

# THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 2, 1875.

Number 15.

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Volume VIII.

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## Death-bed Words of Rev. A. Lemonnier, C.S.C.

A few days before his happy departure from this world, Rev. Father Lemonnier was heard to say: "I brought nothing with me into this world—I carry nothing with me from this world; I am attached to nothing. I ask for nothing but the grace of God." His treasure was already in heaven, and his heart was there also. Like a victor who had achieved undisputed triumphs, a hero without a blot upon his name, he went to receive the laurels due to the conqueror.

Religion, how fair is thy garden of beauty,  
Eden gave birth to its glory and bloom;  
Verdure that mantles it, graceful as duty,  
Emulous covers not only the tomb;  
Regally rising beyond Death's dark river,  
Even on high do its fair tendrils twine,  
Nobly returning all life to Life's Giver,  
Daily reverting to sources divine.

Ah! as we weep o'er *one grave most untimely*—  
Under whose sod there is shrouded such worth,—  
Grateful we ponder the life that, sublimely  
Useful and true, crowned thy sojourn on earth,  
Sainted young Father—O, what consolation  
Thrills the sad heart, when we think of reward  
Intellect earns when, in meek adoration, —  
Nature transcending, it bows to the Lord!

Even so, Father, our loving devotion,  
Luring our grief, sweet re-echoes thy voice,  
Enhancing its music by depth of emotion,  
Merged in each accent, so full of thy "*choice*,"  
Odors they breathe of the deep self-denial,  
Never more deep than in darkness most dense;  
Note their grand pathos: "To earth's land of trial,  
I brought nothing with me; I bear nothing hence;  
Each tie of this exile has long since been broken;  
Rest, O, my heart! not a want canst thou trace.  
Cold are earth's treasures; I ask but one token,  
Seek but one gift: it is that of God's Grace!"  
Crowned thus, he passed to our dear Lord's embrace.

## How Hy Soper got rid of Two Varmints.

BY J. M. J. G.

The village of Grafton was one of those peaceable, sleepy little communities which are found by the curious traveller away from the track of the railroad, scattered along some by-way, or nestling in some out-of-the-way place in the midst of primeval forest trees. A couple of taverns, with trough and pump before the door, and gaping sheds wherein a weary team might spend an hour or so refreshing themselves with very dry hay, stood on op-

posite sides of the road. They were rival establishments, of course, and each landlord depreciated the other's caravansary with great good, or, rather, ill will. The signs which swung on lofty poles, gave sad evidence of a demoralized artistic taste on the part of the rustic limner who had devised their respective legends. Jim Bagg's tavern had for its coat of arms the "Rising Sun," which was noted for a certain peculiarity not usually detected on the face of the orb of day. The sun, in a violently inflammatory condition of visage,—as if he had sat up late over a bottle,—was half risen from a pink sea, while the realism of the picture was strikingly illustrated by the staring, goggle eyes with which the fiery king viewed nothing in particular, with exceeding dissatisfaction. Jim took great pride unto himself when, one Fourth of July, he had thrown the cunning device to the winds of heaven, the more especially as Sam Yorker could only display an old, faded sign-board, in a miserably dilapidated condition. For just one month Jim Baggs crowed over Sam, and then there came "a sickly cast o' thought"—a melancholy shade—over the jubilant lord of the Rising Sun.

One morning Jim arose from his unassuming couch and drew the window-curtains aside to see how the morning looked. Whatever aspect the matutinal sky and earth presented is neither here nor there, but certainly the inquisitive landlord's visage denoted anything but satisfaction as he turned away from his investigation. He robed himself in a succession of jerks that betokened a mind ill at ease. He growled fiercely, until he had growled himself into his coat, then, surveying his countenance in a triangular bit of looking-glass and finding that he might postpone his ablutions for that day, he descended with heavy step and heavier heart to the bar. The hostler, Bob Withers, was snoring upon a ricketty bench in that delectable den which was strongly perfumed with the combined odors of bad whiskey and sawdust.

"Git up, Bob!" roars Jim, with much vexation in his voice. "Yer always sleepin'!"

Bob swung up to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself to the fullest tension of his arm-joints, yawned for a minute, and then brought his two heels down upon the floor with a crash.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Bob lazily.

"I say yer always sleepin', Bob Withers. What's the use of a feller that's always sleepin',—come, now?" quoth Jim.

"Mustn't a feller sleep, don't you think?" demanded Bob with asperity,—*"I think you got up wrong side foremost this mornin'."*

"None o' yer business how I got up," replied Jim. "I guess I kin get up as I want to, can't I? But *you*,—yer—yer—always sleepin'." Beyond this important point Jim could not go.

Bob sauntered to the door, looked up and down the road and finally across the way. He started, uttered a hurried exclamation, and then rushed into the bar.

"Jim!" he cried.

"Well," said that individual drily.

"Hev—hev you seen Sam Yorker's sign?"

"What do I care fur Sam Yorker or his sign," replied Jim, with hypocritical indifference, "I don't want to know nothin' of Sam Yorker, nor yet of his sign."

"Why he's got a smash-up new one, has Sam; an' it's larger than yours, Jim, and it's a sun too," exclaimed Bob.

"Is it a Risin' Sun, Bob Withers?" asked the landlord. "Fur, if it's a Risin' Sun, I'll have the law on him, I will, or my name ain't Jim Baggs! What! he'll git up a Risin' Sun, will he? A mean sneak, that's what he is. But, I'll have the law on him ef he's had the audacity to do it."

But Sam Yorker had kept on the windy side of the law, by instructing the artist to fashion forth the noonday sun in all his glory, and a beautiful job it was truly. The sign was a masterpiece, a prodigy, and all that day an admiring crowd of gaping rustics looked upon it with divers expressions of delight. Even the schoolmaster was attracted to the spot, and was good enough to inform the mob of nondescripts who surrounded him that the sun was called "Sol" among the ancients, and, also, "Phibbus," and that Phitton drove a chariot,—but here the sylvan oracle's erudition failed him, much to the grief of his listeners, who had evinced an intelligent appreciation of his remarks, as was sufficiently demonstrated by one of the crowd volunteering the observation that the ancients "was the Britishers, who held these States in George the Second's time."

It is singular how communities, no matter how small they may be, separate naturally into two opposing camps. Especially is this the case where the very atmosphere seems to be impregnated with every soporific agent known to the medical faculty. In a short time Grafton became a perfect pandemonium of discussion respecting the relative merits of the rival landlords and their signs.

Jim Baggs was a better orator than Sam Yorker; but the latter more than compensated for his lack in this respect by being a proficient at fisticuffs, offensive and defensive. In a primitive state of society like that of Grafton the latter qualification had more weight than the golden sentence of Cicero or the inspired reason of Demosthenes. Not that Jim was deficient altogether in the "manly art of self-defence," as the sporting papers style it. And to show that such was not the case, I may here remark that before the day was over, he and Sam Yorker had a furious battle on the neutral territory between their respective inns,—in other words, on the middle of the road. As had been foreseen by the excited populace, Jim got the worst of it, although he retreated to his bar-room, unsubdued, defiant and bellicose to a degree, followed by a number of attached friends, whose sympathy for the "Risin' Sun" steadily increased in proportion to the supply of liquor which their loud professions of attachment wormed out of the landlord,—who, it may be remarked parenthetically, was by no means noted for his generosity on ordinary occasions.

The admiration of Mr. Yorker's followers for his sign and personal prowess excited that gentleman to such a degree that he vowed they should make a night of it, which you may be sure was agreed to, *nem. con.* Long after Jim

Baggs' house was closed and the latter had buried his sardonic and somewhat battered face under the bed-clothes, Sam's *posada* was alive with sounds of fiddles, dancing, singing, shouting and all the boisterous merriment of rough country energy, stimulated by whiskey. Jim could not sleep, so great was his disgust at these proceedings. So he spent the time fretting prodigiously and feeling his swollen eye, which seemed, as he thought with much wrath to take pleasure in getting larger every moment. His temper was exceedingly soured by his defeat, although he had made little of the business before his friends. Neither was his disturbed soul much mollified by the three cadaverous groans to which Sam Yorker's company treated Mr. Baggs before wending homewards.

"I wish ye'd choke yerselves, ye hounds!" growled the enraged Jim from the depths of the bed clothes.

After this benign wish, he tried to sleep, but the "balmy" would not be wooed. In vain he tossed and turned; the more he did so the more he couldn't sleep. He finally arose, and took a moonlight view of the obnoxious sign, for no other purpose but to feed his wrath evidently, for he presently fell to grinding his teeth and shaking his fist at it in a style quite demoniac and wild. Suddenly he stopped short and gazed intently into the night. Yes, sure enough, there was Sam Yorker standing at a proper distance from his sign, with arms folded and swaying body, gazing at the triumphant emblem in a state of drunken ecstasy. Jim Baggs watched him until he started with devious step and much uncertainty into the house, and then the spy giggled, positively giggled—in spite of his recent vexation. Some purpose took possession of his mind, for, hastily donning his garments, he crept down stairs in the dark and took his way to the stable where Bob Withers slept in company with one house-dog, divers uneasily roosting hens, three horses, a mule and a scraggy little donkey, at once the scorn and sport of every small vagabond in the bailiwick.

"Bob," said Jim, rudely shaking his stable vassal, "Bob, git up! yer always—" but, if he intended to rebuke the hostler for his somnolent disposition, the sudden thought that it was only midnight made him pause and consider the impropriety and injustice of such correction. "Bob, old feller, I want to speak to you,—git up!"

The hostler started up. "Who's that?" demanded he.

"It's me, Bob," replied Mr. Baggs. "Git up an' light yer lamp: I want to say somethin' to you."

The lamp was soon lit, and then Bob demanded, somewhat irritably, "whose house was a-fire?"

"Bob Withers," said Jim, "yer always been a decent feller, and generally up to time. Although I *do* say it to yer face, I like you, Bob, and p'r'aps, afore long I'll be lookin' out for a chum in this here business, and, in course, who'll I hev but you? Well, you see,—but, Bob," he cried, suddenly interrupting himself, "did you ever hev as much as fifty dollars to oncet,—all in a lump, you know?"

Mr. Withers hoped he might be incriminated *instantly* 'ef he ever had sich a pile in his life."

"Well, Bob," resumed Jim Baggs, "I tell you what,—I'll give you fifty dollars,—f-i-f-t-y dollars, d'ye mind,—ef you'll do a little job for me to-night. It's a risky job,—yes, not to put too fine a point upon it,—a risky job. But, then, who's afeerd? I ain't; an' ef I know anything about you, Bob, why, I don't think *you're* easily scared,—not much. An' then, on'y think,—f-i-f-t-y dollars!—thar's a fortin for ye, Bob, sartin sure. Will ye do it, Bob?"

"I'll do anythin' fur fifty dollars, 'ceptin' murder or

hoss-stealin'," answered Bob. "Ef it's either o' them things the race is off,—otherwise, Jim, I'm agreeable."

"It's neither, Bob, neither; an' the fifty dollars'll be yours the minute the thing is done."

Hereupon Mr. Biggs shook hands with Bob and proceeded to unfold his design. This was no more nor less than for Bob to take a pot of tar and a brush and totally eclipse Sam Yorker's blazing sun. Bob agreed to this scheme readily enough, but expressed his misgivings as to the results.

"He'll tar around consid'ably, will Sam," quoth Bob; "he'll fight, Jim,—he'll make the har fly, sure."

"No, he won't—not he," said Jim, grinning, "fur here's how I'll manage it: thar's black paint in the kitching, Bob; you kin paint my sign over with that. I was thinkin' of cha..gin' the figure-head, so I don't care ef I'm a j'int sufferer with Sam, don't you see? So come ahead, Bob, an' let us get the implements."

Next morning Sam Yorker's eyes were greeted with a horrible sight when that gentleman walked out into the road to refresh himself with another stare at his blazing treasure. Erebus had swallowed up "Phibbus," as the schoolmaster pertinently remarked to the crowd which had quickly assembled to look upon the disaster. Jim Baggs' friends stood contemplating *his* disaster,—for his sign was as black as Sam Yorker's;—and wondering wh the thief might be who had so sacrilegiously robbed "Phibbus"—Rising and Risen—of his glories.

Sam was furious with rage, and Jim black in the face with hypocritical wrath. They stormed and swore—each standing b fore his bedaubed sign,—and vowed vengeance upon some indefinite individual, who was repeatedly, and with frantic urgency, requested to step out and manifest himself to his victims,—which he didn't, as may be supposed. But, curiously enough, the real and assumed anger of the two sufferers, from generalizing in vague invitations to some person or persons unknown, to come forth and assume the responsibility, slowly but surely contracted its sphere until the rival landlords were at one another's throat like a couple of bull-dogs.

"Ye villain!" bawled Sam, "it was *you*, was it?"

"Ye lie, ye lap-tered spinnel, ye lie!" gurgled Jim, whose articulation was slightly impaired by Sam's grip of his larynx and the adjoining sections of the thoracic system.

In a primitive state of society,—that golden age of happy ignorance and innocence so much sung by prodigious geniuses of the "Poet's Corner,"—the "lie" is always given at the beginning of any vexatious discussion, and so saves time and cuts off a devil's jubilee of execration, which much angry talk invariably engenders in rustic—and other of circles; moreover, wherever a large degree of intelligent comprehension of the exhaustless resources of the Anglo-Saxon tongue does not obtain, men are apt to merge a discussion verbal into a struggle physical. Homer has said a good deal, and in my opinion, has said it well, about the wrath of Achilles and the riotous proceedings which ensued within the municipal precincts of Troy—the city proper, or West Troy, authorities are not agreed. If Achilles had not been a rough, he would, doubtless, have bottled up his indignation, and settled his quarrel by word of mouth or by letter, just as the Trent affair was harmoniously disposed of by beautiful protocols bristling with charmingly rounded sentences. "You're another!" is neither polite nor logical, absolutely considered, but its

relative fitness is sometimes obvious, always supposing the primitive conditions referred to above. The two little words, "you lie," have caused more fighting than the Philippians or the Catilines, and if the efficacy of a speech must be gauged by its practical results, then I have no hesitation in saying that "mendaxes" is a more formidable oration than a dozen of your *Quousque tandem* and such classical rage.

I beg leave to throw out a hint which, properly investigated, may enable Mr. Darwin, or some gentleman of his school, to discover that unfortunate "Missing Link" which will indubitably establish our simian origin. The ruling people of the world above call one another liars. The Turks, Persians, Hindoos, Thibetians, Chinese, Negroes, etc., and all the rest of the "under-swell of humanity" as the noble Caucasian styles 'em, never give the "lie direct." Indeed, the Thibetians, according to Father Huc, are models of philosophical calm in the warmest altercation. Now, as a bit of further digression, just compare the "slight difference" of a couple of Thibetians,—Semitic rascals as they are,—with that of a brace of your enlightened descendants of Japhet:

"Hokey," says Pokey to his angry antagonist, himself equally excited, "Hokey, my surprise is as full as the moon of the Great Feast. What says Rigdum Funnidas in the fourteenth chapter of the Annals:—"The purposes of man should be as clear as the crystal waters of the vale of Bamboozlum."

"But further on, what sayeth the immortal Rigdum?" bawls Hokey. "A crow should not lift up his 'caws' in the presence of the nightingale."

"It is true, irascible Hokey," shouts Pokey, "and O Boudha! make this man keenly sensible of the extreme impropriety of speaking in my presence." *Et cetera.*

Now, for the "enlightened descendants," etc.:

"You confounded, mean, contemptible blackguard, what the—something or other—d'ye mean. I'll knock the—dash—head off your—dash—dash shoulders—in two—dash—minutes. Yer nothin' but the son of—dash, dash, dash!"

"Yer a—dash—dash—liar, dash ye!" etc.

How pleasing it must be to a traveller from Eastern lands to find himself once more among his enlightened Caucasians! I should think his delight would be similar to that of the sailor, who, having been cast upon an unknown shore, wandered inland until he came upon a gibbet. "Ah! blessed omen!" he gratefully murmured, "I'm in a civilized country, anyhow!"

O glorious enlightenment! Beat your drums, nineteenth century! Blow your penny whistle, O strident Bombastes Furioso! Spread your aspiring wings, irrepressible eagle! "What noble fellows be we!" Soud! Soud! Soud! And, with these three intelligible words, borrowed from the "divine Williams," I shall bring this digression to a halt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—If you want to feel warm *all through* give some poor family the means to keep warm.

—What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

—A gentleman said to his gardener: "George, the time will come when a man will be able to carry the manure of in acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets." To which the gardener replied: "I believe it 'sir; but he will be able to carry all the crop in the other pocket."

### The Steel Pen.

Few who use the steel pen give its origin a thought. Like everything else, they take it as it comes. A thing that is so common now would seem to have been in use a long time, but it was not until the beginning of the present century that it was invented by James Perry, who conducted a school near London. Until that time men wrote with the quill and the stylus. The stylus was a sharp-pointed steel instrument used to write on waxen tablets. Perry, in order to save himself the trouble of making and mending quill pens for his pupils, made a steel instrument something like the stylus. At first it was clumsy, but after several attempts he succeeded so far in improving it as to substitute it in his school for the quill. Perry was a keen business man; he followed up his success, and finally produced the pen used and known to this day as the Perryan pen. Although he lived in an earlier age than ours, he knew the value of advertising, which gave his pen a wide reputation. In 1825 he gave up his school and started a manufactory in London, employing fifty workmen. But he was not without a rival, whom he found in the philanthropist, Josiah Mason. Mason in his younger days was a carpet weaver, but not being contented with his trade he went to Birmingham and there endeavored to make his fortune by selling shoe-laces, pins, needles, etc., in the market. One day, while passing a shop, he saw a Perryan pen exposed on the window and bought it for the moderate price of two pence. He determined to imitate it, and made a lighter and better pen than the Perryan. Being an honest man, instead of selling his pens to customers, as most men would do, he sent three dozen of them to Perry, offering to make them at fifteen shillings a gross. Perry seeing that Mason's pen was the better and cheaper, was not slow in accepting the offer. Mason then gave his whole mind to the subject. The first fruit of his study was the invention of a machine for rolling the steel down to the proper thickness, which was then the greatest difficulty. Perry seeing that Mason's pens were better and cheaper than his own, and that Mason could make more pens in a day with his machine than he with all his workmen could make in a week, thought it time to propose a partnership. His offer was accepted, and the partnership continued to the satisfaction of both parties until Mason's death.

P. H. S.

### Los Angeles City.

Literally interpreted, it means Our Lady, Queen of the Angels: *Nuestra Señora, Reina de los Angeles*.

It is stated in Grecian mythology that there was a garden at the foot of Mount Bermion in which grew, spontaneously, roses of sixty petals to the flower, and of extraordinary fragrance, and that this natural luxuriance led Midas to establish there a great garden with fountains and flowers. So, the Spanish soldier, casting his eyes over the valley that lay at the foot of the blue mountains, with its river flashing like a stream of silver through the then untrodden fields of "deep-hued verdure," gemmed with endless flowers, realized the tender possibility which nearly one hundred years afterwards was to crystalize into the soldier's dream of civilization, and home, sweet home! So, in the fervor of a poetic enthusiasm—he drew from his memory that beautiful phrase, Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, which he abbreviated to the shorter phrase, *Los*

*Angeles*. Long since, Providence has responded to the prophetic wish of the soldier, and a more beautiful garden than ever bloomed at the foot of Bermion now gives to the wings of every ocean breeze, and to the sunlight of every noonday, the perfumes of flowers of almost every clime beneath the sun, and a beauty of endless variety, capable of pleasing the most exacting and prosaical.

A German writer of much ability, having visited Los Angeles, says of it in his work on America; as follows:

"I could wish no better home for myself and friends than such a one as noble, sensible men could here make for themselves. Nature has preserved here in its workings and phenomena that medium between too much and too little, which was one of the great conditions of high civilization in the classic regions of ancient times."

It is said that an almost endless retinue of flowers and geraniums, including all the citrus family from the orange to the lime, flourish in fruit and flowers from January to December.

### Intellectual Culture.

A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasure? How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long, dull evenings of winter, to haunts of intemperance and bad society?—*Pen and Plow*.

### Royal Artists.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pilot* told the following interesting story in October last: "The Art Exhibition at the Palace of Industry is almost as great an attraction at present as the world of fashion, the field and the rail. Among other treasures are works executed by several royal personages. The King of Portugal has sent in a superb drawing and two etchings; the Princess of Hesse has a child's head in terra cotta; the Princess of Prussia, a water-color landscape; the Duchess de Chartres, a still life; the Prince de Joinville, studies; a little turned box has been manufactured by the King of Sweden; there are also two beautiful sketches by the Prince Imperial. He draws with a pen, and excels in grouping figures, having great facility of invention. When he is in the right mood he sits down in a corner, and after flinging a few lines at random, on a sudden a head appears, then a body, then a subject, and finally quite a tableau. An anecdote is told of the young prince which illustrates how very fond he is of art. He was sitting one evening at dinner by the Princess de Poniatowski, and examined the lady's fan which was perfectly plain on both sides. 'Your fan looks very white,' he said; 'almost too blank to be pretty; lend it to me a moment, I will arrange it for you.' On leaving the table he took up a pen, and seating himself apart from the rest of the company, proceeded to embellish the plain surface with a drawing which he signed Louis Napoleon. 'Here is your fan, Madame,' he said to the princess, 'par-



don me for having upset my inkstand over it."

A characteristic of the young pretender is that he is thoroughly French. "Prince Louis is charming," wrote the Czar, when in London, to his sister; "he is a true Frenchman, born in the Rue de Rivoli."

## The Voices of the Year.

BY J. M. J. G.

### I.

The voices of the year,  
Hear them afar upon the lonely shore,  
Speaking of things gone forth for evermore,  
Into the dead and sere.

### II.

O shadows of the heart!  
O sunshine of the soul! ye equal share  
The scroll that lies rolled up forever there,  
From Memory ne'er to part.

### III.

Ah! bitter pang of Time,  
When Memory, with its potent power of woe,  
Haunts the dark river's swift, remorseless flow,  
With thoughts of sin and crime.

### IV.

A little glimpse of light,  
Cast here and there amid a wild of gloom:  
Behind, a trackless waste; before, a tomb,  
Awaiting in the night.

### V.

Behold the wintry leaf  
Left gray and shrivelled on the weary bough,—  
So, last year's hopes lie dead about me now,—  
The meanest and the chief.

### VI.

The roses of the morn  
Laving their damask cheeks in fragrant dew,  
Have hardly breathed, when lo! their lovely hue  
Is lost and they forlorn.

### VII.

Thus does Time's heartless rust  
Kill the high hopes that bless our better day,  
And while we gaze our palace fades away  
And crumbles into dust.

### VIII.

Why can't we rest awhile,  
When Heaven's sunshine falls upon the soul,  
Guiding our bark through hidden rock and shoal,  
Far from th' abyss of guile?

### IX.

O sweet and holy peace  
Of those pure souls safe in Our Father's home,  
Where sin, nor grief, nor loss shall ever come,—  
Where all but Love shall cease!

### X.

How swift the silent years  
Carry our lives along the fated stream!  
We hope and love: we lay us down to dream,  
Then wake to bitter tears.

### XI.

O God! how can we rest,  
With two eternities of weal or woe,  
Struggling together as the sad years go,  
Within each human breast!

### XII.

Thou art a page, dead year,  
Of the unfinished history of man,  
Which at a little, helpless crib began,  
And ends beside his bier.

### XIII.

Our first and trembling breath,  
Frail as the wind that hardly stirs a leaf,—

Is merely nature struggling for relief,  
From feeble Life to Death.

### XV.

Hour after hour goes on,  
The snail-paced days, and months, and years, and then  
A little circle of our fellow-men  
Say coldly:—"He is gone."

### XV.

Are we contented? Never!  
We wish and want and pray, and then we scold  
Because the dross of life is not pure gold;  
And so it is forever.

### XVI.

On life's mysterious tide,  
We act like any little girl or boy,  
Begging for doll or watch—to cast the toy  
In a few hours aside.

### XVII.

The heavy years may strike  
The character to any grotesque form:  
But whether sunshine come or dark heart-storm  
We're very much alike.

### XVIII.

Reveal unto the day  
O Truth! the actions of unselfish love  
That are recorded on the Book above,  
Pure, after God's assay!

### XIX.

Few, very few, I fear;  
And sad, indeed, would be the weary task  
To blow the candles out and tear the mask  
Off from the miming year.

### XX.

Well, it is very sweet  
To think, when our soul-frailties appal,  
Like little babes which strive to walk, we fall  
At a kind Father's feet.

### XXI.

God bless each loving heart  
Which, in the year that's gone, had charity—  
So precious in the world, through rarity—  
To bear a brother's part.

—All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending, the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity. But the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? Are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads you to say so. You cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis: and, in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with. You cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting infirmity, till you serve your time in some school of manners.—*John Henry Newman on the Office and Work of Universities.*

—The highest inhabited spot in the world is said to be the Buddhist cloister at Harle, in Thibet, where twenty-one priests live, at an altitude of 16,000 feet above the sea.

# The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time at  
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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

## TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00  
Single copies (3 cts.) can be obtained at the Students' Office.

—With the reopening of classes it is to be hoped that all the students will enter with zeal upon their studies. Having had ten days holiday in which to give themselves the needed relaxation their minds needed, they should now lose no time during the remainder of the year, but should occupy all their study-time in preparing properly for their classes. If there are any persons attending school who in the past four months have misspent any of their time, they should endeavor now in the coming months to make up for it by hard and constant study. If they would make this their resolution at the commencement of the new year, they will take a resolution which will be to their credit. If they keep the resolution, they will then do much better.

—We would again call the attention of the students to the Circulating Library. In order to furnish good reading cheaply, nothing can be better than a well-conducted circulating library. When the books are well selected, parents have no fear of their children reading books which would be hurtful to them. Such is the case with the Lemonnier Circulating Library here at Notre Dame. The books have been selected with great care; most of them are standard works. No book is allowed in the library which contains anything injurious to either morals or religion. The consequence is that the collection of books is select and valuable, and all persons who can should become members of the Association. The annual subscription is very small in amount, so that if a member takes from the shelves not more than two books during the whole year, he would get the full value of his subscription. But he has the use of the books during the whole year, and thus gets more than quadruple the worth of his money.

It would be well if the Library could be made free to all the students. At present, however, it is impossible to make it so. Were there a fund started for the purpose of sustaining the Library, then it could be made free; but there is no such fund, and all additions to the shelves must be made from the money received as subscriptions from the members. The subscription plan has worked well with the Library so far; beginning with but a small number of books, the Library now contains somewhere near eighteen hundred volumes. And this increase in the number of volumes has been made in the last year or two. We hope that the increase may continue, and that in a few years instead of eighteen hundred volumes there may be five or six thousand. But in order that the increase may continue it is necessary for the Library to be well patronized.

## Musical Notes

—Matins and Lauds of Christmas were sung in the College Church on Christmas Eve.

—Quite a number of Students will attach themselves to the Singing Class when the Holidays are over.

—The Mendelssohn Club stood it bravely through the Holidays. They held meetings nearly every night.

—The Choir sang one of the Cecilian Masses on Christmas Day. It was well sung, though many of the singers were home for the Holidays.

—The *Adeste Fideles* was well sung. Masters Delvecchio and McNamara sang the solos in good style. We could not have been persuaded that it was Christmas had we not heard the *Adeste*.

—There was a *soirée* in the College parlor on Tuesday evening, given, we believe, by the Junior Orchestra. The Minims were guests of the evening, and no doubt the little fellows enjoyed themselves prodigiously. The music seemed to be of a high order, and was well executed, judging from a piece we heard while passing. We hope some one will send us an extended report, for the affair seems to deserve it.

## Art Notes.

—The large Crown of the Blessed Virgin is an object of admiration to all visitors.

—Everybody is pleased with the manner in which Prof. Gregori has painted the first two of the "Stations."

—There is to be quite an addition to the number of students studying Drawing when classes recommence.

—Prof. von Weller, who taught Drawing at Notre Dame a few years ago, has quite a number of classes in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—We believe that the large "Remonstrance" presented to the University by the late Napoleon III is the finest in North America. The Crucifix for the altar, also presented by Napoleon, is one of the finest to be seen in the United States.

—Very beautiful representations of the Crib at Bethlehem are to be seen at the Novitiate and the Professed House. That at the large church is a great improvement on other years. At St. Mary's there is also a beautiful Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

## Scientific Notes.

—Last December, a telegram was sent from New York, to London, and an answer received in 30 minutes actual time. The distances traversed were as follows: from New York, to Heart's Content, N. F., 1,300 miles; cable 2,000; Valentia to London, 300 miles. Each of the telegrams therefore traversed 3,600 miles, and passed through the hands of 18 persons.

—According to the calculations of Clerk Maxwell, the eminent English scientist, the size of the molecules of hydrogen is such that about two million of them in a row would occupy only a millimetre (.0394 of an inch), and a million million million of them would weigh between four and five grains (about .015 of an ounce).

—The following are the conclusions arrived at by Sir W. Thompson regarding the size of atoms: The diameter of the gaseous molecule cannot be less than .00000000002 of a centimeter (a centimeter being the .3937 of an inch) nor the number of molecules in a cubic centimeter of gas (at the ordinary density) greater than  $6 \times 10^{21}$ , (or six thousand million million million).

—The densities of known liquids are from five hundred to



sixteen thousand times that of atmospheric air at ordinary pressure and temperature, and therefore the number of molecules in a cubic centimeter may be from  $3 \times 10^{24}$  to  $10^{26}$  that is from three million million million million to a hundred million million million million. From this: if we assume the cubic arrangement of molecules, the distance from centre to nearest centre in solids and liquids may be estimated from .00000000714 + to .00000000217 + of a centimeter. To form some conception of the degree of coarse-grainedness by this conclusion, imagine a raindrop, or a piece of glass as large as a pea, to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule being magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be coarser-grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse-grained than a heap of cricket-balls.

—The pottery tree, of Para, is one of the curiosities of Brazil. The stem does not exceed a foot in diameter, and grows to the height of one hundred feet. But its greatest peculiarity consists in the nature of its wood and bark, which contain so much silica that they are used for the manufacture of earthenware vessels. The bark contains more silica than the wood, and in preparing it for the potter's use it is first burnt, and the residuum is pulverized and mixed with clay; an equal quantity of the two ingredients producing a superior ware. The fresh bark cuts like soft sandstone, and when dried is difficult to break.

—The account of trials of the newly discovered explosive, *vigorite*, at Stockholm, states that a charge of about eight ounces, made up in five cartridges, and deposited in an excavation, raised a block of 163 cubic feet of stone; it would have taken over fourteen ounces of dynamite to produce the same effect.

—The practice of dying Easter eggs first led to the discovery of the value of albumen as a mordant.

### Society Notes.

—The Thespians have a full number.  
—The Philodemics are beginning to waken up.  
—The Scientifics will be very lively after a while.  
—The St. Cecilians are preparing for a lively time.  
—The Columbians promise to make their appearance soon.

—The Philopatrians will give an Exhibition in the early part of the next session.

—There are a number of applicants for admission in the Gillespie Choral Union.

—The Sodality of the Holy Angels presented a fine appearance on Christmas Day.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an excellent Christmas box from some kind friends at St. Mary's. The cigars we will smoke at our leisure; with the pies and cakes, will treat our friends. The turnip we will donate to our friend John. Send on as many as you can.

### Literature.

—We have received from Donahoe, of Boston, "THE VALIANT WOMAN," translated from the French of Monseigneur Landriot, Bishop of Rheims. The book has already obtained great popularity in France, and we doubt not will become equally popular in its English dress. The binding is handsome, Mr. Donahoe has gotten it up in beautiful green.

—From the same publisher we have received a copy of "SINS OF THE TONGUE." This book is also a translation from the French of Bishop Landriot. Both this and "The Valiant Woman" will make excellent books for presentation during the Holidays.

### Personal.

—Wm. Dodd, of '62, is in Indianapolis.

—Bro. Alpheus keeps a number of fine turn-outs.

—Arthur Riopelle, of '70, is doing well in Detroit, Mich.

—Columbus Marantette, of '61, is in business at Mendon, Mich.

—John H. Fleming, of '62, is prospering in Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Jno. Connolly, of '61, is practicing law in Lafayette, Ind.

—Wm. Clifford, of '58, is succeeding well in New York city.

—Reub Hutchings, of '73, is all right in Broadway, New York.

—Rev. Father Cooney has finished his mission at Lowell.

—D. J. Wile, of Lupton, was here on a visit last Christmas Day.

—Prof. Lyons called at our *sanctum*, the new one, on the 26th.

—Thos. Flanagan, of '54, is now practicing law at Shreveport, La.

—Mr. and Mrs. Campau, and Mr. and Mrs. Bushey, spent Christmas Day at the College.

—Alex. Chapoton, of '54, is one of the best builders in Detroit, Mich.

—Anthony O'Malley, of '62, does a good business at Beaver Island, Mich.

—Prof. Lyons got back from Chicago the day after Christmas.

—D. J. Clarke, of '70, will, we understand, edit the paper soon to be started by Bishop Rosencrans in Columbus, Ohio.

—Rev. Father Jacob Lauth drops in to see us once in a while.

—Alanson Stevens, of '58, we are informed, is in Indianapolis, Ind.

—B. Sherman Hiltz, of '73, is attending Medical Lectures in the Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Rev. Jno. McManus, of '64, is one of the most energetic priests in the Diocese of Natches.

—Rev. Thos. Corry, of '59, has charge of a parish in the Diocese of Milwaukee.

—We hope all the students will come back with plenty of personals for us. Send them in.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin sung the midnight Mass at St. Mary's on Christmas Eve.

—Accounts from Watertown report Rev. Father Corby in excellent health.

—Rev. Father Pietro Baptista is still in Rome as Procurator for the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

—Alex. Coquilliard, of Smith Bend, Ind., was the first student ever entered at Notre Dame.

—C. V. Gallagher, of '66-'67, is in business in Omaha, Neb.

—O. E. Mullarkey, of '71, is in business in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

—Alfred Taggart, of '72, is in Vansant's wholesale and retail millinery store, in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Frank Bish, of '66-'67, is in the carriage business in Lancaster, Ohio.

—Lew Dennis, of '66-'67, is in the wholesale and retail clothing business, with his father, in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Ed Oshe, of '66-'67, is in the wholesale and retail confectionery business, with his father and brother, in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Rev. C. Wapelhorst, the Rector of St. Francis' Seminary, near Milwaukee, Wis., spent a few days at Notre Dame this week.

—Philip O'Mahony, of '73-'74, is Principal of the leading school in Lake Forest, Ill. We are glad to hear of his getting along so well.

—E. C. McShane, of '66-'67, is in business in Omaha, and has been Treasurer of Douglas Co., Neb.

—J. J. Fitzgibbon, of *Chi.*, is announced as one of the Lecturers before the Irish Literary Society. His subject will be, "Irish Novelists and their Works."

—Rev. Jno. Toohey, C. S. C., left for Cincinnati on Saturday, to be gone for a week. Father Toohey assisted Father Quinlan in Elkhart on Christmas Day.

—Rev. A. Lechner left for Savannah, Georgia, on Saturday, Dec. 26th, where he intends remaining. The Rev. gentleman has won hosts of friends during the short time he remained with us, and we trust that in his new sphere of labors he will be as successful as he was at Notre Dame. Success attend him, wherever he goes.

### Local Items.

—Ah!

—Skating.

—The Infirmary is empty.

—Very few boxes this year.

—The compliments of the season.

—Rec. everywhere except in the Dormitories.

—Bro. Thomas does a fine business these Holidays.

—The boys enjoyed some very good skating last week.

—Bro. Thomas also "set 'em up" on Christmas Day.

—The Infirmary resembled a nursery on Christmas Day.

—The Students have rec. in the Study-Hall, every evening.

—Santa Claus paid the Minims a visit on Christmas Eve.

—Bro. Edward has had lots of friends the past week or two.

—The refectorians were lavish with pies on Christmas Day.

—The Infirmary gave the St. Greg's a fine lunch on the 23rd.

—There were not more than 125 students here on Christmas Day.

—*Butch* was on the war-path on Christmas. The box didn't come.

—Well now! A box came to Notre Dame on Christmas Day addressed to Tom Collins!

—The boys can't afford to be sick just now; wait until the Holidays are over, you know.

—Coley ran away on the 23rd of last month. He has been sent to the St. Joe farm.

—\$38.39 was the amount of the collection on Christmas. Very poor for the congregation.

—The idea of Classes during the Holidays has been abandoned. The boys are having a good time of it.

—Bro. Alfred is fixing up the Senior and Junior Study-Halls in grand style. The halls have been newly plastered and painted.

—The Minims were having a "merry Christmas" on the night of the 25th, to judge from the shouts of laughter heard in their room.

—We paid a visit to St. Mary's Academy on Christmas Day and were greatly pleased with the representation of the Crib of Bethlehem. It is got up in beautiful style and is very creditable to those who were engaged in making it.

—Our friend John spent Christmas Day away from the College, getting back on Saturday. He says he called upon the pastor, who wished him a merry Christmas. But our friend John says he don't believe that the pastor really wished it, for a half an hour after he had wished him to be merry the pastor mounted the pulpit and then with malice aforethought preached for one hour and a half. Now our friend John wants to know how he possibly could be merry under the circumstances.

—The midnight Mass on Christmas was sung as usual, though by orders of the Bishop the bells were not rung. Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Provincial, with Rev. Fathers Lounge and Hudson as deacon and subdeacon. One of the Cecilian Misses—*Missa Jesu Redemptoris*, by Est—was well rendered by the Choir. There was no sermon at the midnight Mass, but at the High Mass at 10 o'clock Rev. Father Colovin preached a pleasing sermon. The day was passed in an agreeable manner by the students. On that morning we sent one of the farm wagons around to collect our Christmas boxes. It came back at night, the driver having had a very good time. It did not take him long to unload. In fact he did not stop more than a moment at our door to tell us he was going to the farm. We will never employ him any more.

—We took pleasure yesterday in inspecting a species of hammer, which might be very appropriately employed for the purpose of rapping at doors. It weighed about four pounds, and was firmly fixed on a strong hickory handle. It required nothing to complete its fitness for the purpose but to be adjusted to a tripod after the fashion of a theodolite, and equipped with clockwork by the aid of which it could deliver at intervals six or seven blows in succession on a chamber door. We would rejoice to see the machine perfected and introduced into the University. It would prove, no doubt, a most merciful saving for the knuckles of some of our intelligent visitors, and render us much less scrupulous in allowing to pass unheeded the cracks and thumps which have heretofore resounded through our *sanctum* and considerably excited our nervous system. Anything for a little repose.

LANCASTER, Ohio, December 26, 1874.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind.

*My Dear Mr. Editor:*—As you seem determined to make me a "marble man" whether I will or no, I feel myself compelled to rise and explain. No, sir, I am not a "marble man"; the which I wish to be distinctly understood. The business would never suit me, as I have a peculiar delicacy which makes me *physically* opposed to putting "heads" on any defunct member of the human family.

Now, Mr. Editor, I acknowledge it is very kind in you, or in your informant, to circulate among my many acquaintances of THE SCHOLASTIC that my nature is so generous that it chooses a business in which the old command, "Love your neighbor as yourself," is more than obeyed; for the marble man will put up your (last) sign, for a mere song, with the greatest of pleasure, and will deny himself the same luxury with a look of resignation that is truly remarkable. I repeat it, Mr. Editor, it is grand to have the old boys think you so generous; but the grandeur is somewhat sand-papered when in your law-office, studying hard to make a lawyer of yourself, your brain almost wild with some imaginary speech, "to which you have just given issue," and by which you expect to detain a murderer from going on a rapid voyage to some other world, and maybe, though unthought, deprived the marble man of another opportunity to display his generosity, to receive a dozen, more or less, contemptible orders for "slabs." Mr. Editor, I didn't swear, but I brought in a fresh bucket of coal and put it on the fire; I brought in another, and put it on, and then went to punching the fire. Just then my law-teacher concluded to take a look at me, thinking maybe I wanted to "roast the jury." I handed him the letters, and only said: "If a portion of the regions below have bulged up we may as well have all we can get right away, it may reduce the count hereafter, when an appeal is taken to the Court above."

Now, Mr. Editor please don't ridicule my inconvenience in this respect. If you should, I don't know what I will

be compelled to do,—maybe make a marble man of myself and fill some of those depraved orders for “10-ct. slabs.” If you don’t, I might be able to scrape up enough C. O. D. to send you a Christmas box; but as the time will be past for such things when you receive this, I will defer sending, and promise that if you attempt to marbleize me again I will reserve you a fresh box and deliver it myself next Commencement, at which time I expect to meet many of my old friends at Notre Dame. Until then please allow me to wish you many pleasant moments; and, further, many happy years, before you have any possible need for last services of a “marble man.”

Yours, unmarbleizable, JOHN D. McCORMICK.

### The Vatican Library.

The Vatican Library at Rome, founded A. D. 1447, has ever been an object of curiosity and mystery. Perhaps such an appellation as the *magnificent* can be applied to it more justly than to any other collection in Europe, not so much on account of its extent as because of its value. The library occupies three apartments: The anteroom, the double gallery, and the great hall. “The vestibule contains Chinese works relating to geography and chronology, together with two columns bearing ancient inscriptions. The anteroom is appropriated to the two keepers of the library and the secretaries or interpreters, usually seven in number, who speak the principal languages of Europe, and who attend for the convenience of learned foreigners. In this apartment there are also accommodated those engaged in translating from the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin languages. Passing from the anteroom, the visitor enters a double gallery, of two hundred and twenty feet in length, on either side of which are arranged the Greek and Latin manuscripts of the ancient Papal collection, which strangers at first conceive to be the whole library; but at its extremity there opens up, in almost interminable perspective, another gallery of about one thousand English feet in length. . . . These galleries and apartments, all vaulted and painted with varied effect by painters of different eras and talents, constitute the receptacle of this noble library. The books are nearly all kept in close cases, so that in the Vatican the stranger seeks in vain for that imposing display of volumes which he may have seen and admired in other libraries.”—(Ency. Brit.) The following are a few works of the greatest antiquity and value. The Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, written in uncial or capital letters, and illuminated with the most curious miniatures, is the finest in the world. A Terence, equally ancient and quite as elegant, and another not so old, dating from the ninth century, but illuminated with ancient masks. There is also deposited in this vast treasure-house a palimpsest, containing the treatise of Cicero, “De Republica,” supposed to be of the third century, and in the form of books. This and the Virgil are considered the oldest manuscripts in existence. Here also is one of the three great Biblical manuscripts which contend with each other for the greatest antiquity—the “Codex Vaticanus.” It contains the Old and New Testaments, with various omissions or chasms, and is written in capital letters. Each page has three columns, except in some places of the Old Testament. It is placed usually at the middle of the fourth century. This great Biblical and textual authority was removed by the French Commis-

sioners to the Imperial Library of Paris in 1797, together with five hundred and one other manuscripts, among which were the famous Virgil, Terence, Homer, Caesar, and Plautus of the Vatican, besides other rare books. But in 1814 and 1815 these were all restored. Among the rare manuscripts of Bibles is a very large Hebrew Bible formerly in the library of the Dukes of Urbino; for which, though it is so ponderous as to require two men to carry it, Venetian Jews are said to have offered its weight in gold. A Greek manuscript of the Acts of the Apostles, written in gold letters, and presented to Innocent VIII by the Queen of Cyprus, is worthy of note. The “Annals” of Baronius, in twelve volumes, written with his own hand; a copy of Dante’s “Divina Commedia,” in the handwriting of Boccaccio, and sent by him to Petrarch; an autograph manuscript of the “Rinaldo” of Petrarch, with his corrections; and another autograph of Tasso, including a sketch of his “Gierusalemme Liberata,” written when nineteen years of age, are all to be found in this autograph collection. To this list might be added Henry VIII’s love-letters to Anne Boleyn, nine in French and eight in English. Here, also, is Pynson’s dedication copy, on vellum (London, 1534), of the same sovereign’s treatise against Luther, which won for the king the title of “Defender of the Faith.”—*Ladies’ Repository*.

### Little Worries.

Great misfortunes can be borne with patience, for we feel that they come from the hand of God, and are designed to fall upon us for some wise purpose, but it is so difficult to bear with meekness the little trials and the little worries of life that nine-tenths of the people in this world have not learned the art.

Little worries are perpetually assailing us, and no sphere of life can secure us from them. Riches, influence, friends—cannot save us from their constant annoyance.

Friend, if you are a woman, you know all about these little worries. They begin when your waking hours begin, and they follow you through the day, and very often sit on your pillow at night.

Monday morning it rains, and the week’s washing must be delayed and the work drag all the week in consequence. The bread is burned, the fruit-cake turns out heavy as lead, the sponge-cake sticks to the tin, the cat upsets all the cream there is in the house, and Cyrus has to drink his coffee without, and goes to the store “cross as a bear.” Dear little Tommy falls down stairs and raises a fearful bump on his forehead, and you were intending to take him to the photographer to-morrow to get his sweet picture taken for his Aunt Lavinia.

Bridget has spilt the molasses on the cellar stairs, and the ants have got into the cup-custards you were going to have for supper, and you have run a splinter under your nail putting the kindlings into the stove, and the boy hasn’t come with the steak for dinner, and you have just heard that the measles are in the Allen family next door, and none of your children have had them.

Your chignon needs to be braided over, for to-morrow is Sunday, and Mrs. D., whom you despise, sits just behind you in church, and every woman wants her back hair to look well when she is sure that somebody she hates will be sure to see it! And just as you take it off to braid it your door-bell rings, and you peep through the

blinds and see that elegant Mrs. Brown come to make a call. And you get up your head at random, without a glass, and pass the interval of her visit in a fever of dread and terror lest your coiffure be one-sided, or otherwise out of proper order.

Now, anybody may laugh at these little worries and call them childish, but the fact of it is they wear one's nerves and patience out much sooner and much more surely than those greater worries which we call misfortunes.

It is very difficult to recognize the hand of God in these trifles of our daily existence, and thousands of tombstones should be marked, if we ever did see truth written in such places: "Died of Little Worries."—*Kate Thorn.*

### Perpetual Almanac, or Soldier's Prayer-Book.

SHOWING HOW ONE RICHARD MIDDLETON WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE MAYOR OF THE CITY HE WAS IN, FOR USING CARDS IN CHURCH. DURING DIVINE SERVICE: BEING A DROLL MERRY AND HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF AN ODD-AFFAIR THAT HAPPENED TO A PRIVATE SOLDIER, IN THE 60TH REGIMENT OF FOOT.

The Sergeant commanded his party to church, and when the parson had ended his prayer, he took the text, and all that had a Bible pulled it out to find the text, but this soldier had neither Bible, Almanac, or Prayer Book, but put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a pack of cards, which he spread before him as he sat; and while the parson was preaching, he kept looking first at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said: "Richard, put up your cards, as this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said the soldier, "you have no business with me here."

Now the parson had ended his sermon, and all was over:—the soldiers repaired to the church yard, and the commanding officer gave the word of command to fall in, which they did. The Sergeant of the city came and took him prisoner. "Man," said he, "you are my prisoner!" "Sir," said the soldier, "what have I done that I am your prisoner?" "You have played a game of cards in the church." "No," said the soldier, "I have not, for I only looked at a pack." "No matter for that. you are my prisoner." "Where must we go?" "You must go before the Mayor," said the sergeant.

So he took him before the mayor, and when they came to the mayor's house, he was at dinner. When he had dined, he came to them and said: "Well, sergeant, what do you want with me?" "I have brought a soldier before your honor for playing at cards in church." "What, this soldier?" "Yes." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir, I hope." "Well and good; but if you have not, you shall be punished worse than man ever was." "Sir," said the soldier, "I have been five weeks on the march, with but little to subsist upon, and without either Bible, Almanac, Prayer Book, or anything but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your honor of the purity of my intentions."

The soldier then pulled out of his pocket the pack of cards, which he spread before the mayor and began with the ace:

"When I see the ace," said he, "it reminds me that there is one God only—when I see the deuce, it reminds me of

the Father and the Son—when I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—when I see the four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists, who preached the Gospel, viz: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; when I see the five, it puts me in mind of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps; there was ten, but five were foolish and were shut out; when I see the six, it puts me in mind that in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth; when I see the seven, it puts me in mind that on the seventh day God rested from all the works He had created and made, wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it; when I see the eight, it puts me in mind of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world, viz: Noah, his wife, three sons, and their wives; when I see the nine, it puts me in mind of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour; there were ten, but nine never returned God thanks; when I see the ten, it puts me in mind of the ten commandments that God gave Moses on Mount Sinai, on two tables of stone."

He took the knave and laid it aside.

"When I see the queen, it puts me in mind of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the furthestmost part of the world to hear the wisdom of King Solomon, and who was as wise a woman as he was a man, for she brought fifty boys and fifty girls, all clothed in boys' apparel, to show before King Solomon, for him to tell which were boys and which were girls, but he could not tell until he called for water for them to wash themselves in—the girls washed up to their elbows and the boys only up to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that. And also of Queen Victoria, to pray for her. And when I see the king it puts me in mind of the Great King of Heaven and Earth, which is God Almighty."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a very good description of all the cards except one, which is lacking." "Which is that?" said the soldier. "The knave," said the mayor. "Oh, I can give your honor a good description of that if you won't be angry." "No I will not," said the mayor, "if you don't term me the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest that I know of is the sergeant of the city, that brought me here." "I don't know," said the Mayor, "that he is the greatest knave, but I'm sure he's the greatest fool."

"I shall now show your honor how I use the cards as an Almanac." "You certainly are a clever fellow," said the Mayor, "but I think you'll have a hard matter to make that appear."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find that there are three hundred and sixty-five; there are so many days in a year." "Stop!" said the Mayor, "that is a mistake." "I grant it," said the soldier, "but I have never yet seen an Almanac thoroughly correct in all points, therefore, it would be impossible for me to imitate an almanac exactly, without a mistake." "Your observations are very correct," said the Mayor, "go on." "When I count how many cards there are in a pack, I find there are fifty-two; there are so many weeks in a year. You see, sir, that this pack of cards is a Bible, Prayer-book, Almanac, and pack of cards to me."

Then the Mayor called for a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a pot of good beer, and gave to the soldier a piece of each, bidding him go about his business, saying he was the cleverest man he had ever seen.

—We paid a pleasant little visit to Notre Dame last Sunday, attending morning worship and going over the College. In Prof. Stace we found an excellent guide, and in all we met out there genial and accomplished gentlemen. The reputation of Notre Dame is national. We walked around its grounds and through its halls of learning, sat at its table, helped to ring the great bell, and saw its hundreds of bright and happy-looking students, with something more than the curious feeling of a stranger. But our chief pleasure was experienced in a call on the *Scholastic* and *Ave Maria* office. There, we felt the sweet influence of home. Though known, as some of the outside newspaper world term it, as "only" a college paper, the *Scholastic* is issued in the highest style of the art, and the office is a perfect and orderly epitome of a well-conducted journal. The facilities are equal to a first-class country newspaper, and the director and his associates equal to first-class work. We found there kind-hearted and courteous gentlemen, and take this opportunity of rendering thanks for personal attentions. The new church is on a fair road to completion. The fresco work is especially fine, the figures bearing the closest and most critical scrutiny. In some future article we purpose giving the College a careful and more extended notice.—*South Bend Union*.

### The Number of Types in a Newspaper.

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, in an article on "How Mistakes Happen in Newspapers," figures up the number of types used in a newspaper the size of the *Eagle* at 600,000, the actual number of bits of metal arranged and re-arranged every day in preparing a newspaper the size of the *Eagle* for the press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as the most exact and particular business, but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the machinery of the finest watch would render the type useless. It is very rarely that type furnished by two separate foundries can be used together without a good deal of trouble, though they try to make it after the same standard. We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet work or mosaic work, containing ten, twenty, or fifty thousand pieces, the maker of which has spent months or even years of labor in producing it, and people go to see it as a great curiosity, but the most elaborate and carefully-fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare with that which the printer does every day. The man who does the first is looked upon as an artist—a marvel of skill, and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up, or turned the wrong way, it is not observed in the general effect—but if the printer, in fitting ten times as many pieces together in the same day, puts one where another should be, or turns one the wrong way, everybody sees it, and is amazed at "the stupid carelessness of those stupid printers."

—A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian.

—You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world: It will *alone* gentlilise, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.—*Coleridge's Table-Talk*, 1830.

UNDER the sway of Doctor Davies, the renowned and fearless head-master of Eton School, at the time "George the Third was King," scenes the most interesting, and of frequent occurrence, took place. The monarch, it is related, made frequent visits to the school, and good-naturedly humored the pedagogue in "magnifying his office," it being the boast of the latter (and no vain boast) that he taught the little boys of great men that they have superiors." Sir Bartle Frere, in a biographical sketch of his uncle, the celebrated John Hookam Frere (who was an Eton boy at the time Canning, Mr. Arthur Wellesley, and other lads of distinction were there), thus remarks in confirmation of the head-master's iron rule, in the important matter of governing his pupils, "It is quite as difficult," says Sir Bartle, "and as important, to teach the little boys of great men that they have superiors—indeed, to teach this to the great bankers' and squires' boys, as to dukes' sons; and I know no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in school." Sir Bartle has some interesting reminiscences of this period of his uncle's life. A "barring out" at the school was got up, when eighty boys, among them Mr. Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) were flogged. Whether Arthur was commander-in-chief on the occasion, Sir Bartle does not say, but that he took a prominent part in the affair, and took his flogging *characteristically*, there cannot be much doubt.—*Pen and Plow*.

### Story of a Picture.

A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his milk-blue eye was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on the study wall and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of "Guilt," but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portraits of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall! Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

—One of the Board of Education, going his rounds as an amateur, put the following question to a scholar in a country school: "How do you parse Mary milked the cow?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary!" exclaimed one of the Board "How do you make that out?" Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk her?"



—A Lowell paper announces the approach of a "competing" gas company. A corporation that can afford to wear an expensive adjective like that ought to turn out large quantities of gas with great facility.—*Boston Globe*

—As my wife at the window one beautiful day, stood watching a man with monkey, a cart came along with a broth of boy, who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage." To which she replied, when the donkey she spied, "Ah yes! a relation by marriage."—*Rowell's Newspaper Reporter*.

This is how it happened down in Southwest Missouri:

He found a rope, and picked it up,  
And with it walked away,  
It happened that to t'other end  
A horse was hitched, they say.  
They found a tree, and tied the rope  
Unto a swinging limb,  
It happened that the other end  
Was somehow hitched to him.

### College Societies.

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T. Murphy, *President*; —, *Secretary*.

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THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; R. H. Staley, *Rec. Sec'y*; T. J. Murphy, *Cor. Sec'y*.

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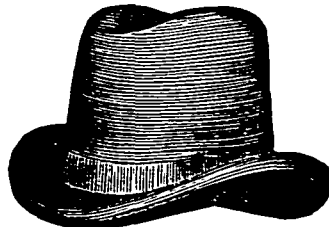
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### GOING EAST.

**2 35** A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10 30; Cleveland, 2 35 P. M.; Buffalo, 8 55 P. M.  
**10.38** A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5 35 P. M.; Cleveland, 10 20  
**12.27** A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5 50; Cleveland, 10 10 P. M.; Buffalo 4 05 A. M.  
**9.11** P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 40; Cleveland, 7 05; Buffalo, 1 10 P. M.  
**7.54** P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 30 A. M., Cleveland 7 05 A. M., Buffalo 1 10 P. M.  
**3.55** P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

### GOING WEST.

**3.20** A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4 15; Chicago 6 30 A. M.  
**4.50** A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5 40; Chicago, 8 00 A. M.  
**5.55** P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6 55; Chicago, 9 10 P. M.  
**4.51** P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5 45; Chicago, 8 00.  
**8.00** A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8 55 A. M., Chicago 11 10.  
**7.20** A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

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### GOING NORTH.

Pass ..... 7 29 P. M.  
Freight ..... 2 48 A. M.  
Freight ..... 8 57 P. M.  
Pass ..... 9 24 A. M.

### GOING SOUTH.

Pass ..... 8 23 P. M.  
Freight ..... 10 47 A. M.  
Freight ..... 4 45 A. M.  
Pass ..... 11 23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

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Taking effect December 6th, 1874.

### Going East.

Trains.	Leave Chicago.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Detroit.
Mail	5 30 a m	9 02 a m	5 45 p m
Day Express	8 30 a m	11 47 a m	6 30 p m
Accommodation	3 35 p m	7 35 p m	
Atlantic Express	5 15 p m	8 53 p m	3 30 a m
Night Express	9 00 p m	12 45 p m	8 00 a m

### Going West.

Trains.	Leave Detroit.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Chicago.
Mail	7 00 a m	4 05 p m	8 05 p m
Day Express	10 20 a m	5 20 p m	9 00 p m
Accommodation	1 50 p m	6 30 a m	10 35 a m
Evening Express	5 40 p m	2 30 a m	6 30 a m
Pacific Express	10 20 p m	5 00 a m	8 30 a m

### AIR LINE DIVISION.

### Going East.

Trains.	Leave Chicago.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Detroit.
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Three Rivers Ac.	3 35 p m	7 40 p m	
Atlantic Express	5 15 p m	9 00 p m	3 30 a m

### Going West.

Trains.	Leave Detroit.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Chicago.
Mail	7 00 a m	3 50 p m	8 05 p m
Three Rivers Ac.		6 10 a m	10 35 a m
Pacific Express	10 20 p m	4 55 a m	8 30 a m

### NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leave South Bend—8 00 a m, 11 00 a m, 6 30 p m, \*9 00 a m, \*7 00 p m.  
Arrive at Niles—8 45 a m, 11 45 a m, 7 10 p m, \*9 40 a m, \*7 40 p m.  
Leave Niles—6 30 a m, 9 20 a m, 5 10 p m, \*8 00 a m, \*5 00 p m.  
Arrive at South Bend—7 15 a m, 10 09 a m, 5 55 p m, \*8 40 a m, \*5 40 p m

### NOTRE DAME STATION

Arrive from South Bend and leave for the East, via Niles, 8 07 a m, 11 08 a m, 6 38 p m, \*9 07 a m, \*7 07 p m.

Arrive from Niles and depart for South Bend.

7 07 a m, 9 42 a m, 5 46 p m, \*8 32 a m, \*5 32 p m.

\* Trains marked thus \* † run Sundays only.

C. D. WHITCOMB, General Ticket Agent, Detroit, Mich.

FRANK E. SNOW, Gen. Western Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.

S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend, Ind.

R. C. STINE, Ticket Agent, Notre Dame, Ind.

H. C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent,

Chicago.

W. B. STRONG,

General Superintendent,

Chicago

## CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

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

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.		
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.		
Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.		
JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,	J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent,	
CHICAGO.	CHICAGO	

## PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL

### DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

### PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

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

1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p. m. | Arrives at New York 11 30 a.m.\*  
2d train " " 5 15 p. m. | " " 6 41 a.m.\*  
3rd train " " 9 00 p. m. | " " 11 30 p.m.\*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mann-field with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

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

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

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

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

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

\* Second day.