

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 25, 1873.

Number 37.

"IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

[ACT III—SCENE V, CONTINUED.]

FERDINAND. Your words go to my heart. Good Bozza, mark

This gentle shepherd closely. I ere long
Will question him and learn his antecedents.
You're sure you did not fancy that white lock?

BOZZA. I'm sure, your majesty. The same fair tress,
Near the right temple, gleamed upon his head
As that upon your own. I took great pains
To prove it no deception.

FERDINAND. It is well.

I shall investigate. Ah, generous youth!
I could not love you more were you my son!
(*Sounds of cannon and drums outside.*)

BOZZA. Do you hear that sound? The enemy is nigh.

FERDINAND. (*Grasping his sword.*)
The Spaniards! 'Tis the Spaniards in the Bay!
The city is besieged! (*Rushes out.*)

BOZZA. God save the king!

(*Enter MELCHIORE, ORAZZO, VERDI, BEPPO and LUPO in consternation.*)

What's happened, Melchiore? Are we lost?

MELCHIORE. The Spaniards are upon us!

BOZZA. Where are they?

MELCHIORE. Within gunshot of shore. See for yourself.
(*All watch from the window.*)

BOZZA. We are all unprepared! How happens this?

MELCHIORE. Not quite so unprepared as they suppose.
The Spanish fleet was moving all last night,—
But Cesare is in chains—thank God for that!—
And we have the advantage.

MARINO. (*Gazing out.*) Do you see
King Ferdinand there? Foremost in the fight!

ORAZZO. Good! Our guns do grand dispatch! That
man-of-war

Is going down already!

MELCHIORE. Yes!—she goes!—
She is their leader too! They may as well
Quit firing, and surrender, as to fight.

(*A loud discharge of cannon is heard.*)

LUPO. A strong broadside for once! As I'm alive
The second ship is shattered!

ORAZZO. (*Doubtfully.*) But alas!
The city is on fire. The flames run wild!

MELCHIORE. We are prepared for that. The risk is small.
Quick hands will quench the flame.

ORAZZO. But what, my lord,
Should they burn down the palace?

MELCHIORE. They will not,
Do you not see the wind's the other way?

ORAZZO. But it may change.

BOZZA. Orazzo, who is that
Dashing among the soldiers?

ORAZZO. Don't you know—
The Shepherd monarch?

BOZZA. If he's not inspired
I must believe him some angelic knight
Sent down like those who fought the First Crusade.

ORAZZO. How clumsily the Spaniards work their ships!
They ply as though half crazy.

MELCHIORE. So they are.
They have been caught in old Ruisco's net,
And flounder to escape it.

LUPO. (*Pointing.*) But they can't.
It's good enough for traitors. Yonder!—look!—
The Spanish siege is at an end! (*Cannon.*)

MELCHIORE. Huzza!
The day is ours. The king now boards the ship—
Our soldiers swarm the deck. Bad luck to Spain!

The admiral is a prisoner. Come, huzza
For victory, for Naples, and the king!
ORAZZO. Perish invaders! Long live Ferdinand!
(*Tumult of firing and huzzas ceases.—Exeunt all.*)

(*Enter ALBERTO.*)

ALBERTO. (*Frightened.*)
I wonder where the people all have gone?
Those frightful noises!—cannon, screams and shouts!—
I do not understand. Where can they be?—
Melchiore and the rest? I am afraid
My father will be murdered. Where is he?
Father! Oh, father!—father!—where are you?

(*Frantically walks the room and wrings his hands.*)
The palace will be burned, and I alone!
Father! father! Why don't you hear me, father?

(*Enter GENARO. ALBERTO flies to him.*)
Will you not tell me where the people are,—
My father and the others?

GENARO. (*Recognizing ALBERTO.*) Prince! dear Prince!
Thank God, that I have met you!

ALBERTO. (*Astonished.*) Shepherd boy!—
You are the shepherd boy that saved my life?

GENARO. I am, dear Prince.

ALBERTO. (*Clinging to GENARO.*) I'm very glad you
came.

I'm frightened beyond measure. Can you tell
What all this firing means,—the shouts and noise?

GENARO. We've fought and driven the Spaniards.
We are safe:

Your father and his kingdom.

ALBERTO. (*Embracing GENARO.*) Oh, dear friend,
To whom I owe my life!—you may be sure
I think about you always, day and night;

I never can forget you. Before long
I wish to talk with you; but now, indeed
I must search for my father. Fare you well. (*Exit.*)

GENARO. A thousand dreams could never be as strange
As this reality. I am no king,
Though I have saved the kingdom. Heart and hand
Have just now battled to defend the crown,
And yet another wears it. 'Tis all right.
Yet, were I king, I'd wield my power for good.

(*Enter RUISCO, with brigands.*)

RUISCO. (*Rushing furiously at GENARO.*)
Here is our cause of trouble! Sneaking spy,
You thought you would escape us; but take that
(*Striking him a violent blow.*)

For giving information of our plot.

GENARO. (*Defying RUISCO.*)
I'd do the same again. A thousand lives
Are nothing to my country.

RUISCO. (*Falling upon GENARO.*)

You're but one—

And that's not worth the naming!

(*The ruffians gain the advantage over GENARO, when CECATO enters with a huge club.*)

CECATO. Stop, you knaves!
Clear out, you tigers! Let that boy alone!
(*CECATO beats RUISCO till mortally wounded, and drives the brigands away.*)

GENARO. (*Embracing CECATO.*)
My dear Cecato! you have saved my life!

CECATO. And you have saved ten thousand. Bless you,
boy!
Your'e worth a dozen kings, say what they will.

GENARO. Speak not of kings. I'm but a shepherd boy—
Simply Genaro, though a king at heart.
Farewell, sweet vision! farewell, lofty aim!
Proud hope to wield a sovereign's power for truth,—
To be a king for justice' sake! 'Tis past,
And I am but a powerless youth at last.
But how, Cecato, chanced you to be here?

CECATO. Think you, Genaro, I would go away.
Before I learned how you were brought to Court?
'Twas lucky that I staid, though.

GENARO. Yes, dear friend;
Ruisco would have killed me but for you.
But we will go. I'm weary of the noise,
The glitter, the contention, and the pride—
With care and disappointment. I want rest.
Old Banquo will not trouble us. Thank Heaven
The rude, morose old traitor ne'er again
Can take advantage of poor shepherd boys.
Without him we can lead a peaceful life,
Quiet and pleasant, 'midst the gentle lambs.
I'm satisfied of Court-life, Cecato;
In glare and splendor I feel not at home,
And like our own ways better.

CECATO. I'm rejoiced!—
We were afraid that you had left us quite.

(*Exeunt omnes.—Curtain.*)

END OF ACT THIRD.

THE THESPIANS are "up and doing." The play entitled "Damon and Pythias," which it will be remembered was presented by the Society on "Washington's Birthday" last year, is being prepared, and will be brought out at the Annual Commencement in June. We need add no comments, for those who have seen the play can testify to its excellence

Enthusiasm.

SHOULD IT BE CHERISHED OR DISCOURAGED IN THE YOUNG?

Our subject is one well worthy of consideration at present, when popular sentiment appears to be suspicious of all earnestness which does not bring about immediate and tangible results. The word enthusiasm is so frequently coupled and confounded with fanaticism, that matter-of-fact people shrink with a kind of reasonable horror from the very mention of the name. Before their mental vision is arrayed startling pictures of "Oliver Cromwell" and the "Long Parliament," or perchance of Cotton Mather and Salem witchcraft. At best, the idea of enthusiasm, in their minds, is connected with nothing more enticing than the fruitless search of a poor alchemist after the "Philosopher's Stone," or perchance of a poverty-stricken inventor striving to extort from the stores of his ingenious brain a mechanical "perpetual motion." A good dinner, a fine *soirée*, a promising business transaction—these, each and all, are worthy of the most lively interest; very true; and yet these good people will not permit the temperate flow of their sober blood to be disturbed by an impulse respecting anything less practical, for fear they may be convicted of enthusiasm.

Against this class we will take the part of enthusiasm, and will endeavor to prove that it should be cultivated, and never on any account discouraged.

The adjective "enthusiastic" is by Webster defined to be "zeal in the pursuit of an object"; and if this zeal ever proves a fault it must be set down to the charge of the object, and not to the noble sentiment which has imparted to earth all of which it can boast that is admirable and great.

We will admit that ardor for the accomplishment of a design, unaccompanied by the sister virtues, patience and diligence, is far from desirable; but a bird divested of its plumes, its head, its feet, is no longer a bird, but only a part of one. In like manner, zeal without the qualities to promote the attainment of the object in view is no longer enthusiasm, since it lacks the most essential properties of the trait in question.

Often, especially in youth who are without sound moral principles, devoid of any fixed standard of right and wrong, we see that fitful indecision of character which to-day is fervent and to-morrow cool; but that is no enthusiasm. The sentiment which we defend is something far more noble. To our understanding, enthusiasm is the outward expression of an earnest purpose of the heart. It is the fire of *sincerity* kindled on the altar of the soul, and kept alive by the pure and *unexhausted native vigor of that soul*. It belongs to expansive and not to narrow minds. It is the creature's dutiful correspondence with the well-understood destiny marked out for him by his Creator. The truly enthusiastic man recognizes the object for which he was placed in this world, and to that object he applies himself with unflinching energy. There are no bye-paths to divert the earnest heart, and in pursuit of which the precious legacy of time is squandered. This gift of heaven is too sacred to be frittered away in the sluggish waters of indifference and doubt. Obstacles in his career only strengthen him in his purpose. He remembers that life is a state of trial. Obstacles test his courage, and add fresh power to his fearless will. As for trials, his prudent forecast has

calculated upon them. He is not taken by surprise. His object is worthy, and he intends and expects to sacrifice much—yes, even life itself, if necessary—for the sake of that object.

What is the fire which burns in the patriot's heart, and makes him ever ready to die for his country? It is true and zealous devotion to the land which gave him birth. It is enthusiasm, which is the inspiration of the philanthropist, of the missionary, of the saint. This it is, which imparts wings to enterprise, and nerves the will against temptation. It is the impulse which guides the man of science in his glorious career.

Perils do not daunt the enthusiastic man: opposition does not intimidate him. The incentive of his exertion is in his own bosom. Like a well-built ocean steamer, his motive power is within. It is his strong and distinctly defined purpose. Tide and wind neither retard nor urge him forward. Outward changes disturb him not. The voice of duty is ever sounding in his ears, and is like the battle-cry to the warrior. His physical nature is but the servant to duty. Luxury and ease he spurns as foes to his darling object. How unlike this portrait is that of the man half in earnest! Such a man has set out in life like a dead plank on the stream. He floats with the current, and is without an object. If the rapids draw him in, swiftly will he float; should a snag intercept his course, he cannot progress. There he lies, unable to extricate himself. If the waters are sluggish, he is sluggish too. To him life has no law but chance, and to enjoy sensual pleasures is the height of his ambition.

Study history, read the biographies of the great, and you will find that enthusiasm has distinguished the career of all those whose success is worthy of the name. How calmly, yet how brilliantly—like the clear shining of a planet in the sky—did enthusiasm, constant and holy, beam forth in the life of the "Angelic Patron of Youth," St. Aloysius Gonzaga! Courts with their splendors, military ambition with its grandeur, a noble principality with its honors,—yes, even more, HOME with its charm of Christian affection,—had none of them the power to turn his heart from a purpose which bore the stamp of the "WILL OF GOD." Deep, silent, yet pure and enthusiast'c, love for God, who receives so little gratitude from men, carried every volition of his soul above the petty aims of earth, above the sophistry of human argument; and it was that heaven-born enthusiasm which made him the saint to whom we bend in loving homage and to whose earnest prayers we love to recommend ourselves.

But let us go farther back.

It was the voice of a generous-hearted, enthusiastic champion of human rights, the voice of Peter the Hermit, which in the eleventh century aroused the entire Christian world to rise in resisting the arrogant Mahometan power which threatened to engulf Europe. For nearly two hundred years the echo of that voice held all the world by its magic spell. It was the impulse aroused by that voice which preserved art, science, and morality, from the corroding influence and the fierce despotism of a false and sensual religious system—that of the Turk. To-day, *we enjoy the fruits of the Crusaders' earnestness.*

Enthusiasm, patient and true, ploughed unknown waters, and found a new world. It has given and sustained our free institutions, our grand Religious Orders; and besides dotting our waters with steamships, and our land with ten

thousand marks of enterprise, it has implanted in our souls an element to carry us triumphant through the contest which we must wage against evil customs, corrupt literature, and that common recklessness which asks, not "what is right?" but "what is expedient?" That element is emulation.

Let the watchword of Clermont be ours: "GOD WILLS IT," and nothing will then be trifling or indifferent. Thoroughly interested in whatever we undertake, life will be full of a zest which the indifferent and half-hearted can never understand. Enthusiastic and earnest in friendship, in the pursuit of science, in devotion to God and His saints, all that we shall perform will be alive with the love which actuates us in all we do; and our influence, like a sacred perfume, will remain to bless the world long after we have ceased to dwell upon its surface.

LENA EDELEN.

ST. MARY'S, ALEXANDRIA, VA., May 3.

Jubilee Concerts in Chicago.

The completion of the immense and imposing depot of the Michigan Southern and Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, and of the Grand Pacific Hotel—two of the most notable structures of the kind in the world—has suggested the idea of celebrating the event by a grand jubilee to take place during the first week in June. The programme, although not yet completed in all its details, will include three grand concerts, a ball at the Pacific, receptions to distinguished guests, excursions by rail and lake, etc. The following is a brief outline of what may be expected:

On Tuesday evening, June 3, an informal reception will be given Gilmore, the distinguished Boston Jubilee leader, at the grand Pacific.

Invitations have been given to the Governors of the Northwestern States, and to many other distinguished gentlemen from abroad, who will be given a formal reception at the Pacific House on Wednesday evening June 4, at which time the spacious and magnificent parlors of that mammoth establishment will be thrown open.

On Thursday afternoon and evening concerts will be given in the depot, which is 200x600 feet in size. Seats will be provided for *forty thousand* persons. The instrumental music will be led by Gilmore, who will have 300 performers responding to the orders of his *baton*, while the vocal numbers will be rendered by a large chorus of well-trained voices.

On Friday morning the Governors and other distinguished guests will visit the South Parks and boulevards, under escort of the Park Commissioners. On the afternoon of that day a grand concert will be given for the special enjoyment of the 30 000 children attending our public schools. The admission to this concert will be but twenty-five cents. Friday evening a grand opening ball will be given at the Pacific. This will be under the direction of fifty managers, made up of representatives from this and other cities, New York and Boston, St. Louis and Cincinnati each having six. The dining hall, which is 130x60 feet, will be devoted to the use of the dancers. Over 2,000 invitations will be issued, which will be sent to the more prominent personages of this and other towns and cities.

On Saturday morning the Park Commissioners will escort our more prominent guests to Lincoln Park. Steamboat excursions on the lake will be an important feature of this day's programme, the Goodrich line having agreed to furnish several of their best boats for the occasion. The proprietors of the Pacific will entertain the Governors visiting us as the guests of the city.

The railway lines leading into the city will issue excursion tickets at reduced rates, so that people residing in towns and cities hundreds of miles distant may take part in the festivities. The whole affair, as relates to the concerts especially, will be under the management of Messrs. Carpenter & Sheldon, which insures the complete success of the same.—*Chicago Journal May 8th.*

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Society Day.

We would call the attention of the various Literary and Religious Societies to the fact that Saturday, June the 25th, has been fixed upon as the occasion for a general display of their talents and of the knowledge acquired during the present year in their respective spheres. Each Society will select its own representative, who will then have an understanding with the Director of Studies as to the particular part which he shall take on the occasion. The object of this arrangement is to secure variety, and prevent a clashing in the choice of subjects, etc. No time to be lost.

Notice.

The Secretaries of the various Societies are requested to hand to the Director of Studies the usual report for the CATALOGUE. This should be done during the coming week to secure insertion.

Fly-Catches.

FISHING is reported better.

THE Minim graduate has arrived.

IT is getting rather warm for base-ball.

IT would appear that the stone-cutters are through.

THE Minims' swing has been moved nearer the printing office.

THE kiosk in the Botanical Garden has been nicely painted.

THE New Church is rising steadily; it begins to look very tasty.

THE plants on the window-sills of the Collegiate Study-hall look nice.

WE are glad to notice that the yard back of the College is being raked and cleaned up.

THE "big bell" is earnestly clamoring for its speedy transportation to the New Church.

FATHER CARRIER has been transplanting many bushes and flowers in and about his Botanical Garden.

THE Novitiate grounds, across the lake, have been undergoing improvements; much "sodding" has been done on the hillside.

THE DOME.—On account of the rusting of the tin which has for many years protected the dome, it has been painted red as a groundwork, and is to be painted so as to resemble a marble dome.

NEW LAUNDRY HOUSE.—The hill back of and to the north of the kitchen has been prepared for the foundation of the new laundry-house, etc., which is to be soon in process of erection.

ESCAPED FROM BONDAGE.—Not long since a ground-squirrel, whose liberty was confined to a tin box and about three feet of string, was liberated; an inquiry was instituted, but owing to a want of evidence the affair was laid under the desk—not in the tin-box, however.

THE MURIDÆ had their annual ball, banquet and reunion one night last week. The mirth commenced at about eleven, and continued till four in the morning; they were slightly disturbed by a slipper and a boot. However honest they may hitherto have been reported to be, it appears they will pick pockets and even stoop to steal socks.

History.

On inquiring of my fellow-classmates, I found all without exception gave their preference for Mathematics, and went on to enumerate many reasons for doing so. So I concluded to say a few words in favor of poor abused History. History is undoubtedly one of the best and most advantageous branches taught in our schools. I would give little for the knowledge a pupil may have of geography, if he has not a knowledge of history. I further contend that an education is not complete without a knowledge of history. "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown on me, it would be a taste for reading history." These are the words of one of our greatest educators. A man that has a taste for reading history, and means of gratifying it, is undoubtedly a happy man and a man that can make others happy; he is a fit companion for any society, and as a general thing his friendship is sought for. Who would not sooner be the companion of a historian, and listen with interest to his thrilling and instructive narratives, than be companion to a sober mathematician? I think there are few persons who would give their preference for the latter.

A religious derives but little benefit from mathematics, while, on the other hand, he derives many advantages from the study of history. And take, for example, the laboring man that has a knowledge of history. After his daily toil is over he can relieve his home of its dullness by relating some historical event. He can make the family circle livelier and gayer; and who will not be happy when he knows he is the cause of making his family happy? It will not only be a consolation to the parent to know that he is making his family happy, but also to know that they are storing in their minds useful knowledge that will benefit them during life.

Again, it sometimes happens that after a lapse of twenty or thirty years papa's name changes, and he is addressed by the filial title of grandpa; suppose grandpa to be a dry mathematician, do you suppose he will be a favorite of the little ones? I think not. But suppose grandpa to be well acquainted merely with the history of our own country, and let him relate to the little ones the adventures of the early settlers with the different tribes of Indians, etc.: do you not suppose he will be a favorite with them? Most undoubtedly he will. In Johnnie's eulogy of grandpa he

mentions particularly the pleasing stories that grandpa relates, and concludes by saying

"I don't know what a poor fellow would do
Without a grandpapa or two."

Again, I contend that the military man that has a knowledge of history is a better soldier than the one that has a knowledge of mathematics; of course, it is very essential that all commissioned officers should have a knowledge of mathematics, but I speak of the majority,—the private soldiers. And why? Because the mere mathematician will despair at the slightest defeat, while the historian will call to mind Washington at Valley Forge, or a thousand like circumstances that the historian is acquainted with, which will give him fresh energy.

The historian knows not the meaning of the word despair; his motto as a general thing is always that of the poet:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

B. S.

WE are glad to hear from our friend, Mr. John M. Gearin, now residing in Portland, Oregon. Although his letter is short, and contains no allusions to his personal affairs, we know from the fact of his enclosing his subscription for the present year that he is prospering, and at peace with himself and all the world and the printer.

Italian Spoliation Schemes.

From time to time the Revolutionary Press loves to stimulate the faction, in right brigand fashion, with circumstantial accounts of plunder to be shared. An *Opinione* article on Roman Convent Libraries contains interesting, and, I have reason to believe, tolerably correct information. The Ministerial organ premises that it has been at great pains to obtain particulars of this description of Church property with a view to suggesting its partial preservation. Our public men, pursues the *Opinione*, are unacquainted with Rome, and, therefore, fail in local legislation. Liberal views and determination to get rid of the Friars are not in this case sufficient. It is essential that a just idea be formed of the value of the Monastic libraries; and it would be well to take counsel before scattering them. Largest among these collections are the Biblioteca Casanatense, property of the Dominican Order, and the Biblioteca Angelica, accumulated at enormous expense, and for three centuries maintained open to the public by the Augustinians. The Casanatense, besides 200,000 printed volumes, comprises over 30,000 parchments, that is to say, one of the most magnificent series of manuscripts in the world. The Dominicans spend 21,500 lire per annum upon the conservation and enlargement of the Casanatense. Students have daily easy ingress, with free use of excellent reading room. It takes its name from Cardinal Casanate, whose private library, bequeathed to his order in 1700, formed, in the intelligent hands of the Friars Preachers, the nucleus of the present noble collection. In the Biblioteca Angelica the Augustinians have 150,000 printed books, and 2,945 manuscript codices. Here, too, the attendance and facilities of reference are beyond all praise. The quiet and sombre Angelica, favorite resort of Divinity students, was modestly endowed by the Augustinian Cardinal, Angelo Roua, and,

out of gratitude, was named after him. As regards the fate of the Casanatense and Angelica, the project most in favor in "Liberal" circles is, as a matter of course, one akin to the degree of the French General Stitiles, who expropriated the Roman Convents in 1810—to sell them up, with other Church property, reserving only such works as the discrimination of the Royal Commissioners may endorse as adapted for a miscellaneous City Library. Against this view, characteristically (I had almost said, amusingly) revolutionary, the *Opinione* perorates at great length. It expatiates upon the specialties of the Casanatense and Angelica; upon the patient labor of selection lasting centuries long; upon the methodical classification, and neat and careful keeping of the books and manuscripts; upon the admirably accurate catalogues; upon the well-lighted halls built purposely at the Minerva at S. Agostino; concluding for once in a way with irrefragable logic, that their destruction would indelibly disgrace the anti-Papal party. It is doubtless to be hoped that this counsel may outweigh the fanaticism of the more rugged, or rather of the less astute, Revolutionists. Even Piedmontese Royal Commission is preferable to the auctioneer's hammer. Nevertheless, leaving out of the question its radical injustice, students will deplore bitterly the transfer. Taking as a test the mismanagement which in two years and a half has all but ruined the Alexandrian Library. Seized with the University to which it is attached, we cannot but foresee that the carelessness, habit of pilfering, and stolidity apparently innate in the majority of Piedmontese *impiegati* will, in a short space of time, prove fatally detrimental to the invaluable literary treasures confiscated from the good and learned Dominican and Augustinian Fathers.

The *Opinione* next suggests that after sale of duplicate copies and works of no account, the remaining convent and college libraries be resolved into one to constitute the principal public library of the capital. To evince the easy effectuation and propriety of the scheme, the *Opinione* proceeds to count up goodly spoil. From the Oratorians of the Chiesa Nuova 25,000 printed books and 3,000 precious manuscripts—the Franciscan Biblioteca Aracclitana, of 18,000 volumes—the 70,000 volumes accumulated by the Jesuits for their International University at the Roman College—the Gesù Library of 20,000 volumes—that of the Franciscans of SS. Apostoli, more than 16,000 from the Canons Regular of S. Pietro in Vincoli, 15,000—nearly as many volumes from the Carmelites of the Vittoria and from the Camaldolese of S. Gregorio—Theatines, Olivetans, Servites, and half-a-dozen other Communities with libraries varying from 6,000 to 20,000 volumes, and most of them with a copiously stocked muniment room—in fine, five hundred and thirty-five codices of inestimable price handed down to the learned monks of the Abbey of Holy Cross by the austere Cistercians of the middle ages. The total plunder of twenty great libraries (leaving out the Casanatense and Angelica) is roughly under-estimated at 293,000 printed volumes. Taking minor convents into account, the projected city library may be opened with 400,000 printed volumes and 5,000 valuable manuscripts. The semi-official contributor to the leading Ministerial journal—whose bump of destructiveness, characteristic of the species, is to all appearance but imperfectly developed—avows himself content with the sale of 50,000 volumes; just enough, he naïvely subjoins, to pay expenses. He winds up, hoping that Government (which it certainly has

not) has already turned its attention to the incredible value of the treasure fallen into its hands, and to the feasibility of retaining it, and suffering it to remain accessible to the public. One brief passage in the elaborate article might have been written by a Catholic. I translate it nearly *verbatim*.—

"In order to convince himself how far the magnitude of these collections goes beyond all anticipations, the reader may consult, with profit, Blume's "Iter Italicum"—an erudite compilation, printed at Halle in 1830. The painstaking German "savant" demonstrates that no less than forty-five of our conventual collections have individually, every requisite for a noble city library. A result so flattering to the Romans is not to be wondered at. From the Renaissance down to the morrow of the first French Revolution, and from the Restoration in 1815 until the recent overthrow of the Theocracy, Rome was constantly the tranquil seat of learning and the favorite sojourn of men of letters. Out of greatheartedness and out of unfeigned love of science the Pontiff-Kings were generous patrons of celebrated men and laudably zealous for the advancement of learning in their States."

Despite the *Opinione* I fear that within a few months I shall have to return to the monastic libraries of Rome, and to tell your readers tales of wanton destruction, recalling the ancient misdeeds of Vandals and Ostrogoths and the modern exploits of the Royal Commissioners for the Dissolution of Monasteries in Naples and Sicily. For the present, I may be allowed to call attention to the figures recapitulated above as sufficient proof that Rome has preserved from the middle ages, bound up in its admirable monastic institutes, and thanks to the fostering sway of the Popes, its once uncontested dignity of literary capital of the world.—*London Weekly Register*

Captain Jack of the Lava Beds.

I'm Captin Jack of the Lava Beds,
I'm "cock o' the walk," and chief o' the Reds,
I kin "lift the hat" and scalp the heads
Of the whole United States army

When I go out my squaw she cries,
My squaw she cries,
My squaw she cries,
When I go out my squaw she cries,
You'd better look out for the army!

[O, yes! ladies and gentlemen, I'm the original Captin Jack, of the Modoc braves—big Ingin me—white man he make he too much bombshell and telegraphy dispatch—but he no *sarvey* de lava bed. White man he play "high low," but he no catches dis Jack, for—

I'm Captin Jack of de Modoc braves,
And cock o' the walk to the lava caves,
When I catches 'em out—their heads I shave—
The heads of the braves of the army!

When I stand up the pickets they stare,
The pickets they stare,
The pickets they stare,
When I stand up the pickets they stare—
And then run back to the army!

[O, yes, ladies and gentlemen, big medicine-man Killem, he going to eat up Modoc chiefs at one square meal, but he make he too muchee fight at San Francisco telegraph man, and shoot bombshell at Modoc squaw and scalp only dead Ingin, Charley. Ugh! Captin Jack, he bullee boy with glass eyes. Captain Killem he played out on dis line—all Summer time.—*Exchange*.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, D. App, F. Buter, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, V. M. Baca, W. Bartlett, G. and J. Brown, J. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, W. Campbell, J. and G. Crummev, J. Drake, B. Dorsey, P. Deneny, J. Donnelly, C. and W. Dodge, T. Dundon, P. Downey, J. Egan, M. Foley, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, J. George, E. Graves, D. and J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpin, J. Harrington, A. Horne, A. Hess, H. Hug, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, A. Kreichgauer, T. Keenan, J. Kelley, E. Kimm, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, D. Maloney, T. and J. Murphy, E. Monohan, J. McAlister, A. Mooney, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, P. Mattimore, T. Noel, J. Ney, P. O'Meara, J. O'Brien, P. O'Sullivan, P. O'Connell, P. O'Mahony, F. Phelan, E. Spitley, G. Stack, C. Spears, F. Scrafford, J. Scherer, M. Torbett, T. Trimble, S. Valdez, W. Van't Woud, C. Vinson, L. Watson, T. White, H. Walker, C. Walters, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Geo. Amann, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, C. Black, P. Brosseau, C. Burger, M. Blake, H. Bennett, F. Cronin, C. Clarke, J. Caren, B. Casey, J. Devine, J. Dore, W. Dexter, J. Daly, H. Enneking, J. and F. Ewing, W. Fletcher, F. Frazee, G. and W. Gross, W. Green, J. Graham, H. Hunt, E. Holt, C. Hake, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, J. Jepson, A. Kleine, R. Kelly, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, J. Lynch, L. Loser, B. LeFevre, C. Lewis, W. Meyer, F. McOske, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, S. and W. McMahon, J. and S. Marks, J. McGrath, W. Morgan, E. Milburn, F. Miller, V. McKinnon, J. McHugh, N. Mooney, J. McGinnis, L. Munn, D. McAndrews, J. Nevin, D. and J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, C. O'Connor, J. Quill, H. Quan, A. and C. Reid, C. Ruger, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, F. Sweger, H. Shephard, H. Schaller, W. Schultheis, J. Shannahan, P. Schnurrer, N. Van Namee, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh, F. Weisenberger, F. Wittelsberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

A. Koch, C. and H. Faxon, E. Raymond, E. Cleary, J. Shannon, C. Whitcomb, A. Weatherbee, C. Walsh, T. Nelson, J. Cooney, A. Miller, W. O'Hara, J. Nelson, F. Carlin, A. Murphy, Lee Frazee, T. Hooley, R. Haley, H. Snee, C. McKinnon, J. McMahon.
J. F. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

SENIOR CLASS—G. Crummev, V. M. Baca, P. Cooney, E. Halpin, F. McOske, F. Egan, O. Waterman, S. Valdez, F. W. Phelan, J. D. George, H. C. Cassidy, C. W. Dulaney, J. Harrington, J. B. Comer, C. A. Butler, J. C. Donnelly, W. T. Briant, E. Morancy, A. Greening, T. D. Flanagan, T. J. Fitzpatrick, J. P. Hoffman, P. Jacobs, A. J. Mooney, C. H. Vinson, J. W. McAlister, E. Mullin, G. Ruger, E. L. Spitley, P. O'Mahony, J. F. Schmidt, J. H. Gillespie, G. Stack, E. J. Plummer, J. F. Wolfe, M. B. Tor-

bett, G. D. Tobin, J. D. Stubbs, C. Ruger, W. Meyers, H. H. Hunt, L. Hibben, E. Milburn, J. Quill, L. Loser, J. Mullarkey, W. Gross, E. G. Ohmer, J. Devine, J. O'Connell, S. Wise.

JUNIOR CLASS—L. C. Watson, G. M. Brown, G. H. Crosby, J. A. Brown, J. E. Devine, J. Brennan, A. A. Allen, A. Hess, W. W. Bartlett, P. O'Sullivan, W. Van't Woud, F. C. St. Aubin, E. T. Chalfant, J. B. Begue, H. Zeitler, T. F. Keenan, W. Ball, J. Carmody, W. Green, J. J. Dunn, J. McGrath, B. Baca, C. Furer, A. Kleine, Jos. Hackett, J. Grace, E. Holt.

St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society.

The 10th and 11th meetings took place May the 10th and 15th respectively. At these meetings the following delivered Declamations: W. Dexter, E. Holt, C. Reid, F. Weisenburger, T. McGee, Jos. Jepson, A. Schmidt; and Messrs. S. Wooley, H. Bennett, and A. Kreiter, were unanimously elected members of the Association.

T. MCGEE, *Cor. Sec'y.*

The Columbians.

The 8th regular meeting took place May 13th. The chief feature of the exercises of the evening, and one well worthy of mention, was the Dramatic Reading by Professor A. J. Stace, the Promoter. He was listened to with marked attention, and when he had concluded the Comedy, was greeted with rounds of applause.

At the 9th regular meeting, held May 20th the following members read Essays: Messrs J. B. Crummey, P. O'Sullivan, H. Cassidy, A. Greening, L. Watson and H. Hoffman.

A. A. ALLEN, *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, MAY 21, 1873.

The young ladies of the Graduating Class are earnestly striving to gain high honors in the science of Domestic Economy. Every week they spend several hours in the kitchen, under the tuition of the Sisters, preparing various edibles, and their delight at the success of their culinary efforts is a proof positive of their high appreciation of the important art of cookery, and being well posted in the practical details of the same. These young ladies received from Mother Superior a highly complimentary letter of thanks for the samples of their cooking which they had sent to her at New York, previous to her departure for Europe. This sample of their skill was sent by one of the pupils, Miss M. Quan, of Chicago, who accompanied Mother Superior and Sister Mary Ferdinand to Europe.

May is asserting her claims to our admiration by putting on her Sunday attire and most becoming costume. St. Mary's looks lovely in her bowerlike surroundings. The Commencement Exercises form the subject of conversation in every circle and class, and bright anticipations of happy reunions, honors, etc., give spirit to present duties and amusements.

TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEP'T.) May 21, 1873.

Misses Katie Zell, M. Cochrane, A. Shea, Katie Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lang, A. Todd, Lizzie Niel, A. M. Clarke, N. Gross, R. Devoto, L. Black, Nellie Langdon, Mamie Prince, Ida Wilder, Bay Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, K. Finley, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, J. Locke, Esther Byoce, E. Plamondon, S. Shipley, L. James, J. Kearney,

J. Fanning, Nellie Foote, A. T. Clarke, M. Riley, A. Keeline, H. McMahon, L. Beckman, A. O'Connell, J. Walsh, A. Reid, M. A. Roberts, E. and B. Wade, R. Woolman, Clara Germain, Flora Rush, Mary Quill, Katie Casey, L. Ritchie, A. Roberts, Ella Quinlan, M. McGuire, Agnes Conahan, R. Canall, S. Chenoweth, N. White, M. Dillon, Livinia Forrester, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, Fannie Snouffer, E. Drake, L. Lilly, N. McMahon, H. Miller M. Black, M. Kane, B. Turnbull, Cora Lee, K. Isman, A. Boser, A. Garies.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—E. Plamondon, K. Young.
Second Division—L. Black, R. Spiers.
Second Class—E. Quinlan, A. Todd.
Second Division—N. McEwen, B. Grace, L. West, D. Green, M. Heckman, M. Prince, J. Noonan.
Third Class—H. Foote, L. Beckman, M. Ward, A. Clark, N. Gross, A. Smith, I. Wilder, A. Roberts, N. Heedy, S. Shipley.
Second Division—Rose Devoto, Maggie Letourneau, Katie Zell, A. Reid, Mary Comer, M. Lange, M. Koch.
Fourth Class—D. Simonds, L. Hinkston, L. King, A. Shea.
Second Division—L. Penniman, M. Corcoran.
Fifth Class—R. Rosesco, L. Tinsley, K. Schmidt, A. Mast, M. Hepp, L. Pfeiffer, L. McKinnon, L. James, K. Haymond.
Second Division—B. Turnbull, C. Walker, M. Booth, M. Faxon.
Sixth Class—M. Black, D. Allen, M. Brown, E. Lee.
Second Class—C. Germain, R. Marr, M. and E. Thomson, G. Hooley.
Seventh Class—A. Garies, R. McKeever, M. Dillon.
Eighth Class—B. Quan, L. Walsh.
Ninth Class—K. Bolton, E. Lappin, T. Cronin.
Tenth Class—M. DeLong, F. Dee.
HARP—E. Plamondon, M. Wicker.
GUITAR—L. Dragoo, S. Shipley.

VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Lillie West.
Second Division—Rose Devoto, M. Ward, Libbie Black, M. Prince, E. Haggerty.
Second Class—M. Wicker, Alice Shea, Nellie Foote, J. Noonan, M. Langdon.
Second Division—Lella James, M. Letourneau, L. Beckman, S. Shipley, J. Locke, T. Heckman.
Third Class—M. Kearney, J. Kearney, L. Daly, E. Quinlan, N. McMahon, K. Marr, A. Reid, S. Smith.
Second Division—K. Smith, M. Comer, A. Lloyd, H. McMahon, S. Chenoweth, B. Grace, M. Kaisburg.

FRENCH.

First Class—N. Gross, L. Lilly, M. West, Maggie Letourneau, J. Kearney, M. Cochrane, Annie Clarke, L. Dent, R. Spier, M. Lange.
Second Class—M. Comer, H. Reid, A. Church, A. Roberts, E. and M. Thompson, L. Tinsley, A. Lynch, Aline Todd, M. Lasse.
Third Class—N. Langdon, E. Haggerty, M. Brown, L. Ritchie.

GERMAN.

First Class—M. Comer, L. Pfeiffer, K. Zell, L. Black, M. Faxon, L. Beckman.
Second Class—Kate Miller, L. Weinreich, K. Schmidt, T. Shulte, K. Finley.
Third Class—A. Shea, B. Crowley, R. Marr, E. Thompson, M. Thompson, E. Richardson, A. Woods.
LATIN—Miss L. King.

PLAIN SEWING.

Annie Clarke, N. Gross, M. Ward, A. Keeline, E. Boyce, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, D. Simonds, J. Walsh, F. Snouffer, C. Lee, M. Lyons, M. Kane, M. Lyons, M. Dillon, N. Hinkston, R. McKeever, C. Germain, S. Chenoweth, M. White, S. Smith.

TABLET OF HONOR, (JR. DEP'T.) May 21.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, A. Kelly, L. McKinnon, B. Quan, M. Hepp, M. Martin, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing, M. Walsh, S. Lilly, M. Hildreth, J. Thompson, K. Schmidt, T. Cronin, A. Noel, L. Schurle, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, E. Lappin, M. DeLong, M. Booth, R. Hooley, C. Walker, A. Koch, C. Smith, A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, G. Hooley, D. Allen, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, M. Kaeseburg, K. Bolton, N. Marr, A. Green, A. Green, M. Green, L. Isherwood, I. Mann.

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"	4.50 p.m.	"	5.33 p.m.
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Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	"	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.
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"	" 12 35 a. m.	"	" 5.30 p. m
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"	" 4.35 p. m.		
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Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m
"	" 2 55 a. m.	"	" 6.50 a. m
"	" 5.00 a. m.	"	" 8.20 a. m
"	" 6 05 p. m.	"	" 9.40 p. m
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* Second day.