Who is the hero? The world replies: "He who overcomes in battle and subdues nations,—who brings home spoils gained by immense destruction of human life. A conqueror who leaves behind nothing but ruin whereover he roves." Such are the models of ambition and glory. The true heroes go forth to battle filled with an ardent desire of victory for the sake of human applause,—who unremittingly spares neither age nor sex, but leaves everywhere devastation and ruin that he may return laden with spoil, and honored with glorious crowns and titles, and honored with the name of hero. When we consider the motives which prompted the conquering Alexander, though no prince ever surpassed or even equaled him in the brilliancy of exploits, we cannot refrain from exclaiming that the epithet "Great" is upon him undeservedly bestowed, unless greatness consists in ravaging the earth and reducing an infinite number of persons to slavery and utter distress. Yet notwithstanding the multitude of excesses into which his ambition led him, he has been flattered with all the honors due a hero. Pride and ambition are ever, according to the world, the essential qualities of a hero. Though not always attended by success, the warrior who possesses in a high degree those characteristics is unbelievably pronunced a hero. What won for the world renowned Amilus such immortal fame? Not always did he receive the victor's crown,—yet his ambition and pride, l'homme courage and determination of never-give-mad made the mightiest nations tremble at the sound of his name. With Amilus as a leader, none dared to brave the fierce enemy. But this great hero of the age in which he lived—who displayed almost superhuman courage on the field of battle—but not sufficient moral courage to survive a defeat, but fell by his own hand, a victim to despair. Such was the close of the career of one whom the world has ever since esteemed as one of her greatest heroes.

Among those whose names have been rendered most conspicuous for fidelity to ought save their ambition, must be remembered the invincible Caesar and his famous rival the indomitable Pompey. Nothing but the highest rank in the state could satisfy their ambitious cravings and to every means, lawful or unlawful, these artful rivals resorted to reach the goal of their ambition. But the proud Pompey, who could not endure the thought of an equal, was finally obliged to acknowledge in Caesar a superior. Yes, he who had so often been honored with the title of hero, was compelled to fly to a distant nation—where he received, not the glorious titles and laurels of victory, but at the hands of assassins a merciless death.

The ever victorious Caesar, too, exhibits by the manner of his death the common fate of those whose ambition aims at titles of imperishable fame. Yet the title of hero and epithets of praise are ostentatiously conferred upon these vainglorious warriors. We're not laurels to deck the brow of such heroes; honor not with songs of praise the deeds of such fame-seeking men! But let laurels reward the memory of those who with unshaken courage plant in honor's field the banner of justice, and heroically prevail or perish in its cause. Heroes then are not injudiciously conferred, but deservedly bestowed. Who ever married in a higher degree the title of hero than the noble knights errant whose sole aim was the protection of innocence from the cruel sway of tyrants, and whose noble ambition was to exercise their sable sword in the cause of justice and religion. Nor were ever greater courage and fortitude displayed than by these devoted champions of right. Like the bright star which cheers the lonely voyager, these devout soldiers spread everywhere the cheering rays of hope and consolation.

But on History's wide page there is a name which warns the coldest heart, and presents to the mind of the youthful reader the noble character of one whose integrity and patriotism, pure motives and unblemished reputation, render him worthy of the universal esteem and love of every true admirer of integrity and virtue. To that of the American hero—the brave, the noble Wash­ton. Well may this land of the West boast of such a truly heroic statesman and warrior. Well may the poet exclaim, "Well may this land of the 'West boast of such heroes; honor not with songs of praise the deeds of such fame-seeking men! But let laurels reward the memory of those who in the short space of nine years rendered tributary to the world, the essential qualities of a prince, a hero still greater. He will be man in the likeness of his Maker—a true hero in the sight of God and the angels—a hero who will receive unending laurels from the King of kings.

"It cannot be far from here, and yet I scarcely recognize the place; but it must be the darkness that deceives me,—though I was sure I would know the old road even with my eyes shut. However, it is a long time now, and I have travelled over many roads since last I passed over this.""
bared his brow to the storm, and lifting his eyes to heaven prayed in silence but with evident earnestness for a short time. He turned his face northward, listening to the sound of the voice when the sound of a voice from within arrested his uplifted hand, and he stood listening with breathless interest to the following conversation: "I am castigating the stranger, the man’s voice, in reply; ‘you now know my son!’ said Mr. De Morgan, 'and I would have you understand that what I have said is not to be understood in any such sense.' He then turned to Mr. De Morgan and said: 'I have nothing to say to his discredit,' the young officer replied. 'But I must say that I have heard much of the young gentleman, and I think I may say that he is a man of character, and that I would like to hear you speak so, too. I too feel sure dear Walter, when next you see him, to come himself and tell your parents — were I to tell you that this was the purport of what he said: "Your son, sir, was never known to do an act or utter a word that could grieve his parents or cause his sister to blush, and the man who should say the contrary in my presence would suffer for it." "May God reward and prosper you, young man," said Mr. De Morgan, "and see him well taken care of." "Yes, sir," was the reply, as a sturdy son of Erin put his hand in his pocket. "I think.

"But walk in, sir; the night is not over pleasant. My heart aches for a short time. He then arose perfectly calm, as if to know that at the door when the sound of a voice from within arrested his uplifted hand, and he stood listening with breathless interest to the following conversation: "How long, sir, have you know my son?" asked Mr. De Morgan. "For six years to-day it is since he went away, and to hear but once from him since, and such a story!"

Here the voice of the speaker was checked, and the manly voice spoke again: "It is a wild, stormy night without," said the overjoyed mother, "and you may be sure that that wretched blow in his face again—and that your son felt all the agony of an outlaw from his father. Yes, yes, leave that man to God; and tell our Walter, when next you see him, to come himself and complete the joy which begins with your birth visit this night, young sir." "Yes, but how," asked the young man, "are you to make amends for the years of torture and mental agony to which both you and your son have been subjected in consequence of that wretch's false tongue, unless you make him suffer an equivalent pain?"

"Of what advantage," returned the father, "would the sufferings of that man be either to me or to my son? Would they be able to blot out that torture and that agony of which you speak? No; the remedy of our grief must come from another source—and you have in a great measure brought it within your power. Yes, yes, leave that man to God; and tell our Walter, when next you see him, to come himself and complete the joy which begins with your birth visit this night, young sir."

"But would you like to hear of the struggles and successes of your Walter?" asked the young stranger, changing the conversation, and looking to each one in turn, for approval or dissent. "Oh yes," said Lizzie, who was the first to answer. "Bless you, young man," said the mother; "and do tell us all—I am longing to hear how the dear boy fares abroad." "Indeed, sir," said the father, "if you be not over weary we shall all rejoice to hear everything that concerns our absent boy." "Well," replied the stranger, "I can tell you in a few words enough for any one to be glad; and be assured it will not weary me at the least. I would say, then, that at first your son had to bear many trials and hardships, as all beginners in the service must do; but it was not long before he attracted the notice of the officers, by his prompt obedience to orders, his respectful manner towards his superiors, and, above all, his cool courage in time of danger. "Heaven bless him!" was breathed fervently by the listeners. "After two years' service he was first promoted from the ranks, and fulfilled his duty in every
cheeks! Their faces have to abandon the art at the seaside, pick up money as you walk along. Up from the mud and filth in which he sought the amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as for it is always the same thing over and over again. Was briglil above him and nature was beautiful. Anxiety of the past sixteen years. Nettie, Lizzie, bands in his own and gazed with an expression of admiration unfailing, of this beautiful work we actually fancy ourselves beside him, recalling some incidents of his own boyhood. Ask me when ye was a little gorsoon, have a shake o' yourself to-morrow — all began to look eager; but why should there be any delay in giving him the expression of joy for which there is evidently long? Father, mother, Lizzie—though sixteen years have wrought much change upon me, still I am your own, your long-absent Walter. A little sermon from the two ladies, and Vice-Admiral De Morgan was a close prisoner in the arms of as affectionate a pair as ever breathed, while Mr. Francis De Morgan held both his son's hands in his own and gazed with an expression of almost child-like wonder upon his face. "Will God? Will God? Will God?—is that it? — ye've found him out at last!" Then rushed into the room and exclaimed: "In the name of God, is there anything the matter?" Then, is that it—ye've found him out at last! Youthful happy, and sat by the fireside, loath to be to His name; I am more than repaid for all my anxiety of the past sixteen years. Nettie, Lizzie, don't another boy; sit down all, and let us have a good night and went to his return'd wanderer a good night and went to his return'd wanderer a good night and went to his captors, and taking the honest Hiberaian's hand... and other deeds of merit, by which he won the friends of savage nations at the enormous price of the vital tide,—but alas! ambition, and he exclaims aloud: "The die is cast," and plunges into the stream. From that moment the Senate's army that had bowed the heads of furious besiegers, and foremost in the Roman civilization upon savage nations at the enormous price of the miserable and unloved, was destined to glister before the eyes of the Roman people themselves, and force them to crown their brave yet austere general: from that moment too, Caesar begins to lose his claims to that praiseful admiration to the conqueror, accompany him to his camp, and listen with joy to the praise which he bestows upon his brave fellow-soldiers. As a politician, he displayed the most consummate address. He studied well the nature of the Romans which he knew; he knew the propensities, and, I might say, the very thoughts of his fellow-men; and by making use of all the means in his power to satisfy these desires, he ingratiated himself with the people, and thus prepared the way for the execution of all his own lust of conquests. He rendered his most extravagant en masse, subverted to his plans—at one time terrifying them into submission to his power, at another time inviting them over to his interests by clemency and kindness. His name as a warrior is equal to that of any other general whose name is recorded in the history of the world. He possessed a peculiar talent for winning the affection of his soldiers, and inspiring them with a portion of his own irresistible courage, as the plains of Gaul and Germany, and even of Italy itself, can testify. For you, who are so well acquainted with the history of his wonderful man. On the bank of that stream we witnessed the successful contest he had yet sustained; on the bank of that stream we witness the first defeat of Caesar,—a defeat effected not by a numerous enemy but by a single position, which enabled in his breast and spurred him on to bolder attempts. There he stands upon the bank of the Rubicon; the fierce contest rages within his breast. His better nature bids him obey the orders of his country, disdain his army, and return in a peaceable manner to the bosom of his native land; while ambition urges him to lead on his troops and make himself absolute master of the whole Roman territory. He vanishes—he goes with increasing interest upon the terrible struggle. Now he stands still; now he advances and down the shore of the classic stream—he prses his hands in the midst of the thronging terriffic spectators, andRAST ORRIACECAII ET IT NAVY SOCIETY.

In a generally received opinion that uncommon circumstances make uncommon men. But as there may always be a variety of distinctly dissimilar circumstances transpiring at one and the same time, so there is an immense number of men who differ in character, ability, and energy, even by the same circumstances. This was in an especial manner the case at the time of which we write. The Roman people had degenerated from their pristine virtues, and were recklessly precipitated into the very extremities of wickedness. The disinterested patriotism of a Brutus was forgotten, and the pious and temperate temperance of a Cincinnatus was no longer remembered; the state was torn asunder by intestine dissensions, and talent and ability had become the mere tools of avarice and ambition.

These uncommon circumstances in Rome, and of his time; and had he studied the art of public speaking with as much industry as he did the art of war, no serious doubt exists he entertained that moment the influence of Christian civilization and contemplate the public life of this wonderful man we will make but little hesitation in calling him truly great, at least during the early part of his career. From his earliest years Julius Caesar showed evid- ent signs of superior mental power and firmness of character, and a disposition which might be productive of the greatest results, whether good or evil; so much so that the most judicious of the Romans feared him at the early age of sixteen. The first event of his life which calls forth our unqualified admiration of his undaunted courage is the part he had in a great extent the eloquence of Cicero, the ambition of Pompey, and the cunning of Catiline, with other characteristics which none of these possessed. In the life of a moment the mild influence of Christian civilization... and force them to crown their brave yet austere general: from that moment too, Caesar begins to lose his claims to that praiseful admiration to the conqueror, accompany him to his camp, and listen with joy to the praise which he bestows upon his brave fellow-soldiers. As a politician, he displayed the most consummate address. He studied well the nature of the Romans which he knew; he knew the propensities, and, I might say, the very thoughts of his fellow-men; and by making use of all the means in his power to satisfy these desires, he ingratiated himself with the people, and thus prepared the way for the execution of all his own lust of conquests. He rendered his most extravagant en masse, subverted to his plans—at one time terrifying them into submission to his power, at another time inviting them over to his interests by clemency and kindness.

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still remained in Rome saw the tendency of his policy and his conduct; they feared for the safety and stability of the Republic, and accused him before the Senate of aspiring to royalty. Although Caesar could not free himself from the charges, yet that once imposing body had not the courage to condemn him, and he might have lived on to see the accomplishment of his plans had not the Senate been at hand to execute the sentence which the Senate would have wished to pronounce but had not the courage to do so.

Thus have we briefly traced the career of that illustrious general through perils and dangers, through victories and battles, and hard-fought battles, through rebellion and intrigue, till we have brought him to the very foot of the throne, where he fell, a victim of his passion for power and glory. We may now conclude, that during the greater part of his life, his talents and accomplishments rendered him a worthy object of the admiration of those who make greatness consist in splendid projects and valiant deeds, while the mere use he made of those generous gifts of nature, during the latter portion of his existence, render him an object of censure if not of execration.

Summer Evening Music.

Of all the memories of a European tour, none is more vivid or more delightful than the out-of-door music of the continent. Indeed, music and life in the open air have a much closer relation to each other than is generally imagined. The most musical people in the world are the Germans and the Italians, whose two schools are acknowledged as the only standards of musical taste and culture, and the Germans pass most of their time out-of-doors during the summer, while the Italians of the cities live in the open air for the greater part of the year. Music is sweet with them, because it is a part of their being, and it is excellent, because their taste has been so highly educated that they will not tolerate mediocrity in composition or performance.

The increasing attention paid to music in this country, especially in the line of summer concerts, which is in a great measure due to the large German element in our population, is a very gratifying fact. The climate of the United States from May to October invites us to the open air for the greater part of the year.

Vacation days will be nearly at an end by the time this number of the Scholastic reaches our readers; we hope they have been pleasant and profitable to all—and that they who went home last June triumphant but tired, may return refreshed and determined to gain new laurels the coming year.

The first session of 1871-72, will begin on Tuesday, the 5th day of September. Prompt attendance is expected.

Elocution.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of elocution. Authors and teachers have furnished excellent rules for pronunciation and the correct modulation of the voice; they have explained the nature and use of stress, volume, pitch, slides, inflections, and all the other elements which enter into correct reading and speaking. This drill, however, though very useful and even necessary to a successful cultivation of the art of speaking, will never make an elocutionist. It may render a man a good mimic or imitator, but that is all. To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word, one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor.

When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakespeare, he replied: "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has received, for having seized the soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution; one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce; one must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision, present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence the first step toward good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts, the meaning, involved in the piece to be rendered. This is accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the piece in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in oneself the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists in putting oneself in that man's place, creating in oneself the man himself, and procedure in the same way as he would have done himself. This is the true elocutionist, for he will not only make himself understood, but he will make himself known.

Forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

Rev. Anthony F. Kaul of Lebanon, Pa., and Rev. A. F. Kuhlmann, of Lebanon, Pa., have honored us with a visit of some length. We earnestly hope their stay among us has been agreeable to them, and that they may make Notre Dame the objective point of their vacation visits for years to come.

Rev. E. P. Walters of Crawfordsville, T. O'Sullivan of Laporte, and M. O'Reilly of Valparaiso, stayed with us long enough to take a row on the lake. They were very much pleased with the boat and the lake, and their rowing, around the island course in 75 minutes, was considered good going; we admit that it shows a strength of muscle and endurance that could scarcely be expected from men who use the pen much more than the oar.

On Saturday, July 29, the Rev. Superior of Notre Dame celebrated a Mass of repose, being the month's Mass for the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, who died on the 9th of the previous month.

Rev. Jacob Lauth, and Rev. E. Lilly were deacon and subdeacon on the occasion.

A Solemn High Mass of repose for the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, denounced, was celebrated at St. Mary's, on Monday, July 31, by Rev. Father Kaul, assisted by the clergy of the College as deacon and subdeacon and master of ceremonies.

We are happy to chronicle the arrival of Father Lemaitre, who has returned from his Northwestern tour just as we are going to press. He is in excellent health, and gives a good report of all our friends.

The 2nd of August was celebrated as usual. Crowds of people from South Bend, Mishawaka, and even from Goshen, thronged the little chapel of the Portiuncula from early morning until late in the evening.

Messrs. Twome and Wade made a trip among the fishes of the upper and lower lakes. Their success as fishermen barely came up to their sauging names—but the pleasures of the day—taking the fish out of them, and the anxious expectation for a bite, and the pulling in of a good-sided fish now and then, encouraged them to further exertions in the piscatorial line. "Try, try again."

Many visitors have come and gone without calling in to see the Editors of the Scholastic. We cannot, consequently, give their names, as the porter aver's that without a general register under his own control there is no possible means of coming at the names of the visitors who come daily to Notre Dame. We regret this, as we know from letters received that some of our friends have gone from parlor to dome, and from the big bell all around the lake, and have not had an opportunity of seeing the Ed's of the Scholastic.

Rev. Father Landredy, O.S.B., Prior of St. Augustine, Chicago, Illinois, opened the retreat at St. Mary's on the 8th last. The retreat closes on the 15th.

Rev. Mr. Lilly, the energetic leader of the Band, is vigorously rehearsing those members who are now on the premises, and we shall have some good music to listen to on the 15th. How about the Band?

The walks around St. Alophius' are beginning to resume their most cheerful appearance of years, when willing hearts and strong arms made what portion of the grounds of Notre Dame the most attractive promenade of the premises. Frere Simon has done it.
TO OUR ESTEEMED NEIGHBOR, FATHER OCHTERING OF MICHIGAN, WE HERE RETURN THANKS FOR ENLIGHTENING US SEVERAL TIMES DURING THESE DULL DAYS OF VACATION SPENT AT HOME, BY HIS OWN CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE AND ENCOURAGING VOICE, AND BY BRINGING WITH HIM FATHER BECK OF MICHIGAN CITY, WHOM FOR A LONG TIME WE HAVE KNOWN, AND FATHER YOUNG, CHAPLAIN OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM, WHOSE FOR THE FIRST TIME WE WERE SORRY TO MEET.

REV. FATHER SpILLARD, PASTOR OF SOUTH Bend, IS ALWAYS A WELCOME VISITOR TO OUR SANCTUARY. THE ONLY FAULT WE CAN FIND WITH THE REVEREND PASTOR IS THAT HE DOESN’T COME OVER OFTEN ENOUGH. WE LEARN, NOT FROM HIM BUT FROM OTHERS WHO KNOW, THAT HE IS SO TAKEN UP WITH THE DUTIES OF HIS PARISH THAT HE HAS BEEN OBLIGED PERFORCE TO RELINQUISH MANY OF HIS OLD ASSUMPTIONS OF THE COLLEGE WHO CHERISHED HIM WHEN HE WAS OUR PREFECT OF DISCIPLINE.

REV. FATHER DEMPSEY, PASTOR OF Lowell, WE ARE HAPPY TO HEAR, IS ENJOYING EXCELLENT HEALTH. THE ONE BIG FAULT THAT WE FIND WITH HIM, IS THAT HE OFTEN TIMES AND AGAIN MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AT NOTRE DAME TO THE GRATIFICATION OF HIS MANY FRIENDS, AND NEVER CALLS ON THE ED’S OF THE SCHOLASTIC, WHERE HE SLEEPS ONLY WHEN THEY CALL ON HIM.

ON Wednesday last NOTRE DAME AND THE Ave Maria, OFFICE IN PARTICULAR WERE GREENER BY THE WELCOME PRESENCE OF SEVERAL OF OUR YOUNG LADY FRIENDS FROM St. Mary’s, IN COMPANY WITH Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. Recluson. WE ARE INDULGED TO THE FAIR PARTY FOR ONE BRIGHT SPOT IN OUR SOMETIMES MONOTONOUS LABORS, ALTHOUGH SUCH VISITS ARE SO RARE AS TO BE REALLY “ANGELS OF VISIT.” WE REGRET THIS SO FAR AS WE ARE INDIVIDUALLY CONCERNED.

WE HEREBY WRITE DOWN OUR SINCERE REGRETS THAT A LETTER FROM J. S. TO US DID NOT MEET WITH THE PROMPT AND POLITE ATTENTION IT MERITED. IT CAME AT A TIME WHEN WE WERE BUSY—O, SO BUSY, J. S. THAT YOU SAID YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE AT ONCE FORGIVEN US, WHICH WE HOPE YOU WILL DO NOW, AND GIVE US A TOKEN THEREOF UNDER YOUR SIGN MANUALEM, ERE THE NEXT SCHOLASTIC YEAR OPENS. WHY NOT WRITE YOURSELF, AND, IN PROPERA PERSONA, GIVE US THE LIFT AND COMFORT WHICH FOR THE PAST YEAR YOU HAVE DONE BY LETTER.

SINCE WRITING THE ABOVE WE HAVE HAD THE PLEASURE OF HEARING DIRECTLY FROM OUR FRIEND, S.

REV. FATHER COLUMBE OPENED, ON THE 16TH IN CHARGE OF THREE ROODS OF LAND, WHICH WERE NOT ABLE TO RETURN FROM THE MISSIONS IN TIME FOR THE GENERAL RETREAT WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE BEGINNING OF VACATION.

REV. FATHER LETOUMEAU HAS RETURNED TO NOTRE DAME AFTER AN EXTENSIVE TRIP OF ABOUT THREE WEEKS. WE REJOICE TO NOTICE THAT HE IS LOOKING VERY WELL.

CECILIANA

WITH SINCERITY, WE CHALLENGE MEN;
YOU KNOW THAT OUR MOTTO IS
“EXCELSIOR!”
WITH SONG AND LYRE, WE MOUNT STILL HIGHER,
UNTO THE HEIGHTS OF OUR OWN BARS.
EXCELSIOR!
A UNION TRUE, A SOMETHING NEW,
ON EARTH WE’LL FOUND, THAT WILL RESOUND
“EXCELSIOR!”
AT HEAVEN’S GATE WE’LL HAVE TO WAIT,
BUT ALL THE THRONG, WILL CHANT THE SONG
“EXCELSIOR!”
CECILIA’S FUND WILL QUICK RESPONS;
ST. PETER DEAR, DO YOU NOT HEAR
“EXCELSIOR!”
ST. PETER THUS WILL THEN DISCUE:
“IT STRIKES US AS THIS SONG I KNOW,
I WILL NOW SEE, WHO THERE MAY BE,
AND OPEN THE DOOR TO LET IN FOUR.”
EXCELSIOR!

THIS FOUR WILL SING, THE HEAVENS WILL RING,
FOR EVERMORE—EXCELSIOR!
EXCELSIOR!
IN GREATNESS, AT SUCH A SIGHT,
HE’LL BUT US ALL COME IN HIS BAND.
EXCELSIOR!
CECILIAN’S TUNE WILL RUN PLEASURE,
WITH BANNERS BRIGHT, INSCRIBED WITH LIGHT,
“EXCELSIOR!”
IN THERE WILL BE, IN DEED AND DEED,
The NAME AND NAME OF NOTRE DAME.
EXCELSIOR!
GOOD FATHER, WILL COME AND DWELL
IN HEAVEN’S HOUSE WITH J. A. L.
EXCELSIOR!
AND J. A. S., WHOON ALL CAN SEE,
WILL GLIMPSE HIS PATRONAGE.
EXCELSIOR!
AND JUDGE P. F. IN TENDER DEEFL
WILL SEE HIS GOLDEN WALLS.
“EXCELSIOR!”
V. H.ackmann true, R. Staley too,
THEN WILL BE FOUND ON HOLY GROUND.
EXCELSIOR!
D. EPA, SCRIBO, WILL THEN IMBIBE
CELESTIAL BLUE, UNKNOWN ERE THIS.
EXCELSIOR!
IN WHITE AND BLUE WILL JOHN McHUGH
APPEAR, TO GROAT IN SECOND SWEET,
“EXCELSIOR!”
C. DODGE SO PURE, WILL THERE BE SURE,
AND BILLY BLOST WILL THEN FIND REST.
EXCELSIOR!
D. HOGAN SMART, WILL TAKE A PART
IN CHORUS GRAND BY ALL THE BAND.
EXCELSIOR!
IN SPLENDID STYLE WILL DAVID Wild
THE PIANO RING FOR ALL WE’LL SING.
EXCELSIOR!
A GREAT RENOWN, WILL DAVID BROWN,
A SMART YOUNG BOY, FOR AYE ENJOY
EXCELSIOR!
AND GOOD ED. SHEA, WILL ON THAT DAY
RETURN HIS THANKS WITH JOSEPH SHANKS.
EXCELSIOR!
McDARL L. AND THOS. BREDICL
WHO PLAY SO WELL, WILL THEN EXCEL.
EXCELSIOR!
SCOTT AUCHINLECK OF GOLDEN HAIR,
AND C. ORTKAYNE WILL SING WITH FIRE,
“EXCELSIOR!”
J. RUMLEY STORM, WILL THEN YEARN
WITH J. M’COmIE, TO SING STILL HIGHER.
“EXCELSIOR!”
C. MORGAN KEMP, WILL THEN BE SEEN
TO STRENGTHEN AND J. H. RINKER.
EXCELSIOR!
J. CRUMMELL TALL, OF FAIR ST. PAUL,
WILL THEN POSSESS A HEAVENLY DRESS.
EXCELSIOR!
C. HUTCHINGS BRAVE HIS CROWN WILL RAVE,
AND IN SONGS STATE THE PHRASE,
“EXCELSIOR!”
J. GOUCHER, GAY, WILL ALWAYS SING
TO FOLEY SANOOL, OH, HAPPY CHILD!
EXCELSIOR!
Jas. Ward so bland will raise his hand,
AND THANK THE LORD OF FIVE ACCORD.
EXCELSIOR!
S. DUN A GEM—A DIAMOND—
OF STONES SO RARE WILL ALWAYS WEAR.
EXCELSIOR!
A. FISON DEAR, WITH VOICE SO CLEAR,
WILL THEN APPEAR TO CLOSE THE REAL.
EXCELSIOR!
FROM POLE TO POLE, THE STREAMS WILL ROLL,
YOU’LL SUCCEED TO BLESS YOUR SOUL.
EXCELSIOR!
CECILIAN ALL WILL THEN RECALL
THE HAPPY TIMES OF EARTHY CLIMES.
EXCELSIOR!
THUS YOU SEE, CECILIAN, WE
WILL CHANT OUR GLORY ETERNALLY,
“EXCELSIOR!”
“EXCELSIOR!” “EXCELSIOR!”
ENCORE, ENCORE, FOR EVERMORE.
EXCELSIOR!

ON THE MATHEMATICAL ZERO.

The mathematical zero is not the metaphorical nothing. For the metaphorical nothing hath no attributes whatever. Whereas, zero in mathematics is merely deficiency in some one of many attributes necessary to constitute that quantity of which there is question.

If the question of volume or solidity, a superficies shall be repeated as zero. As “how many bushels in a rood of land?” To which the answer must be “no bushels.” That is zero.

Because a superficies is totally wanting in that third dimension, vulgarly called height or depth, which is necessary to solidity. So, although it hath the other two dimensions, namely length and breadth, its deficiency in the third reduceth it to zero.

Likewise if there be question of area, a line is zero. As “how many rods of land be there in a fathom?” Ans., 0.

And similarly, if there be question of length only, then a point is zero. Yet is a point not the metaphorical nothing.

For the center of a circle is a point. It cannot be greater, otherwise there would be different distances from the circumference, which is contrary to the definition of a circle.

Also, the extremities of a line are points. Now if a point were the metaphorical nothing, then would a finite line have no extremities. Which is absurd.

In this sense must be understood the zero which enters into algebraic symbols. As, how many times you subtract a yard from a yard square. Let A represent the yard square, and the yard long, by what has been before said, is zero. The question “how many times, a...” indicates that a quotient is sought, and this quotient by the well-known algebraic formula A−b/ a mathematical infinity. Showing that when you begin subtracting a yard long from a yard square, the operation will never cease by the diminution of the yard square.

So in the science of Fluctions, or as it has been called, the “Differential and Integral Calculus,” the increments are each zero. But the zero of the independent variable may not be of the same value as that of the dependent variable, and they may admit of comparison and have a ratio, like other mathematical quantities.

No number of lines can make a superficies. Compared with a superficies, then, every line is zero but still one line may be four times as long as another; that is, zero may be as four to one.

The two increments becoming zero at the same time, therefore, doth not affect their ratio, or rate of increase or decrement. This rate is commonly denoted by the symbol dy and dx, which are not in themselves and separately equal to zero, although the increment from the consideration of
Notre Dame Scholastic.

The Remarkable Duel Code of Ireland.

[We give the following "Duel Code" simply as a matter of curiosity. It can, of course be of no practical utility, nor could we desire that it should be; for we trust the age of duelling is at an end, and all such follies of our ancestors, is forever past.]

My father got one for his sons; and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of duelling into a focus, and have been acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway, the "thirty-six commandments."

As far as my copy went, they appear to have run as follows:

1. The first offence requires the first apologist, though the retort may have been more offensive than the insult. Example: A. tells B. he is impertinent, etc., B. retorts that he lies; yet A. must give the first apologist, because he gave the first offence, and then (after one fire) B. may explain away the retort by subsequent apology.

2. If the parties would rather fight on after two shots each (but in no case before) B. may explain first, and A. apologize afterward.

3. The above rules apply to all cases of offences in retort of a stronger class than the example.

4. If a doubt exist who gave the first offence, the decision rests with the seconds: if they won't decide or can't agree, the matter must proceed to two shots or a hit if the challenger require it.

5. When the lie direct in the first offence, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms; exchange two shots previously to apology; or three shots followed up by explanation; or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other.

6. As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances, no wound excepting a serious hit can be received for such an insult. The alternatives therefore are—the offender handing a name to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon; firing on till one or both are disabled, or exchanging blows, then asking pardon without the proffer of the cane.

7. If swords are used, the parties engage until one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed; or until, after receiving a wound, and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

8. A drought is considered the same as a disabling. The disarmer may (stifly) break his adversary's sword; but, if it be the challenger who is disarmed, it is considered unmourning to do so.

In case the challenged be disarmed and refuses to ask pardon or atoms, he must not be killed as formerly; but the challenger may lay his own sword on his aggressor's shoulder, then break the aggressor's sword, and say, "I spare your life!" The challenger can never revive that quarrel—the challenger may.

9. If A. gives B. the lie, and B. retorts by a blow (being the two greatest offences), no reconciliation can take place till after two discharges each, or a severe hit, after which, B. may beg A.'s pardon humbly for the blow, and then A. may explain simply for the lie; because a blow is never allowable, and the offence of the lie therefore merges in it. (See preceding rules.)

N. B. Challenges for undivulged causes may be reconciled on the ground, after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient.
in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

Rule 7.—But no apology can be received, in any case, after the parties have actually taken their ground, without exchange of fire.

Rule 8.—In the above case no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge (if private) unless required by the challenged to do so before their meeting.

Rule 9.—If all imputations of cheating at play, races, etc., to be considered equivalent to a blow; but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood, andbegging pardon publicly.

Rule 10.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman’s care or protection, to be considered as, by all the laws of chivalry, as given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

Rule 11.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies’ reputation, to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor; this to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but always favorably to the lady.

Rule 12.—In simple, unpremeditated rencontre, with the small sword, or couteau-de-chasse, the rule is—first draw, first shoot, unless blood be drawn; then both shoot and proceed to investigation.

Rule 13.—No dumb shooting or firing in the air admissible in any case. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground; therefore, children’s play must be dishonorable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

Rule 14.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

Rule 15.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged, intend leaving the place of offence before morning; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

Rule 16.—The challenged has a right to choose his own weapon, unless the challenger gives his honor he is no swordsman; after which, however, he cannot decline any second species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

Rule 17.—The challenged chooses his ground, the challenger his distance; the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

Rule 18.—The seconds last in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honors by having charged smooth and single, which would be held sufficient.

Rule 19.—Firing may be regulated—first by signal; secondly, by word of command; or, thirdly, at pleasure—as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but second presents and rots are strictly prohibited.

Rule 20.—In cases, a miss-fire is equivalent to a shot, and a non or a non-cook is to be considered as a miss-fire.

Rule 21.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation before the meeting takes place, or after sufficient firing or hits, as specified.

Rule 22.—Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business for that day.

Rule 23.—In the case of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenger takes his ground, and calls on the challenged to proceed as he chooses; in such cases, firing at pleasure, is the usual practice, and agreed to by agreement.

Rule 24.—In slight cases, the second hands his principal but one pistol; but, in gross cases, holding another case ready in reserve.

Rule 25.—Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right angles with their principals, thus:

\[ P \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad \quad S \]

Rule 26.—If with swords, side by side, with five paces interval.

F. B. All matters and doubts not herein mentioned, will be explained and cleared up by application to the committee, who most alternately at Chunnel and Galway, at the quarter sessions, for that purpose.

Crew Hyas, president; James Eogoh and Amb. Bodkin, secretaries.

ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLES.

RULE 1.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee, or cover his side with his left hand, but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

Rule 2.—In another advance or retreat, if the ground be measured. If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to touch muzzle; but neither can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary advances steps forward on his.

N. B. The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being strictly observed; bad cases having accrued from neglecting it.

These rules and resolutions of the “fire-eaters” and “knights of Tara,” were the more deeply impressed on my mind, as they were charged upon me, took the event of my life, when a member of the university, in consequence of the strict observance of one of them. A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a Templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater) I ever recollected; he had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years; three with swords and thirteen with pistols; yet with so little skill or so much good fortune, that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole.

A Polish Superstition.

It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, and is supposed to influence the disposition of persons born in that month. It is therefore customary, among friends and lovers particularly, to present each other, on the anniversary of their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with an appropriate wish.

January.—Jacinth or garnet denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February.—Amethyst preserves mortals from strong passions, and inspires peace of mind.

March.—Bloodstone denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

April.—Sapphire or diamond denotes repentance or innocence.

May.—Emerald, successive love.

June.—Agate insures long life and health.

July.—Ruby or cornelian insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love.

August.—Sardonyx insures conjugal felicity.

September.—Citrine preserves from or cures folly.

October.—Aquamarine or opal denotes misfortune and horror.

November.—Topaz insures fidelity or friendship.

December.—Turquoise (or malachite) denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition in life.

An Orchestral Experience.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells a love story.

I was an orchestra once, for ten minutes, and afforded great satisfaction. Let me tell you all about it. It was in Troy, some years ago. Mrs. Waller, the excellent tragedienne, was playing in the Child of the Dismal Swamp the "Duchess of Malill," and a deaf and desperate piece it is. After a series of awful disasters the unhappy duchess very properly goes out of her head. She is confined in a mad-house, and one of the act of the play transpires in this wild-house, and during entire scene the groans and cries of the demented are heard outside.

To do this accomplishment in shape the manager had the orchestra, all able-bodied men, who were usually in the music room playing puny notes when not "rung in," at this sad juncture gathered in the green room under the stage. A hole was bored in the ceiling above, and a string attached to the prompter's desk was depended through it. In solemn concert sat the musicians—and with the string in his hand—and as the prompter tugged it above, each one for himself set up a dismal howl that lifted the hairs of the listeners in the audience. One night during the scene, Mrs. Waller strayed into the green room and enjoyed the wild beast show, as I called the howling musicians. Between one batch of howl's and another quite an interval occurred. During this interval one of the sufferers dropped out. I was perched under a gas-light, deep in some novel of that period, when the string commenced to wiggle violently. All the demented were gone, the walls of the dammed were expected; I let one or two awful shrieks, thinking it might help 'em up stairs, or bring the stray howlers back on duty.

One pair of lungs wasn't enough; the string kept thrashing up and down, when my eyes lit on the biggest brass tooter I ever saw, left by one of the renegades. No sooner seen than I tackled it. I lost sight of the string; I lost the power of hearing with my first blast. Mrs. Waller said, as she knelt on the stage above me: "Hark! hear ye not, how singing on the wind comes the wall of the lost spirits?" She paused for the wall; I did my level best, and lifted her six inches off the boards with my first blast. This scene reached the manager, who, ignoring the stops that might have cramped my great achievement, but bidding farewell to all my fears of ruptured blood vessels, or total deafness to future punishment, I let out that which was most within me, and have never had a stomach since. But the audience—they roared, and the manager cursed, and Mrs. Waller flew down the green room stairs. There I was absorbed in my temerarious performance, oblivious to all besides the success of my musical efforts. The manner in which my orchestral essay was received closed my career as a wind instrumentalist.

A story is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief—so vicious in the respect that all the thieves in the neighborhood were charged upon him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and there found him of the turkeys. "You thief," said the master, "No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick, "I took them myself!" Dick's master was a good-natured man, and, on the chance, across Mr. Jones' pasture, I saw one of our tails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, ex- found it, when I come to look, there was nine turkeys on de rail."
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

St. Mary's Academy.

Several Reverend gentlemen visited St. Mary's last week, among whom were the Rev. C. I. White, D. D., Pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., Rev. Dr. B. T. Sumner, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lebanon, Pa., and Rev. A. E. Fland, of St. Anthony's Church, Lancaster.

The puffing of the railroad locomotive through St. Mary's grounds has become so familiar that it has ceased to create any sensation. Arrivals and departures at and from St. Mary's depot take place daily. This depot is even more spacious than the magnificent Southern in Chicago; in fact, the accommodations are very primitive in style—maple trees for protection from sun and rain, fence rails for lounges, etc.

On Monday, the 7th, the pupils of the Academy went in the cars on a grand pleasure excursion to the city of Nile. Each pupil carried a basket laden with edibles, and judging from their merry countenances they went off full of great expectations of a glorious day.

University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1842, chartered in 1844, and graded up with all the newer improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred students. Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, in easy access of all parts of the United States.

Terms:
1. Matriculation Fee, $5.00
2. Board, Bed and Lodging, and Tuition (Italian and Greek), $250.00
3. Tuition, $25.00
4. Tuition, $10.00
5. Use of pianos, $5.00
6. Drawing,
7. Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,
8. Graduation Fee
9. Use of Library
10. Student who owns his own Secretaries at the College are charged, extra.
11. Payments to be made in advance.
13. The first session begins on the first Tuesday of September, Thursday, on the 4th of October.
14. For further particulars, address
Rev. W. Corry S. S. C.
President.

Lord Brougham was fond of telling the following story: A Bishop, at one of his country visitations, complained that the church was badly kept. While gladly giving publicity to the explanation, he had confidence in the accuracy of his reporter.

Choose over the pleasant road; it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and try what is the most just, and most direct. This constant and kindred point will lead to no sand and struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

The "Ave Maria."

A Catholic Journal, particularly devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, and approved and appointed the highest authority of the Church.

Terms:
1. Life subscription, $10, payable in advance, or by installments paid within the year.
2. For one year, $6, in advance.
3. For two years, $12, in advance.
4. For three years, $18, in advance.

Single copies, 30 cents.

To clubs of ten subscribers, for one year, eleven copies of the Ave Maria for $15, in advance.

To clubs of twenty subscribers, for two years, eleven copies of the Ave Maria for $30, in advance.

The postage of the Ave Maria is lost for five cents a quarter, or twenty-five cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office address, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Old, Reliable & Popular Route.

Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Line.

Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:
Day Express, (except Sundays), 9:15 a.m.; $5.00 a trip, 11:10 a.m.; $5.00 a trip.
Joliet Accommodation, (except Sundays), 4:00 p.m.
Night Express, (except Saturdays), 3:00 p.m.; $5.00 a trip, 5:30 p.m.; $5.00 a trip.
For tickets, apply at Madison Street or Madison Avenue stations, or paid at the station.

General Ticket Office, 65 Dearborn Street, Chicago, where punch and stamps for tickets can be purchased and all desired information as to routes, connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.

J. McMillin, Gent'l Ticket Agent.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

Summer Train to South Bend.

Train leaves South Bend, 11:00 a.m.

Leaves South Bend 11:00 a.m. at 1:15 p.m. Chicago. 1:15 p.m. Chicago. 1:15 p.m.

Way freight, $1.00 a trip.

Leaves Chicago 2:45 p.m.

Arrive at South Bend 11:00 a.m. at 1:15 p.m.

Ways freight, $1.00 a trip.

Leaves South Bend 1:15 p.m. at 3:15 p.m.

Arrive at Chicago 12:45 p.m. at 2:45 p.m.

Ways freight, $1.00 a trip.

For further details, see the company's posters and time tables.

Eg-Train is by South Bend, which is 15 minutes from South Bend.

CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland, Ohio. W. C. CUTLER, Passenger Agent, Tolono, Ill. A. WALKER, Agent, South Bend.

Crossing.

Six hours express passengers, 5:30 a.m., and 7:00 p.m.

Freight 40 cents.

Gentleman express passengers, 11:30 a.m., and 6:30 p.m.

Freight, 50 cents.
VOLUME V.

Important.

Persons sending letters or any
mark for Notre Dame or St. Mary's should
mail matter for Notre Dame, addressed simply—NOTRE DAME,
mail matter for St. Mary's, address
ST. MARY'S.
The observance of this caution will
prevent much annoyance arising;
and our young readers, but to the old
mis-sent.

"Eric," a story illustrating sc
land, will no doubt be very inter
some of the old students of Notre
being "broken in," and who now
of College, will reu
ure that the brutal conduct of
bullying.—ED.

A Tale of Roslyn S
BY FREDERIC W. FAI
Fellow of Trinity College, L

PART FIRST

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD.

Ah dear delights, that o'er my si
On Memory's wing like shadow
Ah flowers that Joy from Eden w
While Innocence stood lauglih

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" or
as he capered vigorously about,
"Papa and mamma will be
now, and then we shall stay here 
then, and then, I shall go to school.
The last words were enunciate
importance, as he stopped his in
before the chair where his sober c
patiently working at her crotchet;
look so much affected by the anno
boy seemed to demand, so he a
"And then, Miss Fanny, I shall go

"Well, Eric," said Fanny, missing
fact quiet face from her endless
dear, whether you will talk of it wi
joy a year hence."

"Oh, Fanny, that's just like
you're always talking and prophes
mind, I'm going to school, so I