

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 28, 1874.

Number 31.

Geysers in the Distance.

No. III.

Probably none of you, my friends, have enjoyed a 'camp life' for any length of time, and certainly not in the snowy heights of the Yellowstone Mountains. You know little, then, of its pleasures, and cannot imagine the quiet evenings, when, seated round the blazing fire of crackling logs, we listened to some wild frontier story related by our trapper guide, or talked of our past and speculated on our future experience. Nor can you imagine the free, full life of those days, when our little party formed our world; and where, amidst the grandeur of untamed nature, memory drew a veil over our former life, and its everyday trials and petty vexations were forgotten or at least but dimly remembered. Ah! in such a life one *lives*. 'Tis not merely an *existence*. The full pulses throb with an intensity of animal spirits, and the soul has thoughts that thrill to its inmost depths, while it stands in awe of its own majesty.

The rising sun wakened into life the camp on Tower Creek, but it was not until ten o'clock that our party was once more on the trail. Our fourfooted luggage carts had taken the back track during the night, and the time consumed in hunting them delayed our departure beyond the usual hour. The morning was fresh and bright, and the cloudless sky had that depth of blue seen only in the dry atmosphere of high altitudes. We wound through the thick timber up the side of the gorge, and in about a mile emerged on to a broad grassy park. There, in full view before us, rose the lofty summit of Mount Washburn, a peak thirteen thousand feet in altitude, and named after the leader of the first Yellowstone Exploring Expedition that entered this country, in 1870. We took advantage of the open upland, and enjoyed a short gallop to the base of the ridge, or backbone of the giant mountain; but in our sinuous windings up its weather-beaten side a slow walk was the only gait allowable. When we left camp the morning was very warm, and even ordinary coats were dispensed with; but in our gradual ascent to a higher altitude the temperature became very much colder, and long before we reached the summit our heavy overcoats were unstrapped from the saddles and wrapped closely around us to keep out the keen frosty air. The deep gorges on either side of the trail were filled with never-melting snow; and near to the latter, little violets, bluebells and daisies were just beginning to bloom, nourished even in this chill companionship by a few warm rays of the kindly sun. The highest point of the trail around Mount Washburn lies two thousand feet below the summit, and yet is far above many chasms, filled with the snows of untold winters. Turning to the left, a half hour's ride up the rocky steps will place you on the bald granite peak, where no vegetation exists but an occasional wiry blade of bunch-grass or

a stunted cactus. And what if you have to stamp your feet and clap your heads to keep up bodily circulation! does not the view repay you? Where else will so great an expanse of creation—of mountain grandeur—be presented to your vision? Against the almost illimitable horizon rise peaks of snow-clad ranges in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. To the south, the three glittering Tetons look down on waters flowing into the Pacific Ocean, and on those that, after long months of travel, find a home in the Gulf of Mexico; to the northwest, looking entirely over the near Gallatin range, white specks, more than a hundred miles distant, glisten in the sunlight and mark the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; while in the east many giants lift their hoary heads frosted with the uncounted winters that have rested on their brows since first a shape was given to their rugged masses. As you turn your back to the keen north wind, a grand panoramic view of the Yellowstone lake basin—five thousand feet below—lies spread out before you—a vast crater of an extinct volcano, whose heaven-ascending fires at one time may have been reflected in the waters of the Pacific. The great bowl, rimmed by rugged mountains, is ninety miles in circumference, and is covered by a dense growth of timber, only broken by the broad waters of the lake, shining in the sunlight, and here and there by a flat yellowish marsh whose sulphurous waters have eaten up the life of a forest.

The Grand Cañon, commencing at the falls, marks its tortuous way through the wooded plain; and its gloomy gorge, with a wide sweep, curves to the north and cuts its way through the eastern base of the mountain, sloping away from your feet. The few minutes I stood on the summit completely chilled me; and noticing that the animals were also suffering from the cold and the rarity of the atmosphere, I took the nearest way down the precipitous slope, reached the trail, and soon caught up with the party. As we descended the mountain, towards the basin, we entered a forest so dense and matted that the rays of the sun at no time during the day penetrates its gloomy shade. We travelled miles in the twilight darkness, and obtained, for the first time, some idea of the difficulties and hardships the early explorers had to contend against in making their way through Wonderland. The trunks of the trees stand so closely together that if free from obstructions a man could scarcely force his way through them on horseback; but what ground is not taken up by the living forest is literally covered by fallen timber, in some places the jagged trunks piled one on another six and eight feet in height. It was through these the narrow trail had to be hacked and hewed for miles, and certainly the work required long-continued patience, endurance and perseverance. We once more emerged into sunlight on the northern rim of the great basin; and here overcoats becoming uncomfortable on account of our lower elevation,

were strapped to the saddles,—and soon after, in the growing heat, ordinary jackets were likewise disposed of. At our feet lay a narrow marsh, extending to the right about three miles; but immediately beyond, a dark belt of pines shut out the view of Yellowstone Lake. Our guide, Mr. Barquette,—than whom there is no better in the mountains,—stated that, in the early morning, from this point, steam jets and columns of vapor could be seen arising from all parts of the basin, but the hot sun had dissipated the mists, and none were then visible. He also pointed out, some miles to the left, a white formation on the mountain side which he said was a system of hot springs, presenting the same phenomena as those near Gardiner's River; but our late start in the morning prevented our having time to interview the wonder.

After our little rest we descended to the marsh and followed along its edge—hugging the base of the mountain—for quite a distance. Out on the sedgy waters—but far beyond the reach of our shot-guns—large flocks of geese floated motionless on the surface, their long necks upstretched and gazing for the first appearance of danger. A ball from a needle-gun dropped amongst them started them in a long letter V flight, and their discordant squaking could be heard until they disappeared over the woods towards the lake.

The afternoon was advanced an hour beyond our usual time for camping, when, in riding some distance ahead of the party, the voice of the Grand Falls struck upon my ear, in a faint, far-off roar. One moment I sat motionless in my saddle, fearing that I was deceived; but the same sound continued, like the constant grumbling of a coming storm; so with spurs deep set in the flanks of my Kysese I sped over the narrow trail, and soon reached a camping ground on the edge of the Cañon. The place I selected was midway between the upper and lower falls, and but a few hundred yards distant from either; and the combined roar of the two, echoing from their imprisoning wall, made an intensity of sound that vibrated every nerve in my body. Hastily taking the trappings off my horse, and turning him out to pasture, I walked through a belt of pines; and, standing on the edge of the cliff obtained my first view of the upper falls. Although I afterwards appreciated their beauty, in my anxiety to behold the grand cataract below I gave but a momentary glance, and, turning, hurried through the thick timber down the river. Would that I could convey to you an idea of my sensations when, cautiously creeping out on one of the jutting rocks, I first gazed into the immensity of depth and saw the great volume of dark green waters tumbling into the abyss. I lay prostrate there on the edge of the precipice involuntarily pressing my body close to the rock, and for the first few moments it seemed as though I was bereft of consciousness—I could think of nothing, and only gazed at the great waters falling—falling, and into the tremendous chasm that yawned to receive them. In that state I remained for some time, and then began to feel that I was becoming dizzy,—my body seemed to have no weight—a gust of wind might lift it off the rock. With an effort I turned my eyes from the terrific depths, and in doing so looked at the falls. Oh! the unspeakable horror of that moment! I felt that I was rising bodily in the air, and that I was going to plunge headforemost with the falling waters. With one despairing shove I pushed myself back on the rock and broke the spell of the horrible fascination;

my heart gave two or three great throbs, then all my nerves seemed to relax, and for some little time I lay there perfectly weakened and exhausted. I have never mentioned this before, fearing that my weakness would be ridiculed, as I had never been so affected, nor have I been since. Even now it makes me shudder when I think of the terrible sensations of that one moment on the brink of the Grand Cañon. But now to picture the scene. It would require a magic quill to throw into Rembrandt relief the lights and shadows of language, so as to convey to your conception some idea of the immensity and grandeur of the view. But, as I lack this requisite, I can only ask you to give your imaginations scope and fill in, with the most brilliant coloring, the crude outlines of my pencil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mighty Like a Whale!

Now that the roar, smoke and din of battle has passed away, the dead repose in their graves of honor, and the wounded on their flock beds in the hospital, Joseph, the defeated general, consoles himself with having made a good stand-up fight, while his opponent, Harwich, is conscious that his success was secured more by his enemy's skedaddling first than by his own ability as a commander; in fact it was a repetition of the first Bull Run, on a small scale,—all smoke.

After tragedy comes comedy; so I shall try and amuse and instruct some of your readers with a story, or rather a relation of facts—which, after all the trash we have been reading lately, will I trust prove both entertaining and instructive, even if it is

A FISH STORY.

On the 3rd of November, 1827, a crew of fishermen from Ostend discovered the body of a dead whale some twelve miles from the coast of Belgium. Their boat, although a large one for its kind, was unable to tow the enormous mass; so they hailed two other boats to come to their assistance, and with difficulty towed the whale on shore, and arrived in sight of Ostend harbor at 4 o'clock next morning, being then high water. At the moment they were going to enter the harbor the cable with which it was fastened to the boats broke, and the whale was cast upon the sands on the east side of the harbor. This strange event caused a great excitement in the city of Ostend and surrounding country. Rude sheds were quickly erected, and every preparation made to boil out the oil and make the transaction as profitable to the lucky captors as possible.

When all the blubber or oily part was boiled down, it was resolved to remove all the flesh from off the bones, clean them properly, and exhibit the skeleton to the public. This was done, and the skeleton sold for a great price to speculators, who made largely upon the operation. The joints were skilfully arranged, and held together by iron bolts, and the whole huge frame held up in its natural position by iron bars and stays. It was exhibited in many of the continental cities along the seaboard, and thousands visited it in London, where it remained for a long time. It was in Dublin in 1832, and then removed to different cities in England and Scotland. When set up under a great tent, the appearance was extraordinary, and it required some time for the visitor to realize the fact that such a vast structure was once animated with life

and motion, and might have existed for several hundred years. A table was arranged the whole length of the belly, at which hot dinners, and refreshments, were served out to visitors. It remained in Dublin some six months, and on its removal a large sloop had to be chartered to convey it to Liverpool or Glasgow. The dimensions of this great whale were published at the time, and the following is taken from one of these statements; so that the figures, wonderful as they are, may be relied upon:

Length of the whale, 95 feet; height, 18 feet; length of the head, 22; height of cranium, $4\frac{1}{2}$; length of the vertebral column, $69\frac{1}{2}$; number of the vertebrae, 62; number of ribs, 28; length of the ribs, 9 feet; length of the fins, $15\frac{1}{2}$; length of the fingers, $4\frac{1}{2}$; width of the tail, $22\frac{1}{2}$; length of the tail, 6; weight of the animal when found, computed at 240 tons, or 480,000 lbs; weight of the skeleton, only 35 tons or 70,000 lbs; quantity of oil extracted from the blubber, 4,000 gallons or 40 thousand pounds; weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, 85 tons or 170,000 lbs.

The finding of this whale was a most fortunate event for these poor fishermen. It was a fortune to them. It was said that the profit to them was as large as it would be to a merchant who fitted out a regular whale ship and sent her on a two year's voyage into the Greenland seas.

A short essay on the whale may be entertaining, and certainly will be instructive to many of my young friends. If such a whale as I have described were suddenly to appear in our great lakes, what a hullabaloo it would cause in our cities on the lake shore. But it is doubtful if he could find water enough in some places to float him. He could not pass the Sault Ste. Marie's between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior—nor through the Straights of Mackinaw, nor over the flats of Lake St. Clair, nor up the Falls of Niagara, nor down the rapids of the St. Lawrence River; he would stick somewhere, and interrupt navigation. So, upon serious reflection I think we can dispense with his company; in fact it would not pay here as it did in Ostend. And as to finding him *here* in one of our beautiful Lakes,—why, sir, it would interrupt the regattas next June, to say nothing of the perfume he would raise after he would die.

There are many species of whale, differing from each other in size, power and habits; but they have all this in common, that their blood is warm; they breathe by means of lungs, and must come to the surface for air; they bring forth their young alive, and suckle them with milk. These whales are arranged into four classes: 1st, those that have no teeth; 2nd, those that have teeth only in the lower jaw; 3rd, those that have teeth only in the upper jaw; 4th, those that have teeth in both jaws. The toothless whales are generally the largest; next to them are those with teeth below; and those with teeth in both jaws are the smallest. The toothless whales are commonly called Greenland or whalebone whales, or oil whales. The whalebone is found in the mouth, and is used to catch the food. It is said that the gullet of a whale is not larger than that of an ox, and that they live mostly on herring fry and young codfish. All whales when in good condition are covered with a thick layer of fat, which boils into a liquid oil. This fat answers two very important purposes in the economy of their natures: it helps to preserve uniformity of heat, and enables them to perform their rapid motions through the water.

The whales that have teeth in the lower jaw are called spermaceti, because their fat contains more of stearine, or of the crystallizable part of the fat, than of oil. In the early days of the Greenland fishery, whales of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet were met with; but now, a whale seventy feet is looked on as a very large one,—that is, half the size of those old giants of the deep. The quantity of oil is in proportion to the size of the whale,

and a modern one is worth \$5,000. So that one of the old ones was worth from six to seven thousand pounds sterling.

OSTEND.

Temperance.

At a mass meeting in favor of Temperance, in South Bend, the following letter from Rev. Father Spillard was read by Mr. Colfax. It was decidedly the best thing in the meeting.

SOUTH BEND, IND., March 15, 1874.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Chairman Temperance Mass Meeting:

MY DEAR MR. COLFAX:—Having been kindly invited to be present to-day with the assembled friends of Temperance, absence or silence on my part might be misunderstood by the friends and misconstrued by the enemies of Temperance. I therefore take the liberty of briefly stating a few facts and suggestions at this opportune moment.

I am a temperance man, have been all my life, and as long as I remain true to my sacred calling shall continue to be temperate and an advocate of Temperance. Nay more, I am one of more than one hundred thousand of my Catholic fellow-citizens in the United States who take an honest pride in being "total abstinence men." I am doing what I can in my limited sphere to promote the cause of total abstinence, and my poor efforts have been a thousandfold rewarded even in this world. The fifty-eight (58) who signed the total abstinence pledge in St. Patrick's Church on the 2nd of February gave glory to God, a pledge of happiness to their families and an example worthy of imitation to their fellow-citizens. We have now a thoroughly organized "Total Abstinence" Society in our congregation, and are generously striving to emulate our co-religionists throughout the Union in advancing the good cause.

From these facts it must be acknowledged that we are and have been in earnest in doing what we can in our "day and generation," under the guidance of our holy religion to advance the cause of Temperance.

We are therefore ready, willing and anxious to join our fellow-citizens of every creed and color in all *lawful* means, to suppress the crime of drunkenness and promote the virtue of Temperance. But we will not do so in the manner adopted by many in various parts of the country. No good cause can be permanently benefited by hasty and precipitate action. A good cause has but too often been retarded, if not lost, by ill-advised or inconsiderate zeal.

I shall consider it my duty to strictly prohibit any of those under my spiritual direction from joining any unlawful assemblage of men or women, which in very truth constitutes a mob, and which if successful to-day, may to-morrow be emboldened to demand a surrender of rights dearer than life to every Christian and citizen. However, I feel confident that the ladies of South Bend will act prudently and do nothing to bring reproach upon, themselves or odium upon religion.

Let committees be appointed to watch and report every violation of the law, and then let legal proceedings be instituted, the guilty parties brought to justice and forced to forfeit their licenses. Let God be earnestly and piously supplicated to stay this terrible scourge which is devastating our fair land. Let every minor be made to bring to the bar of justice, the man, if such he can be called, who would deal out his poisonous potions to innocent, unsuspecting, wayward youth; let every woman who suffers at the hands of the terrible demon have recorded the name of her tormentor; in a word, let all just and proper means be used to wage untiring warfare against intemperance. Time will not permit me now to go farther into the subject, but I may have another occasion to do so. Count on me always as the friend of Temperance and the unrelenting foe of drunkenness.

I am, my dear sir, fraternally and temperately yours

D. J. SPILLARD, C. S. C.,
Pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time, at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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

TERMS:

Oneyear.....\$1 00
Single copies (5 cts.) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

A Musical *matinée* will take place soon after Easter.

THE Moot Court on the 21st was a grand affair. A report of it has had to lie over till next week.

THE Philopatrians have also entered the Dramatic field. Prof. Lyons is as incorrigible as he is indefatigable.

OUR gardener is keeping time with the season and does not object to something warmer turning up.

THE weekly meeting of the Faculty will hereafter be held on Thursday, instead of Friday as heretofore.

Very Rev. FATHER GRANGER returned on Thursday evening from his visits to the various houses of the Order of the Holy Cross.

THE Philomatheans are marshalling their numbers for some grand Exhibition in May. They have an irrepressible leader.

SOME remarkable feats of civil engineering are to be witnessed on the College premises. New walks are made, old ditches filled up and replaced by rows of trees, new houses put up, others finished, etc., etc.

THE Arion Society had their first general rehearsal Thursday evening. We understand that it was very satisfactory, and that our expectations in their regard will be fully realized.

THE singing of the Choir on Wednesday was very good indeed. They are now preparing a Mass for Easter. We expect something grand for that occasion, and we do not think we will be disappointed.

THE new boat-house received the carpenters' last touch a few days ago. Old Boreas seems to have some grudge against it, for it blew lively the whole time the men worked on it, and more than once drove them from their work.

SOME folks whose bump of destructiveness seems extraordinarily developed, have maliciously destroyed several of the young trees which had been planted around St. Joseph's Lake. Now, such unprincipled persons should be brought to justice, and taught how to act when on the premises of others.

SOME of the parents of our students seem to be under the impression that there will be a short vacation here during the Easter Holidays. They were misinformed. No permission to go home will be granted except in cases of absolute necessity.

WE think, decidedly, that the parents who act upon mere reports, without consulting the College authorities, are exposed to be led into error, or, as we might say, are liable to be deceived. From the fact that some little boys reported that the students had a few days vacation at Easter, some (too) kind parents took action upon it and favored the lads with money to reach home. Now let it be well understood that there is no vacation at Easter, and

that those who will go home then, without very grave reasons, will do so without the President's leave.

Arrivals.

Edward Riopelle,	Detroit, Michigan
James P. Hunt,	Chicago, Illinois.
Oscar E. Bell,	Elkhart, Indiana.
John R. Willis,	Bay City, Michigan.
Frank H. Farrell,	Aurora, Illinois.
Peter Boos,	Lima, Ohio.
John L. Hayes,	Chicago, Illinois.
Michael Hayes,	Chicago, Illinois
Frank Stoppenbach,	Jefferson, Wisconsin.

Roll of Honor.

SENIORS.

M. Allen, J. Browne, W. Ball, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, J. Brogan, G. Cunnea, M. Caldwell, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, P. Cooney, J. Christy, T. Cashin, T. Cochrane, H. Dehner, T. Dailey, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Euans, J. Egan, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallaher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hedges, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, H. Hayes, D. Hynds, J. Handly, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, J. E. Keily, J. Luby, J. McManus, M. Martineau, S. Marks, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, D. McGinnis, M. McCullough, E. McSweeney, T. Murphy, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, J. Ney, J. O'Brien, P. O'Sullivan, P. O'Meara, T. O'Mahony, P. O'Mahony, C. Otto, J. O'Connor, J. O'Toole, J. Ott, M. Proctor, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, J. F. Rudge, G. Roulhac, C. Ruger, C. Spears, R. Staley, P. Skahill, J. Vandusen, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. C. Watson.

JUNIORS.

B. J. Baca, J. Beegan, C. Burger, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, M. Burge, A. Crunkilton, J. Cullen, J. Doyle, W. Darst, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, C. Furer, J. French, J. C. Golsen, O. Gove, T. Gallaher, D. Gorman, C. Hake, L. W. Hatch, M. J. Kinsella, J. Beegan, C. A. Lewis, B. Le Fevre, G. Lehman, J. Borie, G. McNulty, J. D. McIntyre, F. H. Farrell, T. McNamara, J. O'Connor, P. Moran, N. J. Mooney, C. Meyer, W. S. Meyer, J. E. Marks, F. Miller, J. Nelson, D. J. O'Connell, E. S. Ratigan, J. Crummey, J. Rider, W. Robinson, R. Sobey, J. F. Soule, W. Schulthics, L. Smith, J. Smith, T. Solon, F. Thallman, E. Wood, F. J. Weisenberger, H. Zuber, J. Cohen, I. Chatterton, J. Dalley.

MINIMS.

M. McAuliffe, E. Buchanan, L. Goldsmith, H. Middleton, F. Carlin, J. O'Meara, F. Campeau, R. Golsen, J. Blaine, L. Frazee, A. West.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20th, 1874.

SENIOR CLASS—C. Berdel, W. Clarke, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, T. Dailey, L. Hayes, H. Hayes, D. Maloney, R. Staley, H. Walker, T. White.

JUNIOR CLASS—T. Grier, T. Murphy, E. McLaughlin.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—M. Bastarache, J. Caren, F. Devoto, E. Graves, T. F. Gallagher, J. E. Hogan, E. S. Monahan, C. Proctor, C. Walter.

FRESHMAN CLASS—J. Brown, W. Breen, H. Cassidy, H. Dehner, B. Euans, J. Gillen, A. J. Mooney, P. O'Mahony, P. Sullivan.

LAW CLASS—M. Keeley, E. McSweeney, B. McGinnis, J. Ney, T. O'Mahony, P. O'Meara.

St. Patrick's Day.

While far from Erin's sacred soil
Her exiled children sadly roam,
Dear memories of that wave-washed isle
Forever cluster round their home.

Not precious gems in kingly crown
Reflect a purer, lovelier ray,
Than do these thoughts of high renown
O'er Irish hearts on Patrick's Day.

Of Erin's sons, then, may we say,
When they forget to ope their eyes
To meet the blessed light of day,
And greet it but with sorrow's sighs,—

Forget to weep when those they love
Of earthly friends, both near and dear,
Lie sleeping, with the sod above ;—
To love those living, dear and near,—

Forget with love and trust to pray
To Him their faithful hearts adore,
Then too forget St. Patrick's Day,
And your revered green Island shore.

KRALC.

St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame.

BY THE "ALL AROUND" MAN.

St. Patrick's Day is a universal festival. It is one that is celebrated the world over. Wherever you find an Irishman, there you will see the seventeenth of March observed by one at least. If it is not in his power to manifest his love of home and religion in any other way, he will at least wear the green little shamrock, symbol of Trinity in Unity, and the emblem of Irish faith. This he will do with all his heart. The children of Ireland, though driven from her shores and compelled to seek refuge in foreign climes,—though separated by a boundless expanse from their native land,—though they see her limbs bound by the chains of tyranny, and her people downtrodden and oppressed, or refugees in foreign lands, though her national colors can now be seen as such only in some foreign and distant country,—yet they never forget her and hers. On this day of each year they assemble before the altar of God to offer up prayers to the Almighty for their suffering Motherland and to glorify and praise their benefactors, especially their great deliverer, St. Patrick. On this day the children of Old Erin, inspired with a patriotic spirit, recount the heroic deeds of their forefathers, and with tearful eyes and throbbing hearts look back on the past, reflect on the present, and look forward to a happier future. When they see the noble green banner unfurled to the breezes, and the shamrock ornamenting the breasts of their countrymen and Americans who wish to share the honor of wearing the green,—when they see this, their hearts glow with gratitude to think that what has been denied them in the land of their birth is granted them in the home of their adoption. "The children of Ireland can weep for their mother, but they cannot blush for her." Amid all her trials and difficulties she has not been guilty of one act that could bring the color to the face of an Irishman. The oppressors have, in a sense, deprived her of liberty and of her nationality, but they have not taken away or uprooted the faith that was so deeply planted by St. Patrick more than fourteen centuries ago. It is entirely unnecessary to occupy time and space in des-

canting on the faith of the Irish: it is known and respected wherever an Irishman is known—it has become an aphorism in the English language—it is the inscription on thousands and thousands of banners throughout the continent: *Semper fideles usque ad mortem*. But pardon, reader, we have wandered from the title given this article. Our excuse is that we could not help it—if there is one drop of Irish blood coursing the veins it must find vent on St. Patrick's Day.

Notre Dame, though comparatively secluded from the busy world, yet is not backward in joining hand and heart with those who would "give honor to whom honor is due." Hence we see her on the seventeenth of March dispensing with the regular routine of college life, collecting her students around the altar of the Most High, and exhorting them to pray for their distressed fellow-beings. It is true no extensive preparations (except the Debate) had been made for the celebration of the day this year, but where there is a will there is a way, and Irish zeal on the spur of the moment devised a plan to glorify and show its appreciation of the great Apostle of Ireland in a becoming manner. St. Patrick's Day then, was a day of general recreation; every one had his green shamrock, which was furnished by the happy forethought of the good Sisters.

Although the morning dawn seemed rather unfavorable, the sky obscured by lowering clouds and a storm seeming imminent, the day eventually turned out to be one of the finest we ever saw at Notre Dame. All were in high glee, and were more than ever jubilant when the Band in front of the College struck up "St. Patrick's Day." Never before did our boys discourse such music. Each and every one seemed inspired with the enthusiasm of their patriotic leader. At eight o'clock the bells announced Mass time. All repaired to the church, where Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lemonnier, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Kennedy. The choir sang Bergman's Mass excellently, and the acolytes looked very nice with the shamrocks on their surplices. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Toohey. He spoke very eloquently on St. Patrick, and passed a fitting eulogium on his spiritual children, the Irish people.

Nothing of any importance occurred after Mass, until dinner-time. Our Steward (who, by the way, we believe is an Irishman) had provided us an excellent dinner, and it is needless to say that the students did full justice to the banquet set before them. In the afternoon the Band furnished some music, after which a fine game of base-ball was played, the contestants being a picked nine and the Star of the East (assisted by the Atlantics' pitcher). The latter were victorious.

The Literary Entertainment given in the evening, in Washington Hall, closed the celebration of this memorable day. We will not attempt to criticize, as some one else, no doubt, will do that part of the business; but we can say that as a whole the Entertainment was a good one; of course it had blemishes, but these did not in the least mar the excellencies, which were predominant. The Entertainment over, all retired, well satisfied with the honor that had been paid the glorious Apostle of Ireland.

FATHER LOUAGE and those under his charge have been very busy for quite a while past in clearing the groves around their beautiful place. It is indeed one of the finest sites around Notre Dame, and under the care of Father Louage it will be made a splendid summer resort.

The St. Aloysius Debate.

The essays, declamations, songs, wit, music, and debate of "St. Patrick's Day in the evening" formed altogether a most enjoyable as well highly intellectual entertainment. After music by the band and the orchestra, both of which were highly appreciated by the audience, Mr. J. B. Crummey came forward on behalf of the Columbian Society, and delivered an address which richly deserved the hearty applause which it received, especially when we recollect the short time Mr. Crummey had for preparation, taking the place as he did of the regularly appointed Columbian. The essays by Messrs. Grier and Dehner were well written and well read. Indeed a general commendation for all those who appeared on the stage on Tuesday evening is, that they were perfectly self-possessed. There is nothing that gives an audience more pleasure than this. A manly, modest independence is charming in a young man—especially when he appears "in public on the stage." The declamations of Messrs. Berdel and Ball were finely rendered: we all know how Mr. Berdel can do, but I at least did not know that Mr. Ball could do so well. Their graceful postures and their natural enthusiasm were inspiring. When listening to and looking on such speakers one feels like straightening up, physically and morally, becoming more like a man. I think, however, that in Bernardo Mr. Berdel made a mistake, in looking down while addressing the dead father. Bernardo's father, though dead, was fastened on horseback, so that Bernardo in speaking to him must have looked up. Mr. Cashin's part of the entertainment was entirely unique, —no one could do it but himself; and he did it so well that we would have him at it all night, and even then we should not be tired.

But the evening's entertainment proper was something more serious than all this,—it was, indeed, nothing short of life or death—to the murderer. To hang, or not to hang, that was the question. Messrs. McGinnis and Gillen said, hang him; Messrs. McSweeney and O'Meara said, don't you do it; and each party gave good reasons for what they said.

Mr. McSweeney, as leader of the affirmative, delivered a well-considered argument in favor of the abolition of capital punishment, showing that as civilization advances the rigor of punishment is diminished, and from this inferring that the time had now arrived for the substitution of imprisonment for death. He also enunciated the principle that punishment should not be given for revenge, but for security, and concluded that as this security can be attained by confining the criminal we have no right to take his life.

Mr. McGinnis showed equal preparation in his speech opening the negative side of the question. He based his argument on the right of self-defense inherent in society as well as in its individuals, and insisting that death is the only punishment sufficient to deter murderers from crime. From the principle that punishment should be in proportion to crime, he also drew the conclusion that the only adequate punishment of murder is the death of the murderer. In answer to one of the arguments of his predecessor he said that because the death penalty is now less frequently administered than formerly it does not follow that it is to be abolished altogether; illustrating this by saying that if one is going on a journey it does not follow that he is never to stop. The death penalty has been removed from crime after crime, until now it is confined to murder only; here we must stop—the safety of society would be

imperilled by proceeding farther in this direction.

Mr. O'Meara then took up the debate with many forcible arguments for the affirmative. He dwelt upon the growing feeling of opposition to the infliction of the death penalty; and said that juries have become unwilling to take the fearful responsibility of sending a fellow-creature unbidden before his Maker, and hence often suffer the guilty to go free. He declared that death is not an adequate punishment for the murderer: the State has to support the family of the victim, and hence the murderer should be compelled to work for the State in return—this labor is now lost to society. In prison the criminal has also some chance for reform, and, if innocent, some chance for escape from unjust punishment. That prisoners may be reformed, and thus saved to society, he proved by reference to the statistics of the Munich prison. To answer the objection that the guilty are too often liberated by the executive, he read the admirable law of Iowa on this subject, by which it is provided that the Governor shall not relieve any criminal without the express request of the Legislature. He concluded by showing from statistics that in Michigan and Rhode Island, where the death penalty has been long since abolished, the ratio of crime to population is not nearly so high as in those States where it is still retained, and hoping that the day was at hand when this relic of barbarism would be indeed a thing of the past.

Mr. Gillen closed the argument on the negative with what was, except an unhappy indiscretion at the opening, one of the most complete, forcible and well-delivered speeches of the evening. He went over the whole ground of the debate, and succeeded in convincing many of his hearers that the only safety of society is in the prompt trial and execution of the murderer. The terror of death was the only terror which could disarm the assassin and save his victim. Imprisonment was well enough for ordinary criminals, but the unfeeling heart and seared conscience of the hardened murderer could be reached only by the thought of the gallows. Indeed, to give all the fine things so well said in this speech, it would be necessary to give the speech itself. His burst of indignation in speaking of the lenity shown to the rich and powerful by pliant Governors was especially admirable.

Mr. McSweeney closed the debate, showing what arguments had been advanced by his side and not refuted by the negative. It would seem that the debate was so well balanced that Mr. McSweeney took his seat leaving his audience in doubt as to which side had the advantage, and certainly I do not care to remove that doubt.

I have said nothing of the arguments drawn from the Scriptures, which were advanced on both sides; for it does not seem to me they were applicable, except as illustrations, and also to show that man has the natural right to take life, if necessary, to save his own. The question is a purely legal and social one. The point to be settled is whether society can protect itself without taking the life of the murderer: if it can, it should do so; if not, the murderer should of course die. How well the St. Aloysius debaters have reasoned on each side of this point, I have tried to show: on which side they have inclined the balance, I really cannot tell; for "you know I cannot tell a lie."

GEO. W. ———, JR.

A druggist is not inappropriately termed the chief pillar of society.

St. Mary's, in Honor of the Annunciation.

It is long since we have passed an evening of greater enjoyment than at the Entertainment given at St. Mary's on the 26th, in honor of the patronal feast of Mother Annunciata; and we here thank the young ladies of the Graduating Class for their kind invitation, the acceptance of which gave us so much unalloyed pleasure.

With diffidence we accept the honorary duties of reporter for the occasion, but nevertheless will try to the best of our ability, in a hasty sketch, to give "honor to whom honor is due." The artistic treat was entirely owing to the exertions of the young ladies of the Graduating Class; but in their kind efforts to afford a pleasure and gratification to their beloved teacher, they were ably aided by many young ladies of other Classes, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The entrance chorus, a soul-stirring selection from Faust, was rendered with much spirit by the Vocal Class, and the only remark we can make is, that like all good things it was too short. Then followed a beautifully-written address from the "Chimes" to Rev. Mother Annunciata, filled with kind, loving wishes, and delivered in an easy, graceful style by Miss Nellie Langdon. After this the soft harmony of an "Ave Maria," by the fine voices of Misses Black, West and Devoto, floated through the hall; and, following, Miss Julia Walker, in a piano solo, executed one of Rubenstein's brilliant waltzes in a masterly manner. Then commenced the principal feature of the evening's Entertainment, "Anima, a Drama in Two Acts." In this exquisite piece, the talented authoress clothes in beautiful language a soul's search after satisfying happiness. "Anima," tempted by "Pride," drives away "Knowledge" and "Innocence," and gives itself wholly to the enjoyment of the Senses. Having become satiated, "Remorse" overwhelms, and while in this state, the Senses appear to mock and upbraid their votary. Having recourse to prayer, meek "Humility" gains a victory over "Pride,"—"Innocence" is again received; "Knowledge" enlightens, and sublime "Faith" reveals the solemn mysteries of religion. The prologue was well read by Miss Nellie Gross; and the curtains being then drawn, the play commenced.

Miss Annie M. Clarke, as "Anima," rendered its doubts—its yielding to temptation, and its final remorse and repentance—very well and very naturally. Miss Langdon, as "Pride," and Misses Devoto, Gross, Kearney, Brown and West, as the Senses, entered fully into the spirit of their respective parts,—at first softly persuasive and alluring, then mockingly triumphant. Miss West also appeared in the character of "Revenge," and offered to the soul, just tempted by "Despair," the means to poison and embitter many lives, and tried to influence the stricken spirit by scoffs and threats. She deserves much credit for the forcible rendition of this part. The spirit of "Despair" was well represented, by Miss Dragoo. Miss Black, as "Faith," Miss J. Walker, as "Knowledge," Miss Niel, as "Innocence," and Miss Spier, as "Humility," are all deserving of praise for their natural and graceful acting. The tableau of the Annunciation, when "Faith" is revealing to "Anima" the sublime mysteries of religion, is very effective. Between the scenes we were favored with an instrumental duett, by Misses Walker and Black; a vocal quartette, by Misses Black, Walker, Kearney and Langdon; Rossini's sublime "*Cujus Animam*," by Miss West, mag-

nificently rendered; and "La Cracovienne," by Miss Walker. The duett and last solo were very fine and artistically executed. The Farce, "Madame Patural's Will," was well received, and kept the audience in a continual state of laughter. Misses Ball, M. Walker, Quan, Minton and Arnold, personated the different characters. All these young ladies did so admirably, that if we specially mention two of their number, this increase of praise will not detract from that of which they are all so richly deserving. Miss Walker and Miss Arnold, in our opinion, could not be excelled in their respective parts. Between acts, Miss Libbie Black played with brilliant execution a Fantasia on popular airs, in which was the lively strain of "Garryowen." This roused one of our Rev. neighbors, and it is evident the tune vibrated in the closing remarks.

Very Rev. Father General stated that as he was in the habit of finding fault rather than of praising, he would have to deputize some one to address the audience, as he could not conscientiously act according to habit. Rev. F. Sullivan being called on, rose, and—But he is looking over our shoulder and puts a stop to the eulogy. A number of lady visitors and Rev. Fathers were present, but space will not allow us to enumerate them. The Entertainment was a grand success, as anything of this kind at St. Mary's in which the "Chimes" are interested is sure to be. We have already expressed our own pleasure derived from being present—and, by comments we have since heard, believe that all were equally pleased and gratified. W. E. B.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

John Mallon, Virginia City, Nevada	\$ 50 00
John A. Shields, Kittanning, Pa.	10 00
R. D. Norris, Cincinnati, Ohio.	10 00
Mrs. Rebecca R. Hillen, Baltimore.	5 00
Miss Ellen T. Gannon, Boston.	2 00

[TO BE CONTINUED]

All Around.

MR. BONNEY, "our special artist," has commenced to fix up his "car." This looks like business.

THE little yard northeast of the Infirmary is looking quite nice, thanks to the energy of Brother Robert.

THE Minims are all alive with base-ball. They have a splendid nine, and are able to "wax" some of the Junior nines.

BRO. RAYMOND has been appointed to the position in the Infirmary vacated by Bro. Benoit, and he is a general favorite among the patients.

MARK M. FOOTE, of '73, took a leading part in a play produced in Burlington, Iowa, on St. Patrick's night. Mark is an old Thespian, *ergo*—

OUR late fellow-students, Nat. Mitchell of '72, and P. J. O'Connell, of '73, are about entering the matrimonial state. We wish them and their happy consorts success through life.

THE Philopatrians, we understand, will bring out their great play soon after Easter. We had the pleasure of hearing it rehearsed not long since, and have not yet recovered from the effects of the laughing it caused.

AN excellent string of items from the "All Around" man, a baseball report, and the Report from the Academy, are unavoidably crowded out this week.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.

Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek); Washing and Mending of Linens, per Session of five months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Commercial, \$5; Scientific, \$8; Classical,	16 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationery, etc., at current prices.

The First Session begins on the first Tuesday of September; the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.
President.

NILES and SOUTH BEND R.R.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Leave Niles,	9.30 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	6.30 a.m.
"	5.20 p.m.	"	11.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	6.15 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Leave Niles,	10.00 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	8.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	5.00 p.m.

S. R. KING, Agent, South Bend.

THE OLD "RELIABLE"
DWIGHT HOUSE,
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

MESSRS. KNIGHT and MILLS having become managers of the above popular and reliable House, renovated, repaired and furnished it with new, first class furniture. The travelling public may rely on finding the best accommodation.

Ladies and Gentlemen visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary's will find here all the comforts of home during their stay.

JERRY KNIGHT, } Proprietors.
CAPTAIN MILLS, }

nov 15-1f

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD
Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.50 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.
TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.20 p.m.
Day Express,	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight,	1.45 p.m.
AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail,	9.15 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation,	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express,	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight,	10.30 a.m.
WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive,	6.45 a.m.
Mail,	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express,	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight,	5.05 p.m.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

9.20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

5.20 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.

7.35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6.30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11.00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line. 6.15 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO.

Mar 14-1f.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

1.47	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9.50; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.
10.10	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5.10 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 P. M.
11.58	P. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.09	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.25 P. M.
3.45	P. M. (No. 70), Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.25; Chicago 6.55 A. M.
5.20	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.34	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10 P. M.
5.45	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte, 6.40; Chicago, 9.00.
9.05	A. M. (No. 71), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 P. M., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL
DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

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

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p.m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p.m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p.m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

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

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	†9:45 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
Pass.....	7.29 P. M.	Pass.....	8.23 P. M.
Freight.....	2.48 A. M.	Freight.....	10.47 A. M.
Freight.....	8.57 P. M.	Freight.....	4.45 A. M.
Pass.....	9.24 a. m.	Pass.....	11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent