

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,  
The Building of Rome.

### ACT FIRST.

SCENE III.

*(In the forest. Enter INSIDIUS and URSINUS.)*

INSIDIUS.—Our plot succeeds, Ursinus. I have watched the brothers. Romulus left this morning early with a company of pilgrims for the shrine of Carmenta. Remus wanders in these woods alone and cheerless in his brother's absence. He will soon pass this way.

URSINUS.—But we need help. We two cannot cope with him unaided.

INSIDIUS.—What! shouldst thou and I quail before the might of one man? I tell thee, the apparent valor of these twins is the work of magic art. When they are together they are powerful, but each by himself is as weak as any other man.

URSINUS.—It may be so; but where are Smilax and Promiscuus?

INSIDIUS.—They will be here soon.

URSINUS.—And have you thought of how we may dispose of Remus, after we have captured him?

INSIDIUS.—Bring him before his master, Amulius.

URSINUS.—Amulius?

INSIDIUS.—Yes; there is now, among the people of Alba Longa, a strong movement of indignation for the wrongs done to Numitor. The murder of Ægestus has at length fully come to light, and the guilt has been fastened upon Amulius. The king cannot be deaf to the voice of public opinion. We will drag before him this son of his faithful herdsman, Faustulus, accusing him of robberies done upon the flocks of Numitor. The populace will follow with their clamors. Amulius will deliver Remus over to the rage of the mob.

URSINUS.—And we shall see the villain torn to pieces?

INSIDIUS.—Belike we shall, and help to tear him, too.

URSINUS.—But he hath his friends.

INSIDIUS.—They are too few to aid him. 'Tis not so with his brother, who hath made many faithful unto him, for he is of more gentle manners. Remus hath a haughty spirit, and men say he is an atheist!

URSINUS.—I myself have heard him scoff at the sacred ceremonies.

*(Enter SMILAX and PROMISCUUS.)*

SMILAX.—Here he comes!

PROMISCUUS.—Yes; now be upon your guard! Do not be rash.

URSINUS.—Rash! Would one man attack four of us, think you?

INSIDIUS.—Where are the ropes?

SMILAX.—Here!

INSIDIUS.—Hide, now! He comes! *(They crouch.)*

*(Enter REMUS.)*

REMUS.—How sweet this sylvan scene—this summer air

Fanning my brow—the warbling of the birds  
Making the woods melodious—busy bees  
Flitting from flower to flower, and storing up  
Their sweet provision for the wintry season!  
And yet, my brother, thou wouldst turn thy back  
Upon great Nature's temple of delights,  
To seek a voice divine from human lips,  
'Neath frowning portals built by toiling hands,  
Amid the stench of slaughtered animals  
And sickly glare of lamps. Blind mortals, blind!  
Why will ye worship gods of wood and clay?

INSIDIUS.—*(rushing out with the others)* Seize the blasphemer!

REMUS.—Knaves, miscreants, what means this insolence?

*(Struggle. PROMISCUUS is hurled up the stage. The others finally overpower REMUS and bind him.)*

SMILAX.—Now, thou'lt rob us of our sheep again!

INSIDIUS.—Where is thy magical strength now, atheist?

URSINUS.—Blasphemer! thou shalt suffer!

PROMISCUUS.—Bind him fast, boys! Are you sure he is perfectly safe?

INSIDIUS.—Yes, yes; away with him to Amulius! *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE IV.

THE TEMPLE OF CERES.

*(THE HIEROPHANT enthroned at the altar, with his attendants. Torchbearers with lighted torches. The HERALD at the door: at which enter AMULIUS and VACILLUS.)*

THE HERALD.—*(Blowing trumpet.)* Amulius Rex Albanorum, fidusque comes ejus Vacillus!

THE HIEROPHANT.—(*Placing his right index finger against the side of his nose*) *Konx Ompax!*

(*Each of the attendants and torchbearers in succession with the same gesture.*)—*Konx Ompax!*

AMULIUS.—*Konx Ompax!*

VACILLUS.—*Konx Ompax!*

THE HIEROPHANT.—Friends, what seek ye of great Ceres?

AMULIUS and VACILLUS.—Knowledge.

THE HIEROPHANT.—And what the fruit of this knowledge?

AMULIUS and VACILLUS.—True happiness.

THE HIEROPHANT.—Prepare then for initiation. With fasting cast ye out the pride of flesh, Let silence tame your forwardness of speech; And meditate the sacred mysteries Of Proserpine and Ceres. But another Is at the gate. Herald, announce his name.

(*Enter VALENS DEFATIGATUS, with his right arm in a sling.*)

THE HERALD.—(*Blowing trumpet.*) *Valens Defatigatus, dux intrepidus, militans contra hostes Cereris, vulneratus sed invictus.*

THE HIEROPHANT.—*Konx Ompax!* (*The others go through the same ceremony of salutation.*)

VALENS.—(*raising his left index finger to the left side of his nose*) *Konx Ompax!*

THE HIEROPHANT.—*Dii avertite omen!*

ALL.—*Dii avertite omen! Put him out! Put him out!*

VALENS.—My right hand has been lopped in Ceres' service.

And with my left hand I will still defend Her sacred altars and her holy rites, The gods demand not the impossible. Why scorn ye me?

THE HIEROPHANT.—*Avaunt! ill-omened wretch!*

Carry him from the temple. (*They overpower him, struggling, and take him out.*)

And now, methinks, to deprecate the wrath Of the offended goddess, we should all Join in the mazes of a sacred dance, Such as is danced by Hyperborean tribes In far Sarmatia. Let the music sound!

(*Music. Heel and toe polka, in which all join. Subsequently, the figure of TISIPHONE appears above the altar, upon which the lights go out, and all shriek wildly.*)

(*Closed in.*)

#### SCENE V.

(*A street. Enter AMULIUS and VACILLUS, attended.*)

AMULIUS.—Well, my Vacillus, are we wiser now?

VACILLUS.—Methinks, O king, that we have learned a lesson.

AMULIUS.—'Tis true, but not the one we came to learn.

What think'st thou of the horrid apparition? That was not Ceres,—not the power benign To whom we owe our daily food. Some fury

Hell-sent by Proserpine to show her anger Against that foul, left-handed wretch!

VACILLUS.—Belike

Against the throng who rashly cast him forth!

AMULIUS.—Who knows the will divine? But what comes here?

What riot? What unseemly tumult this?

(*Enter INSIDIUS, URSINUS, SMILAX and PROMISCUUS, with REMUS. A crowd follows.*)

INSIDIUS.—Most noble king, we claim your justice!

THE CROWD.—Justice, Amulius! Justice to Numitor!

AMULIUS.—Silence, and let complainant speak! What's this?

INSIDIUS.—A youth we've caught stealing our master's sheep.

AMULIUS.—Thy name, prisoner?

REMUS.—I am called Remus, son to Faustulus, The keeper of thy royal flock, O king!

AMULIUS.—(*Aside.*) I knew not Faustulus had so brave a son!

No clownish blood flows in those noble veins.

His steadfast gaze appals me. (*Aloud*) Take him hence

To Numitor, since him he hath offended,

And let him take due vengeance upon him.

THE CROWD.—To Numitor! Take him to Numitor!

REMUS.—Nay, hear me king, for I am innocent!

AMULIUS.—Maintain thine innocence to Numitor.

Away with him! Remove him from my sight!

And tell my brother power of life and death

Is trusted to his hands on this occasion.

(*Exeunt INSIDIUS and the crowd with REMUS.*)

Vacillus, do you not see in this youth

Something above his seeming walk in life?

A royal mien? a fearlessness of eye?

To me 'tis fraught with danger.

VACILLUS.—Shepherd lads

Grow saucy oftentimes with overfeeding,

And do not fear to look upon a king.

AMULIUS.—But why should Faustulus conceal from me

That he had such a son? His favor here

Might have procured the youth a place of profit—I like not this.

VACILLUS.—'Tis strange, O king, but summon This Faustulus, and make him give account.

AMULIUS.—I will. Let's to the palace. Come away!

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT SECOND.

### SCENE I.

A HALL IN NUMITOR'S HOUSE.

(*Enter NUMITOR and DUBIUS.*)

NUMITOR.—What say'st thou, Dubius, shall fortune's wheel

Never revolve; but shall I die unkinged,

Deprived of heirs and trampled in the dust

By an ambitious brother?

DUBIUS.—Some have died

Thus, and the gods have left them unavenged.

NUMITOR.—Revenge is slow, but after many years  
Perchance it cometh!

DUBIUS.—If too many years  
Divide the crime and its due punishment,  
So that we trace no consequence, we deem it  
No true revenge, but one of many ills  
That often fall on mortals, be they just  
Or criminal.

NUMITOR.—Revenge I would not seek—  
I would not punish my ungrateful brother,  
Nor shorten his appointed span of years;  
And if I do desire to wield the sceptre,  
'Tis but that justice may be meted out  
Instead of cruelty to these my subjects;  
And if I wish to leave it when I die  
To son or grandson, 'tis that he, instructed  
In all the knowledge that should grace a king,  
May govern well this too long suffering city.  
My son I've seen upon his funeral pyre  
Untimely done to death, it has been proved;  
By his uncle's fury. Now my only hope  
Is in my grandsons, Rhea Sylvia's twins.

DUBIUS.—Those twins, my lord, were, eighteen  
years ago,  
Carried upon the Tiber's swollen flood  
Out to the pitiless surges of the sea,  
There to be drowned or dashed upon the rocks  
As food for fishes.

NUMITOR.—Dubius, 'tis not so!  
Mars!—Mars their father is! A god—a god!  
Can he not shield his offspring? This the hope  
That comforts my old age; supports my strength,  
Renews my forces, whispers to my heart:  
"The time is near at hand!" Great god of war!  
See where his planet in the eastern sky,  
Victorious o'er the dying sun, bright red,  
Shines with unwonted splendor!

(*A confused noise without.*)

What is that?  
That rudely breaks the silence of our halls?  
Our unfrequented halls!—What ho! Come hither!  
(*Enter INSIDIUS and URSINUS, dragging in  
REMUS bound, followed by SMILAX, PROMISCUUS  
and rabble.*)

NUMITOR.—My herdsmen! With a prisoner!  
What is he?  
And why brought hither? I am not his judge.  
No power have I to punish or acquit.

INSIDIUS.—My lord, 'tis the son of Faustulus,  
herdsman to the king. We caught him stealing of  
your lordship's sheep. We bring him here to suffer  
punishment.

NUMITOR.—(*Aside.*) A noble youth to be so  
charged! (*Aloud.*) Bring him not to me. I  
have no authority. Take him to the king.

INSIDIUS.—He hath already been brought before  
the king. Amulius sends him here to meet his  
doom, giving into thy hands the power of life and  
death.

NUMITOR.—What hast thou to say, prisoner?

REMUS.—My lord, I have stolen no sheep of  
thine. I am most foully slandered.

NUMITOR.—(*Aside to Dubius.*) No abject  
slavishness here! How pure and calm his brow!  
Doth he not seem the image of my lost Ægestus?

DUBIUS.—He hath indeed, my lord, a bearing  
far above his condition.

NUMITOR.—Insidius, and ye others, leave your  
prisoner with me. I will examine him at leisure.  
I would confer with him alone.

INSIDIUS.—My lord, have a care! He is dan-  
gerous. We had sore work to capture him.

NUMITOR.—Begone, and leave us. (*Exeunt all  
but NUMITOR and REMUS.*)

Now, audacious youth,  
Thou art accused of robbing me, it seems.

REMUS.—They who accuse me, robbers are  
themselves.

I found them carrying off a sheep o' th' king's,  
And rescued it from them.

NUMITOR.—But thou wert brought  
Before the king, why didst thou not explain?

REMUS.—He would not listen but despatched  
me hither

Without examination.

NUMITOR.—What's thy name?

REMUS.—They call me Remus. One of twins  
am I,

Said to be sons of Faustulus and Larentia.

NUMITOR.—Said to be!

REMUS.—I will naught from thee conceal,  
For thou dost deal in a more princely manner  
Than did the king, since thou wouldst give a  
hearing

Before condemning: but he gave me up  
Without inquiry. Once I did believe  
That we were sons of Faustulus, but rumor  
Speaks strangely of our birth. We were exposed,  
'Tis said, in infancy; yet savage beasts  
And ravenous birds whose nature 'twas to tear  
Our tender flesh forgot their cruelty.  
A she-wolf fed us with maternal care,  
Faustulus found us suckled at her breasts.

NUMITOR.—O Mars! great Mars! can this be  
one of them?

REMUS.—My lord, I understand not.

NUMITOR.—No, boy, no!

I did but muse. Well, I have heard thy tale  
And will examine further on the morrow.  
To-night thou shalt repose within this house.  
'Tis late. I'll have thy bonds removed. Fear not!  
Thou art not yet condemned, nor like to be.

(*Closed in.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—ONE perfect diamond is worth more than  
many defective ones. One truth, well fixed in the  
mind and comprehended, is better than many half  
understood. A small opportunity fully realized  
is better than a great one misimproved. The  
wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better  
than gold, and fills the soul with more perfect  
peace. Faithfulness lays up treasures in the  
heavens which nothing can injure and no one  
remove.

## Catholics in America.

The history of our country is one of the most important branches of our education. It should be among the first books taken up by an American youth, and the last book that he should lay down. The necessity is too obvious to need mention here. Yet this most valuable auxiliary to the training of loyal citizens is apparently very much neglected. Ignorance of the early history of this land that has been converted into a Republic; ignorance of the issues that tended to our separation from a foreign power; ignorance of those who, with savage instinct, sought to make us slaves, and those who bled to make us freemen; ignorance of the powers that assisted our forefathers in the accomplishment of their purposes; ignorance of those who, both in peace and war, by sword and by pen, by all legitimate means, have contributed much to the prosperity of our nation, seems to exist in a remarkable degree among those who are to be trusted with the perpetuation of rights that guarantee equality to all. This ignorance has led to a discrimination as to religious denominations, and those who are so sadly ignorant say there is an incompatibility of allegiance to Rome and loyalty to the Union. This ignorance suffers a candidate for political office to be, figuratively speaking, slapped in the face because he or his relations belong to that creed whose sacrifices and teachings have done more for the welfare of our nation than any—or all—of those sects whose very doctrines are based on *slave will*.

"This is all true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning."

To go back to the discovery of America, which of late has become a subject of much controversy, it seems the ancients, the Chinese, the Scandinavians, and others, had a knowledge of this continent. There is very good evidence that Saint Brendan made two voyages to our shores during the sixth century. Be this as it may, such discoveries were of little consequence to us. What is well known, however, is, that in the Catholic city of Genoa, in Catholic Italy, was born Christopher Columbus, a devout Catholic, who from Catholic Spain, assisted by the Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, and Father Juan Perez, a Dominican monk, with Catholic sailors, in the year 1492 visited what is called the continent of America. Before embarking on this great enterprise these men in a body assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Every evening during their voyage the Catholic hymns "*Ave Maris Stella*," and "*Salve Regina*" were sung in concert by the crews, and when land hove in sight the strains of the Catholic hymn of the angels, the "*Gloria in excelsis*," resounded over the waters.

The first standard that graced the shores of America was the Catholic emblem of the Cross. The Catholic names of San Domingo, San Salvador, and Santa Maria, given by Columbus, show his truly Catholic spirit. On his return to Spain with his crews, the *Te Deum* was sung in the

Church of St. George. Irving says of the Catholic Spaniards: "Religious zeal was the very life and soul of this enterprise. It was that which stimulated Columbus to undertake his voyage of discovery; it was the darling scheme of the great patroness of Columbus, Queen Isabella."

After Columbus came the Catholic Cabots, who planted the emblem of our faith on the soil of Massachusetts. The Catholic Verezanne erected the same standard on the shores of New York, named after the Catholic James II. Florida, or the land of flowers, was named by the Catholic Ponce de Leon. The neck of land that joins North and South America was first touched in 1510 by the Catholic hero, Ojeda. Texas, in 1544, was the scene of the labors of Father D'Olmes; New Mexico reminds us of the Catholic nobleman Espego, while Old Mexico was regenerated by the Catholic Cortez. California's capital was hallowed by the footsteps of the saintly Father Juniper Serra, of the Order of St. Francis, after whom the city is named, and the great ocean that bathes the western coast was first explored by the Catholic Balboa. The Catholics De Soto and Marquette first saw the Mississippi. The Rhine, it is said, is only equalled in beauty by the picturesque of the Ohio, whose scenery was first witnessed by a European in the person of the Catholic La Salle. Our great lakes on the north first re-echoed to the Catholic *Te Deum*, and Galveston Bay on the south, will ever perpetuate the fame of the Catholic Galves. In the extreme southern part of America we find the name of the Catholic Portuguese navigator Magellan perpetuated. Thus from river to river, from lake to bay and strait, and from ocean to ocean went our Catholic ancestors. Every ship whose prow was gilded by our western sun now brought Catholic laymen and missionaries. The former introduced the arts of peace, the latter the creed that alone brings civilization. Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans or Sulpicians came, for well they knew that the salvation of one soul is a nobler and far more meritorious act than the conquest of an empire. Long afterward came the Puritans, not only to escape religious persecution but to prevent others from enjoying the freedom sought by themselves. In 1609 the Jesuits in Maine were rapidly making conversions, when Argall, goaded on by the long-faced, persecuting *saints* of Massachusetts, attacked their missions, and the solitudes of prayer became scenes of murder and conflagration, and echoed to the cry of men, women and babes murdered in cold blood. The peaceful Acadians, ruthlessly driven from their homes, gave Longfellow the theme for his "*Evangeline*." Gov. Dudley, of Boston, offered to rebuild the burned churches for the Indians if they would desert the black-gown for the Protestant minister, but the chief of the Abnaki answered: "When I had much, you were my friends; but when the French black-gown came, though I was loaded with furs, he disdained to look at them. He spoke to me of the Great Spirit of heaven, of hell, of the prayer which is the only way to heaven. Now I hold to the

faith of the French. I agree to it; I shall be faithful to it even until the earth is destroyed. Keep your men and your gold and your ministers: I will go to my French Father." In 1615 Mass was celebrated in Vermont, in the North; and in the South, the oldest city in America, founded by the Catholic Melendez, bears the name of one of the great doctors of the Church, St. Augustine. A Catholic nobleman, in 1582, founded the city of Santa Fé. St. Louis is named after the saintly king of France, Louis IX. Chicago was the name of the great Catholic chief of the Illinois. And so we are reminded on every side of our holy faith. From the Catholic queen Henrietta Maria came the name of Maryland, the first sanctuary of civil and religious liberty in America.

From Mr. John O'Kane Murray's "Popular History" I quote Davis, a Protestant writer: "Let not the Protestant historian give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart, and pay with gladness the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early Catholic forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names be respected in our households; let them be canonized in the grateful regards of the American; and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to his most remote posterity. In an age of credulity, like true men, with heroic hearts, they fought *the first great battle of religious liberty*, and their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America." But this generous suggestion was not listened to; for in Maryland, when the Protestants gained the ascendancy, in 1704, laws were passed, forbidding Catholics to teach, and unless they abjured their faith they could not vote. Catholics were forbidden to enter Maryland, and priests were forbidden to exercise any of their official duties. On the other hand, in 1683, the State of New York was governed by a Catholic, Thomas Dongan. He declared that "no person or persons which profess faith in Jesus Christ shall, at any time, be anyways molested, punished or disquieted; but all and every such person or persons may, at all times, freely have and fully enjoy his or their judgments in matters of religion, throughout all the province." How did our Protestant friends reciprocate? In 1691, the Protestant Assembly revoked the above law, and proscribed Catholicity. They ruled that any Catholic clergyman found within the limits of the colony of New York after November 1st, 1700, "shall be deemed an incendiary, an enemy of the Christian religion, and shall be judged to suffer perpetual imprisonment." Anyone harboring a priest was liable to be fined \$1,000 and to stand three days in the pillory. Any person sending his child abroad to be educated in the Catholic faith should be fined \$500. No Catholic could purchase lands, etc., etc.

Time rolled on, and with it the dream of independence came. Protestant England followed her premises to their conclusion. Slave-will was her doctrine. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness she did not recognize as inalienable rights of her colonists. The colonists judged otherwise;

they believed in a government for, by, and with the consent of the people. War now was the only alternative. The spirit of bigotry and oppression had ground to the dust our Catholic brethren: still all joined hands to resist England. On the committee that was sent to Canada for colonial aid, were two Catholics, one of whom was afterwards made a Bishop. The Declaration of Independence was written by young Jefferson, who, though not a Catholic, penned a Catholic document, for every word of it breathes Catholic sentiments. This is attested by the writings of the great men of our holy faith. St. Bernard said: "Princes should be informed that they do not own the people as slaves." Lactantius said that "Civil authority has no right to outrage the fundamental laws of justice; its whole object is to subserve the public good, and when there is no justice in the civil authority, it is not the private but public outrage that is accomplished." St. Jerome said, "Rulers only have supreme power for one end, which is the public good; and when they ignore it, they open the way to their own removal." Albertus Magnus: "The rights of the people are a conclusion derived from the natural law"; Alcuin—"Positive laws cannot be made unless for the good of the people"; Bellarmine—"Whether men should be governed by kings or consuls, by one or by many, by a perpetual or a temporary magistrate, depends upon their own wishes"; Thomas à Becket—"The common good is the grand end for which nations are formed"; Eginhardt—"An evil public power has no right to continue"; Fenelon—"Tyranny, military aggression and despotic laws, being void of right in the design which brings them into existence, they are void of right to remain in existence"; Savonarola—"Despotism, the more it is borne with, the more it must be borne with; nothing can appease its inclination for wrong"; Suarez—"Tyranny is never endowed with right." Are not these words of eminent Catholic churchmen paraphrased in the Great Charter of our freedom? Among the signers of that sublime manifesto we find Catholic names. "There go cool millions," said Franklin, as the hand of the Catholic Charles Carroll traced his name. And when the war began, on one side was Protestant England aided by Protestant Hessians; on the other side stood Washington with his allies, Catholic France, Catholic Spain, Catholic Poland, and Catholic Ireland. "With all the greatness and skill of Washington," writes Scott, "it is exceedingly doubtful if America could have gained her independence without the assistance of France." "Catholic Spain," says Sumner, quoted by John O'Kane Murray, "threw open all her ports as neutral to the American marine. She ceased not until the powers of Northern Europe joined with her in proclaiming the 'Armed Neutrality Act,' to which, John Adams declared, America owed her independence as much as to any other cause. Spain made a present of one million francs to the struggling Republic; sent three-thousand barrels of gunpowder; threw open Havana to our navy, intimating that military stores could be easily got



from the magazine there; and paid the salary of the American Minister at Madrid." From Catholic France came Lafayette, Steuben, and De Kalb. From Catholic Poland came Kosciusko and Pulaski, while Montgomery, Moylan, Reed, O'Brien, Fitzsimons, Fitzgerald, and John Barry bear the true ring of Irish Catholic names.

When the war was over, Washington's reply to the Catholic Address, signed in behalf of the clergy by John Carroll, and in behalf of the laity by Lynch and Fitzsimons, was: "I hope that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of our revolution, in the important assistance which they received from nations in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." In succeeding wars, were Catholics backward in the offering of their swords and lives? In the war of 1812, and when our flag crossed the Rio Grande and waved from the heights of Chapultepec, Catholics were to be found in every regiment and in every engagement, and no name shines brighter in the galaxy of heroes than that of the daring hero, the devout Catholic, General James Shields.

In the late civil war Catholics were on either side, and whether they wore the blue or the gray, they fought valiantly for the side that they thought was right, and when they fell, the Catholic priest was there to console them and the Catholic Sister of Charity, of Mercy, or of the Holy Cross, to close their eyes in death. We see the great Archbishop Hughes interceding for the North at the courts of Europe, while the poet-priest of the South writes:

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like LEE!"

Scarcely had the call for soldiers been made, when, from this institution, went out a company of beardless youths, with the UNION flag above them. As time rolled on, with fierce war still raging and thousands dying without spiritual comfort on the field of battle, a band of missionaries, male and female, sped to their relief from Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Among the former was Rev. Father Corby, afterwards President of this University; also Rev. Father Cooney, now in New Orleans. As to the deeds of our Catholic Sisters, I quote the South Bend *Tribune*: "When, in September, 1861, General Lew Wallace, commanding the Federal forces in Southern Kentucky, applied to St. Mary's, the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, for nurses, Mother M. Angela, with five other Sisters, hastened to the relief of the suffering soldiers in the camp at Paducah. And before the opening of the year 1862, seventy-five Sisters were sent from St. Mary's, and her branch houses, to the Military Hospitals at Louisville, Paducah, Cairo, Mound City, Memphis, and Washington city. Of this number, two died from fever caught in the discharge of their duties. When the western flotilla of gunboats opened the Mississippi

River, Commodore Davis asked and obtained the services of seven Sisters of the Holy Cross to take charge of the floating hospital, in which hundreds of lives were saved. These deeds were not done for the world's praise; they were the duties to which the lives of the Sisters of the Holy Cross are devoted, whenever suffering humanity requires their help. A memorial of those days now rests in St. Mary's grounds, in the shape of two immense shattered cannon, captured at Island No. 10, and presented to Mother M. Angela by the commander of the flotilla. These cannon are destined to be moulded into a statue of "Our Lady of Peace," and will remain in St. Mary's grounds as an historical monument of the dark days of our Civil War.

It must be borne in mind that I am now entering a protest against the imputations of divided fealty and want of patriotism made against Catholics by their enemies, whether these be bigoted sectarians whose forefathers, like one at least begged a regiment to send against the colonies, or tricky politicians who have an "axe to grind." When I speak of wars and bloodshed, it is to show the patriotic part taken by Catholic citizens in the hour of trial—of men who, while unflinchingly recognizing the Pope as the Vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church, were second to none in their love of, and devotion to, their country.

In the late epidemics in the South, see the record of our priests, our Brothers and our Sisters. Call the roll of honor, and how many of the maligners of our Church will you find there? you can count them on the fingers of one hand. The writer of this essay saw car-load after car-load of Catholic religious going right into the plague-stricken districts, and as they went, the face of each wore a halo:

"Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles."

He has known Sisters not only tend to the dying, irrespective of creed or color, but when father and mother, sisters and brothers had fled, those very Sisters lifted the foetid, plague-stricken bodies and put them into their coffins. He has seen the baked and burned limbs and bodies of the victims of steamboat explosions, although emitting a most disgusting smell, washed and bandaged by Catholic religious. In the face of such facts, who would not glory in being a Papist?

We have only spoken of the actions of Catholics in war and pestilence. Let us look at their actions in time of peace. The professions are honored by many of our Faith. We find Roger B. Taney, a bright light in the galaxy of our Supreme Justices. We find Charles O'Connor, an honor to the legal fraternity. In poetry we find Bryant, Miles, Ryan, and Egan. In the catalogue of American writers, who is superior to Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, etc.? In fiction we have Dr. Huntington, Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. Dorsey. We find Mr. Reuben Springer a munificent patron of art. Though I name those representatives, I speak with pride of the uneducated Catholics who build our railroads

and churches, schools and hospitals and who are so often the victims of hotel conflagrations. I speak of those, the majority of whom come from my own race,—the laboring man and servant girl, it is they who in reality build those grand cathedrals of our cities wherein is the Living God. Look at those schools, academies and colleges, those asylums for foundlings, orphans, aged, friendless and fallen; think of their material and moral benefit to this country. Who can approximate the good done by our religious of both sexes therein? Catholicity has done much for the elevation of the negro, and this essay would be endless, did I attempt to speak of the sacrifices made for the Indians.

America's future depends much on the state of society, and the pillars of society are religion, family, and property. As to the first, I would say that no more steadfast opponent of Atheism can be found than Catholicity. As to the family—what greater evil than divorce, and what greater enemy to divorce than Catholicity?

Now, as to education, that so much affects society, Catholicity holds that religion and education should ever accompany each other. Space is not here to develop this question. To borrow a figure, America is a grand ship with every sail unfurled, brave men and lovely women aboard. Success is captain, and the bright sun of prosperity is bathing the glassy waters beneath; but should Moral Conviction let go the helm, the waters will be lashed into mad waves, and that ship with its precious freight be dashed to pieces. Religion must accompany education, as Webster said in the Girard Will Case; where there is any religious sentiment among men it will incorporate itself with the laws. The massive cathedral of the city as well as the log church in the wilderness, the memorials around and about us, the graveyards, their tombstones and epitaphs, those silent vaults and their mouldering contents, all attest it. The dead prove it, as well as the living. The generation that has gone before assert it from the tomb. *We feel* it; all proclaim that Christianity, independent of sects and parties—that Christianity to which the sword and fagot are unknown,—generous, tolerant Christianity, is the law of the land." The first college of North America was founded by Catholics, and ever since the aim of our colleges has been to furnish this Republic with sensible men, aware of the responsibility depending on good citizenship. And the aim of Convent education is not to graduate those who are to ape men, to be eager to appear before the footlights or at the ballot-box,—not to graduate those who strut our public thoroughfares with bedaubed faces, throwing glances that seem to say—"My value is just what I wear." No; to be queens in the home-circle is the place which our Catholic young women covet. Their faith teaches them that woman is the heart, not the head of the family.

As to the third pillar of society, property, Catholicity guards this with all her strength. Her theologians and philosophers have written volumes condemning Communism. Never fear that a practical Catholic will be ever identified with

such organizations. His faith teaches otherwise; and if he be poor in circumstances, he is not troublesome, because poverty is the bride of Christ who founded His Church.

"It is a weary and bitter task.

Back from the lip the burning word to keep."

GEORGE E. CLARKE, '83.

#### Sites of Certain Cities.

As late as 1873 the portion of Boston known as the Back Bay district was an unsightly marsh. Subsequently it was filled up, and now some of the finest buildings in the city are located there. Manhattan Island is much larger than it was a century ago, and numerous buildings in the lower part of New York City stand upon "made ground," or where the water was once twenty or thirty feet deep. New Orleans is built upon ground formed by the action of the elements. Pine logs in a reasonably perfect state of preservation are found buried some thirty or forty feet below the surface in that vicinity. Washington is built upon land that, a century ago, was as much a swamp as the site of Chicago ever was. Galveston is located upon an island having a length of thirty miles and a mean width of nearly two miles. Much of the island appears to have been formed by accretions from the Gulf and Bay which surround it. Another city largely built upon "made ground" is San Francisco. It is located on a peninsula thirty miles long and six wide. A continuous range of mountains runs the entire length of this peninsula. In 1848 the north-eastern portion of it was a very uninviting place. It was mountainous, and the wildest freak of the imagination could hardly picture it as affording a becoming site for a city. But gradually from year to year the mountains were cut down and levelled, while the debris was thrown into the Bay. By this means land comprising an area fully half a mile in width and two miles in length was formed. Consequently, the portion of San Francisco that lies between Montgomery Street and the Bay is built upon "made ground." Astoria, an enterprising city of 4,000 inhabitants, located near the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon, is largely built upon timbers driven perpendicularly into the sand and mud in a shallow part of the river. The streets are formed of long, thick, heavy planks which, like the buildings, rest upon the timbers referred to; and, as people pass to and fro in the streets, they plainly hear the water splashing beneath. H.

OUR lives are like some complicated machine working on one side of a wall, and delivering the finished fabric on the other. We cannot cross the barrier and see the end. The work is in our hands—the completion is not.

THE man who follows a good example must, of course, be behind it.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 10, 1883.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SIXTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

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OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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## Our Staff.

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ALBERT F. ZAHM, '83.	R. M. ANDERSON, '83.
T. EWING STEELE, '84.	J. LARKIN (Law), '83.

—A communication in regard to the so-called State Oratorical Association is printed elsewhere in this number of the SCHOLASTIC. The rejection of the delegates from the University of Notre Dame is, to say the least, an unaccountable proceeding, but to exclude them without giving a good reason for such action is unpardonable. We had all along thought there was a good deal of humbug in the so-called "State" Oratorical business, and we advised our men to keep aloof from it; but as the Euglossians wished to enter, and could carry clean credentials, they had a right to demand admission. In case of refusal, the name of "State" Oratorical Association should be dropped.

## The Orpheonics.

Last Wednesday evening, the Orpheonics duly commemorated the patronal Festival of Rev. President Walsh with a choice entertainment given in his honor. The Rotunda of the University was richly and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Flags—Papal, Irish and American—were suspended from the balcony, forming an appropriate frame-work for a splendid oil-painting of St. Thomas of Aquin, the Saint of the day. This painting was presented to one of the Fathers at

Notre Dame by Father Guido, Passionist, and is a copy, the original of which, at Bologna, Italy, is said to be a true portrait of the Saint. The niches were beautifully adorned with flowers, etc., while over all the electric light shed a brilliancy that greatly enhanced the general effect. The students, Professors, Rev. clergy, and a number of visitors from abroad, formed a large and appreciative audience.

Precisely at half-past seven o'clock, the exercises were opened by the University Orchestra with Balfe's Overture, "Bohemian Girl." We need not speak of the manner in which the piece was played; all who have heard the Orchestra know to what a high degree of excellence it has been brought through the able direction of Prof. Paul. An eulogium of St. Thomas was delivered by Mr. D. G. Taylor. It was a well-written piece of composition, and read in good style. After a short sketch of the life of the Saint, and a glowing description of his virtues and mighty power of intellect, the speaker referred to the great honor in which St. Thomas is held throughout the Church, and eloquently concluded as follows:

"And we, too, join our voices with the general chorus that to-day follows the sun around the world in doing him honor. We recognize in him all the elements of true greatness. With his eloquent tongue and pen of fire he left us in the fifty brief years of his life a richer heritage of noble thoughts, great deeds, and inspiring examples, than have come to us from whole lines of kings, leaders of armies, or founders of states. Let us, therefore, unhesitatingly and becomingly bear witness to our appreciation of his merits. Let the sweet strains of music, so suggestive of the purity of his life, the gentleness of his character, and the blessed harmony of his heavenly home, rise and prevail in his honor. Yes, let music speak for us—

"Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe its soul so well?"

And from that high standard you shall judge whether Notre Dame is backward in making suitable acknowledgment on the festival of the great St. Thomas! In the acclaim of music—the voice of harmony—the feelings of our hearts shall find expression—

"Harmony, from Heaven descended,  
Coming first when chaos ended,  
And through time and space extended—  
Heaven's first decree!

"The very soul itself refining,  
All that's great and good combining,  
God, and man, and angels joining—  
Hail, thee, Harmony!"

"So let harmony rule for the evening. And may the renowned 'Angelic Doctor,' protector of learning, and patron Saint of our worthy President, the Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, look with favor upon these exercises, and bless our University and him who so ably presides over it!"

A beautiful address in Latin poetry to Very Rev. Father General was delivered in classic style by Mr. M. T. Burns. The Minims' choral division, composed of eighteen little "Princes," sang, with great vim and agreeableness, "Whisperings in the Air." Master W. Devine rendered a solo in a pleasing manner. The song of Mr. A. P. Coll was given so well as to merit an enthusiastic *encore*. A quartette, "Bounding Boat," was sung with good execution by Messrs. Gibert, Guthrie, H. and M. Foote. Next came an original composition of the Director, "Euge, Serve Bone et Fidelis,"—a semi-chorus—entitled "An Anthem in



honor of St. Thomas." The music was pleasing and well rendered. The University Quintette here furnished an interlude by the rendition of one of Haydn's Quintettes for two violins, viola, 'cello and flute. As the performers were skilled musicians, needless to say the execution was superb. J. J. McGrath sang "Fear Not, but Trust in Providence." Master F. Johnson rendered Rossini's "Una Voce Poco Fa." It was, indeed, an ambitious attempt on the part of the young gentleman, but how well he succeeded was shown by the prolonged and vociferous applause that greeted him as he concluded, and the repeated calls for an *encore*. Considering the singer's youth, we can say that his effort was successful. It would be untrue to say that his rendition was faultless; there were, indeed, many defects; but they were such as cultivation will remove. Neal H. Ewing read a Greek acrostic, complimentary to President Walsh. The next numbers were, a solo, by L. G. Gibert; a duett, by J. Courtney and G. Schaeffer; solo by J. R. Devereux, and a solo by G. Schaeffer; all of whom did well. The *Serenade Quartette* was rendered in pleasing style; like all of Foster's songs, it is a beautiful piece of composition, and, though old, it will ever be appreciated by the lover of music. A grand chorus, "Arise, O Peerless Notre Dame!" the composition of the energetic Director, closed the exercises of the evening. As may be seen, the programme published in our last issue, with the exception of a few numbers which were omitted, owing to the lateness of the hour, was faithfully carried out, and with great success in every particular. We congratulate Bro. Anselm, C. S. C., upon the marked progress and proficiency displayed by the members of the organization which he so ably directs.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, President Walsh arose and expressed his thanks for the honor paid him. He then referred to the great progress which had been made in the Musical Department, notably during the present year. The credit of this was certainly due mainly to the energy and ability of the directors, but too much could not be said in praise of the good will and attention displayed by the students. He hoped they would continue in the future as in the past until the Commencement in June would present such perfection, musically, as was never before known at Notre Dame. The Rev. speaker concluded amid great applause and showers of bouquets, choice souvenirs, golden stars, crescents, etc., and all retired extremely well pleased.

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#### The Indiana "State" (?) Oratorical Association.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

DEAR SIR:—I ask the privilege of your columns to air a grievance and expose a fraud. There has existed for some time what purports to be a State Oratorical Association, composed, it is said, of students from the various colleges throughout the States. They meet at Indianapolis once a year, and under the above title select judges and have a

public contest in oratory, prizes being awarded, it is said, on the merits of composition and delivery. Among the institutions represented are the State University at Bloomington, Asbury and Purdue Universities, and Wabash College. Some prominent gentlemen, residents of this State, were surprised that Notre Dame University, one of the first, if not the leading educational institution in Indiana, was not represented at this so-called State contest, and persuaded some of our embryo Daniel Websters and Henry Clays to apply for admission. These did so last year, and were told *it was then too late*. This year application was again made, at least a month before the time appointed for the meeting; and the following reply was received through Mr. George Rhodius, of Indianapolis, our referee in the matter. It is from the Secretary of the so-called "State Oratorical Association," and is dated from the State University at Bloomington. It "speaks for itself" in more ways than one.

BLOOMINGTON, IND., Feb. 8 '83.

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter to Mr. English a few days ago. And presented your case to the Executive Committee of the State Oratorical Ass. and it was unanimously rejected for reasons sufficient to ourselves.

Yours most Respectfully

Corresponding Secretary of Association,

Now, Mr. Editor, what we would like to know is, whether the association in question is really a "State Oratorical Association," representing the colleges of the State, or only masquerading as such, and throwing dust in the eyes of the public? If it be a State Association we would like, and claim it as a privilege, to know why the representatives of Notre Dame University are not admitted to the contest. The representatives from Notre Dame of course intended to pay their share of the expenses of the meeting, and would like to know why their petition has been rejected by the so-called "Executive Committee" of the so-called State Oratorical Association. We have more than one reason for demanding this. Last year the Inter-State Oratorical contest took place at Indianapolis, and when the representatives from the neighboring States returned to their respective colleges, they could scarcely find language strong enough to denounce the inhospitality of the Indiana branch of the Association. Whether these complaints were well founded or not, I am unable to say. If there was reason for them, I am proud of the fact that hospitable old Notre Dame was not represented, and was no party to such meanness.

Yours Respectfully,

A MEMBER OF THE NOTRE DAME EUGLOSSIAN SOCIETY.

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#### Exchanges.

—The *University Press* has resuscitated its long defunct Exchange department. This will prove a good step—if taken in the right direction.

—The *College Cabinet*, published at Geneva College, Pa., has entered upon its fifth year. It is ably edited, and well printed. It comes in a tasty

brown cover. The editorial and exchange departments will, we think, compare favorably with those of the leading college papers.

—The *Cornell Daily Sun* rejoices in the good feeling which has everywhere manifested itself in the relations between town-people and students this year. In the issue for Feb. 21, the editors wanted to know if the University intended to observe Washington's birthday or not—no official notice having been given other than that it did not appear on the schedule.

—At the *Princetonian's* "Table" we meet a select gathering,—merry fellows all of them,—

"Who can't be silent, and who will not lie".

on damp sheets if they can help it. The subject of conversation is the Intercollegiate Press Association, but the roars of laughter that occasionally break out indicate that the discussion is not of a serious nature. The majority are in favor of the I. P. A.

—The matter of the *High School Index* (Ann Arbor, Michigan), and the manner of presenting it, should put to the blush the editors of some of the so-called "college" papers. Many of the editors of the latter class of papers make themselves busy laying down rules for and finding fault with better papers than their own, while they themselves fail to show work that would stand the slightest test. Actions are said to speak louder than words.

—The *Hamilton College Monthly* wishes reporters for the sessions of the literary societies at Hamilton. Could distance be annihilated, some of our enterprising young stenographers would no doubt be glad to offer their services. As a rule, we don't like short essays or bobtailed dogs, but whether it be owing to the clear print and handsome get-up of the *Monthly*, or to some peculiar excellence in the large number of small essays published in each number, we scan the *Monthly* with a certain degree of pleasure.

—The *Harvard Daily Herald* entered upon its third volume, on the 12th of February, with all the indications of a high degree of prosperity. It could hardly be otherwise. The *Herald* is a first-class college daily; and is very cheap at \$3 a year. Its editorial matter is ably written, and practical. Besides the chief Harvard news, it chronicles matters of general interest at other leading colleges, sifts a column of telegraphic brevities from the daily newspapers, etc., etc. The *Herald* well deserves the success which, apparently, it has attained.

—The *Vanderbilt Observer* for February reached us about the 20th. *Van's* heavy ulster might have had something to do with it—the weight of the literary articles certainly could not have been much of an impediment. After the melancholy efforts at punning made by the *Observer's* "Local" men, we do not wonder that punning should be tabooed as a monstrosity in some quarters. Turning over the leaves until we come to the last page—the Exchange department—we imagine we discover the secret of the delay. In his notice

of the *Mississippi University Magazine*; the Exchange-editor says: "The November number begins with a *heteroclitical conglomeration calculated to convey to the casual peruser the apprehension of an immense prodigality as well as profundity in the art of glossography.*" Great Scott! what a fearful burthen the iron-horse that carried that had to toil under!

—The *Musical Record*, a periodical of 20 pages weekly, edited by the veteran Dexter Smith, and published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, is a regular visitor to our sanctum, and a most welcome one to all especially who take any interest in music. Besides miscellaneous reading-matter, it contains a vast amount of news, from all parts of Europe and America, and many pages of choice music in each issue. A pretty poem entitled "The Face Against the Pane," from Thos. Bailey Aldrich, graces this week's number. It seems the gifted editor of the *Record* makes it a special point to secure choice original verses for his first page, and some decidedly *bouffe* for his "Sharps and Flats." The price of subscription to the *Musical Record* is \$2 a year. The publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co., have moved into the magnificent new building lately erected by them at a cost of \$150,000. It is located at the corner of Broadway and 18th Street.

#### Local Items.

—"All fare well. Farewell all!"

—"I have more sense than that!"

—"Will they hear my voice at the Academy?"

—The special correspondent was *left* last Sunday.

—The ice still remains on the lake, but skating is no more.

—The Junior Football Club were out practising last Monday.

—Please send your communications written *on one side only*.

—*On dit* ye excursionists last Wednesday were *minus a déjeuner*.

—Bulletins for the month of February were sent out last Wednesday.

—"The Union! the Union!" (with a sentimental motion of the right foot.)

—QUERY:—Would an old-fashioned spanking cure Hennie and Frankie?

—The Juniors' Reading-room has received a thorough spring renovation.

—H. Metz, was recently elected a member of the Junior Reading-room faculty.

—Wednesday, the 7th inst., was the anniversary of the famous, "Look at it!"

—The Gymnasium is a favorite resort especially on such drizzly days as last Tuesday.

—Competitions next week in the Course of Modern Languages, Fine Arts and Special Branches.

—B. Lawrence, has made many improvements in the Juniors' Reading-rooms during the past two weeks.

—The Philosophs enjoyed an extra "rec." and divers other things on the feast of their Patron, St. Thomas.

—Prof. Paul says that his choir will sing a grand new Mass at Easter. Rehearsals are now in progress.

—We venture to suggest that a few instrumental solos, duetts, etc., would add to the agreeableness of our *Soirées*.

—James Smith received the best bulletin for the month of February. W. Mug was second, and H. Hess third best.

—We are glad to say that Prof. Lyons continues to improve very rapidly. In a short time he will be seen around again.

—Look out for Wiggins' Storm. To-morrow is the day appointed for the show. Why is our Meteorological Bureau silent?

—Wm. McGorrisk, valedictorian of '82, visited the College last Wednesday, and was warmly greeted by many of his old friends.

—The Sorins' debate on the question, "Is Fire a more useful Element than Water?" will take place on the 12th, in St. Edward's Hall.

—The faculty of the Junior Gymnasium, Masters C. Dupke and W. Hannavin deserve great credit for the manner in which they attend to their charge.

—Frank E. Fenton, an old student of Notre Dame, is now engaged in a successful tailoring business, at Niles, Mich. He will visit the College every Thursday.

—The members of the Crescent Club return thanks to B. Lawrence, for his kind assistance in decorating the Junior reception-room on the occasion of their banquet.

—B. Charles Borromeo, the kind Prefect of the Musical Department, celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday on Sunday last. We hope he will live to celebrate many more.

—To-morrow, Passion Sunday, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. In lieu of a sermon, the devotion of the Way of the Cross will be followed immediately after Mass. Vespers p. 48.

—A severe shock was felt Tuesday morning at Notre Dame and vicinity. 'Twas not an earthquake, as was first supposed. Mark Antony had merely sat upon the ice, suddenly. That's all!

—Very Rev. Father General, has shown the Minims the plan for the park in front of the "Palace." They are perfectly delighted with his beautiful design and hope it will be faithfully carried out, as soon as the weather permits.

—Mr. Marlette's Senior Dancing Class is progressing finely. A new class has been started among the Juniors. The good results of the in-

structions given may be observed in the graceful walk and carriage of the patrons of the art.

—As St. Patrick's Day comes within Passion-Week, the customary celebration will be postponed until after Easter. The day, however, will be commemorated quietly, with a short, pleasant musical and literary reunion on the eve.

—An ornamental railing for the gallery in the auditorium of the Hall will soon be placed in position. It will be "a thing of beauty" and utility. We have seen a section—sent as a sample of the work—and can say that it will add greatly to the fine appearance of the auditorium.

—Rev. Fathers Campion, of La Porte, and Haggerty, of South Bend, were at the College, last Tuesday, to see Gregori's new painting—"Very Rev. Edward Sorin Founding Notre Dame." They, as well as numbers of visitors who have seen the painting, say it is a beautiful work of art.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stamm, of Milwaukee, who have been visiting their sons in the Minims department remarked that all the Minims look so hearty and well, one would think they did nothing else but eat. But, they are assured that the small boys study 8 hours a day and can dispose of questions in Arithmetic and Grammar, that would puzzle many an older student.

—Work has begun on laying gas-pipes to the Academy of Music, and placing gas-fixtures within the Hall. This is a move in the right direction, at least our stage managers will think so, as it will sometimes obviate the necessity of an individual (though he has been always greeted with applause,) appearing before the curtain to turn down the lamps to produce dark effects.

—From the SCHOLASTIC we learn somewhat of the great esteem in which Notre Dame's student body holds its venerable Father-General, Father Sorin. With the students, and in unison with the SCHOLASTIC, we congratulate Father Sorin on the happy completion of his sixty-ninth year, and we pray that a lifetime of practical well-doing, extending almost to the historical three score and ten, may be lengthened into one embracing ten decades of years!—*Niagara Index*.

—The Directors of the Lemonnier Library express their acknowledgments to Mr. E. Buysse, of South Bend, for valuable services rendered during the past week. Mr. Buysse kindly volunteered to repair and put in order the "Old Grandfather's Clock," presented to the Library by Mr. Sam. Spalding, of Lebanon, Ky. The donation was prized because of its antiquity, and, thanks to the kindness of Mr. B., this relic of the past has become both useful and ornamental.

—RECOGNITION OF GENUINE MERIT:—The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, inaugurated a new usage on Lætare Sunday. The President and the other members of the Faculty have decided to present on each succeeding Lætare Sunday a medal to a Catholic man of letters. The first

recipient of this honor was Dr. John Gilmory Shea, who was presented with a medal and an address by Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, in the name of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame. The medal is of heavy gold and black enamel, exquisitely wrought. The address is written in Latin, in Alcaic meter, on watered silk, embroidered with gold, and painted with exceeding skill. It is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest combinations, in this particular line, of art and taste ever produced. Dr. Shea deserves all honor. Few men have so unselfishly and with so little encouragement from the Catholic public worked so unswervingly for the cause of truth and the Church as he has done.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

—The *Latere* Banquet of the Crescent Club, complimentary to Rev. President Walsh, was the grandest affair of the kind ever held at Notre Dame. The *menu* was served *a la Russe* in eighteen courses. All the delicacies of the present, past and coming seasons were displayed on the decorated tables. The inner man was satisfied amid lively conversation, and at length the *Maitre d'Hotel*, Mr. H. Porter, announced the toast to the distinguished guest. In a neatly-worded speech he referred to the many improvements material and intellectual effected by the worthy successor of Fathers Sorin, Dillon, Corby and Lemonnier. The Rev. President replied in his usual happy style. The committee of arrangements and masters of ceremonies deserve great credit for their successful endeavors to make everything pass off pleasantly. The masters of ceremonies on the occasion were: Messrs. M. Foote, A. Schillo, G. Seegers, C. Porter, H. Dunn and A. Coghlin; they were assisted by Masters W. Henry, E. Wile, H. Metz, W. Devine and W. Bacon, who attended to the Junior members of the Club.

—One day this week Father Sorin received a box of splendid Havana cigars from an unknown well-wisher in New Orleans. He smoked one of them after breakfast, and enjoyed it. Although not a great smoker, he likes a cigar after a meal,—a practice which he learned in one of his 39 trips over the ocean. At the same time, the "Ex"-editor of the SCHOLASTIC happened to pass under his window; the good Father called him in and handed him the precious box, as he knew he would appreciate it for himself and friends. Father Sorin regretted not to know the name of the generous donor, that he might thank him. He would have kept the box for himself, but, he said, the cigars were almost too fine for him, and he preferred giving them to an *amateur* (!) who would divide the luxury among his fellow ink-slingers. Besides, as he remarked, there is already too much *smoke* to be seen coming from the big chimney back of the College, and until the grand Dome hides that ugly *pipe* from the sight of the visitor, he can hardly enjoy anything. Ye "local" begs leave to assure Father Sorin that the "Ex"-editor did the fair thing with the members of the press. The gift was greatly enjoyed, and the "Staff" return a unanimous vote of thanks.

## Roll of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bailey, Brady, Burns, Bolton, J. Burke, A. Browne, Buchanan, Comerford, Cole, Cleary, G. Clarke, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Clements, Craig, Claffey, Call, Jas. Delaney, Donohue, Dickerson, Eisenhauer, Eaton, Ewing, Fogerty, T. Flynn, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, Gray, Grever, Golonski, Grange, J. Gallagher, F. Gallagher, Guthrie, Gooley, Grout, Hofstetter, Jas. Heffernan, Jno. Heffernan, Harris, Jones, Johnston, Kleiber, Kane, Keller, Kolars, Kuhn, Kelly, Kaufman, Larkin, Mason, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, Meyer, McCabe, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, McIntyre, Magoffin, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Mathers, Noble, Neeson, Noonan, Ott. O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Brien, Porter, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, Stull, Steele, Scholfield, C. Smith, Solon, Saviers, G. Smith, Veale, Wall, Whalen, Witwer, Warner, Yrisari, Zahm, Zähle, Zurbuch.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Armijo, Arnold, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Brewster, Cassilly, Courtney, Cain, C. Dennis, W. Dennis, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, Warren, Weber, Devine, Duffin, Darling, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, Wilkinson, Fehr, Fendrich, Fishel, Foster, Taylor, Grothaus, Hagerty, J. Henry, Hibbler, Hess, Hermann, Halligan, W. Hetz, Hannavin, Hickey, Howard, J. Hetz, Violette, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Livingston, Mug, Ludwig, McDonnell, Nester, Ohnick, Porter, Ruppe, Reach, J. Ryan, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Seegers, Stark, Subert, Zeigler.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Chaves, Colwell, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Chirhart, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Doherty, Fix, A. Kelly, Krause, Kane, Luther, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, McNaughton, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, McGordon, McPhee, Masi, Noonan, B. Otis, Papin, D. Prindiville, Quinlan, Roberts, Rebori, Spencer, Schmitz, Studebaker, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Schmauss, Schicker, Thomas, St. John, W. Walsh, Wright, Welch, L. Young.

## Class Honors.

### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. A. Browne, Dickerson, W. Coghlin, C. Porter, Eaton, Kolars, Donahoe, Otis, Johnston, Quinn, Solon, Conway, Zahm, Molloy, Craig, Arnold, Fitzgerald, Fleming, O'Neill, Larkin, Farrell, Gray, Ewing, Steele, McIntyre, W. J. McCarthy, Kuhn, C. Murdock, Anderson, A. Coghlin, E. Fenlon, T. Fenlon, Jas. Heffernan, Cleary, Jas. Delaney, H. Porter, W. H. McCarthy, Clarke, E. Mason, Mathers, H. Smith, E. Yrisari.

## List of Excellence.

### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Zahm, Ewing, Otis, Gray, G. H. Smith, McIntyre, Fitzgerald, Shannon; Greek—Messrs. Zahm, Ewing, Dickerson, Otis, G. H. Smith; Philosophy—Messrs. Donahoe, Arnold, Steele, W. J. McCarthy; English Composition—W. Mug; Rhetoric—Messrs. Tinley, Farrell, Gray, C. Porter, John Heffernan; English Literature—Messrs. A. Coghlin, Dickerson, Cleary, Farrell, Johnston; Criticism—Messrs. Steele, Ewing, Cleary; Algebra—Messrs. Yrisari, Mug, Taylor, S. Murdock; Geometry—Messrs. A. Coghlin, Mug; Trigonometry—Mr. Eaton; Surveying—Messrs. Guthrie, H. Porter, Tinley; Astronomy—Mr. Johnston; Mechanics—Messrs. Anderson, Donahoe; Calculus—Mr. Otis; Physiology—Messrs. O'Reilly, Grever; Botany—W. H. McCarthy; History—J. Keegan, Wallace, Johnson, Saviers, A. Coghlin, J. Heffernan, Jones, W. McCarthy, Mullen, H. Porter, C. Porter, Brown, Guthrie.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The eloquent sermon of Sunday, on the text, "Many are called, but few chosen," was a rare but most welcome treat.

—To honor the month of St. Joseph, a beautifully-decorated statue of the Saint has been placed at the head of the upper hall.

—By mistake, the name of Miss Philomena Ewing was omitted from the honorable mentions in the Second Class, Oil Painting, in last week's issue.

—At the regular Academic reunion, Miss Murphy recited "The Vision of the Wounds," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; and Miss Todd read "Die Muttergottesrose," by Kath. Dietz.

—On Monday the pupils of the second Senior Rhetoric Class merited each 100, for their skill in Amplification. "Charlemagne," "Alfred the Great," "Godfrey de Bouillon," "St. Louis," "Henry II of England," "Edward III of England," etc., etc., were among the subjects presented for the exercises.

—The Society of the Perpetual Adoration received Holy Communion at the six o'clock Mass on Sunday, and each member made her hour of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, which, as usual on the first Sunday of the month, was exposed on the altar to invite the fervent prayers and loving homage of the faithful.

—St. Agnes Literary Society, though composed of the Juniors, is not behind those in the higher grades of scholastic pursuits. On Tuesday, at the regular meeting, selections from Cowper, Lavater, and Longfellow were committed to memory, and repeated in concert. The charming story, "The Adventures of Fernando, Grandee of Spain," by Canon Schmid, now appearing in serial form in *The "Ave Maria,"* was read. The members found the hour too short, so interested were they in the narration.

—The evening recreations of the pupils are, from time to time, enlivened by impromptu entertainments, some of which, at least in parts, would do honor to more pretentious programmes. On Saturday evening, in their little recreation room, the Minims presented a very creditable little exhibition. Jessie English and Josephine McGrath arranged the order. The audience was not large, but it was very appreciative. Such innocent pleasures are among the most valuable features of the Academy. The active mind of the child must be guided. Active it will be, and if not directed in a proper channel, hours of recreation may prove more dangerous than any other.

### To St. Rose of Lima.

O beautiful bud of the marvellous tree,  
Whereon blossomed the Mystical Rose!  
How cheering this side of the mighty sea  
Is the grace thy fair petals disclose!

While the trifling daughters of modern cant,  
Absorbed in their love of display,  
Their dearly-bought beauty affectedly flaunt,  
Inviting the praise of the gay:

It is sweet to turn back to the ages gone by  
And to dwell on thy loveliness rare;  
Thy angelic fear, lest thy charms might supply,  
The tempter of souls with a snare.

And the caustic that fed on thy delicate hands,  
To rob them of smoothness and grace,  
How it shames the cosmetics that fashion demands  
To heighten the bloom of the face.

The thorns 'neath thy garland, thy tresses despoiled;  
How loud the reproach that they speak  
For they show how thy innocent spirit recoiled  
From the praise they so eagerly seek.

Sweet Saint of America, potent with God,  
Have pity and pray for our clime,  
That Faith in her merciful mission abroad,  
Shall stay the wild torrent of crime,

That flows from the vanity, envy and pride  
Of Columbia's daughters to-day,  
And blasts the fair hopes of our homes, far and wide,  
By their passion for dress and display.

### Anecdote of the Princess Gallitzin.

"It is not right that I should trample under my feet that which would support a poor family quite a while."

These were words uttered by the Princess Gallitzin. Great riches were at her command, but she was not enslaved to them; on the contrary, she was mistress of her wealth. She did not expend it in luxuries of the table, toilet or drawing-room, but in a far more noble way, in assisting the poor, and relieving their wants.

When advanced in years, her health naturally failed, but as she wished to save all she could for the poor, she would not permit a carpet on the floor of her room. Those in charge of her health insisted upon her having one. She ordered a common one, but a fine Turkey carpet came instead. As soon as she looked upon it she said: "No, no! I cannot trample under foot that which would serve to procure a subsistence of many weeks for the poor." She returned the carpet, and accepted one less expensive. A valuable lesson is here conveyed. Should every wealthy lady, every young girl who has plenty of spending-money at her disposal, adopt the mode of conduct observed by the Princess Gallitzin, how much less display of finery



and extravagance we should see on the one hand, and how much less misery on the other. Expensive ornaments and costly dress would be rare indeed; for good sense, a kind heart, would suggest, when tempted to an unnecessary outlay of money, "The price of that which would support a poor family for weeks and months shall not go to minister to my vanity."

As a matter of good taste, simplicity of dress is always to be observed among persons of sound culture. Diamonds, and the like, are not to be worn on ordinary occasions. To always appear in the height of the mode; to adorn oneself with finery at all times and in all places is a proof of ill-breeding. Simple attire, subdued colors, and neutral tints, always characterize the true lady in public places, and, above all, in the church. The *parvenu*, on the contrary, is seen everywhere glittering in jewelry and high colors.

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### Biography and its Sphere.

Biography differs from history in this respect: it is the narration of events, etc., in the life of individuals, while history is the record of nations; however, the chief province of biography, like that of history, is to instruct. Presented to our admiration, are the lives of the great; mirrored in the details of their career, are those noble achievements which distinguished them among their fellow-beings; furthermore, we are led to probe the principles by which they were actuated. The contemplation of their lives serves to stimulate and raise our aspirations, to incite in us the resolution to emulate them in their lofty example. We behold the obstacles they have overcome, and we, likewise, would accomplish something worthy the gratitude of mankind. We strive to follow in their footsteps. Like them, we would rise above the ordinary plane of human ambition. By their wiser course, we are taught to despise and reject every influence that can debase our souls.

These considerations impress upon us the necessity of most carefully choosing the biographies which we read. They must introduce us to characters which can be safely held up as models worthy of imitation.

M. C.

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### Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Adderly, Beal, Clarke, Chirhart, Dillon, C. Donnelly, Dunn, Dolan, Edgerly, Evarts, Gove, Ginz, Gallagher, Heckard, Hunt, Harrigan, M. Hawkins, L. Hawkins, Halter, Johnson, Keenan, M. King, Kirkham, Kearns, Lancaster, Mohl, Murphy, McCoy, McKenna, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Brien, O'Connell, Quinlan, A. Ryan, M. H. Ryan, V. Reilly, Ramsey, Sullivan, Semmes, E. Slattery, T. Slattery, Sawyer, F. Schmauss, Schaefer, Steinem, Todd, Van Patten, Wiley, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—

Misses Barlow, Bathrick, Black, Babcock, M. Campbell, Comerford, Durphy, L. English, Eldridge, Fox, Feehan, Fendrich, Fenlon, Gavan, Harris, Hamilton, Laffer, Leonard, Munger, Madole, M. A. Ryan, Shickey, Spotwood, Taylor, Wallace, Wright.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Best, Coogan, Chaves, Dignan, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, Fritchén, Halsey, B. Haney, T. Haney, Johnston, Naylor, Richmond, Shephard. *2d Tablet*—Misses Browne, Considine, Fisk, Hawkins, Hibben, Hetz, Keifer, Lucas, Morgan, Mary Otis, Rodgers, Schmidt, Snowhook, Spengler, Van Horn, Wallace.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Burtis, Barry, Chapin, Campeau, J. English, Lindsey, J. McGrath, McKennon, Otis, Schmauss, Sawyer, G. Wallace.

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### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Clarke, A. Dillon, Fox Feehan, A. Ryan, Wiley, Wright.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Johnson, Todd, Fendrich, Laffer, M. A. Ryan.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Keenan, Mohl, Lancaster, Barlow, Call, Semmes, Dunn, Duffield, Gove, Ramsey, J. Reilly, Slattery, Wallace, Crawford, V. Reilly, Heneberry, Spengler.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Heckard, O'Connell, Danforth, Madole, Halter, Munger, Black, Stacklerl, O'Brien, Unger, Picks, Hunt, Fenlon, McCoy, Durphy, Dignan, M. Ducey, Morrison.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Chirhart, McCauley, Murphy, Dillon, A. Duffield, Reiser, McCarten, Pampell, C. Ducey, Coogan, Considine.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Van Horn, B. Haney, L. Kirkham, Eldridge, Mooney, Richmond, Schmidt, Agnes English, Moshier, Snowhook, Spotwood, Fehr, Dolan, Rodgers, E. Wallace, Fritchén, McGrath, Malbœuf, B. Halsey, Coyne, Lucas, Kearns, Maginn, Steinem.

JUNIOR PREP. CLASS—Misses Mary Otis, A. Sawyer, Hetz, Chaves, Best.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses J. English, Barry, Naylor, M. Ducey.

#### FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses C. Lancaster, M. Feehan.

2D DIV.—Miss J. Reilly.

2D CLASS—Misses Clarke, Campbell, Morgan, Barlow, Leydon.

3D CLASS—Misses Call, Sullivan, Lena Wallace, M. A. Ryan, Shickey, C. Donnelly, Walsh, Beal, Taylor, L. English, A. Ryan, Malbœuf.

4TH CLASS—Misses Crawford, Dunn, E. Slattery, Mohl, Morrison.

2D DIV.—Misses Laffer, Ramsey, O'Connell, Edgerly, Dignan, Pampell.

5TH CLASS—Misses A. Duffield, Snowhook, E. Wallace, Richmond, Van Horn, Chaves, Browne, Barry, W. Moshier, Lucas, Best, Alexander.

6TH CLASS—Misses Robinson, Paul, M. Ducey, G. Wallace, Chapin.

#### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses A. Dillon, E. Mohl.

2D CLASS—Misses Todd, Van Patten, Keenan, Chirhart, Pick, Unger, Fehr, Grist.

3D CLASS—Misses Eldridge, L. Wallace, Considine, Coogan, Spengler, McGrath, K. Ducey.

4TH CLASS—Misses O'Brien, Johnson, Heckard, Black, Sawyer, Stacklerl, Reiser, Danforth.

5TH CLASS—Misses Halter, Harris, McCarten, Mooney, Hunt, Hamilton, McCauley.

---

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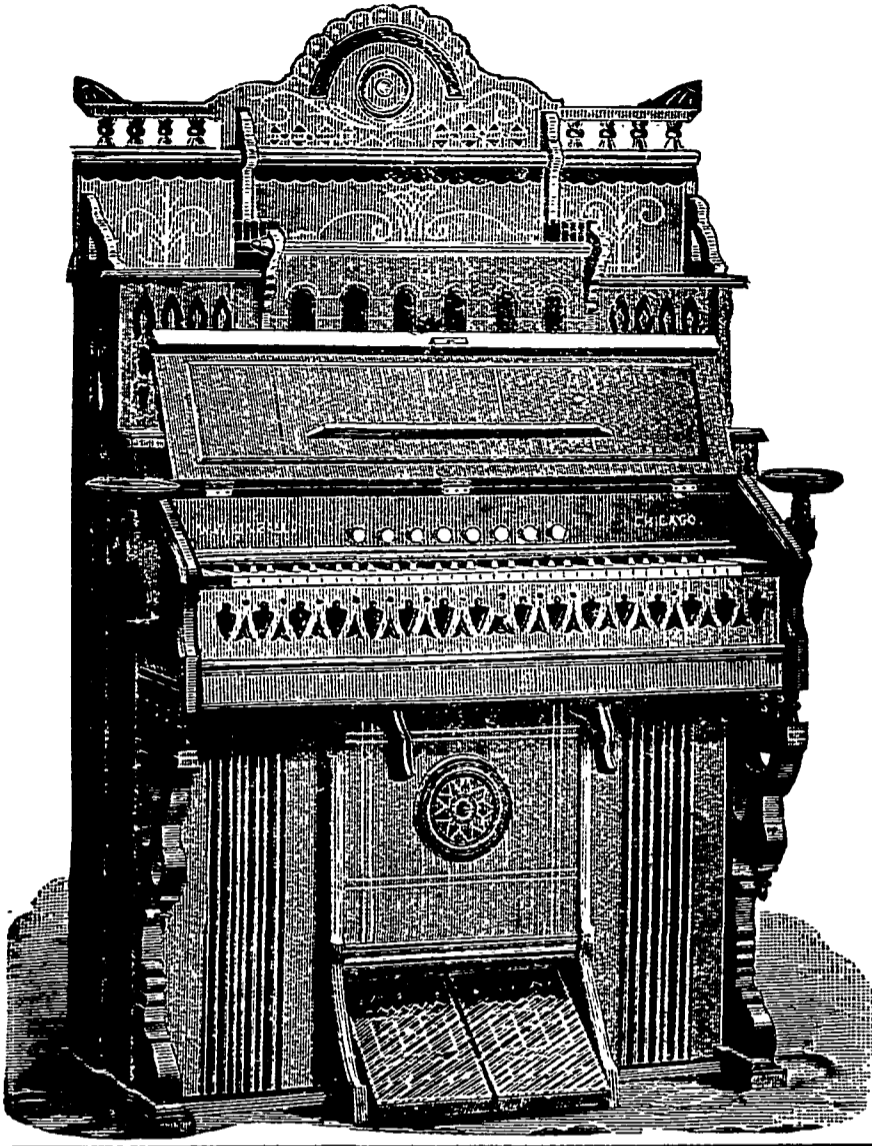
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 25 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 45 a. m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p. m.	1 41 "	9 50 "	10 38 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	5 00 "

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 50 "
" Mich. City -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

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*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 70 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 15 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

\*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted  
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On and after Monday, Jan. 1, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

### GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.30 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.05 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.35 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

### GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.35 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.45 a.m. Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

8.02 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 8.44 a.m. Chesterton, 9.40 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.10 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.18; Chesterton, 6.07 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. ARNSDAM, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

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JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l M'ger, Cleveland.