

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

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## Inter Magnos Dies Festos.

A Merry Christmas, Reverend Father General,  
A Merry Christmas, Reverend Fathers all;  
And Christmas blessings on our kind professors,  
And our good brother prefects, do we call!

And should you think it late for Christmas,  
And our fond greeting on you pall,  
Why then our Happy, Happy New Year  
Shall ring throughout this ancient hall!

But we would fain you hold to better custom,  
And much prefer the greater, elder Day;  
So, for twelve Christmas days, from Great to Little,  
A Merry, Merry Christmas still we say!

It is a time for all diversion,  
Upon the scate, or on the sleigh,  
Or round about the board of plenty,  
Where toil and care are laughed away.

The Southern land may bask in summer weather,  
And of its sensuous joys forever boast;  
Give us this vigorous land of varied season,  
Its summer joy, its winter fun and frost.

What grief to watch no more the snow-flakes,  
To see no more the snow-ball tossed,  
To hear no more the tinkling sleigh-bells,  
No more our toes to sit and roast!

Each season sheweth best when each is given,—  
Gay Spring, that life and hope fore'er renews,  
Rich Summer, with her fruitful sister Autumn,  
And intellectual Winter, robed in snows.

'Tis thus we think, dear friends and Fathers,  
Nor deem them these our peculiar views;  
There's good in every clime and season,  
And this the wise will always choose.

Then for the past let us be ever thankful,  
As in the future we sincerely trust;  
And future, past, thus cheerfully accepted,  
Prove all things done by One whose ways are just.

The Old Year gone, the New is coming,  
Heat, cold, wind, sun, rain, frost, and dust:  
There's nothing new beneath the heavens;  
But all is good, so God is blest.

Then Christian Fathers, Brothers and Professors,  
And our sweet selves, the last but not the least,  
Lead good and earnest lives, but lead them cheerful,  
In sober joy, in labor, prayer and feast.

And, once again, a Merry Christmas,  
Merry with song and sport and jest,  
And may the Happy, Happy New Year  
Bring blessed joys to every breast!

## The Example of Sir Thomas More.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONCLUDED].

The world was once, very properly, guided by the Pope, but that was when it was in its infancy—in leading strings, because civilization and the consolidation of states had not reached their due development. So Macaulay said, and so monarchs thought. Yet, strange to say, there was something more than mere words in the solemn menaces of the Vatican. The proud rulers who basely

affiliated with the sects, found that their popularity was only the pleasant fiction of a summer's day. They dallied with revolution until revolution swallowed them up. They fixed their thrones upon what they considered the "new order of ideas" and, at the first commotion, found that the "new order of ideas" meant anarchy and national ruin. They coquetted with the clubs and sneered at the conservatism of the Roman Pontiff. They may now in forced retirement from their countries and thrones meditate upon the witty saying: *Qui mange du Pape se crève*,—who eats the Pope bursts.

What shall we deduce from all this? What lesson does it teach us? We may not be called upon to withstand the spirit of the world unto death, as Sir Thomas More. Yet we should strengthen ourselves by the contemplation of such noble examples as he and others have left us. We should imitate the stern, unyielding faith of More, in order that we may not betray, by cowardly pusillanimity the great principles for which he died. We should never rest satisfied with ourselves until we feel within our bosoms a little of that generous flame which makes of the humblest child of the Church an insurmountable obstacle to the spread of such opinions as now govern the world. This is not a mere counsel; it is honor and religion's own precept—absolutely necessary in this age, without which we are but half Catholic. The very thought of any compromise or agreement with *this* adversary we should look upon as apostasy from principle, and a treacherous betrayal of the Church of God. We are a different people from those who drift, without rudder or pilot, upon the ever-changing sea of human fallacies. This world and its wealth, its fame, its rapid travelling and its discoveries which are only acceptable in so far as they render more certain the pursuit of gold, is not and should not be the boast of Catholics. The spirit of this world is inimical not only to religion, but to those arts which are the handmaids and offspring of the supernatural idea. The days of art are gone by, because skepticism has materialized the powers of genius. Faith alone can engender true art. The beautiful belongs not to infidelity.

No compromise, then. Be Catholic, Ultramontane, Papal, for, with Saint Ambrose we cry: *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia*. And, let us add: *Ubi Ecclesia ibi Catholici, ibi hujus seculi inimici, ibi Papae filii obedientes!* We mean no negative, passive support of true principles. Active, aggressive opposition to the infidelity of our times.—unyielding hostility to the scoffing enemies of religion and its human incarnation, the Pope,—a sturdy Catholicity that blushes not before the hydra-headed heresy and unbelief which blaspheme Christ and His Church. This is our true line of conduct. This is what honor, religion, God demand of us.

There is, moreover, another consideration which presents itself to our minds at this moment. We have read the article from the *Civiltà Cattolica* which teaches Catholics their duty with respect to heretical and infidel publications. The utterances of that journal may be considered the voice of the Pope himself. We should, therefore, be guided by

its instructions, especially in a matter of such vital importance as this. We should not, directly or indirectly patronize any literature that is not thoroughly Catholic. This is not a mere matter of choice,—it is a religious duty. A man who takes into his family those publications is worse than an infidel and has practically denied the faith. Unbelief, sneers at the Church, calumnies respecting the venerable Vicar of Jesus Christ, the scum of the obscene kennels of large cities, descriptions of social crimes dressed up in the most captivating colors of the genius of lechery, and a thousand other engines of hell speak out from their dark pages to the eternal destruction of souls. And fathers—Catholics—introduce this deadly poison as a mental pabulum for their children! Ah! wretched parents of a miserable offspring! Better, a thousand times better, to murder the child in its infancy, than to be the instrument of its eternal reprobation hereafter. In vain does religion thunder as long as such soul-murderers of their little ones persist in their fatal negligence. "Oh, but," you will hear such men say, "we must take such papers, for the markets, and commercial instructions." And why are Catholic journals unable to give you those things? Because you neglect to support them. Patronize the good as you do the evil, and you will have all you can desire in this or any other legitimate want.

Besides, there is another important duty which every Catholic should perform. He may, according to the measure of the ability God has given him, cultivate what we might term, a *higher sense* of Catholic principles than that which marks the ordinary routine of Catholic life. He must not be so strongly influenced by the heretical or incredulous society which surrounds him. Many a man of contracted horizon loses courage in the ultimate triumph of the Church because the current of boasting enmity runs so strongly within his little sphere. He should despise those petty evidences of evil and raise his eyes to a contemplation of those irresistible agencies of good which are preparing the way for the awaking of our Lord. When travelling on the cars the objects nearest us seem to hurl themselves against us; but if we look above and beyond these, we see that the beautiful landscape is moving majestically with us. This observation of Cardinal Wiseman finds a perfect application with respect to the Church. The present is striving to oppose her beneficent progress, but the ages of the past, full of her mighty achievements,—diversified with the sunshine of peace and the shadows of persecution,—beautified with the noble gifts she has bestowed upon humanity,—elevated and adorned by the touch of her civilizing hand,—enlightened by the voice of her God-given wisdom,—burdened with the splendor of her great children and saints, move serenely by her side, and at once encourage the faithful and sternly rebuke the ungrateful skepticism of the age. This elevation of sentiment will produce a corresponding one in the moral life. Thus Catholics may present a solid phalanx to the assaults of the enemies of their Church, and each individual become an active principle of good to those with whom he is

brought in contact. The higher we rise, the more we become convinced of the utter impotence of skepticism in the presence of the eternally positive idea of the Church. And this conviction, bringing security, founded upon a better understanding of the Divine promises, makes us perfectly easy as to the result of the tremendous conflict now shaking the earth.

Again, Catholics should unhesitatingly disbelieve every assertion which lying publicists make with regard to the position, aims and influence of the Church and the Popes in ancient or modern times. It is hard to touch pitch and remain undefiled. If they are so weak as to feed upon poison, they need not wonder if faith begin to die. Let them avoid, we repeat, those writings in which calumny, in the garb of sophistry, counterfeits the style of truth and honesty. Every man is not able to detect the false premises of these writers, who make their living by serving for the prejudices of the present the exploded lies of the past. As a case in point, we may mention an article which appeared in an infamous periodical of New York lately. The hireling scribe repeats the old calumny of Usher, that the ancient Irish Christians were not Catholics,—that Saints Patrick, Columba, etc., were good Protestants,—though to what one of the innumerable sects they belonged, he does not inform us,—that "Popery" was introduced some time or other by some person or other at a period—long or short he cannot affirm—subsequent to the epoch in which those great Saints flourished. He forgets to allude to the historical fact that Patrick was sent to Ireland by the Pope of Rome, and, consequently, he must have professed the same faith and partaken of the same Sacraments as His Holiness. But the whole essay is merely a stupid bid for Irish patronage, which a series of vile caricatures—as false as the article itself—have almost destroyed. The only safe course for a Catholic is to utterly reject all such literary trash, and to treat with well-deserved scorn those "smart tricks" of Mammon when the purse is touched. A Catholic with the least sense of honor, would as soon purchase a dose of strychnine for himself and family as any such stuff.

These, then, are the considerations which should influence Catholics. Let them have no fear for the Church, but at the same time let them not be wanting in their duty. The triumph of right and justice is assured by God's promises, yet the certainty of victory should not render Catholics supine, cowardly or indifferent. He who affects "liberalism" in order that the enemies of his religion may be taught that Catholics are not the fossil conservatives they say, is unworthy of the faith. The truth does not require such foolish champions. We must always bear in mind that no good was ever yet effected by concession of any kind. A so called liberal Catholic is not only contemptible to his co-religionists, but despised by the enemy. He is neither hot nor cold, so he pleases neither party. It is true he may now and then receive an encouraging pat on the back as an acknowledgment of his "superior enlightenment," but those who pretend thus to countenance his folly laugh at him behind his back. Whenever you see an individual of this sort, you may be certain he possesses but a superficial knowledge of the real nature of the antagonism between the world and the Church. The poor man imagines that the Pope is behind the age because he refuses to canonize the telegraph or the railroad. He grows bombastic over men's independence in matters indifferent. He violently asserts the accuracy of his own judgment in philosophy. Neither St. Augustine nor St. Thomas are permitted to interfere with the unerring *dicta* of his proper logic. He forgets that holiness is the best guide of philosophical investigation, and that, even in things indifferent or belonging to the domain of pure reasoning, St. Augustine or St.

Thomas may interpret more accurately than imperfect mediocrity, without reckoning the genius of those illustrious men. We have, in the case of Dr. Döllinger and his friends, a sad example of the result of this liberalism of which we are treating. We shall refer hereafter to the subject of the Munich Professor, and shall content ourselves with the remark that if the most learned and enlightened are unable to escape from the false position in which liberalism places them, surely the superficial and ignorant have reason for distrust and apprehension. Père Hyacinthe was another victim of the spirit of liberalism, which is born of pride and disobedience. In fact, every age of the Church has seen its Döllingers and its Hyacinthes. They grew too liberal for the *illiberal* law of God. Nature and human reason grew restive under the tables of stone. The burden was heavy and the yoke bitter, because they made them so. The fall of a star teaches a more profound lesson than the quenching of a rushlight.

A little reflection will teach those unworthy Catholics how profoundly they delude themselves by dreaming that their liberalism can be reconciled with conscience. The questions at stake between the Church and world are of vital importance. They belong to the very essence of that moral law which God has established, which the Church interprets and upon which all social order is founded. If the slightest compromise were made by the Pope, the immutable principles of right and justice would be sacrificed. Pius IX—may his name be blessed!—is not free to accept or reject the conditions which the spirit of the age offers to him. His cause is not susceptible of human modification or change. God has delivered to his keeping laws essential to the welfare of man. To "fall in with the progress of the age" would be to betray his trust. And to betray his trust would be the destruction of the Church. He cannot do it. The Holy Ghost is with him, and, until the day of doom, the "spirit of the age" will hear but one answer to its insidious overtures,—the solemn oracle, *Non possumus*. So we should answer, guided by the unchanging principle of the Vatican

Let every Catholic, then, do his part manfully and he may leave with confidence the issue of the present troubles to Almighty God. Though he need not fear for the Church in this her hour of supreme trial, yet he should act as if the perpetuity of the faith depended upon his personal fidelity. The example of Sir Thomas More will teach each one how to act when circumstances place him face to face with the evil spirit of the times.

The Church of God will yet see the end of all those movements which are now in the heyday of their power. Built on a rock, she partakes of its immovable stability. Her influence for good in the future will be extended in proportion to the terrible forces which now assail her, for men will be compelled to admit that she contains a principle of vitality beyond the reach of the most powerful combinations of infidelity and rebellion. The gloom which now hangs above her head will soon be dispelled by the splendid coming of the Son of justice. The suffering of Calvary will be followed by the glory of Olivet. The centuries that have gone rise up and testify to the wonderful way in which the Most High leads His stainless spouse to victory over her dark assailants. The chaste moon moves serenely through the heavens unaffected by the warring and storm-driven clouds which rage around her. In like manner, the Church of God has passed through the hatred of the synagogue, the cynicism of paganism, the rebellions of heresy, the obstinacy of schism, the menaces of corrupt Mahometanism and the thousand aberrations of reason run mad. When the barbarians of the North hurled themselves upon the dying greatness of imperial Rome, the Church alone withstood the shock, held her own amid the confusion of a world, and at last subdued to the be-

nign civilization of the Gospel the lawless children of Woden and Thor.

When the Church ends, all things shall end. The day of her doom, considered as a visible institution among men, will be doomsday. Every scar she has received from her enemies has left an indelible mark upon civilization. To uproot her would simply be hurling society into the barbarism from which she rescued it. Her roots are fixed so deeply that the sword of the skeptic, though keen as a blade of Damascus and glittering with lies cannot reach them.

When the heresy, infidelity, and philosophy of the nineteenth century are overwhelmed by the weight of their own corruption, the Catholic Church shall be moving upon her majestic path, leading back the erring, binding up the wounds of the stricken heart, drying the tear on the cheek of misery, solacing the poor, and casting her beneficent ægis over the widow and orphan, as she is doing to-day.

We love the Church because she loved us first. Such noble champions as More honored themselves in dying in her defense. If it be sweet and proper to die for one's country, how much more so is it to sacrifice oneself for that tender mother who with one hand preserves the civilization she had made, while with the other she is ever pointing onward and upward to the glorious future which awaits the fidelity of the present.

[SELECTED.]

## ERIC; or, Little by Little.

### A Tale of Roslyn School.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR,  
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

## PART FIRST.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### HOME AGAIN.

O far beyond the waters  
The fickle feet may roam,  
But they find no light so pure and bright  
As the one fair star of home:  
The star of tender hearts, lady,  
That glows in an English home.

F. W. F.

That night, when Eric returned to No. 7, full of grief, and weighed down with the sense of desolation and mystery, the other boys were silent from sympathy in his sorrow. Duncan and Lewellyn both knew and loved Russell themselves, and they were awe-struck to hear of his death; they asked some of the particulars, but Eric was not calm enough to tell them that evening. The one sense of infinite loss agitated him, and he indulged his paroxysms of emotion unrestrained, yet silently. Reader, if ever the life has been cut short which you most dearly loved, if ever you have been made to feel absolutely lonely in the world, then, and then only, will you appreciate the depth of his affliction.

But, like all affliction, it purified and sanctified. To Eric, as he rested his aching head on a pillow wet with tears, and vainly sought for the sleep whose blessing he had never learned to prize before, how odious seemed all the vice which he had seen and partaken in since he became an inmate of that little room. How his soul revolted with infinite disgust from the language which he had heard, and the open glorying in sin of which he had so often been a witness. The stain and the shame of sin fell heavier than ever on his heart; it rode on his breast like a nightmare; it haunted his fancy with visions of guilty memory, and shapes of horrible regret. The ghosts of buried misdoings, which he had thought long lost in the mists of recollection, started up, menacingly from

their forgotten graves, and made him shrink with a sense of their awful reality. Behind him, like a wilderness, lay years which the locust had eaten; the intrusted hours which had passed away, and been reckoned to him as they passed.

And the thought of Russell mingled with all—Russell, as he fondly imaged him now, glorified with the glory of heaven, crowned, and in white robes, and with a palm in his hand. Yes, he had walked and talked with one of the Holy Ones. Had Edwin's death quenched his human affections, and altered his human heart? If not, might not he be there even now, leaning over his friend with the beauty of his invisible presence? The thought startled him, and seemed to give an awful lustre to the moonbeam which fell into the room. No! he could not endure such a presence now, with his weak conscience and corrupted heart; and Eric hid his head under the clothes, and shut his eyes.

Once more the pang of separation entered like iron into his soul. Should he ever meet Russell again? What if he had died instead of Edwin, where would he have been? "Oh, no! no!" he murmured aloud, as the terrible thought came over him of his own utter unfitness for death, and the possibility that he might never never again hear the beloved accents, or gaze on the cherished countenance of his school friend.

In this tumult of accusing thoughts he fell asleep; but that night the dew of blessing did not fall for him on the fields of sleep. He was frightened by unbidden dreams, in all of which his conscience obtruded on him his sinfulness, and his affection called up the haunting lineaments of the dear face. He was wandering down a path, at the end of which Russell stood with open arms inviting him earnestly to join him there; he saw his bright ingenuous smile, and heard, as of old, his joyous words, and he hastened to meet him; when suddenly the boy-figure disappeared, and in its place he saw the stern brow, and gleaming garments, and drawn, flaming sword of the Avenger. And then he was in a great wood alone, and wandering, when the well-known voice called his name, and entreated him to turn from that evil place; and he longed to turn,—but, whenever he tried, ghostly hands seemed to wave him back again, and irresistible cords to drag him into the dark forest, amid the sound of mocking laughs. Then he was sinking, sinking, sinking into a gulf, deep and darker even than the inner darkness of a sin-desolated heart; sinking, helplessly, hopelessly, everlastingly; while far away, like a star, stood the loved figure in light infinitely above him, and with pleading hands imploring his deliverance, but could not prevail; and Eric was still sinking, sinking infinitely, when the agony awoke him with a violent start and stifled scream.

He could sleep no longer. Whenever he closed his eyes he saw the pale, dead, holy features of Edwin, and at last he fancied that he was praying beside his corpse, praying to be more like *him*, who lay there so white and calm; sorrowing beside it, sorrowing that he had so often rejected his kind warnings, and pained his affectionate heart. So Eric began again to make good resolutions about all his future life. Ah! how often he had done so before, and how often they had failed. He had not yet learned the lessons which David learned by sad experience: "Then I said, it is mine own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

That, too, was an eventful night for Montagu. He had grown of late far more thoughtful than before; under Edwin's influence he had been laying aside, one by one, the careless sins of school life, and his tone was nobler and manlier than it had ever been. Montagu had never known or heard much about godliness; his father, a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of the world, had trained him in the principles of refinement and good taste,

and given him a high standard of conventional honor; but he passed through life lightly, and had taught his son to do the same. Possessed of an ample fortune, which Montagu was to inherit, he troubled himself with none of the deep mysteries of life, and

"Pampered the coward heart  
With feelings all too delicate for use;  
Nursing in some delicious solitude  
His dainty loves and slothful sympathies."

But Montagu in Edwin's sick-room and by his death-bed; in the terrible storm at the Stack, and by contact with Dr. Rowlands' earnestness, and Mr. Rose's deep, unaffected, sorrow-mingled piety; by witnessing Eric's failures and recoveries; and by beginning to take in his course the same heartfelt interest which Edwin taught him—Montagu, in consequence of these things had begun to see another side of life, which awoke all his dormant affections and profoundest reasonings. It seemed as though, for the first time, he began to catch some of

"The still sad music of humanity,"

and to listen with deep eagerness to the strain. Hitherto, to be well dressed, handsome, agreeable, rich, and popular, had been to him a realized ideal of life; but now he awoke to higher and worthier aims; and once, when Russell, whose intelligent interest in his work exceeded that of any other boy, had pointed out to him that solemn question:

"Dost thou think, O Niceratus, that those of the dead who once shared in every luxury in life have now departed from the divinity?"

he had entered into its meaning with wonderful vividness. So that, without losing any of that winning gracefulness of address which made him so great a favorite with the school, it became evident to all that he combined with it a touching earnestness. Sometimes when he read the Bible to Edwin he began to wonder at his past ignorance and selfishness, and humbly hoped for better things. All that night of death he had truer comfort than Eric—for he cast his cares on God; more calm than Eric—for he fixed his hopes on the Son of God; greater strength granted him than Eric—because he had learned not to rely upon his own; less fear and torment than Eric—because he laid the burden of his sins before the cross, and, as a child, believed in their forgiveness for His sake who died thereon.

The holidays were approaching. Eric, to escape as much as possible from his sorrow, plunged into the excitement of working for the examination, and rapidly made up for lost ground. He now spent most of his time with the best of his friends, particularly Montagu, Owen, and Upton; for Upton, like himself, had been much sobered by sorrow at their loss. This time he came out *second* in his form, and gained more than one prize. This was his first glimpse of real delight since Russell's death; and when the prize-day came, and he stood with his companions in the flower-decorated room, and went up amid universal applause to take his prize-books, and receive a few words of compliment from the governor who took the chair, he felt almost happy, and keenly entered into the pleasure which his success caused, as well as into the honors won by his friends. One outward sign only remained of his late bereavement—his mourning dress. All the prize-boys wore rosebuds or lilies of the valley in their button-holes on the occasion, but on this day Eric would not wear them. Little Wright, who was a great friend of theirs, had brought some as a present both to Eric and Montagu, as they stood together on the prize-day morning; they took them with thanks, and as their eyes met, they understood each other's thoughts.

"No," said Eric to Wright, "we won't wear these to day, although we have both got prizes. Come along; I know what we will do with them."

They all three walked together to the little green quiet churchyard, where, by his own request, Edwin had been buried. Many a silent visit had the friends paid to that grave, on which the turf was now green again and the daisies had begun to blossom. A stone had just been placed to mark the spot, and they read:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

AN ORPHAN

WHO DIED AT ROSLYN SCHOOL, MAY, 1847,  
AGED FIFTEEN YEARS.

"Is it well with the child? It is well."

1 Kings, iv, 26.

The three boys stood by the grave in silence and sorrow for a time.

"He would have been the gladdest at our success, Monty," said Eric; "let us leave the signs of it upon his grave."

And, with reverent hand, scattering over that small mound the choice rosebuds and fragrant lilies with their green leaves, they turned away without another word.

The next morning the great piles of corded boxes which crowded the passage were put on the couch, and the boys, gladly leaving the deserted building, drove in every sort of vehicle to the steamer. What joyous, triumphant mornings those were! How the heart exulted and bounded with the sense of life and pleasure, and how universal was the gladness and good-humor of every one. Never were voyages so merry as those of the steamer that day, and even the "good-byes" that had to be said at Southpool were lightly borne. From thence the boys quickly scattered to the different railways, and the numbers of those who were travelling together got thinner as the distance increased. Wright and one or two others went nearly all the way with Eric, and when he got down at the little roadside station, from whence started the branch rail to Ayrton, he bade them a merry and affectionate farewell. The branch train soon started, and in another hour he would be at Fairholm.

It was not till then that his home feelings awoke in all their intensity. He had not been there for a year. At Roslyn the summer holidays were nine weeks, and the holidays at Christmas and Easter were short, so that it had not been worth while to travel so far as Fairholm, and Eric had spent his Christmas with friends in another part of the island. But now he was once more to see dear Fairholm, and his aunt, his cousin Fanny, and above all, his little brother. His heart was beating fast with joy, and his eyes sparkling with pleasure and excitement. As he thrust his head out of the window, each well-remembered landmark gave him the delicious sensation of meeting again an old friend. "Ah! there's the white bridge, and there's the canal, and the stile; and *there* runs the river, and there's Velvet Lawn. Hurrah! here we are." And springing out of the train before it had well stopped, he had shaken hands heartily with the old coachman, who was expecting him, and jumped up into the carriage in a moment.

Through the lanes he knew so well, by whose hedgerows he had so often plucked sorrel and wild roses; past the old church with its sleeping churchyard; through the quiet village, where every ten yards he met old acquaintances who looked pleased to see him, and whom he greeted with glad smiles and nods of recognition; past the Latin school, from which came murmurs and voices as of yore (what a man he felt himself now by comparison!)—by the old Roman camp, where he had imagined such heroic things when he was a little child; through all the scenes so rich with the memories and associations of his happy childhood, they flew along; and now they had entered the avenue, and Eric was painfully on the look-out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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SEVERAL letters and exchanges have failed to reach us in time because they were directed to South Bend instead of to Notre Dame. Will subscribers and friends generally bear in mind that our address is

Editor SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

AMONG the guests of the College at the time of Rt. Bishop Borgess' visit to the College, we welcomed Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Rev. J. Kraemer, and Rev. F. Bach.

WE congratulate the Law Class on their having Mr. Bigelow for Professor. We do not know all the members of the class, but it must be a strong one to induce the authorities of the College to place Mr. Bigelow over it, as that position must interfere with his other duties, or tax his energy to the utmost to fulfil them and the one newly imposed upon him.

THE visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess was an event that spread universal pleasure throughout Notre Dame and St. Mary's. On Wednesday the Rt. Rev. Prelate promoted Rev. E. Lilly to the diaconate, and Rev. Mr. O'Connell to the subdiaconate. We congratulate both the Rev. gentlemen on their promotion, and hope to see them both soon raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

WE regret that the rigorous accomplishment of a daily duty prevented us from being present at the re-union of the St. Edward's Society, on Tuesday evening. It would have pleased us as much to be present as it gave us gratification to receive the invitation, which was made not only in due form, in pen and ink, but also by the two *handsomest* Students of the College, Messrs.—we were going to give their names, but we refrain. We are highly pleased to hear that the St. Ed's are doing well.

THE royal Thespians gave a royal banquet on the principle of "prepare for one hundred if you expect to have fifty guests at table." It was no stage affair, where you only "go through the motions;" and yet, in parenthesis, or in a stage whisper, we remark that we must not be considered as depreciating the "stage" banquets, for apart from the effect they have, at a distance, on some hungry lookers-on, they have the pleasing result of rendering those who partake of them perfect adepts when it comes to the real business of surrounding *bona fide* turkeys, gives them dexterity and grace in the handling of knife and fork, and an enlarged capacity for preserving mince-pie. After the substantial had been properly and masterfully disposed of, speeches were called for, and several responded, among whom were Rev. Father Lemonnier, Rev. Messrs. O'Connell and Bigelow and Prof. Stace, and our long-tried friend, Mr. McMichael, the genial and efficient foreman of the AVE MARIA Office. We presume a full report of the proceedings will be given, and consequently we do not enter more fully into details.

ALL our friends, who were invited to our last evening entertainment, will please consider themselves invited to attend the Exhibition which the Thespians will give on the evening of the 26th.

THE "Vision of St. Cecilia" was written expressly for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association by its excellent and highly-esteemed friend, "Mariaphilos," to whom the members of the Association wish to return their heartfelt thanks.

THE thanks of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association are returned to the chief manager of the Junior Refectory, Bro. Leo and his assistants, who spared no pains to please them on various occasions, especially that of their splendid lunch, Wednesday, 13th inst.

WE are sorry to hear of the death of one of our esteemed old students, Mr. W. H. Calhoun, who died at Nashville the 14th inst., of congestion of the brain. All his old comrades of '63 and '64 will regret to hear of his death at an age (27) when the brightest prospects and the good wishes of a large community would have rendered his life one of usefulness.

WE have been disappointed in our Professor of Painting, Mr. De Blaye, of Belgium, who, having had the good fortune of receiving the highest prizes at the Art Exhibition of Brussels, was offered an appointment from the Belgian Government. Another artist of equal merit is expected from Paris at an early date. We promise the lovers of art to gratify their sight by some Fine Art Exhibitions. At present we must content ourselves with inviting them to call at the Studio, and judge, by the Drawings constantly exhibited there, of the merit of our young artists.

ALL the Students going west left Notre Dame Wednesday morning, at half past five o'clock, for South Bend, where a special train was in waiting for them and the pupils of the Academy, to start at half past six o'clock for Chicago. The officers of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, who are always kind and ready to accommodate, will accept the heartfelt thanks of those they obliged on this occasion, and particularly of the Superiors of the two Institutions.

Prof. Lyons and several other members of the Faculty accompanied the students as far as Chicago, and there saw to their comfort and all that related to railroad fares, etc., for further travelling

VERY REV. FATHER CORBY accompanied the students as far as Laporte, Wednesday morning, and seeing every thing on board was most satisfactory, he returned home, leaving the precious freight of young lives in care of the excellent conductor, Mr. Baker, and the members of the Faculty who were accompanying the travellers as far as Chicago. We have heard that the scene presented at the Michigan Southern depot when the one hundred and seventy passengers alighted was lively in the extreme, many of the parents being present to welcome their sons and daughters. The night trains East, West, North and South carried away those who went farther—to Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Paul and Cincinnati. May they have a pleasant time!

THE Class of Law will reopen after the holidays, under the direction of Mr. F. Bigelow. We need not say, in commendation of Mr. Bigelow, that the eight years of Law studies and attendance at the bar of Dayton fit him well for the direction of the Law Department, which, under him, we hope, will occupy the rank it justly deserves.

Rev. Father Neyron will likewise reopen his class of Descriptive Anatomy and Physiology. We need not recommend the teaching of the experienced surgeon, whose skill is well known all over the country. We hope that many of our stu-

dents will avail themselves of the opportunity offered them to commence their course of medicine.

The time spent in the class of Anatomy at Notre Dame will be taken into consideration at any of the medical schools of the country, and certificates are awarded in June to those who have deserved them.

## A Week at St. Mary's.

THE 8th of December was the patronal feast of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, and the Community, with the Academy and Novitiate connected with it, celebrated the feast with the piety and devotion that religious usually manifest on such anniversary days. Very Rev. Father General celebrated High Mass at eight o'clock, at which all the pupils of the Academy were present. At an early Mass the young ladies composing the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and other Catholic pupils, together with the members of the Community, received Holy Communion.

In the afternoon, after Vespers, the touching ceremony of the admission of members and candidates into the Sodalities of the Children of Mary and of the Holy Angels, was presided over by the Very Rev. celebrant of the morning Mass. It is useless for us to lay before the general reader, who glances over these columns for short items of College and Academy news, a full account of this beautiful ceremony, and of the emotions it inspired in the hearts of all who beheld it. We need say no more than that it was highly edifying, and it, no doubt, made a deep impression on the hearts of the young girls who enrolled themselves in the Children of Mary—an impression which, we hope, will never be obliterated.

The names of the young ladies are given in another column of the paper; and also the names of the officers of the Sodality. The election took place after the ceremony of admission, and was effected with the utmost harmony.

The arrival of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, of Detroit, at the College, for the ordination of Messrs. Lilly and O'Connell, happily coincided with the celebration of another festival—the patronal feast of the little chapel of the Children of Mary, which is a *fac simile* of the Holy House of Nazareth. The miraculous translation of the House in which the Son of God became incarnate, was celebrated on the 14th this year, as the second Sunday of Advent coming on the 10th prevented the celebration taking place on the usual day.

At an early hour the festival began by the celebration of Masses in the Chapel, which was tastefully decorated. Very Rev. Father General said Low Mass at 5.30, A. M. Other Masses were said by various priests, among whom was the talented young priest, Rev. J. Kraemer, Pastor of St. John's, Michigan.

At seven o'clock Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess celebrated Mass, at which the children of Mary and many other Catholic children were present.

At eight o'clock the pupils partook of a frugal breakfast, that had been prepared for them in the rooms connected with the chapel; as it was a *déjeuner à la fourchette*—"no cards" and no seats, they enjoyed the repast on account of its novelty, and because it was to come off once a year.

The morning was very pleasantly spent until dinner time, at which eventful hour the pleasure was by no means decreased. As we are very poor judges of dinners and music, we refrain from any remarks upon the noon repast, as well as upon a musical entertainment at 3 P.M., which the young ladies gave in honor of the Rt. Rev. Prelate. In this connection we need do no more than repeat the words of the Bishop, who, a thorough musician himself, gave judicious praise to those who sang or played,—and who remarked, after

leaving the hall, to some of the guests, that it was a rare thing to find such perfect performers in a young ladies' school. Rev. Father Kraemer went further in his commendations,—but he is young, and though we believe what he said was perfectly true, we think it better to let it descend to future generations in the form of tradition, than to fix it in type at the present date.

In the evening the Litany of Loreto was sung by the conventual choir. We have heard a great deal said about the College choir and we have heard very good music coming from around the grand old organ in the College Church, but we never read anything about the choir of St. Mary's. The reason is not because the choir does not deserve mention, for the finest sacred music we have heard this side of the ocean we have heard in the humble chapel of St. Mary's, but as the members sing for God, and not to stir up the admiration of the hearers, they have always had the good fortune of being passed over in silence. Were it allowed us to give the names of some of the singers, those who know them, or who heard them some years ago, would need no testimony from us to be assured that the choir produces good music.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop after delivering an eloquent and moving sermon, brought the celebration to a close by giving the benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament.

On the 16th the pupils of the Graduating and of the First Senior Classes gave an evening entertainment in honor of the "Name-Day" of their teacher; but of this we cannot now speak, as we have already kept the printer waiting, and our good friend the foreman is in a hurry to lock up.

### Christmas Holidays.

It has been often said that the Christmas Holidays are a great inconvenience in Colleges, and many arguments have been brought forward to prove it; still, with all that, the inconvenience does not abate but rather increases year after year. Students are obstinate, parents are incredulous and tender-hearted; the class-rooms must be emptied for two weeks; studies must be neglected for three and often four weeks; for, a little allowance must be made for settling down to work after the return and for packing up trunks, valises, etc., and for making out a programme for two weeks of good fun before starting. Then, also, homesickness interferes greatly with Bullion or Robinson (not the circus man). Things are very dry after the holidays; the halls of the College are somewhat gloomy; the College fare is hard to digest; the dormitories, aye, the dormitories, and the bell at 5:30 A. M.—'tis enough to disgust one forever of College life; and it is very often the case that a Christmas trip home will go against the expectations of parents and make of a studious and earnest boy a lazy, care-for-nothing lad.

However, we wish all the dear boys who go home all the pleasure they anticipate. *We put ourselves in their place* and wish for them what we would wish for ourselves, viz., plenty of fun. May they enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and when the moment for returning bids them leave home, may they do it cheerfully, and promptly fill up the College halls, where they will receive a hearty welcome.

All the students are expected to be back at Notre Dame on the third of January.

### Thanks.

The members of the Thespian Society take this means of publicly conveying their hearty thanks to Bro. Ildfonse, for the kindness displayed by him towards them, in preparing their banquet on the 19th of December. With great inconvenience

to himself, with loss of time and much work, he prepared for them a feast so abundant, so tasty and so good, that even the grumblinest of grumbling men could not find the least thing at which to even slightly grumble. For his kindness the members of the Thespian Society now thank him and assure him that they will ever be under obligations to him.

F. C. B.

### A Visit to the Studio.

A visit to class-room No. 2, or, as it is called, the Studio, will amply repay the visitor, by enabling him to see the improvement made by the Students in the various classes of drawing, etc. Of course he will find much that is simply mediocre along with what is really excellent; for many of the Students are merely beginners in the art of drawing. But all of the specimens exhibited, show great care and painstaking,—and we can trace the improvement of the pupils from the mere lines roughly drawn when the Student was going through the elementary course, up to the finely finished designs of the more advanced.

We made a visit to the Studio a few days ago. Bro. Albert, who takes pleasure in showing the work of his pupils to the visitor, welcomed us cordially and was ready to answer all our enquiries concerning the progress, proficiency, etc., of his young artists. Bro. Albert is one of those quiet, unostentatious men, who is enthusiastic in his art, and whose delight is in his Studio. He is a conscientious teacher and strives to imbue his pupils with those high and holy ideas which should ever animate the soul of the artist. All persons having a love for the beautiful and a taste for art, are sure of finding in him that sympathy which urges them on, which encourages them to advance farther and farther in their studies.

In the drawing of figures, the specimens of Messrs. Mitchell, McGahan and Devoto, show the greatest improvement. We should judge, from what we have seen, that, should Messrs. Mitchell and Devoto continue, their tastes would lead them to become painters of historical subjects or portrait painters. Mr. McGahan is more inclined to become, we think, a painter of *genre* pieces. All three of the gentlemen show a decided taste and ability, and their improvement is rapid and good. They understand that they must have *first* the genius and *then* bring hard work to bear in their art. Messrs. Clarke, Zimmer and Marshall have also on exhibition some very creditable specimens of figure drawing.

In landscape drawing Messrs. Kelly and Kaufman give us the best specimens. It is in landscape painting that American artists have been the most successful. And at present the American artists can, in this branch of painting, rival those of any other country. Messrs. Miller, Campeau, Munn, Campbell and Lange also exhibit some very fair specimens in this branch.

In flower drawing we saw but one specimen, that of Mr. W. Kelly, which was executed with much taste and skill.

In animal drawing Mr. Kaufman has done very well—though we prefer his endeavors in landscape, where he seems to be far more at home.

Messrs. Dundon, Rumely and Obert, in machine drawing give very fair specimens. This branch of drawing pertains more to the useful than to the fine arts, but as the gentlemen wish, perhaps, to make their art serviceable to them when they enter business we will not quarrel with them for adopting it.

W. Lucas, J. Kilcoin and W. Quinlan show specimens in architectural drawing, all of which are very creditable, though we should judge that they have not been studying long.

In linear drawing Messrs. Luhn and Schwab are the only exhibitors of specimens. These specimens are done in rather good style—from which we infer

that they will exhibit in the course of time much better specimens

We were well pleased with our visit to the studio, and would urge all who wish to spend a pleasant half hour to follow our example and visit it also. They will find themselves well entertained and will often repeat their visit.

### The Thespian Banquet.

The Thespians seldom do things by halves. When they do anything, they do it well. Is it an Exhibition—who ever saw the Thespians fail! Do they have a supper—who ever knew a single guest to go away otherwise than well satisfied—nay, more than satisfied! So when we received an invitation from our friend, Marcus J. Moriarty, Corresponding Secretary of the Thespian Society, to attend the "Thespian Banquet" in the Senior Refectory, on Tuesday, December 19th, we immediately said to ourselves—"We'll be there." And we were there—and we saw there members of the Society, all drawn up in battle array; we saw there the Director of the Association, Rev. Father Lemonnier—an ex-Director, Rev. Father Gillespie, Rev. J. O'Connell, Mr. W. C. McMichael, Profs. Stace, Clarke, Regniers, Mr. F. C. Bigelow, Dramatic Instructor of the Association, and others. And as we looked around upon the happy faces of those assembled, our mind wandered back to the good old times when "the good and generous Thespians," as Father Provincial calls them, used to assemble for like purposes. There were different faces, but they were real *Thespian faces*—just as those assembled were *Thespian faces*. Moriarty sits there in Chamberlain's chair; Darr, in Ed. Brown's; O'Mahony, in O'Mally's; Watson, in Schutt's; Cochrane, in Crowley's—but we can't run over all the names of all the "old boys," nor of the "new" ones. If we go on at that rate, the viands will become cold.

And now for the feast. Three large, plump Turkeys laid in state on three different tables, surrounded by the accessories which should surround those noble fowls—something to wash them—not whole—down our throats, etc. We haven't a "Bill of Fare" with us to run over all the dishes. Suffice it to say that everything was gotten up by Bro. Ildfonse in Bro. Ildfonse's own way. Isn't that enough to say? If he don't know how to cater to your taste, can your taste be catered to?

After all had partaken freely of the good things set before them, Father Lemonnier, having been called upon, arose and feelingly addressed those assembled. It was to the Thespians, he said, that the College always looked to represent it, and of it the College had always reason to feel proud. Father Gillespie, in answer to the calls of the members, spoke of the Society when he was connected with it both as a student and afterwards as an officer of the University. He said that he had been already taking steps to have written a complete history of "*The glorious old Thespians*" from the year 1844 to the year 1871. Rev. J. O'Connell, Profs. Stace and Clarke, Mr. W. C. McMichael, and Frank C. Bigelow also spoke briefly, thanking the members for their kindness and hospitality.

Bro. Ildfonse deserves great praise for the manner in which he prepared the banquet. He left nothing undone that would tend to make it a complete success. His face showed that he enjoyed it as much as any of those present. R.

DIFFERENT MODES OF EXPRESSION.—Giles Jenkins says: "The profusion and color of his Amelia's hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by the nimble fingers of the easy hours as they glided through bright June days, whose sunny rays of light had been caught in the meshes and were content to go no further." Joe Brown expresses the same thing by saying, "Her hair is awful red."

### The St. Edward's Banquet.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th instant, at half past seven, o'clock, the St. Edward's Literary Association entertained their friends at a splendid banquet in the Senior Refectory. The guests were numerous and distinguished, and the viands well chosen, rich and substantial. After those viands had received ample justice, the toast-master, Mr. Keeley, arose, and after a neat and appropriate preface, proposed the first toast in the following terms:

1. Notre Dame University. One of the most, if not the most justly celebrated centers of Christian piety, and most distinguished seats of learning in our country, within whose peaceful walls is heard the voice of arts and sciences, tuned by and blended with the subduing and ravishing notes of a divine religion. Brilliant has been her glorious career, and widely has she made herself felt in the past, but may she in the future so extend the sphere of her usefulness and the glory of her name in imparting to youth the incomparable benefits of a thoroughly religious education, as to more than realize the brightest anticipations, and satisfy the most cherished hopes of her noble founders and her present worthy President.

A response to this toast was solicited from Rev. Father Granger, who replied in his usual kind and winning style.

2. The Faculty of the University, whose councils, firm yet tempered with mildness, are ever presided over and inspired by the spirit of justice and equity, and whose wholesome measures are always indicative of, and characterised by that which is most intimately connected with the integrity, honor, and success of the University and the well being and happiness of the student. May the ordinances emanating from them be such as to command the respect, esteem, and obedience of each and every personage coming under their province.

Prof. Howard responded to this toast with the quiet dignity and propriety for which he has always been distinguished.

3. Our Professors, who have devoted their time and their talents to the performing of the noblest duties of life, next to the priesthood, namely, the proper training of youth. Theirs is the sacred science of moulding the minds and rendering more comprehensive their scope, and of shaping the characters, mental and moral, of those confided to their fostering care, instilling into the heart the pure love of truth and insatiable grasping after knowledge; may their pupils wisely appreciate their labors and profit by their teachings in such a manner as to become in after time an honor to their preceptors.

Father Colovin responded in the elegant and scholarly style so well known to all those who have ever had the pleasure of hearing him.

4. Our Honored Guests; their presence on the present occasion is a bountiful mine of much happiness and gratification to us. From our heart of hearts we bid you welcome, thrice welcome to our little feast, which has satisfied the inner man, and now we invite you to share with us in that higher, nobler, grander dish, "The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Father O'Rourke replied in a choice and discursive flow of eloquence which gratified the hearts of all present.

The St. Edward's Literary Association;—though founded but a few years back, yet, under the able guidance and efficient management of a succession of distinguished Presidents, it has made rapid strides and surprising progress in the ennobling domain of science, literature and eloquence. Till now it has attained a stage of success hitherto unequalled, claiming the unqualified admiration of its most sanguine friends, and destined still to enhance its enviable reputation, while its beloved President, Rev. Father Lemonnier, skillfully directs the helm.

Rev. A. Lemonnier responded briefly in a jocular strain to this toast.

6. Our Old and Honored Members;—links in the

golden and unbroken chain of true friendship which binds us to the past,—we are riveted to you, and you to us by an inexpressible, peculiar tie, a romantic affection, which ever springs up between brothers of the same association. Glad are we that you are with us again.

Responded to by Mr. Tighe, whose address was warmly applauded.

7. Our Active Members: actuated by a fixed determination to advance the best interests of their Association, and reflect honor on their *Alma Mater*, they work with a will, and assuredly they have no reason to fear for the prosperity of their Association, but have every reason to hope that they will ultimately encompass their end, while under the able leadership and skillful tactics of their accredited and acknowledged superior, our genial and polished friend, Mr. Thomas O'Mahony.

Mr. O'Mahony replied at some length, giving a statistic account of the condition, progress, ends, and aims of the St. Edward's Literary Association, which was very gratifying to all present.

8. Our Sister Associations: well and grandly are they straining every nerve and bringing into active play every muscle, striving after the laudable objects for which they were founded; our co-laborers in the field of intellectual culture and literary attainments, as well as in the pursuit of whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, and whatever things are of good report in arts, sciences, and religion—may we be joined to you and you to us in one common, mutual brotherhood, and may the indissoluble bond of fraternal love now existing between us and drawing us together, be clasped by that buckle wherein sparkle the words Unity, Friendship, Brotherhood.

Prof. A. J. Stace responded, in the absence of Rev. Father Carrier, for whom he was commissioned to apologize.

9. The College Press; the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, devoted as it is to the interests of the Students whose invaluable friend it is, it has long since gained, through excellence and merits as a College paper, a conspicuous place in that galaxy of College sheets, which appear on the Literary horizon of America, as is evinced from its wide circulation. The choicest flowers of inexhaustible imaginations are culled wherewith to adorn its spicy columns. We anticipate for the SCHOLASTIC as brilliant a future as its present is successful under its highly satisfactory management.

In the absence of Rev. Father Gillespie, Prof. Ivers responded in that facetious style which renders him so popular in the University. He exhorted the members of the St. Edward's Literary Association themselves to be more zealous in contributing to our College paper, thereby improving themselves in composition, and rendering the SCHOLASTIC more interesting to their friends. Prof. Ivers sat down amid loud and prolonged cheering.

The regular toasts being now finished, promiscuous conviviality followed, and the party at length broke up, well pleased with both entertainment and entertainers. SCIURUS.

COMPLIMENTS TO THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEANS.—The Committee of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, of Notre Dame, will accept our thanks for their kind invitation to one of the best entertainments it has ever been our fortune to attend. Nearly or quite fifty of the students had parts in the exercises, which throughout were of the most interesting character; and where all did so well it would be ungenerous to select any one for special praise.

The first part of the exercises consisted of songs, the reading of a poem "St. Cecilia's Vision," a declamation, a burlesque address, etc.

The second part was a "Drama of the Fifteenth Century," written by one of the faculty, which was received with the liveliest interest—many of the parts being greeted with loud applause. It was finely rendered in all its parts, the acting being more like that of professionals than school-

boys. The cornet band and orchestra furnished splendid music, and no one who was there last Tuesday night will fail to attend on any similar occasion.—*Mishawaka Enterprise*.

### The Last Exhibition.

The following cast of characters of the Drama performed the night of the 12th inst. by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, was omitted in the last SCHOLASTIC. It will afford an eye-witness of the performance an opportunity to allude to some parts, and the manner in which some of the young gentlemen performed them. We hope the accomplished linguist, whom the St. Cecilians have to thank for the report of their exhibition, will not take offense at the few additional remarks which we presume to make:

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Spoleto,.....	C. Dodge	Riccardo, (his squire,).....	C. Hutchings
Prince of Macerata,.....	S. E. Dum	Count Bartolo,.....	M. Foote
Antonio, (his son, a boy,).....	F. Eagan	Balthazar, (Arbalester, friend of Antonio)....	C. Berdel
Stephano, (Teacher of Antonio,).....	J. McHugh	Leonardo, (A Soldier,).....	M. Mahony
Gratiano,.....	V. McKinnon	Giacomo, (Squire of Bartolo,).....	J. Kilcoin
Fabiano, (Governor of Montefalco,).....	L. Hayes	Reginald, (Officer of the Prince of Macerata,).....	D. Hogan
Paolo, (A Jailor,).....	H. Taylor	Zucchi, (A Blacksmith,).....	L. McOsker
Piedro,.....	E. Shea	Beppo,.....	W. Fletcher
Vicentio,.....	L. Hibben	Pacifico,.....	J. Rumely
Alphonso,.....	W. Quinlan	Piccolo,.....	H. Hunt
Marso, (A Soldier,).....	J. Hogan	Andrea, (A Squire of the Duke's,).....	E. Roberts
Orlando, (Officer to the Prince,).....	P. Reilly	Alberto,.....	R. Lange
Gabrin,.....	F. Arantz	Castello,.....	F. McOsker
Orazio,.....	W. Kelly	Silvio, (A Courier,).....	B. Roberts
Carlo,.....	F. Phalan	Alfieri,.....	E. Sheehan
Almeno,.....	S. Ashton	Rafaele,.....	R. Hutchings
Manfred,.....	J. Spillard	Angelo,.....	P. Cooney
Rossi,.....	J. Quill	Closing Remarks,....	Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, Detroit

Taking the Exhibition of the 12th as a whole, we may fairly proclaim it a great success, and in this we are sustained by those who witnessed it. In each of its parts, Literary, Musical and Dramatic, it bears us out no less felicitously. With the exception of the burlesque address, which was too long, and laid the programme open to the just criticisms which apply to digressions, the Literary part, blended with the Musical score, served well as a fitting introduction to the main feature of the evening—the Drama.

It must be said here, *en passant*, that the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, whose object is the cultivation of Music, Elocution and the Drama, have, from time immemorial, given more than a reasonable scope in their programmes to each of the above subjects. On this last occasion, however, an improvement on former Exhibitions was made, to the satisfaction of all; the Elocutionary part was much shorter than usual, and we hope will be still shorter in future, for we do not admit of its necessity, and still less of its fitness in a programme containing a Drama, wherein Elocution has a full scope for display.

In the previous report of the Play "Mathetes" gave due credit to the principal actors; it is therefore useless to repeat the praises bestowed on C. Dodge, in his splendid rendering of the Duke of Spoleto; on M. Foote, in his acting of the part of Bartolo, the grieved father, the type of knights, full of honor and of years; on Antonio, alias Julio,

the attractive subject of the Play, the innocent lad stolen away and crowned heir of a throne, a part so well rendered throughout its difficult phases by Frank Egan; on C. Berdel, as the noble, good-hearted, jovial and earnest soldier, than whom no better levelled the arbalest on the stage; on Stephano, the superannuated pedagogue, so well portrayed by the acting of J. McHugh. These parts have already been noticed elsewhere, and therefore we dismiss them to speak of a few others not mentioned before.

The Prince of Macerata was represented by S. Dum, and, although in speaking as in Piano playing Mr. Dum might improve his self-control, and apply the *festina lente*, still we must give him credit for ease and grace in rendering his part.

C. Hutchings, as Riccardo, would have been perfect, had his voice supported him properly. The earnestness of his part demanded more the use of the chest register than of the falsetto.

L. Hayes, as Fabiano, the stern commander of the fortress, acted his part as well as could be expected from a good elocutionist. His self-possession and perfect ease on the stage make him capable of the most difficult parts.

Leonardo the soldier, a sort of loose individual, much about the castle and little under discipline, could not be much better rendered than it was by Mr. Mahony.

Gratiano and Lorenzo, two young pages, friends of Julio, were respectively rendered by V. McKinnon and W. Myers. Considering that these young lads made their *debut* on that occasion, they did well. More buoyancy and a livelier action would have much enhanced their playing, however.

Giacomo, the Squire of Bartolo, true to his old master, was appropriately rendered by Mr. J. Kilcoin. Mr. Kilcoin is capable of acting more difficult parts than Giacomo's.

Paolo, the jailor, Mr. H. Taylor, and Zucchi, the blacksmith, Mr. L. McOsker, gave full satisfaction.

The few other speaking characters, Pedro, E. Shea, Beppo, W. Fletcher, Vicentio, L. Hibben, Pacifico, J. Rumely, Alphonso, W. Quinlan, Piccolo, H. Hunt, were likewise well rendered. The same might be said of Andrea, E. Roberts, Orlando, P. Reilly, Silvio, B. Roberts, and Alberto, R. Lange.

We were particularly pleased with the distinct and clear articulation of all those who were on the stage that night, and believe that very few words were lost to the audience.

The whole *mise en scene* of the Play was seldom equalled, and, probably, never surpassed on the stage of Notre Dame. The general movements, which often demanded a small legion of actors, were performed with accuracy and ease.

The singing which took place in the first act, during Bartolo's sleep, and in the last act in the chapel, where Bartolo and his tried companions had met to implore God's assistance, added greatly to the beauty of the play.

The fencing by C. Dodge and C. Berdel was perfect in its naturalness and seeming earnestness.

As to the scenery and general entourage, which added their lustre to the grand display, eyes less familiar than ours with our stage properties could not but admire what even we thought beautiful and grand.

At the end of the play, the Right Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, arose and addressed the assembly in a very happy manner. He alluded first to the splendid performance just enacted, which had been to him and all present a source of real pleasure and even edification. He praised those who had acquitted themselves so satisfactorily, both in the Drama and in the Musical part of the programme, and then, "*sic parvis componere magna solebam*," he bethought himself of the years gone by, when he, too, had a part in the school-plays, the memory of which days had been pleasingly re-

called by what he had just seen. Then, growing fervid and eloquent, he took up the subject of education, of its importance at our epoch, showing that the future of the country depended entirely on the proper raising of the young, and that it was a matter of supreme importance, which engaged the thoughts of all earnest and good Christians. After a few more remarks of the Right Rev. speaker, the assembly adjourned, and thus ended one of the most pleasant evenings of Notre Dame.

On the following day a grand oyster lunch was prepared for those who took part in the Exhibition. The St. Cecilia Philomatheans, in force, of course, the Philharmonics and our glorious band, sat around the board of the Junior Refectory, and did full justice to the good things which a plentiful hand had displayed before them.

The Brass Band discoursed its best tunes and ended appropriately the festivities celebrated in honor of St. Cecilia.

**Holiday Entertainment,**

TO BE GIVEN BY THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 26, 1871, AT WASHINGTON HALL.

**PROGRAMME.**

Music.....N. D. U. C. B  
Music.....Orchestra

**"THE BOOTS AT THE SWAN:"**

*A Farce, in one Act, performed by the Thespians.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:**

Henry Higgins.....T. O'Mahony  
Frank Friskly.....M. J. Moriarty  
Jacob Earwig.....G. W. Darr  
Old Moonshine.....J. Rourke  
Peter Pippin.....J. Zimmer  
Sam.....T. Watson  
Bill.....E. J. Nugent  
Music.....Orchestra

**"BOX & COX:"**

*A Farce, in one Act, performed by the Thespians.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:**

Box (a printer).....T. Watson  
Cox (a hatter).....P. J. O'Connell  
Bouncer (proprietor of a boarding-house) E. J. Nugent  
March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. B

**Honorable Mentions.**

**FRENCH.**

T. O'Mahony, F. Badeaux, C. Campeau.

**GERMAN.**

J. Devine, A. Schmidt, H. Hoffman, H. Beckman, J. Carr, J. Bracken, H. Hunt, H. Faxon, F. Huck, S. Wile, A. L. Wile, F. Anderson, J. Lubke, B. Fischer, P. Cooney, J. Hoffman, A. Kleine, H. Heckert, F. Devoto, J. Miller, L. Busch, W. Nelson, E. Plummer, J. Burnham, J. Humphry, C. Bloomhuff, C. St. Clair, J. Birdsall, A. McIntosh, W. Kinzie, R. Lange, F. Leffingwell, J. Rumely, J. Bowen, H. Waldorf, J. Kaufmann, W. Miller, W. Beck, H. Schulte, H. Schnellker, J. McGahan, T. Garrity.

**MUSIC.**

Piano—F. Obert, J. McHugh, G. Darr, J. Bowen, C. Beck, W. Ball, H. Schnellker, W. Breen, A. McIntosh, W. Morton, J. McFarland, G. L. Riopelle, E. Raymond, M. Weldon, F. Ready, D. O'Connell, G. Juif, J. Juif, A. Schmidt.

Vocal Music—A. McIntosh, S. McMahon, D. O'Connell, G. Riopelle, J. McGlynn, L. Roth, C. Gamache.

Violin—T. Ireland, J. Staley, J. Kauffman, J. Carr, W. Quinlan, R. Lange, J. Noonan, W. Lucas, J. Wuest, H. Heckert, A. Klein, H. Beckmann, F. Miller, A. Wile, J. Kleine.

**PENMANSHIP.**

O. Wing, L. Godfroy, J. Wernert, E. Graves, J. Crummey, E. Newton, J. Pumphrey, J. Spillard, J. Quill, H. Dehner, E. Barry, T. Phillips, H. Walker, C. Hodgson, H. Schnellker, V. Baca, J. Smarr, J. Stinson, J. Karst, J. Darmody, E. Nugent, J. Poundstone, T. Murphy, F. Ready, B. Blackman, W. Beck, E. Olwill, W. Nelson, H. Hunt, E. Dougherty, O. Waterman, T. Renshaw, V. McKinnon, T. O'Neil, J. Burnsides, F. Sweger, E. Edwards, F. McOsker, W. Fletcher, E. Monohan, R. Lange, F. Smith, M. McCormack, W. Meyer, M. Weldon, S. Ashton, F. Devoto, F. McOsker, W. Quinlan, F. Sage, B. F. Roberts, H. Beckman, W. Kelly, A. Dickerhoff, E. Asher, L. Hayes, D. O'Connell, R. Kelly, H. Taylor.

**MINIM DEPARTMENT.**

Arithmetic—First Class—E. DeGroot, E. Raymond, A. McIntosh, M. Farnbaker, P. Gall, H. Faxon, C. Beck, A. Morton, F. Huck, T. Nelson, G. Voelker.

Second Class—E. McMahon, S. McMahon, C. Faxon, J. Porter, H. Edgell, D. Salazar, E. Dasher.

**TABLE OF HONOR—MINIM DEPT.**

Dec. 16th, 1871.—F. Huck, J. O'Meara, E. DeGroot, A. Morton, J. Griffin, E. Dasher

**STATE NICKNAMES.**—Queer are the nicknames of people of the different states: The inhabitants of Alabama are called Lizards; of Arkansas, Tooth-picks; of California, Gold Hunters; of Colorado, Rovers; of Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; of Delaware, Muskrats; of Florida, Fly Up the Creeks; of Georgia, Buzzards; of Illinois, Suckers; of Indiana, Hoosiers; of Iowa, Hawkeyes; of Kansas, Jay-hawkers; of Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of Louisiana, Creoles; of Maine, Foxes; of Maryland, Craw Thumpers; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Minnesota, Gophers; of Mississippi, Tadpoles; of Missouri, Pukes; of Nebraska, Bug Eaters; of Nevada, Sage Hens; of New Hampshire, Granite Boys; of New Jersey, Blues or Clam Catchers; of New York, Knickerbockers; of North Carolina, Tar-boilers and Tuckoes; of Ohio, Buckeyes; of Oregon, Webfeet and Hard Cases; of Pennsylvania, Pennanites and Leatherheads; of Rhode Island, Gun Flints; of South Carolina, Weasels; of Tennessee, Whelps; of Texas, Beef-Heads; of Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; of Virginia, Beadles; of Wisconsin, Badgers.

**A SCOTCH ENTOMOLOGIST AND HIS GUEST.**

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college nearly thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to board and bed in his chambers. Next morning Dr. Macfly greeted his guest: "And how did ye sleep the night, Mester Beshemoth?"

"Not very well. A strange bed, perhaps. But—"

"Ah!" quoth the doctor eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten, were ye? Now can ye say it was anything noteworthy that bit ye? peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I think. But such chaps for biting I never saw in my life."

"I should think so, indeed," (with great glee,) "they're Sicilian fleas. I imported them myself."

A RACINE paper, in describing an interesting scene, says: "Overhead, not a cloud defaced the clear blue vault," and then adds, what may seem strange under the circumstances, "Not a drop of rain was falling at the time."

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, December 17, 1871.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

December 17—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, K. Brown, B. Crowley, M. Armsby, E. Plamondon, S. Johnson, A. Hamilton.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEP'T.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwin, M. Sherland, M. Toberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, J. Hogue, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahan.

First Senior Class—Misses A. Mast, M. Lassen.

Second Senior Class—Misses L. Duffield, N. Duffield, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, F. Butters, N. Piatt, E. Rollins, L. West, J. Coffey, J. Millis, D. Greene, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, H. Tompkins.

Third Senior Class—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Nelson, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, B. Cable, I. Taylor, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, N. Hogue, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Richie, T. Donahue, C. Davis.

First Preparatory Class—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahan, A. St. Clair, K. Kellogg, M. Moone, N. Sanders, C. Creveling, N. Sullivan, C. Latta, J. Walsh, B. Gaffney.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, F. Moore, M. Pinney, I. Washburn, N. Bower, J. Judy, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, A. Standard, F. Taylor, D. Willey, J. Luce, L. Eutzler, M. Kelley, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. McCarthy, K. Miller, J. Hupp, M. Leezen, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, C. Byer, L. Buchlar, E. Germain, B. Schmidt.

First German Class—Misses J. Hogue, K. Miller, M. Dillon, A. Clarke, Sr.

Second German Class—Misses V. Ball, N. Hogue, B. Cable, R. Wile.

First Drawing Class—Misses D. Green, A. Shea, A. Emmonds, M. Lange, A. Woods, B. Reynolds, two Miss Wades, J. Judy, F. Butters.

Second Drawing Class—Misses I. Edwards, E. Rollins, S. Honeymoon, C. Cummings, M. Kelly.

Oil Painting—Misses Alice Shea, J. Millis, D. Green, A. Woods.

Drawing—Misses N. Sullivan, L. Harrison.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Miss M. Kirwin.

Second Division—Misses A. Borup, I. Taylor, K. McMahan.

Second Class—Misses E. Plamondon, R. Spiers, A. Todd.

Second Division—Misses A. E. Clarke, E. Rollins, A. Gollhardt.

Third Class—Misses L. Duffield, N. Hogue, M. Prince.

Second Division—Misses M. Lange, K. Brown, E. Emonds.

Fourth Class—Misses B. Cable, I. Washburn, I. Wilder.

Second Division—Misses A. Wood, F. Moore, M. Letourneau.

Fifth Class—Misses B. Schmidt, C. Davis, A. Clarke.

Sixth Class—Misses J. Walsh, T. Donahue, L. McKinnon.

Second Division—Misses I. Edwards, E. Wade.

Seventh Class—Misses C. Creveling, L. Eutzler, M. Pfeiffer, M. McNellis, M. Carlin, E. Buchler.

Eighth Class—Misses F. Butters, M. Faxon, L. Harrison.

Ninth Class—Misses K. Follmer, F. Munn, R. Wiles.

Tenth Class—Misses T. Cronin, L. Walsh, V. Hupp.

Following a special course—Misses Tomkins, H. Niel, H. Handy, I. Logan. Harp—Misses M. Sherland, S. Dumbar. Guitar—Misses G. Kellog, H. Tomkins.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

Nov. 29—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clarke, N. Gross, M. Quan, J. Kearney, Carrie Davis, M. Walkor, M. Cummings, B. Gaffney, S. Honeyman.

HONORABLE MENTION—JR. DEP'T.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses A. Byrne, M. Quill.

Junior Preparatory Class—Misses J. Duffield, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Morgan, Lizzie Wood, M. Faxon, M. Reynolds, A. Walsh.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses A. Sweeney, B. Schmidt, L. Beular, C. Germain.

First Junior Class—Misses A. Rose, B. Quan, N. O'Mara, K. Fullman, K. Lloyd, M. Walsh.

TABLE OF HONOR FOR DECEMBER 6TH.

Misses A. Byrne, M. Quill, J. Duffield, A. Lynch, Georgia Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Morgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, M. Faxon.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR DECEMBER 6TH.

Second Senior Class—Misses M. Kearney, Lizzie Niel, A. Clark, N. Gross.

Third Senior Class—Misses Minnie Quan, Julia Kearney, Carrie Davis.

First Preparatory Class—Misses Mary Walker, M. Cummings, B. Gaffney.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses Lulu Tinsly, S. Honeyman, M. Reynolds, A. Walsh.

The result of the annual election of the officers of the Children of Mary's Society, held on the 8th of December, is as follows:

President—Miss Emma Kirwan.

Vice-President—Miss Mary Kirwan.

Secretary—Miss Annie Borup.

Treasurer—Miss Maggie Tuberty.

Librarian—Miss Mary Dillon.

Sacristan—Miss Rose Devoto.

The following ladies were received as full members of the Society: Misses Hanna McMahon, Agnes Conahan, Mary Wicker, Rachel Nelson.

The following were received as aspirants to the Society: Misses Mary Goodbody, Rose McIntyre, Mary Leonard, Hattie McLaughlin, A. McLaughlin, Mary Cummings, Angela Sweeny, M. Quan, Annie Clark, Mary Kelly, Nellie Sullivan, Mary Quill, Mary Roberts.

EMMA KIRWAN, President, ANNIE BORUP, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students. Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Items include Matriculation Fee, Board, Bed and Bedding, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linens, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, Instrumental Music, Use of Piano, Use of Violin, Drawing, Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, Graduation Fee, and Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College.

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices. The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the Second on the 1st of February. For further particulars, address

Very Rev. W. CORBY, S.S.C., President.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

Table with 2 columns: GOING EAST. Leave South Bend and Arrive at Buffalo. Times listed for 10:28 a.m., 12:22 p.m., 9:20 p.m., and 12:35 a.m.

Table with 2 columns: GOING WEST. Leave South Bend and Arrive at Chicago. Times listed for 5:05 p.m., 3:15 a.m., 4:30 a.m., and 5:22 p.m.

Making connection with all trains West and North. For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places. Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio. CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland, Ohio. C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio. JNO. DESMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill. J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio. C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois. M. B. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend. A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

Going North—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Freight, 4:05 p. m. Going South—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m. Freight, 4:50 a. m.

OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

Day Express (except Sundays).....9.15 a.m. Connects at Dwight with Trains on Western Div. Joliet Accommodation (except Sundays).....4.10 p.m. Night Express (except Sundays).....6.00 p.m. Lightning Express (except Saturdays).....9.00 p.m.

General Ticket Office,

55 Dearborn Street, Chicago,

Where Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased, and all desired information as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't. JAS. CHARLTON, Gen'l Ticket Agent. A. NEWMAN, General Freight Agent. H. B. TAYLOR, Ticket Agent, Chicago. vsnl

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

On and after June 1, 1871, the 9 p.m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11.30 a.m. the second day, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other route; with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5 15 p.m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6.41 a.m. the second morning, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace Car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a.m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached. Through between Chicago and New York, without change, 3 1/2 hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

THOMAS L. SCOTT, President. J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh. J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Sup't, Pittsburgh. H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia. F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh. W. C. CLELAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.