Scene 2d.—Bellarosa's perplexity. Flight of Theodebert. Bellarosa's dream. A broken crown.

Music...............N. D. U. Cornet Band.

Act Fifth.

Scene 1st.—Archers' errand. Bois Robert's revelation.—Scene 2d.—Quivala watching. Bellarosa's flight. A voice singing. Scene 3d.—La Brisse's evil designs. Father and son. Saved. Death of La Brisse. Duke's apology. Reward of filial duty. Tableau and chorus.

Epilogue.........................C. Dodge
Closing Remarks..............................
March for Retiring.....N. D. U. Cornet Band.

The following is the address of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, on the occasion of their Anniversary Exhibition:

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, as the name we have adopted imports, are lovers of learning. We do not claim to be philosophers, nor yet masters in the Arts and Sciences, because as yet we have only travelled a short distance on that very difficult path over which so many eminent minds have gone before us, and whose glory and distinction, left behind for our encouragement, are the results of lives earnestly and unceasingly devoted to the attainment of genuine, substantial knowledge.

St. Cecilia, the patroness of the divine art of music, is also our chosen patroness. It is not our perfection in knowledge, however but the result of our efforts during a brief time to acquire knowledge, that we have requested the honor of your presence to witness to night; while at the same time you, being more impartial judges, may be better qualified to give a nearer estimate of our progress than might be looked for from those with whom we come in daily contact. Friendship, and pre-eminently College Friendship, is ever indulgent with our defects, and it is hard to cast away her soft and sunny memories, even at the stern dictates of Justice.

This is the Eleventh Anniversary of our Society, and, young as it is, it already has its representatives in the liberal professions, and in other positions which lead to honorable success.

Looking back over the short history of its existence, and viewing the good which it has done as well as the happy hours which its members have enjoyed together, one can hardly help repeating with the great poet: *Fortasse et hæc olim meminisse juvabit;* and while in the perseverance and success of those who have gone from our midst, we have a stimulus to the progress of our own ambition, we have also a convincing proof that a good education is attainable in America, and that American youth instead of wasting their time at the institutions of Europe, meditating over the languages of buried ages, would employ their time much more profitably to themselves, and to others, by spending a few years at home, at some living institution like the great University of Notre Dame, where first of all they are taught that the English is the language of their own country, and that a thorough knowledge of that language is at least as desirable as is an intimate acquaintance with Cicero, or with Demosthenes.

Perfection even in a single branch of knowledge, is not possible. This truth is still more obvious when we apply ourselves to the learning of many things, for then our energies must be divided, and it is clear that our success must be relatively less. While, therefore, it is commendable and desirable that every educated man should be generally conversant with the various branches of a liberal education, yet it cannot be denied, since all experience shows it, that the greatest men have only been great in one thing. Cataline would have had little to fear from the forensic eloquence of Virgil, while on the other hand Cicero could never have writtten the Æneid; Alexander and Demosthenes could not have exchanged places, any more than Michael Angelo and Dante could have done a similar thing. "I respect the man who is acquainted with many books, but I fear the man who knows one book," said a philosopher. The same observations might be made in reference to every department of learning. No man was ever yet eminently, and not at all equally, distinguished for his masterly excellence in two different things, and least of all in many different things. The name of Tom Moore shall be as immortal as his own "Harp that once through Tara's Hall the soul of music shed," but it was only the divine eloquence of O'Connell that could have stricken the chains of centuries from the limbs of seven millions of Erin's children! Shakspeare is not immortal in the sense that Richard Cœur de Lion is immortal. In a few short hours at Yorktown, Washington compelled the proudest and the mightiest empire that ever existed to sue for mercy, and yet if he had lived to be a thousand years old he could not have given the world *Evangeline!*

I have taken these as examples to illustrate the proposition that human reason, with all the exalted nobility of its nature, can only enable men to attain a distinguished eminence in some one particular sphere or position; and moreover that their success was not the result of a few months' labor, but that on the contrary it was the effect of the serious, earnest study of long years devoted to its accomplishment. All the critics of all past ages, admit that Demosthenes was, by excellence, the greatest orator of ancient times, and yet we are informed that he spent seven years in the preparation of the greatest of his orations. And that oration alone would have made him immortal, and would have paid him for a whole life of study, when we consider that it was more formidable to the Macedonian hosts than were the phalanxes of the Grecian Republic. So true it is, that the pen is mightier than the sword. This is so manifest that it cannot be successfully disputed. This we have to admit, moreover, from the fact that the Creator intended man not only to look with admiration upon the beauties of the Universe, but also to proclaim them. Besides man, no other being understands the inflections of the voice, nor is charmed with the power of eloquence. Even Nature herself he embellishes, he cultivates, he polishes. He is the vassal of Heaven, but he is lord of the earth. This is his position by virtue of his reason, in connection with the crowning glory of all her attributes—Speech! And it is in proportion as he cultivates this royal gift, that he excels. Without the cultivation of his natural abilities no man was ever yet excellently great in any thing. Compare for example, the performance of what might be called a "self-made" musician with the production of the finished artist, and see the difference there is between them! In all probability nature had been as bountiful to the one as to the other, but the latter put his "talent" out at interest,—he educated, he drew out, he unfolded, and hence he excelled. This excellence is the result of untiring cultivation, or what for the most part is called art.

But call it what we may, it costs its owner many a thoughtful hour. At the opera, or at some musical festival you listen with rapturous delight to the creations of some great genius, but does anyone imagine that the musicians come there before the public, and for the first time, and extemporaneously, so to speak, undertake to interpret and convey to the audience the harmonious conceptions of the author? Not so. They have spent hours, days, perhaps weeks, in the study of their art. Now if this unremitting labor is necessary for success in the arts, and even in the commonest avocations in life, how immensely more necessary must it be for success in eloquence, which is the noblest and the divinest gift of God to man! Eloquence is the science of sciences. But it also has its art. By this art it is enabled to display its beauty and its power, and without the aid of this art it is simply like a priceless diamond which has not yet passed under the skillful hand of the lapidary. The art of eloqgence is Elocution. To speak is one thing, to speak effectively is an entirely different thing. No doubt the orator must be such by nature, but the effectiveness of his eloquence shall depend on the completeness of the art of elocution with which he brings it to bear on those whom he would convince or instruct. Suppose, for example, when Patrick Henry said "give me liberty or give me death!" he had put his hands into his pockets or under his coat-tails, and shut his eyes, do you think his name would have come down through history coupled with the eventful deeds of Bunker Hill and Yorktown? Certainly not. Yet as far as feeling the truth and power of what he said was concerned, he might have been just as much of an orator. But that was not his object. He desired to create a revolution! He wanted to make a nation feel as he felt, and this was the work of art. The sincerity and the earnestness of his own convictions were conveyed to those who heard him by the medium of elocution—by the gesture of the hand, by the glance of the eye, by the motion of the body. according as these had been trained or cultivated to act in harmonious correspondence with the thoughts of his own mind.

In conclusion I would remark that the primary objects of our Association are to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language, and also to learn the art of eloquence, by adopting, so far as we can, the means without which the man of intellectual ability may be great in the sense that the hoarding miser is rich, but not at all great in the noblest sense of his being, namely in the sense that eloquence, which is the highest of God's gifts to man, should, like all other gifts, be cultivated; so that while he who is endowed with it mays be great in its possession, those who have it not may be great in the enjoyment of its fruits. To be as great as the humblest of us can be, is not a little thing. It was not in lamenting over his defects that Demosthenes became immortal:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

To Our Friends and Patrons.

Before the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC, the year 1869 shall be among the things of the past. It is the accomplishment of one more of those swift and and very few short steps that we all have to take between the cradle and the grave. How long a year seems, when some cherished hope is to be fulfilled at its close! The coming hours stretch into days, and these again into months until the distance dies away in shadowy space that seemed endless! Yet how imperceptibly the minutes, the hours, the days, and the months rush on, and by, while we are looking for this far off approach, and at length wake up to see the year disappearing on the horizon of time. How much then of the year which has passed away is blank in our lives? Let each one of us stand by its tomb, whose ashes the breath of life shall no more agitate, and there, taking out that great Book of Promises which we made at its birth, let each one ask himself how many of these good promises he has fulfilled, and how many golden moments he has frittered away either in injurious or in frivolous enjoyments! Has each one of us, in his peculiar place, Contributed his full share of good deeds to his own benefit, and to the happiness of his fellowbeings? Let us try to balance accounts in this way, and if we are deficient let us endeavor, in good faith, to pay the future what we owe the past. But while we may not be able to forget the disaappointments of the past, and while we may not be able to do *now* what we should have done *then*, let us not sit down to cheat the Future by lamenting over the past but rather let us make amends by abundance of good acts hereafter. This is a season of joys. Let us all be joyful. For our own part, we offer our hearty thanks to the many friends of the *Scholastic*, present them our compliments, and while asking the continuance of their friendship, we most serenely wish them all the enjoyments of this happy season, and long and prosperous lives.

CASTOR, POLLUX, & ADDITOR.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic"

Neglect of Small Things.

It is the desire of all men, in their endeavors, to acquire wealth, honor and fame. But they seem to have an idea that those enviable prizes can be gained by a sort of lottery, or that some kind goddess bestows them on her favorites.

The clerk, longing for his employer's ease and wealth, scorns the industry and economy by which they were acquired. He is desirous to become a great merchant, but he cannot bear to attend to the trifling details of trade. Visions of a golden harvest reaped by a single speculation, float before his mind. He thinks that in this age of steam and electricity only a dull mind should consent to plod along on the road to wealth.

The apprentice at his bench wishes to become a skilled mechanic, but he thinks the time and labor spent in acquiring the rudiments of his trade are lost. He sees his companions, who are perhaps younger and weaker than himself, engaged in work that requires more skill. He becomes discontented, and manifests a disgust for the small or seemingly unimportant parts of his trade; he cannot patiently endure the toil that crowned the success of his master.

The student, eager to acquire the scholar's reward, cannot bear the weary, patient toil by which it is acquired. The world is not wanting in models for our imitation, but we desire to obtain our object without labor. Few possess genius as defined by Carlyle: "A transcendent capacity for taking trouble." We overlook one important fact: that the life of every truly great man, has been a life of continual labor. We are satisfied with viewing the great from the position on which they stand, never taking into consideration the bitter disappointments and discouragements they encountered and conquered, before they gained their object. We are all willing to be employed in something great something that will attract the attention of the world. But we have no desire to attend to small affairs in life. What a delusion! It is small things that make up the sum of life. They are the stepping stones by which we ascend to the summit of success. They are the foundation on which the illustrious of all ages have erected the structures on which rest their honor and fame.

If we neglect to give our attention to the small affairs in life we will never be competent to manage those which require more attention. Had Napoleon despised the simple duties of a lieutenant, had he not cultivated by severe study his mental powers, the code which bears his name would not have existed. There is not a calling, no matter how humble, that has not been filled by great men, and the majority of them attained their high positions by faithfully fulfilling the duties of their more humble places.

It is folly to expect success without labor, and it is equally unwise to think that we can stand so far above our fellows that our names will be conspicuous. In the past there has been but one Cæsar, one Cicero, one Shakspeare, one Napoleon. If we cannot be the sun in the literary, philosophic, or commercial world, let us remember that the smaller planets contribute their share towards the harmony and beauty of the heavens.

Let us bear in mind that the world is composed of atoms the smallest of which is useful. Because the spheres we are able to fill do not come up to our high notions of what is proper and becoming, we reject them and *fail in life.*

J. E. SHANNAHAN.

WISER THAN SOLOMON.—A Scottish clergyman named Hackstoun one day said to Mr. Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather wild, youth for a son: "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon?" "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Ou, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that our sons are fools."

AN ill bred man is said to be like lightning, because he does not know how to conduct himself.

Here and There.

THE WEATHER.—The weather has been everything save what could be accounted as pleasant or agreeable, and as we pen these lines old Boreas is playing many a wild freak around the college building. Present indications however, would favor the opinion that we shall have a heavy fall of snow. Christmas indeed has not its natural appearance unless accompanied by Winter in his mantle of white.

THE HOLIDAYS.—Christmas and New Years have made their circuit and are with us again. We were reminded of their approach last Tuesday evening, for the holiday season at Notre Dame was then duly inaugurated by a grand dramatic entertainment given by the Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association, a full report of which appears elsewhere. A greater excitement prevailed amongst the students in regard to going home, than in former years, and as a consequence many have rejoined the family circles, there to spend the happy Christmas times. Those who remain at the college will also have many enjoyments; at least they are anticipated, and there is no reason to believe that they shall not be realized.

We wish all the students of Notre Dame, wheresoever they may pass the holidays, "A merry Christmas and a happy, very happy New Year.

HEALTH.—On account of the very changeable weather we have lately experienced, sore throats and bad colds—not diptheria, as has generally been reported—have been quite prevalent. But as the state of the weather is now more decided, we are happy to notice that only a few have need of *woolen neckties*, or stockings around their necks at night.

THE OBSERVATORY.—Anxiously we *observed* the workmen bringing the long contemplated observatory into shape, but we are sorry to say that owing to the inclemency of the weather they have been obliged to suspend operations. Even though it is intended to be only a temporary building and of course not fully answering to the requirements of an observatory, still Prof. Howard's Astronomy class would be happy to see it completed as soon as possible.

THE GYMNASIUM.—The gymnastic apparatuses work very well. But some who imagine themselves experts, and wish to spread their fame far and wide, do so by medium of the dust which they generally succeed in raising, and thus have the results of their achievements in everybody's mouth. If properly used the gymnasium would be productive of much good; otherwise it would become a source of annoyance. We hope to see a change in this respect.

MINERALOGICAL.—We learn that Very Rev. Father General has purchased in Paris a collection of minerals which are daily expected to arrive. This will surely add another very interesting feature to the pursuit of natural sciences at Notre Dame.

THE badges worn by the members of the Choral Union are in very good taste; a Greek cross of gold with the motto of the society engraved upon it.

THE stones for the foundation of the new church are now gathered in large quantities in the yard of the church. It is to be hoped that everything will be prepared for work next Spring.

THE steam apparatus which is intended to heat the college has been taking it very coolly of late weeks. The reason given is that much of the steam which should have been sent through the college rooms was absorbed in the steam-house. We have now better times.

HON. T. CORCORAN was expected at the Junior Exhibition of the 21st inst., but was prevented from being present owing to the reassembling of the Ohio Legislature.

OVER one hundred students have gone home to spend the Holidays.

OWING to a delay in the arrival of the blanks for Certificates of Improvement which are being printed in New York, their distribution could could not be made before the Holidays.

THE costumes belonging to our dramatic Societies have been increased in number at every play, so that now the wardrobe present an assortment of over one hundred complete suits, some of which are very rich in material.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return their sincere thanks to Prof. Corby, who assisted them in preparing their songs and various choruses. They also wish to express their kind regards to Bro. Ildephonsus, whose efficient attentions were made so manifest at the bountiful lunch served to them on the 21st.

VERY REV. E. SORIN is now in Rome at Santa Brigitta—Piazza Farnese. At the latest date he was in the enjoyment of perfect health.

WE have not yet heard from our Roman correspondent, Rev. Pietro Battista, but we expect some interesting news from that quarter.

SAD death has mowed down one of us and spread sorrow through our ranks. Our much regretted friend, MR. GEORGE HATCHETT, of Henderson, Ky., departed this life on the morning of the 15th inst., after a painful illness of scarcely a week. His death was so unexpected that it threw dismay on many a heart and rendered the 15th one of the gloomiest days on record at Notre Dame.

THE cleanliness of our college-halls and class-rooms, and in fact of every public and private room, of the stairs, etc., has been often of late the occasion of many well-deserved eulogiums on the part of visitors. The labor imposed upon the persons whose duty it is to preserve cleanliness through the college would be greatly lessened by a polite reserve and self-command on the part of those who are addicted to the filthy use of tobacco chewing. Tobacco chewing may be considered one of he necessary evils resulting from bad habits. If such practices have become necessities in grown persons, they are absurd and vicious in the young, and in no case do they offer good points to redeem their filthy, debasing use. The squalid face of the "imberbis" urchin chewing the cud would shame the dumb creation; and yet fops think it worth all the brains they have not, to grind vigorously their fine-cut and BESMEAR a clean floor with their expectorations—*proh pudor*! Some of our literary exchanges so unsparing in their criticisms reserve a page for the advertisement of what society at large has long agreed to look upon as filthy and unbecoming.

OYSTER SUPPER.—Dec. 14th the St. Edward's Literary Association witnessed one of those festive scenes too seldom met with in college life not to be appreciated, and which ever leave an indelible impression on the minds of their participants! Our present scene is laid in the Junior Refectory, 7:20 P. M. At the head of the refectory a table spread for thirty, groans beneath the weight of delicacies—oysters predominating,—prepared by skillful hands for the luxury-loving St. Ed's., now ranged about the table: at the head their Rev. President; on his left, their invited guests—Rev. Father Spillard, Professor F. X. Derrick, and Rev. Mr. Combel. At the foot of the table sat Bro. Benoit, the members irrespectively seated at the sides.

The labor of love began—oysters and sweetmeats dissapeared rapidly, while the exhilarating influence of witticism and jest took the throne of wine. All passed "merry as a marriage bell." When the clock tolled eight all had creditably acquitted themselves.

Speeches followed in order from the Rev. President and guests. Rev. Father Lemonnier dwelt at length on the good-fellowship brought about by such gatherings, the pleasant memories connected therewith, when looked back upon from the distant future, all trials and crosses being forgotten, pleasures alone retaining fast hold on our memories. Rev. Father Spillard, President of the Philodemic, set forth all the advantages to be derived from Literary Associations, and how a generous rivalry between such Societies inspired each of their members with new zeal and ardor in the noble cause. Mr. F. X. Derrick and Mr. Combel followed with very appropriate remarks, which were highly approved of by the guests.

I regret that space compels me to omit the speeches of our other worthy guests who so kindly addressed us. Many of the members were called upon and responded. The hour being well advanced, and no further cause for delay, the Society, highly satisfied with the pleasure of the evening, adjourned. CAPT. B.

MUCH PRAISE is due the St. Cecilia Philomatheans for the creditable manner with which they acquitted themselves at their exhibition of Tuesday last. Were it only the simple fact of bringing out upon the stage a play in five acts, and going through with it without serious break, or much of that bore called "prompting," they are thereby entitled to our eulogiums. But they have done more: they have shown themselves masters in elocution and music, speakers in all the languages taught at the University, and without partiality to them, they made a splendid appearance on the night of the 21st.

The only drawback to the exhibition—one attributable to their youthfulness and the difficulties they were called upon to face—was the want of buoyancy and action in the heavy scenes of the play when nearly the whole *dramatis personæ* were called on the stage. Then they showed themselves somewhat weak; especially those who acted secondary parts seemed to forget that they were anything else besides indifferent lookers-on. We tried in vain to get excited with the Duke reproving his rebellious courtiers, but so long as the revolted spirits persisted in keeping a quiet mien so long did we remain confident of the Duke's ultimate triumph over his *entourage*, and therefore we were not immoderately alarmed. However, this was intended to be *the* scene of the play. The partial success of it is entirely due to the Duke—Mr. C. Dodge, of Burlington, who acted his part well inspite of the coolness of his courtiers. This want of swift, ready, well-concerted action on the part of the secondary characters marred somewhat the general effect of the play, and proved evidently that scenes of few performers are best suited to the abilities of amateurs.

The effect of scenery and *mise en scene* was grand. The cottage scene was the old castle hall with a few additional trophies, panophies, etc; the mountain scene was perfectly wild and romantic, with its winding path and overhanging rocks; the chapel scene was very lovely, with its background of forests. The grand palace hall, opening the third act, and the throne hall, following, presented a magnificent appearance, as did also the garden scene. Prof. C. B. Von Weller has displayed both talent and taste in enriching our stage decorations, which are now sufficiently numerous for all purposes.

REV. FATHER W. RUTHMAN, formerly professor of the Greek language at the University of Notre Dame, is now pastor of a church in New Orleans, Louisiana.

MR. MAPLES, of South Bend, has our thanks for interesting papers which he graciously sent us.

CELEBRATION OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,

By the Thespian Society of Notre Dame.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 29, 1869.

Handy Andy--A Drama in Two Acts.

Handy Andy.....................Thomas A. Dillon
Squire Egan..........................L. B. Logan
Squire O'Grady....................H. P. Morancy
Mr. Murphy...........................R. L. Akin
Dick Dawson.......................J. C. Eisenman
Mr. Furlong...........................L. Wilson
Edward O'Connor..................E. B. Gambee
Mad Nick...........................John Mulhall
Simon...................................L. Trudell
Farrell,—A Robber...............John Canavan

To be followed by

THE ORIGINAL JOHN SCHMIDT.

A Farce in One Act.

John Schmidt, of the Firm of Schmidt Vondunder, Kelt, & Co. } R. L. Akin
Captain Blowhard, with blows and blowing. } L. B. Logan
Hon. Augustus Clearstarch, fond of Lads whose dads have dimes. } ...L. Wilson
Chas. Soberly, a nice young man....E. B. Gambee
Mast. Andy, son of Blowhard......J. C. Eisenman
Teddy, fond of perquisites.......Thomas A. Dillon
Landlord, fond of change..........H. P. Morancy
Jack, a servant.........................J. Mulhall
Clerk of the hotel.....................L. Trudell