

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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Notre Dame.*

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90.)

Our space is almost taken up, and we hastily glance at the remaining years. In 1856, the celebrated chimes were put up in the belfry of the church, and were solemnly blessed in November before a large concourse of friends. Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Henni were present. The Most Rev. Archbishop delivered an eloquent discourse, that is still remembered with admiration by the many who heard him that day. The sermon of Bishop Henni was also remarkable for its eloquence.

In 1857, the Congregation of Holy Cross, its Constitutions and Rules, received the highest sanction of the Church, being approved by the Holy Father on the 13th of May of this year.

In 1858, the northern part of Indiana was erected into a separate diocese, and Rt. Rev. John Henry Luers made first Bishop of Fort Wayne.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop, soon after his ordination, visited Notre Dame, much to the delight of the students and the edification of all.

In 1861, the Rt. Rev. Prelate laid the cornerstone of the Missionary's Home—the main building is now completed, and temporarily occupied by the Novice Brothers of Holy Cross.

In the year 1855 the Academy of St. Mary's, which, as well as Notre Dame University, acknowledges Father Sorin as its founder, was removed from Bertrand to its present delightful position on the banks of the St. Joseph River, a little more than a mile west of the College.

Notre Dame and St. Mary's did their full share during the war: the Priests as chaplains, the Sisters as nurses in the hospitals: it would take a separate volume to do justice to the part taken by the two institutions during this time.

In 1865, Father Sorin put into execution a design he had long thought over:—it was, to establish a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin,—one in which the virtues and privileges of the Mother of God should be set forth in their proper light; and the devotion to her not only defended against the attacks of ignorance and malice, but rendered more attractive to the vast number of Catholics in the United States. Though he received no encouragement,—indeed, despite the discouraging advice of his friends,—Father Sorin began the publication of the AVE MARIA in the month of May; and though, like most of Catholic papers, it is no great pecuniary success, the number of devoted friends it has raised up, the numerous contributors who write for it, and the list of subscribers, show that Father Sorin was not wrong in thinking that devotion to the Blessed Virgin was much more deeply rooted in the hearts of American Catholics than was thought to be the case even by acute observers. The approbation of the Holy Father, and of many of the Most Rev.

Bishops and Archbishops of the United States and of other countries, has encouraged Father Sorin to continue with unflagging zeal his efforts to make the AVE MARIA one of the most welcome visitors to every Catholic family of the United States.

In the same year, Father Sorin, then aided in the government of the Congregation of Holy Cross by Rev. Patrick Dillon as President of the College, determined to enlarge the College buildings, which then, after twenty-one years, were altogether too small for the increasing number of students. The old College building was unroofed in June, and by the month of September the present magnificent structure was under roof.

On the 31st of May, 1866, took place the largest gathering of the friends of Notre Dame that has ever been seen on the College premises. It was on the occasion of the blessing of the colossal statue which stands over the dome of the College. Most Rev. Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore; Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne; Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee; Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Bishop Timon, of Buffalo; Bishop Grace, of St. Paul, by their presence showed the interest they took in the institution, and their devotion to the Mother of God.

A full account of this day, with the sermons and essays, both in prose and poetry, is given in the AVE MARIA, Vol II.

Since then, Notre Dame has held its own: Father Granger, Provincial, governs the Order in the United States with that prudence and discretion for which he has always been remarkable.

Father Corby, as President of the College, aided by the efficient concurrence of his chief officers, Father Lemonnier, Director of Studies, and Father Spillard, Prefect of Discipline; by the zealous co-operation of the Professors, most of whom were, "once upon a time," students of the College in which they now fill professorial chairs, and by the cool heads and ready pens of Brothers Edward and Gabriel in the Stewards' Departments, and Brother Francis de Sales as Procurator, maintains the College of Notre Dame in its old standing among the best educational establishments of the country. Brother Eugene, the Chief of the Industrial School, has made the young men of his department experts in the various trades, and good Christians. Rev. Father Pietrobaptista, at the Priest's novitiate, and Bro. Vincent, in the novitiate of the Brothers, keep up the traditions of the self-sacrificing days of yore—of twenty-five years ago—quite an age for this country—and instruct young men in the religious life. Need we add that the farm, with Brother Lawrence and Brother Paulinus as directors, brings forth fruit as well as the College and Novitiates.

The last event we have the pleasure to record is the return of Very Rev. Father Sorin to Notre Dame from France, where he had been obliged to remain since last November by his new duties as Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross. He arrived at Notre Dame on the 22d of May, amid the rejoicings of all his friends.

On reading over this short sketch of Notre Dame, we see we have not given an adequate idea of the struggles through which it, like most other Catholic institutions, has had to pass; nor, indeed, have we wished to narrate them in full as they actually took place—they are matters for future history, to be told when those who took an active part in them shall have passed away.

May Notre Dame long enjoy the presence of its founder, the Very Rev. Father Sorin!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

All Generations.

Is it possible for us to know how many persons have been born in the world since the beginning? The solution of this strange problem has often been attempted, and, of course, with many different results. We give a summary of one of these solutions, for the curiosity of all "scholastics."

In considering the problem, it is convenient to treat of the time since Adam in two periods: that before and that after the Flood. The first is a comparatively short period, during which the generations were of great length. During the second, and longer period, the full age of man has been "three score and ten years;" while the average length of a generation, as we learn from the Bible, from ancient and modern history, and especially from the carefully prepared "life tables" of insurance companies, has been about thirty three years: that is, those who live over that age only balance those who die under it. Thus, since the Flood, we have about three generations to a century.

According to the common chronology, from the Creation to the Flood was 1,600 years; from the Flood to the Birth of Christ, 2,404 years; from the Birth of Christ to the present time, 1,870 years; making the time from the Flood to the present, 3,274 years, or nearly thirty-three centuries. This, at three generations to a century, would give ninety-nine generations since the Flood.

The present population of the globe is generally estimated at one billion. Some estimate it as low as 900,000,000, and none higher than 1,200,000,000. We shall take the last number, that we may not have less than the truth. Now, the population of the earth has increased in a geometrical ratio; for that is the ratio in which a family increases, as was commanded in the beginning, "increase and multiply." The first thing, then, is to find this ratio for the period since the Flood. We have the first term of the series 8, the number of Noah's family; the last term, 1,200,000,000, the present population of the earth; and the number of terms, 99, the generations, as found before. These, substituted in the formula for the last term ($l = ar^{n-1}$), will give the ratio:

$$\begin{aligned} 1,200,000,000 &= 8r^{98} \\ 150,000,000 &= r^{98} \end{aligned}$$

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

$$\text{Log. } r = \frac{\log. 150,000,000}{98}$$

$$\text{Log. } r = .0834295076.$$

$$\text{Ratio} = 1.211 -|- =, \text{ say } 1\frac{1}{4}.$$

Now, having the *ratio*, we may find the *sum of the terms*, that is, the whole number of persons born since the Flood:

$$S = \frac{r l - a}{r - 1}$$

$$S = \frac{1\frac{1}{4} \times 1,200,000,000 - 8}{1\frac{1}{4} - 1}$$

$$S = \frac{1,499,999,992}{\frac{1}{4}}$$

$$\text{Sum} = 5,999,999,968.$$

That is, in round numbers, the whole number of persons born since the Flood is *six billions*.

For the period before the Flood the problem is more difficult. Our only information is contained in the fifth chapter of Genesis. We know only that there were ten generations, and that the first consisted of two persons, Adam and Eve. That is, we know the *first term*, two, and the *number of terms*, ten. We must therefore find another term by approximation.

The number of persons living on the earth just before the Flood was certainly not greater than the whole number of persons now living. The *last term* cannot therefore be greater than 1,200,000. Using this as the *last term*, we find the *ratio* as before:

$$1 = ar - a^1$$

$$1,200,000,000 = 2^9.$$

$$600,000,000 = 1^9.$$

$$\text{Log. } r = \frac{\log. 600,000,000}{9}$$

$$\text{Log. } r = .9743501389.$$

$$r = 9.448 -|- =, \text{ say } 10.$$

The *sum* may now be found as before:

$$S = \frac{r l - a}{r - 1}$$

$$S = \frac{10 \times 1,200,000,000 - 2}{10 - 1}$$

$$S = 1,333,333,333\frac{1}{9}$$

The number of persons born before the Flood was therefore not more than *one billion and one-third*. This added to *six billions*, the number born since the Flood, gives, altogether, less than *eight billions* of persons born since the time of Adam and Eve.

This result certainly does not agree with the common opinion concerning the illimitable number of human beings who have lived upon the earth. The trouble is that we forget that the population of the earth at any time is made up of several generations. There are, at least, children, parents, and grand-parents; together with numerous members of older and younger generations.

Besides, we must not forget that eight billions is a very large number. If the whole State of Indiana were equally divided among the billions of human beings who have been born upon the earth, we should each have only about thirteen square yards.

KRONOMATH.

AN advertisement seriously announces a new song with the modest request, "Oh, give me back but yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare to-morrow?" is in preparation—to be afterwards followed by the sequel lyric of "You haven't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

The Shamrock.

BY COZ.

Long ages since a child of France, of gracious heaven sent,
In quest of souls to win to God, a lovely island sought.
The sun that bathes the western hills in golden glory, sees
In all his course the earth around, no fairer spot than that
Where first the Saint on land set foot. He humbly knelt him
down;

On Erin's verdant plain he knelt, and kissed the welcome soil!
But darkest night was on those hills,—the night unit of Faith—
How could he teach that simple race those heavenly truths sub-
lime

Which spirits loftier far than theirs in vain had sought to reach?
Faith, Hope, and Love led on his steps to Tara's royal hall;
The chiefs and people there stood mute around their pagan king,
To hearken to the words of truth that haply he might speak.
All words are vain to minds like theirs—the people ask a sign.

Patricius looked upon the earth grown holier by his tread:
The Cross implanted there, towered high, as if to reach the heav-
ens;

And at its base, where stood of old the faithful MARTYRS three,
A simple slender flower upraised its head with triple crown.

"O sons of Erin, be this flower the sign of me ye seek,
Sign of the One, yet Triple Power which, living, bids all live:
Still One in Three—in essence One—the only, Living God!"

Nor vainly spoke the Saint to them: King, chiefs, and people
heard

With reverence the words he spoke, and knelt, adoring there.

Hence is the Shamrock dear to us,—most sacred and most dear,—
The emblem of our native Land, the symbol of our Faith;
Hence worn above each cross-signed brow, upon each faithful
breast;

Hence once a year we raise on high that holy triple leaf,
And mind us of its mysteries by great Patricius taught.

The Shamrock decks the martyr's brow, the noble patriot's
grave;

It mantles o'er our Island's harp, whose tones of sacred grief
Amidst foliage sounding sweet can win our weeping hearts
To sing the hopes of brighter days, which all, alas, are dead!

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

College Plays.

The demand for plays and dramas of a suitable description for Colleges and Academies has long been felt, and yet remains unsupplied, as very few are in print. As a consequence, Superiors are driven to the necessity of remodeling plays written for the regular stage—which are unfortunately almost invariably immoral in their tone—or depending chiefly upon comedy for entertainments by pupils, or, finally, of discarding the use of plays altogether.

In remodeling, the performers must present but fragmentary or imperfect ideas, and an incomplete plot; while in comedy, no matter how well chosen, they are confined to but a partial exercise, and an inferior direction of the dramatic powers, the cultivation of which is so important in the education of young gentlemen, especially of such as look forward to a professional or public career as that of a lawyer, statesman, priest, etc., and to whom the power of swaying the human mind, a knowledge of human nature and its personation, are so often indispensable.

To depend entirely on the puritanic method of declamation and essay-reading for collegiate and academic exhibitions, we are persuaded will never satisfy the spirited and art-loving youth of our American institutions. At school, in their amusements, they wish to make the rehearsal of life, so to speak. The hero becomes the hero, first, in his imagination. The beau-ideal of youth is the model of manhood. Let the student then familiarize himself with magnanimity; let him adopt as his, although but for a time, the character of greatness, purity, and truth as represented by his part in a drama, and if possessed of the least docility, he will strive to assimilate his own mind to the standard he holds up to others. This must have a greater or less influence upon his career. He will rejoice in the success of virtue and the overthrow of vice, in real as in mimic

life. Rectitude of principle may be cultivated with his pastimes, which, alas, are made too frequently the ministers of evil, arousing all the wicked inclinations, amusements alone being the object in view.

The plays which we intend publishing in the successive numbers of the SCHOLASTIC were written for the Junior Class of Notre Dame University, and adapted to their comprehension, and were performed by them with great *eclat*.

Their object is to instill a laudable ambition into the youthful mind, and to elevate the standard of school exhibitions above the level of the farce and comedy, which, though good in their place when vulgarity is excluded, if forming the entire recreation of the young, must detract from that dignity and earnestness which is inseparable from true manhood, and therefore in the end they must degrade and vitiate the intellect, if not the heart.

Dedicated to St. Cecilia, that noble model of Christian heroism, faith, and purity, we trust our humble efforts in her honor may find the encouragement from the public at large which it has already received from the wide circle of patrons and friends of the University, as played by her youthful votaries at Notre Dame.

ST. MARY'S, April 17th, 1868.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

PROMOTED BY POPE URBAN II—PREACHED BY
PETER THE HERMIT.

A Drama.

CHARACTERS:

Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine.
Adhemar of Puy, Archbishop.
Tancred.
Peter the Hermit.
Bismond, Prince of Sorrento.
Simon, Patriarch of Jerusalem.
Stephen, Ladislas, } Citizens of Jerusalem.
Matthew Chartres, }
Egbert, Surgeon.
Peter Bartholomew.
Gaston de Berne.
Hermit.
Claude, Leonard, John, } Knights.
Hugh, Thomas, Henry, }
Alfred, Amelun, Paul, }
Isaiah, Moslem convert.
Mark, Andrew, } Crusaders.
James, }
Elmer, boy.
Mustafa, Hafid, } Turks.
Hugo, 1st Turk, }
2nd Turk, }

ACT I.—SCENE I.

[House of Simeon the Patriarch, in Jerusalem.]

SIMEON AND PETER.

PETER.—Good Father, I have doubted me full long

That at the gates of blest Jerusalem
Poor pilgrims must lie starving, clothed in rags
Tho' oft the tale were told me; but the truth
Is forced on me from what myself hath seen.

SIMEON.—(Casting his eyes down sadly).
Ah, pilgrim, we have felt and suffered long.
From barbarous acts these Mussulmans devise
To mock the faithful ere they pass the gates;
But if oppressed outside, alas, within
How bitter is their portion!

PETER.— Ah, too true.
But I had hoped the scenes I have beheld
Were rare, and seldom forced on Christian sight.
For, on this hallowed ground, one would believe,
The very stones would cry for our defense,
Should Turks molest our calm devotions.

SIMEON.— Stay,
Good pilgrim! Pilgrim in the Holy Land,

Hope not for sweet devotion; and though tears
Were bliss to shed where Jesus once was laid,
Think more to shed them for dark sacrilege;
For daily insults to the Christian rites,
For crime and deeds too hideous for a name.
'Twas but this morning at the holy Mass,
An Arab with grotesque and wanton air
Passed to the altar, and when all were bowed
In adoration, with a mocking howl
And bitter laugh of scorn he boldly hurled
Stones at the chalice; then he sang aloud
Vile songs forbidden to a Christian ear.

PETER—(With strong emotion)

I fain would *doubt* you, holy Patriarch.

SIMEON.—*Would* that my words were false. But
could my lips

Repeat the dismal scenes of every day.
Your heart would sink within you; for the sun
Goes down each night to hide from sacrilege,
Each morn he rises but to blush for crimes.
Our founts, our holy vessels, and our shrines
Are hourly desecrated by the Turks.
Their lust for gold has left our churches bare;
Their scenes obscene corrupted all our youth.
Where naught remains to tempt their greed, they rob;
Where there is innocence, they will not rest,
Till not a trace of purity be left.

PETER.—But, holy Father, is there no redress
For all these evils? Ah, methinks, dear Lord,
Your very footprints would subdue their power;
To shield the faithful from this insolence!

SIMEON.—Alas, alas, our sins have been so great
That they invite these scourges. God is not
Yet satisfied for our offenses. No!

He will not hear our prayers; we have no hope!
The Greeks cannot protect us, and we pine,
Exhausted, scarce resisting; and you well
May weep for Christians who disgrace their Faith
And give the Turk fair pretext for disdain.

PETER.—Your words do pierce my soul! O,
tyrant mind

To show dark truths nor give the power to blot!
Methought to expiate my sins by tears
And worthy penance where my Saviour trod.
But let me prove allegiance to my Faith,
By sterner deeds, by bolder sacrifice;
Where is my strength of soul, if I attend
And mark the desecration and the crimes
Of Son's holy places, and forbear
To fly to her defense?

SIMEON.— And how can'st aid us?

PETER.—(With animation—cheerfully.)
Believe me! if the Church of Rome once knew
How shameful your oppression—how its weight
Falls on the souls of Christians in the East,
To compass their destruction—she would arm
Forthwith to crush the Turk, and—happy gain!
Thereby might win the Holy Sepulchre.
Write to the Pope—to Princes of the West—
And I will bear the story of your wrongs,
To lay them at their feet. I will go forth,
And preach your grievance thro' the Occident,
And all the world will fly to Palestine.

SIMEON.—(Grasping the hand of Peter.)
God bless your high endeavors! nor shall time
Long intervene ere I fulfil your word.
I go straightway. And beg the Holy Ghost
Inspire my pen while I rehearse your woe.
But much I trust me to your earnest plea,
You who have seen, and know our grievous ills,
You who contrast our bondage, fear and shame,
With the full freedom of the Western world;
You who do feel God's interests, East and West,
One and inseparable. You love the Faith,
And Heaven I doubt not has inspired your will.

PETER.—(In tears.) I need not, holy man, more
to be urged.

My eloquent incentive is the thought
That on the ground where Jesus paid the debt
Of man's ingratitude, in tears and blood,

That cold ingratitude renews itself—
In form so hideous, e'en as if the rage
Of furious Jews who crucified our Lord
Burst forth afresh in Moslem cruelty.
We will converse to-morrow; and before
Another week be past—if so God wills—
I shall depart to arouse the Western Church.

[Exit SIMEON R.]

SCENE II.

[Peter alone.—Time, after the vision.]

PETER.—That hour repeats itself as the blue sky
Repeats itself in ocean; and that voice,
Richer than heavenly anthems, o'er and o'er
Urges me on to duty: "Peter, rise,
And with courageous heart perform your vow;
I will be with you: I will nerve your arm
And give your tongue an angel's eloquence.
Release My chosen land, the sacred soil
Of man's redemption, from the Infidel.
Aid you My people! bid the mighty West
Arm, and restore the bleeding Orient;
For My sore heart, my scourged and mangled limbs
Do bleed afresh when My poor lambs are torn.
Go, Peter! Hasten! nor doubt who guides your
steps."

Nay! 'Twas no fantasy, no fitful dream,
But my Redeemer's voice, His wounded form,
That came to plead the rescue of His flock.
I question not the vision! No, dear Cross,
I now embrace thee, and I pledge my life
To arm all Christian thrones against Thy foe!

[Enter MATTHEW and STEPHEN R.]

STEPHEN.—Pardon, we would molest not! but
we know

Your mission, holy man, and now are here
To urge you with fresh zeal. Oh, could you see
What our tear-blinded eyes to-day beheld
Your pity would impel with treble speed
Your footsteps to the Occident.

PETER.—(Laying his hand on his heart.)

Speak on,
Add fuel to the flame that kindles here,
And I am but too happy!

STEPHEN.—(Manifesting painful emotion.)

Last midnight,
[As we are wont to rise, for peace, in prayer,]
A youthful matron bore her infant son
In stealth and silence to a church hard by,
That, undisturbed, her child might be baptized.
But evil, vigilant, had dogged her steps,
And as the Priest breathed on the innocent
A Turkish sabre glittered in the air;
A leering Mussulman stood by, and held
In his left hand the carrion of a dog,—
He waved it o'er the font, to mock our rites,
[These insults daily happen you must know]
But the young mother—martyr as she is,—
Shielded the sacred waters with her form.
The Turk, incensed, then thrust her thro' the
heart;

Kidnapped the infant; spat upon the Priest,
And loaded him with chains upon the spot,
And with his ruffian band then drove us forth,
Leaving the dying mother there alone.

I am the father of that babe, good sir—
I am that matron's husband, nor have power
To claim my child again; his tender soul,
Nursed in their dens of vice, must needs be lost,
Should no one rescue. But my wife, thank God!
Is now beyond the reach of their vile hands;
You are a Father! Think of my poor child.

MATTHEW.—I too have wrongs to tell you: one
year since

I was a happy father. Augustine
Had grown to years of manhood, brave and pure,
And taken holy orders; but a grudge
Owed me by one Mustafa made my son
The mark of his fierce hatred. Easter day

They dragged him from the Altar while at prayer,
And I dare not reiterate the deeds
They forced my eyes to witness. His young form,
Just consecrated to God, their violence
Dishonored in my presence. Not content
They branded his fair shoulder with the name
Of their false prophet, and upon his head,
Just tonsured, burned a crescent; and in chains
More dead than living, bore him from my sight.
Since, I've not heard from him. He may be dead,
He may be ruined. I shall never know.

And then my daughter: (Pilgrim, hear with me
While I relate her story.) Eveline
Was lovely as an angel; but, alas!
Beauty, that friends do envy, was her curse!
Beauty is all unsafe where demons rule;
Because its semblance is so like to heaven
They covet its possession; and they came,
[The Turkish Cadi bade them] and my child,
At twilight yester-even was torn from home. [not,
Tears, prayers or threats of vengeance moved them
And she is at their mercy.]

STEPHEN.— Day by day
These outrages menace us. Haste, good man,
Kind pilgrim, and forget not on your way
That we are made to suffer.

PETER.— Shall the sun
Forget to light the world? Ah! then shall I
Forget your suffering; then forget the shame,
To Christian kingdoms, when the Holy Land
Writhes under such oppression. Yes, I go.
The hour just past, my Saviour came to me,
His palms were bleeding, and His finger tips
Dropped gore. His eyes suffused with blood, so sad,
Spoke to my soul, and told me that your pain
Renewed His agony, renewed the scourge
Upon His weary shoulders, and the gall
And vinegar that pressed His dying lips
I go at His command! Your prayers! your prayers!
Pray, swift success attend my enterprise.

[Exit PETER, R.—MATTHEW and STEPHEN L. U. R.]

SCENE III.

[Islam Camp—ISRAEL—MUSTAFA.]

ISRAEL.—Mustafa, hast thou heard the late re-
'Tis said, arrived within the city walls, [port?
A pilgrim is concocting a revolt,
To be supported by the West.

MUSTAFA.— And thou!
Dost trust the fable?

ISRAEL.—Trust? Well no, not quite,
And yet I see 'twere politic and wise,
In point of statesmanship.

MUSTAFA.—(Laughing.) By the prophet's beard,
Who ever heard such folly? Statesmanship!
Those Christian dogs play statesmen (laughs)? In
good sooth,

The flowing mane of a proud Arab steed
On a hedge-hog would be much more in place.

ISRAEL.—That may be true, but did the alu-
bering West

But know our strong incursions, to be shrewd
She'd stand on the defensive. Let her be;
The Eastern Christians are most abject slaves.

MUSTAFA.—(Disdainfully.)
Slaves? Brutes! dogs! filthy things to be spit on.
Our love of conquest will soon blot them out,
And the vile creatures, in the East or West,
Sully no more the earth.

ISRAEL.— I hate them not.

MUSTAFA.—(Scornfully.)
Out on you, for bad taste! But, Israel, hold!
What are these Christians? men who, once in power,
Would rob us of inalienable rights;
Teach women they have souls, and all that stuff,
Make pleasure an offence; inspire young men
With most unnatural fancies, as though life
Was danger to enjoy it; making crimes
Out of our harmless passions. Should it be

The mawkish things would conquer! SHOULD IT BE! (*laughing*)—

Our harems, mosques, the freedom of our rights
To plunder and make pastime at our will,
Would all be wrested from us? But I vow,
By the great shrine of Mecca, if the West
Does arm, my scimitar will never pause
Till Christian blood has crimsoned all the sea.

ISRAEL.— I pity them.

MUSTAFA.—Pity! for shame! What for?

ISRAEL.—Because they are oppressed; and in good faith

I must admire their strife for innocence.

MUSTAFA.—(*Laughing boisterously.*)

Innocence! Bah! 'tis but a breath—a name.

(*mockingly*) A great commander talk of innocence!

A man of innocence is a born fool!

[*Enter Turkish soldiers—HAFID, HUGO, etc.*]

ISRAEL.—Where now? [the city walls.

HAFID.—(*Swaggering.*) A little sport outside
Come join us.

ISRAEL.—Not to-day. I am engaged.

HUGO.—Pho! Isfael come along! 'Tis a rare joke
Ten pilgrims in a pit are left to starve.

ISRAEL.—What brings the fools? I'm puzzled to find out.

They have no comfort here in Palestine.

And yet their numbers never grow the less,

"Ten pilgrims in a pit are left to starve!"

MUSTAFA.—(*Delightedly*)

Good! good! I wish it were ten hundred million.
Come on, Isfael! help us kill the ten.

ISRAEL.—I have important embassies to write
Adieu! [*Aside*] I hate the temper of these fellows.

[*Exit. ISRAEL.*]

MUSTAFA.—Well, go then; more the booty for us.

HAFID.—(*Rubbing his hands with delight.*)

The richest haul of jewels for a month!

(*displays them*) Two diamonds of first water and four pearls.

HUGO.—(*Handing a pilgrim's mantle to HAFID.*)
Here, disguise!

We'll make them think us friends, the simple fools,
And they will show their precious stones and gold
Intended for the Holy Sepulchre.

MUSTAFA.—(*Laughing*) And then we will relieve
Them. (*They laugh.*)

HAFID.—Come along! (*They swagger off the stage.*)

[*Enter PETER, BARTHOLOMEW, SIMEON, and several others in trading garb (H)*]

SIMEON.—A guard must be your escort, general.
For your assassination is in truth [your friend,
A thing most certain should your plan be guessed.
Ah, Peter! 'twill take warriors brave and strong
To cope successful with the-e cruel Turks.

PETER.—But Europe has them: Robert of Flanders,

Raymond of Toulouse, the Duke of Normandy,
Tancred and Hugh, and Godfrey of Lorraine;
This Godfrey is an army within himself—
Young, fresh in vigor and as pure of soul
As the unfallen angels, earth holds not
A power to daunt his prowess. He will come.

The sensual Turks will fly at his approach.

As to myself, I ask no guard. But lo!

When I return with Europe's valiant nobles,

The crimes that mark your desolation, then

Their swords shall expiate. Farewell. [*Exit. H.*]

[*End of Act I*]

LACK of perseverance in performing the labor necessary to the student of elocution, or ignorance of the method to be pursued, or, in many cases, a notion that orators, like poets, "are born, not made," has served to make the number of eloquent advocates very small indeed.—*Albany Law Journal.*

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Man, and the Drama of Creation.

BY DENNIS A. CLARKE.

Although this subject may impress upon the minds of my readers the idea that I am about attempting to disclose the hitherto hidden mysteries of creation, still I trust that, before I have finished, that false impression shall have been erased.

It is my object only to communicate a knowledge of the beautiful and yet sublime order of creation gleaned from the laws and principles of established science, and corroborated by the sublime description in Genesis.

It is a subject upon which we can long and seriously think; it leads us to study the wonders connected with our existence and to admire the marvelous productions of an Almighty Hand.

In order, then, to have a better understanding of creation, an intellect,—yes, an intellect,—a mind brilliant without a blemish, and perfect in itself, but far inferior to that master mind of its Architect—was possessed by man at the time of which we are now speaking. But perfection characterized not only his mind: he was perfect in every other respect.

Notwithstanding this perfection, he thoughtlessly permitted himself to be bound by the bridle of pride, his sight dimmed by visions of future greatness and greater glory, and to be led on willingly thus by the evil tempter. Stumbling over the rock of disobedience, he plunged headlong into an abyss of ignorance and misery. Injured then he was, beyond all recovery; his mind from that moment was destitute of its original brilliant mental advancement of man from the period of his unhappy fall in the terrestrial paradise of Eden down to our own time,—the last third of the enlightened nineteenth century,—let us travel back in spirit through the past, without pausing to examine the numerous monumental ruins that are exposed to view along the road, some recording man's elevated nature and noble qualities, others manifesting a low and degraded condition at times.

Passing silently by all these living records of man's greatness or baseness, we arrive at the garden of Eden and contemplate him in that happy abode. We most readily distinguish him by the possession of a characteristic which at once places him almost infinitely above the rest of the animal iancy and perfection, and became a slave to the promptings of his animal nature.

It was ordained however by a merciful Providence that man should have the stimulus to exertion within his grasp, and thus be susceptible of raising himself by degrees from his degraded fallen state. Hence we witness him gradually approaching the summit of perfection from which he fell. The bright star of reason guides him on his upward journey, illuminating his path and exposing to view many friendly protruding rocks of science which serve him as safe stepping-stones. Advancing in this manner still upward, the human intellect continues always approaching its former state without ever reaching it. It can contemplate at a distance the source of all that is true and beautiful, by only perceiving the manifestations of that source everywhere so evident. For this reason, that man might know his Creator, the whole world, the universe, was conceded to him. It enables him to know his Creator, because in investigating the laws that govern the universe, he strengthens and cultivates his intellectual powers and exalts his nature by soaring high above the domains of mere animal instinct and wandering in the wide realms of thought and pure reason. Here, therefore, we find science,

within the limits of pure reason, the intermediate station between man and his Creator, from which as a standpoint he can look back through the long vista of past ages and witness the creation of the universe by an Almighty Being. He sees the regular succession of the different conditions through which the earth passed while in the process of formation; he witnesses the enthronement of that powerful king of day—the sun; and the coronation of that mild queen of night—the moon; he watches with transports of pleasure, the bursting forth of "those ever blooming blossoms of heaven," the stars; he examines carefully each living being as it emanates from the hand of its Creator.

All this he may witness, but arranged systematically and according to a programme existing in the mind of the Almighty, the work of creation being presented as a vast drama.

This drama at which he gazes with wonder and admiration is divided into six grand scenes, representing the six days' labor of the Lord.

The elements being created and all things prepared to obey the creative voice, the curtain arises and exposes to view a sublime yet desolate scene, in which no single object can be distinguished. Chaos reigns supreme; order, the first law of the universe, has not as yet been called into existence. But while contemplating this opening scene, it has unconsciously lost itself in the succeeding, where order and harmony are introduced. The first animals now manifest themselves in the form of Mollusks, the lowest order and simplest form of animal life. The two mighty continents are almost entirely concealed from view, being submerged in the dark waters of a boundless ocean. Towards the close of this scene the waters become animated by a low order of fishes, and begin to recede from the land. Lights now glitter in the clear firmament, the sun disperses his warming and invigorating rays in order to animate and sustain all living beings, especially to nourish the vegetation which begins to appear. The following scene discloses to view the vegetable kingdom at the period of its perfection. Vegetation thrives most luxuriantly, and densely covers the marshy surface of the now much wider extended continents.

Out of the remains of these shrubs and plants the immense and inexhaustible coal beds were formed, whose contents are at present so profitable in assisting the rapid advance of civilization.

Vegetation gradually declines, and at the close of this scene everything is in readiness for the perfect development of that life which is to predominate next, the principal character in the succeeding scene. This life—repetition—affords an easy transition—a characteristic of nature's works—from the marine to terrestrial life.

Slowly did the reptiles attain their destined perfection; and in the same manner did they afterwards decline, until insensibly drifted into the following scene, Mammals enter upon the stage of creation, bringing with them the first quadrupeds, whose size exceed those of modern species. But these large and no doubt formidable animals by degrees became extinct after the time for their full development had expired. It is nothing more than reasonable that these animals should die away, for the next scene will present a being whose nature is adverse to that of mere animal—a moral and intellectual creature, the vicegerent of God upon earth. At the close then of the sixth scene, the masterpiece of the Creator—man—makes his appearance and in beautiful language pronounces the epilogue of the drama.

As he is about finishing, a grand tableau of the creation is presented, each of the living characters passes in order before that intellectual being, saluting him and acknowledging his dominion

over them, he at the same time introducing them to future generations by giving them appropriate names.

The drama is now ended, the reign of the monarch, Time, begins. Ages since have rolled by and witnessed in their transit many great and important epochs upon the face of the earth, brought about by that intellectual and accountable creature—man. Yes, truly has he been the instrument by which the exterior aspect of this planet has been metamorphosed. In this manner will Time continue his reign, until man having accomplished his mission and the programme instituted by a wise Providence being completed, all things save what is immortal shall fall into nonentity, and Eternity's reign continue.

[For "The Notre Dame Scholastic."]

The People of the State of Bertrand vs. John stick.

(From our own Law Reporter—Mr. Larry Doolan.)

(Continued.)

The concluding part of my report of this great trial must, owing to circumstances beyond my control, be comparatively meagre. The fact is I was "committed for contempt," as they call it, for using the French word *smithereens* in the course of my testimony. It's a hard thing to punish a man for using his native tongue. I was fined five dollars, however, this being the maximum value which the law allows to the honor of this court, and not being willing to pay the legal price for that article, I got a commission, as stated before, to join the interesting family of Mr. Sheriff Grahtlight, who is now enjoying the pleasures of his celebrated country seat, Death's Hole, near Jailmount. His family, all of the male persuasion, consists of eighteen promising boys, whose ages range from twenty-five to fifty years. The hospitality of this genial public servant is truly extravagant. During my stay under his generous roof I was daily treated to a plate of bean-soup. As this luxurious style of living was likely to produce gout, I came to the conclusion of changing it for some more delicate and lighter diet, and accordingly I asked my host—with all native Parisian *politesse*—if he wouldn't be good enough to let the waiter bring me hereafter, instead of the soup, a *noggin of sowans*, a savory and aristocratic dish greatly in demand at the *table d'hôte of le grand hotel Louis Quatorze, Rue Vous-Avez Tort*, when I was in Paris.

"Ein rogggen Sauerkraut! Ach! mein Herr, was ist das?" says he.

"Exactly," says I, thinking, you know, that's what they call sowans in German. "Hier, geschwind damit, mein Herr," says I. "Call it what you like, it you only bring it here. *Kanst du verstehen?*"

"Ya doch! ya doch!" says he. "Du bist ein—"

"A glass of beer for yourself, mein Herr," says I, "seeing that you're so obliging."

"Ein glass hier fur meine person!" says he. "Ach! mein Herr, das ist recht. Ich habe es fur mein Leben gern!"

"Is that Spanish you're trying to flatter me in?" says I. "Tum trausted un poco de mountain dew, S-ñor," says I again, at the same time pulling a handsome cruiskeen out of my pocket. "It's manners," says I, "to take the first drop, so here's to yourself, Mr. Doolan, *con mucho gusto*, and let that old Spaniard have the next chance to take the cockles off his heart. Jerusalem! how he smacked his lips!"

"Ach! So! Ya! ya! das ist gut. Noch mehr, Misater Toolan, immer mehr!"

"Non multum, you greedy ould Spaniard," says I, "till you bring me the noggin of sowans."

With that he flew off, and came back in a wink, with a dishful of red raw cabbage that two ordinary men couldn't hould.

"Is that what you call sowans, you ould Castile?" says I. "Well, I'm a spalpeen if you get another chance to put your lips to the mouth of this cruiskeen, after that! Your Spanish schamin won't do you much good; mind that, now."

At this point of the dialogue an order of court came for my release, and I was accordingly discharged. The only thing that grieves me, in the whole affair, is that I didn't have a chance to give a full report of the speeches of counsel. I'm told that the leading counsel for the defense spoke five hours on the question of Constitutional Liberty, and that he gave me fits. If the report of the proceedings, as they appear in the columns of the *Bertrand Highflyer*, be true, I have only to say that the sequel to this trial has to come yet. Not having much to do during the time I was enjoying the sheriff's hospitality, I was very glad to get hold of anything to read, and in hunting about for reading-matter I happened to fall upon a very old addition of Don Quixote, and was delighted, as well as surprised to find, in the appendix, a very singular poem, of which no translation, so far as I know, has yet appeared. The title page, which is composed of richly illumined vellum, contains the following extraordinary announcement: "To the inhabitants of this island, and unto all men, this proclamation cometh greeting; know ye that the poem whereof the title is 'The Modern Pop,' and all other poems and sayings which this appendix containeth were composed and written by his supremely illustrious Excellency Don Sancho Panza, at the time wherein his mighty and serene altitude was governor of the Island of Barataria, whereunto he came by virtue of his unheard of exploits in company with that cream of chivalry and flower of knighthood, Don Quixote de la Mancha. This is genuine."

"(Signed) DON SANCHE X PANZA, G. I. B."
his mark.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

A Retrospect of 1869.

In the darkness and silence of a cold December midnight, the last page in the record-book of the year of grace 1869 was posted; and in indelible characters is recorded, whether of good or evil, the account of each and every member of the human family.

The year just closed will be a memorable one in the history of the age in which we live, and a retrospect glance at the wonderful achievements which have been successfully completed will mark it as one of the grandest epochs of the nineteenth century. The indomitable energy of man, aided by all the appliances which modern science could bring to bear, has triumphed over apparently insurmountable obstacles. Two of the greatest improvements during the year just closed were the completion of the Pacific Railroad—which brings us in close communication with our fellow citizens on the golden shores of California, and an event of incalculable benefit to the commercial interests of the world—and the opening of the Suez Ship Canal.

Had the idea of a railroad across the towering peaks and deep defiles of the Rocky Mountains been broached a few years ago, it would have seemed absurd, preposterous—would have been scoffed at—but to-day the shriek of the iron-horse, as it ploughs its devious way over the rock-ribbed hills where the foot of man had never trodden until the inauguration of this stupendous enterprise, now resounds over mountain and valley; and long trains of cars, filled with their

burdens of precious living freight, or transporting the immense traffic which the route has opened up, can be seen passing daily over the wild stretch of country now awakened for the first time from the peaceful slumbers which it has indulged in for countless ages.

In the religious world the past year has closed upon an assemblage unequalled in numbers and unsurpassable in dignity since the dawn of creation. The great Ecumenical Council, now assembled within the walls of the Eternal City, is composed of more than four hundred of the highest dignitaries, to say nothing of the innumerable lesser lights of a Church embracing a more extended membership than any Christian denomination upon the face of the earth. The Council is composed of prelates from every inhabited portion of the globe, who have met in solemn conclave under the direction of Pope Pius IX, to deliberate and take action upon matters pertaining to the Church, and to the many millions of people who recognize its authority and worship at its altars.

Among the many stricken from the roll of life during the past year, appear the names of not a few who were illustrious in the various professions, and who have achieved a posthumous fame which will survive long after their bones have mouldered in that narrow cell, where the learned and unlettered dead alike repose in peace. In the contracted limits of the home circle there are vacant chairs, and the year brought its load of sorrow to many desolate hearts which mourn the loss of a dear parent, a beloved child, a fond brother, or an affectionate sister. These are thy victories, O Death! for thy impartial hand hath spared not where it was raised to strike.

With buoyant step the New Year is ushered into existence, and the sceptre passes into its hands amid the ringing of bells and the gleeful shouts of the giddy throng who are always prone to turn their backs upon infirmity and helplessness. The screws are driven home in the coffin-lid of the dead year, and few there are to bend mournfully over the bier where so much of good and evil, of joy and sorrow, lie shrouded for the tomb.

How many of us who joined in hearty welcome of the New Year will be in existence a twelvemonth hence? Death, perhaps, may have marked us for its earliest victims, and ere the close of the present year many of us will doubtless have passed beyond the river, leaving our memories only to be cherished by those nearest and dearest to us. These are sad reflections to obtrude themselves at a time when the spirit of rejoicing is abroad, but yet we must look the future squarely in the face, and if we realize the dreadful uncertainty that overhangs our fate we may be led to shape our course in such a manner as will find us prepared for the summons whenever it cometh. We are all prone to good resolutions at the beginning of the year, but past experience has taught us the frailties of our natures by an early return to our former habits of life. Again we promised ourselves to endeavor to correct our shortcomings and try to live in conformity with those teachings which our consciences tell us are the only road to true happiness. By keeping constantly in mind the mutability of all things human, and ever reflecting that the hour or moment we may be called hence is uncertain, and that other terrible thought that "after death cometh judgment," we may be enabled to carry out in the future the good resolutions of the present. And if we should be spared to celebrate another New Year anniversary, we can look back with joy, pride and thankfulness to the vows registered on this, to us, indeed a happy New Year.

J. R. BOYD.

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Washington's Birthday.

Washington's Birthday, this year, did not fall in Lent. For several reasons we wish it never would. One of the reasons is turkey; and although there is something very Mohammedan about turkey, we wish that its claims could be sufficiently urged before the Ecumenical Council to secure the postponement of Ash-Wednesday whenever necessary. Recreation at dinner afforded excellent "sass" for the turkey. In fact an ordinary day is chiefly distinguished from an extraordinary one by recreation at dinner;—it gives color, as it were, to the festivity. (The color is a lively yell-oh!) But stomachic delights alone were not considered sufficient to immortalize the day. Our glorious and ancient fraternity of Thespians lent their aid to make the evening gay. They drew a crowd. The Hall was chuck full. Considering that South Bend is running two theatres, a German turn-around, a fat contributor, a Cardiff giant, and a lady lecturer of great versatility, who usurps all the men's attributes, including, we hope, the *mens sibi conscia recti*, our Thespians drew out an astonishing number of Benders,—and the sleighing was not good either. Talent—yes, truly, eminent talent—will entice crowds through miles of mud, in spite of all rivalry. But to the programme.

The first part of a programme, we have often observed, is apt to be a very ingenious hypothesis, and it is an interesting problem in the Theory of Probabilities to find out how much of it is likely to be realized. A quartette at this time of the year is almost certain to be a sell, one at least of the four voices being sure to have a bad cold, or wet feet, or something. We were agreeably surprised, therefore, to hear our old friend *Gaudeamus igitur*, although the want of the usual convivial accompaniments rendered it somewhat tame. Bass voices and lager beer alone can give *Gaudeamus* with the correct timbre. Now you needn't quote "*juvenes dum sumus*" in proof that it should be sung by boys' voices. Boys want to be men. They never willingly advert to the fact, "*juvenes dum sumus*." They chew tobacco for no other reason than because they think it will make them men sooner; and they are always feeling for their mustaches. It is one of the perversities of human nature that we never appreciate the blessings of Providence until we are on the point of losing them forever. When a man is on the shady side of thirty, with a bald spot coming on the top of his head, he will begin to try to make himself and everybody else believe that he is not so very old after all. He will hang on to the last blushes of youth with *vim*, and sing "*juvenes dum sumus*" at the top of his voice. But we digress.

Mr. Clarke did well—here and there—in his oration. The trio of horns was very successful. Mr. Shelton's musical talent and obliging disposition render him a favorite with all who know him. With regard to the ballads, we are afraid we must say they were somewhat weak. "Lucretia Borgia" did not appear at all. Some of the young gentlemen who appeared about this time

needed to be reminded that a certain amount of *dishabille* may be tolerable and even advisable when engaged in the athletic sports of the playground, but on the public stage it is not exactly *comme il faut*. Master Mahoney, instead of his promised oration, gave us that celebrated declamation on mustaches, which is always so well received by the mustacheless majority. Master Berdel's "Spanish Champion" was excellently rendered. Our Band is now in splendid trim. Prof. Boyne is a highly competent leader, and does his business as it ought to be done. As for the Orchestra, it has scarcely recovered from the loss it lately sustained, but as soon as it gets settled it will no doubt do well under the direction of Prof. Von Weller.

Having thus disposed of preliminaries, let us proceed to the main performance of the evening—the Tragedy of "Elma." This piece takes a high moral and religious tone, and consequently lays itself open to criticisms to which a play of inferior pretensions would not be liable. "Elma" is a Christian youth, by birth a prince among the Druids. His mother, parted, it would appear, by uncontrollable circumstances, from her husband, "Febronius," a Roman, dies and leaves him to the care of her own father, "Nori," the Arch-Druid. "Elma," at the time the drama opens, although a Christian, appears to be unaware that he was baptized in his infancy, and that his parents were Christians. All these facts he is represented as learning from his father, whose camp he enters in disguise, "Febronius" having been called upon by "patriotism" to invade the country of his wife's relatives, among whom is his own son. During this interview "Febronius" is himself informed by his son of a plot against the life of the latter by the Druids, his assumed countrymen. The anomaly of a free-born son belonging to a different nation from his father's, is not, perhaps, considering the character of the times, altogether outrageous, but the idea that the duties of patriotism would require a young man in such circumstances to leave his father and return to those who were plotting against his life, is hitherto, we believe, unknown to Ethics. Patriotism, no doubt, sometimes requires a man to expose his life to danger, but then it must be a danger from the enemies of his country, while he is fighting in defense of his country. Putting considerations of patriotism aside, if "Elma" went back among the Druids to court martyrdom, the case is even worse. However, go back he does, and with his father's permission. The consequence is, of course, that he is sacrificed. His grandfather, having been obliged to curse him, is unable to protect him, and dies of grief. His father makes a desperate effort to save him, but perishes in the attempt. Finally, "Oswin," the chief of the plotters, is slain by "Rollo," an indignant friend of "Elma's," and perhaps the best and most natural character in the drama. We may observe, in connection with such unmistakably Saxon names as "Oswin," "Adulph," "Cerdic," and some others, that the Druids were Celts, and mortal enemies to all Teutonisms; neither did they worship Odin and Thor.

Having thus given a slight sketch of the plot of the tragedy, we make no hesitation in saying that it affords great scope for the display of dramatic talent, of which our young friends, the Thespians, under the direction of Mr. F. X. Derrick, S. S. C., were not slow to take advantage. Mr. Eisenman played "Elma" with touching fidelity and delicacy. Mr. Morancy, as "Febronius," united the tenderness of the father with the stern sense of duty so characteristic of the Roman generals. His bearing was dignified and his tone and gestures appropriate. Mr. Fox had "Rollo," the friend and avenger of Elma, and

played this excellent rôle with distinguished success. The character of "Oswin," the chief conspirator, we should have thought would have been that of a wicked man, aiming at power for his own selfish ends, and using his false religion simply as accessory to his ambitious views. Mr. Logan, however, depicted him as a raging fanatic in the last stage of chronic superstitious frenzy. Mr. Finley, as a Roman soldier, was very military, and Mr. Wilson, as the Bard, was quite Ossianic. "Statius," the only thoroughly sound and reliable officer in the Roman army, was played by Mr. Arrington with a great deal of stamina. The *gens Stolina*, from remote antiquity, has been remarkable for prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, and all the other qualities which go to make up a truly sterling character. We had forgotten poor old "Nori," the Arch-Druid, that venerable but mistaken man, taken by Mr. Dillon. Candidly, we like Mr. Dillon better in comedy than in tragedy.

After the Tragedy followed an interlude not down in the programme. The celebrated athlete, Professor McLaughlin, having arrived at Notre Dame on the festival, consented to favor the audience with some of his graceful club exercises. The Professor is one of the most splendidly built men we have ever seen, and as he stood there in his star-gemmed belt, wielding his massive club with the ease and lightness only to be acquired by long practice, he fully realized our ideal of "*nimbosus Orion*."

The farce of the "Yankee Peddler" closed the evening's entertainment. We do not ever remember to have seen this play on our boards before. It is very amusing and well adapted to show the ludicrous side of our national character, North and South. Here, as in the former piece, Messrs. Fox and Morancy were conspicuous for their correct impersonation. Mr. Fox was the Yankee trickster to the life, making money out of every passing event, and richly enjoying a practical joke whenever the opportunity presented. Mr. Morancy was the generous, hospitable and passionate Southron, betrayed by his own impetuosity as much as by the other's cunning. They were well sustained by the auxiliary characters taken by Messrs. Dillon, Eisenman, Mulhall, Logan, Murphy, Duffy, Wilson and Sutherland.

At 11 o'clock the company separated, after a short closing address from the Rev. President, expressive of the pleasure all had felt in witnessing the entertainment. As we often spend such another Washington's Birthday; and may the efforts of Mr. Derrick and his able coadjutors continue to be crowned with the same distinguished success which has hitherto marked their career.

S.

Shall it be Realized?

We have been shown a letter in which the writer expresses his willingness to be a contributor to the extent of five hundred dollars, provided a sufficient number of the friends of the University shall co-operate according to their ability, in larger or smaller sums, for the purpose of creating a permanent endowment fund for the Law Department. The writer says, substantially, that all our leading Protestant institutions are lavishly endowed either by State or individual munificence, and that American Catholics—of whom numbers are able enough—might well imitate the liberality of their Protestant brethren in this regard, "and not leave our houses of learning to be forever depending on that very precarious source of revenue which may, and perhaps may not, come from pupils." To quote further: "My son has now been studying Law (I suppose so, at any rate,) for over three years at one or other of the most widely

known law schools in the country, and I am at a loss to see what progress he has made, except in the use of tobacco. I am one of those who believe that success in the study of any branch of knowledge is not possible amidst the distractions and temptations of cities, and as I want my boy to be where the discipline of the place shall not leave him the choice between study and squandering his time—and as, besides this, I am most earnestly desirous for the success of the Law School at the great University of Notre Dame, I propose to give him a trial there next term. Who will help me to endow that department, and thus to put it, forever, beyond the possibility of failure? I wonder if any of our people have, at any time, thought seriously for one minute of the importance and the very necessity of having the study of the Law, (the first of all human sciences,) take rank with the study of the classics and of the other branches of learning in our colleges and universities? Well, it is time to begin. I am ready to make an attempt to the *minimum* extent of five hundred dollars. Who will follow?"

Now we call that business. Shall it be realized? The writer of the letter referred to, says a great many complimentary things about the remarkable success and prosperity of this University, in all of which we fully agree with him. Its rapid success is certainly remarkable. In 1842 the place where it now stands was a wilderness, and to day, with its numerous magnificent buildings, its hundreds of students, and a professorial corps numbering some forty members, it is among the first and finest institutions of learning in the country.

Exchanges.

We respectfully ask some—perhaps we might say many—of our college contemporaries to be a little more prompt in coming to time. We have a fraternal interest in the success of each one of them, and hence it would give us pleasure to notice their merits, as it certainly gives us pleasure to read their excellent productions, if we could only get them in due season. We make this suggestion in all kindness, and trust that the hint shall bear abundant fruits. Our present list of exchanges is large, but we shall only consider it large enough when it embraces every college publication in the Union. The fourth number of Vol. I of *Niguri's Tribute* is on our table. The *Tribute* pays us the dubious, but rather precocious compliment of endorsing our "promising" appearance. For this flattering and encouraging encomium the SCHOLASTIC takes off its editorial hat and makes its politest bow. Small gifts thankfully received, and larger ones *pro rata*. After all, reverence for age and ability is not among the most "prominent virtues" of Young America, and we must be content if the little ones occasionally address us as the "old man," or the "guyner," or, more classically still, the "old cuss."

We would like, if time and space permitted, to give a more extended notice of our youthful contemporary; but as it is we must say that it is well edited and presents every evidence of taking rank as a first-class college paper, in a short time. Among the others of our exchanges, at hand, are the *College Courant*, a first-class paper in all respects; *College Journal*, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *Guardian Angel*, Philadelphia; *College Standard*, Albion, Mich.; *The Cornell Era*; *College Courier*, Monmouth, Ill.; *The Madisonensis*, Hamilton, N. Y.; *College Times*, Chicago; *Trinity Tablet*, Hartford, Conn.; *The Chronicle*, University of Michigan; *The Owl*—magazine—Santa Clara, Cal.; *Young Lang*; *The Catholic*, Pittsburgh, Pa.; *St. Joseph Valley Register*, South Bend, Ind.; *The National Union*, South Bend, Ind.; *St. Louis*

Weekly Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.; *Mishawaka Enterprise*, Mishawaka, Ind. In the instance of the *Enterprise*, the name is very appropriate, for it is really an enterprising paper, and presents an appearance in matter, size and form which does credit to its spirited editor, as well as to the pleasant and thriving little city of Mishawaka.

Acknowledgment.

The Law Department returns thanks to the Hon J. J. McKinnon, of the Chicago Bar, for a volume of the *Chicago Legal News*, as also for a copy of the latest revised edition of *Farren's Bill in Chancery*. This work, at all times valuable, is now made doubly so by the fact that it contains a learned and interesting appendix on the "rules of evidence in chancery," by the same gentleman.

We express our obligations to Mr. McKinnon for the hearty and friendly interest which he manifests in the success of the legal branch of studies pursued at the University. In a former number of the SCHOLASTIC appeared an article on the Cheney-Whitehouse contest. At the time of publishing the article we did not know, and we apprehend neither did the writer of that article know, who was really the author of the able and learned argument with which Bishop Whitehouse's side of the controversy was supported before the Supreme Court of Illinois. We have since learned on good authority that the credit of the production is due to Mr. McKinnon. Technically, we suppose, that argument may be called a brief; but, in truth, this is a misnomer, for the argument makes up a volume of one hundred and fourteen quarto pages, and displays throughout a masterly knowledge of, and familiarity with the principles and teachings of ecclesiastical and municipal law which is certainly admirable.

The entire argument manifests an extraordinary degree of legal ability, learning and research clearly condensed and logically presented. No other State in the Union possesses so great a number of able lawyers as Illinois, and Mr. McKinnon stands in the front ranks of that Bar. We believe he is a graduate of the great Jesuit College at Georgetown, D. C. He certainly does honor to his *Alma Mater*.

Since writing the foregoing the, Law Department has received a volume of the *Albany Law Journal* from the same source.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

The Black Book.

MESSRS EDITORS: Happening the other day to go into one of the rooms of the University (said room was not quite a mile from that of the Prefect of Discipline), I saw on a table a large black book;—yes, black as black could make it.

Prompted by that curiosity which has on more than one occasion "got me into a fix," I opened the book and read enough to satisfy me. There, in a hand quite legible, but not Spencerian, I read the names of some of those who *were*, but are not now, students of Notre Dame. Here I found names of students, place of residence, date and cause of their expulsion. I closed the book, and from that moment, come what would, I resolved my name should never adorn its pages. I did at first think that this was almost too great a punishment, but upon reflection came to the conclusion that if a young man so far forgets his manhood and self respect as to incur expulsion, a record of that person should be kept. Perhaps some day the biographer of criminals may use these facts for a good purpose, giving an additional proof that "the boy is father to the man."

CREDO.

Arrival of Students.

Arthur S. Morton,	Battle Creek, Mich.
Thomas Gagen,	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. O'Brien,	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Clarke,	Dowagiac, Mich.
Ormus Bishop,	McHenry, Ill.
Warren Kime,	Ligonier, Ind.
Wm. Peebles,	Saint Louis, Mo.
Francis Bish,	Lancaster, Ohio.
Wm. Manning,	Columbus, Ohio.
C. L. L. Allen,	Saint Louis, Mo.
C. Connorton,	New York, N. Y.
Stephen Meyer,	West Bend, Wis.

Archconfraternity.

MESSRS. EDITORS: This religious Society, which exercises such a benign influence over so many of those young men belonging to the Senior Department who, actuated by the desire of obtaining the powerful patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, enrolled their names among those of her numerous clients, held its regular meeting on Sunday, the 15th ult., in the College chapel.

After returning thanks to our holy Patroness for the many blessings obtained through her powerful influence during the past year, Very Rev. Father Provincial, director of the Association, addressed the members some appropriate and instructive remarks in his usual felicitous style. He earnestly recommended them to be zealous in the performance of their religious duties, and dwelt at length on the motives which should actuate them in all their undertakings. He then showed how necessary it was, in order to live in accordance with the rules of our holy religion and to obtain those graces by which true happiness alone can be obtained, that all the members of the Society should be exempt from those misdemeanors which are liable to lead them from the paths of virtue.

After the Very Rev. Father concluded his pleasing remarks, Mr. Edward Fitzharris was unanimously chosen to fill the office of librarian, which happened to be vacant.

D. TIGHE, Cor. Sec'y.

Thespian Excursion.

On Saturday, the twenty-sixth ult., we had the pleasure of attending (on invitation) the excursion of the Thespian Association. As customary for all parties from Notre Dame, we went to Niles. Owing to Hatch's good teams, the very favorable weather and the good wheeling, it was one of the most pleasant rides we enjoyed during the winter. In consequence of the fact that the country between Notre Dame and Niles is very monotonous, and the ferocious animals one meets are of the ordinary length, color, etc., the drive would have been tedious had it not been for the life and gaiety of the excursionists, who jocularly made the best of the poor subjects they met on the way, and occasionally astonished the natives by outbursts of superior vocal ability, demonstrated in tragic and comic selections, interspersed with grand choruses, in which the auditor had the benefit of every note of a chromatic scale of two octaves together with all the overtones. Nothing of much interest transpired during the journey, except that an awkward squad of Bertranders took fright at nobody knew what unless it was at an unruly plug hat. Arriving in Niles we were surprised that no demonstration by the inhabitants was made, and we attributed it to our too sudden appearance in that (for a small consideration) hospitable town. Our host of the "Reading House" did his best to contribute in every way to

our enjoyment. The afternoon was spent in various ways; among other things done, a few pieces of music were bought in each music store, and a great number of songs sung, pieces played, and a good time had generally. All would have passed off pleasantly had it not been for a dampening circumstance, viz.: it rained on us the most of the way home.

M. T. C.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twenty second regular meeting was held Saturday evening, Feb. 12th. The usual preliminaries being over, the President appointed Master Robert Long to the office of Marshal of the Association. Master D. Brown then arose and read a composition on "Perseverance." Master R. Staley next appeared in a humorous selection. Then came Master W. Clarke in a well-written composition entitled "A Ride on Wheels." Master Burdell was the next speaker, and delivered in good style "Bernardo del Carpio." The others who spoke did well, but space does not permit me to mention every person who spoke.

The 23d regular meeting came off Feb. 19th. The members were much honored at the meeting by the presence of Very Rev. Father Granger, S. S. C., who at the close of the exercises addressed them, expressing his entire satisfaction at the manner in which they had acquitted themselves. Rev. Father Lemonnier, S. S. C., was also present, and said that he was well pleased with the manner in which they handled the subject of debate; that it would be a credit to older heads. When the minutes of the preceding meeting had been read, the President appointed Master D. J. Wile to his former office, viz.: Vice President of the Philo-Historic Branch. On assuming this position, Mr. Wile, in a very pointed speech, defined the duties of his office and assured the members that he would do everything in his power to advance the interests of the Association. He took his seat amidst well-deserved applause. This over, Masters J. Dougherty and C. Ottmeyer presented themselves for membership, and after they had read their compositions, they were unanimously elected members of the Association. The subject of debate: *Resolved*, "That Washington did more for the cause of humanity than Alexander the Great," was taken up, and Masters M. Mahoney, F. P. Dwyer, S. Ashton, J. Nash, P. Cochran, T. Foley, stood bravely for the affirmative. R. Staley, D. Egan, D. J. Wile, J. Maguire, C. Hutchings, sustained with ability the negative. Masters Dwyer, Ashton and Mahoney, on the affirmative, D. J. Wile and D. Egan, on the negative, deserve special mention on the manner in which they put forth historical facts and marshaled their arguments. The decision was then given by the President in favor of the affirmative. After a few remarks on the debate just concluded, the meeting adjourned.

D. EGAN, Cor. Sec.

At the last meeting (24th regular) a vote of thanks was tendered to Brother Florentius, Prefect of the Junior Collegiate Department, for a beautiful present of flowers to be placed in the Association room.

M. MAHONEY,
F. P. DWYER,
W. CLARKE,
D. J. WILE,

Committee.

We have received a copy of the Constitution and By-laws of this excellent Society, which was organized in 1858, and remodeled in 1867. Rev. A. Lemonnier, S. S. C., is Director, and Professor J. A. Lyons, A. M., President. By Article IV of

the Constitution students of the Junior Collegiate Department of the University, possessing the necessary qualifications, are admissible as members. In looking over the list of the names of the members of this Association, we notice that not a few of them, after an honorable course at college, have already achieved a high degree of success in the world. The Association is composed of the right kind of material out of which to make good students and good citizens, and we are satisfied that in the hands of their genial and earnest President they shall fully accomplish the objects of their noble organization.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 1, 1870.

ARRIVALS.

Miss F. Smith,	Peoria, Illinois.
" K. Trainer,	Chicago, Illinois.
" M. McCall,	Detroit, Mich.
" M. King,	Benton Harbor, Mich.
" L. Curran,	Buchanan, Mich.

TABLES OF HONOR.

St. Dp't. Feb. 13: Misses S. Pierce, J. Forbes, J. Walker, F. Swiegmán, A. Jennings, M. Corcoran, L. Wilder, J. Davis, R. Nelson, L. McFarlane, A. Hays, M. Lacy,

Feb. 20: Misses J. Brown, E. Shea, K. Zell, M. Bucklin, M. Shanks, C. Eason, E. Webber, R. Randall, K. Parks, A. Borup, L. Marshall, S. Carver.

Feb. 27: Misses M. Sherland, E. Conaty, K. Conaty, C. Conaty, K. Carpenter, C. Foote, M. McBrean, E. Tibbits, C. Coles, M. Tuberty, L. Pierce.

Jr. D'pt. Feb. 16: Misses A. Clarke, M. Kreutzer, L. Davis, K. and M. Hutchinson, M. and B. Quan, E. Forrestal, M. Shannon, A. and A. Garrity.

Feb. 23: Misses M. Kearney, L. Thomson, G. Darling, K. Trayner, N. Healy, A. Byrne, I. Miller, H. Hunt, M. Reynolds.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class, Feb. 20th: A. Mulhall, A. and E. Ewing, J. Arrington, A. Cunnea, M. Cook, A. Carmody, C. Davenport, M. Walton.

1st Senior Class: E. Lindsay, K. Carpenter, H. Niel, C. Foote, B. Bryan, S. Pierce, N. Moriarty, K. Young, A. Locke, B. O'Neil, L. Chamberlain, M. Beam.

2d Senior: J. Forbes, E. Horton, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, M. Belanger, M. Kellogg, E. Henry, M. Murphy, J. Hogue, N. Thomson, S. O'Brien.

3d Senior: M. Foote, L. Hoyt, M. Doty, J. Walker, A. Jennings, E. and E. Conity.

1st Preparatory: V. and J. Leoni, L. Martin, F. Smith, F. and C. Sharp, L. Dooly.

2d Preparatory: M. Landgraff, M. Letourneau, B. Cable, D. Jennings, E. Pierce, L. Sutherland, C. Conity, M. McBrean, M. Lacy, S. Pierce, R. Nelson, M. Walker.

3d Preparatory: M. Coffey, S. Hoerber, S. Beauprer.

Graduating Class, Feb. 27th: A. Mulhall, A. and E. Ewing, A. Cunnea, J. Arrington, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, E. Kirwin, C. Davenport.

1st Senior: H. Niel, L. Pierce, H. Kirwin, B. O'Neil, A. Locke, N. Moriarty, E. Webber, J. Brown, M. Shanks, M. Beam.

2d Senior: M. Dillon, L. Marshall, E. Henry, J. Hogue, M. Kellogg, H. Hurst, K. Parks, M. Murphy, F. Swegman, S. O'Brien, N. Thompson.

3d Senior: A. Mast, L. Qualy, J. Darcy, J. Walker, M. Bahm, A. Jennings, C. Hurst, B. Randall, C. Eason, A. Borup.

1st Preparatory: V. and J. Leoni, S. Carver, F. Smith, F. Sharp, L. Dooley, N. Holuman, N. Burridge, E. Shea.

2d Preparatory: M. Landgraff, M. Letourneau, F. and R. Fox, D. Jennings, E. Pierce, A. Hayes, M. Lacy, M. Walker.

3d Preparatory: M. Coffey, J. Hoerber,

Vocal Class: M. Wood, E. Longsdorf, F. Messmore, M. Doty, L. Martin, A. Montgomery, K. McMahony, C. Bertrand, F. and C. Sharp, K. Parks, B. Bryan, M. Sherland, C. Foote, B. Randall, A. Woods, M. Kearney, A. Robinson.

Instrumental Music—

1st Class: C. Foote, M. Sherland, C. Davenport. 2d div.: A. Montgomery, M. Kirwin, A. Ewing, F. Messmore.

2d Class: M. Walton, J. Arrington, B. Bryan, L. Chamberlain.

2d div.: L. Kellogg, M. Foote, S. O'Brien, E. Ewing, K. Parks.

3d Class: H. Niel, A. Carmody, F. Sharp, M. Lassen, C. Sharp.

2d div.: J. D'Arcy, B. O'Neil, S. Swegman.

4th Class: L. Davis, M. Tuberty, E. Lindsay, C. Bertrand, E. Forrestal.

2d div.: L. Thompson, L. Pierce, M. O'Toole.

5th Class: M. Letourneau, M. Kreutzer, A. Mast.

6th Class: L. Marshall, E. Henry, K. Hutchinson, A. Jennings.

2d div.: A. Clarke, R. Fox.

7th Class: D. Jennings, J. Dooley, B. Kinsella, V. Leoni.

8th Class: A. Garrity.

9th Class: R. Cannoll.

Harp: C. Davenport, M. Sherland.

Theoretical Class: A. Ewing, E. Kirwin, A. Carmody, C. Foote, J. Walker, M. Letourneau, L. Chamberlain, K. Carpenter.

1st French: E. Ewing, E. Longsdorf, M. Sherland, M. Doty, K. Carpenter, M. Cook.

2d French: M. Wood, H. Niel, G. and A. Hurst, J. Forbes, M. Quan, L. Marshall.

3d French: E. Lindsay, L. English, E. Horton, C. Foote, J. Walker, K. Zell, J. Hogue.

4th French: L. Chamberlain, M. and J. Kearney, M. Murphy, N. Moriarty, L. Davis, M. Letourneau.

1st German: S. O'Brien, M. Kreutzer, K. Zell.

2d German: A. Jennings, A. Larg.

1st Drawing: K. Young, L. Martin, A. Ewing, K. Robinson, M. Lassen, E. A. Robson, E. Kirwin, M. Shanks.

2d Drawing: M. Dillon, L. Marshall, B. Gardner, A. Woods, A. Borup, M. Quan.

3d Drawing: I. Wilder, E. Forrestal, J. Kearney, A. Byrne.

Water Color Painting—1st Class: K. Young, L. Martin, A. Ewing, E. Kirwin, K. Robinson, E. Henry, M. Lassen, M. Shanks.

2d Class: A. Woods, A. Robson.

Oil Painting: M. Cook, E. Horton, M. Beam, L. Chamberlain.

Crayon: L. Chamberlain.

1st Preparatory, Feb. 16th: L. Niel, N. Gross, R. Leoni, M. Kearney.

2d Preparatory: J. Kearney.

3d Preparatory: A. Byrne.

1st Junior: L. McKinnon, N. O'Meara.

1st Preparatory, Feb. 23d: A. Clarke.

2d Preparatory: L. Davis, M. Kreutzer, M. Quan, A. Garrity.

3d Preparatory: K. Hutchinson.

1st Junior: H. Hunt, M. Hutchinson, B. Quan.