

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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I Love to Stroll.

I.

I love to stroll at the early dawn,
And sit me down on the dewy lawn;
I love to kneel on the flow'ry sod,
And raise my thoughts up to Nature's God.

II.

I love to stroll in the blazing noon,
And list to yon river's lonely croon;
To muse on its banks and cull from flow'rs,
Bouquets of song thro' the fleeting hours.

III.

I love to stroll at the close of day,
When the setting sun's last parting ray,
Bejewels the west, and crimson the wave,
As down he sinks to his golden grave.

IV.

I love to stroll in the summer time,
When my heart-strings pulse in a gentle rhyme;
I love to stroll when the Autumn grand,
Roams in state o'er the teeming land.

V.

I love to stroll on the boundless prairie,
And pray all day to our Mother Mary,
Then homeward return to "follow the Lamb,"
'Neath the hallow'd towers of Notre Dame.

VI.

And oh! I love this gay season now,
When bright Christmas smiles on each careworn brow;
Now that Christmas has come with its social glee,
A fire and a friend, and a book for me—
Musing the while on Eternity!

22 dDecember, 1875.

T. DE C. C.

A Visit to the Tomb of Rev. Prince Demetrius A. Gallitzin.

Taking, a few years ago, advantage of a week's recreation during the sultry month of August, we determined to escape from the turmoil, confusion, heat and dust of the city, that we might breathe the mountain air untainted with any of the impure gases that arise from the almost innumerable mills, foundries and factories of a manufacturing city, even to enjoy that once free gift from heaven, pure water, but which is now deemed a luxury by the residents of a city, who are compelled to obtain their supply of water from a river that is the receptacle of the offal of a number of oil refineries on either side of its bank.

With a light heart and a mind free from care we stepped into one of the magnificently furnished cars of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. In a few moments the "brakes" are turned off and we find ourselves slowly moving past long rows of closely-built stores, warehouses and factories

with their dingy fronts and scorched appearance, Now gliding along blocks of small tenement houses with their shingled roofs and narrow windows, through which the vitiated air can scarcely escape, we obtain a passing glance up filthy lanes and narrow alleys, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, then passing the tasteful residences of the opulent, where the sickly flower with difficulty blooms midst the choked atmosphere. Every moment we are leaving behind us all the marks of city life, with cares, burdens, toils, vices, virtues, temptations, guilt, and iniquities. The increasing speed of the train reminds us that we are beyond the city limits: the neat cottages and tasteful gardens present a pleasing contrast with the dingy houses to which we are accustomed. The whistle blows and the train fairly dances along the iron bands, as if enjoying the unrestrained freedom which the scene imparts. Here whirl past a grove of oaks; there a grassy plain comes in view. Now we run through a dense wood, then through a tunnel. Hamlets, villages and towns are passed; handsome mansions, marks of cultivated taste, are seen. Mountains and valleys, hills and plains, gardens and wastes, nature and art appear and vanish, as if carried on the wings of lightning. Now ploughing in darkness through the bowels of the earth, and again emerging into light through fields of waving grain, glittering like gold in the sunshine. Then rushing over trestles, whirling under arches, flying across bridges, and skipping through chasms, till at length we stop at the foot of the mountain, where an extra engine is in readiness to carry the laden train up the slope. At first the slow speed, together with the apparent labored puffing of the locomotives, seem to indicate that they are exerting their utmost power to ascend the steep. But gradually the speed increases: every moment adds to its swiftness. Up, up the mountain slope, meteor-like, it speeds its way: now taking a circuitous horse-shoe direction, then flying on for miles in a straight line; suddenly sweeping round the brink of a deep ravine, then darting out on the verge of the mountain; below flows the gentle Conemaugh, which from our elevated height seems like a tiny brook; above overhang massive frowning rocks. This stupendous mountain, with its deep-cut ravines, its roaring torrents, its gentle rivulets and towering trees, is a scene sublime indeed. But the mind is disturbed in its contemplation of the variety of the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the scene that strikes the eye in quick succession, when it recalls the fact that man, the most perfect work of an Almighty, All-Powerful God, hath by exercising the powers given him by his Creator overcome all the barriers that nature can hurl in his path to impede his ever-onward progress.

At length we arrived on this wild and romantic pinnacle. Everything in nature wears an aspect in commun-

ion with the season. The woods resound with the musical warblings of gladness and thanksgiving in song. On every breeze is wafted the delicious odors of thousands of wild-flowers which beautify the scene and render the air fragrant. We saunter from object to object, meeting something new and pleasing at every step. Here we are in the midst of the towering monarchs of the forest, whose arms have valiantly withstood the storms and hurricanes of ages. There we behold a lofty tree, black and bare, that had been struck by heaven's lightning dart—majestic, though dead, in the midst of life. This stream of crystal water is silently but surely undermining the roots of the noble oak, which though full of life will be suddenly tumbled to the earth from whence it sprang. This moss-covered rock, on which we sit, has been by some wild convulsion of nature hurled from the side above, and now selfishly obstructs the flow of the rivulet beneath, compelling its course into a kind of swamp; this stream is skirted on either side with shaggy dwarf trees and glades of thick forest. No human habitation can be seen, and the pathway within a few feet of the water's edge gives evidence of being but little trampled. Across yonder stream is a decayed trunk that has lain for ages, and from whose body springs new vegetation. On all sides we behold the workings of nature—from the pliant twig of yesterday to the hoary tree of centuries. Invigorating life and desolating death are contending: the latter ruthlessly destroys: the former infuses her breath into the fallen tree, and lo! the dead trunk becomes alive with beauties of another order.

But nature does not reign supreme: the curling smoke and the distant noise made by the woodman's axe indicate that man, the lord of creation, has taken up his abode in the wilderness. Yonder road cut through the forest is the result of his patient toil. Now we hear a noise—it approaches—yes, it is the rumbling noise of a wagon laden with heavy timber. In reply to our inquiry the teamster informs us that we are about a mile distant from Loreto. As he mentioned Loreto we remembered that this village was founded by the Rev. Prince Demetrius A. de Gallitzin, better known as the Apostle of the Alleghanies, and that here the body of this faithful servant of God reposes. We determined to avail ourselves of this opportunity to visit the tomb of one who is venerated by the whole country. After a leisurely walk of half an hour we came in sight of the village, where industry and virtue sit down, twin-sisters, at the fireside. The first house we see is occupied by the village pastor. Was it happy chance or was it design that the cheerful residence of the pastor is the first the traveller beholds on entering this thoroughly Catholic village? In the spiritual order, it is the Priest who conducts us into life at the baptismal font, and it is he who takes the final leave of us at the tomb. So it is his house the traveller first meets on entering Loreto, and it is the last he beholds on his departure. But our object was to commune with the dead, and we did not tarry to converse with the living. A few hundred yards in advance we beheld a large and commodious church, on whose tower was erected the joyful emblem of man's redemption. We no sooner approached the church than our eyes fell on the object of our visit: directly in front of the sacred edifice, about twenty paces from the public road, is situated the tomb that contains all that is mortal of the Founder of Loreto and Catholicity in Middle Pennsylvania. The base of the tomb consists of a series of steps composed of large and tastefully-cut stones, and is about eight feet in height;

on this base rests an oblong body of finely polished marble, which measures about four feet in height; the whole is surmounted by a large stone cross. The marble body is ornamented on each side with panels, on each of which is cut a Latin epitaph composed by Bishop Kenrick. The following is a copy and translation:

SACRUM MEMORIE

DEM. A. E. PRINCIPIBUS GALLITZIN—NAT XXII DECEMB.

A. D. MDCCLXX.

QUI SCHISMATE EJURATO AD SACERDOTIUM ERECTUS
SACRO MINISTERIO PER TOT HANC. REG. PERFUNCTUS
FIDE, ZELO, CHARITATE INSIGNIS, HEIC OBIIT DIE VI
MAII, A. D. MDCCCXLI.

"Sacred to the memory of D. A., a Prince of the Gallitzin family—born the 22d Dec., 1770, who, having renounced schism, was raised to the priesthood. Exercised the sacred ministry through the whole of this region, and distinguished for faith, zeal, and charity, died on the 6th of May, A. D. 1841."

What thoughts fill the mind in the presence of the dead! Stoics may reason, philosophers may speculate, the wicked may ridicule and the foolish may smile, still we instinctively shudder at the silence and gloom of the grave. There sensuality, pride, ambition and revenge, all passions, are laid low in the dust. There the most loving ties of earth are snapped asunder; there Alexander left the world unconquered. There the educated forget their learning, the opulent their wealth, the poor their poverty, the statesman his principles, the soldier his battles. There friend parts with friend, brother from brother, and husband from wife. There the father takes the last long look on the body of his cherished son. There the mother daily moistens the flowers that bloom over the grave that contains her darling infant. There the new-made orphan first learns what it is to lose a mother.

We determined to view the interior of the tomb, and were about to retrace our steps to the pastoral residence for the purpose of procuring the key, when we happened to look on the other side of the tomb: there we beheld an old man, with his head uncovered, kneeling on the lowest step; it did not require the evidence of the beads which he held in his hand to convince us that he was praying. We waited till the old man finished his devotions. We then approached and enquired where the key that opens the door of the vault could be procured. We thought he paused to scan us, as if to discover whether we were worthy to tread the spot dedicated to the Prince and Priest. Then a pleasant smile lit up his wrinkled features: he informed us that he was keeper of the tomb, and immediately produced the key, unlocked the door, and bade us descend. After a descent of four or five steps we found ourselves at the entrance to the vault. For a few minutes nothing was discernible; soon a faint glimmer of light, gradually increasing in power, dispelled the gloom, giving us an opportunity to note the interior arrangements. The vault is about seven by nine; the walls and floor are of brick; the roof is composed of stone. In the centre, on a slight elevation, rests the coffin. As it is either a double or treble case, we could not form anything like a correct idea of the size of the holy man it contains. The vault is thoroughly ventilated, and is consequently free from any offensive odor that might arise from dampness. We are not given to meditation, and we know there is little poetry in our nature, still we must confess we were strangely affected as we found ourselves shut out from the world in the pres-

ence of the saintly dead. Here we stood over the ashes of one who gave up father, mother and country to enlist in the service of Almighty God. In an instant he sacrificed all that men spend a lifetime in seeking—wealth, honor and fame. For him the gilt and glitter of the court had no charm, though just entering the prime of life; at a time when the luxuries of home, the pleasures of society and the company of friends possess their greatest charms, when everything is painted in its richest hues, ere the splendor of any hope was dimmed by disappointment, before the heart was wounded, or the mind corroded by the fickleness of an unfeeling world. And for what did he surrender all, and dash to the ground the heart-matured plans of an ambitious father, and brave the scorn, contempt and pity of his friends? That he might labor among the poor in the wild recesses of an American forest. That he might follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master by relieving the wants of the poor, reviving the despairing, instructing the ignorant and consoling the dying.

Here the skeptic can learn a lesson when he hears related, in simple language, how the faithful pastor in the midst of embarrassments that would have crushed an ordinary man, never despaired of the goodness of God. Here the admirer of a strong, determined, persevering character can contemplate a model who during forty years of missionary labor never faltered in the performance of his duty: whether it was hewing trees for the construction of a forest chapel, or cultivating the stubborn soil, or erecting mills for his infant colony, or entering the arena against the bitter enemies of his faith. Here the weak, the faltering and the sluggish receive a silent but eloquent rebuke.

Here is a subject of meditation for the thoughtful Christian, that age after age God raises up ministers for His Church and so strengthens them that obstacles which appear insuperable are surmounted that the Mystery of mysteries may be celebrated in the most inaccessible regions. Russia has produced some great men, but we hazard nothing in the assertion that few have labored as zealously and with as much success as this princely servant of God. America boasts of her enterprise, but we think she could learn a lesson from him who actually turned a wilderness into a garden.

Although he labored not for the vain applause of men, still his name will be ever held in veneration by the Christians of Pennsylvania and Maryland. The gray-haired sire, who offers his daily petitions to the throne of Mercy from the tomb of the pastor of his youth; the middle-aged, who boast of having received the regenerating waters of baptism from his hands; the child, who ceases its prattle as it nears the tomb,—one and all proclaim his love for God. As long as virtue, heroism and talent are exercised, for the love of God, on behalf of man; as long as the memory of saints and sages are revered; as long as the gray peaks of the Alleghanies point their rugged heads to high heaven: so long will the name and virtues of Gallitzin, the Prince and Priest, occupy a bright page in the history of the Church in the United States.

As we emerged from the vault the sun was descending to the distant west. The gilded cross of the Franciscan monastery, overtopping the highest trees, stood before us dazzlingly brilliant, as if prefiguring its beauty and power on that day when earth and ocean, at the command of Heaven's Archangel, will give up their dead.

J. E. S.

William Morris.

"Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasures of past years,
Nor for my words shall you forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

"But rather when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feelings kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
—Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day."

"The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living yet, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

"Folk say, a wizard to a Northern king,
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind on that December day.

"So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If you will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day."*

Such is the Apology to William Morris' "Earthly Paradise," and such is his description of his poetic functions. It is a truthful account of the scope and of the charm of his most delicious poem. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," he tells us in his argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years came, old men, to some Western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored by the strange people." The story begins "in a nameless city in a distant sea," at the port of which a little band of grey-bearded wanderers, the remnant of the certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, who sailed in search of the Earthly Paradise, have landed. They are received with hospitality by the elders of the city, who tell the voyagers that

* THE EARTHLY PARADISE. A Poem. By William Morris, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." 3 vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Co., 117 and 119 State St. 1874. Price \$4.50.

they themselves are the descendants of wanderers from some Grecian land. Then one of the old men answers that he knows the Greek tongue, for he was born in Byzantium, but of Northern parents, and before his beard began to grow was taken back to Norway. There, whilst a pestilence was raging, he with others was persuaded to leave that land of death and seek the happy shores where, as a Breton squire told them, they could escape death. He then tells the sad story of all their wanderings until they come to this "nameless city in a distant sea." In this city they meet with every hospitality, and are invited to remain. They do so; and every month the wanderers and the elders meet together, and after an ample feast two stories are related, one by the hosts, the other by the guests. The elders relate some story of Greece, while the wanderers from Norway tell some Northern legend. Such is a brief outline of the poem. To give an analysis of the tales related—some of which would make separate volumes of goodly size—is impossible for us to do.

Amongst the tales narrated we have those of the imprisonment and escape of Danae, and the exploits of Perseus, her son—of the loves of Cupid and Psyche—of the race of the fleet-footed Atalanta—of the doomed Atys slain by his protector—of the statue of Pygmalion which woke to life, and others of ancient times; while of those belonging rather to romantic than classic song we have the stories of the "Man Born to be King," of "The Writing Image," of "The Proud King," of "The Lady of the Land," of "Ogier the Dane," of "The Fostering of Al lany," and of "The Lovers of Gudion,"—all exquisitely told, in the most tender and flowing of verse.

According to one account we have seen of the life of Mr. Morris, he was born in London in the year 1830; however, we have seen another which states that he was born in Walhamston, in the year 1835. It is said that his father was a merchant of London, and that William is the eldest of a large family of children. His education was begun at the Marlborough Collegiate School and was finished at Oxford, where he entered Exeter College. On leaving college he was connected for some time with an architect's office, and at the same time wrote for a magazine which had but a brief existence. It is said that this magazine was published in the interests of the pre-Raphaelites, with whom and their peculiar notions of art he had great sympathy. It was an early inclination to art that led him to establish the business which we believe he follows to this day under the name of Morris & Co., of which firm one or more of the Rossetti's are members. It is the object of the firm to carry the fine arts into household decoration. They design beautiful wall-paper; they manufacture artistic furniture and upholstery; and they stain glass windows for churches and houses.

Mr. Morris' first appearance in the field of literature was in the year 1858, when he published his "Defence of Guenevere," of which R. H. Stoddard says: "I hardly know how to describe it; but, at a venture, it is mediæval in spirit, and affectedly modern in form. It could not have been written if Browning had not written his dramatic lyrics and monologues; and it probably would not have been written if Tennyson had not brought the Arthurian romance back into English literature. It is not so much the work of a young man, as the work of a young man who has lived too much with painters; or to be more exact, with the painters of the certain or uncertain school who called themselves, a few years ago, pre-Raphaelites

It is dedicated to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the influence of whose art studies is visible in it—more visible, I think than in his own poetry even. In short it is a collection of pre-Raphaelite pictures which have sung themselves into rugged verse. These verse-pictures are a blind groping toward the art of poetic story-telling; but they are nothing more. Many of them are unintelligible, and the most unintelligible have no real 'excuse for being.' 'The Defence of Guenevere' made no reputation for William Morris, outside the artistic circle in which he moved; and it is well, perhaps, that it did not, since it might have led him to write more verse of the same kind, of which there was already enough. He seems to have thought so himself; for his next volume resembled it in nothing. The difference between 'The Defence of Guenevere' and 'The Life and Death of Jason' is the difference between the manner of the pre-Raphaelites and the simple style of pure Greek art. 'The Life and Death of Jason,' which was published in 1867, was at once recognized as the production of a poet—of a new poet who belonged to an old school—the good old school of Chaucer. It was followed, during the next year, by the first part of the 'Earthly Paradise,' which was finished in 1871."

Mr Morris has lately published in England a translation of the *Æneid* of Virgil, and it may be soon expected in America. It is spoken of in terms of highest praise by the English press.

Morris, as a poet, is pre-eminently a story-teller; he belongs to that great race of which Homer is the head, and to which Virgil and Boccaccio and Chaucer belong. He is, as an English poet of the present day has said, the greatest story-teller since the days of Chaucer. He has as it were revived the art of dreaming old stories in verse so that they charm the ear and fancy without making any intellectual demands on the imagination of the reader, and we believe that long after Tennyson and Browning shall cease to be read, Morris will continue to please the gentle readers of posey.

Henry C. Watson.

In the death of Henry C. Watson, which took place on the 2nd of December last, the United States has lost one of its ablest art critics and composers. He was of a family, we learn from the affectionate tribute in the *Art Journal*, paid to his memory by his friend Henri L. Stuart, "all famous for their knowledge of and devotion to music." At an early age he displayed great intellectual powers and "a wonderful capacity for comprehending the underlying principles of all kinds of musical productions. With these heaven-vouchsafed gifts, he was endowed with an organization delicate and exquisitely sensitive to the slightest discord; with a voice that in childhood was rarely, if ever, excelled in its tender purity and sweetness; with a personal presence of exceeding beauty; with manners gentle and graceful in the highest degree; with surroundings admirably calculated to excite, encourage and stimulate him to rival the achievements of the old masters of song." His first public appearance was made in his thirteenth year, when he took the part of one of the principal fairies in Weber's *Oberon*, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. So great was his success that he received the hearty congratulations of everybody. His father was musical Director of Covent Garden, and young Watson continued his connection with this theatre; but soon after, his

voice beginning to break, he, in disgust, threw up his position and went to sea. He made a voyage to the Mediterranean Sea, which lasted but a short while; for he returned, says Mr. Stuart, "more profoundly disgusted than before." On his return he took lessons in thoroughbass from Mr. Kearns, and afterwards from Mr. Edward Loder who some time afterwards married Mr. Watson's sister. He began to write poetry and musical criticism, and some of his songs appearing in the *Court Journal* attracted much attention and had the honor of being set to music by eminent composers. He then attempted musical composition, and his efforts were attended with the most gratifying results.

When in his twenty-third year, Mr. Watson, with his mother, sister and a younger brother, came to the United States. He brought with him letters of introduction to Wm. Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, George P. Morris and others. On his arrival, Mr. Park Benjamin gave him the position of art critic on the *New World*, at the time edited by Horace Greeley and Mr. Benjamin. In this position he soon made his mark by the excellence of his criticisms.

In the year 1843 he connected himself with the *Musical Chronicle*, at the same time contributing to many other journals. About this period he wrote a number of prize songs, for which he received the award. In 1844 he married Miss Francesca Lutti, who survives him. "His wife," says Mr. Stuart "being of Italian origin, and familiar with that language, aided him in translating and preparing libretti and other literary works. Mrs. Watson was also a fine singer, and took a lively interest in her husband's labor, assisting him with all her ability. About this time, Mr. Watson, in conjunction with Charles F. Briggs and Edgar A. Poe, projected and started *The Broadway Journal*, a short-lived but brilliant and ably conducted periodical. His reputation had now begun to assume national proportions as a litterateur and musical composer of a very high order, second in some respects to no other writer in the country, his only approachable compeer in musical knowledge, versatility and critical acumen being the late William H. Fry, whom he succeeded as musical critic of the *New York Tribune*, on the death of Mr. Fry, in 1863, under the very able managing editorship of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay."

Mr. Stewart, continues: "During these years, Mr. Watson was a controlling spirit of all the musical, art and literary activities and organizations of note of the time. He was the projector and founder of the New York Philharmonic Society with C. E. Horne and H. C. Timm, and was one of its most influential and powerful advocates and supporters to the time of his death. He was also the originator and prime mover in establishing the American Musical Fund Association for the aid and support of indigent artists and musicians, and was its first president, a position he held for several years. He likewise originated and organized what is now known as the Mendelssohn Union, formerly the Vocal Society, his sisters, Eliza and Eleanor, and Mr. Stephen Massett, aiding him. He was spokesman at the receptions given to Jenny Lind, Sontag, Catherine Hayes, and other singers. With William Vincent Wallace, the composer, Mr. Watson was on terms of the closest intimacy, aiding him by counsel and by influence. He wrote the libretto to Wallace's opera "Lurline." He was also a warm friend of Mr. Carlos D. Stuart, a chosen companion of the great composer named, and a poet and journalist of

high ability, of genial manners, and of a gentle spirit. . . . Mr. Watson, aided by these two gentlemen, organized the Mendelssohn Memorial Concert at Castle Garden, at which an audience of 16,000 persons was present."

In the year 1855, in connection with Mr. Molyneux Bell, he began the publication of three monthly musical periodicals, and upon the establishment of *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* Mr. Watson was appointed Editor-in-chief, which position he held until 1861, when Mr. Leslie was forced into bankruptcy, and Mr. Watson, with the kindest feelings towards his old employer, severed his connection with the paper.

In the winter of 1861-'62 Mr. Watson became the successor of William H. Fry as musical critic on the *New York Tribune*, a position which was tendered him by Mr. Gay at the express request of Horace Greeley. Mr. Stuart says: "As musical critic of *The Tribune*, Mr. Watson brought to bear all his versatile powers, and his criticisms were sought for by all the great artists visiting this country, and his pen was always a sure defence and support of the otherwise defenceless and deserving."

He retained his position on the *Tribune* until the year 1866; but in the year 1863 he began the publication of *The American Art Journal*, which he continued to edit with great ability under the name of *Watson's Art Journal*, until the time of his death.

Mr. Stuart, his faithful friend, and companion in the work of editing the *Art Journal*, after speaking of his attendance at one of Von Bülow's concerts, says: "Thus ended the public and professional career of Henry C. Watson in life. The public saw him once again as he lay under the dim arches of St. Thomas' Church, draped for the grave, with the bloom of flowers, the tears of mourning friends, and with all the tokens of a profound respect, such as is only accorded to the eminent and good who have benefitted humanity and mankind. The final scene closed amid the dimmed light, the hushed voices of the ministers at the sacred altar, the soul-stirring tones of the great organ, the wondrous and tender beauty of women's voices, great artists mourning for a lost friend and benefactor, giving him a last farewell so touching and tender, so memorable for delicate and exquisite tearfulness of expression, that the perfume of violets, the blush on the rose leaf, the first breath of infancy, the shimmer of the dewdrop, and the flutter of an angel's wing o'er the wearied soul bowed in prayer alone could be named in comparison."

The Crown Perfumery Poets.

In the *New York Sun* of December 12th there is a capital burlesque. We have not space to print the whole article, but we will give a few extracts. The writer, who dates his article from Washington, says: "A little more than a fortnight ago there appeared among the despatches sent from Washington to the Associated Press an announcement which was regarded with extraordinary interest by a select circle of literary men. The despatch was as follows:

"A private letter received here from a literary gentleman now in London says that the Crown Perfumery Company of that city has offered a reward of one hundred guineas for the best prize poem by English, American, or Hindoo authors on the subject of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, to be treated with reference to contrasts of ancient and modern civilization or the aesthetics of modern life. The writer says that this news will be of much interest to many American authors, and may induce many to send in contributions, which must arrive in London by the 20th of July."

The writer then goes on to remark that many communications have been sent to the British Embassy at Washington, and says that "a friend connected with the Embassy, and who shares with me a profound admiration for the genius of the poets of America, has taken copies of a number of the manuscripts, and kindly permits me to use them in print. It is not apprehended that their publication here can in any way affect the issue of the competition, and it may preserve to the world gems which would otherwise be lost beyond recovery.

"A day or two after the announcement of the Associated Press, a wild figure, mounted on a mustang, whose features were hidden by the slouched rim of his sombrero, dashed up to the British Legation at a gallop, and reined in his mustang at the very brink of the curb. The strange rider did not dismount, but uttered a war whoop, so loud, so piercing, that the entire flunkey force of the establishment came to the door as rapidly as diplomatic dignity would allow. Lassoing the nearest gentleman in waiting, the horseman drew him down the steps and to the gutter with one dexterous yank of his sinewy arm, and, having thoughtfully unloosed the lariat, brought out a bulky manuscript from beneath his capote. Tossing this, together with a handful of Mexican dollars, at the head of the astonished Jeems, the horseman rode away as swiftly as he had come.

"Sir Edward Thornton had not then seen the offer of the London perfumers, and the mysterious document was regarded with some alarm. Having telegraphed to the Home Secretary for instructions and to the Governor-General of Canada and Lord Houghton for advice, and having first taken the precaution to soak the manuscript well in water, the gentlemen of the Legation finally ventured to open it. They found a poem of several thousand verses, without signature but evidently intended to celebrate the travels of the Prince of Wales. If the following lines should meet the eye of their author, or of anyone recognizing the paternity of the poem, he will oblige the British Minister and relieve that gentleman of a serious embarrassment by sending name and address to Washington. The poem is too long to quote entire, but is so constructed that extracts may be made without materially impairing either sense or continuity:

My task is but to tell the tale,
To wail in rhyme the stale old song;
And if in sooth ye hold me wrong
In truth the song is wrong, percale.

Not Arizona's arid zone
Nor Digger Indians hammered heads,
Not hammered heads of Digger reds—
The Heir sets sail to see his own.

To see the bright lands of the Sun,
To breathe the breath from Brahma's mouth,
To breathe the breezes of the South
Adown the steep slopes of Ceylon.

* * * * *

— I like you, Albert Edward; come
Where rum is some—where rum and sugar meet—
Where there is sugar, where there's rum,
And rum is rum so be it hot and sweet.
Come, Albert Edward, be a guest of mine.
A quest of mine hath found some rare old rum,
A quest of mine in isles that sea-girt are
Hath erst discovered rum both old and rare;
Far rarer, Albert, than the Rhenish wine
That perfumes halls where royal donkeys dine.
Come to the rum that waits you, and, in some
Half-shingled shanty in the Sierra's shade,
There you and I, sun-bronzed and more than brown,
Knighted erewhile by the Sun King's accolade,
Shall mix two punches sweet of sweetened rum,

Shall stir them well and drink them well adown,
Rum punches twain and drink them to the Crown.
It takes Joaquin Miller off to perfection. The burlesque
on J. G. Holland is very good:

What is his Highness thinking about?
Very trivial things no doubt;
Dancing girls and elephant hunts,
Howdah, chowder,
Sporting powder,
Tigers, niggers,
Hair spring triggers—
Such are the thoughts of the royal dance.

So sang Hester Ann as she took her cup
Of cheerful evening tea and drank it up.
Tea is grown in China and Japan, and imported
To this country in large quantities;
Aye quantities.

SCENE SECOND—*The Same.*

Josias—Speaking of India, dear sisters of mine,
What do you know of that wonderful clime?
Hester Ann, Martha, Eliza, Keturah, Jezebel, Little
Tupperine, and the rest of the Sisters—Nothing;
Save that you, Josias, must know everything.
Josias—I do! The culture of our good New England schools
Hath taught me much of India,
And here around our bright domestic coal stove,
While howling snowflakes rage about outside,
Methinks it were indeed an excellent chance
To review the geography, cosmography, ethnography
And all the other graphies of India,
And show the world that in our quiet New England home
We know a thing or two,
Sisters (speaking together)—I guess we do.
John, Jubal, Joel and the rest of the brothers—Yes, 'Si,
You've been through Amherst; tell us all about it.

SCENE THIRD—*The Same.*

Josias—India is a country in the far, far East.
Sisters (together)—There! I knew he knew it!
Josias—inhabited by Brahmins (a Brahmin is a priest.)
Brothers (together)—I told you he could do it.
Josias—Its products are varied, and it's there, I think,
They get India rubber, and also India ink.

* * * * *

SCENE NINETEENTH—*The Same.*

All Brothers and Sisters—Well done, well done, Josias!
Tupperine—But, 'Si, tell what's the moral?
Josias—Well spoken, little Tupperine; a moral you shall have.

THE MORAL.

Not in rajahs nor in ayahs,
Not in Punjaubs nor in caste,
Not in Begums nor Guicowers,
Not in dusky millions, billions,
Nor in beds of poppy flowers,
Nor the glory of a Past,
Are a nation's truest powers.

Not in Rajpoots nor in fellahs,
Not in chow-chow nor in Ghants,
Not in cobra di capellos,
Nor in towering Juggernauts.
But in general education
Is the true strength of a nation.

Strong the land whose sons, anointed
With the chrism of the free,
Dwell within the heaven-appointed
Propylæa of Libertee;
Whose sons are well-informed and pious Like——
Chorus of Sisters—like you, Josias!
Josias— — Well, like me.

The writer in the *Sun* says: "In marked contrast with the cheerful tone of most of the contributions, was a brief but inexpressibly plaintive elegy contained in a mourning envelope, and accompanied by a business card bearing a name that has often brought moisture to the eyes of both continents. As soon as the gentlemen of the Embassy could see for the blinding tears that welled up unbidden, they read the following:

We have lost our Albert Edward;
He no more at Sandringham
Trots his darlings on his knees
Or fondles his disconsolate Alexandra.

He has left us. Fate has bereft us ;
We hear his cheerful step no more ;
Put away his little playthings ;
He doesn't need them on that other shore.

Let us hope no fatal fever,
Nor Asiatic cholera's greedy hand,
Shall snatch our Prince from Hindoo pleasures
And bear him to the angel band.*
Gone to meet the Nautch girls.

Soon after this came the following vigorous and breezy composition, like a fresh northwest wind after a warm and gentle rain storm :

O LAND OF O'M !

O land of O'm!
Nation of pundits, snake charmers, and chocolate colored be-gums,
Melange of living beings, identities, myriads on myriads.
One hundred and ninety-one million chuckle-headed idiots,
I greet you.
I, Walt, the rambunctious, ring-tailed roarer ;
I, perfected in every item of robust physiology ;
I, with a famous red shirt and a somewhat symmetrical body ;
I, who loaf, sing, chew tobacco, scratch myself, and dance to God's thunders ;
I, the boiled down, double distilled, hand sewed, hem stitched, case hardened, quintessence of forty million of freemen,
I greet you, poor fools.
Wales, your hand !
My chirruping game cock, I greet you also. '
Were you not born of woman ? Was I not produced in the same identical manner ?
Were you not once a youngster ? Have not I made dust pies in the gutter ?
Have we not experienced in common the strange, solemn throbbings of manhood ?
Will you not die ? Shall I not slink into the grave like a maggot ?
Houp la ! Old Topknot. Equality !
I respect India :
I respect your foolish gods, Sûrya, Vâyu, and Agni ;
I respect your forty thousand or so lesser deities and godlets ;
I even respect your Rakshasas, Asuras, Maruts' devils, demons, and small supes ;
I respect them from the bottom of Me, my soul, my fraction of kosmos ;
I respect them, and yet in my sleeve I snicker and snicker.
O Elder World ! O Aurungzebe ! O histrion, O myths, O fables immortal !
O teeming gulf of ever mysterious yearnings !
O populous relic of centuries dazzling with glory !
O multitudinous progeny evolved out of primitive matter !
O tremendous epics, Vedas, literatures, religions, and societies !
O gigantic, O magnificent, O unsolved, O ineffably prodigious !
O fount of civilization, O bully barbarians !
O bosh ! O two penny Prince !

R. H. Stoddard is very neatly taken off in the following :

THE SONG OF THREE.

Over the tide, over the tide,
O'er the vermilion sea,
In royal pride, in regal pride,
Three feathers flaunt merrily.
They speed on their way
To distant Cathay,
Over the tide.

Far in the East, away in the East,
On the other side of the sea,
In the East, in the ancient East,
Three kingdoms right loyally
Welcome their guest,
A Prince from the West,
Unto the East.

In the city, in the city,
Where the discounters be,
In the city, in London city,
Three Hebrews wait anxiously ;
Three creditors there
Wait in despair,
In the city.

* In the sad contingency here suggested, Mr. G. W. Childs, A. M., proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, will take solemn joy in erecting in Westminster Abbey a tasty monument to His Royal Highness, together with a suitable inscription, without charge to surviving relatives. Refers to Dean Stanley and the British nobility.

Everybody can see that T. Baily Aldrich is well parodied in the following verses, entitled

IN A CAVE.

Three shadows 'neath the crumbling architrave
Above the porch of Elephanta's cave
In whispered council three conjectures gave.

"He comes," said Brahm, "creating as he goes
An empire new where ancient fanes uprose
From Ceylon's palms to Himalayan snows."

"He comes," said Vishnu, "from the virile West,
And fallow Mother Ind at his behest
Yields richer milk from out a healthier breast."

"He comes," dark Siva said, "destroying all,
He cometh ; lo ! and regal fictions fall,
And elephants and tigers of Bengal."

Bret Harte's peculiarities are well burlesqued in the poem, called

BILL.

Wales ? Yes, I knowed him
Till he went to the bad,
Why, we was pards
Wales was and me ;
Boss hand at cards
We allowed him to be.
And the way that he had
Of turning a Jack
From under the pack
Was peculiarly touching to see.
Him in the papers ?
Well, now, that's great.
The son of a gun
What has he done ?
Why, Wales was a saint
With his mild way of shooting,
Which men often aint ;
And he chalked one good deed on his slate,
Which the same I will truly relate.

Moisten ? Well, thank ye,
Don't care if I do—
This was in Frisco,
In the year fifty-two—
The same, sir, to you—
Wales had been winning,
He always won,
And the boys which was thar
Which had played on the square
Vamosed one by one
All but Michigan Rufus and he.
Then he raked in Rufe's pile
With a winsomelike smile
Which was sweet and consoling to see

So Rufe was discouraged,
And he got up and went
Out of the shanty and—well
He made plain his intent
Of visiting heaven or hell,
(For he hadn't no stomach for life.)
And he lifted his shooter to shoot.
"Stop !" says a voice, "you galoot,
Think of yer kids and yer wife !"
And Rufe stopped as if he was hit.
It was Wales. Says he, "Here,
Pocket this dast,
It's forty ounce clear,
Be a fool if yer must
But put up yer shooter and git !"

Rufus he dusted.
Wales d—n him, you see
He saved him from—why,
It's only a winker
Got into my eye.
Who's Michigan Rufus ? That's me.

* * * * *

Wales on his travels—
Perspectin' or what ?
Off with the Injins—
What in h—ll is that for,
Has he married a squaw ?
—Eh !

What's that you say ?
Here, take my hat.
Thought you meant Bill Wales
Of Poverty Flat.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 25, 1875.

Single Copies of THE SCHOLASTIC may now be procured at the Tribune Store, South Bend, and at the Students' Office, at Five Cents per copy.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Christmas.

On this day, when all Christendom rejoices, we cannot refrain from again wishing all our subscribers a merry Christmas! Christmas! how suggestive the very word is of joy and gladness! How the heart throbs with joy even at the mere mention of that Festival which commemorates the birth of the Saviour!

We care not for the winds that whistle through the forest and over hill and vale; we care not for the snows which drift through the streets, which fall on the fields and prairies; we care not for the ice which bridges our lakes and streams,—Christmas is here with its mirth and music, its joy and good cheer, and we rejoice and are glad.

And such is the character of the joy which we feel on this happy anniversary of the Saviour's birth, that we are not content to enjoy it alone. We feel that our neighbors must also be glad. We cannot bear to see the face of anyone betokening sorrow. Our hearts expand under the genial feeling which the festival inspires, and we wish all mankind to share in the joy which animates us. Hence it is that the cold of heart are warmed by the charity of Him who, eighteen hundred and seventy five years ago, was born in a stable at Bethlehem; and though through the year they may have passed by, with coldness, the outcast and the unfortunate, they now feel that the greatest joy on earth is to bestow upon the needy all that which may bring joy into their household. The widow and the orphan are comforted in their grief; the wrongs of the year are pardoned and righted; and those who are in want and in sorrow are comforted. It is as if some fairy had, like Puck, in one day girdled the earth with joy and like some magician of old brought back to us events that happened in days long gone by.

We, too, feel the joy which inspires all during this blissful season, and in the fulness of our joy wish to all our many subscribers, but more especially to those who have studied here for the last four months,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Third of January.

We have been requested by the authorities of the College to again call the attention of the students to the fact that classes will recommence on the third day of January next, and also to urge upon them the propriety of their prompt return, to begin in time their regular attendance at all the College exercises. We know that after a week's enjoyment at home it is very difficult to take up the regular routine of studies which has been interrupted. The

relaxation from the work of the class-room has not always the effect of quickening students on their return from home. On the contrary, the result is generally the opposite of what parents and guardians expected, and it frequently happens that it takes a number of days after his return for a young man to fall back into his usual habits of hard and earnest study. It is absolutely necessary for everybody, then, to be back in time for the beginning of classes if they do not desire to lose too much time.

We have heard it said by professors of experience that they would, by far, prefer to have no class at all than to have several members absent. They hold that it is a greater detriment to all under instruction to have a number of the students absent than it is to have none at all attend. The reason for this is quite apparent to anyone who considers the matter with any degree of thought. There is not a single class in which some general questions of the utmost importance to the student are not explained, and it may be that a thorough knowledge of the principles then explained (and such sometimes as can be acquired in class only, and from the teacher) is absolutely necessary in order that the pupil understand what may come up for consideration in the future. If the student loses one or more classes by remaining away, he may miss those explanations on which his studies for the year depend. How is he to make up for this lost time? by himself? He may, possibly, do so; but the probabilities are that he will not. It cannot be expected that he by himself will be able to comprehend those very things which he goes to college to learn. Nor can it be presumed that the teacher will repeat the explanations, already known to the remainder of the class, for his especial benefit. The teacher's time belongs by right to all the students under his charge, and it is not fair that he should sacrifice the time he is bound to give to all, by devoting it to special instruction for one. It may be that the teacher, through kindness, will give the desired instruction outside of class hours to him who has not attended on those days when it was given to the others. But teachers are men like ourselves, and having done their day's work they need time to recreate themselves and attend to such other business as they may have on their hands. Hence is it not asking too much to have them supply for our negligence?

It is to be hoped, then, that everybody, seeing the necessity for a prompt return, will not delay in putting in an appearance after the holidays have passed, and we trust that there will be no delay or inconvenience caused either to students or professors when the classes shall have recommenced. Parents and guardians who are anxious that those over whom they have charge should advance in their studies, ought, then, to endeavor to have their sons or wards return in time for the regular opening of class. It will be not only a benefit to the College which they have honored by entrusting it with the education of their sons, but will also be a great benefit to these very sons, who will thus be enabled to pursue their studies with greater ease and success. We expect, then, to see everybody back on Monday, January 3d, 1876.

The Good Student.

If a young man at college really and truly loves study, nothing save sickness will restrain him from being a student in the true sense of the word, and from making good

use of the means at his command for studying. The fact is, when we hear people complain of want of time for studying we discover that they are in reality attached to some other pursuit, which prevents them from devoting to study the time proper to it, or that they are not possessed of the energy and the spirit which should animate the true student. They hear a companion praised, and will join in praising him, because of the great amount of information he has acquired, and they will wonder in what manner it was that he managed to gain it—but when they themselves are urged to emulate him in his course, they give the pitiable excuse that they have not the time. They say that they would dearly love to be distinguished among their companions—will say to themselves that they are ambitious of storing their minds with useful information,—but, then, they have not the time. They have time for play, and for everything else which serves to amuse them, but they have not the time to study; they have time to spend in reading some frivolous or worthless novel, but they have no time for solid reading. They have time to waste in making things look tasty in their desks, but they have no time to spend in adorning their minds with the knowledge which comes through hard study. How foolish! They have no time? They have the time, if they will but use it. In most cases they fail in their studies because they fritter away time, because they give themselves up to their own ease, or to genuine idleness.

If they had the same energy and determination, the same noble and laudable ambition that other young men whom we have in our mind's eye possess, they might through the learning they would acquire become distinguished during their college life, and in after years become able men. But they have no energy, no ambition to excel; they fail to become good students while at college, and in after-life will be compelled to take a low or mediocre position among their fellow men. They are capable of studying, but they lack determination. Every great difficulty frightens them, and they despair of overcoming before they have tried to do so. They know that in six years a good knowledge of Latin and Greek may be obtained; they know this because they have seen others by hard work master these languages and other studies besides; yet they themselves do not succeed, because they have lost their time indulging their own ease,—not endeavoring to solve the difficulties which present themselves, but going to their teachers with them before even attempting to work them out. While they have hesitated over a phrase in Latin or a problem in mathematics, the young man of energy and ambition has construed the one and solved the other. Such is the difference between energetic hard work and the hesitating, lazy manner of pursuing knowledge.

With people of this turn of mind, the worst of all is the almost utter impossibility of convincing them that hard work on their part is what is required. They attribute the success of their companions to the brightness of their intellect, giving them no credit for the long hours they have spent in toil and labor. Some, no doubt, are naturally bright and apt at learning, but there are many young men who are not so, and yet who attain a high position in spite of all difficulties, and succeed, too, simply by their energy and application. On the other hand we have seen many a young man whose mind was well calculated to receive information, pass through college without much success, because of his fatal habit of preferring his own ease and comfort to the labor of study.

No: if a young man is really desirous of becoming a good student, all that is necessary for him to do is to give all his time and attention to the matter to be prepared for class; and, no matter how many times he may fail, to stick to his work until he has overcome the difficulties which he may have to encounter. Unless he does this he can never expect to become a good student.

Books and Periodicals.

—The January number of the *Folio*, one of the sprightliest and most gossipy of our musical exchanges, comes to hand with its usual fresh and interesting items of news, together with an entertaining article on the "Liberty-Pole," and the first of a series of articles on the "Education of Pianists." The music department contains six pieces which are worth alone the subscription price (\$1.60 per annum). The embellishment of this number is a portrait of Verdi. The *Folio* is published by Smith, White & Co., Boston, Mass.

—We are in receipt of the December number of that entertaining and instructive magazine *The Catholic Record*. The editors are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the present number, which is extremely readable. The circulation of good literature is to be encouraged by all who have the welfare of the nation at heart, hence we recommend the *Record* to the consideration of everybody. The contents of this number are: I, Private Judgment; II, Christmas; III, A Lost Prima Donna; IV, How They Live; V, A Spirit's Message; VI, The Divine Commission of the Church to Teach: what is comprehended by it?; VII, At her Knee; VIII, City Weed; IX, A Soldier's Devotion—An Incident in Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow; X, Editorial Notes; XI, New Publications—Gentilism—The Three Pearls—The Cereimonial of the Church, etc.

—The *Catholic World* for January 1876 lies before us, and an excellent number it is. In times like these, when the Catholic Church is assaulted on all sides, when in our own country the President, for political purposes, endeavors to revive the old Know-Nothing spirit, and threatens to bring religious questions into the platform of a great party, it is but right that every Catholic endeavors to extend the circulation of this excellent magazine in which the position of Catholics with regard to the great questions of the day are rightly defined. The contents of the January number are: I, The President's Speech at Des Moines; II, Sonnets in Memory of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart.; III, A Message; IV, The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress; V, Yule Raps; VI, Christmas Chimes (Poetry); VII, Anglicans, Old-Catholics, and the Conference at Bonn; VIII, Midnight Mass in a Convent; IX, S. Louis' Bell (Poetry); X, From Cairo to Jerusalem; XI, A Christmas Vigil; XII, The Apostolic Mission to Chili; XIII, Free Will (Poetry); XIV, Nellie's Dream on Christmas Eve; XV, Allegri's Miserere; XVI, To-Day and Yesterday (Poetry); XVII, The Year of Our Lord 1875; XVIII, New Publications—Life of the Apostle St. John—The Ship in the Desert—The Three Pearls; or, Virginitv and Martyrdom—Medulla Theologiæ Moralis—The History of the Protestant Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, and Northern Europe—The Evidences of Catholicity—Mr. Gladstone and Maryland Toleration—Historical Scenes from the Old Jesuit Missions—Life of St. Benedict—The Life and Letters of

Paul Seigneret—Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D.

Personal.

- T. P. Carlin, of '72, is farming in Wood Co., Ohio.
- E. A. Maas is attending the law school at Ann Arbor.
- Prof. Edwards accompanied some students to Indianapolis.
- Michael H. Keeley, of '72, is practising law in Waseca, Minnesota.
- F. H. Green, of '64, was married last December. He is doing well in Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Capt. Edward Stretch, of '63, is in the shipping business, Park Ridge, Cook County, Ill.
- Rev. Mr. Kelly, Prof. Lyons, Bros. Alban and Cyprian went with the students to Chicago.
- Joseph A. Roberts, an old-time typo in the SCHOLASTIC Office, is the junior member of the firm of Fitch & Roberts, Columbus, Ohio. He is also Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of that place.
- Martin O'Brien, who was in the Commercial Course here in '65, is now at Kansas City, Mo. Although his talents would undoubtedly entitle him to a position in the commercial world or give him a good opening in a professional career, he has wisely concluded to devote his time to farming—which is the normal life of man, the most reliable, and the least liable to be affected by panics.
- Mr. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, writes us under date of Dec. 20th, 1875:—"I was tempted yesterday when I read the despatch announcing the arrival of 'L'Amérique' at Roche's Point, Ireland, to use the wires to send you a congratulatory message but this slow medium will do as well. I do indeed most heartily rejoice with you all in the good news, which I trust will be further confirmed by tidings from Father Sorin himself."
- Charles J. Hertich, of '68, who now resides at St. Genevieve, Mo., writes to— as follows:—"I judge you will be somewhat surprised on receiving a letter from one of your old musical friends, if it has not escaped your memory since the time we associated together, during the time of Prof. O'Neill and Prof. Girac; Prof. O'Neill, as you remember, led the Brass Band, and Prof. Girac the Orchestra. I have not forgotten the gay times we spent together, and also the kind hospitality that I received during my stay at Notre Dame. My object in writing is to ascertain if it will be possible through your kindness to send me some of your choice pieces of music, such as waltzes, schottisches, polkas, and quadrilles, for the first violin only; if there be any charges I shall be happy to forward the same immediately on receipt of the music. I am at present leading an amateur orchestra among some of the young men of our town, and since our organization I have often thought of the fine music that we produced at the College, and finally could not resist writing in order to obtain the same; you being the only one I could refer to, I concluded to write and ask of you the favor. You may have some recollection of the time that Prof. O'Neill organized an orchestra among the members of the Brass Band: we had some very fine pieces, which I would like to have just now, if it be possible to obtain them. You would also do me a great favor by giving me some information concerning the whereabouts of Prof. O'Neill, and his exact place of abode at present. Since my departure from the College I have graduated in the Course of Medicine and have been practising in this place since. I expect in a year or two to bring one of my younger brothers to school at Notre Dame. He is quite a musician, and will perhaps be able to play in the orchestra."

—It is announced, on the authority of those who ought to know, that Miss Clara Louise Kellog, who is charming the people of St. Louis this week with her operatic entertainments, is engaged to be married to Mr. Bradish Johnson Smith, a wealthy New Yorker of Kuickerbocker ancestry; and that the happy affair will take place in a few weeks.

Local Items.

- A Merry Christmas!
- Hurrah for the boxes!
- Very changeable weather.
- Be sure to come back for the 3d.
- The boys had a jolly time going home.
- Who received the best Christmas box?
- Boxes began coming in on Wednesday.
- The Juniors have great sport these days.
- How do you like the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC?
- The Minims are enjoying the holidays hugely.
- We have had most beautiful weather this last week.
- Is that Exhibition to take place next Friday evening?
- The prettiest present for the holidays is a SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC.
- Baseball, football, walks, etc., serve to make the holidays lively.
- One of the large frescoes in the new Church will soon be finished.
- It is expected that the Infirmary will be deserted until the holidays are over.
- We had some sleighing last Saturday, but the rain on Tuesday ended the snow.
- The Seniors are by no means the poorest in the way of enjoying this happy season.
- Who will bring us back the largest number of subscriptions for the SCHOLASTIC?
- The boys enjoyed their boxes, and as a rule made their friends enjoy them also. That's right.
- We hope that the beautiful weather of this last week may last until after New Year's Day.
- "Take the hint and do not wait for the kick, when the soles of the boots are an inch thick."
- Why is the Collegiate Study-hall like an old-fashioned umbrella? Because it has its cotton-top.
- Why should the Collegiates be always mindful of death? Because they keep their Graves in sight.
- The Juniors talk of forming a grand combination minstrel troupe for the holidays. Good! Let's have it.
- After the cold weather, the snow and then the rain, the sunshine of last Wednesday was very enjoyable.
- Couldn't there be a musical *soirée* given during the holidays? There is no need of it being on a grand scale.
- There was not much sport on the Campus last Wednesday morning, as many were preparing to go home for the holidays.
- The Classes of Physics and Chemistry are rendered very interesting by the experiments which are given in the Laboratory.
- Silas Newcomer says the Columbians were all the time calling that chicken a hen, and it wasn't a hen either; it was a rooster.
- The address delivered by Mr. Cooney at the Columbians' Exhibition was well delivered, and has received much favorable comment.
- The marble statue lately purchased in Rome arrived a few days ago, and was placed on a temporary pedestal in the new Church.
- Is that Exhibition coming off during the holidays? It would make the time much more agreeable to those who remain at the College.
- We expect to be able to publish the revised Constitution of the Associated Alumni as soon as the standing committee gets through with it.
- When people complain that we haven't "local" enough we wish they would remember that our local is "solid" and the essays are "leaded."
- A few young men were amusing themselves on the ice one day, about the beginning of the week; the snow, however, prevented their having a good skate.
- There are some ten or twelve classes taught every

day at the Manual Labor School by B. Francis and his able assistants. The pupils make great improvement.

—The amount of turkey, etc., which the recipients of boxes distributed around was immense, and the pleasure enjoyed from the contents of them was very great.

—A very handsome pastel crayon portrait of E. Raymond may be seen in the Minim hall. It is well executed and reflects great credit on B. Albert, by whom it was drawn.

—Jansen, McClurg & Co., 117 and 119 State street, and the Western News Company, Nos. 42 and 44 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., have the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC for sale.

—Mr. Patrick Shickey was kept quite busy on Wednesday and Thursday. His convenient 'bus was in constant requisition to carry students going home for the holidays to town.

—The Class of Calisthenics has been very successful the past few months, and we understand that there will be a large accession to the number of pupils attending it after Christmas.

—On Thursday last quite a number of students left for their homes to spend the holidays. We wish them a good time, and hope to see them back again for class on the third day of January, 1876.

—Everything at the Manual Labor School goes on smoothly and quietly, though there is a great deal of work going on in all the shops. We called around the other day, and found all as busy as bees.

—Let it be understood that those who remain at the College during the holidays will by no means have a dull time. They will have a merry Christmas; we hear of many plans devised to make things agreeable.

—The Entertainment of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society will take place about the commencement of the second session. It will consist of some five or six orations, and music by the Orchestra and Amphion Club.

—It would be too bad not to have one Exhibition during the holidays. Can there not be a grand combination of Juniors and Seniors which will make one night of the week pleasant with a mammoth Entertainment?

—The Minims have a gorgeous steam fire-engine, with which they are prepared to render any assistance that may be needed in case of fire. The boys are all ready "to run with the machine," and only wait for a favorable opportunity.

—A game of baseball between two picked nines, one from the Juniors and the other from the Seniors, was played on Wednesday last. It resulted in favor of the Juniors by a score of 9 to 6. Baseball in December! What next?

—There is now quite a fine open place between the College and the Presbytery. We understand it is to be put in grass. We are glad that this is so, for if there is anything we hate it is a little flower-garden. Give us a fine lawn in preference to your small gardens.

✓ —Rev. J. A. Zahm will deliver a number of lectures before the Scientific Classes in the course of the winter. It is to be hoped that others than students attending these classes will be allowed to be present, for we know that they will be of more than usual interest.

—We have not heard definitely what the Thespians intend treating us to on the 22d of February, though we hear it rumored that "William Tell" is the play decided on. It is a good drama, and we hope it will be produced as we believe the Thespians can produce it.

—In the report of the Exhibition, printed in last week's paper, by mistake the names of J. E. Obert (Martelli), H. O'Brien (Boisse) V. Baca (the Surgeon), J. Dwyer (Valentine) and L. McCollum (François) were omitted. These young men took their rôles very pleasingly.

—Professor, (after reading essay): Mr. S——, I see you have spelled ceremonial wrong; how do you spell it? S——, promptly: "C-e-r-e-m-o-n-i-a-l, ceremonial." (General laugh from the class.) Our friend John to his neighbor: "The blamed fool spelled ceremonial with a c."

—The Amphion Club will sing a number of quartettes at the Philodemic Entertainment. The success of the

members at the Columbians' Exhibition has given them great courage, and we may expect that they will entertain us frequently. The Amphion Club was a move in the right direction, and we hope it will thrive.

—In three years the number of volumes in the Lemonnier Circulating Library increased from four hundred to twenty-eight hundred,—an average of eight hundred volumes per year. We hope that the number of volumes may soon be ten thousand. If there is anything here more worthy of praise than another, it is the Lemonnier Circulating Library.

—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association was held on the 13th inst. At this meeting Masters Hoffman, Washburn, Ham, Walsh, Lamb, Reynolds, Mosal, Hally, Nester, D. Nelson, Fox, Hagan, Goldsberry, Vanamee, Streight, Lacy and Henkel delivered declamations. Masters Gustine and Connolly were elected members.

—A dispatch from M. de Bebian, of New York City, announced last Saturday evening that the ship "*L'Americaine*" had arrived at Queenstown, and that all on board were safe. It was in this vessel that Very Rev. E. Sorin, Miss E. A. Starr, and Miss M. Letourneau sailed for Europe. There were fears entertained for the safety of the vessel, but this dispatch sets them at rest.

—The SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC is now out. Of course we do not like to sit in judgment on what has already appeared in our columns, but we can safely say that all our friends will be pleased with it. To let them know what the character of the ALMANAC is, we need only say that among the selections are "Enriched with Copious Notes," "A Rhapsody," "Bright Death," "The Charms of Music," "Cunning threw the Rye," "The Angel of the Schools," and others of a similar character.

—We publish 1050 copies of THE SCHOLASTIC every week, and if our friends would only give us a little aid in procuring subscribers we would soon run our edition up to 2,000. THE SCHOLASTIC is sold for almost a trifle (\$1.50) and everyone can afford to subscribe for it. A year's subscription would make an excellent present to give to a friend during the holidays. Every student should endeavor to write something for THE SCHOLASTIC.

—We hear it stated that the Drawing Classes intend making a very fine display at the semi-annual examination, which will take place in the latter part of January. The members of these classes have made great progress in their studies, and we will be surprised as well as disappointed if they do not make a finer display than the classes of any former year. It is our intention to visit the studio in the course of the next couple of weeks and examine the work on hand. Whatever we there find worthy of mention we will note down for the benefit of our readers.

—A highly interesting and instructive lecture was delivered before the Scientific classes on Monday evening last. The lecturer, Rev. Mr. Kirsch, Professor of Botany, was quite eloquent in tracing the origin and progress of the beautiful science which it is his delight to teach, and the eloquent manner in which he treated his subject gave us a better idea of the advantages to be derived from the study of Botany than it was our fortune to have possessed before. We are led to understand that this is the first of a series of lectures which the professors of the natural sciences will deliver during the winter.

—The fifteenth and sixteenth regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place on the 12th and 18th inst. The question, "Is Capital Punishment Reasonable?" was debated. The following took part: Masters Schmidt, Bryan, Riopelle, Tamble, French, Dryfoos, Burger, Foley, Roelle and Kautzner. The decision was in favor of the affirmative. Declamations were delivered by Masters Sugg, Gleason and Larkin. Master Flanagan was elected a member, and Mr. Burger Orphonic Representative. Master Schmidt then read a few selections from the "Philomathean Standard."

—On the 15th, after the Columbian Exhibition, which was over by 9.30, the members of this society, the Amphion Quartette, and others, remained in the hall to enjoy themselves a little after their successful exertions. Lunch was served, and then all seated themselves in the

front row of chairs, while the Amphions amused the company with several songs. Messrs. Robertson, Ropelle and others sang songs, and Messrs. Otto and Robertson favored the company with a duet on the piano, while Mr. McHugh gave some beautiful solos on the violin. A declamation was delivered by Mr. Logan. As the hour was growing late, the signal for retiring was given, and all repaired to their respective dormitories.

—On Sunday afternoon, 19th inst., the members of the University Cornet Band partook of a sumptuous feast, prepared by their worthy Director, Rev. F. Frère. Without enumerating the various delicacies placed before the gentlemen, we can affirm the banquet to have been the best of which the Band has partaken. After full justice had been done to the eatables, a toast was proposed, expressing the joy of those present at the safe journey—and a hope for the speedy return—of Very Rev. E. Sorin, who had spoken so encouragingly of the Band before his departure. Bro. Gus also was called upon to respond to a toast, to which he feelingly replied. After thanking Rev. F. Frère, B. Crispian and Mr. Roulhac, who had prepared the feast, the members of the Band left the festive apartment, wherein they had held their last rehearsal for the "Old Year."

Saint Mary's Academy.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Dec. 21, 1875.

—Christmas is now the theme of conversation.

—On Sunday last, several competitions from the Third Senior Class were read.

—The telegram announcing the safe arrival at Queens-town of the missing steamer "*L'Amérique*" caused a general outburst of joy. The pupils have written letters of congratulation to Very Rev. Father Sorin, and every one seems to participate in the spirit of thanksgiving that was elicited by the joyous news.

—The competition in the algebra and rhetoric classes this morning was very sprightly; the contest for the honorable post of unvanquished leader was very earnest and exciting. The competition in geology resulted in a drawn battle—Misses Dennehey and Clarke leaders; Miss _____ in rhetoric, and Miss A. Walsh in algebra, each held the position of leader to the last.

—On Wednesday the homeward-bound girls will leave for Chicago, under the protection of two Sisters. The "can't-get-aways" will begin to plan a Christmas programme at St. Mary's, and when the examination comes round the latter will, no doubt, come out ahead in the competition for class honors. May all enjoy to their heart's content the innocent recreations of the season, so specially consecrated to childlike relaxation from serious care and study.

—THE CHILDREN OF MARY.—The Children of Mary held their annual election of officers on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The result is, as follows: President, Miss R. Devoto; Vice-President, Miss A. Clarke; Sec'y, Miss E. Dennehey; Treasurer, Miss A. St. Clair; Librarian, Miss L. Arnold; Sacristan, Miss E. York. On Sunday the 12th inst., Misses N. Foote, E. York and N. King were admitted as full members, and Misses M. Markey, M. Hogan, K. McNamara, A. Dennehey, A. Miller, L. Tirhe, M. Usselman, E. Cannon, T. O'Brien, J. Darcy, and M. Telford as aspirants.

—The visit of the Right Rev. Bishop of Wheeling on last Thursday was a delightful break in the quiet routine. The young ladies gave the Right Rev. guest a very graceful welcome, to which he responded in a most happy manner. His remarks, replete with elevating sentiments, were well calculated to inspire the young ladies with a high sense of the nobility of their mission in society, and above all in the home-circle. Several of the young ladies then entertained the Rev. Bishop with choice music; after which the Juniors and Minims invited him to visit their department. He seemed highly entertained, and well pleased with his visit. His sermon on "Hope," given after

his Mass on Friday, will be long remembered as an eloquent and instructive discourse.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, L. Ritchie, A. Walsh, A. O'Connor, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, M. Faxon, F. Dilger, M. Dunbar, M. Julius, L. Johnson, M. Brady, B. Wade, M. Walsh, L. Kelley, C. Woodward, E. Mann, A. Byrne, A. Duncan, S. Hole, C. Morris, M. Cravens, J. Pierce, P. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, M. Culliton, M. Spier, H. Julius, K. Hutchinson, A. Prettyman, M. Murray, R. Neteler, C. Morgan, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, B. Siler, I. Maas, U. Goodell, S. and I. Edes, N. Tuttle, M. Hutchinson, K. Casey, G. Youell, L. Gastine, T. O'Brien, S. Swalley, L. Moran, N. King, E. Cannon, M. Siler, E. Edes, M. Hooper, L. Fawcett, L. Tighe, A. Spangler, S. Cash, M. Usselman, M. Markey, M. Thelan, L. Schwass, A. Miller, L. Leppig, F. Gurney, C. Morrill, C. Fawcett, J. Darcy, M. Telford, N. O'Meara, M. Railton, C. Whitmore, R. Filbeck, L. Weber.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss R. Neteler.
3RD CLASS—Misses A. Cullen, M. and E. J. Thompson, E. Lange, A. Koch.
4TH CLASS—Misses M. A. Schultheis, P. Gaynor, L. Kirchner, M. O'Connor, S. Moran and J. Mitchell.
5TH CLASS—Misses K. Morris and A. Harris.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

3RD CLASS—Miss L. Ritchie.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Miss B. Wade.
3RD CLASS—Miss C. Morgan.
Miss J. Mitchell has been promoted from the 5th to the 4th Drawing Class.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1st CLASS—Misses Foote, O'Connor, Devoto, and Henrotin.
2d CLASS—Miss Riley. 2d Div.—Misses M. Gaynor, Arnold, A. Dennehey, Byrnes, Morgan, E. Dennehey and Maas.
3d CLASS—Misses A. Kirchner, S. Edes, M. Walsh, J. Bennett, E. Edes, F. Gurney, L. Walsh, I. Edes, Cannon, M. Walsh and Cash. 2d Div.—Misses King, H. Julius, O'Meara and J. Morris.

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For 1876

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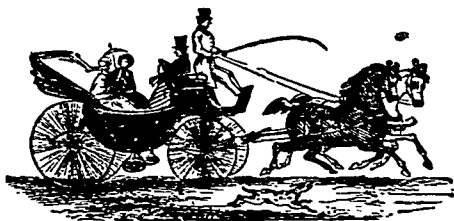
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Now, that telegraphic communication has been made between Notre Dame and my office, through the Michigan Southern Depot, I shall be prompt to have passengers in time to meet all trains.

For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

P. SHICKEY.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 21, 1875, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a. m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 10 30; Cleveland 3 p. m.; Buffalo 4 15.

10 12 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p. m.; Cleveland 10 15.

11 55 a. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 05 a. m.

9 12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 40; Cleveland, 7 45; Buffalo, 1 10 p. m.

7 53 p. m., Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 30; Cleveland 10 55 a. m., Buffalo 7 p. m.

4 40 p. m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 40 a. m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 4 15 p. m., Chicago 6 30 a. m.

5 20 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45; Chicago 8 20 a. m.

3 p. m., Evening Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 55; Chicago, 6 39

5 43 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45.

Chicago, 8 20.

8 00 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a. m., Chicago 11 30 a. m.

9 10 a. m., Local Freight.

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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

	*Mail.	*Day Express	*Kal Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	5 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	11 01 "	6 35 "	7 43 "	11 15 "
" Niles.....	9 02 "	12 15 p.m.	8 30 "	8 55 "	12 45 "
" Jackson.....	2 12 p.m.	4 05 "	7 00 a.m.	12 47 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit....	5 45 "	1 30 "	10 15 "	3 50 "	8 00 "
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 50 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 "
" Jackson.....	10 37 "	12 30 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 45 a.m.
" Niles.....	3 40 p.m.	4 19 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 15 "	5 45 "	7 50 "	4 15 "	5 45 "
Ar. Chicago....	7 35 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. South Bend—	8 15 a.m.	7 15 p.m.	\$9 06 a.m.	\$7 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	8 22 "	7 23 "	9 07 "	7 07 "
Ar. Niles—	9 00 "	8 00 "	9 40 "	7 40 "

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—	6 30 a.m.	4 20 p.m.	\$8 00 a.m.	\$5 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	7 07 "	4 56 "	8 32 "	5 32 "
Ar. South Bend—	7 15 "	5 05 "	8 40 "	5 40 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted. \$Sunday only.

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THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will sternly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of Grant's administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty-third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT's aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, already has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general 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 news paper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side)

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 4.
	Day Ex. Ex Sundry	Pac. Exp. Daily.	Night Ex. bx Sa & Su
Lv. CHICAGO.....	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 00 p.m.
Ar. FT. WAYNE.....	2 25 p.m.	11 35 "	5 20 a.m.
" Lima.....	4 35 "	1 25 a.m.	8 00 "
" Forest.....	5 34 "	3 01 "	9 17 "
" Crestline.....	7 00 "	4 40 "	11 10 "
" Mansfield.....	7 50 "	5 20 "	11 50 "
" Orrville.....	9 42 "	7 12 "	1 46 p.m.
" Massillon.....	10 15 "	7 45 "	2 19 "
" Canton.....	10 33 "	8 00 "	2 38 "
" Alliance.....	11 15 "	8 40 "	3 20 "
" Rochester.....	1 18 a.m.	11 12 "	5 58 "
" Pittsburgh.....	2 20 "	12 15 p.m.	7 05 "
Lv. Pittsburgh.....	3 10 "	1 10 "	8 10 "
Ar. Cresson.....			
" Altoona.....	7 30 "	5 55 "	12 10 a.m.
" Harrisburg.....	12 05 p.m.	11 05 "	4 13 "
" Baltimore.....	6 25 "	3 15 a.m.	7 45 "
" Washington.....	9 10 "	6 20 "	9 07 "
" Philadelphia.....	4 15 "	3 10 "	8 05 "
" New York.....	7 35 "	6 50 "	11 15 "
" New Haven.....	11 10 "	10 49 "	3 36 p.m.
" Hartford.....	12 40 a.m.	12 23 "	5 55 "
" Springfield.....	1 35 "	1 00 p.m.	7 03 "
" Providence.....	4 25 "	3 48 "	7 40 "
" Boston.....	5 50 "	4 50 "	05 "

THIS IS THE ONLY LINE

That runs the celebrated PULLMAN PALACE CARS from Chicago to Baltimore, Washington City, Philadelphia and New York without change. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices at the lowest current rates.

F. R. MYERS, G. P. & T. A.

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Through trains are run to Leavenworth and Atchison, connecting with trains for all points in Kansas and Southern Missouri. This is acknowledged by the travelling public to be the

Great Overland Route to California.

Two express trains leave Chicago daily from depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman streets, as follows:

	Leave	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express.....	10 15 a.m.	4 10 p.m.
Peru accommodation	5 00 p.m.	9 30 a.m.
Night Express.....	10 00 p.m.	6 15 a.m.

M. SMITH,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

H. RIDDLE,
General Superintendent

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(Of the Class of '62)

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