

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 2, 1872.

NUMBER 25.

Good English.

A LECTURE READ BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY, THURSDAY EVENING,
JANUARY 18, 1872.

[CONCLUDED].

Good thoughts, like good fruit, are the result of culture as well as of nature. Springing at first luxuriant from our natural genius, they need the ennobling and refining hand of art to display their full perfection; and whatever Horace Greeley may say of "college graduates and other horned cattle," it is undeniable that no nation ever arrived at the full perfection of its genius except by the quiet culture of its schools and its teachers. To produce noble thought we must feed the mind by study, by observation and by conversation. Nature, morals, science, art, history and poetry, are the never-failing sources of our intellectual food. But as food without digestion would not strengthen the body, so knowledge without reflection would not develop the mind. And here we may perhaps notice some little justice in Mr. Greeley's dislike of college graduates. They do not generally think enough. They are too often satisfied with what is very expressively styled "cramming," and seem to imagine that possessing knowledge and being educated mean the same thing. It is mentioned as one of the praises of Milton that his immense knowledge did not overpower his genius; that is, that great as was the quantity of knowledge that his mind had fed upon, yet it had digested it all, made it, as it were, part of his mental being. So must we do with what we have learned,—think of it, examine it, turn it over, enter into it, know it thoroughly, and thus make it our own. No longer a crude and undigested mass, it will become assimilated into our spiritual nature; and instead of knowledge we shall have wisdom, instead of being only learned we shall be also wise. No danger then but we shall know what we wish to say, and shall honestly say that which is our own and not something else.

One word more on this point. When you have become familiar with the vast storehouse of your own thoughts, do not deem it incumbent on you to express them all. Select the best, rejecting without a particle of remorse whatever is not approved by your judgment. I once knew a young man who was never tired of boasting of what a long composition he could write upon almost any subject; but I am not aware that a single sentence of his has ever been judged worthy of printer's ink. And Dryden, in speaking of Cowley, who was once esteemed a great poet, tells us that "he is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag net, great and small." And I may add, that, low as Cowley was sunk in Dryden's time, he is now almost altogether forgotten, and chiefly because he indulged in this vicious luxury of lazily writing down whatever thoughts came into his head, like an old-fashioned threshing machine, which threw out wheat and chaff together. In any expression of our thoughts, in writing, in conversation, or in public speaking, it is quality, and not quantity, to which we should give our chief attention.

And now, having considered how we may know what we wish to say, let us next consider how we shall

say it, that is, how we shall learn to choose the words that will best express our ideas. This is to be accomplished by two means, by study and by practice. By perusing well-written books, magazines and newspapers, and by listening to the conversation of accomplished and educated persons, we become insensibly infused with the living spirit of the language; and by the practice of speaking and writing ourselves, we learn by sure degrees to use correctly the knowledge we have thus acquired.

Well-written books, therefore, or, according to the common expression, the standard authors, must be the foundation on which we build our knowledge of the language, and hence a general review of English literature becomes necessary. At first thought it might seem that the object and result of this review should be to teach us to write as the old authors wrote. But this does not necessarily follow, though some morbid and dissatisfied word-critics, as Richard Grant White and his followers, would seem to think so. Were this the result it would be a sad one, for those who use a living tongue must expect to see it change; change being the sign of its life and growth. We do not wish to go back to the time of childhood, but onward in the path of manhood. But the word "review" does not mean a going back, but a looking back; and in this review of English literature we look back that we may the better know how to go ahead, even as the surveyor looks along the line of his back-stakes, that he may the better know the line over which his future course lies. We look over the old authors, not necessarily to write as they wrote, however suitable they were to their own day and generation, but rather to learn how we shall best write and speak in harmony with the manners and needs of our own time.

The examples of the great writers themselves would teach us this lesson. They studied the authors that preceded them, and sometimes even copied after them, but did not imitate them, or write as they had written. Virgil patterned after Homer, but does not at all resemble him; Dante took Virgil as his guide, but is totally unlike him; Milton was captivated with the beauties of Tasso, but is himself a poet of quite a different character. They were delighted with the beautiful models which they found before them, but they were not so simple as to strive to go back and imitate those old masters with any servile imitation. So the genius of our language does not require us to go back, but rather forward; yet, as an author composing a long work sometimes re-reads what he has already written, to be more sure of the way he should go, by looking over the course he has come, so, to know the proper landmarks of the speech of our own day, it is well for us to turn the eye often backwards over the past, that our onward way may be guided by the mighty peaks looming there, the shining summits that mark the majestic march of the language, as it comes down to us through the centuries.

In reading those old authors you will gradually learn to correct in yourself the errors peculiar to the language of the present time. You will, for instance, find yourself unconsciously preferring the word "begin" to the word "commence," especially before an infinitive, where your good writer never uses this soft, vague, indefinite, half-English word, "commence." In time there will be sufficient masculine strength in your speech to enable you to use an adjective, and not an adverb, after those verbs that denote the state and not the action of their subject. That is, you will not do as a certain well-known authoress did lately, in an excellent and widely-circulated magazine, make your heroine say "I felt badly," when you mean "I felt bad;" for you will know that "to feel badly" can only mean to exercise the sense of touch in a very imperfect man-

ner, while "to feel bad" means to be in a state of mental or bodily pain. Neither will you say "the apple tastes sweetly," if you mean that you recognise by the sense of taste that it is a sweet apple. Nor will you allow that a flower smells sweetly, for sweet as the flowers may be they are certainly devoid of the sense of smell, as well as of all the other senses; so you will say the flower smells sweet, and you will feel yourself justified by Shakespeare in that absurd saying of Juliet, that a rose "by any other name would smell as sweet." So of all verbs denoting the state and not the action of their subject.

Those old authors will also embolden you to say "the book is publishing," without any fear that some surface critic may sneeringly ask you what the book is publishing; for your old masters will give you many instances of the elegance of such passive forms. And under the influence of these guides you will soon be surprised to find yourself using "is come," "is gone," "is fallen," "is risen," instead of the same words with "have," whenever you desire to refer to the present fact rather than the past action of which it is the result; for your standard authors will show you, in numberless passages, the propriety of this elegant and forcible use of "is" with verbs of motion. You may even grow so bold as to use the subjunctive mood occasionally, saying "If I were," whenever you wish to convey the idea that you were not, and "If I was" when you wish to convey the idea that you were; for your antique counsellors will instruct you that the sentence, "If I were there I would help you," means "I am sorry to say that I was not there, and, therefore, could not help you," whereas, the sentence, "If I was there, I was in good company," means "I was indeed there, and passed the time quite innocently and very pleasantly." And if, perchance, you should some day be unwell, and take up a favorite author to pass the time, and a friend were to call on you, enquiring for your health, you would not say, "I feel some better," but rather reply, "I feel somewhat better," or much better, or a little better, for your favorite author would undoubtedly have shown you that "some" is an adjective, not an adverb.

And finally you would learn, to your great relief, that the English language, in the hands of its masters, is much more full, free, flexible, much more fitted to express the ever-varying shades of human thought and emotion, much less subject to barren rules of form, than the grammarians had taught you to believe. Not that the grammarians are wrong, so far as they go, but they give us the husk, instead of the fruit—the outer form, instead of the inner spirit.

But the old authors are not enough for us; we do not desire to go back to them, but rather to seek the best that is in them, and use it for our present needs. And to make sure that we are not unduly influenced by them, we must seek more modern aids. Books written in our own time, but more especially our periodical literature, the magazine and the newspaper, must guide us to a knowledge of the words and forms of speech in present use; for every age, in its words as well as in its actions, has its own peculiar characteristics, which we, of course, must know.

And happy it is for us that, with all there is evil in matter and vicious in manner pouring from the press nowadays, a very torrent of wickedness and ugliness, there is with it, perhaps, the purest, richest and most charming literature that has ever given health and light and joy to the world. If we have vile poets, whose names I will not mention, we have also the ennobling muse of Bryant, of Longfellow, of Tennyson and of Mrs. Browning. If we have, perhaps, the most morbid fiction of all time, we have also the healthiest. If some of our magazines pander to the lowest taste,

there are some also that appeal to the highest. If some of our newspapers are so unclean that we blush as we pick our way through their columns to find the news of the day, there are others of the highest tone, and guided by the purest moral principles. It is an exceedingly intellectual age, and if there are able champions of the wrong, the best thought is also enlisted on the side of the right, so that no mind may starve for want of wholesome nutriment. It is even claimed by good critics that the English language, as found in the pages of the great writers of the present day, is superior to that of any former period; for our best authors seem to have united something of the vigorous freedom, the matchless simplicity, ease and depth of Shakespeare and Bacon with the delicacy and elegance of Pope and Goldsmith, while they have avoided the irregularities of the former and overcome the weakness of the latter. However this be, it is certain that our best style is superior to that of the boasted Augustan Age of Queen Anne, even though, as some contend, we possess no poet equal to Pope, and no prose writer equal to Addison.

But, as Dryden says, books alone will not teach us the correct use of language. "Knowledge of men and manners, and conversation with the best company" are also necessary; for ours is a living speech, and we must catch its perfection from the living voice itself. Indeed this would be the better way to learn the language, were the speech of those around us always correct; and I can conceive of no happier style, no more elegant use of "English undefiled," than that of one who has been brought up from infancy in the daily companionship of noble minds, and listening to his mother tongue always spoken in its purity. Such a one would need no study of grammar, no review of English literature, in order to converse with the ready elegance of a Coleridge. But, as it is, very few are brought up surrounded with such happy influences, and most of us have to learn from books to correct the imperfections contracted in our daily intercourse with all classes of society. How important, then, even in regard to the correct use of language, that we should seek to keep good company, or keep none at all!

Among all books there is one covering the present, as well as the past; stretching in its grasp from Longfellow to Chaucer; giving us the language as it is, as it has been and as it was; showing us, as in a panorama, all the changes and stages of its growth; following its words and idioms, with a persistent patience, through every intricacy and variation of meaning, from other languages to our own, through physical and spiritual analogies, from the literal to the figurative, from the cold but solid root to the ever-varying blossom; satisfying us completely as to the most correct and elegant use of every word in the language; one book which is itself the epitome of all books; one book which should be at the elbow of everyone who wishes to speak and write his native speech as it should be spoken and written, and that book is Webster's dictionary.

A very interesting book it is, too, as the young lady said who declared that it was a charming story-book, only that the stories were so short. It is indeed such a book of charming stories, each story being the life of a winged word. Another lady, going to borrow a book of Queen Elizabeth, was handed a dictionary, probably in sport; but she took it in earnest, and in due time returned it, saying she had never read a book that gave her more pleasure; and pity it is that more of us have not the good taste of that lady of Elizabeth's court. "If I have any power in speech," said the younger Pitt, "it is chiefly due to a careful study of the dictionary, word by word, in alphabetical order." Indeed few studies would be of more value than the daily perusal of a page of the dictionary.

Books, then, especially the dictionary, and conversation also, intimate intercourse with the minds that have written, as well as with those that now speak, are both needful, that we ourselves may know how to write well and how to speak well. The whole matter may be summed up thus: Books are necessary to maintain the stability of the language, conversation to promote its growth; while periodical literature assists in both respects, and the dictionary should be our constant guide and monitor, in reading, writing and speaking. Books alone would give us a beautifully fashioned but lifeless language, as those of Greece and Rome; while conversation alone would give us a luxuriant but ever-changing speech, as those of the American Indians. But when the culture of books and the freedom of conversation unite in molding the forms of speech,

we have such a perfect vehicle of thought as we find in our own glorious tongue,—undoubtedly, take it all in all, the noblest ever spoken by man, since the dispersion of Babel.

Surely it must be worthy the attention and the toils of the noblest intelligence, the most choice and art-loving mind, to learn how to use in perfection this grand instrument for the expression of human thought and emotion; whose masters have equalled in flexibility the Greeks, in sonorous majesty the Romans, in dignity and richness of coloring the Spaniards, in solidity the Germans, in melody the Italians, and in exactness, lightness and grace the French. For what Frenchman is more finished than Pope, De Quincey, Thackeray or Gray, more light and graceful than Gay; what Italian is sweeter than Spenser, Burns, Addison, Lamb, Longfellow or Moore; what German more profound than Bacon, Coleridge or Carlyle; what Spaniard more grave and dignified than Burke, Hallam, Webster or Clarendon, richer or more chivalric than Scott or Prescott; what Roman of more sonorous majesty than Milton or the two Johnsons; what Greek more flexible than Dryden or Chaucer, more beau than Shelley, Keats, Irving or Goldsmith, or what writer equal in all those respects to Shakespeare? This magnificent literature, this glorious language is ours; in its possession we are the favored ones of the earth and of all time, and shame indeed it would be to us did we refuse the time and care necessary to enable us to use it as God gave it to us, not idly, wickedly and in vain, but worthily, for noble purposes, and in all its purity, beauty and simplicity.

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

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

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOWING THE WIND.

Præpediuntur
Crura vacillant, tardescit lingua, madet mens.
Nant oculi. —LUCR. III, 417.

Next evening when preparation began, Pietrie and Graham got everything ready for the carouse in their class room. Wildney, relying on the chance of names not being called over (which was only done in case any one's absence was observed), had absented himself altogether from the boarders' room, and helped busily to spread the table for the banquet. The cook had roasted for them the fowls and pigeons, and Billy had brought an ample supply of beer and some brandy for the occasion. A little before eight o'clock everything was ready, and Eric, Atlay, and Llewellyn, were summoned to join the rest.

The fowls, pigeons, and beer, had soon vanished, and the boys were in the highest spirits. Eric's reckless gaiety was kindled by Wildney's frolicsome vivacity and Graham's sparkling wit; they were all six in a roar of perpetual laughter at some fresh sally of fun elicited by the more phlegmatic natures of Atlay or Llewellyn, and the dainties of Wildney's parcel were accompanied by draughts of brandy and water, which were sometimes exchanged for potations of the raw liquor. It was not the first time, be it remembered, that the members of that young party had been present at similar scenes, and even the scoundrel Billy was astonished, and occasionally alarmed, at the quantities of spirits and other incubriating drinks that of late had found their way to the studies. The disgraceful and deadly habit of tippling had already told physically on both Eric and Wildney. The former felt painfully that he was losing his clear-headedness, and that his intellectual tastes were getting not only blunted but destroyed; and while he perceived in himself the terrible effects of his sinful indulgence, he saw them still more indisputably in the gradual coarseness which seemed to be spreading, like a grey lichen, over the countenance, the mind, and the manners of his younger compan-

ion. Sometimes the vision of a Nemesis breaking in fire out of his darkened future, terrified his guilty conscience in the watches of the night; and the conviction of some fearful Erinny's, some discovery dawning out of the night of his undetected sins, made his heart beat fast with agony and fear. But he fancied it too late to repent. He strangled the half-formed resolutions as they rose, and trusted to the time when, by leaving school, he should escape, as he idly supposed, the temptations to which he had yielded. Meanwhile, the friends who would have rescued him had been alienated by his follies, and the principles which might have preserved him had been eradicated by his guilt. He had long flung away the shield of prayer and the helmet of holiness, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; and now, unarmed and helpless, Eric stood alone, a mark for the fiery arrows of his enemies, while, through the weakened inlet of every corrupted sense, temptation rushed in upon him perpetually and unawares.

As the class room they had selected was in a remote part of the building, there was little immediate chance of detection. So the laughter of the party grew louder and sillier; the talk more foolish and random; the merriment more noisy and meaningless. But still most of them mingled some sense of caution with their enjoyment, and warned Eric and Wildney more than once that they must look out, and not take too much that night for fear of being caught. But it was Wildney's birth-day, and Eric's boyish mirth, suppressed by his recent troubles, was blazing out unrestrained. In the riot of their feasting the caution had been utterly neglected, and the two boys were far from being sober when the sound of the prayer-bell ringing through the great hall startled them into momentary consciousness.

"Good heavens!" shouted Graham, springing up; "there's the prayer-bell; I'd no notion it was so late. Here, let's shove these brandy bottles and things into the cupboards and drawers, and then we must run down."

There was no time to lose. The least muddled of the party had cleared the room in a moment, and then addressed themselves to the more difficult task of trying to quiet Eric and Wildney, and conduct them steadily into the prayer-room.

Wildney's seat was near the door, so there was little difficulty in getting him to his place comparatively unobserved. Llewellyn took him by the arm, and after a little stumbling helped him safely to his seat, where he assumed a look of preternatural gravity. But Eric sat near the head of the first table, not far from Dr. Rowlands' desk, and none of the others had to go to that part of the room. Graham grasped his arms tight, led him carefully down stairs, and, as they were reaching the door, said to him, in a most earnest and imploring tone:

"Do try and walk sensibly to your place, Eric, or we shall all be caught."

It was rather late when they got down. Everybody was quietly seated, and most of the Bibles were already open, although the Doctor had not yet come in. Consequently, the room was still, and the entrance of Graham and Eric after the rest attracted general notice. Eric had just sense enough to try and assume his ordinary manner; but he was too giddy with the fumes of drink to walk straight or act naturally.

Vernon was sitting next to Wright, and stared at his brother with great eyes and open lips. He was not the only observer.

"Wright," whispered he in a timid voice; "just see how Eric walks. What can be the matter with him? Good gracious, he must be ill!" he said, starting up, as Eric suddenly made a great stagger to one side, and nearly fell in the attempt to recover himself.

Wright pulled the little boy down with a firm hand.

"Hush!" he whispered; "take no notice; he's been drinking, Verny, and I fear he'll be caught."

Vernon instantly sat down, and turned deadly pale. He thought, and he had hoped, that since the day at the "Jolly Herring," his brother had abandoned all such practices; for Eric had been most careful to conceal from him the worst of his failings. And now he trembled violently with fear for his discovery, and horror at his disgraceful condition.

The sound of Eric's unsteady footsteps had made Mr. Rose quickly raise his head; but at the same moment Duncan hastily made room for the boy on the seat beside him, and held out his hand to assist him. It was not Eric's proper place; but Mr. Rose, after one long glance of astonishment, looked down at his book again, and said nothing.

It made other hearts besides Vernon's ache to see the unhappy boy roll to his place in that helpless way.

Dr. Rowlands came in and prayers commenced.

When they were finished, the names were called, and Eric, instead of quietly answering his "*ad-um*," as he should have done, stood up, with a foolish look, and said "Yes, sir." The head master looked at him for a minute; the boy's glassy eyes, and jocosely stupid appearance, told an unmistakable tale; but Dr. Rowlands only remarked, "Williams, you don't look well. You had better go at once to bed."

It was hopeless for Eric to attempt getting along without help, so Duncan at once got up, took him by the arm, and with much difficulty (for Eric staggered at every step) conducted him to his bed-room, where he left him without a word.

Wildney's condition was also too evident; and Mr. Rose, while walking up and down the dormitories, had no doubt left on his mind that both Eric and Wildney had been drinking. But he made no remarks to them, and merely went to the Doctor to talk over the steps which were to be taken.

"I shall summon the school," said Dr. Rowlands, "on Monday, and by that time we will decide on the punishment. Expulsion, I fear, is the only course open to us."

"Is not that a very severe line to take?"

"Perhaps; but the offence is of the worst character. I must consider the matter."

"Poor Williams!" sighed Mr. Rose, as he left the room.

The whole of the miserable Sunday that followed was spent by Eric and his companions in vain inquiries and futile restlessness. It seemed clear that two of them at least were detected, and they were inexpressibly wretched with anxiety and suspense. Wildney, who had to stay in bed, was even more depressed; his head ached violently, and he was alone with his own terrified thoughts. He longed for the morrow, that at least he might have the poor consolation of knowing his fate. No one came near him all day. Eric wished to do so, but as he could not have visited the room without express leave, the rest dissuaded him from asking, lest he should excite further suspicion. His apparent neglect made poor Wildney even more unhappy, for Wildney loved Eric as much as it was possible for his volatile mind to love any one; and it seemed hard to be deserted in the moment of disgrace and sorrow by so close a friend.

At school the next morning the various masters read out to their forms a notice from Dr. Rowlands, that the whole school were to meet at ten in the great school-room. The object of the summons was pretty clearly understood; and few boys had any doubt that it had reference to the drinking on Saturday night. Still nothing had been said on the subject as yet; and every guilty heart among those 250 boys beat fast lest his sin too should have been discovered, and he should be called out for some public and heavy punishment.

The hour arrived. The boys, thronging into the great school-room, took their places according to

their respective forms. The masters in their caps and gowns were all seated on a small semicircular bench at the upper end of the room, and in the centre of them, before a small table, sat Dr. Rowlands.

The sound of whispering voices sank to a dead and painful hush. The blood was tingling consciously in many cheeks, and not even a breath could be heard in the deep expectation of that anxious and solemn moment.

Dr. Rowlands spread before him the list of the school, and said, "I shall first read out the names of the boys in the first-fifth and upper-fourth forms."

This was done to ascertain formally whether the boys were present on whose account the meeting was convened; and it at once told Eric and Wildney that they were the boys to be punished, and that the others had escaped.

The names were called over, and an attentive observer might have told, from the sound of the boys' voices as they answered, which of them were afflicted with a troubled conscience.

Another slight pause and breathless hush.

"Eric Williams and Charles Wildney, stand forward."

The boys obeyed. From his place in the fifth, where he was sitting with his head propped on his hand, Eric rose and advanced; and Wildney, from the other end of the room, where the younger boys sat, getting up, came and stood by his side.

Both of them fixed their eyes on the ground, whence they never once raised them; and in the deadly pallor of their haggard faces you could scarcely have recognized the joyous high-spirited friends, whose laugh and shout had often rung so merrily through the play-ground, and woke the echoes of the rocks along the shore. Every eye was on them, and they were conscious of it, though they could not see it—painfully conscious of it, so that they wished the very ground to yawn beneath their feet for the moment and swallow up their shame. Companionship in disgrace increased the suffering; had either of them been alone, he would have been less acutely sensible to the trying nature of his position; but that they, so different in their ages and position in the school, should thus have their friendship and the results of it blazoned, or rather branded, before their friends and enemies, added keenly to the misery they felt. So with eyes bent on the floor, Eric and Charlie awaited their sentence.

"Williams and Wildney," said Dr. Rowlands in a solemn voice, of which every articulation thrilled to the heart of every hearer, "you have been detected in a sin most disgraceful and most dangerous. On Saturday night you were both drinking, and you were guilty of such gross excess that you were neither of you in a fit state to appear among your companions—least of all to appear among them at the hour of prayer. I shall not waste many words on an occasion like this; only I trust that those of your school-fellows who saw you staggering and rolling into the room on Saturday evening in a manner so unspeakably shameful and degrading, will learn from that melancholy sight the lesson which the Spartans taught their children by exhibiting a drunkard before them—the lesson of the brutalizing and fearful character of this most ruinous vice. Eric Williams and Charles Wildney, your punishment will be public expulsion, for which you will prepare this very evening. I am unwilling that for a single day, either of you—especially the elder of you—should linger, so as possibly to contaminate others with the danger of so pernicious an example."

Such a sentence was wholly unexpected; it took boys and masters equally by surprise. The announcement of it caused an uneasy sensation, which was evident to all present, though no one spoke a word; but Dr. Rowlands took no notice of it, and only said to the culprits:

"You may return to your seats."

The two boys found their way back instinctively, they hardly knew how. They seemed confounded and thunderstruck by their sentence, and the painful accessories of its publicity. Eric leaned over the desk with his head resting on a book, too stunned even to think; and Wildney looked straight before him, with his eyes fixed in a stupid and unobservant stare.

Form by form the school dispersed, and the moment he was liberated Eric sprang away from the boys, who would have spoken to him, and rushed wildly to his study, where he locked the door. In a moment, however, he re-opened it, for he heard Wildney's step, and, after admitting him, locked it once more.

Without a word Wildney, who looked very pale, flung his arms round Eric's neck, and, unable to bear up any longer, burst into a flood of tears. Both of them felt relief in giving the reins to their sorrow and silently satiating the anguish of their hearts.

"O, my father! my father!" sobbed Wildney at length, "what will he say? He will disown me, I know; he is so stern always with me when he thinks I bring disgrace on him."

Eric thought of Fairholm, and of his own far-distant parents, and of the pang which his disgrace would cause their loving hearts; but he could say nothing, and only stroked Wildney's dark hair again and again with a soothing hand.

They sat there long, hardly knowing how the time passed; Eric could not help thinking how very, very different their relative positions might have been; how, while he might have been aiding and ennobling the young boy beside him, he had alternately led and followed him into wickedness and disgrace. His heart was full of misery and bitterness, and he felt almost indifferent to all the future, and weary of his life.

A loud knocking at the door disturbed them. It was Carter, the school servant.

"You must pack up to go this evening, young gentlemen."

"O no! no! no!" exclaimed Wildney; "I cannot be sent away like this. It would break my father's heart. Eric, do come and entreat Dr. Rowlands to forgive us only this once."

"Yes," said Eric, starting up with sudden energy; "he shall forgive us—you at any rate. I will not leave him till he does. Cheer up, Charlie, cheer up, and come along."

Filled with an irresistible impulse, he pushed Carter aside, and sprang down stairs three steps at a time, with Wildney following him. They went straight for the Doctor's study, and without waiting for the answer to their knock at the door, Eric walked up to Dr. Rowlands, who sat thinking in his arm-chair by the fire, and burst out passionately, "O sir, forgive us, forgive us this once."

The Doctor was completely taken by surprise, so sudden was the intrusion, and so intense was the boy's manner. He remained silent a moment from astonishment, and then said with asperity:

"Your offence is one of the most dangerous possible. There could be no more perilous example for the school than the one you have been setting, Williams. Leave the room," he added with an authoritative gesture; "my mind is made up."

But Eric was too excited to be overawed by the master's manner; an imperious passion blinded him to all ordinary considerations, and, heedless of the command, he broke out again.

"O sir, try me but once, only try me. I promise you most faithfully that I will never again commit the sin. O sir, do, do trust me, and I will be responsible for Wildney too."

Dr. Rowlands, seeing that in Eric's present mood he must and would be heard, unless he were ejected by actual force, began to pace silently up and down the room in perplexed and anxious thought; at last

he stopped and turned over the pages of a thick school register, and found Eric's name.

"It is not your first offence, Williams, even of this very kind. That most seriously aggravates your fault."

"O sir! give us one more chance to mend. O, I feel that I *could* do such great things, if you will but be merciful, and give me time to change. O, I entreat you, sir, to forgive us only this once, and I will never ask again. Let us bear any other punishment but this. O sir," he said, approaching the Doctor in an imploring attitude, "spare us this one time for the sake of our friends."

The head-master made no reply for a time, but again paced the room in silence. He was touched, and seemed hardly able to restrain his emotion.

"It was my deliberate conclusion to expel you, Williams. I must not weakly yield to entreaty. You must go."

Eric wrung his hands in agony. "O sir, then if you must do so, expel me only, and not Charlie. I can bear it, but do not let me ruin him also. O, I implore you, sir, for the love of God do, do forgive him. It is I who have misled him;" and he flung himself on his knees, and lifted his hands entreatingly towards the Doctor.

Dr. Rowlands looked at him—at his blue eyes drowned with tears, his agitated gesture, his pite, expressive face, full of passionate supplication. He looked at Wildney too, who stood trembling with a look of painful and miserable suspense, and occasionally added his wild word of entreaty, or uttered sobs more powerful still, that seemed to come from the depth of his heart. He was shaken in his resolve, wavered for a moment, and then once more looked at the register.

"Yes," he said, after a long pause, "here is an entry which shall save you this time. I find written here against your name, 'April 3. Risked his life in the endeavor to save Elwin Russell at the Stack.' That one good and noble deed shall be the proof that you are capable of better things. It may be weak perhaps—I know that it will be called weak—and I do not feel certain that I am doing right; but if I err it shall be on the side of mercy. I shall change expulsion into some other punishment. You may go."

Wildney's face lighted up as suddenly and joyously as when a ray of sun-light gleams for an instant out of a dark cloud.

"O thank you, thank you, sir," he exclaimed, drying his eyes, and pouring into the words a world of expression, which it was no light pleasure to have heard. But Eric spoke less impulsively, and while the two boys were stammering out their deep gratitude, a timid hand knocked at the door, and Vernon entered.

"I have come, sir, to speak for poor Eric," he said in a low voice trembling with emotion, as, with downcast eyes, he modestly approached towards Dr. Rowlands, not even observing the presence of the others in the complete absorption of his feelings. He stood in a sorrowful attitude, not venturing to look up, and his hand played nervously with the ribbon of his straw hat.

"I have just forgiven him, my little boy," said the Doctor kindly, patting his stooping head; "there he is, and he has been speaking for himself."

"O, Eric, I am so, so glad, I don't know what to say for joy. O Eric, thank God that you are not to be expelled;" and Vernon went to his brother and embraced him with the deepest affection.

Dr. Rowlands watched the scene with moist eyes. He was generally a man of prompt decision, and he well knew that he would incur by this act the charge of vacillation. It was a noble self-denial in him to be willing to do so, but it would have required an iron heart to resist such earnest supplications, and he was more than repaid when he saw how much anguish he had removed by yielding to their entreaties.

Once more humbly expressing their gratitude, the boys retired.

They did not know that other influences had been also exerted in their favor, which, although ineffectual at the time, had tended to alter the Doctor's intention. Immediately after school Mr. Rose had been strongly endeavoring to change the Doctor's mind, and had dwelt forcibly on all the good points in Eric's character, and the promise of his earlier career. And Montagu had gone with Owen and Duncan to beg that the expulsion might be commuted into some other punishment. They had failed to convince him; but perhaps, had they not thus exerted themselves, Dr. Rowlands might have been unshaken, though he could not be unmoved, by Vernon's gentle intercession and Eric's passionate prayers.

Wildney, full of joy, and excited by the sudden revulsion of feeling, only shook Eric's hand with all his might, and then darted out into the playground to announce the happy news. The boys all flocked round him, and received the intelligence with unmitigated pleasure. Among them all there was not one who did not rejoice that Eric and Wildney were yet to continue of their number.

But the two brothers returned to the study, and there, sorrowful in his penitence, with his heart still aching with remorse, Eric sat down on a chair facing the window, and drew Vernon to his side. The sun was setting behind the purple hills, flooding the green fields and silver sea with the crimson of his parting rays. The air was full of peace and coolness, and the merry sounds of the cricket-field blended joyously with the whisper of the evening breeze. Eric was fond of beauty in every shape, and his father had early taught him a keen appreciation of the glories of nature. He had often gazed before on that splendid scene, as he was now gazing on it thoughtfully with his brother by his side. He looked long and wistfully at the gorgeous pagantry of quiet clouds, and passed his arm more fondly round Vernon's shoulder.

"What are you thinking of, Eric? Why, I declare you are crying still," said Vernon playfully, as he wiped away a tear which had overflowed on his brother's cheek; "aren't you glad that the Doctor has forgiven you?"

"Gladder, far gladder than I can say, Verny. O Verny, Verny, I hope your school-life may be happier than mine has been. I would give up all I have, Verny, to have kept free from the sins I have learnt. God grant that I may yet have time and space to do better."

"Let us pray together, Eric," whispered his brother reverently, and they knelt down and prayed; they prayed for their distant parents and friends; they prayed for their school-fellows and for each other, and for Wildney, and they thanked God for all His goodness to them; and then Eric poured out his heart in a fervent prayer that a holier and happier future might atone for his desecrated past, and that his sins might be forgiven for his Saviour's sake.

The brothers rose from their knees calmer and more light-hearted in the beauty of holiness, and gave each other a solemn affectionate kiss, before they went down again to the play-ground. But they avoided the rest of the boys, and took a stroll together along the sands, talking quietly and happily, and hoping bright hopes for future days.

Thespian Cadets.

The Cadets met at seven o'clock, in the Minim Study Hall, on Monday evening, February 26th. Declamations were made by Messrs. Gall, S. McMahon, Huck, Nelson, Morton, J. Porter and Stonehill. After singing by the vocal class of the Minim Department, the meeting adjourned.

T. NELSON, Cor. Sec.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

*Published every Week during Term
Time, at*

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:
One year..... \$2 00
Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

SIXTY-FOUR Students are studying Latin.

THE Bulletins will be sent home next week.

THE Junior Class of Elocution will be taught by Prof. J. A. Lyons, A.M.

FOR substantial remembrance recommend us to Jacob Chirhart. So say the printers.

MR. JAMES CUNNEA has been called to teach the Penmanship Classes during the absence of Bro. Camillus.

A CLASS of Elocution, for the Senior Department, has commenced under the direction of Rev. M. B. Brown, S.S.C.

THE last of the skating was much enjoyed Monday afternoon and Wednesday. Boating will soon be on hand again.

NINETY-THREE Students belong to the Commercial Course. Fifty-two of these will be candidates for graduation in June.

THE members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, at their meeting on Sunday last, presented their Director with a beautiful copy of the Roman Missal. The Sodality, we are happy to state, is in a most flourishing condition.

FOUR weeklies are published each week at Notre Dame in manuscript form. They are the *Two-Penny Gazette*, edited by the First Class of Rhetoric, (it was formerly edited by a special corps from the St. Aloysius Philodemic Association, but was lately ceded to the Rhetoric Class); the *Literary Gem*, edited by the St. Edward Literary Association; the *Philodemic*, edited by the St. Aloysius Philodemic Association; the *Philomathean*, edited by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

We hope that much good will result from these papers to the literary Societies connected with them, and that they will be freely interchanged for the common benefit of all. Much, of course, depends on the broad and generous spirit which no doubt will always breathe through their columns. May they prosper.

Literature and Morality.

A certain poet has said: "Give me the making of a people's songs, and let who will make their laws," or words to that effect, and he who uttered these words showed evidently that he understood human nature; for it is a fact, proved a thousand times over, that men invariably act in a manner corresponding to their habitual thoughts, and their thoughts habitually turn upon subjects with which they have familiarized themselves and in which they take a pleasure. Hence the poet, knowing the attractiveness of song, was confident that he could, through that medium, familiarize the people with such principles as he deemed best, and thus control their actions independently of actual legislation.

But poetry is not the only medium through which the actions of men may be influenced and

controlled. All literature exercises an influence in that direction, and especially those two species denominated periodical and fictitious. Periodical literature derives a special attractiveness from the fact that it is, in one way or another, the embodiment of the spirit of the age, and every individual who feels his social importance finds it a necessity to keep himself acquainted with the spirit of the times in which he lives. Hence the extensive circulation of our periodical literature. Fiction, on the other hand, being, like poetry, a highly-wrought picture of life, clothed in the language of sentiment and passion, naturally arouses pleasing emotions and thus draws the mind on whithersoever the writer would lead it.

As, however, facts are but the expression of principles or passions, and as principles are always involved, whether explicitly or implicitly, in the statement of real or supposed facts, it follows that the mind of the reader, being placed in a state of pleasurable enthrallment by the contemplation of the beauty of the picture presented to him, or being absorbed by the interest which he feels in the subject offered for his consideration, will invariably be influenced in some degree by the principles involved, and gradually, often insensibly, glide into a corresponding habit of thought, and finally reproduce those very principles in his own daily actions.

From these facts, which are based upon the very nature of man, and placed beyond doubt by the universal experience of the past, three important considerations naturally arise. First, the terrible responsibility which rests upon those who contribute to any department of literature, especially to those which we have named; second, the duty of governments to guard the people against the danger arising from the dissemination of a literature which is calculated to influence for evil the public morality; and thirdly, the duty of individual readers to select carefully such reading matter as will elevate rather than corrupt the moral sentiments of our nature.

When we remember that all men, in virtue of their social condition, are bound to aid one another in the attainment of their chief destiny—eternal happiness,—and that this destiny can be obtained only by the practice of virtue—we will recognize at once the true position of the author or writer. On the one hand, he is bound like other men to contribute his share to the promotion of virtue and morality, and on the other to avoid whatever is calculated to weaken the moral sensibilities of his readers or influence them towards evil. If he has received five talents from the Creator—by which we may understand a high degree of ability—then is he bound to employ those talents in the interests of his Master if he would gain His approval.

The writer of a good book or of a truly useful and moral article, does thus rightly use the talents confided to him; but he who writes a book or an article of an immoral tendency does more than bury his talents—he actually employs them against the interests of the Almighty Giver, and brings a tenfold guilt upon his own soul. If, for example, it be a crime for me to steal, or blaspheme the Holy Name of God, and I by rendering these vices outwardly beautiful and attractive, induce a hundred persons to practice them, is it not evident that I am really guilty of all the evil that I have caused? Certainly. I have not only failed in my duty of contributing my share towards the promotion of virtue amongst men, but have virtually perpetrated those hundred crimes, using others as the instruments of my wickedness. So the writer who paints vice in the garb of virtue, and thus induces others to do evil, is really accountable for all the evil which results, besides the personal injury which he inflicts upon those whom he thus leads into crime.

But there have ever been and likely ever will be men of ability ready to devote their talents to

evil purposes, and corrupt the minds of others by presenting vice in an attractive form, and hence the duty of governments, which are in a great measure the guardians of public morality, to prevent by the severest penalties the influence of such unscrupulous men. A man is punished for stealing his neighbor's purse, why should he not be as severely punished for stealing away the innocence and virtue of hundreds? I would not be understood as counselling any interference with the "Freedom of the Press," which is one of our country's proudest boasts, but I claim that the suppression of immoral books, and periodicals, and the imposing of severe penalties on those who contribute to their publication, would not be interfering with any freedom to which the "Press" has any legitimate claim. Freedom does not suppose license. We are all free by nature, but the Creator who made us so has also given us laws for our government, and attached such penalties to the violation of those laws, as render disobedience on our part rather unprofitable business. So are we Americans free in this land of liberty, yet we have laws for the protection of life and property, and are punished for violating them. Why not also have laws for the protection of morality, and why not punish those who violate those laws? If such a course on the part of the government would be an interference with the freedom of the Press, then is the enforcement of our civil laws an interference with our social freedom, then too are the laws of God Himself an interference with our natural freedom.

Yet, independently of every other check upon literature of an immoral tendency, it is, after all, the individual who is chiefly bound to guard his own virtue against the influence of such reading. If I am attacked by a wild beast, and my friends and natural protectors refuse to aid me, I must, and naturally will, use every means in my power to protect and save myself; and if I have the means of self-protection within my reach and do not use it, then am I responsible for whatever injury I sustain.

So, when a book or periodical of dangerous tendencies comes within my reach, and the natural protectors of the people neglect or refuse to suppress such pernicious work, then must I exercise the reason and free will which God has given me, and refuse to read. If I act otherwise, I am responsible for the injury resulting to me; nor will the neglect of others to shield me from the dangerous influence relieve me of this personal responsibility.

But the chief danger which readers have to encounter is an over-confidence in themselves. Did they know that the reading of this or that book would certainly injure on them, they very likely would not read it. But, though others have been injured by this same book, they nevertheless have such confidence in their own good sense and firmness that they apprehend no danger to themselves. This is a great mistake. The human mind is always and in all places essentially the same, and experience proves that such reading always entails more or less injury, and hence it is real presumption for anyone to suppose that he of all men will escape unhurt. It is true one man may read any particular work of this class with less injury to himself than another one could, but that he will receive some injury is a fact beyond doubt.

CONCLUSION.

Choose your reading matter carefully, and if you cannot do it securely yourself, take the advice of some older and more experienced person.

Tables of Honor.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

February 24.—E. McMahon, T. Nelson, C. Beck, C. Faxon, A. Morton, M. Farnbaker.

Illegible.

Printers are not the only mortals who are obliged to spoil their eyes by endeavoring to decipher the hieroglyphics which some writers affect. Postmasters have their time over them; but they can get out of the difficulty without much wear and tear on the eyes, by simply putting an illegibly addressed letter into the mail-bag again and sending it on to the next office. Express clerks, too, are at times brought to the brink of despair and made to wrinkle their placid brows over a crooked "direction" which causeth them to consign the package to a warmer clime than any with which their Company have connection. But postmasters and express clerks have the advantage of the printer. He cannot dispose of an illegible word by sending it to Halifax or the next station. He must make something out of it, and then have the writer condemning him to Hades for making nonsense of the article.

Not many years ago a package was sent to the express office, in a flourishing western city, directed by one who dealt largely in hieroglyphics. The clerk, smiling benignly, took the package from the messenger, but no sooner had he cast a look upon it than a cloud gathered on his brow; he squinted at that package from the right and from the left, like a crow investigating a newly discovered hollow in a tree; he held it up straight before him; he brought forward the mirror and endeavored to read the direction backwards in it. All proved unavailing. But the clerk was a man of energy and of vast resources. He bethought him of a telescope that was lying in a drawer. This he focussed at the package, which he had placed in a strong light near the window. As he gazed through the drawn-out tubes, the cloud on his brow gradually disappeared, as does the fog before the rays of the morning sun. Tranquillity and peace once more spread serenely over his puckered-up features, and taking the package he gave it back to the messenger, with a smile that was bland, remarking: "We cannot send this package; communication with the North Pole is not opened yet; our line has not yet been tied to it."

The messenger took the package home, telling the sender that it could not be sent by that express company. He was told to take it to the office of another company, which he did. The clerk looked at it—and blessed the messenger; he then frantically presented it to a fellow clerk who at once fainted away. Dropping the fatal package, clerk No. 1 revived clerk No. 2, and as business was not brisk they sat down and put their heads together to make out the direction. After prolonged and perplexed investigation, clerk No. 1 thought it was directed to "Punkinville, Kamschatka," but clerk No. 2 was of the opinion that it was written "Rainseeker, Coast of Guinea." Neither would give up his opinion, and they had come to blows about it had they not fortunately remembered that neither of the above stations was on their line. They consequently wisely sent back the package for legible direction.

Honorable Mentions.

For Progress in Class.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year—T. Ireland, M. Keeley, J. Shanahan, M. Mahony, J. McHugh.

Third Year—J. McGlynn, M. Foote, E. Gambee.

Second Year—P. White, D. Hogan.

First Year—W. Clarke, C. Dodge, J. Walsh, L. Hayes, D. Maloney.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Third Year—J. Walker, T. Dundon, P. O'Connell, J. McCormack, D. Wile.

Second Year—R. Curran, G. Darr, S. Dum, W. Dum, F. Leffingwell.

First Year—T. Murphy, C. Proctor, J. Gillespie, J. Rourke.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year—P. Cochrane, J. McFarland, H. Schnelker, O. Wing, J. Crummey, J. Carr, C. Berdel, B. Roberts, J. Stubbs, J. Wuest, C. Hutchings, E. Barry, H. Dehner, C. Hodgson, J. Smarr, L. Godefroy, F. Phalan, J. Quill, H. Waldorf, T. Watson, D. Burnham, G. Madden, P. O'Mahony, M. Shiel, W. Dodge, B. Vogt, T. Phillips, J. Rumeily, J. Wernert, O. Waterman, J. Zimmer, F. Anderson, J. Bowen, C. Donnelly, C. Dulaney, J. Darmody, W. Fletcher, J. Hogan, J. Noonan, E. Olwell.

First Year—V. Bacca, G. Crummey, D. Gahan, J. Waters, T. Finnegan, C. Johnson, E. Asher, H. Beckman, D. Comer, J. Devine, J. Dehner, W. Easton, J. Howe, C. Harvey, J. Hoffman, L. Hibben, E. Halpin, P. Logue, W. Myers, W. Moon, J. McAlister, J. McMahon, M. McCormack, T. Noel, P. O'Mahony, J. Pumphrey, W. Quinlan, E. Roberts, E. Shea, M. Shiel, E. Hughes, G. Kurt.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—M. Bastorache, M. Foley, F. Arantz, W. Campbell, J. Kilcoin, E. Graves, H. Hunt, F. Devoto, J. Dunn.

First Year (First Division)—T. Renshaw, W. Ball, J. Caren, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, E. Howland, A. Klein, J. McGinnis, F. McDonald, J. McMahon, C. St. Clair, H. Shephard, M. Weldon, W. Canovan, T. Hansard.

First Year (Second Division)—F. Carlin, B. F. Fisher, J. Kenny, J. Birdsell, J. Burnside, F. Bauer, C. Bloombhoff, J. Bracken, W. Kane, F. Dowe, J. Dore, H. Enneking, E. Edwards, J. Graham, H. Hoffman, J. Juif, J. Kauffman, R. Kelly, H. Long, W. Lucas, F. Livingstone, E. Milburn, F. Miller, E. Marshall, W. Murphy, L. Munn, D. O'Connell, J. Nevin, A. Paquin, W. Quinlan, T. Stubbs, O. Tong, A. Wile, S. Wile, C. Cavanaugh, E. Charais, M. Fitzgerald, S. Valdez, W. Gaar, G. Roulhac, F. Brady, J. Clarke, C. Case, J. Deehan.

MINI DEPARTMENT.

Reading (1st Class.)—E. DeGroot, M. Farnbaker, E. Raymond, H. Faxon, P. Gall.

Second Class.—J. Porter, T. Nelson, S. McMahon, H. Edgell, A. Morton.

Third Class.—C. Ellison, C. Beck, C. Clarke, W. Dee, J. Griffin, C. Faxon.

Fourth Class.—C. Walsh, J. O'Meara, D. Salazar, E. Cleary, W. Lyons.

The Exhibition.

Although we cannot pretend to be one of the "other pens" so flatteringly alluded to in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC as being "more capable of entering into all the niceties of the exhibition," yet, influenced by surrounding circumstances—circumstances arrayed in a pleasing though severe exterior, and "over which we have no control,"—we have rashly, but inevitably, allowed ourselves to fall into the perilous snare of undertaking to furnish a report of the said exhibition—we mean, of course, of the evening celebration of Washington's Birthday.

In the first place we shall premise the fact of our having been present, more or less, at all the exhibitions given by the Thespian and other societies at Notre Dame since 1860 inclusive. This will show the extent of our assertion that we think the exhibition of the 21st inst. was about the best we ever saw here.

We do not mean to say that the exhibition in question gave us more absolute pleasure at the time than any previous. Far from it. When we were young and gushing, these things made a great deal more impression on us than they do now. Even at the present moment our affections have

taken up arms against our judgment and have indignantly asked it if it isn't ashamed to say that these new fellows can outdo the dramatic wonders of the well-remembered boys of old times. But our judgment, supported by memory, conscience, and the four cardinal virtues, remains firm amid the turbulence of the inferior powers of our soul, and reiterates the assertion that the recent entertainment was the best—or thereabouts—that we have ever witnessed on the "boards" at Notre Dame.

First, there was the programme—we beg leave to publish it—

Music.....N. D. U. C. Band
Music.....Junior Orchestra
Oration.....M. H. Keeley
Music.....Junior Orchestra

DAMON AND PYTHIAS:

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS, BY JOHN BANIM.

Acted by the Members of the Thespian Association.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Damon.....Marcus J. Moriarty
Pythias.....George W. Darr
Dionysius.....Thomas F. O'Mahony
Hipparchus.....Thomas A. Ireland
Hermes.....John M. Rourke
Damocles.....Daniel Maloney
Procles.....Philip Cochrane
Philiastus.....Thomas Watson
Chresphontes.....Patrick J. O'Connell
Lucullus.....Joseph Zimmer
Child of Damon.....Charlie Beck
Captain of the Guard.....Harry Walker
Senators, Soldiers, Servants, etc.

SCENE—Syracuse.

THE IRISH TUTOR:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT, BY THE EARL OF GLENGALL.

Acted by the Members of the Thespian Association.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Terry O'Rourke, (alias Dr. O'Toole).....P. Cochrane
Dr. Flail.....H. Walker
Charles.....T. Watson
Tillwell.....E. B. Gambee
Tom.....J. Wernert
John.....D. Maloney
Beadle.....J. Zimmer
Villagers, etc.

Music.....Junior Orchestra
Closing Remarks.....Very Rev. W. Corby
March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. Band

Don't you see at once how neat and compact it is? None of your eagles and harps and boys climbing the Alps, or any other "gingerbread work." None of your synopses of scenery to tell people what the drama itself ought to be intelligible enough to tell them, or to spoil what ought to be the pleasant surprise of the *dénouement*. Nothing but just what is necessary—the names of the performers and the characters of the drama.

Our music is in a flourishing condition. The Band did well, and the Junior Orchestra—whether it was that their fellow Juniors kindly allowed us to hear more of its performances than we are ever permitted to hear of the University Orchestra's, or whether from some occult reason—gave us more pleasure than usual. Joe—our own immortal Joe—and the young gentleman with the bull fiddle, are particularly deserving of notice. The latter, facing the audience in a manly yet not obtrusive manner, wielded the portly instrument intrusted to his charge with masterly ease and grace.

The oration, by Mr. M. H. Keeley, has been already alluded to last week in terms of praise which it richly deserves. The difficulty of saying something in eulogy of Washington which has not already been said over and over again, was grappled with, and *quod sciamus* successfully surmounted by our orator. We are glad to see that he made an effort to revive the ancient peripatetic system of declamation. The classic hexameter was recited while taking six steps in one direction, and at the end of the verse, a turning (*versus*) was made, and six steps taken in the contrary direction for the next line—hence all the terms we use in

prosody, such as "foot," "verse," "arsis," "thesis," etc., have reference to the act of walking. Had Mr. Keeley's oration been metrical, his system would have been exhibited to greater effect, but even with prose it did very well.

The play of "Damon and Pythias" (Banim's) is what has given rise to our commendatory expressions at the beginning of this article. In the first place, the theme of the drama itself was far superior to those usually presented before a theatrical audience. Of all the various forms of human love, friendship is probably the highest and most enduring. Without speaking of unlawful loves, let us compare it with those that are ennobling and virtuous, and we shall find that parental love is an instinct which we share with the lower animals—that conjugal love is a form of bondage, and that filial love too often partakes of servility and worldly wisdom. Friendship alone is at once pure and free, faithful unto death, and enduring throughout eternity, for such is the mutual love of the blessed. Before the Christian era, examples of it were brilliant because few. David and Jonathan among the Jews, Orestes and Pylades in the mythic age, and Damon and Pythias (or as Anthon says we should call him, Phintias*) in the historic period, are most noted for this generous mutual affection. The story was well brought out by the delicacy and dramatic tact of the author, and in the skillful hands of Mr. F. C. Bigelow, S.S.C., the present energetic and devoted director of the Thespians, it suffered less from the necessary suppression of female characters than could possibly have been expected. In fact, in one place only, and in that inevitably, this suppression, or rather transmutation, could have been noticed by the unprepared auditor.

Now, to the characters and *mise en scène*. Damon was superb. Never have we seen Mr. Moriarty do better, and that is saying much. He seemed to identify himself thoroughly with the honest and devoted patriot, the severe moralist and philosopher, the fond husband and father, and above all, the faithful friend. Eminently tragic, if not strictly a tragedy, the varied incidents of the drama afforded a broad field for the display of those powerful emotions which the gentleman's mobile features and high-strung temperament render him so eminently capable of expressing, while his native good sense precluded his passing the bounds of what would be perfectly natural under the extraordinary circumstances of the case. He managed his toga,—that most unmanageable of stage dresses, the contemplation of which usually leads us to felicitate ourselves on belonging to the *gens braccata*—(isn't that a nice way of saying it?)—but, as we were about to say, he managed his toga with a grace and ease that (if a previous dressed rehearsal had been possible) some of his fellow senators would have done well to have tried to imitate; but, we may as well say it here as anywhere else, the drama was gotten up "under difficulties." (Mr. Darr, as Pythias, showed much correct feeling, and seemed to have studied his part well. Mr. O'Mahony, (considering that in personating a tyrant he was doing violence to all the generous and noble sentiments connected with his name, and germane to his nature,) gave us all that we desired to see in Dionysius. Damocles—was it the same Damocles that the story tells of, as sitting at the banquet under the sword suspended by a single hair? If it was, the cool and self-reliant demeanor of his impersonator, Mr. Maloney, might have carried him through an even more trying adventure. Mr. Ireland sustained the peculiar difficulties of Hipparchus in a highly creditable manner, and the attitudes of Mr. P. O'Connell, as Chresphontes, were classic and statuesque. Her-

* We may here notice that according to the best historians it was Phintias who was condemned to death, and Damon that stood security.

mes was well done by our "first old man," Mr. Rourke, in spite of the rather scanty attire allowed him. Mr. Cochrane was soldierly in Procles, and Mr. Watson dignified in Philistius. We must not forget our little pet, Charlie Beck, whose pathetic rôle as the child of Damon was rendered with a fidelity which drew tears from many eyes. And Lucullus,—the grateful but ill judging freedman, that slew the horse destined to convey Damon back to honor and to death,—was not the good soul well represented by Mr. Zimmer? We think that, in order to make it all end happily, he should have been allowed to come on the stage at the conclusion, to show the audience that he wasn't throttled, or thrown over a precipice, or anything; for as it is, his last *exit* is made under circumstances somewhat calculated to arouse anxiety in the sympathetic mind—although a youth of Mr. Zimmer's build might come down from over a precipice more safely than some others of a more bony and angular *physique*,—it depends though, a good deal, on the height of the precipice. But to return to our subject, the accessory military and senatorial characters performed the parts assigned them in a manner well calculated to sustain their principals and complete the harmony of the whole drama. We do not think that our amateurs generally get quite enough credit for their good nature in taking subordinate parts on our stage, for certainly their correct execution is necessary to the perfection of the drama as a whole, while their position is such that their performance rather adds lustre to the leading actors than reflects credit on themselves.

We do wish that artist from Belgium would arrive! Appropriate scenery does very much for a drama, and is essential to the *mise en scène*. We have, it is true, much splendid—really splendid—scenery, most of which is adaptable to dramas of varied style. But truth to tell, that "street in Syracuse" would suggest rather the great chloride of sodium emporium in the State of New York than the ancient metropolis of Sicily. Let us not be captious, however; the senate house was magnificent, and the rest of the scenery was unexceptionable.

The afterpiece, the "Irish Tutor," carried us back eleven years, to the occasion when the principal part was taken by one who is now a reverend clergyman; that of "Flail" by a choice spirit and successful business man of the neighboring metropolis, which is now rising from its ashes; that of "Tillwell" by a gentle and affectionate friend whom we have not seen for many a year, and that of "Charles" by—but he doesn't want us to tell; he wasn't very far off, though, from the "Charles" of our last entertainment.

Mr. Cochrane, being much more lightly built than that other representative of "Dr. O'Toole" to whom we were alluding, naturally allowed the humor of the character to flow more exuberantly,—he gave us the Dr. in an entirely new light, and we have not made up our mind yet which we like best. Mr. Walker, as "Flail," was natural in his gestures, but the effort to disguise his own individuality rendered him a little too indistinct in his utterance. Mr. Watson, as "Charles," was a success, and "Tillwell," Mr. Gambee, manifested a very natural and fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his tall son. As for Mr. Mahoney, if he had been *insouciant* as "Damocles," in the part of "John" he became, if we may be allowed the expression, as thoroughly "devil-may-care" as the character required—and it needs a perfect *gamin* for its impersonation. Mr. Zimmer, portly and smiling, made an excellent "Beadle," and the difficult and metamorphosed part of "Tom" was rendered with judgment by Mr. Wernert.

The closing remarks of Rev. Father Provincial expressed the pleasure that all felt in having the privilege of attending this well-conducted exhibition. I may add, in conclusion, that the shouts of

"Rec!" from some of our reckless new-comers, were as ill-judged as they were unnecessary. Washington's Birthday has been a day of recreation here from time immemorial. *Et sic semper esto, omne per ævum.* S.

The Archconfraternity.

We have seen, with some regret, a little storm raised against the Archconfraternity, and we are too much concerned in it to remain entirely silent on the subject. But, as the storm has been raised principally on our account, we are willing, like another Jonas, to be cast out into the sea, in the expectation of a speedy calm. We have sought several times to entrust the interests of the Archconfraternity in better hands than ours. We feel that a director, with proper care, might develop this pious sodality and make it more prominent than it has been during some years past. Yet we must acknowledge that circumstances are not so favorable to its success and prestige as they were twenty years ago, when it was the only religious society existing in the College, and reckoned its members from amongst the Seniors and Juniors. Other religious societies have sprung up since, viz., the Holy Childhood, the Holy Angels, and the St. Gregory's Society, and the many other literary associations, which, although not essentially opposed to the Archconfraternity, have absorbed, however, to a certain degree, the attention of the Students, and made the regular meetings of the Archconfraternity rather difficult.

We would have seen with pleasure the Archconfraternity represented as a body on certain occasions, with proper badges; but we hardly know how to effect it; for, as some of the members belong either to the Band or to the Choir, they cannot stand as a body in any religious service. They are only represented as such at the Mass and Benediction every Saturday, and in their regular meetings.

We would be happy to place the Archconfraternity in a better light, if some practicable means were suggested to us.

THE DIRECTOR.

MR. EDITOR: Do not the reporters for the different societies take up a little too much of your space in their reports of the different meetings of their respective societies? I am sure that very few of your readers care about the "superb" manner in which John Smith "spoke his piece;" the "gallant" stand of Tom Brown in defence of his opinions; the "acute," "witty," "able," "magnificent," "beautiful," "excellent," "fine," "spicy," "sound," "noble," "flowery," "brilliant," "charming" and "glorious" replies of Tom, Dick and Harry. Cannot the reporters prune their accounts somewhat? One "square" is certainly enough in which to report a meeting of a base-ball club, perhaps too much. Two or three "squares" is enough for a literary society. You might afford a couple of columns for a report of the public exercises of some societies, but surely a column is too much for a report of an ordinary society meeting, especially as no persons—unless members of the society—read it.

Yours truly,

AN AFFLICTED READER.

New Publications.

WHITE'S GRADED SCHOOL SERIES OF ARITHMETICS. By E. E. White, M.A. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Publishers.

This series consists of three separate works, entitled respectively the Primary, Intermediate, and Complete Arithmetic. The Primary Arithmetic, intended for children, is exceedingly simple and profusely illustrated with appropriate cuts, which

not only aid the young mind to understand, but render the study of Arithmetic attractive and pleasant. The Intermediate is adapted to learners of a more advanced age, and is also illustrated with many useful cuts; while the Complete, as its name implies, is intended to impart a thorough knowledge of the subject of which it treats, and in our opinion it is eminently calculated to do so. Taking the whole series together, we consider it, if not the best, at least one of the best yet offered to the public.

Cyrus Smith, of South Bend, Indiana, is agent for this series and also for all the other publications of Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

BAND-ROOM, Feb. 29, 1872.

MR. EDITOR: We, the members of the N. D. U. C. Band, desire to return our sincere thanks, through the columns of your paper, to Mr. Jacob Chirhart and lady, and also to Mr. Milton V. Bulla and lady, our well-known and esteemed neighbors, for the kind invitation extended to us to a little feast on the 25th and 28th of the present month, respectively. You can well imagine our surprise when we discovered the repasts to consist of dainties fit for Grand-Duke Alexis or the Japanese Embassy. It quite nonplussed us, for it was unexpected. However, as we always carry a sufficient amount of "brass" with us, we did not lose all courage, but soon rallied 'round the tables and did honor to our noble hosts and hostesses. Amid music and feasting we enjoyed ourselves hugely, and everything went off merrily as the marriage bell. Messrs. Chirhart and Bulla have placed us under many obligations to them for their kind attention to us, and we can assure them that they will be long and gratefully remembered by the members of the Band of '72.

N. D. U. C. BAND.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 19th meeting was held February 1st. At this meeting Master G. Duffy read a good essay entitled "City Life," after which he was unanimously elected a member. R. Hutchings commenced the exercises of the evening by showing us the "Power of Words." F. Eagan followed, amusing us with "Husking," which was well done, and reminded us of merry times long ago in the Empire State. B. Roberts next appeared and treated the "Joys and Sorrows of Christmas" in a simple and sensible manner. Then came J. Hogan with the "Rise and Progress of Mohammedanism." J. Hogan is a young, rising historian. S. Dum was the next, and did full justice to "Localisms." M. Mahoney now arose and read a well-prepared essay, "What is Religion." This was an able effort and would do honor to an older head. Of the other compositions, Master Fletcher's was pretty good.

Of the declamations, those of C. Dodge, M. Foote, C. Berdel, M. Mahoney and W. Dodge were excellent. C. Dodge closed the exercises by reading a fine criticism on the last meeting.

The 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd meetings took place respectively February 5th, 11th, 15th and 21st. The time was consumed at these meetings in the discussion that "Works of Fiction should be Abolished." This debate was the best of the season before the Association, and from the vast amount of knowledge displayed we can safely say that the participants in it have not lost their time while here. The affirmative was vigorously sustained by S. Dum, C. Berdel, J. McHugh, J. Hogan, C. Dodge, M. Foote, F. Paelan, B. Roberts and P. P. Reilly. The negative was defended in a masterly manner by D. Hogan, C. Hutchings, M. Mahoney, D. Wile, P. Cooney, F. Arantz and J. Kilcoin. S. Dum opened the debate in a finespeech; his arguments were not very numerous, but those he

brought forward were forcibly presented. D. Hogan followed in a rejoinder, and gave us a long and instructive history of fiction and its authors. His arguments were sound, and were presented in choice language: he was now and then very witty. C. Berdel appeared next; his debating powers are not quite as brilliant as his oratorical, but he did nobly. C. Hutchings arose for the negative, and maintained his position with grace and good reasoning. Charlie is a good writer, and with a little more confidence he will make a prominent debater. J. McHugh was on time in favor of the affirmative, and, with arguments well aimed, fought brilliantly. Johnnie is a good debater, but a little too sarcastic at times.

C. Dodge, Mark Foote, M. Mahoney and D. J. Wile spoke in their respective turns, as volunteers. Their speeches were excellent, and the mere mention of their names is sufficient, as they are well known as prominent debaters. Of the others who did well, we will mention P. Cooney, T. Phelan, J. Hogan and F. Arantz. J. McHugh closed this long discussion in an excellent and eloquent manner, in which he displayed his keen sarcasm, fine memory, and ready wit to good advantage. This over, the president summed up the arguments and gave his decision—according to the manner in which the subject had been discussed—in favor of the affirmative.

He then spoke at some length on the good and evil tendencies of novel-reading, and closed by saying that if they must be read he could give them no better instruction than that contained in an essay found in the Metropolitan Fourth Reader (page 135).

Rev. Father Lemonnier, who was present during most of the debate, expressed himself highly pleased and said that he would like to see this subject discussed in the large parlor or in the exhibition hall, in either of which places a great number could witness it. The President then paid a well deserved tribute to D. J. Wile, saying he was very glad to see again present one who had so often before distinguished himself in the musical and literary entertainments given by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

After organizing the editorial corps for the new paper to be issued by the Association, of which more will be said hereafter, the meeting adjourned.
J. R., SECRETARY *pro tem.*

Star of the West Base-Ball Club.

MR. EDITOR:—We beg to inform your readers that the "Champions" are once more in the field, ready for all opponents. At the semi-annual election of officers the following-named gentlemen were chosen:

Director—Bro. Aloysius.
President—Charles Berdel.
Vice-President—Chas. Dodge.
Secretary—David J. Wile.
Treasurer—L. McOsker.
Field Directors—D. Hogan, E. S. Monahan.
Capt. First Nine—P. O'Reilly.
Capt. Second Nine—C. Hutchings.
Censors—S. Dum, B. Roberts.

It will be unnecessary to boast of the club, inasmuch as their achievements speak for themselves; yet, we will say, that the championship of the University must and shall be retained by them.

BASEBALLIST.

AN educator of men must know the nature of man—the object of his existence, as well as the truths he is to teach, and the manner of teaching such truths. Otherwise he cannot be a good teacher, simply because he does not understand his business. Education consists in drawing out and promoting the development of the subject we are educating.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.
February 27, 1872.

Last Sunday evening, after the distribution of the weekly tickets of excellence by Very Rev. Father General, the young ladies of the First Senior Class introduced the first number of their official organ, "The Gossip." This paper promises to compete with the "Graduate Trumpet" in sprightliness and humor. These class competitions awaken the latent energy and talent of the young ladies, and also prove a sort of safety-valve through which they may give vent to the drolleries which it might be injurious to suppress.

It was announced in one of the Chicago daily papers that the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, at Niles, had a number of Mexican ponies provided for their amusement. Another paper states that the Mexican ponies are at Notre Dame College. The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy beg leave to say "those Mexican ponies were never intended for Notre Dame; they are now at St. Mary's Academy, and St. Mary's Academy is *not* at Niles.

Respectfully,
STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Louisa Pease, Chicago, Illinois.
" Catharine Casey, Chicago, Illinois.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

February 25th—Misses A. Lloyd, M. Letourneau, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Paxson, M. Donahue, M. McIntyre, L. Sutherland.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Toberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, J. Millis, R. Spier, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, E. Wilcox.

Third Senior—Misses R. Devoto, A. Robson, E. Dickerhoff.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, H. McMahon, A. Hambleton, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Kelly, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, N. Ball, L. James.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Eutzler, B. Wade, A. Hunt, B. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Menzanas, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, R. Spier, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clarke, Jr.

Second French—Misses M. Cochran, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker, K. McMahon.

First German—Misses A. Clarke, L. Pfeiffer, B. Schmidt.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, A. Rose.

Latin—Misses C. Davis, F. Munn.

Plain Sewing—Misses A. Emonds, N. Duggan, A. St. Clair, M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, F. Moore, M. Pinney, K. Miller.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses A. Robson, D. Green, A. Shea, M. Lange, R. Devoto.

First Class (Second Division)—Misses E. Wilcox, M. Kelly, S. Honeyman.

Second Class—Misses E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Armsby, E. Greenleaf, H. McMahon.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class—Misses J. Millis, A. Woods, A. Clarke, N. Sullivan.

Second Class—Misses I. Edwards, B. Reynolds, A. Emonds, M. Kelly.

WATER COLORS.

Misses S. Honeyman, E. Greenleaf, M. Cummings.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Hynds, M. Shirland, M. Kirwan.

Second Division—Misses H. Tompkins, A. Borup.

Harp—Misses K. McMahon, M. Shirland.

Second Class—Misses E. Plamondon, A. Clarke, A. Todd.

Second Division—Misses A. Goldhardt, L. West.

Third Class—Misses D. Green, M. Lassen, M. Prince.

Second Division—Misses A. Emonds, R. Devoto, H. Brown.

Fourth Class—Misses K. Zell, L. Pease, A. Woods.

Second Division—Misses S. Honeyman, M. Corcoran, A. Robson.

Fifth Class—Misses G. Kelly, J. Walker, M. Cummings.

Second Division—Misses L. Tinsley, A. Wood.

Sixth Class—Misses A. Conahan, L. Pfeiffer, L. Buehler.

Second Division—Misses I. Edwards, C. Germain, B. Wade.

Seventh Class—Misses I. Reynolds, C. McLaughlin.

Eighth Class—Misses A. Noel, F. Munn, A. Walsh.

Ninth Class—Misses R. Wile, L. Walsh, M. Walsh.

Tenth Class—Misses T. Cronan, J. Valdors, R. Menzanas.

Guitar—Misses H. Tompkins, B. Crowley.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

February 21st—Misses A. Goldhardt, F. Munn, B. Quan, A. Noel, K. Faumer, M. Walsh, A. Rose, M. Sylvester, N. O'Mara, M. Farnum, E. Lappin, M. Hildreth.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, L. Harrison, E. Horgan, L. Wood, A. Walsh, L. McKinnon, M. Reynolds.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, M. Faxon, L. Wood, A. Goldhardt.

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, L. Tinsley, G. Kelly, A. Burney, N. O'Mara, M. Booth.

Thirty-two Large Double Column Pages every Month for One Dollar a Year.

The Young Crusader;

AN ILLUSTRATED
CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

—OF—
CHOICE READING

—AND—
GOOD PICTURES.

Read with interest by all, and with special delight and profit by the younger members of the family.
The *Crusader* is now in its fourth year.
The *Reviewers* say it is the best of its kind.
Sample Copies free to all who ask for them.
Back Numbers always on hand.
Handsome Premiums are given to those who get up Clubs.
A Liberal Discount to Sunday-Schools.
Send One Dollar, (one year's subscription,) by mail, addressed to the Editor, REV. WILLIAM BYRNE,
22314
Boston, Mass.