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In Memoriam.

SISTER WILFRED, (Miss Mary Walker,) of Mercy Convent, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Died, at Saint Paul, Minnesota, July 4, 1871.

She has vanished from earth, as a sunbeam that fades
From the valley at eve, when the shades gather round;
She has gone—yet no sorrow our bosom invades,
For she sits by the Bridegroom, with bright glory crowned.

We grieve not: yet sadly we think, "She is gone!"
For we miss the bright smile that inspired peaceful cheer,
We miss, too, the goodness angelic that shone
In that life to the heavenly Bridegroom so dear.

Yes, Mary, true child of the Virgin most pure,
While we weep our sad loss we rejoice in thy joy;
For the wish of thy heart is forever secure,
And thou wearest a crown that no foe can destroy.

Ah, now we recall more distinctly the time
When in childhood's young years thou didst sigh for the day
That would shine on thy virgin espousals sublime
To the King whose affection can never betray.

Long years thou didst labor, preparing thy mind,
By a diligent search into earth's varied lore;
That with faculties strengthened, expanded, refined,
Thou mightst see the Unknown through the known,
and adore.

'Twas a labor of love; and it lent thee a grace
That attracted all hearts, as a magnet the steel,
But no creature e'er found in thy chaste heart a place,
Save the place of a brother,—He set there His seal.

Then, accomplished in person, in heart and in soul,
Thou didst shrink from the honors thy graces had won,
And retired from our gaze—leaving this to console,
That thy heavenly espousals on earth had begun.

And dwelling in peace, in fair Mercy's retreat,
Thou didst feast on the love of the heavens' chaste King,
And thy own love kept time with thy heart's anxious beat
And thy sigh for the hour that thy nuptials would ring.

But ah, who can fathom the wisdom of God!
We were waiting with thee to partake of thy joy—
Thou wert touched by the pale-faced destroyer's dire rod,
And thy bloom faded fast—life was now but death's toy.

Thou wert borne far away to a health-giving clime,
In the hope that thy vigor and bloom would return,
But the months rolled away, 'twas but staying the time
When the lamp of existence no longer would burn.

It was useless that parents stood anxiously by,
And lavished their heart's fondest love on their child;
'Twas His will that His faithful one early should die—
And, though sad, to His will are our hearts reconciled.

Yes, fair bride of heaven, thou didst feel that the hour
Of thy triumph had come. One desire still remained:
Thou wert His, wholly His, yet thou still hadst the power
To refuse—the great object of life was not gained.

Thou didst crave then the favor to pledge Him thy vow
Ere thou parted from earth thy Divine Spouse to greet;

It was granted—and to the sweet yoke thou didst bow,
And the grand nuptial rite of the soul was complete.

Then rapt in calm peace thou didst wait for the call
Of the Bridegroom, to haste to His welcome embrace;
It came—and a coffin, a corse and a pall,
Were all that remained of thy beauty and grace.

But no, 'twas not all; for thy mem'ry still dwells,
Like a beam from on high, in our hearts sad and lone;
And the thought of thy virtue our spirit impels
To new efforts to win, as thou hast, a bright throne.

Then weep not, kind friends, for the saintly one gone,
She is happy with Him who accepted her love;
May we, too, be as faithful, till life's duties done,
We shall meet her in bliss in the bright realms above.

M. B. B.

Earth's Battle Fields.

Earth may truly be called a battle field whether we view it physically, intellectually or morally; and who has not engaged in its warfare? Heart and Mind have had equally to contest their rights on earth's broad arena; life-long has been the struggle, but Right, as a golden hope, ever illumines the Triumph. Is it not this spirit which girds the armor of Courage on the youthful soldier, which enables him to embrace Death in its most ghastly and appalling forms? It is this consciousness of Right that fires the hearts and makes every arm a host in itself. Who can deny it was this which sustained the handful of Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae when they manfully, if not victoriously, met the power of the great Persian forces? Was not the open-hearted devotedness with which the early Crusaders answered the call of Peter the Hermit, stimulated by this sense of Right, when they left their cheerful homes and loved ones to stem the tide of Saracen infidelity that was sweeping the landmarks of our Holy Faith from Palestine, and threatening to deluge all Europe? What must have been the emotions of the weary-footed traveller whom devotion had led o'er weary sands and wild wastes to kneel at the shrine of the Saviour, who had thought that in one short hour he would be at the gates of the city, rendered sacred by the tread of the Saviour, and then found those gates closed by base Infidel hands? But as we gaze at some of earth's battle fields we exclaim: "Oh cruel human heart! Man, why this love of gain? Why spill human blood like water? It avails thee naught." Might we not address this to afflicted Poland, to suffering but beautiful Ireland and to-day to terrible Paris? Ah, the world may call the Crusaders fanatics, but can the world produce such heroes now? Heroes who, when the conflict was over, turned not to earth for applause, nor appropriated to self all the glory, but cried out: "*Non nobis, Domine.*" True heroes to whom Time loves to point on history's illumined page. How noble, indeed, was their mind's mission in directing the final issue of man's triune power. But there are other fields than those colored by the heart's crimson tide, battles, as disastrous and heart-rending as those in which brother falls by the arm of brother, or friend by the arm of friend. They are those in which

greatness of mind, force of intellect and nobility of purpose combat tyranny, narrow prejudices and intense selfishness. The world may admire the flash of genius, by which the mind dives to the depths of nature's profoundest secrets, but does the world think of the wearisome, sleepless hours spent by the light of a glimmering taper? Witness our noble Columbus when seated on the poor wool-comber's bench, when braving the dangers of an unknown sea, when bearing the captive's chains, and say he is not a true hero of a bloodless victory. But the fierceness of Columbus' battles was known only to himself and God. And though we may see but the brilliant conceptions of a Raphael or an Angelo, who can tell of the dark shades of sorrow that often, oh, how often, swept their souls?

But let us glance at the moral field; 'tis here that heroes strive for garlands of immortality.

Fearfully the conflict rages till Death holds for us the flag of truce, and we fall either 'neath the starry banner of Right, or the dark banner of Wrong. Angels from Heaven's far summits view the contest; they fly down 'mid the darkness of night to soothe the pains of the wounded and strengthen them for the morrow. They are ever nigh to breathe of Hope if we but listen to their gentle voices. The daughters of Saint Vincent De Paul may well be compared to them, for they link the physical to the moral field. Much depends on the physical and intellectual contest, but what compared to the moral; for the fate of worlds rests on the moral, as Reason calls the roll all champions of earth must respond. Here we fight for true Liberty and Right, not for the liberty of our country but to break the galling chains which enslave us. Afar-off we see our true home in all the beauties of God's architectural plan. Friends loved and lost beckon us to persevere, never to surrender the flag of Faith, but to cling to its staff till the angels of God place it beside the throne, where it will forever be defended by God and Right.

HATTIE A. NIEL.

Saint Mary's, Indiana.

Funeral of Right Rev. Bishop Luers.

DEPARTURE FROM NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

On the morning of the 3d inst. the following took their departure from Notre Dame University to show their respect for Right Rev. Bishop Luers, by attending his funeral:

Very Rev. E. Sorin, Very Rev. A. Granger, Rev. A. Lemonnier, Rev. D. J. Spillard, Rev. P. Lauth, Rev. J. Frère, Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., Mr. J. F. Edwards, a deputation of Students under the direct supervision of Prof. J. A. Lyons, Sisters from St. Mary's Academy, Brothers from Notre Dame, and your reporter.

As our readers are undoubtedly aware, the Right Rev. Bishop was suddenly prostrated with apoplexy while attending his episcopal duties in Cleveland, on the 29th ultimo.

ARRIVAL AT FORT WAYNE.

At 5:15 of the same day, the delegation arrived in this enterprising city; but owing to the arrival of numerous ecclesiastics and others from different

arts of the United States, were unable to procure carriages sufficient for their transfer to the episcopal residence—a few being necessitated to resort to a more common mode of travelling.

"THE FOURTH,"

the day appointed for the funeral services of the deceased Bishop, was everything that could have been desired. A fine rain the evening previous had cooled the atmosphere; and though the sun arose in brilliancy, giving evidence of an excessively warm day, yet no oppressive heat was apparent,—the day being cool and pleasant.

THE CITY

presented a Sabbath-like appearance, for the deceased was not only loved and respected by Catholics, but also by Protestants of every denomination. Not only the cathedral, episcopal residence, Sisters' Academy, Brothers' school, were draped in mourning, but many private residences and places of business throughout the entire city,—all giving unmistakable evidence of the deep affliction that the death of Bishop Luers had occasioned.

THE REMAINS.

From an early hour in the morning the cathedral was the magnetic point for numerous visitors, all eager to catch a last glimpse—for owing to the large assemblage, each person was allowed to take but a passing look at those beloved features now serenely settled in the sleep of death. By ten o'clock the seats, aisles, and balcony were literally thronged, while thousands were obliged to remain outside. In the cathedral there were at least three thousand, while twice that number were unable to gain admittance. For such a great multitude, a remarkable degree of order was manifested throughout the entire services. The mournful tolling of the bell; the death-like silence of all present; the heavily-draped interior and exterior; the solemn services performed, made an impression never to be forgotten.

THE PROCESSION.

At ten o'clock the solemn procession, consisting of cross-bearers, acolytes, priests, bishops, and the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, made its appearances, and quietly occupied the respective places assigned them before the altar. Among those present were Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit; Right Rev. Bishop Toebbe, of Covington, Ky.; Right Rev. Bishop McClosky, of Louisville; Right Rev. Bishop Foley, of Chicago; Right Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa.; Right Rev. Bishop de St. Palais, of Vincennes, Ind.; several Rev. Doctors, and Very Rev. Provincials of Religious Orders.

THE "OFFICE OF THE DEAD"

was sung by the clergy in a very impressive manner, after which Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the deceased by Rt. Rev. Bishop de St. Palais, as Celebrant; Very Rev. E. Hannin, Assistant Priest; Rev. Dr. Lancaster Spalding, Deacon; Rev. Father Otho, Subdeacon; Rev. J. Dinnen, Master of Ceremonies.

Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell delivered an appropriate sermon, taking for his text the first verse of the fourth chapter of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, and spoke substantially as follows:

THE SERMON.

He loved you through the course of his episcopal ministry, but now you have lost him as the Apostles lost Christ. He has gone to receive the reward of a well-spent life. It is now six and thirty years since I first became acquainted with your Bishop. He was then a boy of fourteen years. On this occasion I was travelling on horseback to an appointed place in Ohio. I met him on the road and began conversing with him. He trudged along beside me on his way to church. I secured him a ride behind me, and thus I first made the acquaintance of your Bishop. He stated

his desire to study for the priesthood. I gave him hope, and that encouragement caused him for six years to be a diligent student and an apt scholar. Little did I think then that I would be called on to perform this sad service. But Almighty God has thought proper to call him to his eternal reward,—to number him as one of the elect that consecrate "God's Acre," as it is beautifully termed in the German language.

In 1846 he was exalted to the sublime dignity of the priesthood. His first charge was that of pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Cincinnati, and for eleven years he showed himself to be a good and faithful priest as his after years proved him the exemplary Bishop. There never was a stain on the spotless virtue of the deceased. * * * His whole life, since his ordination, was devotion to God, to the erecting of orphan asylums, and the education of young priests. Never was there a more exemplary man. His greatest virtues were self-denial and poverty.

In his ordination he answered all the interrogatives for the priesthood. In ancient times it was a rule to hold an inquest on the life of the deceased person before he was given the honors of sepulture. An inquest was similarly held on your Bishop, and in all things he was found admirable. He practiced that angelic virtue of purity, and before the throne of God he will sing the song in honor of the Lamb that the pure alone can sing. You should offer your prayers to God that He will give you a Bishop as energetic and good as the one you have lost.

Your good Bishop speaks from his coffin, and tells us to remember our religion. A Catholic priest, a Catholic bishop, lives and dies for his religion.

* * * * *

Around his bier you see a large assemblage of priests, bishops, and an immense congregation, to pay their last sad tribute to their beloved Bishop. He built many churches and gained the entire confidence of the congregation. He was a good priest, a faithful pastor, and an intelligent citizen. Why was he a good boy, a zealous student, a faithful priest, and a most pious and exemplary bishop? Because of his parental education, as he had a pious father and mother. He told me once of an incident that happened in his boyhood days which will illustrate this fact:

When he was sixteen years old, he left home and was engaged as a clerk in the store of a Protestant gentleman in Piqua, Ohio. He was beloved and trusted by his employer. After six month's service he returned home, and, on the first evening of his arrival, his father requested him to say the family prayers. But he had forgotten them, and his father being an earnest and zealous man, took him to task and whipped him, John Henry being obliged to remain on his knees during the severe chastisement. This made such an impression on him that he never after forgot his prayers.

On the 10th day of January, 1858, he was made your Bishop—the first Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana. When he began his career in this diocese, he found here only seventeen priests, and now leaves it with seventy-seven priests, and forty-four churches, besides asylums and hospitals. This beautiful cathedral was built by his earnest co-operation, and God has signally blessed the people of Fort Wayne and this Diocese. He is one of the seven Bishops who has died since the Plenary Council at Baltimore, in 1867; and he is one of the five Bishops that the Province of Cincinnati has lost.

Let us imitate Bishop Luers' example. We can see the benefit of religion. Skeptics cannot see the benefit; but we cannot be good and fit for the society of angels and saints without it. I pray God you will receive a Bishop similar to the one you have lost.

At the conclusion of the sermon of his Grace, the usual ceremonies were performed, after which the remains were deposited in their final resting-place before the high altar. MARCUS.

A Ramble Through the Grounds.

The sun had withdrawn the last glimmer of his retiring rays, and the pale-faced moon smiled a sweet silvery smile upon the sorrowing face of Nature thus deserted by her brilliant lord. Gradually the dark frown faded from Nature's fair brow, and she smiled back the greeting of Night's serene queen.

I sat at my open window and gazed musingly upon the quiet scene, while thoughts, undefined by reflection, of the many light-hearted youths, whose ringing voice and merry laugh had so often, during the past year, floated up from this now silent scene into that same window at which I now sat, careered through my mind like spectres of departed joys. I closed my eyes, and fancy winged her fairy flight far away over hills and prairies; sped along through the streets of populous cities and quiet towns and villages in quest of the laughing eyes and glowing cheeks which so short a time ago gave life to the scenes around me.

I saw in this excursion of fancy the hundred who had won a lasting place in memory: they were seated in the family circle; their laugh was as joyous as ever, their countenance as bright, and the eyes of parents, brothers and sisters, relations and friends gazed with admiration upon those youthful countenances now stamped more deeply with the impress of intelligence and thought. I forgot my loneliness, and joined in the gay mirth which fancy conjured up, till a light tap at my door roused me from my reverie and brought back in full force the painful sense of loneliness.

My visitor probably felt as I did, for he proposed a walk in the moonlight. We sauntered forth, and instinctively our steps were directed to the spacious play-ground. As we entered, we paused, by a sudden impulse, and gazed in silence upon that plot of ground so lately the scene of life and amusement, and as the moonbeams fell upon the surface, we saw that the young grass had already begun to sprout in those bare spots used as base-ball grounds. So—I thought to myself—will the grass, in time, grow over that fresh mound of earth that shall, sooner or later, mark the spot where rests all that remains of each human being now in the enjoyment of life and vigor.

We moved on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, till I was aroused from my meditations by striking my foot, encased in a thin boot, against a hard substance that lay in my path. I looked down, half angry with the momentary pain, and saw a portion of a broken base-ball bat. My anger was gone, and reflection took its place in my mind. There lay that instrument of amusement and exercise—now useless. It was stronger and tougher than the arm that had wielded it—now it was shattered and left to blacken in the sun and rain, while that arm had improved and grown strong in using it.

Ah! what a picture of life did not that broken bat then call up to my mind! How often do we not see men, of little real ability, but with tact, using their intellectual superiors, who lack the cunning to apply their powers to their own advancement, as instruments of their apparent greatness—using them; yes, till, like that broken bat, the spirit of these human instruments of others' interests finally break under the weight of conscious power and not less conscious weakness, and are cast aside to be spurned by the foot of every passer-by, while the creatures of their ill-requited service feast and grow strong on the fruits of their industry. But so it is; and though we may regret, we cannot change it.

The moon still shone upon the quiet scene, revealing more clearly its loneliness, by depriving it of that natural dread which belongs to the hours of unrelieved darkness. We sat upon a bench beneath a tree, and thence surveyed the scene, lonely but still lovely. The unfinished walls of the new church slept quietly in the moonlight. The click of the trowel and the call of the workmen were no longer heard. Fancy was again at her magic work, and in imagination we gazed upon the ruins of some stately edifice that wanted but the moss and ivy to render the illusion complete. Ah! again how much like life—infancy and old age—the beginning and the end! How like the child is man in the decline of life! How close the resemblance between a ruin and the beginning of a large edifice, especially when seen in the quiet moonlight!

The hour was growing late, and we returned to our rooms to seek that repose which nature demands in all circumstances. A blessing on nature for giving us some hours of oblivion! But the day will return; the click of the trowel and the call of the men will again be heard; so, too, will the silent play-ground be once more, ere long, alive with the merry laugh of youth. The poor broken bat alone will not be restored; but its work is done; some one has reaped the benefit of its existence—it feels no pain—so let it rest, to point a moral as it now adorns my tale.

SOLUS RELICTUS.

R. R. R.

You may talk of the Derby races, the fast time made by Dexter, or the trials of speed between boats on the Mississippi, but what are all such races to the one we had one fine July afternoon last week? We had ambled pleasantly our little gait—a graceful waddle, partaking of the *sans souci* of the duck and the dignity of the gander,—which beats the mincing Grecian bend all to flinders, and which, if Eugenie would only adopt it, would take wonderfully, we feel assured, in the higher circles, (yea, even the *cream of the cream* would cheese it,) for as it requires flat-bottomed shoes or boots, the high-heeled foot-deforming shoes now in fashion would be discarded; and would not many dainty-footed dames and demoiselles soon kick off (and up) their heels were it not the fashion to wear them so high as to permanently lame them for life?—but we were observing we had gently ambled over the heated sidewalks of Chicago, and found ourselves about 4.30, P. M., in the splendid Depot building of the Michigan Southern and Lake Shore Railway,—on the verge of utter exhaustion, superinduced by the excessive rise of the thermometer, which, as a matter of course, had brought on a very hot day.

We languidly entered the Dining Room over which the generous proprietor presides with polished manners and sympathizing emotions for all hungry travellers, to whom he furnishes excellent meals and moderate charges. Apostrophising in feeble accents a friend and brother whom from his princely politeness we judged to be a lineal descendant of Hannibal, or mayhap of some other great lord hailing from a more southern portion of Africa, we demanded a lemonade, a glass of ice-water and a dish of ice-cream, remarking to him that as we were in a hurry he need not mind the pickles, as we could not wait.

Refreshed, recuperated, and rejoicing in our new-born vigor, we passed by the charitable gentlemen who keep a basket of oranges, a basket of Indian "curiosities,"—such as highly decorated moccasins fit for Pocahontas,—and a basket of precious ornaments made of real vegetable ivory, all of which they generously offer to the public for filthy lucre, dog cheap, and smoke villainously-smelling tobacco in clay pipes. Them we heeded not, but we acknowledged the gracious smile of

the amiable and affable gentleman of portly mien, who allows passengers, when they pass in their checks to him, to go through the "gates a-jar," and directs them to the proper car.

Comfortably seated, we patiently waited, and heard, without excessive emotion, the conductor cry "All aboard."

Our train consisted of three "sleepers," as we heard another lineal descendant of Hannibal term them,—three first-class cars, *not* sleepers, a second-class car, an express car, a baggage car, and the locomotive with tender. It took its way gingerly down the street, moving as lightly and gently as if going over eggs, until it came to 22nd street where another crowd of passengers came aboard.

From 22nd street the speed of the train gradually increased according to law. We were much pleased to see one of our esteemed friends in the person of the conductor, who entered the car and demanded the tickets. We have travelled on various roads and have consequently met with many conductors, and our testimony is that with rare exceptions, which proves the general rule, they are the most equable-tempered, best-balanced, levellest-headed class of men we ever met with. We are speaking of conductors on much-travelled roads, on which the Company can afford to have gentlemen of urbane manners and courteous demeanor for conductors. Every habitual traveller by rail has had, we opine, the misfortune of meeting, at least once in his life, a conductor whose manners showed that he was constitutionally opposed to politeness and innately cross-grained, or else that on that particular trip something had turned up which had 'discomposed' his usual placidity of temper. But the reflecting traveller who seeks out causes for the effects he sees will in most cases find out that the first kind of conductors mentioned above is almost invariably found on roads that are not much travelled—a sort of cross-roads, on which they run trains consisting of a 'ladies' car'—so called, and another car which by contradistinction should be called the 'gentlemen's car'—but the absurdity of such an appellation is so great, that even the highest flight of imagination or the most transcendental mendacity of a boorish brakeman barring the entrance to the only decent car of the train, has never been able to give such a name to a car which at times, what from filth, and filthy words, would scarcely be used on a good road to carry first-class cattle, or hogs from which the owner expected to realize prime pork. Such a train is enough to demoralize a conductor, and no wonder he sometimes gives evidence of it—why, we ourselves have been in an ugly humor when forced to sit in one of these cars with our feet cocked up, some thirty miles, to keep them from the pool of spittle that covered the floor under and about the seat.

The reflecting traveller, aforesaid, who may have experienced a want of civility on the part of the conductor on a good and well-travelled road, will generally find on investigation, that the train is behind time, or that passengers have been pestering the conductor with oft repeated questions about "When do we get to Scrabbletown?" "Do we make connections at Jonesburg?" etc., etc.—and perhaps he, the reflecting traveller, may find out that he has been asking questions of this kind, the answer to which he could easily have found out from other sources, or which, perhaps, he knew perfectly well, and asked the conductor merely to have something to say, when the hard-worked, weary conductor had all he could do to attend to the real business of getting his train in on time.

Of all the conductors we have met, those of the Michigan Southern & Lake Shore road may be taken as models. We do not mean to assert that none of them ever show signs of weariness; that they never give short answers to what they consider silly questions, though to the querist they may be important; that none of them ever lose

their temper even in the most trying circumstances. We admit that some of them may do so—for conductors are mortal men, we do not maintain that they are angels—but such occurrences are rare indeed on the M. S. & L. S. R. R. Why, we could here mention a half a dozen whose names we know whom we have seen courteous to all; affable to those who asked questions, and remaining good-tempered under circumstances that would have tried the patience of Job; or if occasionally one did promptly and sharply settle the matter, he did not go through the train afterwards like a bear with a sore head, venting ill-humor on inoffensive travellers, but he resumed, at least exteriorly, his good humor, and appeared to have regained his habitual equanimity of temper. But we do not mention any by name, for there are some whose names we do not know, and it might, therefore, come to pass that some whom we esteem highly might suppose the contrary from not seeing their names with those of the conductors whose names we know.

It was then with pleasure that we saw one of our favorite conductors come into the car,—one who is always cool, calm and collected, replying briefly, but kindly and to the point; and who, we believe, has been on the road ever since it has been built.

It is well known that from Englewood to some distance beyond, the P. F. W. & C. R. R. runs almost parallel to the M. S. & L. S. R. R. and very near to it. At the time we speak of, the early afternoon trains of these roads started at the same time from Chicago.

As we neared Englewood, the Pittsburgh train was seen gallantly winding its way towards us, as it had made a *detour* around by the cattle-yards, and from Englewood both trains glided along, almost side by side, until they came to the place where the Illinois Central R. R. crosses the two parallel tracks, where both trains are obliged to come to a full stop. During this comparatively short run, the passengers of each train became at first moderately interested in the speed of the other; and though they knew there was no racing between the trains, yet each set of travellers wished to see their train go ahead, and neither party could refrain from manifesting their exultation by the waving of kerchiefs as their train seemed to gain on the other. By the time the trains reached the Illinois Central crossing there wasn't a passenger in our car that was not thoroughly aroused, and eager for a race, and we verily believe that the same kind of excitement prevailed throughout the whole train, and the other train too.

Having come to a full stop, every one was eager for his train to get the first start; and it was with bitter disappointment and intense disgust that we saw the Pittsburgh train move off and get under pretty good headway ere our train began to budge, as there were passengers getting on. Now it is no small matter to overcome the *vis inertiae* of such a heavy train as ours; and before we were fairly started, the other train—a lighter one than ours—was some distance ahead, and all our passengers were fuming and fretting that the train didn't get on faster, while the passengers in the other train waved us adieu with their dusty handkerchiefs. Now human nature could stand this no longer. Gradually the telegraph poles began to whisk by us in such rapid succession that they appeared to form a very high picket fence; the trees and bushes went through their dance around any point you would fix your eye upon, with fast increasing speed in comparison to which the rapid double shuffle of a darkey hoe-down or the dizzy whirl of the German were the movements of lively snails, or gambolling mud-turtles. We rushed along the smooth level road without a jolt, and were it not for this display of liveliness among the telegraph poles and trees and fences we would not have known that we were at length going at a tremendous rate. We had perceived, however, that our heavy train was

gaining gradually on the other. The window from which we had been poking out our head, disconsolate, looking at the other train before us, was now in a line with the rear platform of the hindmost car. This platform was crowded with men in white dusters and side whiskers—a nice airy summer travelling suit—who all along had been exultingly flaunting their pocket-handkerchiefs to the breeze and tauntingly beckoning us to come on. We had kept in our colors, through modest diffidence and perspiration; but—such is human nature—we ceased mopping our face with our handkerchief and shook its damp folds at those now chop-fallen men as we passed them. On we rushed, and the telegraph poles and trees and fences and bushes whirled past us to the rear; the visages of every one on the train grew broader, the genial smile broke out spontaneous, like contagious measles, and illumined the hitherto melancholy physiognomies which had made our carload of people look like a dismal doleful family in a funeral procession. One low-sized, thick-set, full-paunched, brown-faced, usually good-humored specimen of a hoosier had been so excited when our train had fallen behind at the crossing that he could no longer sit still on his seat, and had gone out on the platform to help our train along by flying his handkerchief in imitation of an Indian paddling his canoe. As we fairly passed the other train, which soon rushed through the woods out of sight on the other track which diverged towards Valparaiso, our hoosier friend, with the broadest kind of a grin, stuck his head in the car and yelled out, "We've coopered 'em!" in tones that would have been a credit to the aboriginal inhabitants of his section of country.

We turned to our neighbor on the seat back of us, whose face, like all the others, beamed with satisfaction, though he hadn't gained a nickle by the victory. However, as he was a philosopher in his way, he recollected himself, and addressed us as follows: "My friend, see the foolishness of men; here we are rejoicing over a trifling victory,—exultation fills the breasts of all, the pulsations of the heart are accelerated with joy, the eyes beam with delight, the tongues of all are loosened, and we feel as jubilant as soldiers who have vanquished the enemy. And yet we have gained nothing. Had the other train maintained its position in advance of us, we would have been down-hearted, sad, a set of melancholy Jacques. And still we would have lost nothing. Take a lesson from this, my friend, and do not set your heart upon trifling things, for such is the nature of the human heart that it will become so totally preoccupied with small matters as to be deprived of the power of giving due attention to the important duties of life," etc., etc.

We were edified by our neighbor's, discourse which was about twenty-five (25) miles long, and ended as we approached Laporte.

Though edified, we were hungry, and, what with the dust of the road and the dryness of the discourse,—philosophical discourses are dry, the best of them, are they not?—thirsty. We therefore hastened to the Dining Room, where we soon appeased our hunger, and two cups of coffee—(yes, coffee, though it was tea time; for our forte is strong coffee; and our weakness plenty of sugar in it, please; not much cream, thank you,) two cups of coffee and a glass of ice-water—there is mixture for you—settled our thirst.

We note here as a parting paragraph that our supper was rendered pleasanter by unexpectedly meeting three friends who had been on the train but in a different car. One was bound for New York, where we hope he happily arrived; the other two were on a shorter trip, preparatory to a much longer one, which, as it will be life-long, we sincerely wish may be a happy one, their guardian angels, their conductors; crowds of friends, their fellow-passengers; a smooth, unruffled course of love their track, and heaven the terminus of their journey.

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The next number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, will appear in August, and will complete the fourth volume.

The New York Riots.

On the 12th of July a disgraceful riot occurred in New York. The Orangemen, protected by the military and police, walked in procession, and were followed by a mob upon which the military fired. By the accounts which have reached us, it is estimated that some fifty were killed outright, or died of their wounds; one hundred and fifty were wounded so badly as to be taken to the hospitals. To this are added others less dangerously wounded, who were taken to their homes, or who escaped through fear of being compromised; and this number is put down at one hundred, making a total of three hundred. As the matter stands in the papers, and in public opinion, this riot was raised by Catholics against their Protestant fellow-citizens; and already have appeals been made to Protestants to band together to protect themselves against what the Grand Master of the Masons in Illinois, in his call for an association of Protestants, terms "the intolerant and despotic spirit that has at all times actuated the devoted members of the Roman Catholic Church."

Now we like to take a cool and common-sense view of this matter. It may be well enough for demagogues to blow the flame, and light the torch of civil war in our country; they have nothing to lose, they care neither for Catholic nor for Protestant,—but the right-minded man will think twice, and not be led to denounce the Catholics of this country, who, to put the matter moderately, have proved themselves to be as peace-abiding and law-observing citizens as can be found in the limits of the Union.

We freely admit that there may have been men calling themselves Catholics in the mob that followed the Orange procession; men calling themselves Catholics, who may have been baptized in the Church; but every man who was in the crowd with the intention of molesting the Orangemen, went against the teachings of his Church, and acted in direct opposition to the commands of his lawful ecclesiastical superiors, and consequently placed himself outside the body of the Church.

No set of men so thoroughly detest mob law as Catholics; and this riot is held in greater detestation by them than by any others.

Putting the case as favorably as it can be put for the Irish Catholics, who through ignorance or inflamed by passion, were induced to take part in the mob, every Catholic will still condemn the conduct of those misguided men.

The facts of the case are these: The Orangemen, who are the descendants of Cromwell's followers, whose cruelties in Ireland no one denies, and of renegade Irishmen who deserted their faith and betrayed their country to the English, banded together to maintain the Protestant ascendancy in the British Empire; and they avowedly proclaim that they will

walk knee deep in Catholic blood rather than permit any but a Protestant to reign over the British Empire. Now it is hard for Irishmen, who came to this country where, they were told, their religion would be respected as well as Presbyterianism or any other *ism*, to see these same Orangemen perpetuating this deadly animosity against the Catholic religion. In Ireland, the Ribbonmen, an association of Irishmen, who contrary to the teachings of the Church banded themselves in a secret society, were led to this mode of resistance by the outrages committed by the Orangemen, and by a vain hope of freeing their country from the yoke of British tyranny. Both associations, being secret and oath-bound, were condemned by the Church; but the people in this country who believe in secret associations, have no right to condemn either Orangemen or Ribbonmen, so long as they confine their associations to Ireland.

Now the Catholic Irishmen coming to this country do not seek to institute their Ribbon lodges here. In the first place, they cannot either in Ireland or in this country belong to any secret society and be in communion with the Church; and secondly, the object of the association is lacking. They have become citizens of the United States, and though they still look with love to the Green Isle, and would wish to see it free, they have, with very few exceptions, the sense to see not only the futility, but the injury to themselves and to their adopted country, of bringing hither the quarrels and party prejudices of the old country. Of course they cannot get rid of the heart-burnings nor of the knowledge of the wrongs they received at the hands of the Orangemen and the British Government; but they do not foster this spirit by continuing their secret associations.

The Orangemen, on the contrary, have their lodges in the United States and in Canada. Frequently in the latter country they have violently interfered with Catholics. In a great number of cases, they refuse to become citizens of this country, and in refusing to do so, they are logical so long as they remain Orangemen; for Orangemen are sworn to uphold the British rule in Ireland, and Protestant ascendancy in the British Empire. As citizens of the United States they have no right to band together for either of those purposes.

Considering the matter as it really stands—the Orangemen continuing to band together in this country with the avowed object of deadly hatred to Catholics, and of 'walking knee deep in Catholic blood' if necessary to accomplish their object,—are not some of the scribblers and declaimers in the newspapers asking more than flesh and blood can bear when they say that Orangemen must parade for the purpose of continuing in this country the insults and injuries they heaped upon Catholics in Ireland, and that Irish Catholics must tamely stand by and say never a word? It is easy to talk, still easier to write—but let such talkers and writers put themselves in the true Irishmen's place,—how would they act?

And yet as a Catholic we say those who attacked the procession were wrong. They were wrong as Catholics, and they went diametrically against the earnest advice of the Archbishop and priests of New York, who, in advising their flocks as they did, were the true representatives of the principles and spirit of the Catholic Church. They told the Catholics to stay away from the procession—and had the comparatively few Catholics in the mob followed this advice, which the great majority of the Catholics of New York did follow, the 84th Regiment would not have had an opportunity of showing their utter want of military discipline, their lack of true soldierly courage, by firing without notice, even without being commanded by their officers, upon a crowd in which there were, no doubt, evil-minded men, but in which were also many innocent men, as well as women and children.

We do not think it opportune to give our opin-

ion about the manner of preventing such disturbances in the future. We are heart and soul for having the laws obeyed, and public order preserved.

But this we say in conclusion: Catholics are essentially law-abiding citizens. The better they fulfil their duties as members of the Catholic Church, the more faithfully they follow the advice of their pastors, the less they allow themselves to be guided by the ideas of these very men who are now ranting against Catholics because a few have followed their ideas and disobeyed the teachings of the Church, the better citizens they will be.

The "Times" on the New York Priests.

The Chicago *Daily Times*, which has been as impartial as a party paper can be in reference to the New York riots, insinuates that the clergy of New York were to blame for there being any riot at all. The *Times* does not display either impartiality or sagacity in the insinuation. From all that can be learned, the priests followed the orders of the Archbishop, and strongly urged the Catholics to keep away from the Orange procession; what more could they do? They could not apply physical force to keep them away. And if they could, and had used physical force, the *Times* would have been among the first to denounce the priests for doing so. And the *Times* would have been right.

Could not the *Times* find some other reason why a few of the Catholics did not follow the advice given them by their ecclesiastical superiors? Could there not be found in the columns of the *Times*, without hurting one's eyes in the search, article after article in which ecclesiastics and the ecclesiastical authority are spoken of in such a manner that the readers who would allow themselves to be influenced by them would look upon all ecclesiastics as mere hypocrites, and despise all ecclesiastical authority? We do not, however, blame the *Times* alone. It has but joined in with many other papers.

Again, the *Times*, as one of the most influential papers in the West, if not the most influential, has not attained that eminence without knowing that there are many demagogues both Protestant and so-called Catholic, who care not a brass button for Protestantism in any form, nor for Catholicity, who have influence over certain sets of men, and who use this influence for political ends, without even the remotest thought of the injury that may be done to one religion or another. And did it not strike the *Times*, when that editorial insinuating blame upon the New York priests was inserted in its columns, that the few deluded Catholics who were in the mob were of that set who blindly follow the lead of a party demagogue, and think the priests have nothing at all to do with "temporal affairs," even by way of fatherly advice?

MR. P. DUFFIELD made a short stay with us last week.

THE walls of the church are progressing upwards.

THE Big Parlor is undergoing a thorough renovation.

THE study-halls are undergoing a complete overhauling.

THE boats have been left in the care of Mr. Bigelow.

THE harvest was unusually early this year, the crop excellent.

THE M. S. & L. S. R.R. is to have steel rails and a double track.

WE consider milk must be pretty good at a dollar a gallon.

WE are glad to hear that Brother Camillus is to be in the College next year.

FATHER LETOURNEAU and Father Lemonnier have gone forth to recruit their health.

THE workmen are advancing rapidly with their work on the main building of the Academy.

WE hear that a new R. R. passenger house is to be built in South Bend, on the Michigan Southern road.

SEVERAL young gentlemen from Texas accompanied Father Cooney on his return from that State.

WE have three trains a day to South Bend, and three to Niles, on the Niles & South Bend Branch railroad.

BROTHER LUKE is as busy as a nailer; and Brother Wilfrid is pounding round the College at a great rate.

STRAWBERRIES as big as—well ever so big—were plenty at St. Mary's at a very early season. Also potatoes.

NEW seats, of the improved style, are to be placed in those class-rooms that were not furnished with them last year.

A BUILDING for the classes of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy will soon be erected; probably before September.

THE printers of this office return their sincere thanks to Jacob Chirhart for his kind remembrance on a recent occasion.

THE Metaphysical Department have vacation *Séances* on the portico. Bench on left hand side going out the front door.

THE Catalogue of the College was printed in excellent style by the AVE MARIA steam power press. The Types were refreshed when the last form was locked up.

SOME water fiend in human form cut loose the boat which Father V. had for years preserved on the river, and having taken it down to the old mill put a hole through it.

THE Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association return their sincere thanks to Brother Wilfrid for the many acts of kindness received from his hands during the past year.

WE hear with delight the dulcet notes of the clarinet issuing from a window on the second floor. It brings to our mind pleasant memories of "Over the Lake and far away."

KAIZER WILLIAM is a fortunate man, yet he most likely will never get the Iron Crown, while we had a whole box of them showered on us by P. L. Garrity, of Chicago; and he has more of them, too.

THE employés of the AVE MARIA office extend their warmest thanks to the Rev. Editor for the banquet given them a few days since. Brother Cesarius' services on that occasion are gratefully acknowledged.

REV. DR. LANCASTER SPALDING, of Louisville, and Rev. Father Sullivan, of Laporte, enlivened us with their presence a week ago. Their stay was too short. Dr. Spalding was *en route* for California, on a vacation trip.

ONE of the neatest specimens of art we have seen for a long time is the Tableau of the Officers of the Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association for the scholastic year 1870-71. The names are surrounded by a plain border, 24x30, inside of which is another border in arabesque style. The colors are blended together with consummate art, and display the artistic ability of Brother Albert.

WE are soon to have direct communication by rail from South Bend to Plymouth. So says the *National Union*, and we have faith in it. A railroad with steel rails will be an improvement on the old corduroy road.

MR. M. GARRITY, of Chicago, paid us a visit on the 16th. Mike is in excellent health, and we hope he will call often. He is always sure of a hearty reception. He knows, without our saying so, that we can accommodate his ponies.

By an unaccountable oversight Bro. Benjamin's name was not marked in the Catalogue. All the members of his Classes know how well he deserves to be mentioned, and will be pleased to hear that he will be one of the Faculty next year.

REV. MESSRS LILLY and O'Connell are paying a visit to Father Frère. We know they will have a delightful time in the sylvan retreat to which they have betaken themselves, for their kind host entertains his guests with perfect disregard of expense.

ON Tuesday we received a visit from our old and respected fellow student, W. P. Weaver, who was with us about four years ago. He then studied medicine and entered its practice in Cincinnati; he was on his way to Niles, Michigan, along with his partner, Dr. O'Neil, to locate there. We wish the new firm of O'Neil & Weaver every success on their mission to remove all the ills that the flesh is heir to.

THE members of the deputation from Notre Dame University, who attended Right Rev. Bishop Luers' funeral, have many thanks to return to their friend and generous host, Rev. Father Frère, S.S.C., of St. Vincent's parish, for the splendid manner in which he entertained his visitors. The hospitality of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will likewise be kept in kind remembrance by all those who partook of it. The day passed at St. Vincent was especially a day of great enjoyment to the students who were of the party, viz.: to L. Munn, A. McIntosh, E. Lyons, and E. DeGroot. We will soon have some other occasion to refer to this agreeable visit.

WE regret to find that in the list of officers and members of the Faculty of the last Catalogue of Notre Dame University, for 1870-71, omission is made of the name of the Professor of French, Rev. Father Chemin. We regret this omission, which no doubt was involuntary, for a two-fold reason: First, because from this it may be inferred that the French language has no professor at Notre Dame; and secondly, because it deprives Rev. Father Chemin of the honor to which he is justly entitled as a member of the Faculty and Professor of French for the last year. Rev. Father Chemin was, besides, Professor of Spanish and of Logic, in all of which branches he acquitted himself faithfully of the duties intrusted to him. We think that this little apology will atone for the omission made in the Catalogue.

RECEIVED.—The Twenty-Seventh Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sixteenth Annual Catalogue of St. Mary's Academy, St. Joseph Co., Indiana.

The Fifteenth Annual Circular and Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Monmouth College.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.

We had prepared a synopsis of these Catalogues—the only ones received up to the present time; but we postpone our remarks until next number.

Catalogues to be noticed should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC.

Cleveland, Ohio, High School--Commencement Exercises.

JUNE, 29, 1871.

The cause of education is always dear to us, and we hail with pleasure every evidence of its advancement, whatever be the locality in which that evidence presents itself. Yet we all have our favorites—our favorite books, our favorite companions, our favorite cities, and nature bids us rejoice with greater joy at the glory and prosperity of our favorites than of any other. Hence it is that we hail with delight the *Cleveland Herald*, kindly sent us by an esteemed friend, containing a detailed account of the Commencement Exercises in the High School of that delightful and enlightened city.

From the report given in the *Herald* we learn that the graduating class of that excellent school, for the year just past, consisted of forty-three members, thirty-four of whom were ladies. Well done for the ladies.

Each of the graduates appeared before an immense audience of more than two thousand, either as an essayist, poet or orator; and from the comments of the reporter, who gives a brief analysis of each essay and oration, we judge that all acquitted themselves with credit. We would have been glad to hear those essays, and particularly that on "Public Opinion," which we are sure must have been excellent, judging from the report given of it, and from the superior natural talent of the writer, with whom we have the pleasure of being personally acquainted, and whose native gifts of intellect we did not fail to see and admire even before they had been called into full play by regular school training.

One essay, however, we did not admire in *all* its features, (taking the analysis again as our guide), although in some respects it evidently did not lack merit. We refer here to the essay entitled, "Does the End Justify the Means?" The report states that the writer of that essay "spoke of the persecution of Christians by the Jesuits." There is much implied in these few words, which we take the liberty to think is not comprehended by the writer of that essay. Why speak of the persecution of the Christians by the Jesuits? Did the Jesuits persecute themselves, or are not the Jesuits Christians? "No," it will be answered, "the Jesuits are not Christians, they are Romanists." But why are they Romanists? "Because they adhere to Rome." Very well, then, the American Protestants are not Christians because they are Americans; the members of the Church of England are not Christians, because they are English; no man is a Christian, because he bears some other appellation besides. See what the fair essayist's premises would lead to? Is she prepared to accept the conclusion?

But leaving this point with the mere hint just given; we collect from the report, that the writer maintained that the Jesuits,—by which we presume she means Catholics generally,—did persecute and make war upon the members of other denominations, for the sole purpose of advancing their own (Catholic) doctrines; and that they sought to justify their course on the principle (attributed in a false and unjustifiable sense to the supporters of Catholic doctrine,) that "the end justifies the means." We will first examine this principle or rule, and see how it came to have the meaning and application assigned it by the anti-Jesuits.

There are two principles of Catholic morality and also a certain saying or motto, not, I believe, exclusively Catholic, from one of which the principle as it appears in its English dress is evidently derived. We give below these two principles and this motto, in the adopted and universal language of the Catholic Church, the Latin, and subjoin a double translation of each, one expressing the real

Catholic sense, the other the non-Catholic. They are as follows:

PRINCIPLES.

1. Qui obligatur ad finem, obligatur et ad media.
2. Qui jus habet ad finem, jus habet et ad media.
3. (Motto) Finis coronat opus.

CATHOLIC VERSION.

1. He who is obliged to (attain) any end, is also obliged to (use) the means (necessary to the attainment of that end).

The words in parenthesis are not explicitly contained in the original, but are implied, and we supply them in order to make the true sense more plain—the same applies to what follows:

2. He who has a right to any end, has a right also to (use) any (lawful) means (to attain that end).
3. The end crowns the work,—that is, the end, or success, is the crown, or reward, of effort.

NON-CATHOLIC VERSION.

1. He who is obliged to (attain) any end, is also obliged to (use) every means, (whether lawful or not to attain that end). Briefly: "The end justifies the means."
2. He who has a right to any end, has a right also to (use) every means (however unjust, to attain that end). That is: "The end justifies the means."
3. The end crowns the work,—that is, if success crown our efforts, the end being lawful, it matters not what means we employ,—"The end justifies the means."

The sense in which this principle, as stated in English, is attributed to Catholics is sufficiently evident from the different versions given above; but we see that it is only by doing violence to the original tongue in which those principles—from which alone such a barbarous accusation could be derived—are expressed, that our most determined opponents are able to represent Catholic principles in such a false light.

We do not suppose for a moment that the writer of the essay under consideration is accountable for this distortion of Catholic teaching. No; she, like thousands of others, accepted this as the true state of the case, on the authority of some one in whom she had confidence, thereby violating the grand anti-Catholic principle, that we should accept nothing, believe nothing, but what we understand and perceive to be true or reasonable. However, we are not disposed to interfere with the fair essayist's privilege as an American, to think and speak as it may please her, only in so far as our exercise of the same privilege may be deemed an interference; so we pass to a consideration of the historical fact of these persecutions of Christians by the Jesuits, or Catholics.

Catholics, even those holding high positions in the Church, are human like the rest of mankind—liable to the same errors of individual judgment—subject to the same passions, and as capable of doing wrong as the rest of men. Hence we do not feel in the least called upon to deny that there have been cases, even many of them, in which individual Catholics have acted under the influence of an imprudent zeal, and exercised severity or even cruelty towards men who held a different creed; yes, we may even admit that in some of these cases, the chief motive of this severity or cruelty was religious animosity. But what does that prove? Simply that these men were wrong in acting as they did. Just as wrong as Nero was when he put to death the early Christians; just as wrong as were the early settlers of New England when they burnt men and women for supposed witchcraft; just as wrong as any man is when he acts against the teachings of the Gospel and the dictates of reason.

What we deny is that Catholics generally, or any considerable body of Catholics, ever did persecute the members of any other denomination on account of their religious belief alone; and every impartial reader of history, that is, every one who takes the trouble to examine dispassionately both sides of the question, will be forced to admit that

the denial is supported by the fact. Further than this, we do not assume the defence of Catholics any more than we would be willing to do that of the members of any other denomination, unjustly accused, although we know that many individual Catholics have been charged with cruelties of which they were never guilty. But even supposing that all the charges made against individual Catholics, whether priests, bishops or popes, were literally true, it would, as we have already stated, prove nothing at all against the Catholic Church, as a religious denomination, any more than the corruption or venality of one, two, or three senators could be taken as an argument against the beneficence of the American Constitution or the uprightness and justice of the American government.

To examine thoroughly the historical facts involved in the charges of cruelty made against Catholics as a body, would necessitate the writing of a large volume rather than an article for a College paper. But the necessity of writing such a volume would be effectually obviated, if all persons would read impartially both sides of the question, and ascertain clearly the true state of the case. If one read Gibbon, Hume, Hallam, White, and others of the same character only, he will most likely have an exaggerated view of one side of the question; should he read Lingard, Rohrbacher, Palma, Darras, Natalis Alexander, Baronius, and others like them, alone, he may also have an exaggerated view of the opposite side of the question; but if we read both sides, and rest our judgment on *facts* and *proofs*, not on mere assertions and fanciful theories, we shall have a reasonable and reliable view of the whole question. If such were really the case, all parties would have a better opinion of one another than, unfortunately, they have at present.

The essayist next denies the doctrine advocated by the Jesuits, (Catholics), "that salvation can only be found in the Roman Catholic Church." Here the field opens into religious controversy, which we do not propose to enter, as it is foreign to the object of our little paper. We will only remark that this doctrine of the Catholic Church is as much misunderstood by those who are not Catholics, as are the questions of the Spanish Inquisition, St. Bartholemew's Day, the Dark Ages, and others of a kindred nature. Let all acquaint themselves with the real doctrine of the Church in this respect, and they will find that it is sound and reasonable.

The concluding part of the essay we have been considering, proves sufficiently that the faults which we have been criticising, are the results of a one-sided information, and not of any lack of sound principles. We join, heart and mind with the writer in declaring that "religious persecution is wholly unjustifiable as a means of promoting the advancement of any sect" or denomination, and so will every Catholic who is properly instructed and who possesses a rightly balanced mind; for every Catholic knows that religion, to be at all profitable, must be accompanied with firm conviction and unhesitating faith, nor are Catholics so dull as not to see that force never can produce conviction. Yes, supposing, for the sake of illustration, that the writer of that essay, or any other not a Catholic, should manifest a wish to become a member of the Catholic Church, at the same time declaring that she was not convinced of the truth of all and each of the doctrines of that Church, she would not find one Catholic clergyman, Jesuit or otherwise, willing to admit her on such terms. How much less likely would such clergymen be to employ force or violence to increase the number of *nominal* Catholics.

We admit, too, with the writer, that war is sometimes justifiable; that is, whenever it becomes necessary as a means of protecting the rights and liberties of a nation or people; yet we can scarcely

go even as far as she does in admitting the so-called Jesuitical principle, and justify war as a means of avenging an insult, unless such insult in some serious degree affect the rights and liberties of the people thus appealing to arms.

No doubt, had we had the pleasure and advantage of hearing that essay throughout, and not been confined to a short, and consequently imperfect analysis of it, we would have discovered many features that would greatly modify the impression made upon our mind by the first sentence of the report, and certainly the concluding portion of the essay, judging still from the brief analysis, must have been of a nature to win for the writer both respect and commendation. We admit candidly that we did not deem so brief a report sufficient ground for a serious criticism of the essay itself, and simply took occasion from it to express our views of the sentiment implied in its subject, and of the one objectionable point attributed to it in the report. Hence our remarks have not been directed against the essay itself, which we did not hear, nor against the writer, who is entirely unknown to us, and who but repeats what has been said by hundreds, whose greater age and more ample facilities invest them with a certain authority in the eyes of young learners. Our only regret, in respect to the writer is, that her information in regard to the points criticised, was not more correct, nor do we make this a subject of blame; for we know very well how readily and unsuspectingly the young accept the views of those in whom they place confidence, never stopping to ask themselves whether these views are supported by facts or proofs, or whether they are, after all, but the mere views or fancies of the author or individual from whom they receive them.

The other essays, thirty-one in number, received high commendation in the report, and judging from the comments made on the matter of each, we believe the praise bestowed was fully merited.

We are glad to know that each year adds to the prosperity of the Cleveland schools. We know from personal observation that the most serious attention is given to education in these schools, especially in the High School, and the instruction given in them is superior to that obtainable even in older and more populous cities. We wish them continued and increased success. Indeed we feel a sort of personal interest in all that concerns Cleveland; for we remember with pleasure the years we spent in the Forest City.

The Defunct Accommodation Train.

A lack!—*Bullion's Grammar.*

Alas, the favorite of the road and the object of our special consideration is no more. THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, on which so oft we cozily jogged over to Chicago at a moderate rate per hour; which was always on hand at 6 o'clock in the morning; is among the things that were, and its place is taken by a 5 A.M. train which swiftly skims along the rail and necessitates unnaturally early rising at the college (on the part of the would be wayfarer) to be in at the South Bend station-house on time.

And not only at early dawn, but also as the shades of evening gather round, do we miss thee, sweet Accommodation Train!

There was a time—alas, how changed 'tis now! there was a time when we, if agriculturally inclined and wishing to Westward, ho! and to arrive that night in Chicago, could start from this place in our one horse chaise to catch the 5 P.M. train: and if perchance by reason of the road being long, or the time too short, or the horse too slow, we missed that train, we had to wait but one short hour, and take the 6 o'clock one! And now if we miss the first there is no second one to take.

But we live in hope.

The days are getting shorter; the weather by

and by will be cooler, and soon shall we welcome back with joy the resuscitated Accommodation Train. Then will the supper table and breakfast table at Laporte flourish anew! Then will we give a call on J. L. Smith; then shall we ride at ease, eat at ease, and start when we please. Then will all things be serene, and the atmosphere salubrious.

Retrospect and Amends.

In glancing over the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC with a view to refresh our memory of the pleasant scenes witnessed at St. Mary's on the 22nd of June, we discovered, to our great regret, that a serious omission had been made in the report,—we found no mention of the gold medal for proficiency in vocal and instrumental music awarded to Miss Clara Foote, of Burlington, Iowa.

The report, it will be remembered, as given in the SCHOLASTIC, was copied from the Chicago Tribune, whose reporter, overwhelmed by the succession of interesting scenes which occurred on that day, evidently let this important feature escape his notice unintentionally. We are sorry for the omission, and yet we are glad; for this circumstance gives us an opportunity not only of rectifying the mistake, but also of manifesting by the very fact our appreciation of the well merited success of that amiable and talented young lady. We know that Miss Foote needs not our volunteer amends to vindicate her right to this testimony of her accomplishments, since those very accomplishments are by far its best vindication, yet we believe in the principle, "Honor to whom honor is due," and our esteem for Miss Clara would not permit us to remain silent while an honor fairly won by her remained unacknowledged.

Drawing Class.

We confess that we have been very remiss in giving a report of the Drawing Class. It was certainly not the lack of excellence in the drawings exhibited at the Commencement that caused this apparent lack of justice and appreciation, but the pressure of affairs at the moment, and the many things that then diverted our attention.

In spite of the small attendance, the Drawing Class numbered among its members some genuine artists, whose specimens could not be surpassed anywhere. We beg pardon for this boasting, but we mean only to be just, and we repeat again that James McGahan, N. Mitchell and others, may be equalled but not surpassed. W. Wilstach, C. Ortmeier, P. J. Rumely, J. Buehler, are nearly perfect in figures, landscape and flower-drawing. There were some other minor artists, a dozen or so, who promise to realize very soon the best expectations of their professors. G. Hug, H. Breckweg, W. Fletcher, J. Goesse, F. Devoto and A. Rosenblatt are also worthy of special mention.

The only fault we find with the Drawing Class, and a fault, too, for which it is not responsible, is the small attendance. Now, it is not twenty students only that need the knowledge of Drawing, it is one hundred and more. We belong no longer to the times when a smattering of Grammar and Arithmetic, of Greek and Latin established a superiority in the world; more is wanted now from those who seek a liberal education—and among other things, Drawing, especially Linear and Architectural Drawing or Machine Drawing, claim a rank among the other branches of practical knowledge. We hope, then, to see next year a magnificent exhibition of Drawings in all branches. Let J. McGahan head the list, with his fresh and exquisite landscapes, or take to painting and show his talent on canvas. Let N. Mitchell do the same, or build up some famous church or monument. He could make a good architect. W. Wilstach should handle the brush

with C. Ortmeier, while J. Rumely might perhaps delineate some great machinery. G. and H. Hug, F. Devoto, H. Breckweg, W. Fletcher, J. Goesse and A. Rosenblatt, would likewise become masters, each one in his special sphere. A hundred others would imitate them, and likewise become proficient in an art which rewards so bountifully those who are devoted to its culture. We hope we have forecast the future of the Drawing Class.

Some of the students remaining here during vacation continue their Music and Drawing lessons free of charge.

The Bat and Ball.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: In the absence of those who during the course of the last scholastic year were looked upon as experts in wielding the "willow," it may be thought presumptuous on our part to expect even a passing notice; but believing that the SCHOLASTIC is ever ready to extend an encouraging hand to the weak as well as to the strong, we have taken for granted that our presuming confidence will be looked upon in a favorable light. With this digression we solicit a space in your columns for the purpose of placing before your readers the result of a game of base-ball that took place on the afternoon of the 15th inst., between the students now remaining at the University during vacation, and the printers of the AVE MARIA office, the latter playing with eight men. The importance of the game was duly appreciated, more especially by the pale-faced followers of Faust and Guttenberg, as almost any mode of physical exercise in the open air is acceptable to them. At two P.M. the contestants punctually put in an appearance, previous agreement having been made to play upon the grounds of the Excelsior Base-Ball Club, and for two hours the contest waxed warm between them. Up to the fifth innings the typos led the score, but lack of endurance and unaccustomed hands yielded to hardihood and horny palms, and at the end of the seventh innings, by mutual consent, the game was brought to a close, the score standing twenty-six to fourteen, in favor of the students.

The participants return their sincere thanks to Brother Paul for the impartial manner in which he rendered his decisions as umpire, exercising, as he did, his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to all concerned.

MARCUS.

Feast of Saint Alexis.

There are few persons who are more popular at Notre Dame than the worthy Superior, Rev. Father Alexis Granger. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the feast of his patron Saint, St. Alexis, should be an occasion of rejoicing with the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame.

On Monday, July 17th, the members of the Community, with those students who remain at Notre Dame during the vacation, sat down, in the Junior refectory, to an excellent repast.

After paying due respects to the viands, which were spread in profusion over the tables, Brother Camillus de Lellis, in behalf of the members of the Community, read a congratulatory address to the Rev. Father, wishing him many returns of the feast of St. Alexis, one of those saints whose lives are hidden from the eyes of the world, and of all of whose virtues God only and those who enjoy the beatific vision know.

All of the old students, especially those who were ever connected with the religious societies, the "Archconfraternity," and the "Nocturnal Adoration" Society, will, we are certain, join in the conclusion of the address to the worthy and humble Father, and say:

"May he live to enjoy among the members of the Holy Cross many and many a feast of Saint Alexis, and when his soul shall have winged its flight to the regions of bliss, may he remember before God the many friends who fight the good fight with the Church Militant, that they also may enjoy the honors with the Church Triumphant."

K. L.

[Correspondence of the Evening Journal.]

Academy Exercises at Morris, Ill.

MORRIS, ILL., June 28, 1871.

A large number of parents and friends assembled at Streeter's Hall, last evening, to witness the closing exercises of St. Angela's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, on the occasion of its fourteenth annual Commencement. Many of the clergy from different parts of the West were also present. The programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, addresses, tableaux, etc., was carried through with refined taste. Where all did well it would hardly just to particularize. However, I may mention Miss Kittie Scott, of Waukegan, Miss N. Hind, Miss E. Prior, and Miss McHugh, for marked proficiency in music and English studies. Mother Frances, the Superioress, and the good Sisters, may well rejoice at the progress of the Academy. May greater success attend them, and may we be so lucky as to witness many such Annual Commencements as the one on Tuesday evening.

We append the programme:

Mazurka de Traineau.....	Misses M. Farrel, J. Crotty
Faith, Hope and Charity—Chorus.....	
Galop de Concert.....	Misses N. Kelley, R. McHugh
Buttercups and Daisies.....	Five Little Misses
Irish Diamonds—W. Pope.....	M. K. Shannessey
Awake, and let your Songs Resound—Chorus.....	
Rule Britannia, Misses M. Rierdan, V. Tiernan, M. Hynds	
Tableau—"Five Foolish Virgins".....	
Maiden's Prayer.....	Little Nellie
Tuscan Girls Crowning the Sea—Vocal Duett.....	
.....	Misses E. Prior, M. O'Connor
Danse Cubaine—(Gottschalk)....	Miss K. Shannessey
.....	Miss L. Seelbach.
Latin Quartette—(Lambillotte).....	Misses E. Prior,
.....	N. Kelley, E. Kelley, M. O'Connor
Popular Airs, Duett and Instrumental	Miss N. Dooley
.....	Miss C. Paris
Prologue.....	Miss Neva Lind
Tableau—"Mary, Queen of Scots,"	Miss E. Goodenough
Overture to "De Freyschuts,"	Misses K. Shannessey,
.....	L. Seelbach, N. Kelley
Commencement Greeting—Chorus.....	
Prologue.....	Miss Kittie Scott
Second Tableau—"Mary, Queen of Scots,"	Miss E. Goodenough
Distant Chimes—Trio Vocal.....	Misses N. Kelley,
.....	V. Tiernan, E. Kelley
Hunter's Chorus.....	Misses E. Shannessey, E. Kelley
Angels ever Bright and Fair—(Handel).....	Miss E. Prior
Tableau—"The Guardian Angel,".....	
March Des Amazon.....	Miss L. Seelbach

WHAT IS A CARAT?—The carat is an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold is divided into 24 carats, and gold of 22 carats fine is gold of which 22 parts out of 24 are pure, the other two parts being silver, or copper or other metal; the weight of 4 grains, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight—the carat consisting of 4 nominal grains, a little lighter than 4 grains troy, or 74 1-16 carat grains equal to 72 grains troy. The term or weight carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called kuara. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India also the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S, July 17, 1871.

A delightful quiet reigns around St. Mary's. Only twenty-five pupils remain to grace and enliven its pleasant halls and groves; these few seem to enjoy their vacation with great zest. Some of the number had gone to their homes, but the heat and turmoil of St. Louis and Chicago soon drove them back to their dear St. Mary's, where in peaceful seclusion they may enjoy healthful recreation amid the most beautiful surroundings.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with patriotic animation. The picturesque summer-house on the bank of the St. Joseph River was handsomely decorated with national emblems. "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" and "The Star-spangled Banner" were sung with enthusiastic fervor, while the rippling of the waters served as a graceful accompaniment to lively songs and gay laughter. Patriotism, like all other noble sentiments, needs the assistance of the unsentimental science of *gastro-nomy* to sustain its fervor, therefore the young ladies were liberally supplied with ice-cream, cakes, etc.

Last Thursday all the pupils went on a picnic, and the fatigue of a long walk made them enjoy the luxury of a delightful rest. They seemed highly delighted with the novelty of one day's life in the woods.

Many improvements are in rapid progress. In a few months St. Mary's will present quite a changed appearance to those who will return.

The absentees are no doubt enjoying the delights of home. Many have written loving and most interesting letters to their teachers and schoolmates at St. Mary's. Such letters are always welcome, for they prove that the writers have affectionate, grateful hearts. The absentees may rest assured that they are often remembered and spoken of in the kindest manner; for the pleasing associations of the past have endeared them to all with whom they were in constant intercourse.

We hope that their few weeks vacation may be happily spent, and the first week of September find them comfortably located at St. Mary's, full of energy, and each resolutely determined to carry away the highest premium in every department.

Yours,

STYLUS.

SOMEBODY has written a book entitled "What shall my son be?" Upon which some one replies, "If the boy is as bad as the book the chances are that he will be hanged."

A LADY who had a great horror of tobacco got into a railroad carriage the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Leave South Bend 12:20 p. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 4:10 a. m.
" " 9:17 p. m.	" " 2:00 p. m.
" " 12:35 a. m.	" " 5:30 p. m.
Way Freight, 3:20 p. m.	" " 6:50 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 3:53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7:20 p. m.
" " 3:13 a. m.	" " 6:50 a. m.
" " 5:01 a. m.	" " 8:20 a. m.
Way Freight, 11:55 a. m.	" " 11:40 p. m.

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CHARLES F. HATCH General Superintendent, Cleveland.

C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.

H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING:

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Freight, 4:05 p. m.

GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.

Freight, 4:50 a. m.

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Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus.....	5 00
Graduation Fee..... Com'l \$5 00; Sc. \$5 00; Cla. 16 00	
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra.....	35 00

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The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the second on the 1st of February.

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Rev. W. CORBY S. S. C.

President.

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