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Heroes.

Who is the hero? The world replies: "He who overcomes in battle and subdues nations,—who brings home spoils gained by immense destruction of human life. A conqueror who leaves behind nothing but ruin where-soe'er he roves." Such are the lauded heroes of the world. He who goes forth to battle filled with an ardent desire of victory for the sake of human applause,—who unrelentingly spares neither age nor sex, but leaves everywhere devastation and ruin that he may return laden with spoils,—him does the world crown with immortal laurels. Sesostris, whose ambition aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the whole world,—who in the short space of nine years rendered tributary nearly all the nations of the globe, was loaded with glorious crowns and titles, and honored with the name of hero. When we consider the motives which prompted the conquering Alexander, though no prince ever surpassed or even equalled him in rapidity of conquest and brilliancy of exploits, we cannot refrain from exclaiming that the epithet "Great" is upon him undeservedly bestowed, unless greatness consists in ravaging the earth and reducing an infinite number of persons to slavery and utter distress. Yet notwithstanding the multitude of excesses into which his ambition led him, he has been flattered with all the honors due a hero. Pride and ambition are ever, according to the world, the essential qualities of a hero. Though not always attended by success, the warrior who possess in a high degree these characteristics is unhesitatingly pronounced a heroic man. What won for the world-renowned Annibal such immortal fame? Not always did he receive the victor's crown,—yet his ambition and pride, indomitable courage and determination of revenge, made the mightiest nations tremble at the sound of his name. With Annibal as a leader, none feared to brave the fiercest enemy. But this greatest hero of the age in which he lived—who displayed almost superhuman courage on the field of battle—had not sufficient moral courage to survive a defeat, but fell by his own hand, a victim to despair. Such was the close of the career of one whom the world has ever since esteemed as one of her greatest heroes.

Among those whose names have been rendered most conspicuous for fidelity to nought save their ambition, must be remembered the invincible Cæsar and his famous rival the indefatigable Pompey. Nothing but the highest rank in the state could satisfy their ambitious cravings and to every means, lawful or unlawful, these artful rivals resorted to reach the goal of their ambition. But the proud Pompey, who could not endure the thought of an equal, was finally obliged to acknowledge in Cæsar a superior. Yes, he who had so often been honored with the title of hero, was compelled to fly to a distant nation—where he received, not the glorious titles and laurels of victory, but at the hand of assassins a merciless death.

The ever victorious Cæsar, too, exhibits by the

manner of his death the common fate of those whose ambition aims at titles of imperishable fame. Yet the title of hero and epithets of praise are ostentatiously conferred upon these vainglorious warriors. Weave not laurels to deck the brow of such heroes; honor not with songs of praise the deeds of such fame-seeking men! But let laurels reward the memory of those who with unshaken courage plant in honor's field the banner of justice, and heroically prevail or perish in its cause. Honors then are not injudiciously conferred, but deservedly bestowed. Who ever merited in a higher degree the title of heroes than the noble knights errant whose sole aim was the protection of innocence from the cruel sway of tyrants, and whose noble ambition was to exercise their valor in the cause of justice and religion. Nor were ever greater courage and fortitude displayed than by these devoted champions of right. Like the bright star which cheers the lonely voyager, these devout soldiers spread everywhere the cheering rays of hope and consolation.

But on History's wide page there is a name which warms the coldest heart, and presents to the mind of the youthful reader the noble character of one whose integrity and patriotism, pure motives and unblemished reputation, render him worthy of the universal esteem and love of every true admirer of intrepidity and virtue. 'Tis that of the American hero—the brave, the noble Washington. Well may this land of the West boast of such a truly heroic statesman and warrior. Well may the poet exclaim,

"Let others boast their satellites,
Thou hast the morning star."

Self-sacrifice and generosity, combined with prudence and moderation, as well as valor and warlike genius, have won for him the admiration of the present age and generations to come. His praises will never cease to resound throughout the nation which he so nobly defended and wisely governed. Among those whose noble deeds have merited undying praise, there will ever be associated the name of Washington. In connection with this great hero of patriotism, the disinterested Lafayette claims our highest esteem and veneration. Contrast the noble character of this renowned patriot with the blemished reputation of the fame-seeking Napoleon! In the one shines forth the pure love of liberty; in the other, the unjust selfish love of power animates his every act. The former sacrificing the pleasures and comforts of his native home, to fight in the cause of a distant nation—and after contributing to its liberty desired not the honors and reward of the people in whose cause he fought, but modestly retired to his own country.

How contrary the spirit which animated the ambitious Napoleon! Not content with the glory which his victories conferred upon him, he was filled with a jealous fear of a rival in the Duke of Enghien; and trembling lest his power decrease, unmercifully caused the assassination of the unfortunate duke, giving ample testimony of his love of power and fame, and leaving upon his

character a stain which no victory however great could efface.

Bet let us wander back to the age of the early Christians. Oh, there will we find true heroic courage and fortitude! Glorious martyrs, who rather than forsake their holy Faith, fearlessly present themselves to be torn in pieces by ravenous beasts! God's glorious heroes! they are the laurelled warriors of heaven's empire. Yet though all may not be patriotic warriors nor noble defenders of justice and religion, "all may be heroes. The man who rules his spirit is greater than the one who takes a city. Hence it merely follows if each might have dominion of himself, and each would govern wisely and thus show truth, courage, power, benevolence, and all that adorns a princely soul, by the exercise of private virtues, then each will be a prince, a hero still greater. He will be man in the likeness of his Maker"—a true hero in the sight of God and the angels—a hero who will receive unfading laurels from the King of kings.

AUGUSTA STURGIS.

St. Mary's Academy, June 17, 1871.

Walter's Return.

BY UNCLE CHARLIE.

It was on a cold, dreary night in the latter part of November, 18—, that a solitary horseman dashed along, at an almost reckless speed, on the road which ran northwest from the city of New York, (then a growing seaport town.) This fearless rider appeared to have reached the age of about thirty-five, and wore the uniform of a naval officer of high rank, but on this occasion his official dress was concealed by a huge waterproof cloak, and his head was protected from the dashing rain by a common tarpaulin instead of his gold-banded cap.

When he had ridden about four miles, he reined in his powerful steed and looked around him anxiously for a moment; then, as if not quite satisfied with his investigation, he spoke in a scarcely audible voice:

"It cannot be far from here, and yet I scarcely recognize the place; but it must be the darkness that deceives me,—though I was sure I would know the old road even with my eyes shut. However, it is a long time now, and I have travelled over many roads since last I passed over this."

With this he put his horse into an easy canter and proceeded on his way, peering into the darkness on every side. Presently a gleam of light as from a hearth-fire, caught his eye, but a short distance ahead, and close to the road. He spurred forward with wild impatience, and in ten minutes halted in front of a respectable country mansion, through the windows of which the light streamed as if inviting the weary and benighted traveller to enter and rest himself till the return of day. The horseman dismounted quickly, and leading his noble animal through the gate, proceeded carefully towards the house—on reaching which he fastened the bridle to a tree and approached the door. Here he paused, and bending a knee to the earth he

bared his brow to the storm, and lifting his eyes to heaven prayed in silence but with evident earnestness for a short time. He then arose perfectly calm, and was about to knock at the door when the sound of a voice from within arrested his uplifted hand, and he stood listening with breathless interest to the following conversation:

"'Tis a wild, stormy night without," said the voice of a woman; "God guard and protect them that be exposed on the sea this night."

"You grieve too much, Nettie," said a manly voice, in reply; "you know that God rules the sea as well as the land, and He has our poor boy in His holy keeping."

"Yes, yes, Francis," said the woman, "you are no doubt right, and I ought to put more trust in His good providence. But a thorn is in my heart these twelve years, since that ill-favored man said such dreadful things of our poor Walter; 'tis that that makes me fear he has lost all claim to the protection of heaven. Sixteen years to-day it is since he went away, and to hear but once from him since, and such a story!"

Here the voice of the speaker was choked with sobs, and the manly voice spoke again:

"Heed it not, little wife; heed it not. A something tells me that that man spoke not the truth. There was something not right in his look, as he told his vile story. I am sure it was not true. No, no; it would be hard to say what sixteen years of life at sea may have wrought in him, though I trust in God he still holds to honor and virtue; but to think that in four short years a boy so noble and so good could become what that wretched man would make him out to be, is impossible. Keep up your heart, Nettie, I feel sure our Walter will come himself, some day, to tell us it was false."

"Heaven bless you, father," said a sweet little voice; "your words are always full of hope; and, when I hear you speak so, I too feel sure dear Walter will soon come back again."

During this conversation the listener at the door breathed heavily, and a contest more violent than should have been excited by what he had heard, even had he been the Walter in question, seemed to rage within him. His lips were firmly compressed, his fingers worked nervously, and his whole frame trembled with the violence of his emotions, but he knelt a moment in silence, and arose with an expression of calmness on his features, and as there appeared to be a lull in the conversation within, he tapped lightly but firmly at the door, which was soon opened by a hearty-looking man in the prime of life.

"I am seeking the residence of Mr. Francis De Morgan," said the young officer, in a tone of inquiry; "would you have the kindness, sir, to direct me thither, as I am anxious to reach it as speedily as possible?"

"You shall not have far to go, young gentleman," said the other, his face beaming with genuine hospitality; "just walk in and you shall be at the end of your journey for to-night."

"You are then Mr. De Morgan?" said the young officer.

"The same—at your service, sir," was the reply. "But walk in, sir; the night is not over pleasant I think."

"With your permission, Mr. De Morgan, I would put my horse under cover from the storm ere I give myself to the enjoyment of your comfortable hearth."

"That is right too!" said the kind-hearted man; "the beast that serves us should not be forgotten." Then raising his voice a little, he called: "Here, John, this way."

"Yis, sir," was the reply, as a sturdy son of Erin presented himself, with hat in hand.

"Take this gentleman's horse, John," said Mr. De Morgan, "and see him well taken care of."

John Grady had been eyeing the stranger keenly during the delivery of this order—and answered

in a cheerful tone: "That I will, sir, and never a horse got sich attintion as that same baste'll get this minnit from John Grady."

With that he clapped on his hat with a sort of glee, and out into the rain he went, to execute his commission. As he proceeded with his work he talked away, as if there was some one listening, and this was the purport of what he said:

"Bedad, John Grady, you're no sinner if that's not himself. Shure did'nt Tom Kevin, that was in town to-day, tell me as he was goin' by, home, that the whole talk was about a great navy sejer—the haro of a hundred say-fights, and the de'il fly away with all the witches but I'm shure it was the right name, though Tom got it a bit twishted,—an' why wouldn't he? for he was a bit high, so he was. Wirrah, but won't there be a hullabaloo within shortly? 'Twill bate the wakes in Ireland."

During this soliloquy, John had rubbed and dried, and patted and fed, and patted again, the noble animal given into his care; and, really, I think he was as good as his word—for it is doubtful if ever a horse was treated with such affectionate care since the time of Caligula.

Meantime, Mr. De Morgan's guest having laid aside his cloak was ushered into the parlor, where his fine, symmetrical figure, displayed in all its perfection by the close-fitting uniform, immediately commended him to the good graces of the ladies; although the fact that he wore a navy uniform invested him with greater interest in the eyes of all; for it aroused a hope that he might know their Walter, and bring them news of him. Nor were they long kept in suspense; for the stranger had not been seated more than five minutes, during which time the usual compliments passed between himself and his hospitable entertainers, when he turned to Mr. De Morgan and said:

"You have a son in the navy, sir, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Mr. De Morgan, putting himself into an attitude of eager interest; "have you seen him lately, sir, and how fares it with the poor boy?" Here he checked himself a little, and said with evident anxiety: "But if you have only ill to say of him, as the other had, I'd rather not hear it told again."

"I have nothing to say to his discredit," the stranger answered; "but much could I say in his favor."

"How long, sir, have you known my son?" asked the anxious father, a little timidly, as if feeling the way.

"Ever since he entered the service," was the reply.

"And was he not at any time given to dissipation, and addicted to dishonorable practices?" asked the father, still cautiously, while the others present held their breath with very anxiety as they awaited the answer, which came firmly, though the features of the young stranger worked nervously as he delivered it thus:

"Your son, sir, was never known to do an act or utter a word that could grieve his parents or cause his sister to blush, and the man who should say the contrary in my presence would suffer for it."

In a moment both hands of the young stranger were seized by the father and mother, while the lovely Lizzie actually knelt beside him and clung to his arm, and all gave expression to their gratitude and joy.

"Heaven bless you," said the overjoyed mother, "for saying that of our poor boy."

"May God reward and prosper you, young man, for the happiness you bring us to-night," said the father.

"Oh, tell us more about Walter!" said Lizzie; "I like to hear *you* speak of him. I only wish I were a man."

"And why, sweet one, would you wish to be a man?" asked the stranger tenderly.

"If I were a man," replied the spirited girl, "I would pay that villain well for speaking as he did of Walter."

"Hush, child!" said the father; "it is not right to cherish thoughts of revenge. It is a real happiness to know that that unhappy man spoke falsely, and you may be sure his own conscience will punish him severely for it; beyond that, we should leave him to God, and not seek to establish ourselves his judges, or desire to inflict upon him the punishment which, no doubt, he richly deserves, but which it belongs to a higher power to deal out."

"Aye," replied the young stranger, "you speak like a good Christian; but were I to tell you that that wretch on his return told your son that both you and his mother had cursed him, and hoped never to see his face again—and that that son of yours felt all the agony of an outlaw from his family, and to this day never since dared to send a message to his parents,—were I to tell you that it was that same wretch who had induced your son, by promises and glowing descriptions, and by magnifying the difficulties which you would oppose to his going to sea, to desert you by stealth and leave your hearts sore with anxiety for his fate,—were I to tell you all this, would you still be willing to let him go unpunished?"

"To nature, indeed, it were hard to do so," replied the good man, "but when we consider that He who never did evil prayed for His very murderers, and that while they were actually committing their dreadful crime, we should not find it so difficult to forgive an injury which may otherwise be repaired. Yes, young man, even with all that you say of him I would still say, leave him to God, who will deal with him according to His own great wisdom."

"Yes, but how," asked the young man, "are you to make amends for the years of torture and mental agony to which both you and your son have been subjected in consequence of that wretch's false tongue, unless you make him suffer an equivalent pain?"

"Of what advantage," returned the father, "would the sufferings of that man be either to me or to my son? Would they be able to blot out that torture and that agony of which you speak? No; the remedy of our grief must come from another source,—and you have in a great measure brought it, young man. Yes, your assurance that our poor Walter still walks in the path of honor and virtue goes further towards healing the sorrow of many years than would the most terrible punishments inflicted upon his vile calumniator. Yes, yes, leave that man to God; and tell our Walter, when next you see him, to come himself and complete the joy which begins with your blessed visit this night, young sir."

"But would you not like to hear of the struggles and successes of your Walter?" asked the young stranger, changing the conversation, and looking to each one in turn, for approval or dissent.

"Oh yes," said Lizzie, who was the first to answer.

"Bless you, young man," said the mother; "and do tell us all,—I'm longing to hear how the dear boy fares abroad."

"Indeed, young sir," said the father, "if you be not over weary we would all rejoice to hear everything that concerns our absent boy."

"Well," replied the stranger, "I can tell you in a few words enough to make you glad; and be assured it will not weary me in the least. I would say, then, that at first your son had to bear many trials and hardships, as all beginners in the service must do; but it was not long before he attracted the notice of the officers, by his prompt obedience to orders, his respectful manner towards his superiors, and, above all, his cool courage in time of danger—"

"Heaven bless him!" was breathed fervently by the listeners.

"After two years' service he was first promoted from the ranks, and fulfilled his duty in every pos-

ition with such unwavering fidelity that he rose rapidly both in favor and in rank. It is sixteen years since he entered the service, a mere boy, but in those sixteen years he has passed successively through the various ranks and is now Vice-Admiral of the navy. I need not tell you of his feats of arms and other deeds of merit, by which he won his high position, as you shall hear all that from himself to-morrow—"

"Oh, is he really coming to-morrow?" asked all three in a breath.

"You shall see your Walter before to-morrow's sun; he is not far distant even now [All began to look eager]; but why should there be any delay in giving you that fulness of joy for which you so evidently long? Father, mother, Lizzie—though sixteen years have wrought much change upon me, still I am your own, your long-absent Walter."

A little scream from the two ladies, and Vice-Admiral De Morgan was a close prisoner in the arms of us affectionate a pair as ever breathed, while Mr. Francis De Morgan held both his son's hands in his own and gazed with an expression of almost childish joy upon his face. At length he said:

"Well God is truly good to us this night,—glory, be to His name; I am more than repaid for all my anxiety of the past sixteen years. Nettie, Lizzie, don't smother the boy; sit down all, and let us have a good look at him."

But before this order could be complied with, John Gladly, with a roguish grin on his face, rushed into the room and exclaimed: "In the name o' God, is there anything the matter?" Then seeing the situation of affairs, he continued: "Och, then, is that it?—ye've found him out at last! Didn't I tell ye that horse would get attention this night, and shure there was a mauling in that same! But, Walther dear, man alive, an' will ye let poor ould John, that used to make whirligigs for ye when ye was a little gossoon, have a shake o' yer hand? shure it's the sight o' ye that does my eyes good this blessed night!"

Walter had by this time been released by his captors, and taking the honest Hibernian's hand he shook it warmly and said a few kind words to him, recalling some incidents of his own boyhood in which John was concerned, which brought the warm tears to the eyes of "Honest John," as he was called. But John knew that his presence just then was more or less out of place, so with many a blessing and many an expression of joy he bade the returned wanderer a good night and went to his own quarters.

It is needless to dwell upon the joyful scenes of that night, or tell of the thousand and one questions that were asked and answered on all sides; for it is always the same thing over and over again in like circumstances. Suffice it to say, all were supremely happy, and sat by the fireside, loath to part company, till the gray dawn began to peep in at the windows. Walter remained with the loved ones at home for a week, and then returned to the discharge of his duty, promising another visit soon.

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the ground, in the hope of finding another. And, in the course of a long life, he did pick up, at different times, a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that the heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died a rich old man, he knew only this fair earth of ours, a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

YOUNG LADIES who are in the habit of frescoing their faces have to abandon the art at the seaside, as the salt air causes the fresco to drop down their cheeks!

Julius Cæsar.

AN ESSAY BY A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It is a generally received opinion that uncommon circumstances make uncommon men. But as there may always be a variety of vastly dissimilar circumstances transpiring at one and the same time, so there is an immense number of men who differ widely in character, ability, and energy, even in the same circumstances. This was in an especial manner the case at the time of which we write. The Roman people had degenerated from their pristine virtue, and now plunged with reckless precipitancy into the very extremes of wickedness. The disinterested patriotism of a Brutus was forgotten, and the praiseworthy temperance of a Cincinnatus was no longer remembered; the state was torn assunder by intestine dissensions, and talent and ability had become the mere tools of avarice and ambition.

These were uncommon circumstances in Rome, and they did not fail to produce uncommon men, as every one conversant with the history of the times is already aware; for then flourished the eloquent Cicero, the ambitious Pompey, the cruel Marius, the artful conspirator Cataline, and Julius Cæsar, the subject of our present essay, who united in himself to a great extent the eloquence of Cicero, the ambition of Pompey, and the cunning of Cataline, with other characteristics which none of these possessed. If we divest ourselves for a moment of the mild influence of Christian civilization and contemplate the public life of this wonderful man we will make but little hesitation in calling him truly great, at least during the early portion of his career.

From his earliest years Julius Cæsar showed evident signs of superior mental power and firmness of character, and a disposition which might be productive of the greatest results, whether good or evil; so much so that the most judicious of the Romans feared him at the early age of sixteen. The first event of his life which calls forth our unqualified admiration of his undaunted courage is his conduct among the pirates. He was their captive, and he held them in contempt; they demanded a ransom, but he despised the amount required, and promised them more than twice the sum; he was so unconcerned about his own safety among them that he feasted with them, took part in their diversions, wrote poems and orations and rehearsed them in their presence, and when they expressed not their admiration of them, called them barbarians and rustics, and threatened to crucify them, which threat he carried into execution soon after he regained his liberty. This fact alone should be sufficient to convince us that his was no ordinary courage, and that he possessed a mind which rose far above the casualties of life, and looked down with disdain upon every species of danger. As an orator, he was undoubtedly the second of his time; and had he studied the art of public speaking with as much industry as he did the art of war, no serious doubt can be entertained that he would have been the first. His voice was musical—his delivery energetic—his language rich, appropriate, and forcible; in fine, such were his abilities, that Quintilian, that eminent rhetorician and critic, says that he would have been the only man capable of combatting Cicero. His admirable Commentaries prove that his abilities as a master of composition were of the first order. In reading this beautiful work we almost fancy ourselves beside him on the field of battle; we gaze with astonishment upon him as he fortifies his camp, or engages the enemy, or crosses the impetuous torrent. We hear the shout of the onset, the clashing of the weapons, the groans of the dying; and when these unpleasant sounds have died away, with bounding hearts we join the victorious train of

the conqueror, accompany him to his camp, and listen with joy to the praises which he bestows upon his brave fellow-soldiers.

As a politician, he displayed the most consummate address. He studied well the nature of the times in which he lived; he knew the propensities, and, I might say, the very thoughts and desires of his fellow-men; and by making use of all the means in his power to satisfy these desires, he ingratiated himself with the people, and thus prepared the way for the carrying out of the most difficult projects. He rendered his most inveterate enemies subservient to his plans—at one time terrifying them into submission to his power, at another winning them over to his interests by clemency and kindness.

His fame as a warrior is equal to that of any other general whose name is recorded in the history of the world. He possessed a peculiar talent for winning the affection of his soldiers, and inspiring them with a portion of his own irresistible courage, as the plains of Gaul and Germany, and even of Italy itself, can testify. For you, who are so well acquainted with the history of his conquests, it would be tedious to listen now to a detailed account of his many and valiant military exploits. Wherefore we will not at present follow this renowned hero through all his marches, battles and victories, in Gaul and Germany, but taking a short route we will hasten on and meet him on the bank of that memorable stream, which forms one of the most interesting objects connected with the life of this wonderful man. On the bank of that stream we witness the severest contest he had yet sustained; on the bank of that stream we witness the first defeat of Cæsar,—a defeat effected not by a numerous enemy but by a single passion, which rankled in his breast and spurred him on to bolder attempts.

There he stands upon the bank of the Rubicon; the fierce contest rages within his breast. His better nature bids him obey the orders of his country, disband his army, and return in a peaceable manner to the bosom of his native land; while ambition urges him to lead on his troops and make himself absolute master of the whole Roman territory. He wavers;—he pauses;—he gazes with increasing interest upon the terrible struggle. Now he stands still; now he paces up and down the shore of the classic stream;—he presses his hands upon his throbbing temples, as if he would still the impetuous rushing of the vital tide,—but alas! ambition conquers, and he exclaims aloud: "The die is cast," and plunges into the stream. From that moment the arms that had bowed the heads of ferocious strangers, and forced the benefits of Roman civilization upon savage nations at the enormous price of millions of lives, were destined to glisten before the eyes of the Roman people themselves, and force them to crown their brave yet audacious general: from that moment too, Cæsar begins to lose his claims to that praise and admiration to which his varied talents, and his prowess as a conqueror, would justly entitle him; for from the conqueror of the barbarous Gauls, and the extender of the Roman sway, he became a rebel against the government of his own country, and ambitiously aspired to absolute power. He led into the Roman states his army, whose attachment to his interests he had secured by his affability and address, and by the benefits he conferred upon them. His proceedings after that are so well known that a detailed account of them is unnecessary here. Every one is already acquainted with his proceedings against Pompey, the last available support of the existing government; his intercourse with Cleopatra, queen of Egypt; the means which he made use of to gain the affections of the people; his causing himself to be proclaimed dictator; the laws, dictated by policy, which he promulgated. But his labors were in vain—for he did not gain the object of his desires. The few loyal citizens who

still remained in Rome saw the tendency of his policy and his conduct; they feared for the safety and stability of the Republic, and accused him before the Senate of aspiring to royalty. Although Caesar could not free himself from the charges, yet that once imposing body had not the courage to condemn him, and he might have lived on to see the accomplishment of his plans had not the bold Brutus been at hand to execute the sentence which the Senate would have wished to pronounce but had not the daring to do so.

Thus have we briefly traced the career of that illustrious general through perils and dangers, through tedious marches and hard-fought battles, through rebellion and intrigue, till we have brought him to the very foot of the throne, where he fell, a victim of his passion for power and glory. We may now conclude, that during the greater part of his life, his talents and accomplishments rendered him a worthy object of the admiration of those who make greatness consist in splendid projects and valliant deeds, while the perverse use he made of these generous gifts of nature, during the latter portion of his existence, render him an object of censure if not of execration.

Summer Evening Music.

Of all the memories of a European tour, none is more vivid or more delightful than the out-of-door music of the continent. Indeed, music and life in the open air have a much closer relation to each other than is generally imagined. The most musical people in the world are the Germans and the Italians, whose two schools are acknowledged as the only standards of musical taste and culture, and the Germans pass most of their time out-of doors during the summer while the Italians of the cities live in the open air for the greater part of the year. Music is cheap with them, because it is a part of their being, and it is excellent, because their taste has been so highly educated that they will not tolerate mediocrity in composition or performance.

The increasing attention paid to music in this country, especially in the line of summer concerts, which is in a great measure due to the large German element in our population, is a very gratifying fact. The climate of the United States from May to October invites us to the open air for the enjoyment of the pleasantest hours of the twenty-four in the late afternoon, and parks have come very properly to be regarded by all our municipal governments as indispensable adjuncts to cities. But the park without music is the rose without perfume, life without love, a world destitute of color, Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark omitted. Given a park there must be music. And what so conducive to innocent enjoyment, to the public health, to the improvement of the national taste?

JUDGE C——, of Memphis, was recently called to preside as chairman at a public meeting in that city. During the proceedings an exciting discussion sprung up, and amid the confusion of loud speeches, motions and cross-motions, one speaker called out impatiently to have his motion put to the meeting.

"Has your motion a second?" inquired the chair.

Speaker—"Yes, sir: it has fifty seconds at least."

Chair—"Then let it have ten more and the chair will make a minute of it."

An old fellow who took part in the late rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question: "I say, old Joe, how many rebels did you kill during the war?" "How many rebels did I kill, sir; how many rebels did I kill? Well, I don't know just 'actly how many; but I know this much, I killed as many of them as they did of me."

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VACATION days will be nearly at an end by the time this number of the SCHOLASTIC reaches our readers; we hope they have been pleasant and profitable to all—that they who went home last June triumphant but tired, may return refreshed and determined to gain new laurels the coming year.

THE first session of 1871-72, will begin on Tuesday, the 5th day of September. Prompt attendance is expected.

Elocution.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of elocution. Authors and teachers have furnished excellent rules for pronunciation and the correct modulation of the voice; they have explained the nature and use of stress, volume, pitch, slides, inflections, and all the other elements which enter into correct reading and speaking. This drill, however, though very useful and even necessary to a successful cultivation of the art of speaking, will never make an elocutionist. It may render a man a good mimic or imitator, but that is all.

To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word, one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor. When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakespere, he replied: "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having seized the soul of Shakespere, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution; one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce; he must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision, present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence the first step towards good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts, the meaning, involved in the piece to be rendered. This is accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the piece in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in oneself the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists in putting oneself in that man's place, creating in oneself, for the time at least, a tone and habit of thought similar to his, and striving to feel as he most likely felt while writing, or as he would probably feel were he to deliver orally what he has written.

Thus prepared, and "worked up" into the spirit of the author, the speaker may fearlessly come

forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

REV. ANTHONY F. KAUL of Lancaster, Pa., and Rev. A. F. Kuhlmann, of Lebanon, Pa., have honored us with a visit of some length. We earnestly hope their stay among us has been agreeable to them, and that they may make Notre Dame the objective point of their vacation visits for years to come.

REV. E. P. WALTERS of Crawfordsville, T. O'Sullivan of Laporte, and M. O'Reilly of Valparaiso, stayed with us long enough to take a row on the lake. They were very much pleased with the boat and the lake, and their rowing, around the course in 7½ minutes was considered good going; we admit that it shows a strength of muscle and endurance that could scarcely be expected from men who use the pen much more than the oar.

ON SATURDAY, July 29, the Rev. Superior of Notre Dame celebrated a Mass of requiem, being the month's mind for the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, who died on the 29th of the previous month.

Rev. Jacob Lauth, and Rev. E. Lilly were deacon and subdeacon on the occasion.

A SOLEMN HIGH MASS of requiem for the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, deceased, was celebrated at St. Mary's, on Monday, July 31, by Rev. Father Kaul, assisted by clergymen of the College as deacon subdeacon and master of ceremonies.

WE are happy to chronicle the arrival of Father Lemonnier, who has returned from his Northwestern tour just as we are going to press. He is in excellent health, and gives a good report of all our friends.

THE 2ND OF AUGUST was celebrated as usual. Crowds of people from South Bend, Mishawaka, and some from Goshen, thronged the little chapel of the Portiuncula from early morning until late in the evening.

MESSRS. TOWNE and Wade made a raid among the fishes of the upper and lower lakes. Their success as fishermen barely came up to their sanguine anticipations—but the pleasure consequent upon anxious expectation for a bite, and the pulling in of a good-sized fish now and then, encouraged them to further exertions in the piscatorial line. "Try, try again."

MANY visitors have come and gone without calling in to see the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC. We cannot, consequently, give their names, as the porter avers that without a general register under his own control there is no possible means of coming at the names of the visitors who come daily to Notre Dame. We regret this, as we know from letters received that some of our friends have gone from parlor to dome, and from the big bell all around the lake, and have not had an opportunity of seeing the Ed's of the SCHOLASTIC.

REV. FATHER LEANDER, O.S.B., Prior of St. Joseph's, Chicago, Illinois, opened the retreat at St. Mary's on the 8th inst. The retreat closes on the 15th.

REV. MR. LILLY, the energetic leader of the Band, is vigorously rehearsing those members who are now on the premises, and we shall have some good music on the 15th. How about the choir?

THE walks around St. Aloysius' are beginning to resume their most cheerful appearance of years ago, when willing hearts and strong arms made that portion of the grounds of Notre Dame the most attractive promenade of the premises. Frère Simon has done it.

To our esteemed neighbor, Father Oechtering of Mishawaka, we here return thanks for enlivening us several times during these dull days of vacation spent at home, by his own cheerful countenance and encouraging voice, and by bringing with him Father Beex of Michigan City, whom for a long time we have known, and Father Young, Chaplain of the Orphan Asylum, whom for the first time we welcomed to our sanctum.

REV. FATHER SPILLARD, Pastor of South Bend, is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum. The only fault we can find with the reverend pastor is that he doesn't come over often enough. We learn, not from him but from others who know, that he is so taken up with the duties of his parish that he has been obliged perforce to relinquish many of his old acquaintances of the College who cherished him when he was our Prefect of Discipline.

REV. FATHER DEMERS, Pastor of Lowell, we are happy to hear, is enjoying excellent health. The one big fault that we find with him, is, that he oft times and again makes his appearance at Notre Dame to the gratification of his many friends, and never calls on the Ed's of the SCHOLASTIC, whom he sees only when they call on him.

ON Wednesday last Notre Dame and the AVE MARIA office in particular were graced by the welcome presence of several of our young lady friends from St. Mary's, in company with Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. Redmon. We are indebted to the fair party for one bright spot in our somewhat monotonous labors, although such visits are so rare as to be really "angels' visits." We regret this, so far as we are individually concerned.

WE hereby write down our sincere regrets that a letter from A. J. S. to us did not meet with the prompt and polite attention it merited. It came at a time when we were busy—O, so busy, A. J. S.! that had you known it you would at once forgive us,—which we hope you will do now, and give us a token thereof under your sign manual, ere the next Scholastic year opens. Why not come yourself, and, in *propria persona*, give us the aid and comfort which for the past year you have done by letter.

Since writing the above we have had the pleasure of hearing directly from our friend, S.

REV. FATHER COLOVIN opened, on the 10th inst., the retreat for those Brothers who were not able to return from the missions in time for the general retreat which took place at the beginning of vacation.

REV. Father Letourneau has returned to Notre Dame after an absence of about three weeks. We rejoice to notice that he is looking very well.

WE are glad to hear from Prof. Baasen, who is enjoying himself at home after the labors of the year.

PROF. HOWARD's new house is progressing rapidly towards completion.

CROQUET is no mean way of passing a couple of hours in the morning, before the sun gets too hot. So say some of our friends.

"Now, young people," said a Professor of Natural History to his class, "now then, as to hens: a hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more; and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?"

"Cut off her head and sell her for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

INGENIOUS gamins make money by imitating the warble of the cat under the windows of nervous people, and selling the boots and bootjacks that are thrown at them.

Ad Cecilianos.

With *sword* and *pen*, we challenge men;
You know from this, our motto is
"Excelsior."

With *song* and *lyre*, we mount still higher,
Until the *stars* become our bars.
Excelsior!

A *union* true, a something new,
On earth we'll found, that will resound
"Excelsior!"

At heaven's gate we'll have to wait,
But all the throng, will chant the song
"Excelsior."

CECILIA fond will quick respond:
"St. Peter dear, do you not hear
"Excelsior?"

St. Peter thus will then discuss:
"It strikes me so, this song I know,
"Excelsior"

I will now see, who there may be,
And ope the door to let in four."
Excelsior!

These four will sing, the heavens will ring,
For evermore—Excelsior!

In great delight, at such a sight,
He'll bid us all come in his hall.
Excelsior!

Cecilians true will pass review,
With banners bright, inscribed with light,
"Excelsior"

In there we'll act, in deed and fact,
The name and fame of Notre Dame.
Excelsior!

Good Father L. will come and dwell
In heaven's cell with J. A. L.
Excelsior!

And A. J. S., whom all can guess,
Will kindly bless his patroness.
Excelsior!

And Judge P. F. in tenor clef
Will sing in halls of golden walls,
"Excelsior."

V. Hackmann true, R. Staley too,
Will then be found on holy ground.
Excelsior!

D. Egan, scribe, will then imbibe
Celestial bliss unknown ere this.
Excelsior!

In white and blue will John McHugh
Appear, to greet in accents sweet,
"Excelsior."

C. Dodge so pure, will there be sure,
And Billy blest will then find rest.
Excelsior!

D. Hogan smart, will take a part
In chorus grand by all the band.
Excelsior!

In splendid style will David Wile
The piano ring for all we'll sing.
Excelsior!

A great renown, will David Brown,
A smart young boy, for aye enjoy.
Excelsior!

And good Ed. Shea, will on that day
Return his thanks with Joseph Shanks.
Excelsior!

McOskar L. and Chas. Berdel,
Who play so well, will still excel.
Excelsior!

Scott Ashton fair of golden hair,
And C. Ortmyer will shout with fire,
"Excelsior!"

J. Rumely stern, will then yet learn
With Jas. McGuire, to sing still higher,
"Excelsior."

C. Morgan keen, will then be seen
To serenade with H. Kinkad.
Excelsior!

J. Crummeys tall, of fair St. Paul,
Will then possess a heavenly dress.
Excelsior!

C. Hutchings brave his crown will save,
And in amazement will shout the phrase,
"Excelsior."

J. Goodhue gay, will always say
To Foley mild, Oh, happy child!
Excelsior!

Jas. Ward so bland will raise his hand,
And thank the Lord of free accord.

Excelsior!
S. Dum a gem—a diadem—
Of stones so rare will always wear.

Excelsior!
A. Filson dear, with voice so clear,
Will then appear to close the rear.

Excelsior!
From pole to pole, the strains will roll,
You'll scarce control your fervent soul.

Excelsior!
Cecilians all will then recall
The happy times of earthly climes.

Excelsior!
Thus you see, Cecilians, we
Will chant our glee eternally,

"Excelsior," "Excelsior,"
Encore, encore—for evermore.
Excelsior!

On the Mathematical Zero.

The mathematical zero is not the metaphysical nothing. For the metaphysical nothing hath no attributes whatever. Whereas, zero in mathematics is mere deficiency in some one of many attributes necessary to constitute that quantity of which there is question.

When there is question of volume or solidity, a superficies shall be reputed as zero. As "How many bushels in a rood of land?" To which the answer must be "No bushels." That is zero.

Because a superficies is totally wanting in that third dimension, vulgarly called height or depth, which is necessary to solidity. So, although it hath the other two dimensions, namely length and breadth, its deficiency in the third reduceth it to zero.

Likewise if there be question of area, a line is zero. As, "How many roods of land be there in a fathom?" Ans., 0.

And similarly, if there be question of length only, then a point is zero. Yet is a point not the metaphysical nothing.

For the center of a circle is a point. It cannot be greater, otherwise would there be different distances from the circumference, which is contrary to the definition of a circle.

Also, the extremities of a line are points. Now if a point were the metaphysical nothing, then would a finite line have no extremities. Which is absurd.

In this sense must be understood the zero which enters into algebraic symbols. As, how many times may you subtract a yard long from a yard square. Let A represent the yard square, and the yard long, by what has been before said, is zero. The question "How many times, &c.," indicates that a quotient is sought, and this quotient by the well-known algebraic formula $A \div 0 = \text{mathematical infinity}$. Showing that if you begin subtracting a yard long from a yard square, the operation will never cease by the diminution of the yard square.

So in the science of Fluxions, or as it has been called, the "Differential and Integral Calculus," the increments are each zero. But the zero of the independent variable may not be of the same value as that of the dependent variable, and they may admit of comparison and have a ratio, like other mathematical quantities.

No number of lines can make a superficies. Compared with a superficies, then, every line is zero; but still one line may be four times as long as another; that is, zero may be to zero as four is to one.

The two increments becoming zero at the same time, therefore, doth not affect their ratio, or rate of increase or decrement. This rate is commonly denoted by the symbol dx and dy , which are not in themselves and separately equal to zero, although the increment from the consideration of

which they are derived is equal to zero. A man has a capital in a bank which draws an interest of 6 per centum. His capital diminisheth, yet the rate of interest remaineth the same, and when his capital be entirely consumed, he may still be said to draw 6 per centum interest on nothing.

The truth of this reasoning must be evident to one who considers that when dx is made $=0$ the variable becomes a constant, and no Calculus can be made.

But the dependent and independent variable differ most often in kind. Their increments therefore must differ in kind as well as in value. Let x be the side of a square u ; x , increasing uniformly, becomes $x+h$, u becomes u^2 and when $h=0$ we have $h:u^2-u::1:2x$

Where h is a point, and zero in respect to all lines; but u^2-u is a line (namely the line $2x$) and zero indeed with respect to all superficies, but not zero in respect to the point h . On the contrary, its quotient by h must be mathematical infinity. Moreover, the first two terms of the proportion are not of the same kind, under any value of h .

Hence we must regard the difference of quantities to apply not to the quantities themselves, but to their numerical values; and this will make their zeroes all of the same degree or kind, although they may still be different in value.

This comporteth with the notation used in calculus. For the notation is an algebraic notation, and the algebraic notation can be employed only where numerical values, known or unknown, general or special, are concerned.

Let the specious absurdity of calling zero a "very small quantity" then be entirely put away. Zero is no quantity at all of the kind under consideration. But it may be a large quantity of another kind. A zero of area might be a million of miles in length.

Besides these zeroes, there is the zero which is a starting point, like that on the thermometer. Such zeroes are necessary whenever minus quantities come into consideration, but these deserve a separate essay. S.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Since 1840—that is for about 30 years, more or less—our popular ballads have partaken of a colored tint. Whether there is any similarity between the songs brought before the public by "negro minstrels," and the real *bonâ fide* nigger songs of the Southern plantations, is a question for those better versed in Ethiopian manners and customs than I am to decide. I propose merely to give an account of the rise, progress and decay of negro minstrelsy, "so-called."

When "Old Dan Tucker," and "Buffalo Gals," had their origin I shall not attempt to determine. They appear both in melody and words to be genuine nigger songs, transplanted direct from the plantation to the stage. Following them, "Lucy Long," "Boatman Dance," and the numerous songs relative to "Old Joe" and "Dinah," which appeared between '40 and '45, partook of the same simplicity. About '45, however, the negro melody began to rise into the sentimental and pathetic. "Lucy Neale," "Mary Blane," and "Oh, my dearest Mae!" were the first songs of this class, and although now forgotten, were then very popular, and were probably the first negro melodies that found their way into the drawing-room.

About the year '50, or perhaps a little before, the great city of London—man, woman, and child—was engaged begging "Susannah," not to cry. It would be interesting to the antiquarian to find out whether, in defiance of these repeated deprecations, she did actually cry, or whether the tear which the song says was "in her eye" was not induced to remain there permanently, or, at least, until it dried up. Negro songs were now in the acme of their popularity. "Susannah" was succeeded by "Un-

cle Ned" whose reign extended through the Great Exhibition of 1851.

While the comic songs "A little more Cider," "Camptown Races," and "Nelly Bly" were enjoying the popularity consequent on their novelty, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," appeared. Either from the influence of this book, then so widely felt, or from some caprice of popular fashion, the sentimental element again rose to the surface—and sometimes, as in "The Old Folks at Home," became almost tragedy. In the summer of '53 everybody was singing this wild and beautiful melody. At the same time appeared "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Lily Dale," "The Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Dog Tray"—all, except the last, fine and pathetic melodies. But the sentimental never equalled the comic in popularity. Never, perhaps, for a little while, was a song as popular as "The Other Side of Jordan." For weeks nothing else was to be heard anywhere. Even in Sunday schools, the pupils being requested to sing "Jordan," which was understood to mean "On Jordan's stormy bank I stand," would plunge recklessly into the "Other Side of Jordan" and electrify their pious teachers by the rollicking chorus:

"Take off your coats, boys, and roll up your sleeves,
For Jordan is a hard road to trabble, I believe."

But in a few days all this popularity disappeared. Melody and words were both consigned to oblivion. The contemporary "Wait for the wagon" has been a little more fortunate, and has survived as a brass band piece. "Keemo Kimo," another popular banjo song of this period, is now, we think forgotten.

In 1858 appeared "Nelly Gray:"

"There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore"—

which was very popular. The "Happy Land of Canaan" belongs somewhere here—a reckless sort of air, and with a kind of misprision of blasphemy about it, like, "The other side of Jordan." The sentiments expressed in those wild songs, after all, are not too broad a burlesque on the eccentricities of negro worship, and may perhaps be actually negro hymns, with but a few words changed.

When the war broke out, the current of popular favor was directed almost entirely from negro melodies. A series of musical compositions, similar in both sentiment and rhythm, of which, "When this cruel war is over!" may be regarded as the type, usurped the place of everything else. But "Dixie"—the weird, fantastic "Dixie"—was essentially a nigger song, and nothing else. Then we had—

"Oh, darkeys! hab you seen my massa,
Wid the mufstash on his face,"

during the first years of the war. But negro minstrelsy had reached the period of its decadence. Some popularity, a year or more ago, attached to "Shoo-Fly!" but it is not like the songs of old.

We wonder whether the Chinese can furnish anything to supply the place of the negro melody. The "coming man," has already made himself generally useful in so many unsuspected ways that we should not wonder at all at something of this kind turning up. The last to fill up the quadruplicity of races in this cosmopolitan republic, and this richest in traditional antiquities long hid from the other three races, he should be able to make, if not himself, yet some of his surroundings, popular to the shape of melody and chorus. S.

At a recent wedding in Rhinebeck, as the clergyman reached that part of the ceremony, "I now pronounce you"—"bullheads! bulheads!" shouted a fish pedler in the street, to the amusement of some, and the consternation of others present on the occasion.

The Remarkable Duel Code of Ireland.

FROM SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[We give the following "Duel Code" simply as a matter of curiosity. It can, of course be of no practical utility, nor could we desire that it should be; for we trust the age of duelling, and all such follies of our ancestors, is forever past.]

My father got one for his sons; and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of duelling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway, "the thirty-six commandments."

As far as my copy went, they appear to have run as follows;

The practice of duelling and points of honor settled at Clonmel summer assizes, 1777, by the gentlemen-delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.

RULE 1.—The first offence requires the first apology, though the retort may have been more offensive than the insult. Example: A. tells B. he is impertinent, etc., B. retorts that he lies; yet A. must make the first apology, because he gave the first offence, and then (after one fire) B. may explain away the retort by subsequent apology.

RULE 2.—But if the parties would rather fight on, then, after two shots each (but in no case before) B. may explain first, and A. apologise afterwards.

N. B. The above rules apply to all cases of offences in retort not of a stronger class than the example.

RULE 3. If a doubt exist who gave the first offence, the decision rests with the seconds; if they won't decide or can't agree, the matter must proceed to two shots or to a hit if the challenger require it.

RULE 4.—When the *lie direct* is the first offence, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms; exchange two shots previous to apology; or three shots followed up by explanation; or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other.

RULE 5.—As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances, no verbal apology can be received for such an insult. The alternatives therefore are—the offender handing a cane to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon; firing on till one or both are disabled; or exchanging three shots, and then asking pardon *without* the proffer of the cane.

If swords are used, the parties engage until one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed; or until, after receiving a wound, and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

N. B. A *disarm* is considered the same as a *disable*. The disarmer may (strictly) break his adversary's sword; but, if it be the challenger who is disarmed, it is considered ungenerous to do so.

In case the challenged be disarmed and refuses to ask pardon or atone, he must not be *killed* as formerly; but the challenger may lay his own sword on the aggressor's shoulder, then break the aggressor's sword, and say, "I spare your life!" The challenged can never revive that quarrel—the challenger may.

RULE 6.—If A. gives B. the lie, and B. retorts by a blow (being the two greatest offences), no reconciliation can take place till after two discharges each, or a severe hit, after which, B. may beg A.'s pardon humbly for the blow, and then A. may explain simply for the lie; because a blow is *never* allowable, and the offence of the lie therefore merges in it. (See preceding rules.)

N. B. Challenges for undivulged causes may be reconciled on the ground, after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient

in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

RULE 7.—But no apology can be received, in any case, after the parties have actually taken their ground, without exchange of fires.

RULE 8.—In the above case no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge (if private) unless required by the challenged to do so before their meeting.

RULE 9. All imputations of cheating at play, races, etc., to be considered equivalent to a blow; but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood, and begging pardon publicly.

RULE 10.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman's care or protection, to be considered as, by one degree, a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

RULE 11.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies' reputation, to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor; this to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but *always* favorably to the lady.

RULE 12.—In simple, unpremeditated *rencontres*, with the small sword, or *couteau-fau-de-chasse*, the rule is—first draw, first sheath, unless blood be drawn; then both sheath and proceed to investigation.

RULE 13.—No dumb shooting or firing in the air admissible in any case. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground; therefore, *children's play* must be dishonorable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

RULE 14.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

RULE 15.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged, intend leaving the place of offence before morning; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

RULE 16.—The challenged has a right to choose his own weapon, unless the challenger gives his honor he is no swordsman; after which, however, he cannot decline any *second* species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

RULE 17.—The challenged chooses his grounds, the challenger his distance; the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

RULE 18.—The seconds load in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honors they have charged smooth and single, which would be held sufficient.

RULE 19. Firing may be regulated—first by signal; secondly, by word of command; or, thirdly, at pleasure—as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but *second presents* and *rests* are strictly prohibited.

RULE 20.—In all cases, a miss-fire is equivalent to a shot, and a *snap* or a *non-cock* is to be considered as a miss-fire.

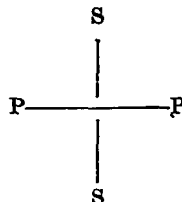
RULE 21.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation before the meeting takes place, or after sufficient firing or hits, as specified.

RULE 22.—Any wounds sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business for *that day*.

RULE 23.—If the cause of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenger takes his ground, and calls on the challenged to proceed as he chooses; in such cases, firing at pleasure, is the usual practice but may be varied by agreement.

RULE 24.—In slight cases, the second hands his principal but one pistol; but, in gross cases, holding another case ready in reserve.

RULE 25.—Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right angles with their principals, thus:



If with swords, side by side, with five paces interval.

F. B. All matters and doubts not herein mentioned, will be explained and cleared up by application to the committee, who meet alternately at Clonmel and Galway, at the quarter sessions, for that purpose.

Crow Ryan, president: James Keogh and Ambry Bodkin, secretaries.

ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLES.

RULE 1.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee, or cover his side with his left hand, but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

RULE 2.—None can either advance or retreat, if the ground be measured. If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to touch muzzle; but neither can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary steps forward on him.

N. B. The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being *strictly* observed; bad cases having accrued from neglecting it.

These rules and resolutions of the "fire-eaters" and "knights of Tara," were the more deeply impressed on my mind, from my having run a great chance of losing my life, when a member of the university, in consequence of the strict observance of one of them. A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a Templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater) I ever recollect; he had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years; three with swords and thirteen with pistols; yet with so little skill or so much good fortune, that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole.

A Polish Superstition.

It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is therefore customary, among friends and lovers particularly, to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish.

January.—Jacinth or garnet denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February.—Amethyst preserves mortals from strong passions, and insures peace of mind.

March.—Bloodstone denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

April.—Sapphire or diamond denotes repentance or innocence.

May.—Emerald, successive love.

June.—Agate insures long life and health.

July.—Ruby or cornelian insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.

August.—Sardonyx insures conjugal felicity.

September.—Chrysolite preserves from or cures folly.

October.—Aquamarine or opal denotes misfortune and hope.

November.—Topaz insures fidelity or friendship.

December.—Turquoise (or malachite) denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition in life.

An Orchestral Experience.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* tells this story:

I was an orchestra once, for ten minutes, and afforded great satisfaction. Let me tell you all about it. It was in Troy, some years ago. Mrs. Waller, the excellent tragedienne, was playing in the *Child of the Dismal Swamp* the "Duchess of Malfil," and a dark and desperate piece it is. After a series of awful disasters the unhappy duchess very properly goes out of her head. She is confined in a mad-house, and one act of the play transpires in this mad-house, and during entire scenes the groans and cries of the demented are heard outside.

To do this accomplishment in shape the manager had the orchestra, all able bodied-men, who were usually in the music room playing penny ante when not "rung in," at this mad juncture gathered in the green room under the stage. A hole was bored in the ceiling above, and a string attached to the prompter's desk was depended through it. In solemn conclave sat the musicians—one with the string in his hand—and as the prompter tugged it above, each one for himself set up a dismal howl that lifted the hairs of the listeners in front. One night during the *Duchess of Malfil* run I strayed into the green room and enjoyed the wild beast show, as I called the howling musicians. Between one batch of howls and another quite an interval occurred. During this interval one by one of the sufferers dropped out. I was perched under a gas-light, deep in some novel of that period, when the string commenced to wiggle violently. All the demented were gone, the wails of the damned were expected: I let one or two awful shrieks, thinking it might help 'em up stairs, or bring the stray howlers back on duty.

One pair of lungs wasn't enough; the string kept thrashing up and down, when my eyes lit on the biggest brass tooter I ever saw, left by one of the renegades. No sooner seen than I tackled it. I lost sight of the string; I lost the power of hearing with my first blast. Mrs. Waller said, as she knelt on the stage above me: "Hark! hear ye not, how sighing on the wind comes the wail of the lost spirits?" She paused for the wail; I did my level best, and lifted her six inches off the boards with my first blast. That seemed to inspire me. I ignored the stops that might have cramped my great achievement, but bidding farewell to all my fears of ruptured blood vessels, or total deafness to future punishment, I let out that which was most within me, and have never had a stomach ache since. But the audience—they roared, and the manager cursed, and Mrs. Waller flew down the green room stairs. There I was absorbed in my tremendous performance, oblivious to all beside the success of my musical efforts. The manner in which my orchestral essay was received closed my career as a wind instrumentalist.

A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief—so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged upon him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft. "You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master. "No, I didn't, massa", responded Dick. The master persisted. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa. I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night, when I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, cozzed it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail."

A BLACKGUARD SHEET.—The reported attack of the mob in New York upon Harpers' building, turned out to be unfounded. The mob was at no time within a mile or two of it, so the report was but another example of the effects of a guilty conscience—the wicked flee when no man pursueth. Some of Harpers' publications, and especially the *Weekly*, are without exception the filthiest, the most indecent, scandalous and insulting towards Catholics generally, and especially Irish Catholics, of any publications in the country. Some of their cartoons and caricatures upon the Pope and the emblems of the Catholic Church are of the most outrageous character, and should be condemned by fair-minded and honorable men of all religious denominations. It is doubtless true that they have the "right" to do this, and will no doubt continue it.

But it is nevertheless true that it is just such base appeals to passion and prejudice that excite riot and trouble, and it is just such men as the Harpers, Geo. Wm. Curtis, the *N. Y. Times* and others of that like among radical politicians, who are really responsible for the riot of the 12th inst.—*National Union*.

ELEPHANTINE MATHEMATICS.—A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: To Fum-Hum, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-Pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-Bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof.

When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more or less than seventeen elephants, and it puzzled these three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up the seventeen elephants and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Sum-Punk, for advice. Sum-Punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen and said: "Now we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fum-Hum, take your half and depart." So Fum-Hum took nine elephants and went his way. "Now, Nu-Pin," said the wise man, "take your third and git." So Nu-Pin took six elephants and traveled. "Now Ding-Bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone." So Ding-Bat took two elephants and absquatulated. Then Sum-Punk took his own elephant and drove home again. Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?—*Galaxy*.

LORD BROUGHAM was fond of telling the following story: A bishop, at one of his country visitations, complained that the church was badly kept and in bad repair, pointing out that the rain evidently came through the roof, and adding with some warmth, an expression which he was horrified in finding in the local paper next day reported thus: "I shall not visit this old church again till it is in better order." The bishop's secretary thereupon wrote mildly, suggesting that what his lordship said was, that he would not visit "the damp church again." But the editor, in a foot-note, said that while gladly giving publicity to the explanation, he had confidence in the accuracy of his reporter.

THE Westminster Gazette says: "As a good deal of curiosity exists as to the authorship of the 'Battle of Dorking,' we state with confidence that it was written by Colonel George Chesney, the author of 'Indian Policy.'"

Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and try what is the most just, and most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes, and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

Several Reverend gentlemen visited St. Mary's last week, among whom were the Rev. C. I. White, D. D., Pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., Rev. A. Kuhlman, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lebanon, Pa., and Rev. A. F. Kaul, of St. Anthony's Church, Lancaster, Pa.

The puffing of the railroad locomotive through St. Mary's grounds has become so familiar that it has ceased to create any sensation. Arrivals and departures at and from St. Mary's depot take place daily. This depot is even more spacious than the great Michigan Southern in Chicago; in fact it has no boundaries. The accommodations are very primitive in style,—maple trees for protection from sun and rain, fence rails for lounges, etc.

On Monday, the 7th, the pupils of the Academy went in the cars on a grand pleasure excursion to the city of Niles. Each pupil carried a basket laden with edibles, and judging from their merry countenances they went off full of great expectations of a glorious day.

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

GOING WEST.		Arrive at Chicago	
Leave South Bend	5:53 p. m.	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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VOLUME V.

Important.

Persons sending letters or any to Notre Dame or St. Mary's should be careful to state that there is a *regular post-office* for all mail matter for Notre Dame, and for St. Mary's, should be addressed simply—NOTRE DAME, and ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

NOTRE DAME

The observance of this caution will prevent much annoyance arising from the mis-transmission of letters, etc., to the wrong place.

"ERIC," a story illustrating school life, will no doubt be very interesting to our young readers, but to the old students is on that account we publish it first. It was furnished us by Mr. A. A. Brown, who does not coincide with the author in some of the details. Some of the old students of Notre Dame have been new-comers and gone through the process of being "broken in," and who now occupy their place at College, will remember that the brutal conduct of bullies never takes place here, and that a severe and dignified punishment would follow any such conduct.—ED.

ERIC; or, Little by Little

A Tale of Roslyn School

By FREDERIC W. FAIRBANKS,
Fellow of Trinity College, Conn.

PART FIRST

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah dear delights, that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing like shadows fly,
Ah flowers that Joy from Eden stole,
While Innocence stood laughing by!

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried Eric, as he capered vigorously about, his hands, "Papa and mamma will be here now, and then we shall stay here as long as we like, *then*, and *then*, I shall go to school!"

The last words were enunciated with great importance, as he stopped his impetuous career before the chair where his sober mother was patiently working at her crotchet; her look so much affected by the announcement, the boy seemed to demand, so he asked, "And then, Miss Fanny, I shall go to school?"

"Well, Eric," said Fanny, raising her pale and fact quiet face from her endless work, "dear, whether you will talk of it with me or not, I shall be glad to hear of it with joy a year hence."

"O ay, Fanny, that's just like you," said Eric, "you're always talking and prophesying. In my mind, I'm going to school, so, I shall go."