

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 21, 1873.

Number 41.

## Corpus Christi.

This beautiful festival is always celebrated at Notre Dame with all the splendor that circumstances will permit. Falling as it did this year on the 12th of June, when the trees were just covered with their fresh green foliage,—when the roses had begun to offer their first and choicest blossoms,—when the lavish pinks were enriching the air with their sweet and health-giving perfumes, it is no wonder that one of our most graceful and heart-inspiring processions should have taken place on the occasion. During the whole day, preparations were busily making throughout the College precinct. Groves and avenues of trees seemed to sprout as if by magic from the arid soil; banners, inscriptions, pictures, statues, and ornaments of every description were displayed along the destined path of the procession. This, after having varied its course for many previous years, has at length, to judge from the last three or four occasions, resolved itself into an accustomed route, namely the circuit of St. Joseph's Lake, with an extension into the grounds of the Scholasticate, the whole making a distance of about a mile. This route was very slightly, though very advantageously, modified, on the late festival, by the ascent of the bank at the Novitiate, before whose portals the first repository was placed. We may say in regard to the repositories that they reminded us of the three degrees of comparison in our grammars, the superlative being the beautiful crimson-canopied structure in front of the Scholasticate. But we are anticipating.

Great numbers of persons attended the Solemn Mass at ten o'clock. The sermon, however, was postponed until Vespers, when a still larger congregation was expected, and as the event proved, was actually present. Vespers began at four, and at their conclusion Rev. W. F. O'Rourke, in one of his happiest flights of eloquence, explained the devotion which is paid by Catholics to Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and refuted the objections which heresy brings against the mystery of Transubstantiation. After this sermon, the order of the procession was published from the altar steps, and the different bodies of which it was to be composed began to emerge from the six different doors of the crowded church, each one seeking his own place. The Band, whose strains before and after Mass and Vespers had already lent their efficient aid to the sublimities, now prepared to put forth its best efforts. The choir, the clergy, and the ladies from the Academy, alternately furnished vocal music on the march. Over the flower-strewn path progressed the Holy of Holies, amid the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. The Senior's refectory and the whole length of the Infirmary were profusely decorated. The "AVE MARIA" Office exhibited original and tasteful designs. The Boat-house was literally covered with streaming flags of every form and hue. So were the Santa Maria and Pinta, which made

their appearance on the lake. The heat of the afternoon had moderated, and a mild evening breeze was rippling over the water and fanning the brows of those participating. As the procession curved around the eastern end of the lake, its full proportions, numbers and colors could be seen at a single *coup d'œil*, and it formed a magnificent spectacle. The numbers have been roughly estimated at one thousand. The colors were reflected in the lake, doubling the splendor of the scene. Having received Benediction at the repository already spoken of at the Novitiate, the procession descended again to the shores of the lake, which they followed, until they arrived in the neighborhood of the second repository, which had been prepared by the care of the ladies of St. Mary's Academy, and was surrounded by a larger guard of honor, perhaps, than either of the others. The procession then moved into the delightful groves of the Scholasticate, and soon arrived at the third and last repository, already mentioned as remarkable for its beauty. Passing then up the broad avenue which led back to the church, the choir sang their final notes of joy, the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the procession entering the church found it in a blaze of light, which the deepening shades of evening enabled them better to appreciate. The last Benediction was given at seven o'clock, the entire ceremonies having taken exactly three hours.

Thus closed one of the most affecting and elevating ceremonies which the Catholic Church furnishes for the devotion of those who worship within her pale. May these solemnities year by year become better known and practised throughout the length and breadth of our land.

S.

## A Trip to the St. Joe.

Having frequently heard of the beautiful scenery of the St. Joe, and having had no opportunity of seeing it except in the depth of winter, I resolved to pay it a visit before leaving Notre Dame. The opportunity offering on one of our past recreation days, I quickly took my position in the ranks which were forming for a trip to the river, determined to see for myself whether the St. Joe was all that it had been described to me. A clear and sunny sky, with a cooling breeze from the northwest, rendered walking pleasant and healthful. Though the day was not too hot, yet the heat was sufficient to cause most of the excursionists to divest themselves of some of their outer apparel, and exhibit to the gaze of the rustics, as they passed along, those beautiful white shirt sleeves and fronts which reflect so much credit on the Notre Dame steam-power washing machine.

The route taken by our fair-haired guide led at first over a deep sandy road, and through a country devoid of much interesting scenery. Several times a motion of "Let us rest" was made, which was quickly seconded, and always carried unanimously. Turning from the main road to an-

other which led directly to the river, and which was shaded on one side by a thick wood, walking became more pleasant than it had been on the first one. Numerous farm-houses appeared along this route, and from their neat and trim appearance and surroundings it might be judged that their owners were in happy and independent circumstances. A small, clear brook ran alongside the road for some distance, upon the rippling waters of which the sunbeams incessantly played. In some places it was completely hidden from view by the high banks through which it had cut its way, and by thick clumps of brushwood, but

"Out again it turned and flowed  
To join the brimming river,"

until its bright waters were hidden in the deep St. Joe.

After having travelled some few miles, we came almost suddenly on the river, and the view which here presented itself convinced me that what I had previously heard of the scenery of the St. Joe was not in the least an exaggeration. Its dark waters, which glided rapidly along through a well-wooded and fertile valley, presented a pleasing contrast with the clear blue sky overhead. Its banks, which in some places rose almost perpendicular to the height of several yards, were crowned with cedars and tall forest trees, while clusters of wild-flowers just opening into blossom spread a delightful fragrance all around. In other places the land sloped gradually backward from the river, forming beautiful meadows, until it disappeared beyond the horizon.

Several white farm-houses, with their surrounding orchards in full blossom, served to add much beauty to the scene. An occasional glimpse might be had of St. Mary's through the trees, while still further on was to be seen the red-coated College dome, like a beacon placed over a dangerous coral reef. But before having time to notice anything further in connection with the St. Joe or its scenery, the signal was given to return.

Passing within a short distance of St. Mary's, a discussion arose as to which were the handsomest buildings—those of the College or of the Academy. The majority of the students favored the latter, but whether it was on account of the mere appearance of the buildings, or those dim shadows which were continually passing to and fro at the windows, I could not easily judge. At all events it appeared plain that something besides mere external architectural beauty influenced them in favor of the Academy. I need not add that the trip seemed to be well enjoyed by all.

P. O'S.

### Trials of a Student.

It is natural to man in order to acquire any knowledge which he knows will be of benefit to him in future life, and to be ignorant of which would have a tendency to lower him in the estimation of his fellow-men, to work perseveringly and with determination until he has acquired that knowledge. When the young mind has developed itself sufficiently to see all the wants and requisites of the busy world into which it has been ushered, it naturally turns and applies itself to the acquisition of that knowledge which it sees will be indispensable if it would occupy a respectable position in the great arena of life. Once having determined on the course to pursue, it sets doggedly to work and surmounts all the obstacles which seem to start up before it, and which, if it were not animated by the hope of future success, would seem insurmountable. It is this

knowledge that makes the student; it is this that enables him to pore day after day over the to him dry and sterile books of Latin and Greek, until his cheek has paled and all else is forgotten, very often even health itself, in his desire for learning. This he continues until perhaps forced by sickness to give that attention to his body which nature requires.

It is this knowledge, also, that enables him to conquer nature as it were, by tearing himself away from all he loves most dear,—father, mother, brothers, sisters, and friends,—from all the varied and delightful scenes of his childhood,—to shut himself up in a college or university year after year, meeting with all the little trials and inconveniences which necessarily make up the sum of a student's life. But under all these circumstances he still keeps his eyes fixed steadily on the bright beacon light for which he is slowly but surely sailing. He overcomes with a firm will all the gales of passion by which he is constantly assailed, and never turns out of his course except when a large wave of unusual violence strikes against his resolution, when he is carried a short way out of his course; but it is only to return, after the wave has passed, to his former course. How fully must the student be convinced of the importance of an education, when in order to acquire it he makes such sacrifices! When we read the poets, and behold their glowing pictures of happy and romantic college days—those beautiful excursions and grand examinations—we seem to partake in a measure of their enthusiasm, and to sigh for those "loved days once more." But what does the *student* think of those *grand examination days*? Ask him, and he will not display much enthusiasm over them; and if, as is the case here at present, the examination is pending, he will tell you he wishes it was over.

Although in after-life the thoughts of our college days, our companions and our studies will all form beautiful subjects for reflection and meditation, yet we must still be sensible that if they have their sunshine they also have their shadows, and go far to prove the truth of the old proverb: "All is not gold that glitters." J. J. G.

### Dreams.

Our souls are not so totally inactive in sleep as to leave our faculties absolutely unemployed. We have ideas, and our imagination is at work. This is the case when we dream. However, the soul has but little share in them, except as to memory; and this faculty belongs less to the rational than the animal soul. If we reflect upon our dreams, and examine why they are generally so irregular and unconnected, and why the events they represent are so odd, we shall find that it chiefly proceeds from our being more affected by sensations than by perceptions.

If the soul acted in our dreams as it does when we are awake, one moment would set these confused and unconnected ideas right. But, in general, the soul does no more than receive and follow the images which are presented to it. It is, then, sensations only, and not notions, which we have; for the latter can exist only when the soul compares the sensations, and operates upon the ideas which the senses convey to it.

Thus dreams are formed only in the lower region of the soul, or in its inferior faculties. It is singular that we seldom fancy in our dreams that we hear anything: we

only think we see. It is still more extraordinary that the images we see are perfectly alike; and that every object is naturally represented. It seems as if none but the soul of a painter could draw such true and regular pictures; and yet they are made in dreams by those who know nothing of that art.

As to the accidental causes of dreams, by which former sensations are renewed without the assistance of any actual or present impressions, it must be observed that in a sound sleep we never dream, because all the sensations are extinguished; all their organs are inaccessible; everything sleeps, the internal as well as the external senses. But the internal sense which first goes to sleep is also the first to awaken, because it is more lively and active, and is perhaps more easily moved than the exterior senses. Sleep is then more imperfect, and less sound, and consequently it is the time for dreams.

There is another circumstance worth observing in regard to dreams. It is, that they mark the character of a man. From the phantoms which fill his imagination at night, we may judge whether he is of an evil disposition or not. A cruel man continues to be so in his sleep, as the philanthropist preserves his mild and benevolent disposition also. But sleep is not the only time in which our minds are disturbed with odd and fantastic images. How many persons are there who dream awake? Some form high ideas of themselves, because they have been raised by fortune or the favor of princes. Others make their happiness consist in the pride of fame, and feed on the chimerical hope of immortality. Intoxicated with passions and with vain hopes, they *dream* that they are happy; but this false and frail felicity vanishes like a morning dream.

Let us never seek happiness in vain phantoms and idle dreams. Let us learn wisdom, and aspire to none but solid and lasting blessings. C. K.

### My Home upon the Hocking.

BY XC.

Far away! far away!  
Over mountain, over hill,—  
Far away—far away—  
Over river, over rill—  
Was my home upon the Hocking.  
Hid among the sylvan mountains,  
Like a flower bright and rare,  
Watered by the purest fountains,  
In a valley rich and fair,  
Was my home upon the Hocking,  
Near the laughing, merry Hocking.

Far away! far away!  
Over forest, over plain,  
Far away, far away,  
In seclusion's sweet domain,  
Was my home upon the Hocking.  
There I spent my happy childhood,  
Sister May and I alone,—  
Save the songsters of the wildwood  
Claimed a portion as their own  
Of our home upon the Hocking,  
Near the friendly banks of Hocking.

Far away! far away!  
In a mild, inviting clime,—  
Far away—far away—  
Where the morning-glories climb,

Was my home upon the Hocking.  
Round it bloomed the fairest flowers,  
Nature planted here and there,  
To disperse their winning powers  
On the glad receiving air  
Round my home upon the Hocking,  
On the crystal waves of Hocking.

Far away! far away!  
Where the sweet forget-me-not  
—Far away, far away—  
Ever grew around the cot,  
Was my home upon the Hocking.  
When my daily toil was ended  
Homeward fast I sped along,  
For the kiss and welcome blended  
In my sister's greeting song,  
In those days upon the Hocking—  
Bright and happy days of Hocking!

Far away, far away  
I have rambled many years!  
Far away—far away—  
Where my heart has shed its tears  
For my home upon the Hocking.  
But I cannot bear returning  
To its changed and cheerless walls,  
To its hearths where fires burning  
Welcome mine as stranger's calls,—  
To my home upon the Hocking—  
Cheerless, gloomy home of Hocking.

Far away! far away!  
Now the songster never sings—  
Far away! far away!  
Never more the flower clings  
Loving round my home of Hocking.  
Stranger plows the sods have broken  
To the mute, sad cottage door,  
And each fond and loving token  
Is removed for evermore  
From my home upon the Hocking,  
Near the mourning, sighing Hocking.

Far away, far away!  
In the days that long have past—  
Far away, far away!  
Was the robe of mourning cast  
Round my home upon the Hocking.  
From that home of fond affection  
Went its smile, its joy, its love—  
Leaving sorrow and dejection,  
While it gazed from high above,  
On the lonely banks of Hocking,  
On the weeping waves of Hocking.

FATHER SECCHI'S TUTOR.—The learned Jesuit, Father de Vico, was the teacher of the great Father Secchi, and chief Professor of Astronomy in the Roman College. He was invited by the late Professor Mitchell to take charge of the Cincinnati Observatory, because his vast scientific knowledge recommended him as the man of his day most capable of advancing in our midst that branch of natural science. In 1848 he came to this country, expelled by the forerunners of the same vandals who now delight in insulting his more renowned pupil. The State of New York made liberal offers to induce him to take charge of an observatory which it proposed to build as a State institution. This position he declined. After the restoration of the Pope he returned to Rome, and resumed his labors and died there, deeply regretted by all lovers of scientific research.

# The Scholastic.

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## TERMS:

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NOTICES OF BOOKS have been postponed until next week.

THE *Daily Tribune* of South Bend has met with unprecedented success,—greater even than the enterprising editors and proprietors expected at first. It is now a *fait accompli*, and if it continues on in its liberal course, without being taken in by wandering minstrels or ministers, like Hugo and others of that ilk, it will have the complete success it merits.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Mind your own business, and let other people mind theirs. Work steadily at whatever you have to do, and if you have nothing to do, get something. Nothing is so annoying to men, so pleasing to the devil, and so displeasing to God as the man who has nothing to do. Above all things do not meddle with other people's affairs. You are sure to put your foot in it and make an ass of yourself. Mind your own business.

## A Present from Very Rev. Father Sorin.

The following letter was received from Very Rev. Father General. Our Junior Department will be glad over it.

PARIS, June 6, 1873.

REV. F. LEMONNIER, Pres't, &c.:

REV. DEAR FATHER,—You have requested me, in behalf of your dear Juniors, to do them the same favor I did some years ago for the Seniors, viz.: to bring them for their Study Room a statue of the Blessed Virgin in beauty to the first.

I proposed it this forenoon in council to our Very Rev. Father Champeau, who seemed to be delighted at the idea; and I can now volunteer to promise you one which I noticed in Paris last week, and which will leave in the shade everything you possess at Notre Dame. It is a new subject, really wonderful in its effect: I mean Our Lady of Lourdes. The statue is six feet in height. The price is somewhat uncommon; but no matter: I will send or bring it to your interesting petitioners, who will soon have before them, while studying, what is called here the master-piece of religious art in the Capital.

Next week, D. V., I shall write again, from Lourdes, on my route to Italy. Compliments to all at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

THE stained glass windows of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart now building here will be among the finest in America, if we judge from some cartoons just received. The eminent artists entrusted with the work are the Carmelite nuns of Mans, France, from whom we have the beautiful round window in the west wing of the old church and the beautiful stained window representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin which formerly stood at the north end of the church, where the organ stands now:

## Fly-Catches.

SOME one says "Look sharp for game!"

MR. BONNEY has a good trade these times.

THE fountain has been changed into an urn.

THE Musical *Matinée* came off on the 13th inst.

ALREADY has the crowd commenced to assemble.

EXAMINATION is nearly over, and all feel rejoiced.

THE stone-cutters' shed has been razed to the ground.

THE dinner-bell is just as full of harmony as it ever was.

TO-DAY is Society Day; we expect the exercises will be grand.

THE garden sun-dial has changed its quarters: it started for town.

EVERYONE is wishing that the 25th and 26th inst. may be cool days.

THE "hook and line" are not as successful as they were a few weeks ago.

NOW that our friends the flies are numerous, anyone can make fly-catches.

NO one cares much about being sprinkled except the walk in front of the College.

MOST of the Societies, etc., have held their final meeting for the present scholastic year.

THE College building has been well provided with "thunder sticks." They are not of the celebrated "continuous copper rod," however.

THE PLAY.—Not only are the Thespians hard at work preparing for the Commencement play, but Mr. von Weller also has been busily engaged of late preparing several new scenes which will tend not a little to the success of the play itself.

SOCIETIES.—The Societies have had a prosperous career, and have closed their labors in the usual happy manner. May the individual members of our Societies be as prosperous in the world as their Societies have been during the past ten months.

POTATO BUGS.—It would seem that those animals have become discouraged or disgusted—we care not which—at the farmers' conduct, and have taken offence at not seeing the potato vines appear as plentifully as usual, for many of them it would seem have made their exit.

TIME.—There is a sentence or two on time which will long live in story at Notre Dame. It runs thusly: "Time is like the shadow of the moon; time is like the undulating waves of the sea; time has existed at least since the Christian era." This has been the foundation of many a hearty laugh.

THE Banquet given by the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, the St. Stanislaus Philopatrians and the Columbian Literary Club, under the direction of their most worthy President, Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., was in every respect a success, and redounded much to their credit. We take this occasion to thank them for the very tasty and gracious invitation which they extended us. We think the banquet, all in all, surpassed by far those of former years.

CLASSES have closed; the year's work has been accomplished, and vacation is before us. We feel that we do not exaggerate when we call this one of the most prosperous years Notre Dame has ever beheld, and the work accomplished by the different Classes will compare very favor-

ably with that of any of the previous years. This redounds alike to the benefit of the students and the honor of those under whose supervision it has been wrought.

ON THE LAKE.—One still evening of last week we had the pleasure of hearing the Band for the first time in the boats on the lake. We have often heard music on the water, and admired how much better it sounds; but when our own Band is thus placed it seems to intensify tenfold the beauty of its music. We feel that had they been on the lower lake the horns which the primitive Band of Notre Dame lost there would have come to the surface.

AMUSEMENTS.—The foot-ball has long since been laid aside, and the base-ball bats at our right remind us of the fearful havoc that fingers and balls were undergoing. But there they lay unused. The "pegs" driven in the playground remind us of the quaiting which we witnessed but a few weeks, the summer's sun having driven its votaries to the shade; and the billiard tables are piled up in a corner of the play-hall, to await the winter's cold. Thus are our amusements constantly changing.

THE BAND, like the other Societies, is about to disband, though it will be the last to do so, for it will pour forth in lofty strains the "march for retiring" which closes the Commencement Exercises. But all this aside, one thing we are much pleased to notice, and that is that the excellence of the Band is appreciated. Much has been said about the present Band and those of former years, and it seems to be the opinion of one and all, that the present is the finest organization of the kind Notre Dame ever possessed. Much praise is due to its able and efficient leader, Mr. J. H. Gillespie.

THE BATRACHIAN CONCERT.—As we were passing around the head of the lake a few evenings since, our attention was arrested upon hearing a flood of harmony which came from the joint effort of nine first-class frogs; of these nine, one blew the *basso-profundo* horn, and indeed his was a good one, and well used; indeed he blew his own horn well. Not only were we arrested by such startling display of talent, but the birds were charmed by it, came near, and took their seats. We have no doubt that had Orpheus been present he would have forsaken his harp and would have left the stones and trees uncharmed by his tuneful lyre. Very good for the Messrs. Batrachians.

FAREWELL.—With this we close our duties as Local Reporter, and take this occasion to thank the many readers of THE SCHOLASTIC for the kindness with which they have received our feeble efforts. It has been our endeavor to keep "a living history of Notre Dame," and have often been obliged to notice things which to the inmates of the College were trite and uninteresting. But it has been our most earnest endeavor to offend not even the most delicate feelings of any one. How well we have succeeded, rests not with us to say. But allow us in this last issue "before vacation," to wish one and all of our fellow-students, as well as our other friends, a pleasant vacation, and a successful voyage through life to the blissful port of eternity.

A wise man may be at a loss when to begin conversation, but a fool never knows when to stop.

"Say a good thing and sit down," whispered the chairman to a long-winded stump orator. "That's what I am trying to do," said the speaker.

## The Banquet of the Season.

Such we unhesitatingly entitle the grand combination Society festival which took place at half-past three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 14th, being the fifteenth annual banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, the second of the St. Stanislas Philopatrians, and the first or inaugural banquet of the young and promising Columbian Literary Club. These Societies extended their hospitalities so generously that the spacious Junior refectory appeared to be as full as at an ordinary meal hour. It had been beautifully decorated with banners, flags, hangings, and festoons of green, with bouquets; and with the substantial viands, and merry groups surrounding the tables, presented an inviting spectacle. The Band, under their efficient leader, Mr. Gillespie, was in attendance, and discoursed some of their liveliest music. Justice having been done to the viands provided, Mr. Louis Hibben, as toastmaster of the Philomatheans, arose and proposed the first toast of the evening, as follows:

"OUR HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS THE NINTH: Venerable alike in his office, his years, his sanctity and the persecutions he has undergone for justice' sake. May he live to see the downfall of the enemies of Christianity and the triumph of truth throughout the universe."

Rev. A. Lemonnier responded to this toast, giving an interesting sketch of the Holy Father, derived from his own personal reminiscences while at Rome in the year 1860. He assured his audience that the Pope was not going to die just yet, whatever the newspapers might say. In fact there was every prospect of another decade of years in store for him, if not more; and he did not doubt that the hopes uttered by the toastmaster would be more than realized.

Mr. J. W. McAlister, as toastmaster of the Columbians, arose to propose the next toast, the combined Societies taking turns in doing the honors of the occasion:

"THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES: Great, glorious and free,—the admiration of the civilized world,—imitated by few, equalled by none. May the Star-Spangled Banner ever wave above her Capitol as an ensign of hope to the desponding, liberty to the enslaved, and rest to the weary wanderer."

Mr. E. McSweeney, of the Philodemic Association, responded to this toast, with the glowing enthusiasm for his native country and her institutions which characterizes every true American. Mr. McSweeney bids fair to succeed in the forensic duties of the noble profession for which he is so diligently preparing.

From the Philomatheans came the next toast:

"ALMA MATER, AND THE VENERABLE FOUNDER OF THIS OUR UNIVERSITY: Our hearts are with him on his journeyings—his labors for the sake of truth and virtue. May he return in safety to this haven of rest, this home of piety and learning founded by his zeal and ornamented by his devotion."

"Now S.," said Mr. L., when he came to ask me to write this report, "be sure and give a full report of Professor Howard's speech in answer to this toast." To which I answered: "Would that I could!" for it was certainly the best on the occasion. But I never learned short-hand, and Prof. Howard did not speak from notes—he spoke, in fact, straight from his heart—that heart which we all know so well and love so dearly—that heart so true, so upright, so thoroughly good, whose characteristic it is to see fully the best side of every person or thing, and overlook nothing but what is evil. With such a subject, then, as the venera-

ble Father Sorin to discourse upon, what wonder that his audience sat in spellbound silence, listening to the charm of the words he uttered. Our Founder's virtues and intellectual endowments, the dignity of his presence, the grace of his manners, were all fittingly alluded to, and his work of establishing this University was shown to be a fountain of honor that would unceasingly supply the stream of history with its testimony to his manly worth.

"THE MEMORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: The great, the self-sacrificing, the heroic discoverer of America. May the remembrance of his shining virtues move us to imitate them in our humbler spheres; and may the Society lately instituted under the shadow of his immortal name enjoy an uninterrupted career of prosperity, such as may be already anticipated from the success of its inauguration."

This toast, proposed by the Philomatheans in compliment to their sister Society, the Columbians, was responded to by Rev. W. F. O'Rourke in a vein of subacid humor which appeared to be highly relished by a portion of his audience.

The next toast was proposed by the Columbians:

"THE PRESS: The palladium of our popular rights, exponent of public opinion, and terror of the corrupt and tyrannical. May its high-toned, zealous and self-sacrificing editors continue their career of usefulness to the nation at large."

Mr. McMichael, of the AVE MARIA Office, did justice to these sentiments in a speech which proved him to be a man of thought as well as of action, and which was attentively received by his audience.

From the Philomatheans:

"OUR RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS: Onward and upward is their unvarying motto. May they aid in elevating our minds from the fading and deceptive joys of this life, to the true and real delights of the life beyond the grave."

The deep and earnest tones in which Prof. O'Mahony responded to this toast proved that, young as he is, the great truths of religion have already sunk profoundly into his soul.

"OUR LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS: The pride and glory of their Alma Mater,—powerful engines of education, may they ever produce as bright examples of talent and genius as those we now see around us."

Prof. Clarke, in his usual lively and ingenuous manner, expatiated for some time on the benefits arising from Literary Associations, and fully endorsed the sentiments expressed in the toast.

"COLLEGE DAYS:

Here friendly contests bring delight  
Of body or of nobler mind,  
And athletes, each a courteous knight,  
With laurels strive their brows to bind.  
Oh, blissful hours of youth's gay prime!  
Oh, sweetest days on man bestowed!  
Would that the changeful tide of time  
In joys like yours unvarying flowed."

Prof. von Weller, we are sorry to say, in responding to these beautiful sentiments took occasion to indulge in personal invectives to an alarming and utterly unprincipled extent. As he is no doubt sincerely penitent for it, we shall say no more.

"THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR OF 1872-3: It has beheld Notre Dame rapidly advancing towards that perfection which is her destiny to achieve. May the students of coming years follow the bright example left behind by the boys of the present

scholastic year, and hand down unblemished records to future ages."

Professor Stace responded.

The mysterious ceremony of the "Hidden Ring" then took place, which resulted in the happy finder, Mr. Louis Hibben, being invested with royal authority. Prof. Lyons having duly proclaimed the new monarch, he went forth, proceeded prosperously and reigned on the shores of St. Joseph's Lake until sundown, surrounded by his jovial subjects, enlivened by the charms of music, and occupied in superintending naval expeditions. Thus closed a happy evening, and one that will long be remembered at Notre Dame.

S.

### Catholic Education.

The Bishop of Cleveland, at the laying of the corner stone of a parochial school in that city, is reported as having said, well and truthfully:

Here the Church labors with a great disadvantage. Her children are poor, and few in number compared with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. Yet they have to pay their part to educate the children of the wealthy non-Catholic. Socially they may be despised, but their money not only is not refused, but is demanded in the name of the Republic to educate the poor man's child. The State is dotted with public schools, to erect which and to support which Catholics have paid and do pay their part, and yet in the name of conscience and freedom they build a school beside every Catholic church and support it at a vast expense, because they love their religion, and look to the future safety of the Republic.

Is it fair that the poor should be obliged to contribute towards the education of the rich man's child, when they cannot conscientiously partake of the education given? Is it fair that the majority should so constitute our public schools that the minority cannot send their children to them without endangering their religion, and while rendering them unfaithful to their God, render them also unfaithful to the Republic? But this is not all. The majority tell us that we are inimical to education, while we make this sacrifice for conscience and education; and they make us sacrifice still more,—they force us to pay taxes on our school-houses. Thus the Catholic is taxed by the State to educate the rich man's child. He is taxed by his conscience to build his own school. He is taxed by his conscience to support his own school. When his school-house is built, it is taxed by the State for State purposes. Thus the State taxes the education of which it boasts itself to be the patron.

But why do Catholics not partake of the education imparted in the public schools? The reason we have stated already. The Bishop has often proclaimed it. The experience of eighteen hundred years has convinced us that man cannot be a good citizen without religion. The experience of eighteen hundred years has convinced us that the heart as well as the intellect must be educated or man may become an educated monster. The experience of eighteen hundred years has convinced us that without the child be religiously educated when young, his heart cannot in its maturity be led to the saving law of the Gospel; and faith tells us that there is nothing to be put in comparison with one's soul. The Gospel truths must shine on the soul to help in its salvation. Thus experience and the teaching of



holy faith oblige us, as Christians and as citizens, to build and support Catholic schools. In being compelled to support schools which other men religiously admire, we are compelled to pay taxes to perpetuate their religious convictions. Is this fair? Is this American? We love the spirit of the American Constitution, and we unhesitatingly answer, No!

### Roll of Honor.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1873.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, F. Buter, W. Briant, C. Berdel, W. Bastarache, V. Baca, Valerio Baca, W. Bartlett, L. Burrige, G. Brown, J. Browne, J. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, A. Costello, J. Comer, G. Crummey, J. Crummey, B. Dorsey, F. Devoto, J. Donnelly, C. and W. Dodge, T. Dundon, J. Drake, P. Downey, J. Egan, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, M. Foley, C. Franks, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Graves, H. Hug, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpin, J. Harrington, A. Horne, P. Jacobs, J. Kelly, E. Kimm, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, D. Maloney, E. Monohan, J. Murphy, J. McAlister, T. Murphy, A. Mooney, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, T. Noel, P. O'Meara, P. O'Connell, J. O'Brien, P. O'Mahony, P. O'Sullivan, F. Phelan, G. Ruger, J. Rofinot, J. Schmidt, E. Spitley, G. Stack, R. Staley F. Scrafford, C. Spears, J. Scherer, M. Torbett, S. Valdez, W. Van't Woud, G. Vinson, L. Watson, C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

George Amann, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, C. Black, F. Cronin, John Carmody, J. Caren, E. Dougherty, J. Devine, W. Dexter, F. Dowe, F. Egan, H. Eaneking, J. Ewing, W. Fletcher, C. Furer, F. Frazee, G. and W. Gross, W. Green, J. Graham, H. Hunt, E. Holt, C. Hake, V. Hansen, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, J. Jepson, A. Kleina, R. Kelly, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, B. LeFevre, C. Lewis, W. Meyer, F. McOsker, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, S. and W. McMahan, J. and S. Marks, J. McIntyre, W. Morgan, E. Millburn, F. Miller, V. McKinnon, J. McHugh, J. McDermott, N. Mooney, J. McGinnis, L. Munn, D. McAndrews, J. Nevin, D. and J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, C. O'Connor, W. Pollard, J. Quill, H. Quan, A. and C. Reid, C. Ruger, W. Rumely, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, F. Sweger, H. Shephard, H. Schaller, F. Smyth, W. Schultheis, J. Shanahan, P. Schnurrer, O. Tong, N. Van Namee, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh, O. Waterman, F. Weisenberger, J. Wilson, F. Wittelsberger, H. Zuber.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Faxon, E. Raymond, J. O'Meara, J. Cooney, T. Nelson, C. Faxon, F. and N. Ewing, F. Carlin, C. McKinnon, H. Canoll, E. Cleary.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

THE eleven largest libraries in the United States, with the number of books in each, are as follows: Library of Congress, 183,000; Boston Public Library, 153,000; Astor Library, New York, 138,000; Harvard Library, Cambridge, 118,000; Mercantile Library, New York, 104,500; Athenæum Library, Boston, 100,000; Philadelphia Library, 85,000; New York State Library, Albany, 76,000; New York Society Library, 57,000; Yale College Library, 50,000; Georgetown College, 40,000

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, June 17, 1873.

During the past week the music pupils as far as the Second Division of the Second Class inclusive, have been examined. Nearly all gave great satisfaction, as will be seen by the report to be published in the Catalogue of 1873.

In the Second Instrumental Class, Misses B. Grace, R. Green, M. Lassen, J. Noonan, M. Prince, H. Foote, H. McMahon, L. Beckman, I. Wilder, A. M. Clark, M. Ward, N. Heedy, N. Gross, A. Roberts, and A. Smith, deserve especial notice for correct bass and right use of the pedal.

In the Second Vocal Class, Misses J. Noonan, E. Quinlan, N. Foote, M. McGuire, L. James, M. Langdon, R. Marr, M. Letourneau, M. and J. Kearney, J. Locke, and A. Reid, were particularly mentioned as showing good talent and marked improvement.

Next Friday the examination of the English Classes will commence, to be followed by the examination of the French and German Classes: all will close on Wednesday, the 25th, by the examination of the highest Instrumental, Vocal and Composition Classes.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. General Fish, of St. Louis, in company with Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Colfax, visited the Academy. The young ladies of the Graduating Class had the pleasure of offering them a lunch of their own cooking. Of course the dainties were pronounced excellent.

On Wednesday the College Band discoursed sweet music in the parterre in front of the Academy, to the great delight of all. The same afternoon the pupils had quite a musical treat given them by Mr. Carl Praeger and his sister Miss Adelheid, two very fine vocalists, who were introduced by Professor H. Ford, of Niles, who, with Miss Stella Jerome, visited the Academy.

Our next communication will contain the account of the closing Exercises of a most successful and happy academic year. The pupils have endeared themselves to their teachers and prefects by their amiable and affectionate manners, and won for themselves treasures of knowledge by their application to study and class duties. Good health and cheerfulness has been the rule, and all will remember with great satisfaction the sessions of 1872-73.

#### TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEP'T.), JUNE 14, 1873.

Misses K. Zell, Mary Cochrane, M. Lassen, Alice Shea, K. Haymond, Bibbie Crowley, Lizzie King, M. Lange, A. Todd, Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Nellie Gross, Rose Devoto, M. Brown, Rosemary Spier, Rosemary Green, L. West, M. Comer, L. M. Black, M. Ward, E. Haggarty, Mamie Prince, Ida E. Wilder, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, L. Daley, K. Finley, Maggie Letourneau, J. Locke, L. Dragoo, Esther Boyce, E. Plamondon, J. Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Mary Riley, Jennie Noonan, A. St. Clair, N. Foote, H. McMahon, Lou Beckman, Nellie Heedy, J. Walsh, Annie Reid, M. A. Roberts, E. and B. Wade, Rebecca Woolman, Louisa Pfeiffer, C. Germain, Ettie Burney, K. Casey, Ella Quinlan, M. McGuire, A. Conahan, L. Penniman, L. Herroten, R. Canoll, S. Chenoweth, A. Stockton, L. Forrester, R. Marr, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, Fannie Snouffer, E. Drake, L. Lilly, E. Mann, J. Haney, N. McMahon, M. Lyons, Mary Kane, B. Turnbull, K. Ismon, A. Boser, A. Garries.

#### TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEP'T.), JUNE 16, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. Smith K. Joyce, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, G. Kelley, T. Schulte, M. Hepp, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing, M. Walsh, M. Schultheis, S. Lilly, J. Thompson, K. Schmidt, T. Cronin, A. Noel, T. Burney, L. Schuerle, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, M. Booth, R. Hooley, C. Walker, A. Koch, E. Jackson, A. Ewing, D. Allen, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, N. Maun, M. Kaeseburg, A. Green, L. Isherwood, I. Mann.

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"	4.50 p. m.	"	5.30 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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"	5.00 a. m.	"	8.20 a. m.
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\* Second day.