

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 9, 1875.

Number 16.

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Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 9, 1875.

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The New Year's Day Banquet of the Faculty.

Among the many good speeches that were delivered, and especially among those that were not delivered at this party, there is one which it is in our power to communicate to the readers of THE SCHOLASTIC:

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL, REV. FATHERS, BROTHERS AND FELLOW-PROFESSORS:—A great French politician, Talleyrand, used to say that language was made to conceal our thoughts. If such were the case, it would be neither agreeable to make a speech nor profitable to listen to one. But, though, in some cases, language may be thus abused, yet on the present occasion we have every reason to reveal freely our thoughts and open widely our hearts. I will therefore venture to make a few remarks, not, indeed, about the events of the past year, which belong to the historian; nor about future things, which belong to the prophets; nor about the politics of the day, which should be left in the hands of the Editors of Notre Dame; but about the present pleasant occasion which we all enjoy so well.

Very Rev. Father, your kindness, has prompted you to prepare this feast for us; and it may now be my privilege to prove that a dinner-party is always a grand affair, but this one particularly grand.

Each and every one of us has helped to furnish the astronomical proof of my proposition; for, glancing over the tables, we find that the abundance of choice and dainty things placed before us has rapidly disappeared from our sight; and as to the size of the oysters, the number of the lobsters, and the extension of the cakes, it would almost require the assistance of our esteemed friend the County-Surveyor to give a correct mathematical estimate thereof; while the Professor of Chemistry might enlarge and expand upon the quality, the richness, and the flavor of the dishes, their effect upon the warming of the stomach and the phosphorescence of the brain; together with the proportions of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon decomposed and restored; not to forget the perfection of cookery as exhibited by the skillful mistress of the kitchen. It is very much to be regretted that the Professor of Rhetoric, who seems to be still vibrating between this place and Chicago, is not present; though the eloquence of the speakers before me has done ample justice to the task of furnishing the rhetorical proof of the excellency of this dinner-party, so that it would be supererogation to add anything thereunto. I will, therefore, confine myself to the astronomical, historical and theological demonstrations of my proposition.

There are three great astronomical points of the highest importance to our daily life; the rising of the sun, his

passing the meridian, and the setting of the sun. By these three points are determined three meals: breakfast, dinner and supper, returning periodically and with astronomical regularity; and if we fail to take them at such times, we are certainly out of gear, either mentally or bodily; sick, sad, penitent, or disorderly. She is indeed a poor housewife that cannot have dinner ready at the appointed hour, and he is a disorderly sort of a fellow that misses his meals on account of sleeping too long or talking too much, whether it be in the parlor or around the street-corner; for by such license the laws of order and regularity are violated, and the meals stripped of their astronomical dignity. And as our daily meals mark short periods of time, so this New Year's Day Banquet marks a longer period; and, as far as they are returning with astronomical regularity, they partake of astronomical dignity and therefore are grand, which was to be proved. A dinner is likewise a grand affair historically considered. For, although some rusty old philosopher has said that we should not live in order to eat, but eat in order to live, yet sound history and philosophy would teach that we should also live in order to eat. The very fact that we cannot live without eating, alone would prove sufficiently that a dinner is a grand affair; but its full importance can only be realized if we consider that eating together has always been looked upon as a sign of love and friendship; and, since we are bound to practice these virtues, we have to manifest them through their signs, and so it happens that we do not only eat in order to live, but also live in order to eat. A dinner-party, therefore, is a grand affair first, because it sustains life, and secondly, because it is a sign of love and friendship, manifesting the chief end of our lives.

It is undoubtedly true that different nations have different manners and peculiar ways of expressing their feelings. In some parts of Africa, for instance, they rub their noses against each other in token of their love; the Indians smoke tobacco out of the same pipe to prove their friendship; the Hindoos chew a piece of bethele, and hand it to their neighbors to chew it over again; the people of Thibet scratch their ears and spit at those whom they respect and love, (which, indeed, would be a nice country for our tobacco-chewing and spitting youths to live in); the Germans, a somewhat civilized nation beyond the Rhine, show their friendship by serving you with lager-beer; the French, more refined, wait upon you with wine, cognac and absynth; whilst the Irish, God's elect people of the New Dispensation, do it very nicely with a drop or two of old Bourbon whiskey; and finally, the Americans, pre-eminent among all the nations of the earth, the *negus ultra* of all civilization, set a glass of water before their friends.

But all the nations, however widely they may differ in many respects, whether they be highly enlightened, like the Americans; or only civilized, like the Europeans; or entirely benighted, like the Africans; are unanimous in declaring that a dinner party is a sign of love and friendship.

When Abraham was sitting at the door of his tent, in the vale of Mamre, at dinner-time, on seeing three strangers passing by he invited them to rest themselves, to take a morsel of bread and strengthen their hearts. Make haste, said he to Sarah; temper together three measures of flour and make cakes upon the hearth. And he took a calf, very tender and good, to have it dressed and boiled. He took also butter and milk, and the cakes which Sarah had baked, and the calf which he had boiled, and set it before the strangers. Abraham's hospitality was intended for, and accepted as, a sign of love and friendship; in consequence whereof the Angel of the Lord revealed himself to Abraham, promised him a son, and listened favorably to his intercession in behalf of the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. The greatest events of the world's history may be often traced back to a dinner party; and the rise and fall of empires were frequently decided by a meal. A meal brought upon Jacob the right of primogeniture; at Baltassar's banquet appeared that dreadful "Mene," "Thecel," "Phares;" and at a meal it was that the gallant Esther saved her whole nation from destruction. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely to prove that, historically considered, a dinner-party is a grand affair; and I should not be surprised if you, Very Rev. Father General, made this New Year's Banquet the occasion of an important event in the history of Notre Dame.*

But to wind up our argument with theology, let us consider for a moment how through a common meal the human race was well nigh delivered to everlasting ruin, and how by a meal we have been restored to life and happiness. Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, and since eating together was a sign of love from the very beginning, she gave Adam also to eat. And he, less from disobedience to God than from love and friendship to his fair companion, ate also. And this very love is recognized by God as a mitigating circumstance of Adam's guilt. Again a common meal it was that effected the salvation of the Israelites from the hands of Pharaoh, and foreshadowed the coming redemption of mankind, the eating of the Paschal Lamb. And this wonderful plan of salvation was brought to its perfection, and finally culminated in that Eucharistic meal which our Divine Saviour instituted in the midst of His Apostles, before His atoning passion and death; and which we daily celebrate in our churches; *the absolute sign and substance of love, human and divine.* Very Rev. Father, I might point to the love-feasts of the early Christians, which our dinner-party could be likened; or I might point to the great banquet in heaven, towards which all our hopes and aspirations are directed; but enough. Allow me only, in conclusion, to say that to dine with the President of the United States, with Mr. McMahon, or some king, prince, or potentate of this world, would certainly be considered, by every one of us, to be a mark of high honor and distinction; but much more highly do we appreciate

* So it was done, when the Very Rev. Father General in his closing remarks announced to the Faculty the pleasant news that the Rev. Father Colovin was now definitely appointed President of the University. *Vivat Rector magnificus!*

the honor and distinction of having dined with you, Very Rev. Father, Rev. Fathers and members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; whose power, dignity, and authority do not come from this earth, but from above. And that is what I meant by saying that this dinner-party was particularly grand; and our proud and thankful recollection thereof shall last until you call us again.

O. M. S.

The City of Portage.

About half a mile north of St. Mary's Academy, a more than usually sinuous sinuosity of the St. Joseph River produces the remarkable conformation still known to fishermen as "Pin-Hook Bend." I say still known to fishermen, because even the river itself has of late years ignored the pin-hook, and recognizing the geometrical axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, has cut out a new and more nearly straight course for itself, celebrated some years ago in the columns of this valuable paper, under the cognomen of the "*Dutch Gap*." The gap, when first formed, was dangerous as to its navigation—a tumultuous, turbid rush of water mingled with uprooted timber, but on the occasion of our memorable boat-ride to Niles, in the vacation of 1873, we found merely a rapid, unobstructed current, from which the horror striking idiosyncrasies had been completely eliminated. Now, the land traversed by this gap, and surrounded by the old pin-hook, (which is at present a mere stagnant pool, replenished by the back-water of the river), is the site of the ancient city of Portage.

You may see the plot of it on Stokes's map of St. Joseph County, just as it was to have been in its palmy days,—which by all accounts were never remarkably palmy. But there was a time when it was larger than South Bend, and even than Bertrand, which at that time was larger than Chicago—larger, of course I mean, than Chicago was then—before the fire, you know. This city was to have been the county seat, and if it only had become so what would have become of South Bend? The road to town would have been past the hostile fortress of Amazonia, and our young men going thither would have been exposed to other perils than those of lager-beer. But ere the era of prosperity had burst upon Portage in the full effulgence of modern civilization, commerce had found a bend of the river further south, and there she built South Bend. And the iron horse snorted assent to the choice, and mills and warehouses loomed up on the banks of the classic river, and the fate of Portage was sealed for ages.

She died without a moan. Her blacksmith ceased to blow his bellows, and transferred his labors to the more favored spot. Her storekeeper boxed up his drygoods, swallowed the fluid portion of his groceries (this was before the invention of kerosene) and decamped. Her tavern either fell to pieces or was piece by piece removed. At present not a trace remains of the once ambitious, inchoate city—nothing but a sandy island, sparsely studded with stunted oaks, and washed on the west by the swift blue waters of the Gap, on the other three sides by the dark shallows of the old pin-hook.

Portage and the adjacent Portage Prairie derived their names from the practice of the Indians carrying their canoes from the St. Joseph across the country to the Kankakee, a distance of only a few miles, which separates the waters

flowing into Lake Michigan and out at the St. Lawrence River into the Northern Atlantic, from those flowing into the Mississippi and thence into the Gulf of Mexico. The fate of a rain-drop falling on Portage Prairie might be very diverse according to the side of the ridge of a roof on which it happened to fall. A little gust of air at the right moment might waft it to the other side of the globe.

These Indians, of whom now scarce a trace remains, were very numerous here within the memory of Father General and his assistants in the early days of Notre Dame. Their apostle, Father Badiu, had a little chapel on the other side of the river, further north than Portage. A valuable library of his, consisting of rare old books, was stored up in chests and left for safe keeping in a warehouse belonging to Mr. Coquilliard near—two near—the raging St. Joseph River. The warehouse was built upon the sand, not indeed in contempt of the Gospel injunction, but because there was nothing else to build on, and the winds rose and the floods came, and down went the warehouse including Father Badiu's books, to be a phenomenon to the loons and wild geese on the pitiless shores of Lake Michigan.

S.

The Court of the Monkeys.

BY J. M. J. G.

I.

In a sea that lies under the tropical sun,
Unmarked on the chart, is a wonderful isle,—
And the name of the island is Feefawfum;
And the people who live there would make you smile.

At least, so I've heard,
From a man whose word
Was never yet tacked to a story absurd.
A man not a gabbler,
But a very great traveller

Who has seen every sight of which others have heard.

For, sailing away to the Yellow Sea,
His argosy foundered upon a strange coast,
And of all the passengers none but he
Managed to save his perilled ghost.
The storm-winds raved and the waves ran high,
Till they swallowed the stars in the frightened sky,
And the shriek of the white-gull sweeping by
Seemed to scream to this traveller: Die, die, die!
But he didn't die,
And I'll you why.

He grabbed a spar then bobbing nigh,
And soon stood on a towering cliff,
Thanking his stars, the sorry guy,
That his bones were whole, though sore and stiff.
Under a tree this wight did creep,
Gazed at the sea an hour or so,
Then with a sigh he fell asleep,
And transiently forgot his woe.

II.

The island was Feefawfum, I find,
(At least, he found it; 'tis all the same,)
And ere he could make up his mind
As to his whereabouts, there came,
Nor thieves, nor bummers,
But some short-thumbers
In fact a pack of Feefawfummers.

"O are they blunkies?"—

He yelled—"or spunkies?"
They look uncommonly like monkeys!
And monkeys sure enough they were,
With chattering grin and pensive stare
Robed in red suits of mangy hair.

Now travellers, as all agree,
Are gifted with a ready flow
Of wondrous tales of land and sea,
Nor stoop to shoot with the longbow.
Hence, one can easily believe,

Our trav'ller, when he says *they spoke*,
For, look you, sir, as I conceive,
The truth's the truth: a joke, a joke.

"Temerarious vagabond, why are you here?"

Roared the Simian chief, a most arrogant chuff.
Then aiming his fist at our traveller's ear,
He fetched him an uncompromising stiff cuff.

When the sore bothered victim regained lost vitality,
"Is this," he bawled loudly, "your kind hospitality?"

Have you no mother,—
Nor sister, nor brother?"

But all that he got for his pains was—another!

Seeing which, as is wont, sir, in every place,

Each subject most loyally followed "his grace,"

Till our traveller swore "e'en a special commission

Would pity a dog in such woful condition!"

"Who are you?" the monkey asked. "I sir?" "Yes, you, sir!"

"I'm a man!" "You are mad, sir, or p'raps you are drunk, eh?"

"I'm not," quoth our friend. "Though you beat me quite blue, sir,"

"I'm a man and a brother." "And a fool," said the monkey.
Then a wrangle began

Between monkey and man,

Whether man was a monkey or monkey a man.

"Your claim is too thin,"

Quoth the ape, with a grin,

"We'll leave the solution to Monsieur Darr Wynn."

III.

Now, I think you'll agree it was very imprudent
For a waif and a stranger to be so high mettled;

"But, they've beaten me all that they can," growled the student,

And the best of ill luck is to have that luck settled!"

While thus he was thinking

The monkeys were blinking,

Their very queer eyes had a sly way of winking,—

Like a cat with the colic

Or an owl melancholic

But, certainly, *farouche* and quite diabolic,

"Get up," said the monkey, "and tell us thy name!"

Then our trav'ler stood up in the midst of the pugs,

Remarking politely:—P'll tell you the same,

It is, save your worships, Belisarius Muggs!"

"Belisarius Muggs!"

Howled the insolent pugs;

"What a name!" roared the chief. "Come, warm the dog's lugs!"

Belisarius bawled, but his bawling was vain—

He thought they would split his poor *dura mater*;

"I'm an ass, I'm an ass!" he groaned, writhing with pain,

"As stupid as Magdeburg Centurion!"

"Such flagrant cacophony,

Without a sack of money,

Is like a dry bee-hive,—a mere lack of honey!"

Then the chieftain cried out,

With a terrible rout!—

"Hie ye, hie ye!—Simiadae

Lemur, sylvæ, trancadilla

Sons of valiant hylobatae,

And the very strong gorilla!

Away, away, ere break of day,

To forests green, each agile sinner,

And bring me leaves to make our "tay"!

And milky cocoa-nuts for dinner!"

Beneath a spreading beech the monkeys sat,
 Mugs in the middle, hungry as a hawk :
 "Berries and nuts, quoth he, "never make fat ;
 They're like the May Laws of that Herr von Falk,—
 They're but a substitution,
 Put in the constitution,
 To shorten life and bring on dissolution."
 And, muttering thus, his teeth he sharpened fine,
 Bearing the while the threatening glare of some pug.
 "If this is all you mean," he growled, "by going to dine.
 It's nothing more nor less than arrant humbug!"
 "Messieurs, I believe there is nothing more,"
 "Nothing more!" thought B. Mugs. "Nothing more!
 Be hanged if I haven't always thought
 Such words came *after* the meal, not *before*!
 That rascally chief,
 It's my firm belief,
 Is naught more nor less than a social thief!"
 "What's that you're saying, my honest friend?
 The monkey asked with curious face:
 "Your worship," quoth Mugs, "at the meal's end,
 In *my* land, every soul says grace."
 "Says grace," cries Pur, "'tis very well:
 I much approve the practice, yet
 Believe me, sir, I never heard tell
 Of thanksgiving for what one doesn't get!"
 And here uprose a ridiculous laugh,
 Not joyous and free like a human burst,
 But the sniggering jeer of a vile riff-raff,
 Of insolent vagabonds at their worst.
 (In town or city—
 The more the pity—
 The joke of the master is always witty).
 "A few moments ago we had a discussion,—"
 The chieftain said, "and now we're here;
 Let us rub our heads in friendly concussion—"
 Here Mugs put a stealthy hand to his ear:
 "I'm sorry, my excellent friend, Darr Wynn,
 Is absent to-day from our frugal feast—
 "Frugal indeed!" thought Mugs within;
 I' faith he was wise in *that* at least."
 Now, while they were talking, behold! afar
 Arose a resonant roaring and din,
 "Ecco!" cried the monkey. "Here they are,
 The school of Democritus and Darr Wynn!"
 "You must know, my friend," said the monkey chief,
 That Wisdom died here. At the loss of her
 Darr Wynn and his friends, to drown their grief
 Writ on their brows—Philosopher."
 "And what's a philosopher?" B. Mugs asked,—
 A travelled genius, but quite uncouth;
 "A philosopher is one—but I'm sorely tasked—
 Is one who loves everything but Truth."
 E'en while he spoke,
 The woods awoke,
 With the growing roar of the learned folk,—
 "Are they dangerous, sir?" Mugs asked again;
 "On my life I set sufficient store."
 "Pooh, pooh!" quoth the monkey, "your fear restrain,
 The only damage they do is roar:
 Roaring at morning; roaring at night;
 Roaring at darkness; roaring at light;
 Roaring at heaven; roaring at earth;
 Roaring at sorrow; roaring at mirth.
 In short, sir, as I said before,
 Their lives are one continued roar.
 Outstepped that instant, ushered in by monkeys,
 A braying band of sleepy, long-eared donkies,
 And one there was, who the procession led,
 With two white goose-wings sprouting from his head.
 "Behold, ye wise, I soar!"

He brayed with fearful roar;
 And all the rest roared louder than before,
 But though the wings flapped fair
 The aspiring beast stuck there.
 Drinking deep inspiration from the air;
 Smiling serene, though gangrened with despair,
 But still, with fearful roar,
 He brayed:—"I soar! I soar!"
 Until you'd fear his diaphragm was tore.
 "Why, they are donkies, sir!" cried Mugs:
 "They're *what*?" "They're donkies, sir, I think,"—
 "Why, you contaminated, purblind dog,
 Those beasts are full of logic to the brink!
 And *you* shall call them donkies!—sir, I swear,
 There's something wrong with your *cerebellum*,
 For, otherwise, you surely would not dare
 To scorn such wise men and to libel 'em!
 I s'pose, as you have called our good friends donkies,
 Your base perceptions judge *us* to be monkeys,
 But, mark my words, before this day is done
 You'll find man, ass and monkey rolled in one.

V.

The meeting was called; the great Darr Wynn—
 The genius who caused "Man's Origin"—
 Roared, "Mugs, you common beast, begin!"
 A philosopher true,
 But arrogant, too,
 A character common to one or two.
 Mugs, thus encouraged:—"Sir," said he,
 I think philosophy the best
 That gives philosophy a rest:
 Matter's not mind: mind's not matter,
 Then cease your quips and cranks and clatter!"
 O for the pen of Homer wide awake,
 To sing the roar that split the very sky,
 When Belisarius Mugs his seat did take,
 Not knowing very well the reason why.
 "Ha! ha!" screamed the chief of the monkeys, "Darr
 Wynn,
 Is man an improvement, think you, on the monkey?
 Come, pick up your logical cudgels,—begin,
 Or some blockheads may hint you yourself are a don-
 key!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Andreoni's Statue of the Virgin.

So far as the showing forth, or *manifesting*, of Our Lord is considered, the Church has kept one glorious Epiphany from the 6th of January in the Year 1 of our Christian era, to this present year of 1875. History—paran history—literature, art, have all combined to manifest to the world the Christ born in Bethlehem of Juda. When the Three kings came from the East, with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, it was on the lap of Mary, His Virgin Mother, that He sat as on a throne, and received the homage of the venerable Magi. It is still on the lap of Mary, still in her arms, that we shall find this same Divine Infant wherever we seek Him with the same sincerity as He was sought for by the Three Kings; who, *having seen His star in the East, had come with gifts to adore the Lord.*

We were reminded of all this by seeing an alabaster statue of Our Lady and her Divine Son, brought from Pisa, Italy, by Very Rev. Father General. It is nearly two feet high, on a pedestal of the same material, beautifully chiselled; while in front of the whole stands a miniature representation, also in alabaster, of the Cathedral

Baptistry, Campanile or leaning tower, and the ever to be venerated Campo Santo, of the ancient city of Pisa on the Arno. The whole makes one perfect *souvenir* of a great art-centre, by which a European artist can show forth the riches of his treasure-house. It is the work of a certain Andreoni, who keeps choice sculptures on the Rue Sta. Maria in this same Pisa.

The statue itself has all the dignity and tenderness of soul that marks the Madonnas by Deger, a painter never surpassed, either by an ancient or modern artist, in his expressions of these charming sentiments as belonging to the Blessed Virgin. Crowned, indeed, but with eyes cast down, in the most profound humility, she bears in her arms the Divine Child whom all Christendom is now striving to honor. How simply is this office of her Divine Maternity expressed by the whole figure and every fold in the drapery! While this Infant—who is not only true God but true Man, holding in His left hand the whole world, and blessing with the two raised fingers of His right hand all people and all nations—has all the majesty of Divinity and all the delicious loveliness of the child in its mother's arms!

The softness of the material used in the statue allows the freest use of the chisel in the representation of the forms, while its transparency always adds a certain charm that no opaque material can give. It is one of the most beautiful statues of the Madonna and Child that we have ever seen; and we congratulate Notre Dame on so many choice additions to her treasures of truly religious art. As we looked around on the medallions, busts, pictures, which have come over during the last year to this favored seat of monastic learning, we could not help rejoicing that a religious house in America was thus emulating its prototypes in the Old World, where devotion and art go hand in hand.

E. A. S.

FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1875.

Sheridan's Ride.

Artillery-firing was kept up along the entire line in front of Petersburg, at Fort Sedgwick, which some soldiers named the "Sore Point," and others "Fort Hell." Various expeditions were sent out, which kept the enemy anxious and harassed. The Shenandoah Valley witnessed more important operations. For the last time, Earley moved forward to a new position at Fisher's Hill, and Longstreet went to reinforce him. In obedience to a telegram from the War Department, Sheridan started to Washington for a consultation. On the way, he received a dispatch from Wright, whom he had left in command, announcing that our officers had read this message going from Longstreet to Early on rebel signal flags:—

"Be ready to move as soon as my force joins you, and we will crush Sheridan."

Sheridan, though still incredulous, ordered back his cavalry—on the way to the Army of the Potomac—and instructed Wright to be very vigilant. He spent only six hours in Washington, and then started back. Early on the morning of October 19th, the rebels, who had crept up and spent the night within six hundred yards of Wright's unguarded front, charged, yelling forward with impetuous vigor. These were not Earley's demoralized men, but Longstreet's splendid soldiers. They doubled up the Union line, swarmed into the trenches, captured the camps with twenty-four pieces of artillery and sent the Union

troops flying down the valley for five miles. A reinforcement was coming; a reinforcement of one man! Sheridan, who had slept at Winchester, twenty miles from his camp, breakfasted early, mounted his showy horse, and started leisurely for the front. Half a mile out he began to meet frightened stragglers. Telling the twenty troopers who escorted him to keep up if they could, he dashed the spurs into his coal black steed, and flew over the ground. Larger and larger grew the sickening crowd. Without a word of anger or profanity, and without checking his charger, he swung his hat exclaiming:—"Face the other way, boys; face the other way. We're going back to our camps; we're going to lick them out of their boots!" They turned back with childlike confidence in the General, and when his foaming horse dashed into the new line which Wright had established, the troops with one accord gave him warming cheers of welcome.

He galloped along the front, rectifying the formation and assuring the men:—"We're going back to our camps; we're going to get a twist on them—the tightest twist you ever saw; we must have all those camps and guns back again!" Just as the line was adjusted the pursuing enemy came up again, but was met and instantly checked by a solid line of infantry. "Thank God for that!" exclaimed Sheridan; we'll get a twist on them pretty soon—the tightest twist they ever saw!" This was at 3 p. m. An hour later our army moved forward. Early enveloped its right to strike its flank. Sheridan instantly ordered a charge against the open angle which dashed right through the enemy's line, cutting off and capturing the flanking force, while a general advance swept back the whole rebel army, not only regaining our lost guns, but taking Earley's camps, caissons, artillery, ambulances, and thousands of prisoners. The country was stirred to the heart. Grant telegraphed to the Secretary of War:—"I had a salute of one hundred guns fired from each of the armies here. Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I always thought him, one of the ablest of generals." Lincoln promptly promoted him to a major generalship in the regular army, made vacant by McClellan's resignation, and publicly thanked him for "organizing his routed army, averting a great national disaster, and achieving a brilliant victory for the third time within thirty days." His forces never exceeded thirty thousand effectives; but he had captured thirteen thousand prisoners during his most brilliant campaign, with a loss of less than seventeen thousand in killed, wounded and missing; Earley's aggregate losses probably reached twenty-seven thousand men, besides one hundred pieces of artillery, many colors, a great amount of camp equipage, and thousands of small arms. From that hour, in any public meeting in the North, Sheridan's name elicited hearty cheers. Earley was used up. Grant was able to draw back nearly all Sheridan's troops to the Army of the Potomac. The cavalry General had become the nation's hero. Buchanan Reid sang his exploits in a strain now familiar to every schoolboy, which echoes the ring of the charger's hoofs, and rolls forward at the rider's dashing pace.

—From the History of the late Rebellion.

—A gentleman is a Christian in spirit that will take a polish. The rest are but plated goods; and however excellent their fashion, rub them more or less, the base metal appears through.—Walker's Original, 1835.

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—There has been another revolution in Spain—and Alphonso, the son of ex-Queen Isabella, has been declared king by the very men who were instrumental in dethroning his mother. The party which called him to the throne will receive him well for the time being. In this party are the supporters of his mother in the South of Spain, and the so-called republicans under the lead of Serrano. The few politicians in Madrid who were republicans only for their own aggrandizement will offer him no opposition, and the only resistance which will be made to him will be from those who adhere to the rightful king of Spain, Don Carlos. With the defections from their ranks, it is hardly probable that the Carlists will ever be able to place their gallant leader on the throne.

The Republic has fallen, but will Spain be any the better for that? The real Government of Spain will be carried on by those very persons who ruled with Serrano at their head. They ruled before Isabella was driven from the throne; they ruled from that date until now; and they will rule now with Alphonso as king. The condition of Spain will remain the same as it was before Alphonso was acknowledged king. Those who have controlled the destinies of Spain for the past few years failed to give peace to the state while they ruled as republicans,—in what manner will they better things by their change in their form of Government? It is true that their relations with the other Governments of Europe may be made more friendly, but will that put money into their bankrupt treasury? or will it fill their army, now almost exhausted, with fresh recruits? or will it cause the brave provinces of the North to pay their fealty to them? It will do nothing of the kind. The treasury will remain bankrupt, the army unrecruited; Don Carlos will fight his battles still, and the Government of Spain will still pay court to Bismarck.

The revolution, then, which placed Alphonso on the throne will be productive of no good to Spain. There will be no change in the rule, or rather misrule, which desolated its hills and plains. The same King Alphonso's mismanagement will remain, the civil war in Cuba will continue, and the nation will keep on in its downward course to anarchy and decay. King Alphonso's only good to the country is his extinction of a sham which men called a republic, for the late form of Government was no more republican than that of the Czar of Russia.

The success of Don Carlos is the only means of curing the disorders of Spain. He is the rightful king, and with his success all Serranoism in the Government of Spain will disappear, and the nation may take her position, respected, among the countries of Europe. Until he is on the throne of Spain we may never look to see this take place.

—We often hear persons ask of what value is drawing to the student who does not intend following painting as

a profession? We will endeavor in this article to show students what its value is. We hold that drawing is a great means of developing the mind. Its value as a means of mental development, however, will be better felt when we recollect its nature and what its relation to other branches of education is. Drawing is a method of expressing thought, and is, philosophically, associated with other forms of language. As we regard language as a means and not an end, so should we use drawing. Its value consists in embodying thought and in communicating one man's thoughts to another. Separate it from thought and it becomes worthless. Mechanically, a picture may be perfect, but unless the thought of the artist glows in it, the picture is of no account. Especially does the process of picture-making become useless in an educational point of view. And not only should the thought of the artist appear in the picture, but each line and mark necessary to complete the expression should appear, while every line which is not required to show forth the thought should be discarded, because, being superfluous, it injures the thought which is to be made to appear.

The thought then ought to be that on which the primary attention is fixed, because that is the main thing required of a pupil: secondary attention should be given to the expression. In all true educational work this is the case. In the study of the sciences the great endeavor while using the text-book is to master the ideas contained in the book, and the words are considered as useful only inasmuch as they show forth the ideas fully. It is well known that if a writer has a clear idea of what he wishes to say, he will express his thoughts clearly. Vagueness of expression is the result of looseness of thought, not of any lack in the use of words. As we said before, drawing is a kind of language, and as such is the case the primary attention should be concentrated upon the form to be portrayed. The method of representing this form should be incidental, as the words of the orator or poet. If there are defects in lines, these may be corrected by more accurate observation of the form.

Drawing, then, demands continually close and accurate observation. It thus cultivates the perceptive faculties, and by it the mind is stored with distinct ideas of form. It also by this reason causes the mind to make comparisons and discriminations, and fixes it upon real objects. When the perception is thus developed, keenness and activity of observation become habits of the mind, thought is increased, culture broadened, and life enriched.

But thought must always be accompanied by expression. Ideas are embalmed in a general way by the use of word and ideas of form are defined and preserved by drawing. What the eye perceives must be expressed by the hand; but the hand must be trained to do this perfectly—and, to attain this, training practice is required. This practice brings into play the observation of the pupil to its greatest extent.

Not only is the cultivation of perception and observation assisted by drawing, but it may even be made an auxiliary in the development of the higher faculties. By it the imagination is brought into exercise. The first efforts at invention are perhaps failures, and are so because the imagination has not been aroused. The mind has moved along the path of the real without any effort at rearrangement or new combination. The creative faculties of the mind have never been employed. But step by step the mind is led from the real to the ideal. The imagination

becomes awakened. The possibility of creating new figures becomes a reality. The mind is stimulated to do something greater, and is led to greater achievements.

But the imagination must itself then be controlled so that its new combinations produce definite effects. The designs produced must be harmonious and symmetrical. Thus reason is exercised; for reason is that faculty which perceives the different relations upon which these qualities are founded and which directs and controls the imagination.

Besides these, drawing develops our conception and cultivates our taste. But we have said enough to show the great advantage which drawing is to the student by developing his mental faculties. That all our students will avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them of following this delightful study, we sincerely hope. At some future day we may show, or endeavor to show, in what manner drawing is an aid to science, and what is its practical value.

Personal.

- Bro. James has been quite unwell.
- Father Demers is now stationed at Lowell.
- L. Reswick, of '67, is now in Toledo, Ohio.
- J. Wernert, of '72, is banking in Toledo, Ohio.
- Father Vagnier visits the College occasionally.
- Bro. Gregory has a fine school in Springfield, Ill.
- Bro. Urban's school in Alton, Ill., is in fine order.
- Ed Ball, of '67, is as lively as ever in Lafayette, Ind.
- Rev. Father Paul Gillen is now at Holy Cross, Iowa.
- J. P. Quinlan, of '63, is prospering in Cleveland, Ohio.
- J. C. Lavelle, of '69, is practicing Medicine in Southern Ill.
- J. E. O'Brien, of '74, is keeping books in Kewanee, Ill.
- Henry Wrape, of '69, is prospering at Montgomery, Ind.
- Dr. Cassidy, of '66, has a fine practice in South Bend, Ind.
- Bro. Alexander spent part of the Holidays at Watertown, Wis.
- Bro. Alban spent a short while during the Holidays in Chicago.
- Geo. Mayer, of '64, is doing a good business at Fort Wayne.
- Jno. McMahon, we are happy to state, will soon be here on a visit.
- J. Harry Flynn, of '58, is with Sontag & Co., 160 State street, Chicago.
- We were pleased to see Phil Corcoran on our late visit to Chicago.
- Father Toohey left for Morris, Ill., to attend the funeral of a cousin.
- Thos. W. Ewing, of '69, is about to start a newspaper in Columbus, Ohio.
- Bob Tilman, of '66, was recently married, and is now living near St. Louis.
- Rev. P. J. Colovin, C. S. C., has been appointed President of the University.
- Jno. E. Garrity, of '71, was ordained Deacon at Troy, New York, Dec. 19th.
- Geo. Madden, of '72, is keeping books for Donohue & Madden, Mendota Ills.
- Austin Cable, of '69, is keeping books for Spink, Cable, & Co., at Washington, Ind.
- Harry Fitzgibbon, private secretary to P. O'Neill, is in good health in Chicago.

—Daniel Egan, of '71, is doing well in New York. His address is No. 23 Pike Street.

—Rev. Father Ford is still at the St. Joe Farm. He is in the enjoyment of good health.

—N. F. Cunningham, of '64, is chief clerk at General Sheridan's Headquarters, Chicago, Ill.

—Jas. J. Kinney, of '72, after a long illness is recovering and will soon return to Notre Dame.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards called to see us on his return from Toledo, where he spent the Holidays.

—Nat. S. Mitchell, of the Class of '72, is doing well in the real estate business in Davenport, Iowa.

—P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, whom we met in Chicago, remembered his friends at Notre Dame last week.

—J. W. Montgomery, of '69, is in the employ of the O. and M. Ry. and W. U. Telegraph Cos., at Montgomery, Ind.

—Hon. W. W. O'Brien, formerly of Peoria, has removed to Chicago, where he takes his place among the best legal talent of the city.

—Rev. Fathers Reardon, Conway, Tighe, and Hayes, of Chicago, will probably be at Notre Dame to attend the Exhibition on the 22nd of February.

—H. B. Montgomery, of '65, has been in employ of I. and G. N. Ry., as Travelling Auditor, in Texas, for some time; at present is at Montgomery, Ind.

—J. J. Fitzgibbon, of '60, was at Notre Dame and St. Mary's on a visit last Sunday. We understand that Fitz is doing very well in business in Chicago.

—M. T. Corby, of '65, sang a number of choice solos at a concert given in Watertown, Wis., on the 28th ult. Mr. Corby is one of the firm of P. L. Garrity, & Co., whose advertisement may be found in another column.

—Rev. Louis De Cailly, of Newark, Ohio, paid us a visit on Sunday and Monday last. The Rev. gentleman once had charge of a paper of his own in Lancaster, Ohio, and he was much pleased with his look about the SCHOLASTIC and AVE MARIA offices.

—We are pained to announce the death of Mr. Clarke, of Chicago, father of Colly Clarke, now attending College. Mr. Clarke was a most estimable man and a good citizen, respected and honored by all who knew him. His death will be sad news to his many friends in all parts of the country.

Literature.

—Messrs. Holbrook have sent us a copy of "Eating for Strength." We are not much of a medical man, and do not like to pass upon the merits of this book. We have heard it praised very highly, and doubt not but that it merits the praise. For ourselves, we have noticed that those persons are the healthiest who pay little attention to what they eat. This thing of doctoring oneself all the time and of making food minister to us, not as food only, but as a medicine also, always appeared to us as an arrant humbug. When you are hungry eat what is set before you, and it will do you all the good you want.

—The "Lamp," December, 1874, is on our table. It is a first-rate number of a first-rate Magazine.

—The Austrian Imperial Academy is about to publish an edition of the Latin Fathers.

—No less than seven works on the Gladstone controversy are advertised in the "Weekly Register," of London. That number is not more than one-sixth of the works published on the same subject.

—"The Month" is one of the best Catholic Journals published. We are surprised that some of our Catholic publishers do not reprint this Magazine on this side of the Atlantic. We feel confident that they would be successful.

—Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Pittsburgh, has in press an

excellent work for the use of orphans

—A "Life of Allan Cunningham," by Rev. David Hogg, is announced.

—A volume on the Social State of England, by M. Odysse Barot, will soon be published.

—Mr. J. O. Halliwell, in the first part of his "Illustrations to the Life of Shakespeare," published by the Longmans, in London, asserts that some of the manuscripts of the great dramatist are still in existence.

—Rev. D. Moyes, of Fitchburg, Mass., is about to issue in book form his translation of "The Divina Commedia of Dante and the Blessed Virgin," which appeared in the pages of the AVE MARIA. It will make an excellent volume.

Local Items.

—Ha! Ha!

—"Jess so."

—Good sleighing.

—"It's truly rural."

—The Juniors are jolly.

—The Seniors are serious.

—The Minims are merry.

—"I'm *rather* particular."

—Classes go along as usual.

—Now is the time to study.

—Very cold weather lately.

—Another Exhibition soon.

—"He's mimicking himself."

—Subscriptions still come in.

—The yards look lively again.

—"I think it is half-past three!"

—Wedn. day was the Epiphany.

—No sick persons at the Infirmary.

—How did you spend the Holidays?

—It was "awful" cold last Tuesday.

—Examination in a few weeks from now.

—Prof. Stace has plenty of surveying on hand.

—The Senior Study-Hall has been calcimined.

—Bro. Alpheus keeps some first rate "turn-outs."

—Get your friends to subscribe to the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Lemmonier Circulating Library is well patronized.

—It was bad for the farmers last Tuesday. It was too old.

—Bro. August's prophecies about the weather are very correct.

—Mr. Blum gave Bro. Norbert a beautiful Christmas present.

—There were plenty of visitors at Notre Dame during the Holidays.

—The Juniors went to the St. Joe Farm on the 2nd and had a good time.

—"Too thin," as our friend John said when he broke through the ice.

—The Junior Study Hall has been renovated and has a beautiful appearance.

—It took our friend John only four days to write a letter. He was *rather* particular.

—One, two, three, f—f—f—no, the other little one runs too fast for us to count it!

—Brother Alfred has been fixing up the college buildings, plastering, calcimining, etc.

—There was just enough of snow last Sunday, to make it unpleasant; not enough for sleighing.

—The ice-packers have commenced their work in good earnest. The crop is very good this year.

—Our friend John says the reason why he did not get a Christmas-box is because the times are too hard.

—Say now, we can't give all our exchanges to everybody and have any left ourselves—do you think so?

—Rev. Father Colovin on New Year's day left off one *vice*. Our friend John says: "Go thou and do likewise."

—The skating on the lakes was very good on New Year's day. The snow sadly interfered with it the day after.

—Mr. Shickey has been doing a good business the past few days, bringing from town the students returning from home.

—A number of young men received the Habit at the Novitiate the other day. Four Brothers made their profession.

—Speak distinctly. "I'm a coughin'," said a student the other day. "You're not a coffin," said our friend, "you are coughing."

—There are many frequenters of the College Library, which, under Rev. Mr. Zimm, is open every day at a quarter to four in the afternoon.

—The Faculty in a body called upon Rev. Fathers General, Provincial and Colovin on New Year's day, wishing them the compliments of the season.

—The new postal law went into effect last Saturday. Our subscribers would oblige us by forwarding to us the postage, that we may pay it in advance.

—There are 14 of the Juniors who have been on the Roll of Honor every week since the beginning of the scholastic year. That speaks well for them.

—At a funeral here, of a member of the parish, two horses ran away while the procession was on its way to the graveyard. Luckily, nobody was hurt.

—And now cometh our friend John, and being duly sworn, deposeth and sayeth, that it won't do to loaf during the coming month, and the Examination only three weeks from now. That's so.

—Bro. Simon is still hard at work on the Scholastic grounds. Come sunshine, or rain, or snow, it's all the same to Bro. S. As long as there is the least chance of working he is sure to be on hand.

—Gazing from the window of our den—not the Lyon's den mind you—our eye rests only upon the bleak landscape, enlivened by nothing save the merry gambolling of the sportive Minims.

—At an entertainment given in Chicago, Jan. 6th, for the benefit of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Messrs. John Howe and Phil. Corcoran, formerly of Notre Dame took prominent parts.

—The members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels devoured the contents of the Christmas-box sent to us from St. Mary's, *i. e.*, they ate everything except the turnip, at which they did turn up their noses.

—Very Rev. Father General has offered a beautiful alabaster statue as a prize for the best prose or poem on the statue of the Immaculate Conception on the college dome. The prose or poem is to be printed in the "AVE MARIA."

—Dr. Cassidy came out to the College any number of times the past few weeks to attend to the sick, but each time failed to find any. The Infirmary was empty. "Who'd be such a fool as to be sick during a week of rec'?" inquires our friend John.

—The members of the Junior Department, with their Prefects, who went to St. Joseph's Farm on the 2nd of January, return their sincere thanks to Sister M. of the Good Shepherd, for the magnificent lunch, etc., so kindly provided them at the farm.

—Well now! A game of baseball was played on the 31st of December, between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors came out ahead by a score of 23 to 15. The game created some feeling between the parties, on which account the College authorities determined to allow no more games to be played that year.

—Our friend John had a malicious grin on his face the other day when he handed us what he termed "a bit of

poetry for the paper." He knew our feelings would be barrowed; that the sensation that would crawl over us would be like to that produced by the filing of saws—There is no consideration for others in our friend John.

—We understand that the ex-students of Notre Dame, now in Chicago intend getting up a banquet in the course of a few weeks. At the banquet a big bit ex-students will attend. It is also proposed to form a society among the old students now residing in that city—the club to be known as the "Notre Dame Union." We wish them prosperity.

—"Now," said our friend John, on New Year's day, as he sat down at the dinner table, on which oysters were in abundance, "now if I like anything better than oysters prepared in any one way, it is oysters prepared in another." He remained very silent during the remainder of the meal, the only words coming from his mouth being "Yes, sir" just a few."

—Gardeners set out some of their best turnips for seed in the fall: they plant them in the ground, and cover them up. Another way to set out turnips is to get one weighing about six or eight pounds, wrap it up carefully in a newspaper, put it in a box and send it to a friend for a Christmas-box. We know how it is ourselves. It works like a charm.

—The following message was received by us from Galveston, Texas: "Father Carrier sends cordial greetings and best wishes for a happy New Year—1st, to all the old members of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame; 2nd, to the Editors of the 'SCHOLASTIC' and of the 'Ave Maria'; 3rd, to his late children of the Scholasticate, and to his former pupils of the University."

—'Twas on the lake it happened. His legs dangled a few moments in the air; there was a pause, and, one moment after, our friend John felt the ice rise and strike his head with a thump that made the stars of heaven all shine forth with a lustre that is wanting to them at night. Then darkness set in and a wheelbarrow was brought into requisition, and he says he will never go skating any more.

—The annual banquet of the Faculty of the University was held in the dining-rooms of the Infirmary on New Year's evening. The choicest viands were on the table, and to them full justice was done. A number of toasts were proposed, and answered to by gentlemen present. After the banquet was over, the Faculty repaired to the College parlor, where an excellent impromptu concert was given.

—On New Year's evening, Rev. P. J. Colovin, our esteemed Director of Studies, received the appointment of President of the University. This appointment will be pleasing to his many friends throughout the country. We offer the Rev. gentleman our hearty congratulations, and feel confident that he will in no wise disappoint us in our expectations of great things to be accomplished under his presidency.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., has been appointed to take charge of the Class of Elocution. Father Cooney has a great theoretical and practical knowledge of the principles of elocution, and will no doubt give complete satisfaction to everybody. We expect that all will avail themselves of the privilege of placing themselves under so competent and accomplished a teacher, knowing that they cannot fail to derive much and lasting benefit from his instructions.

—Our friend John says that he can't see any fun in skating. He tried it on New Year's day—and though he didn't fall, yet he was so skinned and bruised by laying at full length on his back that he was sore for six days afterwards. Besides, he says it's dangerous. He was skating along very nicely, when, wishing to sit and rest a while, he endeavored to do so. And he says that when he did finally place himself in a sitting posture he imagined that the whole surface of the ice was giving way. There may be fun in skating but our friend John can't see it.

—Imagine a church full of people on a cold wintry morning, with just blood enough in their veins and just enough of the fire of Divine love in their hearts to keep them from freezing, when a young man who sits near enough the stove to absorb more than his share of heat, coolly gets up, goes to the stove, and closes the dam-

per! Our friend John says he did it a few times, but would never do it again. His mother, who had a touch of rheumatism, lectured him when they got home, and that night a little boy about his size was sent to bed without any supper.

—We took a short trip over to Chicago during the Holidays, where we had a pleasant time. We met our friend Rev. Father Tighe, of 70, at St. James' where he is assistant to Rev. Father Rardon, of 58. We also met Rev. Father Conway, of 58, and Rev. Father Murphy, of 59, both of whom are in excellent health. We were also pleased to see Harry Fitzgibbon, who is now in the employ of P. O'Neil, 182 State st., to whom we are under obligations for many favors. We met many other warm friends of Notre Dame, but it would take us too long even to name one half of them.

Our Box.

Why, goodness, gracious! what a row we have kicked up! And how? Why, by the use of the simple word "John." We have for a few weeks back been giving the sayings and doings of "our friend John," and now see the pile of letters to which we have subjected ourselves! The first is from "John S—th," who writes:

"I consider it very ungentlemanly in you to be so often referring to our 'friend John,' when all the boys know that you mean me. It is true that I never stole any turnips, that I never went to Studebaker's, and all this and that, but since you keep referring to me I get the credit of it. I ask you to stop."

Softly, softly, John S—th. Who said it was you that was meant? Did we? If you didn't do or say anything attributed to "our friend John," what are you raising such a fuss about?

And the next letter is from John S Q —, who says:

"I do wish that you wouldn't be putting in THE SCHOLASTIC so much about 'our friend John.' I went home during the Holidays, expecting to have a merry Christmas; but how could I have a merry Christmas when my father reached for me as soon as I opened the door? He had a very sad countenance on him. He raised me by the collar and took me to the attic. 'I have read,' said he, 'of your doings, in THE SCHOLASTIC. Now, my friend John, I don't like such tricks as those you play at college. Take off that coat.' Then, in spite of protestations to the contrary, he made me wrestle with a rod of birch for a good quarter of an hour, and I came off second best. So please don't say 'our friend John.' Say Pete, or Dick, or Tom, but oh, if you knew how sore my back is and what a big muscle my father has, you certainly would give up the name."

Well, poor fellow, we do feel sorry for you, especially as we don't ever remember to have heard of you before, and you are not "our friend John."

And the next is from— But there is no use in giving any other letters. They contain nothing but tales of woe, and all on account of "our friend John." Now, for the benefit of all, we will break through a rule we have established in the office, and tell who "our friend John" is. He is a *matemomatic* individual, and changes himself every week. One week he may be a Junior, the next a Senior, and then he may be neither. He is a little man of straw which we keep in the office for the purpose of beating whenever we wish to drub anyone without letting his friends away from Notre Dame know who he is. There, will that do?

—Benjamin Franklin occasionally stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture."—Rowell's Reporter.

Musical Notes

- The Band is taking a rest; so also is the Orchestra.
- A *Tantum Ergo* by Schenck was well rendered on Sunday.
- Quite an interesting Concert was given at the conclusion of the Faculty banquet on New year's evening.
- The *Cæcilia* for January comes freighted with many good things. It contains a very interesting letter from Father Young of New York. The usual number of pieces of music accompany the number.
- An addition to the repertory of the Mendelssohn Club has been made.
- The *Missa Jesu Redemptor* was sung on New Year's day. The composer, Kaim, is one of the rising composers of the Cæcilian School.
- Brainard's Musical Journal* is one of the best published in America.
- Our musicians will soon be stirring themselves.
- A. W. Ambrose, speaking of Church Music, says: "Music the effect of which is principally in the sensual gratification of euphony is not suitable for the church; although the Church does not deny or overlook the sensual nature, yet she wishes to see it subordinate to the spirit; she therefore cannot employ in her service that which is based only on the sensual."
- Rossini's "Stabat Mater" is a beautiful piece of music but is by no means suitable for the church.
- The *Cæcilia* has entered its Second Volume with the present number, and looks forward with every prospect of success, encouraged by the approbation of Bishops and clergy, and goodly patronage from the people. The members of about seventy choirs have been added to the subscription list, and the number is increasing daily.
- We notice in the present number an extract from an able article on Church Music in the *Catholic World* of Dec. 1869, and a communication from Rev. Father Young, C. S. P., both in English print. There is also a very fine article on Rev. Franz Witt, Doctor of Music, and the glorious work of the St. Cæcilia Society, from a leading musical journal of Leipzig, which we would be very glad to give our readers—at least extracts from it—if some one will favor us with a translation. The musical supplement contains: "*Ave Regina*," by Lotti, which we published in the "AVE MARIA" of 1873; also one for mixed voices by Surviano; and an "*Adorabo*" by Schuetky, arranged by Stehle.

Society Notes.

- The Societies are all in good working order.
- The St. Cecilians had a lively meeting on the 5th.
- The Philopatrians had an interesting meeting on the 7th.
- The Sodality of the Holy Angels held an interesting meeting on the 2nd of January.
- We will be much obliged if the Secretary of the Arch-confraternity will give us his name to insert in the list of officers of the different Societies of the College.
- The 14th Regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held on Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, 1874. At this meeting, Messrs. C. Larkin, N. Van Namee and C. Claffey, were unanimously elected to membership. After a number of encouraging remarks by the President the Society adjourned.

Additional Arrivals.

J. Baptiste Verment,..... Canton, Ohio.
 Joseph F. O'Connell,..... Newark, New Jersey.
 James H. Martin,..... Stockwell, Indiana.
 William Fawcett,..... New Carlisle, Indiana.
 John K. Jones,..... Toledo, Ohio.
 John P. Flaherty,..... Niles, Michigan.
 A. J. Mohan,..... Munster, Illinois.
 Lawrence W. Moran,..... Milburn, Illinois.
 Nathan Schwabacher,..... Peoria, Illinois.
 William Edwards,..... Chicago, Illinois.

Roll of Honor

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Armstrong, V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Brown, F. Bearrs, L. Chamberlain, J. Caren, T. Carroll, M. Clarke, F. Devoto, J. Ewing, M. Foley, W. Fullerton, J. Gheen, J. Girard, P. Guilloz, E. Graves, C. Hess, J. Handley, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, G. Kelly, J. Larkin, G. McNulty, F. Montgomery, T. Murphy, N. Mooney, J. Mathews, E. Monohan, E. McLaughlin, J. McManus, H. Marble, J. Obert, P. Proudhomme, G. Rudge, P. Skahill, F. Scrafford, J. Thornton, R. White, J. Whalen, L. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Bergeck, F. Buckman, G. Budd, A. Crunkilton, E. Courtney, J. Colton, J. Delvecchio, R. Downey, F. Ewing, L. Evers, H. D. Faxon, W. Fawcett, P. Fitzpatrick, J. French, F. Frazee, J. T. Foley, J. M. Green, G. J. Gross, J. Griffith, C. Greenleaf, J. Haffy, H. Kreigh, H. McGuire, J. Minton, T. Monahan, W. S. Meyer, R. Morris, D. Nelson, H. Newman, D. J. O'Connell, F. Rosa, C. Peltier, J. L. Perea, E. F. Riopelle, F. Raymond, G. Sugg, T. J. Solon, W. Smith, P. Schnurrer, C. W. Welty, R. J. Walker, G. Woodward.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Francis Carlin, Michael McAuliffe, Francis McGrath, John O'Meara, Tommie Hooley, Otto Lindberg, Clement Moody, John Duffield, Albert Bushey, Colly Campan, Louis Goldsmith, Hugh Colton, Harry Ordway, Sylvester Bushey, Eddie Dubois, Robert Haley, Charlie Bushey.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1875

[It will be noticed that the list of "Class Honors" this week is far from being numerous. The most of those whose names were struck off can attribute their misfortune to a want of *punctuality* in returning to the University after the Holidays.

This will, probably, not be the last time that the authorities of the house will express their dissatisfaction in regard to those same young gentlemen.

It has already been seriously thought of to abolish the Christmas Holidays entirely—cost what it may; and such irregularities as this only tend to hasten the fixing of such a determination.]

LANGUAGES AND FINE ARTS.

LAW—P. H. Skahill, R. Staley.
 MEDICINE—J. Girard, J. J. Gillen, J. O'Connell.
 CIV. ENGINEERING—C. M. Proctor.
 GERMAN—G. Rouillac, W. A. Schultheis, P. F. Guilloz, C. Welty, J. E. Marks, F. M. Scrafford, H. McGuire, J. F. McNulty, C. Larkin, F. Hoffman, M. Egan, J. Thornton, L. Chamberlain, F. Carlin, J. D. O'Meara, W. Davis, J. Ingram, J. Martin.
 FRENCH—G. J. Gross, J. Minton, J. Delvecchio, R. Walker.

TELEGRAPHY—J. McIntyre, E. Gault, E. Ayers, W. Jenkins, R. Norris, J. Retz.

MUSIC—C. Otto, W. Nelson, J. Thornton, J. Gillen, G. Gross, R. Staley, F. Hoffman, J. Delvecchio, J. French, P. Guilloz, G. Roullhac, W. Byrne, M. J. Murphy.

DRAWING—W. A. Schultheis, J. Delvecchio, J. Kurtz, J. E. Obert.

BAND—G. Roullhac.

VOCAL MUSIC—N. Mooney, G. Kelley, E. Riopelle, F. Foxen.

MINIM DEPARTMENT—Lee J. Frazee, Clement L. Moody, John Duffield, John O'Meara, Harry Ordway, Francis Campau, Tommie Hooley, Joseph Carrer, Albert Bushey, Otto Lindberry, Francis Carlin, Francis McGrath, Louis Goldsmith, Willie Lindsey, Willie Van Pelt.

Lemmonier Memorial Chapel Fund.

John McMahon, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio,.....	\$25 00
Very Rev. E. Hannon, Toledo, Ohio,.....	20 00
Denis McCarthy, Boston, Mass.,.....	20 00
Mrs. Dally, Notre Dame, Ind.,.....	5 00
Mrs. Mary Young, Notre Dame, Ind.,.....	5 00
Sister Mary of St. Joseph, Texas,.....	5 00
Mrs. Chris. O'Brien, " ".....	10 00
Master P. J. Mattimore, " ".....	5 00
" P. Mattimore, " ".....	2 00
" C. Hess, Wheeling, W. V.,.....	3 00
Miss Maria Johnston, Boston, Mass.,.....	2 00
Mrs. Joseph Bushey, Detroit, Mich.,.....	5 00
Mrs. C. F. Campau, Detroit, Mich.,.....	5 00

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

—The Class which numbered the highest during the Holidays was the 2nd Preparatory.

—Some fine photographs of Santa Barbara, a grand old monastery of California, erected over a hundred years ago by the Franciscan Fathers, the church of pure white marble, was received at St. Mary's a few days since.

—The music at midnight Mass was of a high character, corresponding with the solemnity, and appropriate to the words. Before the Mass, Handel's "Glory be to God," was sung. The Mass selected was Haydn's Third.

—But three of the Graduating Class spent the Holidays abroad. Their skill in domestic science was fully illustrated on the 30th ult. Miss D. Green, Miss A. Locke, Miss M. Walker—indeed all the members of the Class—deserve great praise.

—The New Year's congratulations to Very Rev. Father General were made in the Red Parlor. Miss Helen Foote read the address on the part of the Senior Department, Miss Mary Ewing on behalf of the Juniors. The addresses and letters to Mother Superior were forwarded to Washington.

—The Juniors gave an Entertainment on Sunday, the 3rd inst. They were honored not only by the presence of Very Rev. Father General but by that of Rev. Father De Cailly, former Pastor of the Church in Lancaster, Ohio. The Rev. gentleman expressed himself charmed with the graceful simplicity of his little hostesses. The committee of arrangements were the Misses B. Wilson, M. Cravens, Amelia Koch, Alice Cullen, Mary Ewing, Alice Pool, Nellie McGrath, Mary Reynolds, Laura McKianon, and Lizzie Kirchner.

—The festival of Christmas opened in a most beautiful manner at St. Mary's. At eleven o'clock, p. m., on the 24th of December, the ceremony of baptism was performed in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception—Miss Helen Augusta Foote, of Burlington, Iowa, Miss Mary Hogan, of Chicago, Ill., and Miss Mary Briggs, of South Bend, Indiana, being the favored recipients; favored, indeed, on an occasion so suggestive of all that faith implies. At the midnight Mass, the newly baptized made their First Communion. The music at this Mass was very fine.

—The boxes were the absorbing topic of Christmas

morning among the Juniors. Parents and relatives of the young ladies kept up lively scenes in the parlors. In the evening Very Rev. Father General came to the Work-Room, where all were assembled, and he received the good wishes of the children.

—The "Gloria in excelsis" sung at the Mass on Monday, at Loreto, reflected great credit upon the Children of Mary. The "Adoro Te, devote," after the Elevation, was exquisitely rendered. The sermon on the Holy Innocents was much talked of during the day, and Seniors and Juniors alike expressed their gratitude for the favor of receiving such an instruction in honor of those first martyrs of Christianity.

The Eucalyptus.

The Australian gum tree with the long Latin name, like the cuckoo, is bound to make its journey round the world. A letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the Eucalyptus was introduced from Australia into Algeria about eleven years ago. It was not, however, until within the last seven years that any extensive plantations were made. The writer made an excursion to visit those on the estates of M. Trotter, M. Ramel and M. Cordier, and says that the trees average fifty feet in height at seven years old.

In this evergreen wood all around us were tall, reddish, smooth stems, with the bark hanging down in a ragged, untidy manner, for the tree sheds its bark in winter, and gray willow like leaves were waving on flexible boughs. For about twenty-five feet the stem of the tree in the inner part of the plantation rose up with no branches at all, but on the skirts of wood the trees sent out branches in the light and air nearly to the ground.

Beautiful is not the word I should apply to its appearance, but, in exchange for bare sunbaked earth or deadly swamps, these Eucalyptic forests are most grateful, and the smell delightfully resinous, warm and gummy. The multitude of birds in the branches, and their busy twitterings, added much to the pleasant impression. I measured these trees as I walked along, and found them from forty to forty-five inches in circumference—those on the borders of the wood always, of course, a few inches larger.

Many village communities in the plain have planted scores of gum trees in this neighborhood, and feel the benefit, but at present there is certainly an exaggerated manner of speaking of the Eucalyptus. It is praised as a scent, as cigars, as medicine, as a tonic, as a throat lozenge, and, above all, as a bath. Branches and leaves are put into hot water and it is stated that such baths remove rheumatic pains, neuralgia, and the debility left by the malaria incidental to the country. The flower of the Eucalyptus tribe is very like the myrtle-flower; it is very full of honey, and attracts a multitude of flies and bees, and the birds naturally follow, for they find not only food but thick, warm, leafy cover in winter, and shelter from the burning sun in summer.

Finally, our opinion is that the Eucalyptus tree may prove the most powerful element of civilization as yet put in force on the coast of North Africa; that in a very few years it will be self-sowing, and thus take its place as a naturalized subject, there is very little reason to doubt. This year the seed ripens plentifully on the seven-year old trees. Thus in a few years we may see the one thing most longed for on the Barbary coast—that is, shade from the fierce sun.

—Domestic "sauce" is kept in family jars.

—Instead of waiting for a chance, make one.

—Better run in old clothes than run in debt.

—Now is a good time to buy thermometers. They are lower now than they have been since last spring. [16° below 0 to-day at Notre Dame.]

—"I can't say as he went to Heaven," remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, "but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing only the day before he died, and you can judge for yourself."—*Rosell's Newspaper Reporter*.

—The first condition for obtaining respect in England, in any case, is to be what is called a *gentleman*; an expression that has no corresponding term in French, and a perfect knowledge of which implies in itself alone a pretty long familiarity with English manners. The term *gentil-homme* with us is applied exclusively to birth, that of *homme comme il faut* to manners and station in society, those of *gentil-homme* and *homme de merite* to conduct and character. A *gentleman* is one who, with some advantages of birth, fortune, talent, or situation, unites moral qualities suitable to the place he occupies in society, and manners indicating a liberal education and habits. The people of England have a remarkably nice feeling in this respect, and even the splendor of the highest rank will seldom mislead them. If a man of the highest birth depart in his conduct, or merely in his manners, from what his situation requires of him, you will soon hear it said, even by persons of the lowest class, "Though a lord, he is not a gentleman." —*M. de Stael Ho'stein's Letters on England.*

Colleg. Societies.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE B. V. M.

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

THE ST. ALOYSIUS PHILODEMIC SOCIETY.

T. A. Dailey, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Rec. Sec'y*; M. Foley, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

W. S. Meyer, *Pres't*; D. J. O'Connell, *Sec'y*.

THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; J. F. Soule, *Rec. Sec'y*; J. P. McHugh, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION.

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

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB.

A. J. Sarr, *Pres't*; Jos. Campbell, *Rec. Sec'y*; N. J. Mooney, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE NOTRE DAME BOATING CLUB.

T. F. O'Mahony, *Pres't*; J. J. Gillen, *Sec'y*.

THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. A. Lyons, *Pres't*; J. Kielty, *Rec. Sec'y*; J. Delvecchio, *Cor. Sec'y*.

THE FATHER GILLESPIE CHORAL UNION.

J. F. Edwards, *Pres't*; Thos. M. O'Leary and D. J. O'Connell, *Secretaries*.

THE LEMONNIER CIRCULATING LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.

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Such a splendid Organ could not be built anywhere now for \$5,000. The reason why it is offered for sale is solely because the place for the organ in the New Church does not admit of its depth, which is 12x18 feet.

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THE SUN.

WEEKLY AND DAILY FOR 1875.

The approach of the Presidential election gives unusual importance to the events and developments of 1875. We shall endeavor to describe them fully, faithfully, and fearlessly.

THE WEEKLY SUN has now attained a circulation of over seventy thousand copies. Its readers are found in every State and Territory, and its quality is well known to the public. We shall not only endeavor to keep it fully up to the old standard, but to improve and add to its variety and power.

THE WEEKLY SUN will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment, and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world. It will be full of entertaining and appropriate reading of every sort, but will print nothing to offend the most scrupulous and delicate taste. It will always contain the most interesting stories and romances of the day, carefully selected and legibly printed.

The Agricultural Department is a prominent feature in the WEEKLY SUN, and its articles will always be found fresh and useful to the farmer.

The number of men independent in politics is increasing, and the WEEKLY SUN is their paper especially. It belongs to no party, and obeys no dictation, contenting for principle, and for the election of the best men. It exposes the corruption that disgraces the country and threatens the overthrow of republican institutions. It has no fear of knives, and seeks no favors from their supporters.

The markets of every kind and the fashions are regularly reported in its columns.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN is one dollar a year for a sheet of eight pages and fifty six columns. As this barely pays the expenses of the paper and printing, we are not able to make any discount or allow any premium to friends who may make special efforts to extend its circulation. Under the new law, which requires payment of postage in advance, one dollar a year, with twenty cents the cost of prepaid postage added, is the rate of subscription. It is not necessary to get up a club in order to have the WEEKLY SUN at this rate. Anyone who sends one dollar and twenty cents will get the paper, post-paid, for a year.

We have no travelling agents.

dec 12-61.

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Honest Work, Clean Stock, Latest Styles, which
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We pledge ourselves to please all who may favor us with
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 024-2m

South Bend, Indiana.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend
 as follows:

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.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers
 upon through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
 F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.
 J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.
 W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
 S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.
 On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and
 Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass 7.29 P. M. | Pass 8.23 P. M.
 Freight 2.48 A. M. | Freight 10.47 A. M.
 Freight 8.57 P. M. | Freight 4.45 A. M.
 Pass 9.24 A. M. | Pass 11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent

Michigan Central Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Taking effect December 27th, 1874.

Going East.

Trains.	Leave Chicago.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Detroit.
Mail	5 00 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	8 45 a m
Atlantic Express	5 15 p m	8 55 p m	3 50 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 3 a m
Pacific Express	10 00 p m	5 00 a m	8 30 a m

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leave South Bend—8 00 a m, 3 00 p m, 6 30 p m, *9 00 a m, *7 00 p m.
 Arrive at Niles—8 45 a m, 3 55 p 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 00 a m, 5 55 p m, *8 40 a m, *5 40 p m

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Going East, via Niles.

Depart—8 07 a m, 6 38 p m, *9 07 a m, *7 07 p m.
 Arrive—7 07 a m, 9 42 a m, 5 46 p m, *8 32 a m, *5 32 p m

Going West, via Niles.

Depart—3 10 p m. Arrive—9 42 a m.

Trains marked thus * † run Sunday 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.

B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agent, Notre Dame, Ind.

H. C. WENTWORTH,

General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

W. B. STRONG,

General Superintendent,
Chicago.

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	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 Louisi- ana, 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 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightening Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jackson- ville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only. ‡ Ex-
 cept Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.
 The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and
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