The Origin of Ideas.

AN ESSAY—BY M. R. R.

[CONCLUDED.]

7.—LOCKE'S THEORY.

Locke may be considered as the father of modern Sensism; for, although the foundation of this system was laid in the theory of Aristotle, yet that philosopher did not really teach the doctrine of sensation, since he attributed to man an "active faculty" (intelligence) which he declared to be the communication of the divine understanding, by which man, reasoning upon the data of the sense, rises to a knowledge of the universal and the necessary. Locke, as it is employed about the ideas of the mind, is not to be had from things without, and such are:

mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas and the distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; which operations, when the soul comes into our understandings as distinct ideas as we do from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly be called internal sense. But as I call the other sensation, so I call this reflection; the ideas which it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, in the following parts of this discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them—(consciousness); by reason, therefore, as contrarily, admits only sensation and reflection, (consciousness) as the sources of all knowledge, previous to the acquisition of which the mind was an absolute blank.

In his "Essay on the Human Understanding," Book II, Chap. 1, sec. 3 and 4, he thus expresses his doctrine of ideas: "Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? * * * Whence has it all the materials of reason and sensation? To this I answer, in one word, from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected upon by ourselves, [I should like to know how we are able to perceive and reflect upon them without previous ideas?] is that which supplies our understanding with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountain of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

First, our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have, of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities, which, when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they, from external objects, convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions, which he explains to be mere conscious reflection.

Secondly, the other fountain, from which experience furnishesthe understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own minds. Without us, we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? * * * Whence has it all the materials of reason and sensation? To this I answer, in one word, from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and that we are able to perceive and reflect upon them without previous ideas, is that which supplies our understanding with all the materials of thinking.

Our differences (with Locke) are upon objects of sensation and reflection, (consciousness) as the only real source of experience is sensations; but sensation being dependent upon the senses, it follows that all our knowledge, of what class soever, should come through the senses as the only and adequate means of intelligence; for, although our essay already exceeds the proportion which we, at its inception, proposed to give it, we still cannot refrain from citing the theory of Locke in a particular style, and translating for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the French language. He thus explains his theory:

"Our differences (with Locke) are upon objects of some importance. The question is, whether the soul is in itself entirely blank, as a sheet on which there is nothing written (a blank tablet), as accord-
According to Aristotle and the author of the "Essay" (Locke), and whether all that is traced upon it can be like a blank page, or a block of marble all of which mark the form of Hercules rather than the ideas innate in the souls, we can deny that there is much innate in them, because of our distraction and other objects of our intellectual ideas? These same objects being immediate and always present to our understanding (although they may not always be perceived, because of our distraction and duties), why be astonished at saying that these ideas are innate, with all that depends upon this affirmation?" Referring to a previous part of his Essay, he says: "I have used the comparison of a block of marble which has veins, rather than of a block of one color, or of blank tablets; **for if the soul resembled a blank tablet, truth would come to it as Heracles to a piece of marble, while that piece of marble is entirely indifferent to receiving either that form or some other. But if there are veins in the block which the form of Heracles or other forms, that block will be, by the very fact, more determinate, and Heracles—that is his form—will be, in a manner, innate in it; although there will be need of labor to discover these veins, and to brighten them by polishing, removing whatever prevents them from appearing. It is thus that ideas of truth are innate in us, even as our inclinations, dispositions, habits or natural virtues, and not as actions, *naturalia*, although virtualities are always accompanied with some actualities, frequently insensible, which correspond to them."

From this quotation it is evident that Leibniz maintains the doctrine of innate ideas, and his defense is so clear and ingenious that it needs no comment. However, we must call attention to one point in his illustrative comparison, which is rather implied than expressed, and hence may not be seen by all. He says that the block of marble which is all of one color is utterly indifferent to receiving any form; so in the same way the soul is indifferent to that quality or idea of the mind. This is important; for, in that case,—supposing the thing at all possible,—the mind would receive truth and falsehood indifferently, and hence could have no certain knowledge of truth. With this we leave the theory of innate ideas, and inasmuch as there are several others, some of which are indeed peculiar, but so extravagant, so utterly void of foundation in truth, that we deem it a waste of time and paper to institute any inquiry into them. Others are based upon one or other of the three theories above given, but pushed beyond their logical development; while others still are peculiar—not altogether absurd, and yet not sufficient to establish the universal necessity of that same truth. **Whereas it appears that necessary truths, such as are found pure in mathematics, and particularly in Arithmetic and Geometry, should be based on principles whose proof does not depend on examples, and, consequently, not on the testimony of the senses, although without the senses we would never be led to think of them.** **Moreover, Logic, with Metaphysics and Ethics, * * * are full of such truths, and consequently their proof can only come from internal principles, which we call innate. True, it should not be imagined that we can read these eternal laws of the reason in the soul, as Locke has done; as a priori propositions may be read upon the pavement without trouble or research; but it is enough that we can discover them in ourselves by the aid of attention, to which the senses give occasion.** "This being the case, one can say that there is much innate in our souls, since we are, so to speak, innate in ourselves; and there is in us, being, unity, duration, perception, pleasure, and a thousand other objects of our intellectual ideas? These same objects being immediate and always present to our understanding (although they may not always be perceived, because of our distraction and duties), why be astonished at saying that these ideas are innate, with all that depends upon this affirmation?"

**NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.**

Besides the three principal theories comprised in the preceding review of particular systems, viz., that of innate ideas, of intuition and of sense, there are several others, some of which are indeed peculiar, but so extravagant, so utterly void of foundation in truth, that we deem it a waste of time and paper to institute any inquiry into them. Others are based upon one or other of the three theories above given, but pushed beyond their logical development; while others still are peculiar—not altogether absurd, and yet not sufficient to establish the universal necessity of that same truth. **Whereas it appears that necessary truths, such as are found pure in mathematics, and particularly in Arithmetic and Geometry, should be based on principles whose proof does not depend on examples, and, consequently, not on the testimony of the senses, although without the senses we would never be led to think of them.** **Moreover, Logic, with Metaphysics and Ethics, * * * are full of such truths, and consequently their proof can only come from internal principles, which we call innate. True, it should not be imagined that we can read these eternal laws of the reason in the soul, as Locke has done; as a priori propositions may be read upon the pavement without trouble or research; but it is enough that we can discover them in ourselves by the aid of attention, to which the senses give occasion.** "This being the case, one can say that there is much innate in our souls, since we are, so to speak, innate in ourselves; and there is in us, being, unity, duration, perception, pleasure, and a thousand other objects of our intellectual ideas? These same objects being immediate and always present to our understanding (although they may not always be perceived, because of our distraction and duties), why be astonished at saying that these ideas are innate, with all that depends upon this affirmation?"

"Why, my dear, the children like to look at them, if you do not." **But I don't want our children to look at such things—for they destroy both their taste and their moral sense.**

The above brief dialogue transpired in one of our mansions of wealth the other day; and we venture to say that the reader at once assents to the truth of the wife's remark, and awards her unquestioned superiority over her husband in the divine instincts of parental love and good taste. For it seems impossible that any person of genuine culture, or whose imagination has not become utterly debased by too long a familiarity with the indecencies of our pictorial literature, should fail to be impressed with the justice of the wife's protest against the poisonous tendencies of her husband's papers in such brutalities. What father would allow his children to visit a dog-fight, or a cock-fight, or go to a spot where it was rumored an assassination was to take place? But he will carelessly bring home to his children half a dozen picture papers in which the details of all these brutalities
and crimes are portrayed with disgusting exactness. It has long been acknowledged that the publication of such caricatures was a great violation of depravement of public morals, and hence such events are, by law, restricted to private places; but still, the next day after the judicial death, all its inhabitants find in a picture of the gallows on which the wretch was strangled, are given to the people with appalling minuteness. In this way all the precautions which experience has prescribed of yore, and the preservation of public morals are set aside by the recklessness of the press.

Recently one of our city pictorialists spread before the eyes of the children of the country an attempted picture of the gaping wounds inflicted by Stokes upon the body of Col. Fisk. It is safe to say that any child who has grown so familiar with such sinister wit polished the shaft of ridicule with a spirit of depravity and grossness, is already half educated to the crime of assassinating himself.

But the extent to which newspaper cartooning has carried literary indecency in this country eclipses everything the world has known of the violation of the rules of propriety and good taste. The legitimate sphere of such cartooning is satire; and on the topic of exposing the follies of parties or of the foibles of politicians, or of exposing the foibles of politicians, it is a powerful weapon. But when it degenerates into a stream which rolls down nothing but dirt, it ceases to be satire, and it is only indelicacy and abuse. When cartooning is but the donning of savagery, it ceases to possess any of the honorable attributes of satire, or to deserve anything but the contempt of the refined and judicious portion of society. It is but a few weeks since a leading American pictorial cartooned the Pope as an allegor, and several clerergymen, distinguished for the charity and purity of their private life, were held up to ridicule in a most offensive manner. The value and strength of many very clever and poignant caricatures which have appeared in the same journal are not to be questioned. But caricature which tends to expose any of the vices of ridicule the vices of mankind to public odium merely on the ground of conciliatory difference of faith, is injurious instead of beneficent to the highest interests of society. Such a blow falls upon all religion and upon the common amenities of social life. Its appeals are not to the godly and beautiful in man, but to the coarse, the brutal and the profane.

Among the poets of Greece and Rome, even hundreds of years before the Christian era, satire was allowed no such privilege of coarse injustice. Its object ever was to ridicule vice by display of the public vice which constitute the blemish of human mind. It sought to make mankind ashamed of their vices. This was especially the object of the greatest of the Greek satirists, Lucian, whose truly satirical and moralistic sense has been understood to public odium merely on the ground of conciliatory difference of faith, is injurious instead of beneficent to the highest interests of society. Such a blow falls upon all religion and upon the common amenities of social life. Its appeals are not to the godly and beautiful in man, but to the coarse, the brutal and the profane.

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Visit of the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger gladdened the hearts of those of his flock who reside in this part of his diocese, by making his first visit here this week. He arrived on Wednesday evening alter having unexpectedly been warned to overlook the Students of the privilege of giving him a public reception. As soon, however, as it was known that the Bishop had come, the Faculty and Students assembled to welcome him. After supper, at the exercises of the Month of May, the Right Rev. Bishop delivered a short but impressive sermon. Next day, after seeing in a cursory manner the chief objects of interest on Notre Dame, the Right Rev. Bishop, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, went to St. Mary's and spent some time in that institution. On his return to the College he met Very Rev. Father General, who had just arrived from Watertown, and remained until Friday morning. All were charmed with the visit of the Right Rev. Bishop and looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the next, which all hope he will soon make and remain for a much longer while.

We hope the proper authorities will offer a suitable reward to all who, with shot-gun, musket, rifle, cannon, rocks, or by any means whatsoever, shall rid us of those freebooting, pestering blackbirds. They drive away all the pretty warblers of the grove, and many more to be called the prevailing wilderness. If we could have a stone with precision and velocity, and if we had had a stone within reach, we would certainly have fractured the bones of one blackbird. We had been for some time watching a thrush on the limb of a tree, and listening to the rich, melodious voice that poured forth more arias than Victor Emmanuel's government that are feeding on Spring. AVe have made a pretty good attempt to see him "boost" the horde of harpies of the Minims at play in base-ball. Like Domitian, they make catch-crow of him; and call on others likewise to congratulate him, on the highly-virtuous action he had just performed—like Domitian, they make catch-crow of him; and call on others likewise to congratulate him, on the highly-virtuous action he had just performed—like Domitian, they make catch-crow of him; and call on others likewise to congratulate him, on the highly-virtuous action he had just performed—like Domitian, they make catch-crow of him; and call on others likewise to congratulate him, on the highly-virtuous action he had just performed.
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

We acknowledge the receipt of The Osaka Outline, printed in Hersey, Michigan, by J. F. Radcliff. The Outline is a good country paper, full of local news, and patronized by Uncle Sam Shurtliff, who writes compressed letters about Michigan, and especially about the City Hall.

It was with much pleasure we were present at the banquet of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, in the Hall of the College, last Wednesday, the first of May. The Rev. Fathers Granger, Carrier, and Coloven were present as invited guests. The excellent Band of the College was in attendance; and while as honored guests of the Holy Angels they partook of the good things, not only did they regale the assembled company with some of their choicest mezzacce, but, represented by the vocalists pertaining to their honorable body, they sang some of those old familiar airs in the chorus of which all boys, young and old, can and always do join.

Much praise is due to the energetic Director, Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., for the good taste in which everything was put up, and for the sociable and agreeable manner in which we spent the time.

Success attend the Sodality of the Holy Angels!

The Annual Festival of the Holy Angels' Sodality.

Of all the many Societies existing at Notre Dame, there is none so interesting and deserving of the recognition of the Council of the Holy Angels. Its members are chosen exclusively from the Junior Department of the University, and to honor the Society is said they have ever been considered eminently for genial behavior and general good conduct. It has been the custom in the Society for many years past to celebrate with festivity the Feast of the Apparition of the glorious Archangel Michael, one of the chief patrons of the Sodality. This festival is celebrated by the Church on the 8th day of May, but for many reasons was anticipated this year by the Sodality, and the first day of the Month of May was selected as the most appropriate for the celebration of the festival.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning the Sodality, with appropriate regalia and escorted by the Rev. Father Carrier, S.S.C., Director of the Sodality, was tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens, etc., and presented a really fine appearance. The decorations were arranged by Masters Hunt, Myers, Weldon, McCormick, McInnon and others, who deserve great credit for their good taste. The tables were sumptuously laden with the choicest delicacies, the like of which the members of the society have never before had at their disposal. At half-past twelve o'clock a dinner was announced and grace having been said by Rev. Father Carrier, S.S.C., President of the Society, all sat down to one of the most sumptuous feasts it has ever been our pleasure, as an epicure, to attend. It is needless, perhaps, to remark that the good things prepared were fully appreciated by all.

Among the invited guests we noticed, besides the Rev. President of the Sodality, Rev. Fathers Carrier, S.S.C., Coloven, S.S.C., Lilly, S.S.C., and O'Connell, S.S.C., Messrs. Manby, Tiptle, S.S.C., Irish, S.S.C., Dassan, Court, Bros. Camilles, S.S.C., Leopold, S.S.C., Ferdinand, S.S.C., Emmann, S.S.C., the Editor of the Scholastic, and others. During the repast many compliments were elicited in favor of the committee who were charged with the responsibility of preparing the banquet. Mr. Mahoney and Wm. Mahoney, the committee, the members of which have proved themselves caterers of no ordinary ability. At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. Herbert Hunt, Vice-President of the Society, arose and delivered a very pleasant address, substantially, as follows:—He remarked that one of the greatest modern saints, St. Philip Neri, has said that we should let boys do what they wish, provided that they do not sin. He further remarked that the members of the Society have been of the Sodality heartily concurred, in proof of which, it is a time-honored custom to celebrate, with song and good cheer, the feast of their heavenly patron, St. Michael. The young gentlemen only did they like to see long faces, that gloom is unknown in Paradise, that in the heavenly Jerusalem all is peace and joy. Therefore he invited all to be boys again—just for the day.

Rev. Father Granger, S.S.C., after repeated calls arose and in a few pleasing remarks testified his pleasure in being again present at the reunion of the Holy Angels. He alluded to the memory of the various social gatherings of the Society, and to pleasant reminiscences of days gone by. Rev. Father Coloven, S.S.C., in his pleasing manner, thanked the Society for the compliment of numbering him among their honorary members: he had made it his duty to examine the end and aim of the Sodality, and was delighted to know that its members were dedicated especially to the service of the Altar; that it was their high privilege to assist the sacred ministers in the celebration of the August Sacrament. He prayed that their lives might be such as to render them worthy to serve for all eternity at the throne of the Most High. Rev. Father Carrier, S.S.C., stated that he was wholly unprepared to speak, having been roused by the mention of his name from a deep scientific furor in which he had tried in vain to shut out the various productions of the vegetable and animal kingdom which were arranged before him. He thanked the young gentlemen for their kindliness in inviting him to their reunion, and complimented them on their sociability and success.

After the speeches, the Director, Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., called for a song, and several were excellently rendered by Prof. M. J. Duvall, Bros. Camilles, S.S.C., and Leopold, S.S.C., and Messrs. G. Hoppell and J. H. Gillespie. The evening was pleasantly spent in various amusements. The Band treated us to several choice selections of classical nature. Some fine specimens of the fanny tribe, now on exhibition at the Scholasticate, are the result of generous endeavors in the way of ichthyology by the amateur followers of Lane Walton.

Romeo, Juliet, and our papa, partook of an extra lunch in honor of the day. About half after six o'clock all returned in high spirits to the college to welcome the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, whose arrival was announced by the vociferous tongue of the mammoth bell.

Benefit in the evening concluded the celebration of a day long to be remembered by the Sodality of the Holy Angels of 1873.

"Noble Latin—ignoble English."

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—Please allow me to protest against the frequent and unscrupulously implied in these words, which I find in the last Scholastic. The Latin is indeed a noble tongue; but in all that is truly noble in speech the English yields to no language, living or dead. The excellence of a language is chiefly manifested in the excellence of its authors. Now there have been at least four, some would say more, English poets, none of whom was ever less fortunate than Horace, Virgil, the only Latin poets of the first rank; while Pitt, Fox and Burke, "the wondrous three," not only rival Cicero, but approach Demosthenes, to say nothing of the rest of the vast array of authors and orators who have made use of the noble "English undefiled."

That one cannot adequately translate a Latin poet into English proves nothing, except it be the inferiority of his own genius as compared with that of the original author; for it would be quite as difficult to translate an English poem into Latin, yet no one would for that reason speak of "ignoble Latin and noble English," at least not Simple Simon.

Due Carisse.

A musical friend sent us the following singular composition, which he clipped from an old number of the Musical Times. It was written in Havana, by J. H. Helmsmuller. The performers must stand opposite to each other, with the music between them:
The University Miss.

Mr. Enron: As this is the first time we have asked to inform our friends and the public in general of the name, object and aim of our organization, I trust the many readers of the Scholastic will pardon me if in doing this I may seem to speak somewhat at length. However, I will try to be brief.

The name is given above. Our object is two-fold. First, to create and hold all rivalry in the Catholic Church. Second, to create a championship contest. We, indeed, would not be satisfied with a contest. We demand a championship. And, as the poet says, "Till I present the shield, my heart is lost in mind and sight."

The organization meeting of this took place April 26th, 1832. Mr. Gambee was called to the chair; he stated the object of the meeting and the constitution. Then a show-down was prepared, and after a few moments' discussion, was unanimously adopted.

The Directors of the two Senior Clubs are, 

and Directors of this nine.

The election of officers resulted as follows: 

President—D. G. Gambee. 

Secretary—J. W. Davis. 

Treasurer—J. C. Hose.

Officer of the Day—J. C. Hose.

The number of members is restricted to fourteen (14). And a person, in order to be eligible for membership, must belong to one of the Senior Clubs, from which he resigns after his election to membership of the University Nine.

One word upon our chances for championship: they are at best slim. It is true we have been victorious; but, to arrive at the summit of Calvary, we must defend it. With these few words of explanation, I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours truly,

J. W. S.

Review of a Sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago.

The Chicago Daily News has furnished us with a historical sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago, which would be most interesting if it were done in a more accurate manner. The writer of the article deserves our hearty thanks for digging out of fallen memories these early reminiscences, the records of which have perished in the flames. Hence it is not through a spirit of criticism but for the sake of truth that we underrate or correct some of the most glaring errors. The introductory remarks are worthy of being remembered in history. "The memorable event," says he, "which added a new world to the world of men,—the discovery of America, and Columbus, her discoverer, a new continent to the authority and dominion of the Catholic Church. Side by side with the royal standard on which were emblazoned the arms and colors of the Spanish discoverers and conquerors, Columbus reared the banner of the Cross; thus proclaiming a two-fold conquest—the temporal sovereignty of Spain, and the spiritual sovereignty of Rome. In all subsequent explorations the Catholic monk followed in the train of the European adventurer, and when he conquered, claimed political dominion over the new conquests. The first to penetrate the interior unknown lands; and in these hitherto unvisited regions to create that difficulty for which Bishop Loras of Dubuque and Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati were the first to penetrate the country of the 'Illinois' in the hope of winning new conquests to their Faith."

The first priest who said Mass on the site where Chicago now stands was Father Marquette. In 1673 he was accompanied as a missionary on an expedition sent under Lewis Joliet by the Governor of Canada, Fontenelle, to explore the Mississippi. They spent one and a half years in the cold and hunger of a journey from Green Bay to the Mississippi, where they met with the Iowas and opened up to them the science of Christianity. The name is given above. Our object is two-fold. First, to create and hold all rivalry in the Catholic Church. Second, to create a championship contest. We, indeed, would not be satisfied with a contest. We demand a championship. And, as the poet says, "Till I present the shield, my heart is lost in mind and sight."

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Review of a Sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago.

The Chicago Daily News has furnished us with a historical sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago, which would be most interesting if it were done in a more accurate manner. The writer of the article deserves our hearty thanks for digging out of fallen memories these early reminiscences, the records of which have perished in the flames. Hence it is not through a spirit of criticism but for the sake of truth that we underrate or correct some of the most glaring errors. The introductory remarks are worthy of being remembered in history. "The memorable event," says he, "which added a new world to the world of men,—the discovery of America, and Columbus, her discoverer, a new continent to the authority and dominion of the Catholic Church. Side by side with the royal standard on which were emblazoned the arms and colors of the Spanish discoverers and conquerors, Columbus reared the banner of the Cross; thus proclaiming a two-fold conquest—the temporal sovereignty of Spain, and the spiritual sovereignty of Rome. In all subsequent explorations the Catholic monk followed in the train of the European adventurer, and when he conquered, claimed political dominion over the new conquests. The first to penetrate the interior unknown lands; and in these hitherto unvisited regions to create that difficulty for which Bishop Loras of Dubuque and Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati were the first to penetrate the country of the 'Illinois' in the hope of winning new conquests to their Faith."

The first priest who said Mass on the site where Chicago now stands was Father Marquette. In 1673 he was accompanied as a missionary on an expedition sent under Lewis Joliet by the Governor of Canada, Fontenelle, to explore the Mississippi. They spent one and a half years in the cold and hunger of a journey from Green Bay to the Mississippi, where they met with the Iowas and opened up to them the science of Christianity. The name is given above. Our object is two-fold. First, to create and hold all rivalry in the Catholic Church. Second, to create a championship contest. We, indeed, would not be satisfied with a contest. We demand a championship. And, as the poet says, "Till I present the shield, my heart is lost in mind and sight."

The organization meeting of this took place April 26th, 1832. Mr. Gambee was called to the chair; he stated the object of the meeting and the constitution. Then a show-down was prepared, and after a few moments' discussion, was unanimously adopted.

The Directors of the two Senior Clubs are, 

and Directors of this nine.

The election of officers resulted as follows: 

President—D. G. Gambee. 

Secretary—J. W. Davis. 

Treasurer—J. C. Hose.

Officer of the Day—J. C. Hose.

The number of members is restricted to fourteen (14). And a person, in order to be eligible for membership, must belong to one of the Senior Clubs, from which he resigns after his election to membership of the University Nine.

One word upon our chances for championship: they are at best slim. It is true we have been victorious; but, to arrive at the summit of Calvary, we must defend it. With these few words of explanation, I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours truly,

J. W. S.
had been dead for two years, but under that of Bishop Hailandiere, who, after the arrival of Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, whose "ministrations were marked by serious difficulties," not "with his ecclesiastical superior" but with the people and his predecessor.

This conflict originated in an evil against which the Bishops of America have justly struggled—the holding of Church property by the pastor or lay trustees. It is evident that it not only transmelled the Bishop in his administration, but also tied their hands whenever action was required. The removal of a clergyman, however necessary it might have been, was always attended with more or less difficulty and was subjected to scandal. It caused great worry in America, on a small scale, the war of investments which troubled Europe for many centuries and might be regarded as one of the causes of the Reformation.

Father O'Meara had built a church on a lot which he had purchased in his own name, and hence arose these troubles which Bishop Loras and Bishop Purcell were called upon to settle in concert with Rev. Maurice de St. Palais. The latter took charge of the Chicago congregation in 1829, remained there till the arrival of Bishop Quarter in 1844, and may be called the founder of the Catho­lic Church in that city; for he purchased the adjoining lot occupied by the Sisters, and an acre of ground on the north side of the river for a cemetery. This property was worth before the last fire not less than $1,000,000 or $1,500,000, and it is not presumptuous to assert that by these valuable acquisitions Bishop de St. Palais has established the finances of the Catholic Church in Chicago. The buildings, it is true, have been swept away by the fiery element, but the ground remains, and has comparatively lost nothing of its value.

We expected to see a long paragraph devoted to the zealous missionary who had built St. Mary's and labored so hard for the establishment of Catholicity in Chicago, and when we saw that the history of his missionary toils had not only been curtained by the BigDecimal, but by the ward off in a sketch of five or six columns, we were forcibly reminded of Rip Van Winkle's exclamation, "and are we so soon forgotten?" If the writer had dug a little deeper into the memory of the population of Chicago, he would certainly have found abundant fossils of the Right Reverend Pre­late. He would not have made him pass on the scene as a transient shadow. "From the year 1840 to 1849," says the Rev. Maurice St. Palais, who was in charge of affairs and was assisted by Francis Fiechter. "It is not true that Rev. Francis Fiechter was the assistant of the present Bishop of Vincennes; he went to Chicago as pastor of the German congregation.

It was our intention to republish the whole sketch, but finding so many inaccuracies in the one fourth of the letters intended for St. Mary's, the company, however, interrupted him, and insisted that he should "go on." "Well, gentlemen, many years ago I came down the Ohio river, and settled near the present site of Cincinnati. It was very wild in that region then, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­tre, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­ture, I started off one morning early in the morning to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river. The hills, but could not bear to go on, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted Indians were rampant, and they stuck their noses down to drink. Well, to come at once to my adven­
satisfied me, for I saw three as big red macas as you ever clapped your eyes on. Yes, they weren’t above six hundred yards in another minute.

"Well," said an old woodman, who was sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course."

"Did I? No, gentlemen! I took no tree, just then; but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as fast as the fox, the jackal, or the cat would do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of the redskins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and, clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came along the white whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of land where trees were scarce and small. Now, thinks I, old fellow, I will have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let him gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door-nail, at one hundred and twenty yards."

"Then you scalped him, I suppose," said the woodman.

"Very clear of it, gentleman; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, up came the other two redskins, shooting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a race-horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting pretty short, when I looked behind me, and there came along the white whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of land where trees were scarce and small. Now, thinks I, old fellow, I will have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let him gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door-nail, at one hundred and twenty yards."

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