

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

Number 7.

Quarrelling.

I remember having once heard the following very edifying anecdote:

"Two Religious, named Æstasius and Paulinus, were conversing about the sermon of the previous Sunday, which was upon the subject of quarrelling. Paulinus, the younger, was quite innocent of the wicked ways of the world. He remarked that it seemed strange to him that so great an evil should be almost universally prevalent and anybody be ignorant of its nature, as he confessed himself to be. To which Æstasius replied: "Provided you agree, we will have a little quarrel of our own by way of example. You see that pebble,"—he went on pointing to one at his feet. 'I will claim it, and you must say it is yours; then we will soon have a quarrel.'"

Paulinus agreed; whereupon Æstasius asserted his claim.

"No," said Paulinus, "the pebble is not yours; but mine."

"It is mine!" resumed Æstasius, assuming an angry tone, "and you have no right to it."

"Take it, then," was the reply; "for I do not wish for anything that is not rightfully mine."

Æstasius smiled, saying: "If the world were made up of such as you, we should never have any quarrels."

If all men were like the innocent Paulinus, what a difference would there not be in the world!

If all were possessed in a higher degree of true, whole-souled charity, avarice and envy would be, not, as they now are, passions that sway nations, but mere names; and we should find many more, like Paulinus, ignorant of the signification of the word quarrel.

Those dreadful wars which so often afflict us, and which are merely the offsprings of avarice and envy, would then be obviated; and, with them, the terrible scenes of misery and suffering which follow the path of a victorious arm.

Thus, could be drawn a picture of perfect happiness; but to do so would be useless, for, after all, we could only say: "This can never be." As long as man is man, weak frail man, unable to triumph over every temptation, so long will avarice and envy hold their sway. We cannot, then, hope entirely to overcome the vice of quarrelling; but we can do much to our own advantage, and to the general good of the society in which we move, if we only bear always in mind that it takes two to quarrel.

Nothing is more disagreeable than to hear persons disputing about trivial matters. No one need try to excuse himself with the stale pretext of being forced into a quarrel. If some one disagrees with you in a trifling matter, let him have his own way, and you will never have to excuse yourself with "I was forced into it."

H. L. D.

The Light Brigade.

TRUTH ABOUT THE FAMOUS "INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL."

At last we have the historical blunder gracefully corrected and a handsome defense of a brave soldier whose name has been under a cloud. It has been popularly decided that Captain Louis Nolan, of Lord Raglan's staff, being an impetuous soldier, purposely misconstrued the actual meaning of an order which he carried into an authorization of the senseless sacrifice of the Light Brigade, and that his only excuse was that he was the first man killed in the charge. Saunce Poyntz, in *The Galaxy*, after reviewing the topography of the battle-field and the position of the forces, says:

As it was, matters stood thus when Nolan left Raglan, bearing the "fourth order." The Russians were clustered on two hills, the English and French cavalry stood looking on, Lucan was in his usual nervous, irritable state, when the gallop of a horse was heard. A tall, slender, young officer, with trim figure and black moustache, was coming down a steep descent at full speed, with a white envelope stuck in his belt, and every eye was on him in a moment.

It was Captain Nolan, in his scarlet shell jacket, a little forage cap that set on one side of his dark curls, his face full of joy and eagerness.

An audible murmur went through the ranks.

"Orders come! Nolan's the boy that'll show us the way to move." For Nolan was well known and universally beloved.

In another moment he had dashed up and saluted; then handed his letter to Lord Lucan. The cavalry gentleman tore it open with the nervousness characteristic of every movement of his lordship. When he read it over his countenance changed. Then his lordship broke out, something in this style:

"Why, good heavens, sir, what can he mean? With the little force at our command we can hardly hold our own, much less advance. It is perfectly suicidal. How can we advance?"

Nolan's eyes began to blaze. He had just left the high ground whence the whole Russian position could be seen at a glance. Knowing that his order contemplated the doubling back of the Russian columns and saving the guns in the redoubts, he was impatient of the pragmatical objections of this captious old man.

In a stern distinct tone he spoke to Lord Lucan:

"Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediately."

"Attack, sir?" cried Lucan, angrily. "Attack what? What guns, sir?"

Nolan threw his head back indignantly, and pointed to the Causeway Ridge, where the Russians were busily at work trying to haul away the captured guns. The group was standing at the right of the entrance of the north valley.

"There, my lord, is your enemy," he said, "and there are your guns."

The Captain forgot that he was talking to an excited and impracticable man. Wrong-headed Lucan chose to fancy that he pointed to the end of the valley, and with all the obstinacy of his nature kept to the error.

"Very well, sir, very well," he said, angrily, "the order shall be obeyed. I wash my hands of it."

He wheeled his horse and trotted off to where Cardigan sat in front of his brilliant lines gnawing his gray moustache and chafing over his inaction.

Then said wrong-headed Lucan:

"Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the valley."

The Earl dropped his sword in salute.

"Certainly, my lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and the ground is covered with Russian riflemen."

"I can't help it," said Lucan, snappishly; "it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the light brigade is to attack the enemy. We have no choice but to obey."

Then Cardigan bowed his head lowly.

"Very well, my lord," was all he said. Then, turning to his staff, he quietly said, "The Brigade will now advance."

Meanwhile Nolan, after his sharp passage of arms with the division commander, had ridden off to the light brigade himself, where he was cheerfully talking to his sworn comrade and friend, Captain Morris, of the Seventeenth Lancers. Now that he had maintained his position as mouth-piece of the Commander-in-Chief against the impudent ault-finding of Lucan, he felt happy. His beloved cavalry was to be launched at last on the glorious mission against the Causeway Ridge, and already D'Allonville was preparing to assault the other flank of the Russians.

Who can wonder that the enthusiastic Nolan told Morris that he would see the brigade through the charge? It was his privilege to do so, and his heart beat high with hope. Little did he know of the extent of pig-headed stupidity natural to the members of the English aristocracy who respectively commanded and led that charge.

A clear sharp voice was soon heard in front of the brigade now formed in three lines. Lord Lucan rode away to the "Heavies," and Nolan galloped around to the rear to the left of the brigade, as the sharp voice cried:

"Light brigade, forward—trot—march."

In a moment the front line was away, as steady as if on parade, at a rapid trot following an erect gentleman, mounted on a chestnut thoroughbred, and wearing tight scarlet trousers, and a blue fur-trimmed jacket, the front a perfect blaze of gold.

The erect gentleman was as slender in figure, as alert in gesture, as a boy of twenty, and yet that man was fifty-seven years old and the Earl of Cardigan himself.

But hardly had they started when Nolan uttered a cry of astonishment and rage.

"Good God! are the fools going to charge down the valley?" he shouted. Then setting spurs to his horse, he dashed out of his place and galloped madly across the front, waving his sword.

"Where are you going, my lord?" he shouted. "That's not Lord Raglan's orders! Change front to the right! This way! The batteries on the ridge!"

Lord Cardigan was as hot-tempered in his way as Lord Lucan. The audacity of an officer presuming to cross his

front was an additional insult. He spoke not a word but pointed grimly forward with his sword. Nolan's words were lost in the thundering of hoofs, and all that was seen was his figure crossing the front and wildly gesticulating, pointing to the Causeway Ridge.

Then the Russian batteries opened. There was a flash, a boom and a second flash, in the air, a little cloud of smoke, and a loud spang; as the first shell burst in the faces of the trotting line. Poor Nolan threw up his arms with a fearful shriek, and fell back in his saddle, stone dead, struck through the heart. With a low cry of rage the rushing horsemen quickened their pace and dashed on at a wild gallop into the valley of death.

Imitation.

Imitating another will sometimes be of benefit to men. If we imitate him who is just and good, we shall be the gainers thereby; if, however, we imitate him who thinks and does evil, whose passions have full sway over him, we will soon find ourselves rapidly going to ruin. The art, as I may call it, of imitation will prove beneficial to some and injurious to others. He who sees another doing that which he himself can do with a degree of success, may do well to imitate him. If, however, the latter has not the talent and energy of the former, he will by no means succeed. This is especially true in literature. A man of genius and talent will produce a work which will at once gain for him popularity and success. Others, seeing this, will suppose that by choosing a subject similar to his, and by treating it in the same manner that he has done, they also will succeed. And very much surprised will they be, when they discover their mistake and find that they had not the power to treat the subject as the successful man had done. Thousands and thousands of people are ruined by imitating others. Young men especially, are fond of imitating their elders. They see a man smoking a cigar: then must they smoke. He chews tobacco: they also must chew. He drinks intoxicating liquors: they do as he does, and soon find themselves ruined and degraded. These are the results of a popular vice. Every young man should have these few words for his motto:

IMITATE THE GOOD; SHUN THE EVIL.

This can easily be done. All men can distinguish good from evil. The good which is imitated remains good; but the imitation of evil becomes worse than the original.

Imitative men are like the monkey, who does what he sees others doing. Men should not be called men who take credit for other people's work. And this they do when they imitate another, and take his thoughts, expressed in different words, to place before the public as their own work. I might even call this theft.

But now I have spoken merely of the evils which arise from imitation. Allow me to say a few words about the imitations from which much good is drawn. If any person wishes to imitate, let him imitate him who does the most good. If a young man walks boldly in life's hurried crowd, and speaks gently to those that obstruct his way, kindly requesting them to step aside and allow him to pass, ever ready to do the same favor to others, he will surely pass through the crowd with ease and pleasure. And he is the man for others to imitate. Success will ever be with him and with all who follow in his footsteps. He will always

be ready to assist his fellow-beings, and many there will be, ever ready to assist him in times of trouble.

Our Lord came upon the earth as an example for men to follow. Let them imitate Him in all ways and at all times, and they will be contented, peaceful, and happy. Let them always seek to gain by their imitations. If they wish to imitate, let them first consider whether they could do better or not, and always remember that

Men's imitations are alike
To monkey's games and ways,
Which foolishly to others strike
All good from either's ways.

W. T. B.

Do your Duty.

ONE of the most poignant griefs that rend the human heart is that which arises from the consideration "that we have failed to do our duty." To the schoolboy who neglects his lessons, as well as to the man who through carelessness or indolence neglects an important duty, there comes a feeling of remorse, which is not, unhappily, always turned into sincere repentance, by serious reflection, by the advice of good friends and the promptings of God's grace.

We have in our eye at the present time several who have signally failed in life simply because they have not had the moral courage to do what they ought to do, and what their inner self prompted them, over and over again, to do. In youth, they fell into the habit of shirking their tasks whenever they could do so without fear of punishment, and they looked with envy on others who seemed to them to have been happily freed from the chains of duty which then pressed so gallingly upon themselves,—they looked forward with impatience to the time that they should call themselves their own masters,—and as they peered out of the window and perceived some old Professor, walking quietly about seemingly with no care upon his mind they sadly wished for the day when they would have no more lessons to study, no more "duties" or tasks to write, and would no longer be nailed to their desks so many hours out of the twenty-four.

As they grew up, and fresh duties stared them in the face, instead of tackling them with a good will and making it their pleasure to fulfil them, they continued their childish custom of shirking, and by the time they arrived at man's estate they had become selfish, comfort-seeking, labor-avoiding mortals whose chief aim was to escape from what they knew they ought to do; and trying to take pleasure in doing what they knew they ought not to do, they became a prey to that remorse which a non-fulfilment of duty brings, and miserable sniffers about what they might have been had they had the manliness to do their duty right straight along. Even though to this be not added the remembrance of foolish, perhaps criminal, acts, keen and deep is the remorse they feel at seeing themselves still at the foot of the ladder, when they have the consciousness that they had received from God talents which would have by this time placed them high up on it had they made a good use of them.

MORAL.—To avoid this remorse, do your little duty well.

MR. EDITOR:—An inquiring individual, in fact one quite philanthropically inclined, would like to know if your Local has taken stocks in the new batrokophic fire-alarm arrangement? An answer to this inquiry might furnish a clue to the explanation of the effects of music on his cranium.

Cobwebs and Spiders.

Although I am a spider-hater,
Still I will be a vindicator
Of their webs, which all around
In nook and corner do abound;
How this comes, you will easy know
By reading my few lines below.

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:—Dear Sir: Lately I read in one of your SCHOLASTICS that you are no particular friend of spiders and cobwebs. Now I will let you know that I am of the same creed and opinion in regard to those hateful little insects and their good-for-nothing "cobwebs." And yet, in spite of myself, I have to be a vindicator of the cause of spiders and cobwebs. How this came to pass, my little apology will show.

Some years ago, there was among the tumblers in the Juniors' Refectory a broken one which I did not notice; it came to pieces, and cut my left hand fearfully. Nothing could stop the bleeding; in my great distress one of the good Brothers told me to take some cobwebs and put them on the cut; I did so, and to my utter amazement the profuse bleeding stopped at once. I must confess that for awhile I did not feel like killing any more spiders for gratitude's sake; but being such an inveterate cobweb and spider-hater, I soon fell back again into my old cruel fault of killing and destroying all the spiders and cobwebs that came in my way, and now I am "at it" as hard as I can. Many times I get almost out of patience with the hateful cobwebs and their busy weavers. To-day I played havoc among them, not sparing one which my eye could espy, but to my utter disgust I see the much-hated cobweb and spider in the same nook and corner again. To-day, all brushed away cleanly; but on the morrow, to my sorrow, all full of cobwebs again, and my vanquished "foe" replaced again by a new comer!

It is of no use: in spite of me they'll be there again and again. But, after all, reflecting upon the great works of the Almighty Creator, we all must acknowledge and admire the great wisdom of God in the smallest work of His creation. Even the good-for-nothing cobwebs are good for something after all, and perhaps saved my life that time anyhow, so as to give me time and occasion to write this apology for the cobwebs and spiders.

Truly yours,

B. H., Cobweb and Spider-Hater.

THE *Opinione*, of August 17, published the following: "Several papers have lately manifested a suspicion that the laws against the clergy in Italy are not impartially carried out, and that the priests are permitted to violate them with impunity. This is not the case. The Government is most severe with the clergy, and intends being even more so for the future, as it is not tolerable that our priests should be permitted to abuse the great liberty (!) Italy accords them." Dept. Ministrelli tells us what kind of liberty they enjoy, and are to enjoy. "If a war is declared between France and Italy," said he, a few weeks since, in the Capitol, "the first thing that will happen in Italy will be a general massacre of all the priests." Probably that is the menace that the *Opinione* alludes to when it says: "The Government intends being *even more severe*." This phrase of Ministrelli's, above alluded to, has produced a great sensation in Italy, so much so, that every paper has quoted it, and the "Reds" advise the measure with enthusiasm. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought.

The Scholastic.

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St. Edward's Day.

The month of October, with its frosty mornings, bright cloudless days, brilliant but not too torrid sun, its calm and delightful evenings and most delicious twilights, takes the palm from all the other months of the year. This is the case, at any rate, in this region of country, and we care not how it may be elsewhere. In this delightfullest of all months comes the pleasantest of the holidays of the scholastic year; the patronal feast of the founder of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Father Sorin.

It always seemed fit that his festival should fall in this month—in the finest month of the most beautiful of the four seasons of the year; and it now seems still more appropriate.

Even twenty-five years ago and more, when the 'boys' made the welkin ring with joyous acclamations over Father Sorin, then a young man, the recurrence of St. Edward's Day in October brought to mind the mature judgment, the sound sense and mellow good-humor that guided his enterprising spirit, moderated his zeal, that otherwise might have led him into inextricable difficulties, and drew to him the hearts of all who were first associated with him, and so closely united them to his that the community of Notre Dame, as it increased by the accession of new comers, seemed, as it really was, one large family, of which Father Sorin was truly the father and guide. And now, as his head is whitened by the labor of so many years, and he appears among us hale and hearty, with the accumulation of the experience and virtues that now fill up his grand heart, we see him in the autumn of his life, in the finest part of it—the real October-tide—when the maturity, typified by October, is realized not only in his character, as it was years ago, but also in the rich fruits of his labors: in the flourishing religious societies which he established, in the grand old College he founded, and the schools and academies which, directly or indirectly, owe their origin to him, it seems even more fit and just that his patronal festival should fall in the month of October.

We Americans have a great affection for our parents; and we do not admit that the children of any country have more love for their father and mother than well-bred children in America have for theirs. Yet we must admit that among those whose intellect has been educated to the exclusion of the affections—who have had their head well trained while their hearts were left without culture, there are some who deem it too childish to show affection for parents in kind words and acts, and who excuse their coldness and outward indifference by saying to themselves that 'their parents know very well they (the sons and daughters) love them, and it's no use making any fuss over

it; while there are many others who to outward coldness add the indifference of a misguided heart and head, that makes them wish to escape as soon as possible from parental control which they consider rather as a tyrannical and arbitrary rule, than the blessed and loving bond it is, uniting the hearts of affectionate, grateful children to those who gave them life, and cared for them when they could not care for themselves, and anxiously watched over their career as they advanced in years to manhood.

This outward coldness, even when there is love in the heart, and still more this unrest under parental authority, are two great causes of much of the unhappiness in the domestic circle. We do not lay all the blame on the children. But if parents are to blame now as parents, it is because they were to blame years ago, as children,—they were most likely cold and indifferent, or disobedient, and in a hurry to get from under the control of their parents.

And thus the evil will go on, unless the rising generation be better taught; unless they learn that it is their duty not only to love and venerate their parents in their hearts but also to manifest that love in affectionate words and kindly acts.

And this never can be done, unless by educating the heart as well as the head; by giving as much prominence and importance to the Decalogue as to the multiplication-table; by explaining as thoroughly the duties of children to their parents, as the theorems of geometry; and making them understand their obligations as well as the differential calculus.

Nor can this be accomplished merely by didactic and moral discourses,—not even by writing editorials. The love of parents must be a part and parcel of the everyday thoughts of the child, the youth, the young man. Discourses, explanations are necessary,—but example and daily practice must be added,—and it is on thus account that in all Catholic colleges and schools so much stress is laid upon the subject. If prompt attendance to duty is required, if polite and agreeable demeanor to professors and prefects is considered a matter of course, it is because the professors and prefects represent the parents of the students, and to them the students give the outward respect which when at home should be changed into manifestations of affection in word and act, to their parents. To this end also are such reunions as the patronal feast of the founder of Notre Dame. It is not only to show our veneration for him, but to give an example to all as to the manner they should celebrate the feast of their parents. Of course in a quieter way,—but with the same feelings of love and respect, and an affectionate manifestation of those sentiments. This evening the congratulations of the students will be made to Very Rev. Father General, and all of us, in our office, express our joy at having Father General with us this St. Edward's day, in the year 1873, and hope to have him every St. Edward's day for many years hereafter.

THE cable dispatches of the 7th make the Duc de Broglie say "that there is no fear of a return of clerical rule in France," or words to that effect. We have not the telegram before us. The Duc de Broglie either did not say so, or else he simply made an ass of himself. Of clerical rule there has been none in France, at least for a century; and the result is that the anti-clerical rulers of France have reduced her to the miserable state in which she now is.

Europe.

Although we are "passing under the rod" and beginning to suffer in all classes of society from the financial panic that has spread within the last few weeks over the land, the attention of all is directed to Europe where it is evident a crisis of no usual magnitude is coming to a head. It is reported by cable dispatches that the French Assembly is to meet on the thirteenth of this month. The great question that will first occupy them will be whether a Republican Government shall be definitively established, or whether the Comte de Chambord shall ascend the throne. The little man, M. Thiers, seems now to be the biggest man in the republican ranks, and, it is stated, he has returned, by telegraph, from Switzerland or some other place where he was rusticated after his enforced resignation of the Presidency, and has taken the leadership of the republicans, all shades of which party, from the blood red to the moderates, huddle under the protecting wing of the great little man.

On the other side, the monarchists, who number in their ranks the ablest men of France—who are disgusted as well as dismayed at the terrible excesses into which the passions of unrestrained brute force have hurried men in every one of the so called republics, which have been attempted in France and elsewhere in Europe,—have been collecting all their strength, and it appears that if the vote be put at once on the meeting of the Assembly there will be a small majority in favor of Henry V.

We are no admirers of the Bourbons, and still less do we like the Orleans branch of the family,—but taking into consideration the evils which abortive republics have brought upon France, we would like to see something better. And the Count of Chambord, *quoique* Bourbon, seems to be a very good man, possessed of Christian principles; if he rules according to them, France may be restored to her former glory. Yet, this will not be done, we fear, without much bloodshed.

THE influence which the Pope holds not only over the 250,000,000 of Catholics who venerate him as the centre of Christian unity and the Father of the faithful, but also over those who are not of the one fold, is shown by the periodic efforts of such papers as the London *Times*, and all the poor *Times* of less importance, to kill the Holy Father by means of their special correspondents.

We Catholics have no fears about the death of the Holy Father. He will live as long as he will be necessary for the welfare of the Church; and when he dies another Pope will take his place. The Church depends on the promises of its Founder for her continuance, not on the life of any man. In times of great trouble God raises up such great men as Pius IX, and they live their allotted time to do their allotted work. But though we insist that the Church depends upon no man, yet we sympathize from the bottom of our heart with the Holy Father in all the indignities, insults and injuries that have been heaped upon him by the enemies of the Church; and we sincerely hope, as we firmly believe, that he will live to see the end of the present violent persecution raised by infidels against the Church; and as Cavour, Mazzini, Napoleon III, all much younger men at the time of their death than Pius IX, have played out their despicable rôles on the theatre of life, so also will Bismark and his supporters, after they have played a few

more of their hypocritical tricks before high Heaven, make their exit, and Pius IX will be there to see.

A great meeting of the different Protestant sects has been held in New York. "The Dean of Canterbury," says the despatches to the daily papers, Oct 5, "conducted the devotional exercises, and made a prayer for the removal of the differences that have made the Protestant name a by-word." A frank admission for a Dean, and we hope his prayer may be heard. Rev. Robert Knox, of Belfast, Ireland, "struck the keynote of the meeting by an eloquent appeal to abide in Christ." It would appear then that these Rev. gentlemen who disagree with each other on every subject, except perhaps "Romanism," which they know very little about, have not been abiding in Christ all this time back. We hope they may for the time to come. A little change to that effect would do no harm.

To add to the unity of the sects, a schismatically consecrated bishop, Reinkens, and an apostate priest, Loyson, (the little goose,) have forwarded their contributions of one additional sect each to the New York Evangelical Alliance; at present there is one name for them all—*Old Catholics*; but we shall soon hear of Reinkensites, Loysonites, and as many other *ites* as there are men among them who know how to write their name and induce the more ignorant to form a church.

The usual efforts of all these meetings of Evangelical Alliances is to make the members more bitter against each other when they break up and go home.

Too Late.

We have the reports of the St. Aloysius Philodemic, the Rules for Championship games, All Around, and various items, but all too late for publication this week. We again respectfully call our correspondents' attention to the fact that to secure publication of articles on Saturday they should be in by Wednesday, at the latest.

Industrial School at Notre Dame, Indiana.

It is equally surprising and gratifying to notice what has been accomplished of late years throughout Europe, but especially in France, for the benefit of a large class of youth heretofore left unprovided for, but now promising to become useful men and a consolation to their families as well as an honor to religion. Never was there manifested in the Old World such a universal and public appreciation of the importance, for the good of society, of Industrial and Agricultural Schools, for boys whose parents cannot afford to meet the expense of a collegiate education. From various parts of France, last summer, we were asked and urged to take charge of similar establishments, in addition to those already entrusted to our care, both by the Government, as at Mortagne, and by rich landlords, as the Marquis de Gourello, the President of the Agricultural and Industrial Schools of France, and whose renowned Farm at Nourray has been in the hands of our Religious these last twelve years.

The success with which our Religious have been encouraged in this line, in Europe, leads us now to profit by the results of our experience, and to give a new development

to our Manual Labor School by remodelling it, and adding the improvements time has brought about since 1844, when our charter was granted by the State for this purpose. If there is any difference between the two countries, the chances appear to be in our favor here, where labor is comparatively in greater honor than in Europe. Indeed here, as in France, there are many Catholic families, especially in our larger cities, who are unable to give their sons or wards a college education, costing from \$300 to \$400 and \$500 a year; others there are, not willing though able to do so; while a number of boys, whose parents are both able and willing to afford it, are unfit to receive it. For all such, the one thing needful is such a school as we here propose, where, at a moderate expense, they may conveniently obtain, together with a sound moral training and religious habits, a practical knowledge of what constitutes a fair English education, fitting them for the career Divine Providence may have marked out for them; or in other words—in order to be clearly understood in the main point of our argument, the Manual Labor School at Notre Dame is, now more than ever, intended to shelter young Christian boys from the countless dangers which encompass their every step in this land of liberty, or rather of freedom from all control; to impart to them a thorough Catholic training, not alone in theory but also in practice, with an education that will enable them (unless totally deprived of ordinary capacity) honorably and profitably to follow the pursuits for which they will be best fitted. To such a school thousands of Catholic families are looking to-day, as the only means to save their sons from the evil influences of dangerous associations, while an expense within their means, would be cheerfully borne by many, for such an end.

The present Industrial School is to be so modified and enlarged as to meet the above-mentioned demand. The chief modification is in the extension of study and class hours, through the whole year, instead of limiting the same to one season; and in enlarging the circle of studies in what affects more directly their future course. Throughout the year, four hours a day are devoted to study and classes.

Terms per year, during the two first years, \$150; \$100 per year, during the two last years; clothing furnished from home. As an encouragement and a premium to talent and good conduct, the privilege of attending the courses at the University during a fifth and sixth year, at \$150 per year, will be granted to apprentices whose behaviour shall have been deemed deserving the favor.

The programme of studies will embrace all the branches of the Commercial Course, as taught in the University. Candidates will be received from twelve to sixteen years of age; applications to be addressed to "the Director of Industrial School, Notre Dame, Indiana," with fall statements, as to the age, aptitude and strength of the applicant.

As the number of admissions must be necessarily limited it is desired that none but worthy subjects be presented, strictly able to comply with the above requirements.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the Manual Labor and Industrial School at Notre Dame.

THE first snow of the season fell last Monday morning, about seven o'clock A. M. We saw it near Laporte, as we gazed through the window of a belated express train.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. Ackhoff,	W. Appleyard,	F. Butler,
W. Ball,	J. Berry,	J. Burnham,
C. Bardsher,	C. Berdel,	J. Browne,
M. Bastarache,	C. Bowman,	A. Baca,
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G. Cunnea,	H. Cassidy,	G. Crummey,
J. Callery,	W. Clarke,	P. Cooney,
H. Dehner,	T. Devoto,	E. Dunn,
W. Dodge,	J. Devine,	J. Dwyer,
B. Evans,	J. Falvey,	M. Foley,
J. Fielding,	T. Flannagan,	J. Girard,
T. Grier,	J. Gillen,	T. Gallagher,
E. Graves,	W. Hughes,	A. Horne,
E. Halpin,	P. Hennessy,	J. Hogan,
V. Hansen,	J. Hitchler,	T. Hansard,
S. Hitt,	H. V. Hays,	J. F. Kelly,
J. Kennedy,	M. Keeler,	J. Lonergan,
W. Linberger,	J. McDonough,	D. McGinnis,
B. McGinnis,	T. McDonough,	J. McDermott,
E. McSweeney,	J. McManus,	M. McCullough,
M. McGovern,	T. Murphy,	J. Murphy,
L. Murphy,	S. Marks,	F. Morass,
E. Monohan,	A. Martineau,	A. Mooney,
R. O'Connor,	J. M. O'Brien,	J. E. O'Brien,
P. O'Brien,	C. O'Connor,	P. O'Meara,
P. O'Mahony,	M. O'Day,	P. O'Sullivan,
P. Obermiller,	C. Proctor,	R. Pugh,
J. Rudge,	T. Rourke,	F. St. Aubin,
C. Spears,	F. Scrabford,	J. Trabbie,
J. Van Dusen,	W. Van't Woud,	J. Ward,
	J. Wolfe.	

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

G. Amann,	B. Baca,	J. Beegan,
C. Burger,	J. Bennett,	W. Buchanan,
W. Boulger,	L. Busch,	M. Casey,
B. Casey,	J. Cassella,	A. Crunkilton,
P. Corbet,	J. Caren,	J. Cullen,
J. Daley,	J. Dore,	R. Downey,
J. Ewing,	F. Egan,	H. Faxon,
C. Faxon,	C. Freeze,	G. Gross,
W. Gross,	W. Green,	J. Golsen,
D. Gorman,	B. Hersey,	M. Kinsella,
J. Kliety,	W. Kelly,	L. Loser,
B. Le Fevre,	M. McCormack,	J. McGrath,
G. McNulty,	J. McHugh,	A. Mooney,
W. Meyer,	F. Miller,	C. Nichols,
G. Wester,	V. Phelan,	A. Potter,
H. Quan,	E. Ratigan,	C. Ruger,
A. Schmidt,	F. Sweegee,	J. Soule,
W. Schultheis,	L. Smith,	J. Smith,
H. Shephard,	F. Thallmann,	O. Tong,
N. Vanamee,	J. Wilson,	E. Wood,
	H. Zuber.	

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fin^e

Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1873.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

F. H. Buter, J. Brown, L. Sanders, J. P. McDermott, J. Falvey, B. Baca, M. Reiley, W. Gavitt, E. H. Dunn, J. H. Gillespie.

ALL those wishing to procure books from the Circulating Library should call on Mr. Jas. F. Edwards, as he has charge of it.

THE *Salesianum*, published monthly at St. Francis' Seminary, near Milwaukee, is among the most welcome of the SCHOLASTIC's exchanges. The number for October gives a list of students which shows the institution is in a flourishing condition.

It is with deep regret for the loss sustained by the family, and sympathy for them, we hear of the death of Robert Haines, an old student of Notre Dame, one who left a kind memory in the hearts of all at the College. Last June he was here with his brother Charles, at the Annual Commencement, and the hearty words of greeting that were addressed to him by all his old friends were equalled only by the genial smile, graceful manner and earnest speech of the two brothers. Robert Haines deserves as a student as high a eulogy as that which is justly written of him in the obituary we take from a St. Charles (Ill.) paper, kindly sent us by a friend.

Obituary.

Robert J. Haines, Jr., died at the residence of his father, in St. Charles, at 3 o'clock Thursday morning the 2d inst.

Robert was the youngest of three children, and his cutting down in the springtime of his manhood, is a blow which stirs to its bitterest depths the agonies of a father's heart and the deepness of a mother's woe. By this deep and sudden bereavement, a loving brother bows in anguish, and an adoring sister is plunged into grief that time can never heal.

Young in years, he was rich in all that promises to make a noble and a manly name. The short life, whose tender memories are left to gladden the hearts of friends, cut off as on manhood's threshold he bade fair to win a glorious future, was all that love could ask to cherish. A devoted son, a kind and loving brother, a courteous, genial friend, with a strong love of right which knew no deviation, with a proud sense of honor which kept him untarnished, with all that men love and appreciate to hallow the memory he has left behind, he will be a guardian spirit to that household, and a supporting protector to a weeping sister.

The loss of such a man, so full of promise, is a loss to the community, and many a heart will throb in sad response, to his friends mute agony over his untimely death.

Juanita B. B. C.

Bro. Norbert, C. S. C., *Director*.

E. Dunn, *President*.

J. H. Ward, *Vice President*.

J. B. Crummey, *Secretary*.

A. Hess, *Treasurer*.

E. Dunn, *Capt. 1st Nine*.

J. Burnham, *Capt. 2nd Nine*.

E. Villeneuve and C. Hess, *Field Directors*.

JAMES B. CRUMMEY, *Secretary*.

MR. EDITOR:—We are most sincerely sorry that our juvenile efforts at the clarinet had the effect of splitting several cabbage-head, last week.

MUSICUS.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, OCT. 9, 1873.

LIST OF PUPILS CONTINUED

Miss M. Henrotten,	Waukeegan, Illinois.
" M. Kingel,	Detroit, Michigan.
" M. Pierce,	South Bend, Indiana.
" A. Koch,	Cleveland, Ohio.
" I. Parquette,	Detroit, Michigan.
" A. Schnurrer,	St. Mary's, Indiana.
" L. Schnurrer,	St. Mary's, Indiana.

TABLET OF HONOR.

Lizzie Neil,	Annie M. Clarke,	Rose Spier,
Rose Devoto,	Maggie Letourneau,	Annie Curtain,
Sarah Sweeney,	Amelia Keeline,	Minnie Quan,
Gertrude Phillips,	Rebecca Burke,	Jennie Stimpson,
Annie Maloney,	Clara Nason,	Ella Sweeney,
Ella Bohn,	Carrie Wheaton,	Mae Johnson,
Loisa Pfeiffer,	Nellie McEwen,	Fannie Moore,
Ella Quinlan,	Jennie Bennett,	Lydia Wyman,
Mary E. Roberts,	Rose Roesco,	Kate Atwood,
Dora Simons,	Emma Ross,	Agnes Marantette,
Flora Hoyt,	Addie Morrisson,	Mattie Hoover,
Jennie Kreigh,	Ellie O'Connor,	Clara Miller,
Laura Johnson,	Lillie Heckman,	Mary Cummings,
Lulu Kelly,	Henrietta Miller,	Ella Mann,
Cora Strather,	Minnie Ivins,	Mary Ayd,
Johanna Haney,	Maggie Poquette,	Amelia Boser,
Anna Garies,	Fannie Gunzert,	Augusta Mertz,
Anna Manns,	Carrie Morgan,	Katie Irmiter,
Kate Engel,	Kate Patterson,	Josie Adams.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

GRADUATING CLASS.—Misses L. Neil, M. Kearney, A. M. Clark, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon.

FIRST SENIOR CLASS.—A. Lloyd, J. Kearney, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, V. Ball, L. Ritchie, M. Letourneau, J. Locke, E. Boyce, K. Finley, A. Curties, L. Sweeney, S. Taylor.

SECOND SENIOR CLASS.—J. Walton, A. T. Clark, A. St. Clair, M. Quan, G. Phillips, B. Burke, J. Stimpson, A. Maloney, C. Mason, E. Sweeney, E. Bohn, C. Wheaton, M. Johnson.

THIRD SENIOR CLASS.—N. Ball, F. Moore, M. Quill, Addie Roberts, M. Emmons, A. Minton, V. Atwood.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS.—C. Germain, E. Ives, D. Simons, A. Marantette, F. Hoyt, M. Hoover, J. Kreigh, E. O'Connor, F. Lloyd, T. Heckman, M. Cummins, A. Morrison.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS.—N. McMahon, H. Miller, E. Mann, C. Strother, I. Hatch, E. Taylor, Margaret Quill, M. Ayd, M. Roquette.

THIRD PREPARATORY CLASS.—A. Boser, A. Garies, F. Gunzert, A. Mertz, A. Manz, K. Irmiter, K. Engel, J. Adams.

TABLET OF HONOR Jr. DEP'T., SEP'T. 26, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, K. Hutchinson, M. Carlin, M. Conley, A. Shores, J. Brown, A. Lynch, M. Walsh, M. Brown, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Pritchard, M. O'Connor, B. Quan, M. Martin, E. Orton, D. Bullin, M. and J. Thompson, M. Hutchinson, H. Peak, M. Reynolds, G. White, M. A. Schultheis, G. Hooly, D. Allen, E. Snowback, A. Ewing, L. Walsh, B. Golsen, A. Cullen, B. Pfeiffer, E. Simpson, A. Goevey, M. Kaeseburg, M. Francis, E. Lappin, D. Hayes, I. and N. Mann, L. Isherwood, B. Thomas, J. Tallman, K. Morehead, I. Fisk, M. Summers, L. Germain, T. Cronin, M. Jackson, M. De Long.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

FIRST SENIOR CLASS.—E. Richardson and A. Smith.

SECOND SENIOR CLASS.—M. Faxon, A. Walsh and M. Resch.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS.—K. Hutchinson, M. Carlin, M. Conley, A. Shores and J. Brown.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS.—M. Brown, M. Ewing, E. Lang, B. Quan, M. Pritchard, M. O'Connor and M. Martin.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS.—M. and J. Thompson, M. Hutchinson, H. Peak, M. Reynolds and M. A. Schultheis.

FIRST JUNIOR CLASS.—G. Hooly, D. Allen, A. Ewing, L. Walsh, B. Golsen, A. Cullen, B. Pfeiffer, A. Goevey, M. Kaeseburg, M. Francis and E. Lappin.

SECOND JUNIOR CLASS.—D. Hayes, I. and N. Mann and J. Tallman.

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"	9.35 a.m.	"	10.15 a.m.
"	4.50 p.m.	"	5.30 p.m.
GOING NORTH.			
Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	"	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Arrive South Bend,	9.30 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	10.00 a.m.
"	5.30 p.m.	"	6.30 p.m.

S.

G, Agent, South Bend.

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Leave South Bend	10 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 05 a. m.
"	" 12 25 p. m.	"	" 4 05 a. m.
"	" 9 15 p. m.	"	" 1 35 p. m.
"	" 12 35 a. m.	"	" 5 30 p. m.
"	" 8 20 p. m.	Runs to Elkhart.	
"	" 4 35 p. m.		
GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
"	" 2 55 a. m.	"	" 6 50 a. m.
"	" 5 00 a. m.	"	" 8 20 a. m.
"	" 6 05 p. m.	"	" 9 40 p. m.
"	" 6 37 a. m.	"	" 10 30 a. m.
"	" 8 20 a. m.	"	" 12 30 p. m.

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Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation.	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
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* Second day.