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The Gaelic Language.

This is a subject that is creating a daily increasing interest, and one upon which a few remarks may not prove uninteresting. There is no great prescience needed to convince us that it will one day take its place as a learned language—because it should—and I am glad to see that our own dear University of Notre Dame is contributing its part towards this end. There is no lover of literature, there is no one who entertains a kindly feeling for Ireland, but would be glad to see a language which had once been the treasury of knowledge to the greater part of Europe, once again firmly established, or at least more generally known and appreciated. No matter what have been the ravages of time, of years of neglect—no matter what the loss sustained in the destruction of its manuscripts and works of art, that language must still bear some impress of its former high prestige, and will amply repay its study. Its principles are few, concise, and clear—placing it within scope of the most ordinary capacity, while the varied lore with which it abounds makes it very interesting—more a recreation, in fact, than an actual labor.

All agree as to the utility of languages, but all may not be aware of the great power they give the mind over matter, which is one of the great ends of education.

A knowledge of languages makes one at home almost anywhere—at least as much so as one can be on this sphere of pilgrimage; and no matter what people or books he happens among, he is at no disadvantage, while the general knowledge acquired from them gives him pre-eminence in the daily walks of life. True, they should not be aimed at as an end—but only as valuable accessories; and in this matter a judicious choice is of the utmost importance—especial attention should be given to such as best serve the end in view. I intended to dwell more fully on this latter point, but find myself forestalled by a writer in a late No. of the *Albany Law Journal*, whose article lately appeared in the *Scholastic*. His remarks may be generalized; no matter whether the object in view be Law or Medicine or the field of Literature, a classical education and linguistic attainments are highly valuable. A man of linguistic attainments has as much advantage in the study of Law or Medicine, in fitting himself for the Church or for literary labor, as one with a telescope has over the naked eye. The scope of mental vision is more extended, and like an accomplished artist, he takes what answers his purpose, and adapts it to that especial purpose, retrenching or coloring where requisite. He has more materials at command, and can consequently make a better choice. But this can be noticed even here, where we may find ourselves equally at home with Latin and Greek, French or German, and the advantages offered to acquire them should not be lightly forborne. Without any slight to

our own terse, solid English, we can see here a practical exemplification of what I have said, and the superiority of European *savants* still further confirms it, for as a general thing they are not only classic scholars but have also a good scope of the modern languages.

Years from now, if the English were discarded, who would not wish to possess a knowledge of it were it only to enjoy the riches of poetry and prose clothed in it by a Chaucer, a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Moore; a Locke, a Wiseman, and a Kenrick—the burning eloquence of a Burke, a Chatham, a Sheridan, a Grattan, a Curran, or an Emmet,—not to speak of a host of others of little less note—philosophers and poets, statesmen and lawyers, men of science and learning both natural and acquired. Were the English, I say, one day done away with,—who would not wish to have some mastery of it for the sake of these? And yet how short-lived has it been in comparison to the one chosen as my subject? It too has had its Golden and Silver Age, and though even its Iron Age be past it is still well worth some attention, and can perhaps be made to bear on many points.

Every language is either essentially original or derivative. Thus we find the English founded on the Teutonic, while the French and Italian base on the Latin. That an original language is purer than a derivative one can be readily observed, and consequently, all the modern languages must be inferior to the primitive ones in proportion to the distance of time and separation from their originals. We may presume the Latin inferior to the Greek, the French and Italian to the Latin, and the English inferior to both the French and the German. Now, what shall we say of the Celtic? Is there any language to be found from which we can with propriety assert that the Celtic derives its origin? We think not; and analogy bears us out in this supposition—for the Celtic written language has an alphabet of only sixteen letters, whereas every other employed a greater number.

If it, the Celtic, were derived from any of the great family of the languages of antiquity, we cannot see where would be the necessity or the utility of rejecting so many letters of the alphabet. This would be inconsistent with the course followed by all derivative languages, for it is observed that they frequently annex new characters to the primitive ones, but never reject any of the letters belonging to the original alphabets from which they are derived. That the Celtic language is original is beyond a doubt—and is, consequently, purer than any of the modern tongues.

The invention of the sixteen Celtic, or Gaelic, alphabetic letters, which to this day bear the inventor's name, is ascribed to a native of Scythia named Gadel, who is believed to have lived about two generations before Moses. The term "Celtic" is more recent, and derives its origin from a spirit of self-securing secrecy which existed among the descendants of this Gadel, the word Celtic being derived from the Gaelic *do ceilt*, which signifies *to conceal*; the object of their secrecy being the

concealment of their knowledge of various and important subjects from those nations with whom they had intercourse.

Of all the Gaelic dialects, one of the principal, the Irish, is unsurpassed in copiousness, culture, and the antiquity of its monuments.* The celebrated philologist, Sir Wm. Betham, says: "It is a singular fact, not generally known, that the most ancient European manuscripts now extant are in the Irish Language."

Now, this acknowledgement, from an Englishman, is full of meaning.

Persons prejudiced against the people of Ireland, and totally ignorant of Irish history, frequently ask,—Where is your Irish Literature? Now, let us in turn ask,—Would it not be simply ridiculous if a follower of Mohammed would ask the people of Alexandria for their monuments of antiquity—which his own ancestors destroyed when they burned the Alexandrian Library? Mooney the historian gives an answer, when he informed us that in the ninth century the Northmen in their successive invasions, actually burned whole cart-loads of books, taken from the principal libraries in Ireland, and the English, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly annihilated the ancient monuments of that country: in a word, *they destroyed all the Irish literature upon which they could lay their hands, and this with a studied object in view.*

But I see I am in advance of my subject.

The progress of the Gaelic must have been very rapid when it was written and taught extensively if not exclusively by the *savants* of Ireland, and spoken by the entire population prior to the exploits of Anglo-Saxon Vandalism, and its subsequent gradual suppression for centuries.

And at a later period, when in a most prosperous condition to revive, we regret to behold persons of every grade of authority, from the lowest to the highest, employing their whole power and influence to have it suppressed. No later than the last century, children who attended the public schools of Ireland were often punished for using the Irish language, and it was no strange occurrence to see them whipped and gagged for having spoken *one word* in their mother tongue. It is really astonishing to see it at the same time so severely oppressed and wrongfully misrepresented and yet surviving every persecution—and even now taught in the very colleges where heretofore its study was strictly forbidden under penalty of the law. It must be gratifying indeed to every lover of Ireland and her exquisitely rich and harmonious language, to know that so many highly educated men of the most polished nations of modern times are taking a deep interest in reintroducing it, and are doing all in their power to compensate for the injustice which it has so long endured.

The Irish language, it is true, has been heretofore extensively printed in many countries, but in a foreign garb, which of course must have destroyed to some extent its beauty and harmony. But now,

* See Cyclopædia on the Irish Language.

what a change! Germany, vies with Ireland in the preparation of Irish grammars and the cultivation and study of genuine Irish! and the Irish antiquarian can now read his vernacular in the public journals, no longer covered with a foreign cloak, but dressed in the honest garb which it received from nature, and which has been so much elaborated and beautified by his learned ancestors. For, as you may be aware, Paris, Manchester, and New York present us with a weekly journal each, set up in Irish type, and containing much select Irish literature. The necessity of this step has long been felt, and evidently there is a growing desire among the learned to become better acquainted with Ireland and her antiquities. We hope to see the desire fostered and encouraged in institutions of learning, and especially patronized by those of Irish birth or parentage.

As the study of Irish has already been taken up here, many of you are no doubt aware of all I might say upon the subject, but a few remarks on the alphabet and its derivations, and a few hints on some of the parts of speech, may not prove uninteresting, although not exactly suited to the general tenor of my remarks.

The name of the letter in Gaelic is a substantive, which is also the case in Hebrew—with, however, this difference: The Hebrew letters derive their names from various objects; whereas those of the Gaelic are confined to the names of different trees. Thus for example, *Ailim* (A) signifies a *fir tree*; *Beit* (B) a *birch tree*, *Coll* (C) a *hazel*, etc. It may appear strange that the names are confined to trees, but the cause is shown when we become aware of the fact that the Druid priests lived and performed their sacred rites in the woods—hence the idea of instilling in their disciples more deeply the thoughts they wished to convey. The nouns in Gaelic have five cases in declension, and there are five declensions in the language. The adjective changes in termination, so as to coalesce with the substantive. The pronouns are also declined—for example, *me*, *do* and *a* have the signification of the Latin *mei*, *tui* and *illius*. The "Origin of the Celtic Nations", informs us that the personal pronouns in the Celtic dialects represent a very old, or the primitive, state of those parts in the Indo-European languages. It may, indeed, in many instances be observed that the Celtic pronouns are the nominative, from which the oblique cases in those languages may be regularly formed; whereas these cases, in several examples that might be adduced, have little or no affinity to the vocables which now stand to them in the relation of nominatives. The real nominatives appear to have been lost, and other words substituted in their place; but in the Celtic the original forms have been preserved.

As to the conjugations of the verb, there are only two conjugations in Gaelic, and only ten irregular verbs in the language; and, strange as it may appear, the verb *do beit* (to be) is regular, a circumstance which occurs in no other language with which we are acquainted.

At the present day a knowledge of the Gaelic may be very easily acquired, so many grammars of the language having been gotten up with such simplicity and precision, by both Irish and German authors, who have spared no pains in their arduous task, placing every student under a deep debt of gratitude to them. And the highest reward they ask as an appreciation of their labors, is, that Irishmen and their descendants, together with liberal persons of every nationality, should lend their aid in reviving this expressive, beautiful and harmonious language.

JOHN E. GARRITY.

[Revised.]

Moonlight on the Lake.

The midnight chime was ringing
On the chaste and silent air,
Thoughts of heavenly gladness bringing
To a mind oppressed with care.

All was calm as infant's sleeping,
And all through the crystal pane
Rays of mellow moonlight creeping,
Bound my heart with pleasure's chain.

Yielding to their silent pleading,
I my friendly books forsake,
And, sweet nature gently leading,
Wander by the peaceful lake.

There the moonbeams blithely dancing
On the gently rippled pane,
Seemed like nimble fairies prancing
Through sweet nature's flowery fane;

And with silvery voices singing
Songs of love and mirthful glee,
While upon the ripples swinging
In ecstatic jubilee.

On the flowery border sitting
Of this sea of liquid light,
To sweet thoughts my soul committing
I drank in unmixed delight;

For bright angels seemed to wander
Through this silent midnight scene,
Making nature all the fonder
In her quiet slumber seen.

O, how sweet when pain and sorrow
Fill the mind with anxious care
E'en a moment's joy to borrow
From such scenes of nature fair!

How the soul on wings of gladness
Soars above her present woe,
Lays aside her wonted sadness
While enjoyments peaceful flow.

How the soothed heart adoring
Bows before the Father kind
Who, the balm of gladness pouring,
Heals the sorrow-wounded mind.

Yes, when midnight bells are ringing
And affliction bids us wake,
When our soul with grief is stinging
Let us seek the moon-lit lake.

There apart from grief and sorrow
Angel whispers will console
Giving vigor for the morrow
E'er'y sadness to control.

M. B. B.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

Detestable Quackery.

[A Lecture delivered by Mr. Larry Doolan before the Editorial Convention at Bertrand.]

BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE PRESS:

Some years ago I read a prospectus or programme or whatever else it might be called, of inducements to the public, of two opposing lines of steamboats. Each was determined, as the saying is, to kill the other. "The Electricity" engaged the "Terpsicorean Band" for the delight and amusement of those who might patronize "her." As an offset, "The Lightning" sent out flaming handbills announcing that "she" had reduced the fare fifty cents, and would furnish "free lunch" besides to a generous public. Of course "The Electricity" wouldn't be outdone by her rival, so "she" knocks off a dollar in the fare and gives "free lunch" to boot. "Her" rival is too sensitive not to squirm under this deadly stab at "her" rising popularity; so, to counteract its effect, "she" volunteers to carry every one, bags and baggage included, "free gratis for nothing," and furnish, in addition to the attractions already held out, without money and without price, all the "wines, liquors and cigars" that passengers might want from the beginning to the end of the route, and back again, and a comfortable bed to sleep on when they became too drunk to indulge any more. Both seemed to be after numbers, and both got them, but they were not

first-class passengers. On these rival lines the "gent," with the stump of a bitten-off pug nose was put on a par with the educated man. So Demos was just as good as Aristos, and Satyr as Socrates. This of course is in harmony with the genius of the age, for is it not written that all men were born free and equal! Yes, *were*; but at what particular conjunction of the planets that birth took place, or who were the ecstatically delighted "parents" of the boy, neither Sibyls nor Oracles have told us. Glory! See that now!

If any one will take the trouble to read the greater number of the "prospectuses" which are annually sent forth to the public from the "widely known" law and medical schools of the country, he will, if not too seriously disposed, be amused to find how nearly they resemble the programmes of "The Electricity" and "The Lightning." As "superior" inducements to parents to send their sons to these places, one has a court-house, or a graveyard, near it; a second has a lawyer's office, or a dissecting-room, attached to it; a third has a shorter course than any of its rivals, and will undertake to manufacture a lawyer, or a doctor, in a *minimum* of twenty or in a *maximum* of thirty-six weeks, vacations included; a fourth is situated where cheap board can be had, and where, if the students be agreeably and economically inclined, two of them can occupy the same bed, and take turn-about at washing and mending their shirts and socks; a fifth knocks spots out of all its competitors by declaring that it demands no qualifications at all, in the applicants for its favors, and that all they have to do is to pay a little fee, and then mount the back of the hobby-horse, as boys and girls do in "Jones' Woods" on gala days, and swing around the routine-circle until they reach the starting-point, when they dismount, make their professional bow, receive their sheep skins and set out as "lawyers" and "doctors;"—the one class to supply subjects for jails, and the other to do the like for graves. This, beloved brothers and sisters of the press, is what I call detestable quackery. [Applause.] The prize-fighter has to go through a severe course of training before he is allowed to enter the ring; the apprentice is compelled to pass through *years* of labor in getting a knowledge of his trade; the editor is obliged to consume whole reams of foolscap and years of toil before he becomes an adept in the scientific application of "thief," "liar," "scoundrel," "hypocrite," or some such endearing epithet to his brother editor; even the "devil," who, it must be confessed, has more or less to do with all of us editors,—and, sorrowfully do I say it, with the editresses, too!—has to go through a course of sprouts before his satanic shadow can be allowed to darken the thresholds of our sanctums; but our law schools and our medical schools, like the rival steamboats, want numbers, and they also get them, and that naturally enough. Theoretically, Demos is a capital fellow; practically, with every sinner of us, Aristos is the man. Law student! Medical student! Bless you, my children! these are only *aliases* for Aristos; and when our law and medical schools tell us that in thirty-six short weeks, including vacations, *sans* brains, *sans* education, *sans* moral integrity or any other integrity, they can metamorphose our sons into Aristoi, we let them have them, and thus do our part in creating and spreading swarms of pettifoggers and quacks all over the country, who cling to and prey upon the property and lives of their fellow men, as famishing maggots do to the cake of cheese in which they are produced. [Uproarious approbation.] Think of making a lawyer, or a doctor, in thirty-six weeks, and with no previous education or training! Yet we have our lightning and electricity law and medical schools announcing their

abilities to achieve these feats! [Cheers, and "They can't do it!"] No, they cannot; therefore let us have at least as high qualification in the candidate for a lawyer, or a doctor, as we require in a shoemaker, a blacksmith, or a tailor. You can't teach any of these trades in thirty-six weeks; how then can you sufficiently instruct and qualify a young man, in the same time, for discharging the duties of the most important positions in society! Beloved brothers and sisters of the press, I have done. [Cries of "Hear! hear!" and "Good for you!"]

P. S.—Messrs. Editors: You may be certain that this lecture, which I regard as one of my best, is faithfully reported, because I took it down myself before I delivered it. I understand that the young ladies at St. Mary's Academy are dying to hear my new opera, "The Irish Jaunting-car," and that they are about to extend me an invitation to sing there. Very well; this is just as it ought to be; because, I must say in justice to myself, that I have no equal in my own peculiar and original way of doing these things. All the ladies at the Editorial Convention went into raptures over my singing. It is gratifying to see genius recognized in this manner. Please give me two or three good puffs in the SCHOLASTIC, and say that I am practicing so hard in my room every night for my display at the Academy, that I don't let a soul in the house sleep before twelve o'clock. And I don't, for you never heard such a racket in all your life, as they keep up in the rooms above and below and on each side of mine, with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, boots and shoes, and every darned thing they can let fly against the walls and ceilings to try and scare me into bed; but they can't do it.

For the "Notre Dame Scholastic."

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

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

A Drama.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

[Camp of the Crusaders—CLAUDE—LEONARDO—CLAUDE stirring a pot over the fire—LEONARDO dressing game]

LEONARDO.—'Tis an old bird and lean. Ha! in old France

We'd stew dry chips and eat them quite as soon.

CLAUDE.—And in old France we would not dress the fowls,

Nor stir the pot ourselves. Not in old France.

LEONARDO.—Ha, ha, methinks the land of St. Clotilde

Looks not much as we saw it.

CLAUDE.—But why not? [empty question!]

LEONARDO.—Look you here! Out, man! an [Sits down, draws his boot and crushes it together] Is that boot like the one on my foot?

No, man! well, France—yes, all the western world When we last saw it—was like this full boot,

[thrusts out the foot with the boot on]

But since we left there, 'tis this empty one.

CLAUDE.—Ho! then, your shoe's a foot, your foot's a shoe!

That's gasconading logic. France is now Just as it was. Her vine-clad hills, her streams, Her dear old scenes, her castles, cots and groves, Her battle grounds,—Jerusalem or France Doth change not. *People in them*, true enough, Oh, *they* may change, else, *we* might be at home, If *people* make the *land*, this holy war Would be so but in *name*. If Magdalene Did weep and love the Holy Sepulchre, Because our Lord hath laid there, why not *we*? The Sepulchre to-day is dear as then.

LEONARDO.—[Draws on his boot and returns to pulling the feathers.]

[Sings] Hi! he! ho! tra-la-law!

Claude takes a joke, and he makes it a flaw!

But a homesick man, oh, he never was seen,

When the sky was blue, and the grass was green.

[stops, and asks] Claude, were you never homesick?

Own up, man. [Scratches his head.]

CLAUDE.—[Stirring the pot.] Believe, Leonardo, not once since I bound

This cross upon my breast, have I looked on

To any happiness but in the end

To lay my bones beside Mount Calvary.

LEONARDO.—[Shakes his head and sings.]

He! hi! haw! Tra, la, lew!

There's a long, long march before we are through,

He! hi! ho! Tra, la, lew.

[A long shrill whistle is heard outside, they drop all and hasten to the door of the tent.]

Oh! Holy Virgin! pity us our faults!

'Tis Godfrey they are bringing, true as life!

[Enter JOHN, (R. 2 E.)]

JOHN.—[Throwing up his eyes and wringing his hands]

We may go back to France! There's none to lead! Duke Godfrey! He is killed!!

CLAUDE, [L. U. E.—[Grasping his shoulder in consternation.] Killed, did you say?

JOHN.—Our mighty chieftain! See they're bringing him!

LEONARDO.—Godfrey de Bouillion dead! Ye holy saints!

What will become of us?

[Enter Henry, Alfred, Anselm, Thomas, Egbert, bearing Godfrey. All manifest their consternation by moans and marks of great and painful emotion.]

EGBERT, [R. U. E.—Men, clear the way!

[He is laid on a couch hastily prepared in the centre of the scene.] [more slow!]

Quick! staunch the wounds! Nay, cautious! move

There! Let him soft recline, so not a pore

Be overstretched. Our glorious chieftain! no,

We cannot lose him! Henry, Alfred, John,—

Ye whom we need not, kneel and pray St. George

That life be spared to Godfrey. Thomas, haste

And bring fresh water from the spring;—quick!

quick! [Exit THOMAS L. C. E.]

[A pause while Egbert, Leonardo, and Claude dress the wounds—Henry, Alfred, and John kneel before a statue and pray.]

[Enter LAUDISLAUS and HUGH, L. C. E.]

HUGH.—[In astonishment.] What is this? Who is there? Duke Godfrey? No!

Dead! dead? What's happened? ANSWER! ARE YE DUMB?

EGBERT.—[Glancing up a moment.]

Godfrey is hurt, it may be mortally:—

Hand me that linen,—Claude, pray hold this arm. [CLAUDE lifts Godfrey's arm.]

Thou, Laudislaus, go call the Priest of God.

[Exit LAUDISLAUS, R. U. E.]

Steady! That's nicely done! Now for your life Stir not a breath! this swoon will save him.

[Re-enter THOMAS with water.]

HUGH.—Poh! 'To be half dead will save a man; nonsense: [comes close to the couch.]

But what ails Godfrey? Who has fought with him?

THOMAS.—[Shoving HUGH one side.]

Hist, man; you're over curious. Stand away!

No one has fought with Godfrey, but a bear.

HUGH.—[Doubling his fist at THOMAS.]

I'm over curious? Tell me that once more!

[ALFRED rises from his knees and lays his hand on the shoulder of HUGH.]

No man loves Godfrey Bouillion more than I:

I owe my life to him! Now, rascal, hold!

Dispute my right to honor him who dares!

ALFRED.—[Leading him aside.] [way.]

Stop, Hugh! pray calm your temper. Come this You see, Duke Godfrey, Beaufort, and the men,

This morning went a hunting. On the way Godfrey, who followed scent far in the wood, Beheld a pilgrim—faggots on his back— Chased by a bear. We saw this through the glade. The Duke puts spurs to horse, and swift as light His noble charger stands before the brute: The bear rears on his haunches; gives a bound And drags Duke Godfrey by his mantle down From off his steed, who stops all trembling there. Too true a war-horse not to stand his ground,— The Duke had drawn his sword, but the vile bear Throws his huge paws so Godfrey's cloak has caught

Upon the hilt, and, tangled in his spurs,

He falls as if the imps of hell had flown

To take possession of the hideous brute,

And rob us of our chieftain.

HUGH.—[Drawing his sword and flourishing it.]

By St. George!

I would I had been there! I'd run him through— The filthy monster!—quicker, sir, than that!

[Thrusts his sword through the side of the tent.]

But what more—tell me quickly?

ALFRED.— Well, his sword,

Like a false friend, had turned and pierced his heart,

And gurgling forth, the red tide flowed a stream

And still brave Godfrey fought, fought there alone,

His warm blood oozing out as no more worth

Than water in a pool. Two minutes more

The monstrous brute had crushed him, but a thrust

From the Duke's mighty arm (for you must know

The treacherous blade his agile hand restored

To do him service, as an honest heart

Extorts truth from a foe);—yes, with one thrust,

The bear reeled backward, weltering in his gore.

Overpowered with loss of blood, Duke Godfrey fell

Just as Count Beaufort rode up to his side.

His noble horse stood o'er him like a friend

Too constant to forsake him, and we thought

As we came near, the Duke was surely dead.

But, no! his hands were clasped, his eyes firm set,

Dilating with a wonder seldom seen

Save when the soul is parting with the form,

And from his lips sweet words were flowing forth,

"*Ave Maria!*" then a broken strain

As if the grosser part strove to repeat

Words meant for heaven alone. It was a *vow*,

Hugh, Godfrey will not die. Mark well my words.

The Holy Virgin has him in her charge.

HUGH.—I doubt not that he saw her!

ALFRED.— Nor do I

Why not? for who so pure, so good, so wise?

But, hark! our prayer is answered, for he speaks!

[Rushes to the couch.]

GODFREY.—[In delirium.]

Forward! forward! Men, be brave!

See! just o'er the purple wave,

Zion's sacred walls arise;

Forward, men! Secure the prize!!

EGBERT.—This fancied contest agitates his frame.

Would, that we could divert him!

GODFREY.— Courage! On!

Calvary!—Mount Calvary!

Onward! See! the foe give way!

O, blest Mount! our love, our tears,

Shall repair the crimes of years!!

EGBERT.—Be silent, my Lord Duke! Your precious life

May pay the forfeit of your troubled dream!

GODFREY.—Ab, dear tomb where Jesus laid!—

Hasten, men! beneath its shade

Every insult, every slight,

Go! *avenge this very night!*

[Enter LAUDISLAUS with ABDEMAR, R. U. E.]

EGBERT.—Duke, Aldemar waits to speak with you.

GODFREY.—(*Partially recovering.*)
Where am I? Aldemar? Has he been gone?
(*Returns to delirium.*) *Ten thousand thousand we
have put to flight!*

The impious Orient knows *now whom to fear!*
EGBERT.—(*Anxiously.*)

Lord Duke, you're wounded badly. Pray be calm!
GODFREY.—(*Abstractedly.*) Who speaks? who's
wounded? NONE but our DEAR LORD!

ALDEMAR.—My son! Dost know me?

GODFREY.—*Know you? What is this?*

Oh, yes! I now remember. 'Tis a swoon!
I know you *well*, and bless God you are here!
Comenear, my comrades Death, too, has been near,
Your prayers, though, and your love, were nearer
still!

Father, I came near dying.

ALDEMAR.— That our Lord
Might glory in His servant.

EGBERT.— But, this wound:
Doubt not, there is *great* danger. All the years
Of my most painful art, I ne'er have seen
A case recover injured as he is.

Prepare him for the *worst!* There is *no hope!*

ALDEMAR.—God wills not that we lose him.
If your skill

You do confess as baffled, there *is* skill
Supreme above all art. He who hath made,
Knitted the nerves and tendons, filled the source
From whence the life blood issues; can He not,
By miracle, supply them if He choose?

GODFREY.—(*Solemnly.*) Though trebly deeper
were each gaping wound;

Thrice further from your kindly aid removed,
I shall *not die this side Jerusalem!*

(*All raise their hats and cry devoutly*) *Deo Gratias!*
GODFREY.—(*Continues.*) Father, we'll speak in
private.

ALDEMAR.— Be it so.

[*Exit all, leaving GODFREY and CONFESSOR alone.*]
GODFREY.—There's much I would reveal, but
of a truth

Too holy is the import to disclose
Save in your ghostly office. Not in view
Of near approaching death do I confess,
But to subject a strange experience, sir,
To your enlightened judgment, hence to know
If from our Lord, or from the Foe of man.

ALDEMAR.—Good Duke, 'tis well that we be
left alone,

Since surgery is baffled to relieve,—
But in the name of God I bid you rest!
Possess your soul in patience; and, meantime,
I will keep faithful vigil till one hour
Be past away; then will we gravely treat,
In the Divine tribunal, of the point
Whereon you would consult me.

GODFREY.— As you will;
A true commander must himself obey.

[*End of Act III.*]

A SHE J. P.—Considering the prevalent tendency of the age to conclude its serious acts with a comic after-piece, we are not at a loss to account for the action of the harmless rustics of Jersey Landing township, Jersey county, Illinois, who in the exercise of their sovereign choice, have selected a lady bearing the euphonious name of Hobbs, to fill the exalted position of Justice of the Peace in their primitive society. There's something in a name, and the something in the name Jersey is that it has never yet been known to be connected with anything sensible or civilized. An accident converted the immortal Handy Andy into Lord Scatterbrain, and it may be that a similar freak of nature has enabled the Rip Van Winkles of Jersey township to perpetrate this heartless *jeu d'esprit* on the fraternity of erudite "gents," whose official estate tail is expressed by the mystic letters "J. P."

Books and Periodicals.

THE BULL "INEFFABILIS," in four languages; or The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary Defined. Dublin: John Mullany, 1 Parliament street, 1868. Sold by all booksellers.

This work is entitled to more than a brief passing notice; and we wish, as we have the will, we had the time and space to speak of its excellence and great merit as they deserve. The definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is here presented to the reader in four languages, namely: Latin, Irish, French, and English. The English translation, from the Latin, is by Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; and, as might be expected from so distinguished a scholar, is rendered with an idiomatic purity and a fidelity to the original which greatly enhance the value of a book treating of a subject of such paramount importance, and which, next to that of our Divine Lord Himself, is ever the nearest and the dearest to the Catholic heart. Every Catholic, at all events, ought to have this admirable book. Besides the Bull "*Ineffabilis*," the work contains a very interesting dissertation on the "Art of Illuminating," and an introduction, as beautiful as it is scholarly, by the learned translator of the *Bull Ineffabilis* into Irish and English. We present one short extract from this introduction: "What a magnificent picture this decree presents of our blessed Immaculate Mother? It sets her, after the lapse of centuries, in her proper position before the children of the world—on the summits of the eternal hills on which, even before creation, her abode was fixed. No created being, angel nor archangel, nor cherub, nor seraph, can be at all compared to her in loveliness, in beauty, or grace, in magnificence of body and mind, in the accumulation of all conceivable perfections with which a being inferior to God alone could be adorned." The French translation is by Monsieur L'Abbé Sire, Superior of the College of St. Sulpice, Paris, and the entire work bears the *Imprimatur* or sanction of one of the greatest of living Catholic Prelates, the truest and most unswerving defender of the rights and liberties of Irishmen, Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam.

THE COLLEGE IRISH GRAMMAR, containing a dissertation on the Orthography of the language, compiled for the students of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and for those of the Catholic University of Ireland, by Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, Professor of Humanity, Natural Philosophy, and the Irish Language, in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. Second edition. Dublin: John Mullany, 1 Parliament street. Sold by all booksellers.

In spite of ourselves, and with the best intentions in the world to be impartially just, we are much oftener under the control of our prejudices than we suppose. If we could really see ourselves as others see us, and in that light should make an effort to compare the number of our conclusions which are strictly reasonable on those questions on which we pass judgment, with the number which is either largely tinged with, or is entirely the production of, our prejudices and feelings, we would be surprised to find how often and how greatly the latter class preponderates over the former. In this respect, we do not know of any other subject which has been more frequently and more unaccountably wronged than has been that of the Irish language. How can any one decide fairly on the merits or on the demerits of a question of which he knows nothing? And yet one often hears persons, in other respects intelligent, educated, and liberal, speak with thoughtless levity about the qualities of a grand old language whose alphabet they don't know, and which counted the days of its existence by centuries before any of the modern tongues was

heard of. Father Bourke has greatly contributed to the revival of a taste for studying the Irish language by this grammar, and it must be gratifying to him and to the friends of that language everywhere, to know that the great Catholic University of Notre Dame, with its illustrious Founder, Very Rev. Father Sorin, at its head, is contributing its share to the extension and knowledge of Irish literature. We propose to say more at length, on this subject, in a future issue of the SCHOLASTIC, and leave it now because our space is too limited to speak of it in the way in which we conceive its importance demands.

THE ALBANY LAW JOURNAL, a weekly periodical devoted to the interests of the Legal Profession. Isaac Grant Thompson, managing editor. Weed, Parsons & Co., publishers, Albany, N. Y.

We have received the 14th number of Vol. I of this periodical. Of course the editor can't please everybody, and we don't expect him to do so; but, while we regard this Journal as among the first and best of its class, there is one feature in it which neither gods nor men, whatever the booksellers may do, can bear and be at ease. "Law and lawyers in literature" is a much happier attempt at misnomer than anything we ever read in that *chef-d'œuvre* of vulgar scurrility, *The Comic Blackstone*. We fail to see how stuff of this sort can be made to "contain valuable and original articles on subjects of general legal interest;" or how in any way it contributes to the fulfillment of the many fine promises made, through the prospectus, to the legal profession. There may be, and we make no doubt there are, those whom this style of "literature" pleases; but no refined or educated man can find instruction or pleasure in its perusal. "Law and lawyers in literature" is simply execrable, and ought to be discontinued. An account of a "bruising-match" or a dog-fight might with far more dignity and propriety claim a place in the columns of a journal so generally excellent, and, leaving this blur out, so high-toned.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April ought to be read by everybody. It seems to us that each number of this magazine is an improvement on its predecessor. The article on the school question meets our views on a subject of so much importance at this time, and we think if our Protestant friends would take the trouble to read that article, they would be satisfied that we are grossly misrepresented by our opponents on the question of Public Education. Learn what it is your opponent demands, before you refuse or condemn him.

BENCH AND BAR. Chicago: Callaghan & Cockeroff.

Some books, like some persons, have a "taking way" with them at first sight. This is exactly the case with the *Bench and Bar*, published quarterly by the widely-known and enterprising Law-book firm of Callaghan & Cockeroff, Chicago. Yet the real merit of this Law periodical, so pleasing and attractive in its external appearance, and in its mechanical execution, is where it ought to be, in all publications, in its varied contents. The highest good taste and judgment are displayed in the selection of the matter presented to its many readers; its original articles possess the desirable qualities of brevity, clearness, and comprehensiveness; its criticisms are fair, just, and impartial; while the number and variety of its carefully reported cases must make it a *desideratum* for every member of the legal profession. After all, the public would not be satisfied with a magazine of any less excellence coming from a publishing-house which, by its downright enterprise, and integrity in business, has reached, and now holds, in the Law-book line, the first place in the great West.

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The Editorial Convention.

The second Editorial Convention of the tenth and eleventh Congressional districts was held at South Bend on the 8th instant. We return our thanks to Mrs. Emma F. Molloy, the Corresponding Secretary of the Convention, and who is also the editress of the *National Union*, for an invitation to be present on that interesting occasion, although, on account of other and previous engagements, we were unable to attend.

On Friday evening the Convention closed, and, let us trust, crowned its labors with a grand banquet at the Dwight House; and on Saturday afternoon the majority of the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the Convention, paid a visit to the University, where they were received with musical honors by our very excellent brass band, and where also they were afforded the opportunity of discussing the merits of a substantial lunch in the Juniors' refectory. After that, they were taken through as much of the Institution as time permitted, and, in going away, expressed their pleasure and satisfaction with what they had seen as well as with the attentions which had been shown them by the Rev. Vice-President, Father Lemoumier, during their stay at Notre Dame. Before their departure a handsome bouquet was sent by Mother Angela from St. Mary's Academy for each of the ladies, and was gallantly presented by Mr. Beal, of the South Bend *Register*, in the name and with the compliments of the donor.

In a short time the city of South Bend shall witness a grand musical convention, so that apart from its prosperity and material progress, which are as great as they are manifest and undeniable, it is fast becoming a great centre for the display of intellect and art.

A DISCOVERY.—The New York *Tribune* informs the world that "one of the great political discoveries of the age is, that it does not require lawyers to make laws." The "age" is certainly a promising youth, and we shall not be surprised to hear, in a few days, of its having made a "political discovery" that men no longer need eyes to see. Why doesn't "H. G." tell his precocious protégé about the "little unpleasantness" which resulted from the "political discoveries" of a certain ambitious stag? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, master "age."

IS MAN A LIGNIVOROUS ANIMAL?—Some time ago, a College exchange gave Notre Dame credit for being in the possession of the "cheekiest" collegeman in the country. Well, that's good enough, but Notre Dame wanted to be first in more than one thing, and it has succeeded. A contemporary sets down "200 cords of wood" among the other items "of food consumed per month," at this Institution! Where is Darwinism now! It is clear to us, after that, that students don't live on bread alone. Please give us another good point, ye brothers of the college press, and be not envious of our ligneous appetites.

An Address to Rev. Father Lemoumier.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS FESTIVAL,
FROM THE STUDENTS OF THE JUNIOR
COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT,
APRIL 8TH, 1870.

Reverend Father:—This is your birth-day, and, like all such occasions, it must bring to your mind the recollections of happy days which have passed away. The observance of one's birth day is a beautiful, yes, a sacred custom, for it serves to keep alive in our hearts the thought of parents and of country, and to awaken holy memories that may sometimes slumber, but which cannot die because they are as immortal as nature herself. The custom of the observance of *le jour de naissance* is as universal and as old as it is noble, and worthy of being preserved. The ancients celebrated this day; their poets sang in its praise and called it, by way of special pre-eminence, *estiva dies*, and *felix dies*.

What all nations and ages have in some way or other done, we may well imitate; and therefore, Reverend Father, as this is your birth-day, or your *felix dies*, we, the Students of the Junior Department, present to you our congratulations and our most heartfelt wishes that you may live in health and in happiness to see and to enjoy many such days as the present. Be pleased to accept these brief remarks as a true expression of our regard and esteem for yourself personally, as well as an acknowledgment of the kindness and unselfish devotedness which you have never ceased to manifest towards the students of the entire University.

No son of *la belle France* can be a stranger in a land whose historic glory and greatness number among their defenders Lafayette and De Grasse, so that for national as well as personal reasons, you are entitled to this expression of our friendship and esteem.

Once more, therefore, Reverend Father, we wish you the return of many a birth-day and a long and happy life.

The foregoing address was remarkably well read by Michael Mahoney, of the Junior Department. The applause which greeted its close showed how unmistakably it spoke the sentiments of the students. The Rev. gentleman to whom it was addressed, was clearly taken by surprise, and hence did not make a long reply, but he did make a very hearty and a very appropriate one.

TESTIS.

A POINT OF DELICACY.—At South Pass, Iowa, they have a justness of the peacess. On the trial of the first casess by her honoress the courtress' room was filled with an audience and an audienness. Her honoress dismissed the casess on the ground that being the successoress of the accused she was an interested partyess, and hence could not with propriety try the casess. Alluding to this affecting state of things, a contemporaryess remarks that she has shown great delicacy of feeling in her decisioness. The married name of her honoress is Mrs. E. Morris, but her judicial name and official appendage are E. Morrisess, J—ess. P—ess. Judge Howe, the recently discovered judicial luminosity of Cheyenne, was to be present "with all the powers of the government"—except the lady-arm of the service,—for the purpose of lending his dignity to the occasion, but was unfortunately obliged to absent himself on account of his arduous labors in keeping the eyes of the world off the female part of that Albany county jury.

The artist who cast his eye over the Falls of Niagara is still suffering from a cataract.

Answers to Correspondents.

(This Department is edited by Mr. Larry Doolan.)

HARRIS PERABA, Ind., February, 29, 1870.

Dear Sir: Do you think that literary pursuits in generally is calculated to improve the human mind, and kin a feller make money on to them?

Answer. Judging from the sample submitted, we are inclined to say no; and as for the money, we think a "feller" would have a better sight as a member of the Board of Supervisors in Cook County, Illinois.

NOTRE DAME, March 23, 1870.

MR. DOOLAN,—As you have modestly announced your ability to deal with all kinds of subjects, and thereby have become a rival to the *Ledger*, will you please tell us, when there is a charge of larceny what degree of certainty is necessary in the description of the things stolen?

Yours truly, SEVERAL LAW-STUDENTS.

Answer. You can't come any of your legal tricks over us. We feel competent to answer that question. In the first place if, *prima facie*, the thing stolen is not the subject of larceny, as an animal *fera natura*, then your indictment must show it to be dead, tame, or captured, thus, *v. g.*, if you should charge a man with stealing a wild duck which was flying at an altitude of three miles, before you could convict him it would be necessary to show first that he shot that identical duck; secondly, that after he shot it it was a dead duck; thirdly, that he captured it; and fourthly, that he carried it off, and in that condition, *animo devorandi absque, vel cum grano salis*, he converted it to his own proper use. Hence, taking for granted that in all cases the value and ownership of the stolen articles are fully and clearly stated, we say that the following description is sufficiently certain: "One sheep," "one goat," "one hide," "one bull tongue," "one ham" of the quality and quantity furnished in a Chicago boarding-house. Any ordinary jury will understand what this means.

BERTRAND, April 4, 1870

MR. DOOLAN,—*Dear Sir*: As Corresponding Secretary of the grand Woman's Rights Convention to be held in this venerable city, at an early day, it has become my pleasing duty to invite you to deliver the opening address.

Yours truly, JEMIMA SPILINTER, Cor. Sec.

P. S. We are all anxious to see and hear you, on account of your devotion to the noble cause. J. S., Cor. Sec.

P. S. If convenient, we should like to know your sentiments more fully through the columns of our organ, the *Bertrand High-Flier*. J. S., Cor. Sec.

Answer: Our friendess Jemima has been imposed upon by somebody, in regard to our "sentiments" of "devotion." Nevertheless, we would attend the Convention, only, as the editors say, "previous engagements" oblige us to decline. We have entered into arrangements to re-deliver our celebrated lectures on "Earthquakes" and "Thunder-strokes," all over the country, and that shall take up all the time we can spare from our professorial duties as Indian club-swingers. As to that sheet, the *High-Flier*, we are professionally its deadly enemy, and would'n't be seen in its columns. But as to the "noble cause," our impression is that its advocates are acting like that noble animal, the bear in the fable: they may kill the fly, but, in the operation, they will also kill the child. Woman may be ashamed of being woman, if she will, but the remedy for this radical "wrong" is not in making brazen-faced speeches; is not in trying to be a man; is not oven in Judge Howe with "the eyes of the world" and "all the powers of the government" protecting that Albany county jury in Wyoming. The cure must be sought elsewhere. Call a grand mass-meeting and get, if you can, the Laws of Nature repealed! Until this be done, your clamorous conventions shall be as effectual in healing "woman's wrongs," as were the chains of Xerxes in binding the waves of the Hellespont. Men and women must, *volentes volentes*, be content to remain, even unto the end, as the Creator made them.

Local Items.

THE NEW ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE, made by Solomons of Dublin, Ireland, has been placed in position here for observation. The instrument is four feet in length, with an object-glass three inches clear. Although less powerful than the large telescope presented by the Emperor Napoleon, owing to its inferior size (the latter being 9½ feet in length, with an object glass six inches clear), it is however regarded by connoisseurs as a splendid specimen of the celebrated maker's workmanship. The cost of the instrument is about eighty dollars.

THE PLAY "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME," or "The Upstart," translated from Molière, by Prof. A. J. Stace, for the Philomatheans, will contain the largest cast of characters brought before an audience at Notre Dame. The thirty-eight members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean have each a part in the play. From what we know of the play and of the actors, we feel confident that the forthcoming Junior exhibition will be a success.

THE CLASSICAL COURSE is largely attended this year. Eight Latin Classes have been taught this session; another class has been formed within a few weeks to accommodate newly-arrived students. The term of the First Latin, or Graduating Class, ends with the first session. The members of this class are however expected to write several Latin compositions during the second session, and present essays in both Latin and Greek to the Board of Examiners in June.

The number of Greek Classes actually attended is five. The members of the Fourth Greek (marked as discontinued in our last Honorable Mentions) were promoted at the beginning of the session to the Third Greek, leaving thereby a vacancy in the regular grade of classes, which vacancy will soon be occupied by the Fifth Class.

THE two Phonography Classes are now attended by some thirty students of the Senior and Junior Departments. Rev. Father D'Arcy, S. S. C. Professor.

IRISH CLASS.—We are pleased to learn that Bro. Simeon has organized a second class of Irish. Any student wishing to acquire a knowledge of that noble old Celtic tongue, should hand in his name immediately to the Director of Studies. In connection with this, we may here state that we have been honored with the perusal of a couple of autograph Gaelic letters, by Very Reverend Ulick J. Bourke, President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, county Galway, Ireland, to our students, giving specimens of the language, and showing that it is written now in the same characters that it was in the days of Ireland's great Apostle, St. Patrick. Father Bourke is, after the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, the greatest Irish scholar living. Anyone wishing to see the original letters before they are lithographed, as we understand they are soon to be, can do so now.

TELEGRAPHY will be taught at Notre Dame next session, and a telegraphic line to run between the College and St. Joseph's Novitiate across the lake, is already projected.

THE first splendid boat, ordered at J. Bagley's, in Chicago, has safely reached its destination and gives full satisfaction to the members of the Club.

MR. AND MRS. E. MALLOY have our thanks for their kind invitation to attend the Editorial Convention in South Bend, Friday, 8th instant. Our many duties prevented us from being present.

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION will give their annual summer entertainment in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening, April 26th, at 7 o'clock P. M., on which occasion will be presented Molière's celebrated comedy, entitled "The Upstart;" also songs and speeches, which have never yet appeared on the college programmes. We will give the programme in full in our next.

THE railroad which will soon unite South Bend to Niles will pass between Notre Dame and St. Mary's. It is expected that the cars will run on the road before July next.

Here and There.

Of course the numerous readers of the SCHOLASTIC have not forgotten a *promiscuous* local column which once appeared under the above caption, containing brief notices of transient events at Notre Dame. Upon resuming it with the intention of being regular in future, we would most humbly beg pardon for past negligences, trusting also that we may be indulged during the *hot* weather when items for publication become scarce and very *dry*.

METEOROLOGICAL.—Had our paper been published last week, we would have surely admired the kind generosity of the clerk having in charge the weather department of Nature's domain, for we were then luxuriating in all the delights of spring. But we have more recently experienced anew the dreariness of winter, being on Saturday morning last favored with a snowstorm, during which snow fell to the depth of a couple of inches. Easter Sunday, however, was bright and clear, affording an opportunity for witnessing the sun's manifestations of joy. At present writing, a steady, cold rain causes one to feel more comfortable indoors; still, the old familiar song of the *marsh nightingale*, rendering melodious the regions of our lakes, cheers us by its prophecy of spring's approach.

OUR CHOIR.—This venerable and well-known Association, whose sacred music so greatly contributes towards advancing the honor and glory of God, is worthy of a more extended notice than it has of late been accustomed to receive. We are far from being a musical critic, and consequently incapable of giving a sufficient notice of its fine music. Still, in strict justice to the gentlemen composing the Choir, we must at least congratulate them upon the beautiful manner in which they rendered, for the first time, Generali's Mass, on Easter Sunday. The singing on that occasion was excellent, and brought back in memory the days when that efficient leader and musician, the late Prof. Max Girac, produced his so-much admired music, which he delighted to dedicate to the service of the Almighty. If upon his death the Choir received a severe blow, still, since Easter, we feel fully justified in saying that, under the able and experienced direction of his successor, Bro. Leopold, it has almost entirely recovered, and now rivals, or very soon will rival, the excellent Choirs of former years. Still the memory of Dr. Girac should be cherished; and in what better manner could we do it, and manifest our gratitude towards him, than by singing the Masses and other masterly productions of his musical genius? Let him who has been so justly denominated the "Mozart of Notre Dame," speak again to us occasionally in his inspired strains.

OBSERVATORY.—We have previously mentioned this building in former numbers of the SCHOLASTIC, but it is now our pleasure to note that, having been completed, it is occupied by the fine telescope, upon which our University so justly

prides itself. The class of Astronomy, taught by Prof. Howard, has lately made some very interesting observations. A want long and keenly felt has thus been satisfied, and another attractive feature added to the Scientific Department of Notre Dame.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.—We are delighted to learn that our warm friend, Mr. James E. McBride, of the Class of '68, has been admitted to the practice of his chosen profession,—the law. While a student, Mr. McBride ever evinced that fondness for study and depth of thought which sooner or later shall receive their deserved reward; but his abilities and qualities are too well known to his numerous friends of the Faculty and among the students to require comment here. We extend our most hearty congratulations to the young lawyer on having passed so successfully through the ordeal of a rigorous examination, and likewise join with his host of friends in wishing him a glorious *legal* career, and a life crowned with success and happiness.

RECREATION GROUNDS.—With feelings of the greatest pleasure have we witnessed a numerous body of laborers, under the supervision of Bro. Peter, busily engaged in making many and important improvements in the recreation grounds. Beautiful walks encompassing the Seniors' large baseball field are in course of preparation. Is it necessary to say that they will be enjoyed!

BASEBALL.—This has long been a popular exercise at Notre Dame, and each succeeding return of spring marks the reorganization of the various Clubs. This year they are not behind former years, for not only are the Clubs in good working order, but several match games have already been played, reports of which appear elsewhere. The "Juanitas" retain their time-honored reputation of being champions of Notre Dame; still the "Stars of the West and of the East" seem not to acknowledge that superiority this year. The latter especially is determined to take the belt from them. We should be pleased to hear more concerning the new Club, "Star of the South," for it is said to be a worthy Club. Perhaps it is not fully organized, or the treasury is in a poor condition; the latter appears to be more evidently the case, as we have noticed the treasurer, Mr. G—, endeavoring to collect the initiation fees. May the Club prosper; but we would suggest a change in the name, as the "Star of the South" should *never be seen* in these regions.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twenty-ninth regular meeting was held March 26th. At this meeting Messrs. C. Morgan, C. Forrestal and J. Thompson presented themselves as candidates for membership, and when they had fulfilled the conditions required by the rules they were unanimously elected members of the Association. Declamations and Essays were next on the programme; of the essayists Mr. Dougherty deserves special mention, and of those who declaimed, Masters C. Berdell and R. Staley bore away the palm. Moot Court is now being held, a full account of which we will soon lay before your readers.

The thirtieth regular meeting was held on the 14th inst. Masters J. Antoine and L. McOsker, having complied with the rules were unanimously elected members of the Association. The members spent the rest of the time in rehearsing Molière's celebrated comedy, entitled "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which comedy will be given Tuesday, April 26th.

D. EGAN, Cor. Sec'y.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Arrival of Students

William L. Chester,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Charles O. Chester,	" "
Walter H. Lum,	Chicago, Ill.
Robert K. Brush,	Elkhart, Indiana.

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—April 7th.

J. M. Gearin, W. Waldo, E. D. Fisher, H. A. Barlow, J. E. McGinnity, C. Kuhn, A. W. Riopelle, D. Harding, D. Fitzgerald, C. McCollister.

April 14th.

H. P. Morancy, L. B. Logan, G. Riopelle, F. Kaiser, D. Tighe, A. W. Arrington, T. Murphy, L. Trudell, R. Power, H. Gallagher.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—April 8th.

B. Roberts, P. Cochrane, H. Jones, F. Foley, M. Malancon, J. W. Behler, K. Espy, G. Brunig, C. Vinson, W. Wilstach, F. Randall.

April 15th.

J. Christy, J. Shanks, L. Ruth, A. Brown, J. Mulvaney, Geo. G. Green, J. Rumely, M. Healy, J. Cassidy, W. Myers, J. Taylor.

Honorable Mention.

First Grammar, Sr.—Analysis: T. Grier, James McGlynn, J. C. Leunig, O. H. Bell, F. W. Shephard, R. Riely, P. Hohler, L. McLaughlin, C. Clark, S. Dum, W. Dum, M. Nolan, C. Hutchings, J. Gillespie, J. Coffey, H. Gallagher, S. McCurdy, B. Mathers. Composition: Joseph Mulhall, W. R. Riely, J. C. Leunig, J. McGlynn, O. H. Bell, T. Grier, M. Nolan. Letter writing: J. C. Leunig, O. H. Bell, F. W. Shephard, W. Dum, C. Hutchings.

Second Grammar, Sr.—John McGinnity, A. Mooney, Geo. Holman, J. McCarthy, G. Webb.

Third Grammar, Sr.—L. Trudell, W. C. Hunt, P. O'Connell, R. Murphy, T. Stratton, R. Fahey, D. Harding.

Fourth Grammar: R. Finley, J. Reily, W. Compton, Peter Finnerty, P. Davis, E. Sweeney, M. Joy, P. Fiderspiel.

Fifth Grammar, Sr.—T. Dundon, C. Loelter, F. Trautman, P. Cokely, A. S. Graven, D. Byler, C. Connorton.

First Grammar, Jr.—Analysis and Recitation: J. K. Espy, J. Dougherty, A. Cassella, F. Foley, C. Forestal, C. Morgan, S. Ashton, C. Burdell, L. Marshall, L. McOsker, W. Odendahl, H. Graves, B. F. Roberts, M. Moriarty, J. Rumely. Composition: K. J. Espy, J. Dougherty, S. Ashton, L. Marshall, A. Cassella, L. McOsker. Letter writing: K. J. Espy, L. Marshall, J. Dougherty.

Second Grammar, Jr.—J. Thomson, E. Shea, C. English, J. Murphy, W. Kellogg, C. Ortmeyer, H. Kinkade, J. Kilcoin.

Third Grammar Jr.—J. Mulvaney, C. Jevene, J. McFarland, B. Lubn, P. Reilly, W. Myer, W. Gross, A. Hoerber.

Fourth Grammar, Jr.—C. Vinson, W. Ray, F. Randall, P. Rose, E. Meusell, M. McCormick, V. McKinnon, L. Hibben, P. Dolemore, J. Cassidy, W. English, G. Hoffman, R. Kenrick.

Geography, Sr.—R. Metzger, J. Murphy, Wm. Carson, W. Armstrong.

Elocution, Sr.—L. B. Logan, A. W. Arrington, L. Wilson, J. McGinnity, J. Reilly, P. O'Connell, J. Murphy, J. Garrity, G. Holeman, J. A. Fox, T. Dillon, H. P. Morancy, L. Trudell, E. D. Fisher, R. Finley, R. Powers, C. Duffy, J. R. Boyd.

First French—J. M. Gearin.

Second French—G. Breunig, J. Antoine, A. Riopelle.

Third French—J. R. Boyd, John Garrity, D. Tighe, W. Wilstach.

Second German, Jr.—C. Berdel, F. Obert, F. Karst, W. P. Nelson, G. Schaeffer, J. Ward.

Second German, Sr.—D. Egan, J. R. Boyd, T. Dillon, G. H. Grier, B. Mathers, B. Kuhn.

Third German, Sr.—H. Goddard, J. C. Leunig, W. K. Roy.

Third German, Jr.—L. LeGault, Jas. Walsh, H. Ackhoff, W. B. Clarke, H. Potter, E. D. Fisher.

Fourth German, Jr.—J. L. Marshall, J. B. Taylor, L. Roth, C. Peterson, J. W. Murphy, R. Lange, H. P. Kinkead, A. Barth, W. Dolamore, E. Shea, E. Muesel, J. B. Goodhue.

Fourth German, Sr.—E. Fisher, R. Fahey, J. McFarland, H. Gallagher, W. Roberts.

First Reading, Jr.—L. Marshall, F. C. Randall, W. E. Kellogg, J. Antoine, C. Morgan, J. B. Goodhue, J. Shanks, C. Vinson, A. Barth, F. J. Obert, J. Hoffman, L. Hibben, B. Vogt, J. Mulvaney, P. Rose, W. Nelson, R. Lange, W. Grey, G. Schaeffer, J. Thompson, M. Moriarty, E. Lyons, C. English, W. Gross, C. Allen, J. Hannaher.

Elocution, Jr.—M. Mahony, R. Staley, F. Randall, C. English, B. Roberts, J. Kinkade, C. Morgan.

Second Reading, Jr.—M. Melancon, B. Lubn, E. Sheehan, A. Linscott, C. Jevene, W. Odendahl, H. Potter, E. Shea, L. McOsker.

Third Reading, Jr.—J. McCall, W. Dollamore, L. Hoover, Virgil McKinnon, E. Mussell, M. McCormac.

First Orthography, Sr.—G. Reily, P. O'Connell, H. Mooney, F. Brown, R. B. Metzger, R. Power, W. H. Murphy, P. H. Finnerty.

Second Orthography, Sr.—P. Davis, R. Fahey, T. Dundon, W. Compton, P. Coakley, E. Sweeney.

First Orthography, Jr.—J. Hannaher, C. Burdel, P. Reilly, G. Breunig, K. J. Espy, C. English, J. Cassella, J. Thomson, W. Nelson, G. Lyons.

Second Orthography, Jr.—W. Mulhall, P. Dollamore, A. Thaler, M. Healy, L. Hoover.

First Arithmetic, Jr.—J. Rumley, C. Morgan, J. Dougherty, J. Thomson, T. Foley, J. Mulvaney, P. Reilly, J. Hannaher, B. Lubn, C. Ortmeyer, M. Moriarty, C. Berdel, C. English, N. Nolan.

Fourth Arithmetic, Jr.—V. McKinnon, C. W. Palmer, A. Thaler, A. N. Linscott, S. Hoover, J. R. Kenrick, G. G. Green, J. Bracken, J. McCall, J. Dunn, E. Meusel, M. Healy, P. Healy, J. Healy, J. Cassidy.

Figure Drawing—J. Buehler, H. O'Neil.

Landscape—C. Ortmeyer, G. Hoffman.

Flowers—Joseph Rumely.

Architecture—W. C. Hunt.

Machine—P. H. Davis.

Vocal Music—R. Staley, B. F. Roberts, D. Egan, C. English, A. Riopelle, J. Mulhall, G. Riopelle, J. Mulhall, J. Thiel, W. English.

Violin, Sr.—J. Duffy, P. Stratton, J. Walsh.

Violin, Jr.—J. McGuire, T. Foley, J. Thompson, M. Melancon, B. F. Roberts, H. Jones.

Piano—R. Staley, F. Obert.

Flute—W. H. Murphy, W. Clarke.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—First Class: M. Weldon, G. Gross, G. Berry, F. Hunt, E. Haydel, F. Butters, W. Byrne, L. McKernan, J. McDermott, J. O'Hara, C. Whitney, L. Manning, F. Lauer, J. McCormack, L. Hoover, M. Wilson, C. Lorble.

Arithmetic—Second Class: C. A. Campau, O. Tong, E. Dwyer, E. De Groot, H. Quan, S. W. Hopkins, W. Haney, K. Doherty.

Arithmetic—Third Class: E. Marshall, E. Forrester, A. Armstrong, E. Ramond, F. Hoover.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

Messrs. Editors:—At the regular meeting of the Society, on the evening of the 13th instant, the literary exercises were opened by Mr. J. R. Boyd, the critic of the previous evening, reading his criticism. Mr. Boyd not only pointed out the imperfections but showed how they could be avoided. We feel assured that the members he was criticizing are thankful for the suggestions he offered. After the reading of the criticism, Mr. H. Barlow read a composition—subject, "Knowledge." Although the writer did not advance any new ideas on the subject, he deserves credit for the lively manner in which he treated an old and almost worn out theme. L. B. Logan followed with a lengthy essay on "Physiology." We think the writer was unfortunate in the selection of his subject; productions of this kind should be read before our friends of the Scientific Association, who are evidently more inclined to appreciate and pass judgment on such compositions than a society whose sole object is the cultivation of literature. In justice to the writer we will say that the composition was praised by the few members that understood the subject. J. E. Garrity followed the last essayist with a composition entitled "Content and Discontent." The principal fault of the composition, consisted in the writer (through inadvertence, we suppose,) calling jealousy and ambition discontent. In every other respect the essay was all that could be expected. We trust Mr. Garrity will not be content till he makes his mark as a writer. The essays concluded, the debate came up—subject, *Resolved*, "That women have a better right to vote than negroes." L. B. Logan opened the question in a neat and well-delivered speech. The strongest of the strong-minded women could not plead for the right of suffrage more eloquently than their advocate did on this occasion. He was followed by A. W. Arrington, who made a masterly argument in favor of our sable brethren. He referred in glowing terms to the services they rendered us during the late civil war. J. R. Boyd came to the rescue of the affirmative. He was disposed to doubt as to the services the gentlemen of color rendered their country, and he informed us most emphatically that all the negroes in creation were to be counted as nothing when the rights of women were at stake. D. A. Clarke followed in a neat argumentative address, in which he contended that as the negro was compelled to perform all the duties of a citizen, he was entitled to the privileges. Mr. Garrity, on part of the affirmative, indignantly spurned the assertion that women were not fit to exercise the right of suffrage. He pointed to the number of illustrious female sovereigns that have ruled nations since the beginning of the world. J. E. Eisenman followed the last speaker. He opposed the degradation of women by asking, or even encouraging them, to take part in politics. Mr. Logan closed the debate in a speech which, if possible, surpassed his opening address. Our worthy President had to postpone his decision, but we suppose he will endorse the famous Fifteenth Amendment. The hour of adjournment having arrived, all separated well pleased with the evening's entertainment; but still I cannot refrain from hoping that the day is far distant when we will have such a dose of Women's Rights and Negro Suffrage. **TATTLER.**

An account of the proceedings in the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society has been handed in too late for insertion in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. It shall appear in our next.

[For the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

Baseball.

MATCH GAME.

"YOUNG AMERICA" vs. "EXCELSIOR."

A match game was played on April 9th between the first nine of the Young America and the Second Nine of Excelsior Baseball Clubs. The first-mentioned came out victorious. The following is the score:

YOUNG AMERICA		EXCELSIOR	
O	R	O	R
Ortmayer, c.	2	Hibben, c.	2
Dolamore, p.	5	Hutchings, p.	3
Shea, s. s.	4	Goodhue, s. s.	2
Kilcoin, 1st b.	6	Mulhall, 1st b.	3
Lyons, 2d b.	9	Shehan, 2d b.	5
C. Lyons, 3d b.	5	Lang, 3d b.	3
Dolamore, l. f.	1	Hoffman, l. f.	3
Dunn, c. f.	5	Staley, c. f.	3
Rumely, r. f.	8	Healy, r. f.	3
Total	45	Total	27

Fly catches—Young America, 6; Excelsior, 12.
 Fly muffs—Young America, 2; Excelsior, 10.
 Foul catches—Young America, 4; Excelsior, 6.
 Foul muffs—Young America, 0; Excelsior, 0.
 Called balls—Young America, 2; Excelsior, 4.
 Home runs—Young America, 0; Excelsior, 1.

Umpire, W. ENGLISH.

Scorers, H. TAYLOR and H. O'NEILL.

Time of game, 4¾ hours.

C. ORTMAYER, Cor. Sec.

"QUICKSTEP" versus "YOUNG AMERICA."

An interesting game of Baseball was played on the 4th inst. between the Quickstep and Young America Clubs, with the following result:

QUICK STEP		YOUNG AMERICA	
O	R	O	R
Haydel, C.	3	Ortmayer, C.	6
Trentman, P.	5	Dolamore, P.	3
Gross, S. S.	7	Shea, S. S.	5
Weldon, 1st B.	3	Kilcoin, 1st B.	6
O'Brien, 2d B.	1	Lyons, 2d B.	2
Tong, 3d B.	2	Rumely, 3d B.	3
Dwyer, L. F.	0	Dolamore,	2
Kernan, C. F.	2	Dunn, C. F.	3
Campeau, R. F.	4	G. Lyons, R. F.	1
Total	27	Total	27

"DAN."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

[Correspondence of the "Notre Dame Scholastic."]

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, April 12, 1870.

ARRIVALS.

Miss M. Millard, Buchanan, Michigan.
 Miss E. Boyce, Laporte, Indiana.

TABLES OF HONOR, SR. DEP'T.

April 3d: Misses A. Rhinehart, E. Lindsay, F. Mesmore, B. O'Neil, A. Clark, M. Murphy, M. Doty, J. Kinsella, M. Lang, A. Montgomery, E. Kirwan, M. Kirwan.

April 10th: C. Davenport, G. Hurst, J. Hoyne, M. Ford, A. Holman, M. Sherland, L. Ingersoll, N. Moriarty, C. Woods, J. Dooly, M. Bahm, J. Hoerber.

On Sunday, the 27th ult., it being *Lætare* Sunday, the young ladies of the Senior Department were informed that one among the most worthy of their number would receive, according to a beautiful custom, a Golden Rose. But there were so many who stood Number One that it was very difficult to make a choice; therefore it was deci-

ded that all those who during the present session had received monthly tickets of excellence in conduct and class should draw for the honor. The following young ladies were competitors for the prize: Misses M. Cook, A. Mulhall, A. and E. Ewing, A. Carmody, A. Cunnea, G. Arrington, A. Jennings, A. Rhinehart, A. Montgomery, J. Walker, B. O'Neil, and M. Landgraff. Very Rev. Father General presided at the drawing of lots, and very graciously presented the successful Miss Genevieve Arrington with the Golden Rose. The hearty applause of her companions added much to the pleasant excitement of the occasion, and no doubt many resolved to be very careful in future not to forfeit those monthly rewards of regularity, decorum and industry. Many having been long absent during the session, thus forfeited their privilege of drawing for the prize.

The intended project of running the railroad from South Bend to Niles, through the Academy grounds, has created no little excitement among the denizens of our sequestered retreat; and when the gentlemanly Commissioners visited the Academy to consult with the authorities, the pupils took that opportunity of presenting their protest and petition. As the little Juniors have a very winning way about them, they were selected as the special pleaders on the occasion. The kind-hearted gentlemen listened with marked attention to their protest against railroad intrusion on the quiet, picturesque grounds of St. Mary's, and seemed touched by their earnest appeal in favor of running the road in a curve. Little Anna Clark, of Chicago, read the following appeal with much pathos. She was supported by Misses L. McNamara and B. Henry:

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE—

Honored Sirs:

We hear that, alas, it will soon come to pass
 That our quiet and happy seclusion
 Will be broke by the course of the "steam iron-horse"
 With its horrible noise and confusion:

That a railroad direct will soon intersect
 Our beautiful groves and sweet bowers,
 Cutting fields right in two, thus spoiling the view
 Of our landscape of verdure and flowers.

Oh, we cannot express the actual distress
 You will cause, if you really extend
 The road you project, in a straight line, direct
 From Niles to the town of South Bend!

Honored Sirs: Do not smile, but listen awhile
 Till we briefly but sadly here mention
 Certain ills, consequent if you do not relent
 From your present *unbending* intention:—

In the first place, the walk, the laughter and talk,
 We enjoy with such freedom and glee,
 As we per-am-bu-late, through you grove to the gate
 Will end, if the steam cars we see.

For then, *ranks* we must keep, lest the passengers peep
 (As they pass through our classical grounds)
 With wandering eyes, and express great surprise,
 At our breaking our classical bounds.

We have left the gay city, and we think it a pity,
 Indeed, if we cannot enjoy
 Freedom and sport, of an innocent sort,
 Without quizzing eyes to annoy;

Or read in the shade of yon woody glade,
 Some historic or sweet fairy tale,
 Without criticisms, and pert witticisms
 From the *critics* who ride on the rail.

Honored Sirs: Is it true that the pasture-field too
 You will cut with this road, right in half?
 Now, indeed, we do vow, you will wrong ev'ry cow,
 (And, what is worse, every innocent calf,—
 We are serious,—now please do not laugh!)

For that "Pasture-field" grand, stately cows now command
 In right of a hundred years' lease.
 If you cut it in two, 'twill sink in their view
 To a pasture intended for geese.

And say, who can tell, if they will not rebel
 And refuse, night and morning, to yield
 The return we exact, by mutual contract,
 If you trespass upon their grass field?

May they not say, in a logical way?

"Honored Sirs: if a *goose pasture* seem
 For us good enough, we'll be up to snuff
 And refuse giving milk and rich cream;

"We'll imagine we're *geese*, and not dignified beasts
 And ignore all our *cow* obligations;
 For though we look very grave, we assure you we have
 The liveliest imaginations."

Honored Sirs: could we thrive, if thus you deprive
 Us little folk of our best diet?
 For if the *dairy* should fail, and we'd get thin and pale,—
 Could your consciences ever feel quiet?

Now we know, honored sirs, each generous heart stirs
 With concern at the bare supposition;
 And we see that you feel that this touching appeal
 Has the force of an earnest petition.

In behalf of the flowers we'll exert all our powers
 To save them from ruthless invasion;
 If the "iron-horse" pass through their temple of glass;
 'Twill surely *prove* an occasion

Of destruction and gloom, for how could they bloom
 'Mid uproar, 'mid smoke and confusion?
 For, like virtue, you know, they bud, blossom, and grow
 Mid scenes of sweet peace and seclusion.

And please spare the wild flowers that adorn our fair bowers;
 They'll be crushed 'neath the swift whirling wheels
 Of the ponderous train, as it speeds o'er the plain
 As if lightning were close at its heels.

See the Girls, and the Flowers, Cows, Pastures, and Bowers
 Beg, honored sirs, you'll defend
 Our peaceful seclusion from railroad intrusion,
 And *not* have the line from South Bend

Made so direct, as to intersect
 Our Fields, our Playgrounds, and Bowers,—
 You will not refuse to respond to our views,
 For you hold most unlimited powers.

And we humbly propose that, ere you do close
 Your contracts, you gallantly swerve
 From the straight line direct, and our playground protect,
 By a graceful, respectful, long curve,—

Called "St. Mary's Bend," and thus you'll extend
 Your protection with chivalrous grace
 O'er our beautiful grounds that no worldly sounds
 Mar the peace of this classical place.

Honored sirs, on commission, do grant our petition;
 You may with great ease your petitioners please
 And thus, while the public you serve
 By building the road in a curve,
 You'll merit the gratitude of the

PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Misses L. NEIL, K. HUTCHINSON, J. KEARNEY, Committee, now came forward, each presenting a bouquet. Miss Neil recited the following

APPEAL OF THE FLOWERS.

Now they have done, don't take it as fun
 For they have exhausted their best rhyming powers;
 Now the Bouquets have come with their prettiest bloom
 To plead in the language of Flowers.

Their mute eloquence will be their defense
 And cause you their rights to observe;
 Ah! see if you can, and altar your plan
 By building the road in a curve,

And thus protect your weeping suppliants,
 THE FLOWERS.

Misses I. QUAN, L. HARRISON, G. DARLING.
 Then came forward each, presenting a saucer of ice cream.
 Miss N. Gross recited the

APPEAL OF THE COWS.

And here you now see a grave committee
 Who have come your good will to invoke,
 And with their best bows, in behalf of the Cows
 To present you the "cream of the joke."

We are dignified beasts, not lighthheaded geese
 Whom any *small* pasture would serve;
 Please, our rights now protect, don't our pasture bisect,
 But build the road in a curve.

If we keep our large field, we promise to yield
 Richest milk, and never to swerve
 Even in imagination, from our high obligation,—
 But please build the road in a curve?

And thus shall you earn the eternal gratitude of the dignified Cows of St. Mary's pasture field, [and, by them, be held in ruminating remembrance, as they "wind slowly o'er the lea," or peacefully repose on the green sward, at dewy eve, and low more in sorrow than in anger at the *a la mode* pretensions of M'Ho Cow-catcher as she sweeps by on a Bender!—Eds. SCHOLASTIC.]