

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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## Notre Dame.\*

On a cold November evening in the year of grace 1842, a young priest stood near the old log house on the banks of the little lake called St. Mary's, and viewed for the first time the principal field of his future labors. The frozen lake, the prairie beyond it, the small portion of cleared ground, were all covered with snow; the branches of the trees drooped under the weight of the snow; the evergreens, even the rail-fences, and the stumps that thickly studded the ten acre lot, were rendered fairy like with snow; snow, pure, beautifying snow, lay thick and heavy all around, and as the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the winter clouds, cast their magic light over the wide expanse of snow-covered land, the young priest consecrated it anew to the Virgin Mother of God, to whom, in his great love for her, all his undertakings, great or small, were always lovingly submitted.

The young priest was Father Sorin; the place, Notre Dame du Lac; two names that will always be associated, ever linked together in the memory of old students and old friends, and will go down together in the religious and educational annals of our country.

But though in the following pages Father Sorin's name must frequently be mentioned, it is by no means our intention to give even a sketch of his life.

Father Sorin still lives, thank God, and long may he live! his deeds already accomplished and those hereafter to be done need another to recount them. The feeble pen which traces these lines were not worthy to reveal in full the life of Father Sorin.

But of Notre Dame this pen can write, if not in a worthy manner, at least with a great deal of affectionate regard and kindly feelings for every person and every thing connected with it; it can essay to offer a tribute of praise to its Patroness, of profound and affectionate regard to its Founder, of respect and cordial esteem to the members of the Congregation of Holy Cross and the Faculty of Notre Dame, and of hearty, sympathetic sentiments to all the Alumni—the old boys, and to the actual students of the College.

To begin:—

Notre Dame du Lac was purchased in 1830 by Rev. Theodore Badin, the first priest ever ordained in the United States. It was then known by the Indians and the few settlers around as *Ste. Marie des Lacs*, and was made by Father Badin the centre of quite a range of missions, and the residence of the priest who attended the scattering Catholic population of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. The missions extended from Coldwater, east, to the Illinois line, west, and from Kalamazoo, north, to Rochester, south. It is true that those villages and others on the confines of

the circle were occasionally visited by priests from other neighboring missions, but, until the formation of the northern part of Indiana into a separate diocese, all of the country contained within the circumference of a circle passing through these points, with Notre Dame as a centre, was attended from the latter place.

Father Badin having purchased the land and established the little log church as a central point, did not leave this part of the country without attending to the wants of the poor savages who still dwelt in Northern Indiana, many of whom were already Catholics, and the rest were converted to the Catholic religion by Father Badin and his worthy successors in these missions, the first of whom was Father Deseille. This zealous priest, dwelling amid the hardships of the early missions, displayed the courage and self-abnegation of the true missionary and apostle. Everything seemed to promise him a long life among his flock, but death summoned him, and in 1838 he died in his poor log church, alone. No, not alone, but with God, and no mortal near. With the last feeble remnant of his strength he dragged himself to the altar, and with his own hands gave himself the Holy Viaticum for the great journey to eternity, then laid himself down to die at the foot of the altar on which he had so often and with so much fervor offered up the Divine Victim.

The excellent Father Petit, who from a lawyer of Rennes became a missionary in the diocese of Vincennes, was sent the day after his ordination to replace Father Deseille. He took up his residence in the log house of *Ste. Marie des Lacs*, but lived there only a short time; death marked him on the very commencement of his missionary career, but not before he had endeared himself in an extraordinary degree to all who knew him. He died in St. Louis on his return from an expedition to the west, whither he had accompanied *ses chers Indiens*, to the lands provided for them beyond the Mississippi. His name is held in veneration by all who can appreciate self-sacrifice, and devotedness to the welfare of others. During his short residence at *Ste. Marie des Lacs*, he baptized with his own hand three hundred Indians and had as many as two hundred of them confirmed at one time, in the log church by the side of the lake. It seemed just and proper that the body of Father Petit should have its last resting place after death where he had done so much good during life. In 1857 Father Sorin had the mortal remains of the faithful priest and zealous missionary brought to Notre Dame, where, in the church, they repose by the side of his predecessor, Father Deseille, and of a worthy successor to his apostolic labors, Rev. Father Francis Cointet.

The death of Father Petit left the missions around *Ste. Marie des Lacs* in an abandoned state; it was then that Rt. Rev. C. de la Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes, the successor of the saintly Bishop Bruté, offered the grounds of *Ste. Marie des Lacs* to Father Sorin on condition that in a certain space of time the latter should put up a college building and maintain it.

Thus, *Ste. Marie des Lacs* became Notre Dame du Lac, and the log church, 20 by 40, with a little frame house adjoining, has been transformed into the present establishment of Notre Dame.

When Father Sorin viewed the snow-covered ground of Notre Dame, the 26th of November, 1842, he had just arrived from Vincennes, near which he had, one year before, founded a religious establishment of Brothers, who had accompanied him from the city of Mans, and whose numbers had been increased by several postulants. Leaving this establishment—St. Peter's it was called—in the care of Brother Vincent, Father Sorin took seven Brothers with him and started for his new mission. His companions were Brothers Francis Xavier, Gatien, Patrick, William, Basil, Pierre and Francis, all of whom have gone to their last long rest, except Brother Francis Xavier, who has made the coffins of all who have died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same kind office for many more yet before he drives the last nail into his own.

Notre Dame is on a farm originally of over six hundred acres, lying on the right bank of St. Joseph's River, in St. Joseph County, Indiana, about two miles from the railroad station at South Bend, on the M. S. & N. I. R. R. which connects Chicago with Toledo and Detroit; and ten miles from the railroad station in Niles, on the Michigan Central, which also connects Chicago and Detroit. It is unnecessary to enter into further details to show that Notre Dame is of easy access by railroad from all parts of the United States and Canada.

Having thus briefly pointed out the exact topography and the relative positions of Chicago and Notre Dame, for the benefit of the few who at this date may be ignorant of the exact position of those important places—we go back to the early days of the establishment.

The farm of Notre Dame in those days consisted of six hundred and fifteen acres, of which only ten were cleared, the other acres being covered with forest trees and thick underbrush, except some hundred or more that were covered by the water of the lakelets from which the establishment took its name. These lakes are about twenty-five or thirty feet deep; the banks consist of marl from which excellent lime is made.

The only house on the premises was the one before alluded to, built of logs, in the old style of log cabin—forty feet by twenty-four. The ground floor was the residence of the priest, while the upper story was the only church or chapel for the Catholics of South Bend and aroundabout. A small frame house clinging to this sturdy log one, was occupied by the family of a man who acted as interpreter between the Indians and whites when occasion required.

It would give us great pleasure, and no doubt it would give as much to our readers, to dwell on this part of the history of Notre Dame, to note the size and population of the villages in the neighborhood, and other interesting trifles, but it would make our unpretentious narrative too voluminous.

\* From "The Silver Jubilee," compiled and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M.

We cannot, however, pass over in silence one feature of those far off and long past days, the recalling of which will demonstrate as much the liberal views and enlightenment of the majority of non-Catholics of the present day as it will bring in bold relief the bigotry and ignorance of the orthodox Protestant pulpits of those dark ages. Those were the days when meeting-houses were plenty, and Catholics scattered about, rarely seeing a priest, and, though strong in their faith, but poorly instructed in their belief, and generally unable to refute the vast amount of calumny that was heaped upon the Catholic Church. South Bend then, as now, was a very religious, and, to judge from the numbers of church steeples, very pious place. Mishawaka, never liking to be behind the age of South Bend, ran several churches along with its foundries. Niles boasted its half-dozen or more steeples. When it was known that Father Sorin and the seven Brothers had arrived at Notre Dame, and that he intended putting up a Catholic College, there was much trouble among the reverend gentlemen who held forth in the pulpits of the towns above mentioned. Father Sorin was at once multiplied by twelve, and was made to stand for one dozen Popish priests, it was considered a fair valuation, rather under than over the mark, to count the seven Brothers, twenty. And it was announced that twelve Roman priests and twenty monks were "out at the Lake;"—that the Pope of Rome, (Oh, my brethren, O o-h-!) had already sent \$90,000 to Father Sorin, and would shortly send over the trifling sum of \$10,000 more to make a round figure. The above is no fancy sketch, but actually took place, and no doubt some good souls listening to those men of peace and good will thought that the Pope would soon come and settle in South Bend or Mishawaka. Such exaggeration, however, only proves that some of the reverend gentlemen had a vivid imagination, which, if applied to legitimate objects,—poetry, for instance, or anniversary meetings of Bible and Missionary Societies—might produce no evil effect; but in this case they came near doing harm, which we cannot believe they really intended; when the walls of the old College building were going up, some of the excited ones took delight in threatening that as soon as the College was built they would burn it to the ground.

Such threats, we now know, were in many instances made more as a joke than in real earnest, and we hope such was the case in this instance; but we need only look at Charlestown convent, and the rebuilt Catholic churches of Philadelphia, to assure ourselves that they were not always empty threats; and we need not be surprised, therefore, if men lately arrived in the country should have been alarmed.

It is a pleasure to testify here, and thus give a big advertisement to South Bend, in which we take great interest, that the city follows the Progress of the Age, and keeps up with the times; and if any remnant of the ignorance of those past days remain, its effects are shown, not in a desire to burn down houses that are ornaments to city and country, but rather in the harmless tirades against the Pope, made by the very few who have not yet laid aside the prejudices of their childhood's days, or perhaps have not had an opportunity of knowing better.

College students have a legend of a mechanical and perhaps sleepy parson at morning prayers, who prayed that "the inefficient may be made efficient, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious."—*Courant*.

How to punish an angry man—Drive a steak into him.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### Christmas Address to Our Readers.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A Merry Christmas from hearts warm and true,  
Our gentle patrons, wish we now to you!  
'Twas eighteen hundred seventy years ago  
When earth was chill with frost and white with snow,  
When cold December spread his dreary reign  
O'er heaving ocean, sunny vale and plain,  
And midnight brooded with her starry wing  
And mystic silence over every thing,  
That our Redeemer chose His hour of birth,  
Within the moral wilderness of earth;  
When night was darkest, winter coldest, then  
He came, to light and cheer the homes of men.  
Not o'er the stately halls of wealth and pride,  
Where gilded luxury is deified;  
Not where the shaded light of tapers rare  
Falls coyly through the close and perfumed air;  
Nor even above the humble cottage door—  
So sweet because 'tis home, however poor,—  
Paused in the joyful sky the guiding star  
That led the Magi forth from lands afar.  
Majestic in its mission, mild its blaze,  
With fingers gentle of celestial rays,  
Their footsteps guided, faithful from the East,  
And pointed where reclined the faithful beast  
Of summer herd, late grazing on the hill,  
But seeking shelter now from winter's chill.  
Above a manger of far Bethlehem  
Was set, of all heaven's host, this purest gem,  
For, from that manger on a world accursed  
The morning beams of endless daylight burst;  
Yes, in a stable, comfortless and cold,  
Did Mercy first her shining wings unfold.  
Within a spot abhorred by human kind  
Was joy-immortal first below enshrined.  
The King of kings, by this most abject birth,  
Chose to exalt the humble things of earth,  
And suffering grows sublime with this sweet thought  
That God by suffering man's redemption wrought.  
Christmas! O, be it sacred every where,  
For Christmas tidings make the whole world fair.

[The "Christmas Address to our Readers" was handed in too late for insertion in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC. We give it place in this number, however, because we feel certain that the readers of our paper, as well as ourselves, are always pleased with the productions of "An Old Contributor."—EDITORS SCHOLASTIC.]

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### Cheney vs. Whitehouse.

We were never more forcibly reminded of the inherent weaknesses and incongruity of sectarianism than when reading the argument of a very distinguished Illinois lawyer, Mr. S. Corning Judd, in the Cheney-Whitehouse imbroglio, removed some time ago, by appeal, from Chicago to the Supreme Court of the State. The facts in that controversy were briefly these: Mr. Cheney, as rector of an Episcopal church in the city of Chicago, asserted his right to leave out certain words in the Protestant Episcopal form of baptism—and Mr. Whitehouse, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Illinois, insisted that Mr. Cheney had no such right. Just how "Bishop" Whitehouse could consistently insist on anything of the kind, it would be difficult to say. But he did insist, however; and Mr. Cheney, standing upon his negative rights as a good Protestant, protested against the right of the "court spiritual" to try him, and had the matter brought by injunction

before the Superior Court of the city of Chicago, where Judge Jameson decided in favor of Mr. Cheney. From that decision, as already stated, the defeated side appealed to the highest tribunal in the State. Mr. Judd, one of the counsel for, Bishop Whitehouse, in speaking of the "inherent power of bishops," says: "And I may add, that for more than fifteen hundred years after the death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, and not until after the Reformation, was there ever a body of Christians calling themselves a "church" or "society" or what not, without the Episcopal ministry in its three orders of Bishops, (Apostles), Priests and Deacons. Episcopacy all that time was the "quod semper ubique ab omnibus" of the whole Christian world." (Pp. 45, 46). And again (on p. 47) he says: "But, with more direct reference to the inherent power of bishops, I now return to the apostolic commission; and from that I desire your Honors to follow with me along down in the old beaten paths of the ages that are gone, until we reach the present generation, by aid of those grand old landmarks that have withstood the shock of ages, and still stand out firm and immovable as the everlasting hills, in solemn and severe rebuke of the schisms and fanaticisms that for some three hundred years have so cruelly lacerated the Body of Christ, and (in a manner), crucified afresh the blessed Redeemer of mankind."

"Some three hundred years ago" happen, singularly enough, to be the exact age of the sect for which the lawyer pleads so eloquently, as well as of every other sect coming under the name of that unsightly heap of jarring negatives called Protestantism. If Protestantism be a body, where is its head? If it be even a ghastly trunk without a head, where is the symmetry arising from the natural unity and coherency of the parts of its body? Even when the head is cut off, the parts and elements of the trunk remain, and adhere in harmonizing proportions; but how is it with the countless ephemeral sects of Protestantism? No two of them agree or fit together. Every one of them has a "church" or a "society" of its own called after a man. Not "for more than fifteen hundred years after the death of Christ," and "not until after the Reformation," was one of them heard of, and now the photographed history of the three hundred years of this *rudis indigestaque moles* of Protestantism, under all its forms and aliases, is that in its fanaticism it has been *cruelly lacerating the Body of Christ, and crucifying the blessed Redeemer of man!* If a Catholic had said this he would be charged with bigotry. Yet a Catholic has not said that thing. It is true, nevertheless. Mr. Judd, speaking by the inspiration of his client,—for so every lawyer speaks,—must be a good judge of what Protestantism has been doing during "some three hundred years."

Yet here we must say that of all the ungainly and ludicrous forms which Protestantism has assumed, Episcopalianism—the one which Mr. Judd defends—is by far the most detestable. It is the mule among religions. It has neither the criminal boldness, like the other sects, to deny the established authority of Christ, nor the unswerving loyalty of Catholicity to stand by "those grand old landmarks that still stand out, firm and immovable as the everlasting hills, in solemn and severe rebuke of the schisms and fanaticisms that for some three hundred years have so cruelly lacerated the Body of Christ." In the womb of rebellion against legitimate authority, and against divine authority too, was Protestantism begotten and out of that was it born and therefore most logically did Cheney resist the claim of Whitehouse to sit in judgment upon his acts. Lee and Beauregard might have been faithless to Jefferson Davis; but how could

he, himself a rebel, have tried them for rebellion? The world would laugh at his attempt. "Not until after the Reformation" was there such a thing as Episcopalianism. It was at that time that Luther undertook to improve upon the works of Christ in the establishment of His Church. That Church founded by the Redeemer of man, was not good enough for the "Reformers." They, of course, must make a better one. They went to work, and what is the result, viewed from the point to which an Episcopalian has brought us "along down in the old beaten paths of ages that are gone, until we reach the present generation"? Look at it! What do you see? Don't you see all that is holy and true, during almost nineteen long centuries, standing out "firm and immovable as the everlasting hills, in solemn and severe rebuke of the schisms and fanaticisms that for some three hundred years have so cruelly lacerated the Body of Christ, and (in a manner) crucified afresh the blessed Redeemer of man!" What a picture!

Yet Episcopalianism stands out prominently in that picture. Well and thoroughly has it done its part of the laceration, and of the fresh crucifixion. It cannot fairly charge all of these atrocities upon its fellow-sects. Its origin is no higher, nor nobler than theirs. Its apostolic succession began with the immortal Harry VIII, and the "inherent power of *its* bishops" flowed from the "imposition of hands" by that most illustrious "virgin" strumpet Elizabeth. In this contest, then, Cheney is a true Protestant, because he insists upon his Protestant claim of protesting against the exercise of authority over him, and Whitehouse is no Protestant at all, because he insists upon the exercise of an authority which he had to discard before he himself could have his present episcopal existence.

"Some three hundred years" ago, the "Reformers" rebelled against the authority of the Church. Each protested against the other, and against everything else; each affected to have discovered a short cut to heaven, and each boastfully and triumphantly rejoiced in the possession of a new patent, as the only reliable, sole, and original inventor of a new religion wherein "all creation" could ride off to immortal bliss in a kind of "palace-car" at the most unheard of rate of speed! "No more fasting, no more prayer! Just read the Bible, and go for the rest on your own hook!" said they, "and you'll be all right."

Mr. Cheney tried hard to comply with this advice; it was the head and front of his offending. In doing it, he merely exercised the undoubted right which every Protestant, as such, may well and truly exercise. In Protestantism every member is—and, from the nature of things must be—a law unto himself; and hence no other one of his fellow-religionists has any right to tell him how much 'or how little he shall believe. Each sect, and each individual, may believe in two sacraments or in one, or in none; in hell or in no hell; in predestination, 'or in post-destination—as suits his fancy or his convenience,—and still have the right to call itself or himself Protestant.

What then *is* Protestantism? It is not embodied in any one of the numerous sects—for they each and all, with equal reason, claim to be Protestants. Is it in them all combined? Here the difficulty of finding something positive is immeasurably increased; for if you go there looking for truth, each sect will tell you that it has got the very thing; and strange to say, while each claims to possess the truth, each is all the while accusing its fellow sect of the most abominable crimes, and of lacerating the Body of Christ for some three hundred years! You are so bewildered by their jarrings and wranglings that you im-

agine yourself in some huge menagerie whose keeper has concluded to give the quondam denizens of the forest a sort of family holiday on general principles. Everybody is as right as he can be, in his own opinion; and as wrong as he can be, in his neighbor's opinion. Every sect is wrong in every other sect's estimation; and no sect is right in the estimation of another sect! Everyone is right, and everyone is wrong; everyone is wrong, and everyone is right! Yet each is Protestant, and all is Protestant. Glory! what *is* sectarianism? J.

### The Education Question.

*The New Englander*, as the organ of the venerable Yale University, has recently contained some admirable articles on the methods of promoting the higher education. It makes war upon bogus universities, colleges, and systems with calm but resolute force. Among the sound and sensible suggestions it makes, these are some of the chief ones: (1) The preparatory schools should be improved by a more thorough and extensive course of study in the classics, and in some of the modern languages. (2) The collegiate course should be correspondingly improved, and modified, by imitating in part the tutor system of the English universities; but, by no means, changed into the loose system of misnamed universities. (3) The university should be gradually formed as a sequence of the improved collegiate system, and should consist of the college proper, together with post-graduate courses of higher studies in all the branches of science. The necessity of religious instruction is unanswerably proved, and the especial fitness of clergymen for the work of education well defended and advocated. The necessity of having every college under the religious care of some one denomination is also satisfactorily shown. We wonder that the remarkably frank and candid writer in *The New-Englander* does not see, however, that he has proved this necessity as a *pis aller*, and indirectly furnished a terrible argument against his own sect and all Protestantism. He directly acknowledges that it is necessary to have *sectarian* teachers; that, nevertheless, sectarianism is too narrow a thing for a liberal university, and that the teachers must suppress their sectarianism and teach in a sort of Catholic spirit. This is as clear a proof as we could wish to have that Protestantism is incompetent to the function as a religious teacher, and, therefore, that a perfect university cannot exist except in the Catholic Church. We hope, at all events, that the influence of New Haven will be thrown fully and consistently against godless schools of all sorts, and in favor of the right of parents to have schools where their children can be taught the religion which they themselves profess.—*Catholic World*.

CARICATURE AS A FINE ART.—One of our popular magazines (*Harper's*) has recently sought to distinguish itself in this line, and has succeeded both in its articles on Catholic questions, and in its burlesque illustrations, in producing something strictly *sui generis*, and far exceeding, in the strict exclusion of every other element except caricature, the feebler efforts of artists less skilled in the work of distortion. We may say without exaggeration that it has attained the *no plus ultra* of caricaturing as a fine art.—*Catholic World*.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.—All flesh is grass; this accounts for so many people being green.

[From the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.]

### Church Music.

It is very probable that the Vatican Council, before it finishes its work "On Discipline," will give to the subject of Church Music the attention which it merits. The abuses, many and glaring, which have crept into our choirs since the Council of Trent, and which desecrate both the House of God and His worship, will no longer be tolerated. The vain, exuberant characteristics, and scandalous flourishes of the Opera, will be no longer permitted to mingle in hideous contrast with the solemn offices of the Church, and mock, with its worldliness and profanity, the Divine Victim of the Altar.

We shall have reform that is much needed, and which to priest and people, for the growth of religion and the promotion of piety, will be highly beneficial. But this reform will not involve, as many ultra-Gregorians in this country madly desire, the destruction of figured sacred music, and its elimination from all the services of the Church. These fanatics, who regard all figured music, if they are sincere in the expression of their opinions, as a device of the devil, an obstacle to devotion, and a snare for souls, will find themselves at the close of the Council sadly disappointed, happily for the Church and the majority of Catholics. Puritanism in art is as objectionable as Paganism; and prudery in Church music is no more indication of either strong virtue or strong sense, than any other moral sham.

We know that the exhibition of great devotion to the traditions of the early Church, carries with it a reputation for heroic austerity and moral conservatism which, in this effeminate and sensual age, is always fascinating, and sometimes profitable. But the cry for a radical, total change in ecclesiastical song, a change that would expel from the service of the sanctuary the most valuable legacies of the most spiritual of all arts, in order to return to the imperfect, defective, harsh, barren and unmusical chant of early days, is foolish and pharisaical; it is opposed to the past legislation of the Church, and is not, as these radical reformers have ignorantly imagined, in harmony with the enlightened spirits which guide God's Church in all matters of discipline.

A fundamental objection to the exclusive employment of Gregorian music, is the fact, generally overlooked, that it is of instrumental and not of vocal origin. As the musical instruments of the Latins and Greeks were, even in the Augustan period, very rude and uncouth, both in form and execution, well-preserved relics of the barbarism from which they had emerged centuries before, the music that was adapted to them by an external and cogent necessity, too powerful to be resisted, was of the same dwarfed, unnatural and primeval character. The ancient diatonic scale of the Greeks, of which the Ecclesiastical Gregorian is but a slight modification, as the difference exists not so much in variety of tone as in artificial arrangement of notes, was thus forced upon the Church, not accepted as the most perfect or the best adapted to the purposes to which it was applied. The flute and the harp are the type of all the musical instruments which the ancient world possessed—and it is only the latest modern ingenuity and mechanical skill that have brought them even to a *tolerable* degree of perfection. The barrenness and poverty of instrumental music deprived the early Church of the richness of *natural* music that modern science has given it. It is Gregorian music, and not the productions of modern masters, that is artificial—its boasted simplicity is only a false and specious name for its dwarfish helplessness. It has not the simplicity of nature, but the simplicity of ig-

norance—it is, as in its origin and its elements, a compulsory invention of *art* to supply instrumental defects. It is necessarily dull, dreary, heavy, unmeasured, unrhythmical and unintellectual, and to force this into exclusive use would be as sensible and as productive of good, as to compel a priest to preach ever on the same text, or in an unvarying, monotonous tone. It is not the best music either to the ear or to the soul, and the corruptions of the early Gregorian Chant, which now go by that name, and which both Gregory XVI and the present Pontiff tried, by special commissions, to correct and destroy, have made its discordance doubly fearful and lugubrious.

If its corruptions be not as morally revolting as the unspiritual extravagances of modern music, it is because the corruptions of the best things are always the worst. It is true the plain chant is neither complex nor elaborate—but that is an evil, not a merit, because here it fails to meet those combinations of the human voice, which give to its notes power, beauty and pathos, and which stir in the hearer that deep sympathy, which sacred music more than other species of song should awaken. It is said of the venerable Father Matthew that all notes and variations were to him alike, although the frequent hearing of Garryowen and Patrick's Day had finally made him sensible of some difference between them. The fierce uncompromising advocates of Gregorian music seem to be laboring under the same physical misfortune that afflicted the great Apostle of Temperance. Being poorly gifted with musical faculties, or being deaf to the nobler beauties of modern music, they would make their natural or educational defects a law for others, and a discipline for the whole Church.

The Council of Trent will certainly be a guide and rule for the Council of the Vatican. Now in the year 1562, in the twenty second session of the Synod, when the proposition was advanced to abolish figured music, it was unanimously rejected. A high eulogium was passed upon the *instrumental* music, which accompanied the worship of the Church—and this was giving to figured music precedence indirectly at least. After the Council closed its sessions, the reform of Church music was entrusted to a committee of eight Cardinals—the number was afterward diminished to two, one of whom was St. Charles Borromeo. After a conference with the college of Pontifical singers, this commission concluded that the only changes needed were that all compositions in which one set of words was sung by one voice, and another by another, should cease—that there should be no Masses sung to profane airs, and that no motets not sanctioned by authority should be allowed.

With these restrictions against operatic performances, more serious and outrageous in the sixteenth century than at the present day, the Mass of Palestrina, Missa Papæ Marcelli, the Mass of Pope Marcellus, was given to the Church, and it was approved with higher ecclesiastical sanction than the Gregorian chant, except that of the Missal, ever received. The Council of Trent was assailed with the same demand as the Council of the Vatican to abolish all music save the Gregorian, and yet it gave to modern music the preference. The ultra-Gregorians can draw from this decision all the consolation they can find in it. Its remembrance may gradually soothe the bitterness of coming disappointment.

MELANCHOLY falls upon a contented mind like a drop of ink on white paper,—which is none the less a stain because it carries no meaning.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

### Biography of Castor and Pollux, and A Poem, &c.

BY LARRY DOOLAN.

The lives of great men oft remind us that the gods themselves are sometimes obliged to shuffle off their mortal coils, and go home. I was painfully reminded of this sublime truth by the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, which announced the decease of Castor and Pollux. May they rest in peace. This prayer is not meant for a sarcasm. Their mortal was more prominent than their immortal origin. In gastronomy they were eminent. Castor was fond of roaming about. When he was yet but three months old he roamed out of the cradle into a wash-tub. This early tendency was a sure index to his aquatic ambition, and subsequent events proved the saying that the boy is father to the man. Without dwelling upon his adventures on the "St. Jo," I may remark that he was one of the many heroes who accompanied Jason in his famous wool-gathering expedition to Colchis. His father's name was Tyndar, and his mother's Leda. Pollux was his brother; but how that came to be so is a mystery to me, seeing that Pollux was the son of Jupiter, himself an immortal god, and having an immortal goddess for a spouse. After the death of Castor, Pollux, who couldn't die altogether, half died with grief, and Jupiter to console him consented to let them be immortal time-about. After a great many ups and downs in this way, they were both placed in the Zodiac, under the name of Gemini, or the twins. Castor was assigned the supervision of horse-racing, and Pollux was required to preside over the manly art of self-defence. This was a mistake, for never was anybody more out of place than was Pollux in such a position. He was always good at horse-racing, but I don't think he was remarkable for his fighting skill. All the accounts of his early life go to show that when he was going to the public schools on Mount Olympus he nearly always got the worst of it in his encounter with the other little gods. Castor was the reverse of all this, however, for he liked fighting, and rarely, if ever, threw up the sponge.

Having said so much, or rather so little concerning these two worthies, I wish to say something about myself. I have read "Ever of thee," "Meet me by moonlight," "Old Dog Tray," and a great many other poetical works of fame, and therefore I have come to the conclusion that I was born a poet. This conclusion ripened into a conviction during the dark days of the great *thoracic* panic at the University. It's the easiest thing in the world to make a poem, if you know two things. The first thing is to know *what* to say, and the next thing is to know *how* to say that *what*. These trifles must not be lightly overlooked in the creation of poetry. Genius may get along well enough without them, but the critics who cling to an author's reputation with the devouring tenacity of a swarm of hungry maggots to a piece of cheese, won't give you any peace if these things be wanting in your productions, however sublime in other regards. Keeping these points in view, I went to work in a moment of inspiration and threw off the following fine ode:

#### Ad Decembrem.

I.

From my heart, I hate this bleak December,  
For it leaves me nothing to remember  
But its demon feasting gory  
On the youthful and the hoary.

II.

In my soul, I hate its tyrant power  
For it fears the oak, yet kills the flower,  
With its arrows deadly flying,  
Past the healthy, to the dying!

III.

In its quiver there is naught but pleasures  
For the rich and proud in worldly treasures,  
While its minions wild and savage  
Through the fireless cabins ravage.

IV.

Bleak December—

The inspiration has given out, so I must stop. I find it rather hard to hold an inspiration, and without it, I can't do much in the way of making a poem. To begin a poem well; to carry it through well, and to end it well, are considerations to be attended to. Small and insignificant as such details are, yet I find that they give me more annoyance than any other of the few little obstacles with which I sometimes have to contend in making poetry.

I hereby communicate with the *Scholastic*. I do this for strong reasons. I would communicate with the Editors, but I know that they are absent, first because my great "Lecture on Earthquakes" was typographically murdered, and that could not have been the case if they, or either of them, had been in the right place. In the next place, I saw both Castor and Pollux in Chicago, at a time, when they should have been in their *sanctum*, and in addition thereunto I'm credibly informed that Additor took it into his head to get a "sore throat," to be in the fashion, no doubt, with the rest of us at the University. Putting all these facts together, I have come to the conclusion that the *diabolus parvus* must have had it all his own way, and therefore do I charitably account for the astounding number of typographical blunders in your last appearance, my dear Scholastic! Seriously speaking, my dearly beloved editorial triumvirate, so many and such outrageously glaring mistakes would be, and *ought* to be, unpardonable, under any other circumstances. Even as it is, in my very humble opinion, it would do you no great harm to get a pretty smart rapping over the knuckles for your carelessness. I dare say it would be impossible for you to get a *good* devil but then some one of you at all events ought to stay at your post and make the little imp come to time. If I were an editor, I'd scare the wits out of the little "cuss" by throwing "Get-thee-behind-me-satan" or some other appropriate text at his capital extremity! In your *very*, *VERY* short address to your friends, he makes you talk *serenely* (!) to them, when, no doubt, you meant *sincerely*. I have no wish to play the critic, but really I don't like the idea of being compelled to say things I never thought of. I take it for granted that the rest of your correspondents and contributors feel as I feel about these things, and therefore I beseech you to deliver us henceforth, from "the from "the snares of the devil."

P. S.—I was only joking in all I said before.

I've got a new curtain, a new lamp, and an arm-chair into my room, and I just feel gay. I hope your little devil won't be mad at me for threatening to throw something at him. I won't throw anything at him. I'd rather have nothing to do with him, if you please. I have a sort of an unconquerable aversion to quarreling. Let us have peace. Fighting—is not profitable. I was only joking about not being able to make any more poetry. I could have made another line, if I had a mind to do so. I have two other real nice poems, and I'll give them to the SCHOLASTIC pretty soon. My dear old grandmother always insisted that I was a born poet, but all my other relations maintained that I must either be a Bishop or a President, and when I wouldn't be either they kicked me out of the family, and said I was a disgrace to the whole Doolan genealogy. God bless their innocent souls! I think my grandmother was right. Just look at my ode to December! If I wasn't a born poet how could I have written *that*?

Wait till you see my "Modern Fop," and my "Modern Belle," and my "Road to Fame," and you'll say that I know something about what we poets call the "tuneful nine," I guess.

If I wasn't a born poet, I was born either to be a Lawyer, or a Professor. I guess there's not much difference between them. If ever I get to be a Professor, won't I look grave, and wallop the boys! I'd just like to be a Law-Professor, so that I'd have a good chance,—the way they all do,—to plagiarize great big long "lectures" out of the books of honest men, and then come into Class, and set off reading so fast that none of my pupils could have an opportunity of understanding a single word I said. And if they'd interrupt me, how I'd frown upon them and tell them I didn't come there to answer questions!

Glory! wouldn't that be gay! Yes, *sure*, I'll be a Professor! I tried it before for a little while, and the man that got me at it was so pious that he used to keep saying all the time: "Owe no man anything;" and when I came to tell him not to owe me anything, he said I misunderstood his paternal inculcations! "Larry," says he, "I have been obliged to make a trip to Europe of late, for the sake of my dignity, and besides that I have thirteen fancy dogs to support, and how can you expect that I should owe you nothing, under the circumstances?" Without being able to comprehend this sort of logic, I thought I'd try it on my boarding mistress. "Madam," says I, trying to be polite, "I'm a Professor."

"Well, what of that?" says she.

"Why just this," says I, "you see I have to support my dignity, and that won't allow me to pay what I owe you."

"Very well," says she, if you think more of your dignity than you do of your honesty, the sooner you get out of this house the better will it be for your peace."

This was what I call plain talk. There was no use in throwing my newly-learned logic at her, so I forked over. I have always found it more easy to get debtors, than creditors.

### A Good Story Well Told.

HOW REV. J. HYATT SMITH CHASED A LOCOMOTIVE.

The following story is told by Rev. J. Hyatt Smith.

We stopped at Syracuse, New York, for dinner. You remember the railroad depot, centrally situated, with its eastern and western entrances exactly alike—as much so as the two ends of a car. After we had dined, the depot master informed me that we had seventeen minutes to spare before the departure of the Eastern train. This, thought I, will give me an opportunity to see the city and a glorious chance for "a smoke," provided a clergyman could be tempted into such a piece of wasteful and worldly amusement. I sauntered forth, and, after an absence of exactly thirteen minutes, having enjoyed a delightful and soothing stroll, I was leisurely returning, watch in hand, when to my sudden astonishment I beheld the train slowly gliding out at the other end of the depot, and increasing its speed at every puff of its gigantic locomotive.

Here indeed was a "call" that admitted of neither correspondence nor delay; there was no time for "taking into consideration." So, without conferring with flesh or blood I put off like a sky-rocket with a double fuse. For a moment I thought I had it all my own way; I thought I was gaining ground, although I knew I was losing wind. I was encouraged in the race by sundry helpful fel-

lows who kept crying out as I passed, "Go it, gaiters!" "Plucky boy!" "He ain't left, O no!" and other well-meaning and benignant exhortations. Though they intended, perhaps, helping me over the course, I found that the more they shouted the less inclined I was to run, and the more decidedly did the locomotive make terrible headway against me. To give up the chase, to submit to the chagrin of being left, to lose my party and my passage, to meet with disappointment and not to meet with friends, all this was bad enough; but the thought of encountering, all the way back to the depot, that line of interested individuals who with their cheering exclamations had so feelingly encouraged me on my outward journey, this was the bitterest in this unexpected dose.

But it must be done: so tapering off gradually, I gave up the contest and turned back to meet my fate, and, if I could, find him, the depot master whose blundering statements were the cause of all my trouble. Without search, that individual advanced to greet me with the bland recognition of a fact that no one could well deny:

"Well, you got left, did you?"

I replied only with the resentment of a "silencing eye." If I looked as I tried to look, my photograph taken at that moment would hardly be chosen to grace an album gallery of "emine nt di vines." Several by-standers seeking information, asked, with a show of confidential interest in my case, in what wise the thing had happened? and others, wishing to "point a moral," advised me to "be on hand a little earlier next time." With returning breath, relief and words came together, and I squarely charged the railroad official with all the blame. I spoke of his incompetency in no measured terms, recalling how that after I had placed my party in the car he had assured me that there were full seventeen minutes to spare before the train went out; "while here," said I, with a triumphant exhibition of my watch, "the seventeen minutes are now barely up, and yet the train is gone, and is out of sight."

After no little hot shot cast back and forth, with the usual variations and final perorations of "you did and you didn't," "you're another," etc., I asked him if I would be risking another chance of being left if I depended upon him to give me the exact hour of the departure of the *next* Eastern train. "Eastern!" exclaimed he. "Yes, *Eastern*," I replied with a decidedly upward and sarcastic inflection. "Why," quoth he, "the train you've just been chasing with such good luck wasn't an Eastern train, but the *Western Express*!" With much and interesting confusion and excitement I stammered out, "Then where in Joppa is the Eastern train?" "Why, there it is," he replied "just getting under way at the other end of the depot; leg it, or you'll lose *that*." If ever I did make Dexter time I made it then. I passed right through the depot like the wind. I felt as if I was all feet. One glance, however, at the rear door of the last car as I was nearing it came near being too much for me. I discovered the group of my long lost friends, whose forms and faces seemed bursting with poorly suppressed and ill-timed mirth.

As I reached safely the platform, the fire that opened upon me could only be equalled for its merciless effect by the fire in the rear, from which I had providentially fled. I heard jibes, and jokes and jeers. I heard the horse-laughter of full-chested men, the hysterical efforts of mirth-exhausted women. They had all witnessed my chase after the wrong train; now fearful lest indeed I should overtake it, and then rejoiced at my

evident lack of what jockeys call "bottom," as my speed began to slacken and my chances with the locomotive began to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less." They had witnessed the "blowing up" administered to the depot master, the strange procrastination in starting for the right train, until at length it had actually started and I had entered upon a second "stern chase." Then they feared I was left again, as they looked with breathless interest at the unequal contest of legs *versus* a locomotive. They had witnessed my final triumph, but how gracefully I was welcomed, and with what feelings I received their peculiar congratulations, I leave my hearers to imagine.

—Exchange.

### Interviewing.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Knowing that it is your desire to have the opinions of prominent personages on matters of general moment, we lately called upon Mr. Bagit to get his views upon some of the leading questions of the day. We found him "apparently enjoying good health," and not at all disposed to avoid an interview. After exchanging a few preliminaries, we proceeded to "interview" him as follows:

"What effect do you think the opening of the Suez Canal will have?"

"I can't say that I have studied the subject thoroughly, but I think that its effect upon the material civilization of the world will be good. The cost of Chinese commodities will be greatly lessened, since by this route freights to and from China will be cheaper. Besides, that vast region lying adjacent to, and on the west side of the Red sea will have its resources developed. However, I am of an opinion that its moral effect will be far from good, since the journey to Mecca will be now considerably shortened, and hence the Mohammedans will be put into a state of enthusiasm the result of which is beyond calculation."

"What is your opinion of the recent address of Napoleon to the French Legislature?"

"I think it was a very able one, well worthy of the man and of the nation whose chief he is. It would be well for some of those who deliver addresses in this country to imitate him in the composition of their productions."

"Do you think the United States and England likely to settle the difficulty of the 'Alabama claims' soon?"

DON'T DRINK.—Boys, don't drink. It may be fashionable. It may seem smart. You may think that, like a moustache, it looks manly. You may say that Mr. A. and Mr. B., who hold prominent positions in the world, have guzzled for forty years. This may be true. Many moderate drinkers rise to distinction, but they reach eminence not on account of this failing, *but in spite of it*. They would be more successful and more esteemed without it. Just look around this place, and see if you can find one man or woman who has been made better or happier by drinking. You will not find one. On the other hand, you will see wrecks all along the shore. You will see men whose lives are failures solely by drink. It may have commenced in the social circle, where wit and beauty added their charm to the sparkle of the wine. It may have commenced at the "respectable" saloon to which men are sometimes driven by the mistakes at home. But it too often ends in the lowest and last place to which fallen men go.—Exchange.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

CASTOR, POLLUX, and ADDITOR.....Editors.

TERMS:

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The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC can be obtained at the Students' office.

## Symptoms of Filial Rebellion.

In the last issue of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC we made a few indulgent remarks concerning the *Register*, a paper published in the town of South Bend, which place is represented as an immense city—on the map of Possibilities. In the plenitude of our paternal affection and pardonable anxiety for the success and the encouragement of the microscopic atom of budding genius that now and again, at distant intervals—very distant—makes its appearance in our youthful contemporary, we sent the following fatherly production to our printer:

The *Register* has a column of good things every week, under the title of *Registerings*. But Homer nods occasionally, and 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.

Pleased beyond measure with the success which we have met in creating some slight taste for grammar in the bosoms of our little friends of the *Register*, we cheerfully reproduce the article which has been the innocent cause of calling out the ablest, and by every odds the most grammatical, criticism that has yet appeared in the columns of that paper. Here is the dress in which, we being absent, the printer sent forth our aforesaid production:

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*.  
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We thought that only a son of the Emerald Isle could have forgotten that next New Year's comes next year.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*, Dec. 25th, 1869.

Grateful, no doubt, for our long, and patient, and weary—and hitherto hopeless—efforts to awaken it to the necessity of appearing in the English language, the *Register*, to some degree like most juveniles, forgetful of its filial duties and obligations, discourseth in the following precocious and luminous style on our paternal defects:

"The *Scholastic Year*, published by the students of the venerable Notre Dame University says: 'words occasionally, and even the sharpest wit, grows dull at times.' Does they? To your grammars, O Castor, Pollux and Additor."—*Register*, Jan. 6th, 1870.

Having, by reason of our gratuitous, but as yet not very fruitful, attempts to instruct the *Register* the sole right of reminding it of any boyish indiscretions into which it may fall, we here kindly inform it that there is no such paper as the "*Scholastic Year*, published by the students of the venerable Notre Dame University." Well! well! what strange things boys "does" sometimes, so they does! How "does" the little fellows of the *Register* spell C-a-s-t-o-r, Castor? All together: C-a-s-t-e-r, Caster! A very good effort, indeed! A few years more in a spelling-class and you'll

be able to spell c-a-t, cat, and d-o-g, dog! But, ambitious little fellows, as you "does" seem to be, always bear in mind that

"Great wits to madness are near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

## Register Luminosities.

We thought that the smart man who "does" the good things for the *Register* was too sharp to mistake nonsense for a grammatical blunder. For his enlightenment we will say that we did not receive any "proof" of the paragraph which he criticises; and that the printer printed, "however, words occasionally," where we had written, "Homer nods occasionally." If the gentleman reads the paragraph again, with this correction, he will see what a fine compliment we paid his genius; and he will doubtless feel a corresponding remorse for the shabby manner in which he has referred to that most innocent, gentle and classic triad, Castor, Pollux and Additor.

Castor was not to blame; Pollux was not to blame; they were away, in some innocent, gentle and classic enjoyment of the holiday. Still less was Additor to blame; for he was enveloped in woolen neckties, and, by command of stern Galen, remained in unspeakable retirement. The devil was to blame. This printer's scape-goat it was that turned our fine wit into nonsense, and subjected us to the censure of the man who thinks that New Year's is the first day of the old year.

By the way, we should like to ask the *Register* what is the meaning of "attention," "counselor," and "everywhere." We should also like some information concerning "Caster", "*Scholastic Year*", "Hehr, Fragien & Co.", "Connecticut pumpkin", "Six month ago", and the St. Louis Fair that is-to-be-was held in 1381. We confess to be in woful darkness concerning these and many other things in the last number of our lively contemporary. To your spellers and grammars, O gentle editors of ye *Register*.

## 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."

## Our Holiday Celebration.

To the Hall!—to the Hall!—to the Home of the Free!  
Where the mighty assembly sits waiting to see;  
Where the Band is a Band if it's willing to play,  
And an Orchestra too when the latter's away.—*Old Song*.  
Slightly modified to meet existing circumstances.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, Washington Hall was again a scene of festivity. The Thespian Society gave us their promised entertainment, and a truly successful one it was. Connected with the career of this Society are some of our most agreeable recollections of Notre Dame;—their dramatic performances have constituted the chief amusement of many delightful evenings, even before the erection of Washington Hall afforded them a wider scope for the display of their talents. And on the occasion of the opening of this Hall, what stars adorned our firmament! Can we forget the genius of a Chamberlain?—the fire of a Brown?—the grace of an O'Malley?—the humor of an Armstrong? This constellation, alas! passed away; for if life in general is a swift-flowing stream, college life is nothing short of a cataract. But as it vanished, other brilliant luminaries appeared above the horizon, and a constant succession has shown no diminution of the old splendor, except such as may be considered as the transient occultation caused by a passing cloud. Our present dramatic corps is inferior to none of the preceding; and though a large number of its members be absent on the Christmas holidays, those who remain have shown themselves well able to sustain the credit of the organization.

The plays which constituted Wednesday evening's entertainment were "Handy Andy" and "The Original John Schmidt." We have seen the first play before on our boards—about three years ago; and without desiring to make any invidious comparisons, we must say that this last performance was decidedly the best. Mr. Thomas Dillon thoroughly understood the humor of the character he undertook. The tones of his voice were modulated to suit every turn of expression;—every gesture was natural and appropriate. He kept his audience in such a roar of laughter that many of the good things he uttered were lost. He was well sustained by his fellow-comedians. Mr. Logan was a very stately *Squire Egan*, and Mr. Akin displayed all the delicate facetiousness appropriate to the character of *Murphy*. The fop, *Furlong*, was well studied by Mr. L. Wilson. The parts adapted from female characters in the original play of course could not be rendered so truly, but Messrs. Mulhall and Eisenman made the best of a hard job. Mr. Morancy, in *O'Grady*, did not have a very wide field for the display of his abilities; but in the following drama, as the *Landlord*, he succeeded very well. The *Original John Schmidt*, whose ludicrous misfortunes formed the interest of this farce, was well represented by

Mr. R. L. Akin. Here Mr. L. Wilson's dramatic talent was again conspicuous. His impersonation of that thorough scamp, the *Hon. Augustus Clearstarch*, was surprising in a youth of his age. His unfortunate victim, Mr. J. C. Eisenman, was pleasing and natural, as usual. Mr. Dillon, as *Teddy*, showed the versatility of his genius and his power, of bringing out different shades of similar character; and the blustering *Captain Blouhard* found excellent rendering in the hands of Mr. L. B. Logan. Mr. Gambee promises very well for a new hand, and played his *Charles Soberly* as soberly as could be wished. On the whole, we do not remember witnessing so pleasing an entertainment in a long time.

We hope the Thespians will continue these studies, which are productive not only of so much improvement to themselves, but also of so much beneficial recreation to their fellow-students.

**Arrival of Students.**

[CONTINUED FROM No. 7.]

|                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Robert Finley,      | Omaha, Neb.       |
| W. J. Moyer,        | Chicago, Ill.     |
| Carl Ortmyer,       | " "               |
| Richard Power,      | Dubuque, Iowa.    |
| Joseph Cassidy,     | Elgin, Ill.       |
| Charles Whitney,    | Hudson, Mich.     |
| G. F. McCurdy,      | Wanatah, Ind.     |
| P. Gillen,          | Blairstown, Iowa. |
| George Hoffman,     | Lyons, Ill.       |
| Charles E. Edwards, | Houghton, Mich.   |

**Table of Honor.**

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**

Jan. 7th, 1870.—D. A. Clarke, J. Eisenman, W. Waldo, F. Bodeman, D. Tighe, J. Shannahan, E. B. Gambee, J. Armstrong, P. O'Connell.

**MINIM DEPARTMENT.**

Dec. 14th.—H. Quan, M. Weldon, P. Hennesey, G. Gross, P. Dolmore, W. Byrne.

Dec. 28th.—M. Smyth, J. Frank, G. Berry, E. Haydel, J. Deehan.

**The Juniors' Christmas Tree.**

The Juniors and Minims have every year large Christmas Trees beautifully trimmed and bearing upon their branches many good things that always conspire to captivate the youthful fancy, and heart.

The Christmas Trees this year were indeed beautiful, so far as our experience went. We are prepared to speak only of the Juniors' Tree, for on Sunday evening last we had the pleasure of sharing heartily in its rich, golden fruits. The distribution of the presents is always made a pleasant and happy occasion, and Brother Florentius spared no pains to render it entirely such. The invited guests are generally quite numerous, and especially were they on Sunday evening, consisting of the Rev. Fathers, a number of Brothers, several members of the Faculty, and a few Senior students.

After the Tree had been relieved of its delicious burden and each and every one present had received his allotted portion, the most important feature of the evening was next on the programme. Accordingly, Master James Dooly, accompanied by two other Juniors, one bearing a fine silver watch, stepped forward, and in a clear voice read an address to Very Rev. Father Granger. From the sentiments therein expressed, we

justly concluded that the Very Rev. Father was to be made the happy recipient of a souvenir of his intimate connection with the students, in discharging the duties of Prefect of Religion, and also a testimony of their affection and esteem in the shape of a watch. Upon receiving the gift the Rev. Father made a few pleasing and happy remarks, at the same time returning his sincere thanks to the students of the Junior Department for their generosity and kind remembrance of him.

Music, vocal and instrumental, contributed by Prof. Corby, Brothers Basil and Leopold, and Master Robert Staley, formed a distinguished characteristic of the entertainment. It is sufficient to say that the music was highly appreciated by all.

Remarks by the distinguished guests were next in order, but none seemed inclined to speak; Rev. Father Superior, however, arose, by mistake as he said, but he was not permitted to sit without saying something, so he related a story which greatly amused the young folks.

After spending an evening long to be remembered by all present, we retired, well pleased, and wishing Brother Florentius and his foster-children, the Juniors, many happy returns of Christmas times.

**ACADEMIÆ CIVIS.**

**Here and There.**

**THE WEATHER.**—We have been singularly favored with pleasant weather the greater part of the past two weeks. Christmas and the following Sunday were beautiful days. It has snowed considerably of late however, and at the present writing sleighing is very good; still the sun is shining out warmly and brightly; and the prospects are that we shall have some fine weather. Long may it continue.

**SKATING.**—Our hopes have been pleasantly realized in regard to skating, for during a slight thaw last week most of the snow disappeared from the icy surface of our lakes, and a following hard freeze produced for us the enviable pleasure of skating. Most of the week between Christmas and New Year's was very pleasantly passed in indulging in this sport, but snow on New Year's and Sunday interfered, and skates and skating were suspended.

**THE HOLIDAYS.**—We believe that all the students have spent a very pleasant holiday vacation.

For about ten days the rules of the University were partially suspended, no classes were taught, and some privileges, being granted, and fully enjoyed. This slight relaxation had a tendency to make all feel at home again. The death on Christmas eve and burial on Christmas Day of one of our much esteemed Professors, MAX E. GIRAC, LL. D., cast a gloom over that otherwise festive and happy day. Very nearly all the students who went to their homes have returned. Their smiling and cheerful countenances meet us on all sides, manifesting that they intend to commence the year 1870 with renewed vigor.

**AN OMISSION.**—By an oversight, Capt. B., in his report of the social reunion of the St. Edward's Literary Association, and its friends, given in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC, did not acknowledge the almost indispensable services of Brother Ildefonsus. The Society feels under many obligations to him for his kind attentions and skill, and exertions in preparing such a bountiful feast. The thanks of the Society are also due to Brother Francis Assisium for his kind and efficient assistance on the occasion.

**CHRISTMAS BOXES.**—One great feature connected with Christmas times at Notre Dame is the number of Christmas Boxes received. All the students, from the largest Senior down to the smallest Minim, take great pleasure in perusing over and putting away the contents of packages sent by loving hearts from home.

**MUSIC.**—It will never do to allow the fine music of that orchestra which produces so much pleasure and amusement for the students, to be passed by without at least an honorable mention, so we hereby mention the orchestra honorably for good conduct and fine music. Last week, under the direction or bow of Prof. Ivers, it favored us with some good danceable music. Long may it wave.

**CHRISTMAS TREES.**—According to a now well established custom, the Juniors and Minims have each year large Christmas Trees, beautifully laden with various kinds of presents. They always have a grand distribution of the Christmas-Tree, fruits before the holiday season closes, in which many invited guests have a share. Bro. Florentius and Emmanuel, of the Junior and Minim Departments respectively, had each a fine Tree in whose distribution a great number did heartily share.

**RECOVERED.**—We are pleased to notice that Mr. James J. Wilson has so far recovered from a severe illness as to be able to venture out of the Infirmary, where he has been closely confined for about four weeks past. He will soon be as "fat and hearty as ever."

**THICK.**—The ice on our lakes is about four inches thick.

**DIED,** Dec. 28th, 1869, DOUGLAS NELSON, of New Orleans, La., after a short illness of five days. He passed from this life of sadness and trouble to one of joy and peace. He had been at the University only a few weeks, but, during that time, had gained many friends among his fellow-students of the Junior Department, by the kindness of his disposition.

May God, the only comforter of the distressed, assuage the sorrow of the bereaved ones in their great affliction.

**THANKS.**—The compositors, and those otherwise engaged in the various departments of the printing office, return their most sincere thanks to Mother Angela, Superioress of St. Mary's Academy, for her kindness in presenting them with two huge baskets of choice delicacies as Christmas and New Year's gifts.

May kind Providence, they say, grant Mother Provincial a long life and the enjoyment of many and happy returns of those glad festivities which prompted this kind acknowledgment of her regard; and as each year rolls round that she may be inspired by the same generosity for which she is so well and favorably known, is the sincere wish of the grateful employes of the office.

**ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.**—On the 8th inst. the hot-house lately erected east of the Rosary Circle, and dedicated to St. Rose of Lima, presented its first offerings of full-blown roses to our Blessed Mother.

This floral treasure promises to send a similar gift to adorn the altars at Christmas—natural roses, 'mid frost and snow!! How emblematical of that "Divine Charity" which knows no winter,—blooming and fragrant in all seasons.

**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

**Entertainment in Honor of St. Eusebia.**

Address from the "Children of Mary" E. Ewing  
 Song.....M Tuberty  
 Piano Solo.....J. Walker  
 Song.....J. Hurst  
 Senior Address.....A. Sturgis  
 Piano Solo.....M. Sherland  
 3d Senior Address.....M. Edwards  
 Piano Solo.....L. English  
 German Address.....C. Hoerber  
 Recitation, "Girl with a good Intention"...Z. Selby  
 Song.....A. Hurst  
 Minim Address.....A. Garrity  
 Piano Solo.....G. Arrington

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**

On the feast of the "Immaculate Conception" the following little girls were received into the Sodality of the Holy Angels: Misses M. Quan, I. Quan, M. Hutchinson, K. Hutchinson, R. Leoni, N. Healy, E. Forrestal, N. O'Meara, M. Kreutzer, M. Clarke, A. Mulhall, N. Gross.

On the evening of the 19th inst. the annual election of officers took place. The following is the result:

- President—Miss A. Clarke,
- Vice-President—Miss M. Quan,
- Secretary—Miss N. Gross,
- Librarian—Miss M. Kreutzer,
- Consultors—Miss M. Walker,
- "          " R. Leoni,
- "          " A. Byrne.

**Table of Honor.**

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 12th.**

Misses B. Bryan, A. Locke, E. Horton, V. and J. J. Wade, F. Woolman, F. Fox, R. Fox, M. Foote, J. Tucker, S. O'Brien.

**Honorably Mentioned.**

Graduating Class.—Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, M. Cook, E. Longsdorf, E. Kirwin, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand.  
 1st Senior Class.—Misses H. Niel, B. O'Neil, A. Rhinehart, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, M. Edwards, M. Kirwin, S. Pierce, M. Beam.  
 2d Senior Class.—Misses E. Henry, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, J. Hogue, C. Plamondon, M. Kellogg, J. Forbes, A. Walters, K. Parks, K. McMahon, F. Levegman, M. Murphy.  
 3d Senior Class.—Misses M. Cochrane, J. Kensella, E. Sarber, J. D'Arcy, K. O'Toole, M. O'Toole, J. Walker, A. Jennings, I. Qualey, K. Zell, M. Bahm, L. Hoyt, M. Lasson, M. Lang.

1st Preparatory Class.—Misses C. Grannis, A. Montgomery, K. Moore, N. Carpenter, A. Schollard, S. Carver, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, J. Dooley, E. Tibbitts, M. Curtis, M. Ford and M. Ford.

2d Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Mathers, C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, J. Falvey, M. Letourneau, J. Davis, M. Wicker, M. Stocker, R. Nelson.

3d Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Landgraff, A. Hayes, E. Forrestal, E. Price, L. Entslar, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, S. Roach, C. Coles, L. Pierce, E. Jennings, M. O'Meara.

**Table of Honor.**

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Dec 19th.**

Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, A.

Carmody, K. and M. O'Toole, H. Niel, J. Walters, E. Henry, M. Murphy, M. Lang, A. Mathers.

**Honorably Mentioned.**

Graduating Class.—Misses J. Arrington, A. Cunnea, M. Cook, E. Longsdorf, E. Kirwin. 1st Sr. Class.—B. O'Neil, F. Messmore, A. Rhinehart, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, B. Bryan, L. English, M. Kirwin, N. Sturgis, L. Pierce, M. Beam, A. Locke.  
 2d Senior Class.—Misses A. Mulhall, M. Warren, C. Heckman, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, J. Hogue, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, J. Forbes, A. Walters, K. Parks, E. Horton, M. Blanger, S. O'Brien. 3d Senior Class.—M. Cochrane, J. Kensella, E. Sarber, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, K. Robinson, A. Jennings, M. Bahm, L. Hoyte, M. Lasson.

1st Preparatory Class.—V. and J. Leoni, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, P. Smith, K. Moore, N. Carpenter, A. Schollard, S. Carver, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, A. Holman, L. Dooley, E. Tibbitts, A. Woods, M. Ford, M. Ford, N. Burrige.

2d Preparatory Class.—C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, J. Falvey, E. Whitfield, F. Fox, R. Fox, I. Wilder, M. Letourneau, J. Davis, M. Stocker, R. Nelson, A. Adams.

3d Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Landgraff, J. Tucker, E. Price, L. Entslar, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, S. Roach, L. Pierce, A. Jennings, L. McFarland, M. O'Meara.

Oil Painting.—Miss M. Cook.

Water Colors.—Misses C. Heckmann, K. Robinson, E. Kirwin, E. Henry, L. Martin.

Crayon Drawing.—Miss E. Horton.

Drawing, 1st Class.—Misses A. Ewing, A. Unruh, A. Woods, M. Lasson, A. Robson, M. Beam, M. Murphy. 2d Class.—Misses M. Mulhall, B. Gardner, M. Curtis.

**VOCAL MUSIC.**

Misses A. and G. Hurst, F. and C. Sharp, G. Arrington, K. Parks, E. Hunter, M. Landgraff, A. Carmody, E. Longsdorf, C. Hoerber, M. Tuberty, C. Grannis, E. Whitfield, K. Robinson, A. Montgomery, A. Mulhall.

**INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.**

1st Class.—Misses C. Foote, A. Mulhall. 2d Div.—Misses M. Sherland, C. Grannis, M. Kirwin, J. Walker. 2d Class.—Misses E. Plamondon, L. English. 2d Div.—Misses E. Kirwin, K. Parks, N. Carpenter, K. Carpenter, S. O'Brien, M. Edwards.  
 3d Class.—B. Bryan, M. Kellogg, M. Lasson, A. Carmody, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, A. Hurst, G. Hurst.  
 2d Div.—N. Burrige, J. D'Arcy, M. J. Clarke, L. Martin, A. Clarke. 4th Class.—Misses Z. Selby, L. Davis, C. Bertrand, E. Hunter, A. Locke. 2d Div.—Misses G. Tucker, L. James, M. Kreutzer.  
 5th Class.—Misses A. Rhinehart, A. Mast. 2d Div.—Misses L. McFarland, M. Corcoran. 6th Class.—Misses A. Wilder, F. Smith. 2d Div.—Misses R. Fox, A. Clarke, K. Hutchinson. 7th Class.—Misses M. Beam, M. Curtis, S. Schollard. 8th Class.—Misses H. Hunt, F. Taylor, A. Garrity.

Guitar.—Miss K. Moore.

Exercises.—Misses C. Foote, E. Ewing, A. Montgomery, M. Sherland, J. Walker, M. Lasson.

Theoretical Class.—Misses A. Ewing, H. Niel, C. Foote, S. O'Brien, G. Arrington, M. Letourneau, M. Foote, E. Horton, G. and A. Hurst, M. Doty, A. Locke, K. Zell, C. Hoerber, L. McFarlane, B. Fox, N. Gross.

**GERMAN.**

1st Class.—Misses R. and C. Hoerber. 2d Class.—Misses K. Zell, L. English. 3d Class.—Misses K. Moore, N. Carpenter, A. Rhinehart.

**FRENCH.**

1st Class.—Misses E. Ewing, E. Landgraff, M. Doty, M. Sherland, K. Carpenter. 2d Class.—

Misses M. Wood, H. Niel, B. O'Neil, J. Forbes, G. Hurst.

**Table of Honor.**

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 8th.**

Misses L. Niel, R. Leoni, M. Kreutzer, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Walker, L. Davis, L. James, M. Shannon.

**Honorable Mention.**

1st Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross.

2d Preparatory Class.—Miss L. Thomson.

3d Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Quan, N. Healy, A. Byrne, K. Hutchinson.

1st Jr. Class.—Misses B. Quan, M. Hutchinson.

**Table of Honor.**

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Dec. 15th.**

Misses A. Clarke, N. Gross, M. Quan, B. Quan, L. Thomson, K. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, E. Forrestal, B. Henry, H. Hurst.

**Honorable Mention.**

1st Preparatory Class.—Misses L. Niel, R. Leoni.

2d Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Kearney, M. Kreutzer.

3d Preparatory Class.—Misses J. Kearney, M. Walker, G. Darling, L. Davis, A. Byrne.

1st Junior Class.—Miss B. Quan.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception the following young ladies were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary: Miss F. Arrington, as a full member—Misses A. Montgomery, B. O'Neil, J. D'Arcy, J. Kensella, M. Murphy as aspirants.

In the evening of the same day the annual election of officers took place; the following is the result:

- Miss A. Mulhall—President and Sacristan,
- " E. Lilly—Vice-President,
- " A. Ewing—Secretary,
- " E. Kirwin—Treasurer,
- " J. Arrington—Librarian,
- " M. Dillon—Poetess,
- " A. Cunnea,
- " A. Carmody, } Consultors.
- " E. Ewing,
- " M. Kirwin,

**Programme of the Second Musical Soiree.**

**PART I**

Opening Chorus—(Lucretia Borgia)...Gen'l Class  
 Piano Solo .....E. Plamondon  
 Aria—(Meyerbeer).....F. Arrington  
 Fantasia—(A. Jael).....A. Montgomery  
 Bolero—(Reissiger).....K. Parks  
 Duet—(Glover).....F. and C. Sharp

**PART II**

Chorus—(Auber).....Private Class  
 Transcription—(Baumbach).....A. Ewing  
 Lamentation—(Rossini).....A. Montgomery  
 Descriptive—(Godfroid).....C. Grannis  
 Bravura—(Brinkerhoff).....E. Longsdorf  
 Guitar Solo.....K. Moore  
 Hosett—(Concone).....A. and G. Hurst  
 Closing Chorus—(Donnizetti)....All the Classes