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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Harmonies.

I.

The rolling seasons glide along
In varied, rapid, ceaseless song,
To music caught from heavenly spheres,
Unheard of grosser earthly ears.

'Tis in the glowing dreams of Fancy's hours
The favored spirit joins celestial powers,
And flings in the pure, bright visions seen
Afar beyond where mortal senses glean.

Creation's hidden melodies
Her ear with rarest rapture please,
And order greets her strengthened eye
Where dire confusion seemed to lie.

The chance-wrought months that formed a broken chain
Are seen in circling beauty meet again,
Each one a bond of loveliness so fair,
So fit, that beauty never seemed but there.

The golden ones, the russet bright,
The glittering glance of crystal white,
The pleasing rays of emerald mild,
In turn delight sweet Fancy's child.

II.

Borne by the press of crowds we drift away,
Till glad, rich time seems but a weary day,
Till beauty fades before the careless eye,
And sounds of joy are born to faint and die.

The gifted spirit sees, in tears,
The wasted wealth of gracious years,
The powers of high, immortal mind
To fleeting follies still confined.

Shall we aspire to feel the lofty thought
Enrich the soul with pleasures never wrought
By common joys, or shall we walk the round
Of meaner minds, where trifling toys abound?

The spirits of the great and good,
Who with the beautiful have stood,
Who breathed on earth of heavenly air,
Bids us come forth to meet them there;

Our nature, Godlike formed to look above,
Bids us arise to seek a nobler love,
Bid us advance to taste celestial food,
And, while on earth, come nearer to our God.

X.

Literary Composition.

The importance of literary composition, and its varied effects on mankind, are too great and too manifold to be enumerated; for all, without exception, have acknowledged

writing to be man's greatest and most useful invention. Its application is so extensive that it is scarcely inferior to language itself, and in many instances it has advantages not possessed by spoken language. Written language is both more extensive and more permanent than spoken language. By means of writing we are enabled to communicate our thoughts to the whole world; whereas by spoken language we can hold conference only with those within our hearing. By writing also we can hand down to posterity whatever is instructive, and worthy of being remembered, or what might contribute to improve the moral and mental condition of man.

Written language, as a natural consequence, was posterior to spoken language; the beauties and refinements of composition still later. At first men were satisfied to make known their thoughts only to those present; but afterwards, when they wished to hold communication with those at a distance, they were obliged to have recourse to other means besides speech, and accordingly this necessity gave rise to written language. However, not long after this invention, the simple expression of thought, by means of written language, was insufficient to satisfy the eager cravings of man; he also demanded that it should be beautiful, and calculated to please. This desire afterwards gave rise to the different species of prose and poetical composition.

Of all the nations of antiquity, the Greeks were the first who made any marked progress in the art of composition; and these, indeed, succeeded in it better than any subsequent people. The genius of this people seems to have given them a superiority over all other nations in this respect, and to have enabled them to excel in all the branches of *belles-lettres* and the fine arts. To excel in some one of the useful or ornamental arts, to perform some noble or illustrious action in behalf of their country, or to confer some great and lasting benefit on mankind, was by them considered as a sure road to fame and renown, and even equivalent to immortality itself. Prompted by these considerations, they left nothing undone that might contribute to render them illustrious. Accordingly, as the result of this idea, they have produced masters so eminent in every department of literature and the fine arts, in the latter especially, that they have never been surpassed, or even equalled, in any subsequent age. In epic, dramatic, lyric, pastoral and didactic poetry, the great masters of Greece stand unrivalled; and in prose composition, especially in history, oratory and philosophy, they have no superiors.

After these, the Romans were the next who made any advances in literary composition. These, however, trod only in the path marked out by their illustrious predecessors, the Greeks. Among the writers of this nation, we can find scarcely any species of composition that can strictly be called original, for they modelled all their writings after

those of the Greeks. They even acknowledged the Greeks to be their superiors in every species of prose and poetical composition. Virgil, the greatest poet that Rome ever produced, took pride in calling Homer and Theocritus his masters in epic and pastoral poetry.

The style and manner of different nations may be quite different—suited to the peculiar temper and genius of each. The Eastern nations, for instance, are prone to a diffuse and florid manner of writing, while the European nations, for the most part, have a neat, clear and accurate style. The Asiatics delight in a gaudy and hyperbolical mode of expression, while the Europeans take pleasure in what is chaste and correct. Even in the same country, the tone and species of composition often vary in different ages, and under different circumstances. That is, a composition may at one time be greatly admired, and considered as almost perfect, and in the succeeding age, overlooked or entirely forgotten. Such, for example, were the poems of Cowley; once read and admired by all classes of society—now seldom read, and almost buried in oblivion. The poems of Milton, the greatest master of the English language, were in his age entirely disregarded; now, however, they are considered as unequalled. This great contrariety of opinions is owing, chiefly, to the dispositions of the people, the corrupt manners of the court, prejudice, or a temporary favor shown to authors of little or no merit.

Whether the modern inventions, such as the art of making paper, and the invention of printing, have given the moderns an advantage over the ancients in the art of composition has been questioned. These advantages tend to make composition more extensively cultivated; but whether it conduces to carry it to a higher degree of perfection is uncertain. There is, however, one great advantage to the moderns towards the successful cultivation of *belles-lettres* which was not experienced by the ancients. This is occasioned by the numerous branches of study which we have at present, and of which we make a specialty of no one particular branch, but endeavor to master all—and, as a natural consequence, fail to succeed; and instead of excelling in all, as we had anticipated, we remain in comparative ignorance. The ancients, however, were not, to such a great extent, laboring under this disadvantage; for then the branches of the arts and sciences were comparatively few, and all who wished to excel made a specialty of some one particular branch.

Composition, like every other art, requires practice to make it perfect. A person may be thoroughly conversant with the theoretical part of composition; he may be able to tell the best manner of treating a subject in all its parts; he may be competent to point out all the beauties and defects of a composition; he may even have all the necessary qualities of a good critic, and nevertheless, without practice, he will be incapable of composing anything himself. To excel in this art, it is absolutely necessary to compose, not only frequently, but also with care and deliberation. These two rules are of such great importance that if they are neglected it will be utterly impossible for a person ever to make his mark as a writer.

It is unnecessary to mention the importance of composition, for all know that it is an art which is indispensable. It affords not only a source of instruction but also of amusement. It assists religion, promotes civilization, enlarges the sphere of our knowledge, and, above all, greatly contributes in teaching us the object of our existence, and to know and love God, the Author of our being.

Stephen C. Foster.

The best writer of ballads and songs produced by the United States was, undoubtedly, Stephen C. Foster. His ballads, on account of their beauty and worth, have been translated, and published with his music, in most European languages and have even been honored with translations into some Asiatic. But for their hearty appreciation it was not necessary to go to foreign countries. In all parts of our country they have become as household words, and have enjoyed a popularity as extended as it is deserved.

Stephen C. Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 4th of July, 1826. When he was in his seventh year he displayed great musical precocity, and without any musical instruction learned to play the flageolet. As he grew older he without much difficulty mastered other musical instruments, though in after-life he never sought nor attained renown as a performer. He made music a serious study, and familiarized himself with the works of Mozart, Weber and Beethoven. He studied the languages, and became proficient in French and German. He was also something of an artist, and painted with considerable skill. He was moreover possessed of extensive and general intellectual culture, although on account of his extreme modesty and retiring disposition he never made a great display of his erudition. His taste in the composition of music was for sweet, simple and unpretending melodies, and the airs composed by him were principally for the negro minstrels in his time so popular in the country.

In 1842 George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, brought out his first song, which was entitled "Open thy Lattice, Love." This was followed by "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh! Susannah," which, published by Peters of Cincinnati, became immensely popular, and were sung from one end of the United States to the other. After these he wrote "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camp-town Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nelly Bly," "Oh, Boys, Carry me 'Long," "Old Folks at Home," and many others. With the publication of these songs Foster established his name as a writer of negro minstrelsy and at the same time made quite a fortune, being well paid for his writings. Firth, Pond & Co., of New York, it is said, paid to him the sum of fifteen thousand dollars on "Old Folks at Home," which was not only the most popular song ever written in the United States, but also the most popular piece of music ever published in the country. For the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of the song, E. P. Christy, paid Foster the sum of five hundred dollars.

During the last ten years of Foster's life his compositions became of a more refined and sentimental character writing as he did for other audiences than those which greeted negro minstrels. He dropped the negro burlesque, and wrote such pieces as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come where my love lies Dreaming," "I see her still in my Dreams," and more than a hundred other ballads.

Foster died in the year 1864, in the city of New York, honored as the best composer of ballads in the country. His finest pieces, which have charmed so many thousands by their sweetness and melody, have been collected in a volume and published since his death.

—Red hot—the trade-mark letters on a warm stove.

Christmas Amongst the Irish Peasantry.

'Tis Christmas Eve. "The Christmas light is burning bright in many a village pane," as poor Gerald Griffin sings. The air is keen and cold, and the heavens are bejewelled with stars. The earth is robed in the winding-sheet of the year, the "beautiful snow" that glistens lovelily to-night by mountain, lake and *ath*. This is an eve of solemn prayer and praise amongst the people of that fair land of ours that gems the crest of the Atlantic wave, our well-loved *Erin gal machree*—a night of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed and blessings received—a solemn night, heralding the dawn of the glorious morrow.

'Tis the solemn midnight hour; bells are ringing from every steeple proclaiming the Anniversary of Love; the peasant's heart throbs responsive to the invitation to prayer; with the eye of faith he sees the angels bending from their pearly thrones, sweeping their golden harps; he hears "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*" echoed from sphere to sphere, and Jesus is again born in his heart, as He was born, 1875 years ago, in Bethlehem of Judah.

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

And so it is in holy Ireland at present, thank God! The Irish Roman Catholic peasant never fails to approach the Sacraments at this holy time, especially the old people of the fading generation, who are possessed of the simplest and most earnest piety, and who are full of the traditions of constancy and devotion born in stormy times, when the stranger warred unceasingly against the faith and language of the Gael. Heaven be praised! although we, Irish, are the Children of the Dispersion, scattered from Indies to either pole, we are still found

Climbing the hills—cutting down the expectant prairie,
In the Name of God and the glorious Virgin Mary,

and unfurling the Banner of the Cross from where we meet, "deep in Canadian woods," to that far-off Southern Land where the Starry Symbol of Redemption nightly gleams above the troubled wave. We have borne the faith unto all lands, and the chastity and fealty of the maidens and mothers of our race are known and prized all the world over; for, God be praised! in exile as at home they are as pure as the breezes that dance on the hills of our own loved island of sorrow.

The Irish peasant is generous and social to a fault, and with his enthusiastic love for the faith of his fathers—that faith still living in spite of "famine, fire and sword," he considers it his bounden duty to greet old Father Christmas after a right royal fashion.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, it's welcome here."

So sing the children—the to-morrow of society—in our land; and so, at this time, the old people, with Shakespeare

"Eat and drink and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year."

The feast of reason and the flow of soul are maintained after the simple, primitive fashion of a noble-souled generous people during the "twelve days" commencing with Christmas Eve and ending with the Epiphany, termed by the Irish, "Little Christmas Day."

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Goes roaring up the chimney wide";

and although

"The huge hall table's oaken face"

may not grace the home of the peasant, still

He mocks to-night the moaning gale,
With Christmas banners flying o'er him!

During this holy season,

"When heart to heart kind wishes sends,
And soul with soul more closely blends,
And friends draw nearer unto friends.
Around the social fires,"

old feuds are forgotten, old animosities exist no more, and happy, indeed, is the old ancestral home that can gather under its genial shelter at this time of "peace on earth, good will to men," any absent member of the family who may have been heretofore, mayhap, far away beyond the world of waves. Christmas gifts, of course, are now freely exchanged; Charity, fairest child of God's love, walks abroad in a thousand guises; the rich freely dispense donations of clothing, food and money amongst their less favored brethren.

"Whilst all will strive one thought to raise,
In silent gratitude and praise,
For many, many happy days,
That on their memory rise."

We will not pause to describe Christmas amongst the Irish "upper ten"; the same round of gaiety, festivity and dissipation, betimes, inseparable from so-called modern civilization, swings its "giddy whirl" by the Liffey and the Shannon, as by the Hudson and Missouri. Reader! a Right Merry Christmas, and A Happy New year!

T. DE C. CHURCH.

Samuel Rogers.

Sixty years ago, Samuel Rogers was always named among the distinguished poets of the age—among those poets whose works would last as long as the English language should exist. He was always mentioned by Lord Byron as one of the great singers of his day. In our time the opinion of all critics is that the praise bestowed upon him by his contemporaries was undeserved, and it is a fact known to all that his poems would find very few readers were it not for their beautiful pictorial embellishments.

Samuel Rogers was born July 30, 1763, at Newington Green, a suburb of London. He was the son of a London banker, and a lineal descendant by his mother of the learned Philip Henry, the father of the distinguished commentator. It was without doubt to this maternal descent that he alludes in these lines in his poem on Italy:

"What though his ancestors, early or late,
Were not ennobled by the breath of kings;
Yet in his veins was running at his birth
The blood of those most eminent of old
For wisdom, virtue—those who would renounce
The things of this world for their conscience sake."

His father gave him a careful private education, and early introduced him into his business; yet at the time he showed great love for poetry. His earliest ambition was to become a dissenting preacher, but he was not allowed to follow his inclination. At the age of eighteen he became a prose contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1786 published his first poem, "An Ode on Supersti-

tion," which was commenced long before he had become of age. In 1792 he published his "Pleasures of Memory," which gave him a rank among the poets of England. It was to this poem that Lord Byron alluded in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," classing it with "The Pleasures of Hope" and the "Essay on Man," and pronounced them to be "the most beautiful didactic poems in our language."

The death of his father in 1793 left him in possession of an ample fortune, and he soon retired from all active participation in business. In the mean time the publication of his "Pleasures of Memory" caused him to form the acquaintance of many notable persons, among others of James Fox, to whose memory he always remained true. In 1798 he published his "Epistle to a Friend," which was praised with great warmth by Sir James Mackintosh in the *Edinburgh Review* and rather moderately by Mr. Ward in the *Quarterly*. Rogers was not one who could well receive adverse criticism, and was foolish enough to become nettled by Ward's freedom, and silly enough to write tart epigrams in revenge for what he considered an injury.

In the year 1803 he established himself in a house in St. James' Place, which during the next half century became famous as a resort of literary men and the receptacle of choice works of art. Rogers' "Breakfasts," given in a shady apartment which was described by Sidney Smith as "a place of darkness where there shall be gnashing of teeth," became celebrated as a sort of social rendezvous, and it is stated that, during the London Season, scarcely a day passed in which four or more noted persons did not dine at his hospitable board. Among the distinguished people who breakfasted with him were Erskine, Grattan, Fox, Wellington, Mackintosh, Moore, Byron, Irving, Campbell, Scott, Wordsworth, Sidney Smith, Coleridge and Mde. de Stael. His collection of paintings by ancient and modern artists was distinguished by the exquisite taste displayed; his books, autographs, gems, vases, and antiques were selected with the same judgment, and after his death were sold for upwards of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

In 1812 Rogers printed his "Voyage of Columbus," and in the following year he was honored by Lord Byron with the dedication of the latter's "Giaour," which was inscribed to him "as a slight but most sincere token of admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship." In 1814 he published conjointly with Byron a volume of poetry. In this appeared Byron's "Lara" and Rogers' "Jacqueline." In 1819 appeared his "Human Life," and in 1822 his "Italy," his longest and best poem. With this his poetic labors may be considered as having ended; for although he at times wrote verses, the remainder of his life was devoted to publishing illustrated editions of his works, the designs for which were furnished by Turner and Stothard. It has been said that in the publication of these editions he spent over fifty thousand dollars.

Upon the death of Wordsworth he was offered the position of poet laureate, but declined it on account of old age. He however retained his physical vigor until very near the close of his life, when both his physical and mental faculties became impaired. He died on the 18th of December, 1855.

Leslie, the artist, says: "Rogers was the only man I have ever known who felt the beauties of art like an artist. He employed and always upheld Flaxman, Stothard and

Turner when they were little appreciated by their countrymen. The proof of his superior judgment is to be found in the fact that there was nothing in his house which was not valuable. In most other collections, however fine, I have always seen something that betrayed a want of taste,—an indifferent picture, a copy passing for an original, or something vulgar in the way of ornament." This from Leslie tallies completely with what Lord Byron says: "If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you yourself say, 'this is not the dwelling of a common mind.' There is not a gem, a coin, a book, thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor."

My Mother's Grave.

I.

Sweet Ballyheigue! * thou art dear to me—
Thy peaceful homes by the shining sea;
Thy pebbly beach and thy sand-hills fair;
Thy lordly halls† in their outline there,
Crowning the summit of verdant lawn,
Where sport the hare and the graceful fawn;
The ocean grand with its thunder-roar,
Breaking in foam on thy sparkling shore;
Thy lonely dells and thy peaceful vales,
Embalm'd in song and in weirdsome tales;
Thy heath-crown'd hills and thy mountains high,
Tow'ring aloft to the azure sky:
All, all remind me of an old roof-tree,
That rear'd its head by the shining sea.

II.

Some years ago, round its cheerful hearth
The song was rais'd, and the shout of mirth
Resounding forth at the close of day,
Bespoke the reign of a cloudless May;
Under the shade of its ivied wall,
My mother bloom'd, with her sisters all;
Her golden hair and her eyes of blue,
Contrasted well with the crimson hue
That mantled her cheeks with a wondrous glow,
Height'ning the sheen on her brow of snow;
And she was pure as the ocean's foam,
A shining light in that ancient home;
Her beauty rare and her stature tall,
Made her the joy and the pride of all.

III.

But where to-day is that peaceful home?
You still may look on the ocean's foam;
You still may gaze on the shining sea,
But never again on that old roof-tree.
The spring-tide comes with its robe of green,
And summer-time with its ripening sheen;
Brown autumn roams o'er the fruitful land,
And Winter, too, shakes his icy hand;
The seasons may roll till time is o'er,
You will never see that old home more!
It woo'd the fate of the ancient race
Whose scions lived 'neath its shelter-place;
It fell to the ground "unwept, unsung,"
Till "DeCantillon" first his harp unstrung,
For my heart was wound round that old roof-tree,
That rear'd its head by the shining sea.

IV.

In Ballyheigue there's a lonely grave,

* Ballyheigue, a picturesque village in North Kerry, on the bay of the same name.

† Ballyheigue Castle, the splendid baronial seat of the Crosbys, built after the early English style.

A hallow'd spot where the wild flow'rs wave;
 'Tis my mother's home—alas! too soon
 Was she cut down in her life's bright noon;
 Ah! the leveller, Death, hath dimm'd the eye }
 Of her, whose latest, parting sigh
 Was heav'd in pain for her orphan boy.
 She's gone, alas! and in memory
 I vainly strive to bring back to me
 Her voice and form, her beauty rare,
 Her mild blue eye and her golden hair.
 I drop a tear where the wild flow'rs wave,
 And offer a pray'r o'er my mother's grave.
 * * * * *

V.

Mother! to God I now give my soul,
 Where the mountains rise and the rivers roll;
 Four thousand miles from my native land,
 Where old Notre Dame doth proudly stand;
 Away out here by the boundless prairie,
 I devote my life to God, to Mary;—
 What tho' our dust may never mingle,
 (As I hoped it should), 'neath that lonely dingle
 O'ershadow'd by hills in my darling Kerry,
 Where song-birds thrill their lays so merry;
 Away, away with all vain repining,
 I'll meet thee, mother, in "God's bright shining!"
 T. DE C. C.

Fatherland.

The recollections of home are always dear to the human heart. Mankind look upon exile as a penalty and grievance even though circumstances may be more favorable in the land of their adoption, and their position superior to any they could attain in that of their birth. No matter where a man is born, whether among the rugged mountains of Switzerland or the more fertile valleys of Ireland; whether under the cloudy atmosphere of Scotland or the more genial climate of sunny France; there also he wishes to dwell. His mind instinctively dwells or meditates upon the fond recollections of his boyhood. Whether he had to fly from the tyranny of a landlord or to escape the vengeance of persecutors; whether his banishment had been one of voluntary exile or transportation for having participated in his country's cause, his affections are concentrated in that place which he calls home. But why should we wonder at this? Gratitude itself prompts us to such devotion. Very few, indeed, will reflect upon the days of their boyhood without pondering over those pleasant scenes in which they spent their young days. Who can remember the kindness of relations, the affection of a loving sister or the fond embraces of a tender mother without giving way to such emotions? Surely it would be base ingratitude to forget such kindness. These affections do not necessarily belong to the refined or educated; they are instinctively common to all. Even animals in their wild state exhibit these features. Although a wild beast may receive better treatment in the cage than he could procure if at liberty, yet if loosed his first attempt will be to return to the wood or wilderness whence he had been taken.

A human being devoid of reason presents a more striking example of natural affections. It is interesting to read some stories pertaining to Irish history. They give beautiful illustrations of the services rendered even by idiots in perilous times. They were always found useful, and willing to discharge any duty imposed on them for the cause of faith or fatherland. What we must admire most is, even at the

peril of their lives they were never known to swerve from the path of fidelity or betray their trust. Neither could they be seduced by the promises of rewards nor intimidated by the threats of punishment. No wonder then that all would have a longing desire after the place of their birth. A celebrated Scotch poet asks: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land?" Surely the man who would be guilty of denying or disowning the land of his birth is not worthy of having a home. P. M.

Christmas.

Old Santa Claus comes once more, displaying all the pomp of royalty, robed as usual in brilliant ermine. His is a pageant which we can scarcely ever mistake, because he always comes clothed in the same brilliant attire, and his advent is always hailed with greetings of welcome. For eighteen centuries he has renewed his annual visits, and on every occasion has been received with Christian affection. The reason that he is so universally hailed is because of his impartiality. Unlike other princes, he has no regard for rank or position; he visits the poor as well as the rich. Indeed it is among the poor he prefers to abide, and it is to them he desires to administer consolation. It is the poor man who is foremost in sounding his praises, and in order to do so more effectually he gathers his family around him that they may unite with him in chanting canticles of joy and thanksgiving.

But we should not say that the wealthy and powerful are backward in celebrating this solemn Festival. Not at all; for all are actuated by one and the same motive. This is the day of all days in the year on which every household sees the members of the family gather together. What a source of joy this festival is to those who have been preserved from sorrow and death since they last met on a similar occasion! How happy are the parents who can appreciate those blessings!

A parent calling his family together thus resembles very much a shepherd who gathers his flocks into the fold to have them counted. A week ago, and the members of the family were scattered, perhaps hundreds of miles separating them; to-day they are together, under the roof of the same happy home. What a source of happiness it must be to parents to see their children thus collected together! How interesting to hear each one relating his experience in the world! The countenance of the narrator seems to light up as he relates some of the touching scenes which he has witnessed. Surely he must have attentive listeners, even though he graces his narrative with a small share of exaggeration. The next in his turn takes for his subject those events which occurred within his own sphere—the political. No doubt they are more interesting from such a narrator, especially as there is always something entertaining in the success of a political party. Another having returned from college to spend his few weeks of vacation, claims no less attention, although his experience may not have reached beyond the college walls. He relates with all the logical precision and the clearness of rhetorical language his success during the session. But that is not all; he descends to particulars. He lays great emphasis on the result of his competition; the prominent part he may have taken in the exhibitions, in base-ball, in society meetings, and in boating. Surely the parents must seem delighted with so joyful a feast!

How different with the family which has experienced some trials and afflictions! What sad recollections for those parents who think on the happiness they enjoyed on former occasions! How pleasant was that festival when the family circle was unbroken! But now there is a vacancy. One of those loving children has passed away from the noise and bustle of this world. But it is much sweeter to look upon the chair which becomes vacant by death rather than by any worse circumstance. The sting of death passes away, when we feel that the poor soul has passed to a happy abode. It is much more painful for a parent to behold a vacancy caused by an ungrateful son. He who was the idol of their lives, he whom they loved more than themselves, led away by the delusions of a deceitful world, has abandoned them and his own better interests. Such a circumstance is truly melancholy, but there is hope. He may yet be inspired to return and gladden the home of his broken-hearted parents, to bring joy to his brothers and sisters. Perhaps at the dawn of Christmas Day he may reflect on his folly and misfortune. Even as the prodigal son, he may return; it is not yet too late. If he tramples under foot all fear of shame and ignominy, he will arrive in time to pay homage to the most benign of Princes or rulers. No matter what his excesses may have been, his crimes will be forgiven him; even though they were black as night he will be pardoned if he returns and joins his parents, brothers and sisters in the celebration of this grand old Festival. He will enter upon a new life here, to lead him to the great hereafter.

Everybody thus endeavors to entertain a Monarch who comes alike to the poor and the wealthy; for no party spirit pervades His Kingdom. His mission is to bring peace and love and joy to the whole earth. P. M.

A Dream.

It was in the sweet and balmy month of May, and on one of the loveliest days of that most beautiful month. I had heedlessly strolled from my companions, going farther and farther on, until at last, exhausted by my long walk, I sat down at the foot of an old tree to rest my wearied limbs. Fatigued by my unusual exertions, I was soon lulled into unconsciousness by the warblings of the birds on the neighboring trees, and by the sweet murmur of a rivulet which pursued its course over its bed of rocks at some little distance from the place in which I had seated myself. Sleep had no sooner closed my eyes in slumber than I was transported into the land of dreams. I saw at no great distance a lady magnificently attired and of the most exquisite beauty. She was of a tall and commanding figure, and in her hand held a golden sceptre. I instinctively knew she was a fairy, and stood spellbound in astonishment, until at last she addressed me in a haughty but musical voice: "Who art thou who hath dared come into my kingdom, and what brings you hither?" I replied, trembling and without being able to look at her: "I come here to seek for the secret which will enable me to ascend the Mountain of Science, and as yet I have sought in vain." Hearing this, she suddenly changed her voice from the commanding tone she had at first used, to one much more gentle. She answered: "Know then that I alone can guide thee to the place where the secret is concealed, and that I alone can help thee." Encouraged by these words I ventured to raise my eyes and saw that she had ap-

proached nearer than before, and that her commanding and haughty air had entirely disappeared. She then continued: "Follow me, and be not frightened at what you shall see, for nothing can harm you." Motioning me to follow, she led the way into a vast forest. On all sides were venomous serpents and animals of every imaginable kind, of the greatest size and most ferocious mien. None of these, however, offered any obstruction to our passage. We travelled on a great distance, and on several occasions I was about giving up all hope and resolving not to go any farther; but the wish to obtain possession of the secret urged me to still keep on. At last we arrived in the deepest and most secret portion of the wood, when my fair guide suddenly stopped and said to me: "I have from the first had possession of the secret, but would not give it to you until I had first tried whether or not you were worthy of such a gift. To make sure of this, I have caused you to make this journey, and have placed many obstacles in your way to see if you earnestly desired to possess it; and now, being assured that you do, I will make it known to you." Saying this, she drew forth a parchment which she presented to me. I opened it and to my great surprise found that it contained but the single word—PERSEVERANCE. Turning towards where the good fairy stood, I saw she had disappeared, and then with a start I awoke to find 'twas but a dream. As the shades of evening were fast coming on, I arose and slowly retraced my steps to the University, feeling assured that I would ever be successful in climbing the steep and rugged Hill of Science if making use of the fairy's secret. G. J. G.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" will soon be printed in book form.

—Dr. Holland's novel of "Sevenoaks" gets rather scant praise from the English reviewers.

—The works of the late Mr. Hays, animal painter, are to be sold at the Kurz gallery, New York.

—A new novel by Frank Lee Benedict is announced in London, "Twixt Hammer and Anvil."

—The alarming announcement is made that the "Memoirs of M. Thiers," on which he is now engaged, will fill sixteen volumes.

—Detaile's *salon* picture, "The Passing Regiment," has been purchased for the Corcoran gallery, Washington. The price, it is said, was 40,000 francs.

—The statue of Senator E. D. Baker for the National Capitol, the last work of the late Dr. Horatio Stone, is expected to arrive at Washington next week.

—Miss Yonge's new book, "The Young Alcides," will attempt to modernize, somewhat after the fashion of Miss Thackeray's fairy tales, the labors of Hercules.

—The selection of Theodore Thomas as director of the musical festivals connected with the National Centennial is received, of course, with general approbation.

—It has been proposed to the Academie des Inscriptions, Paris, to form a collection of casts from all famous authentic ancient sculptures, the restored portions of the monuments excluded.

—The fine gallery of modern paintings belonging to the late Jacobsen, of the Hague, is to be sold in February next. Among the pictures are Cabanel's two celebrated works, "The Florentine Poet" and "Aglæe."

—M. Edgar Parker has made a successful trip to Spain, where he was commissioned by the Pilgrim society to make a copy of a picture of the "Landing of the pilgrims," in the palace of the duke of Salamanca at Madrid.

—The funeral of Carpeaux, in his native place of Valenciennes, was an impressive spectacle. On the principal streets through which the procession passed all of the houses were draped in the national flag bound in crape.

—Mr. Joel Munsell, Albany, is to publish a bit of centennial literature in "The Journal of Claude Blanchard, Commissary of the French Auxiliary Army, sent to the United States in the American Revolution, 1780-1783," as translated by William Duane.

—A new edition of Charles Lever's works will be issued by Messrs. Routledge & Co., in January. It will range with the "Knebworth edition" of Bulwer-Lytton and the "Charles Dickens edition" of that novelist, and will be called the "Harry Lorrequer edition."

—Andrew Muller, of Munich, has finished two large frescoes in the Church of Weissenhorn in Wurtemberg. The subjects represented are the "Crucifixion" and "The Raising of Lazarus." The painter is now engaged on two more important frescoes for the same church.

—Armstrong's "Julian, the Apostate, Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians," lately on exhibition in the Royal academy, has been purchased by Mr. William Bennett of Liverpool, and presented to the corporation of that city for its permanent art gallery now forming.

—The Milanese journals speak in most enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker, Italianized into George Valcheri. They say that his voice is of extraordinary beauty, resonance, power and compass, and that he sings and acts like an artist of the highest culture.

—The Music Trade Review is fearless and outspoken in its exposures of the abuses and frauds indulged in by the music publishing trade generally, and it will no doubt do a substantial service to our native composers in making itself their champion in its earnest and praiseworthy efforts to right their grievous wrongs.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

—Preston Powers—the son of Hiram Powers, and successor to his father's studio in Florence—has completed a bust of Charles Sumner, which he is about to send to this country for sale. This bust is described as spirited and excellent, a good likeness and the marble-cutting of the admirable quality for which Mr. Powers' studio is well-known.

—M. L. A. Malempre, the eminent sculptor, who made the fine statue of Balfe which stands loftily erect in the Drury Lane Theatre vestibule, is now engaged upon a similar work for the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, to be erected in Sheffield, his native town. It is a fact worth noting that M. Malempre never saw either Balfe or Bennett.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

—A French antiquary has found the most ancient bronze statue known, in the collection of Egyptian antiquities recently gathered by M. Gustave Posno. It is almost identical in feature and workmanship with the famous sycamore wood statue in the Museum of Boulac, the port of Cairo, and which is contemporary with the fourth Egyptian dynasty—a period some 2,000 years before the Christian era.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

—In a private letter to a gentleman, the eminent engraver, John Sartain, speaks highly of the fine etching by Unger of Makart's celebrated painting, "Caterina Cornaro Assuming the Crown of Cyprus." He thinks that the artist has not only mastered all the principles that governed Paul Veronese in the construction of his works, but has surpassed his prototype in the use of them. Mr. Sartain's art-life has given him great facilities for forming an opinion, and he holds that the Catherine is a finer composition than Paul Veronese ever made, fine and daring as he was.

—Under the quaint title of "Wills of Their Own," says *The Athenæum*, Mr. William Tegg is going to publish a collection of eccentric wills, and of the results of the vagaries of testators. "The story of the will of Lord St. Leonards is, of course, told, and Mr. Foley's will is also mentioned. Among the curious bequests mentioned is that of 20s. a year left by John Rudge to pay a man to go about the parish church of Trysull, Staffordshire, and keep dogs

out of the church. George Staverton, by a will dated May, 1661, gave, out of his house at Staines, a sum of £6 a year to buy a bull to be baited in the market-place of Workingham, and until 1823 the bequest was yearly carried out."

—In the appointment of gentlemen to heads of the different bureaus in the Centennial exhibition, the superintendence of the art department has been assigned to Mr. John Sartain, of Philadelphia, who has done so much for the development of American art. The prospects of a fine art exhibition have become certainties, and the commissioners of the several foreign nationalities are zealously guarding their reputation, and securing a fit representation from their best men. The success of the American portion of the art department is assured, and already enough of the prominent artists have registered their applications to make sure that the character and quality of the home display will be such that the most fastidious critic will have no occasion to blush at the representation of the United States artists. The members of the National Academy of Design in New York have awakened to the importance of a proper display, in view of the large number of eminent foreigners who will attend, and those who have been tardy in applying for space are now eagerly soliciting the privilege of space, and if any good men shall not be able to complete their pictures in time the result will not be materially affected.

—The sad news of the death of Dr. Anderson has already been announced. He was a convert, and for many years was prominently connected with the Catholic charities of New York city. His great and varied talents are well known. The following notice appeared recently in the *New York World*: "Professor Henry James Anderson died at Lahore, East Indies, October 19, of a diarrhoea, after an illness of three days. He was born in this city in 1799. In 1814 he entered Columbia College, and after graduating with the highest honors, studied medicine and obtained his degree. Upon the retirement of Professor Adrain and upon his recommendation Dr. Anderson was appointed to the chair of mathematics and astronomy. He was extremely popular with the students and never missed a recitation hour while he held the professorship. In 1843 he resigned, to take his wife, who was an invalid, abroad, and she died in Europe. He remained abroad nearly three years, forming an intimate acquaintance with the astronomer Arago, and translating for him from the Northern European languages several astronomical treatises. He also became while abroad a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, in which he has died. He accompanied Captain Lynch in his exploration of the Dead Sea, and wrote the geological report of that expedition. Upon his return to this country, in 1851, he was made a trustee of Columbia College. Last year he went to Australia to witness the transit of Venus, and from Australia travelled this year to India, visiting the Himalayas and ascending one of their peaks. This was in his seventy-seventh year. He was a highly accomplished scholar, adding to his mathematical studies remarkable attainments in chemistry, geology and mineralogy and a wide linguistic knowledge."

Books and Periodicals.

—The *Manhattan Monthly* comes to us this month in a new and beautiful cover, of a cream-tinted glazed paper. Mr. Savage has shown great enterprise in his management of the *Monthly*, and we have no doubt a large addition to the subscription list will be the consequence. It is edited with genuine ability, and fills its place in popular Catholic literature in a manner creditable to itself and acceptable to the public. The contents of the number for January, 1876, are: I, Holly and Ivy, a Holiday Wreath; II, The Birth of Christ; III, Absent Friends; IV, To the Dying Year; V, Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; VI, The Sun and the Rose; VII, The Christmas Fairy; VIII, A Wakeful Chapter on Sleep; IX, Social Architecture; X, Scissor-legs and his Sister-in-law: or, "How the Rhine washed away a Family Feud"; XI, Famous Memories of the Month; XII, Miscellany; XIII, Current Publications.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 1, 1876.

THE SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC may now be procured at the Students' Office, and at Jansen, McClurg & Co's, 117 and 119 State Street, Chicago.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

A Happy New Year.

There are many of our kind readers to whom this day is nothing more than one for receiving presents, making calls upon their friends, and having a jolly time generally. In having this jolly time, however, some may enjoy the 1st of January so well that they are by no means in the best of condition for enjoying the 2d. When, therefore, we wish those young men a Happy New Year, they understand us as wishing them a happy New Year's Day instead of a whole year, and they take it that all that is necessary for them to do is to enjoy the one day out of the whole three hundred and sixty-five.

Well, let them enjoy the one day; but that is not all that we mean when from our soul we wish everybody a Happy New Year. Let every one enjoy the quiet family scenes which bring joy to all; let them have a good dinner, and a good time generally; but it is merely a specimen of what we wish all our readers the whole year round when we wish A Happy New Year. We do not utter this wish simply because it is customary for people generally to say it, but because we are really sincere in wishing it. We utter it because we take pleasure in interesting ourselves in the well-being and prosperity of our subscribers; not meddling about their affairs, which in no way concern us, but following their course through life with an honest pride in their success. We have every feeling of friendship for all our readers, and we feel that they must have more or less for us. We cannot read the secrets of their hearts, for they are not ours, but when we wish them a Happy New Year we but make a show of that feeling of kind regard which we have for them and to which we sincerely believe they will respond by echoing back "A Happy New Year to the SCHOLASTIC."

The Year Past.

One more year having passed by, leaving us further on in the journey of life, it is not inappropriate for us to glance back and take a good look at some of the many incidents which have happened within and about the College walls.

Scarcely had the echo of the Happy New Year died away from our lips, or rather scarcely had the dampness dried out of the SCHOLASTIC which contained these words, when the boys came trooping back to class-room and campus to set themselves in real earnest to their studies. Class-books were reviewed and the examination took place. Some good, industrious students received the promotion to which the hard labor of the session fully entitled them;

but some, we must say it with sorrow (for we take great interest in all, and every student's sorrow is ours), were "plucked." Though we were grieved that such should be the case, yet we could not but feel that it was deserved; for had they laid aside that novel which they hid so secretly from prefects and teachers, and given themselves up to their class-books, it would have been otherwise.

Well, the examination over, along came Prof. Pepper to amuse us with his lecture on "Light," and quickly following it was the Twenty-Second of February, ushered in by the superb Entertainment of the Thespians. Then the time flowed evenly along until St. Patrick's Day arrived, when the Columbians came out in their glory. Classes then continued with their usual success through the Spring days, interrupted only by the Entertainments of the Philomatheans and Philopatrians, always occasions of joy.

Then came the June Examinations, through which all passed creditably. But, alas, scarcely had they finished when news was brought to the College from the Upper Lake that young Frank Foxen, of Detroit, a youth of much promise and beloved by all, was drowned. The intelligence threw a gloom over all, which even the bustle of the Commencement Exercises could not entirely dispel. Peace to his soul!

The Commencement Day came and went, and then there was hustling of trunks and riding in hot haste to the Southern depot. There was hand-shaking, and vows of eternal remembrance, and promises to write; some promised to write to us for the great "personal" number of the SCHOLASTIC which was to appear during the Summer months, but we never got the letters—and some tears. Then all started for their happy homes, but we went to work and hurried up that number of the SCHOLASTIC, and then started on our trip for three weeks.

September came, with its apples and peaches and water-melons and things, and classes began again. Old familiar faces returned, and many bright, intelligent new ones appeared. The SCHOLASTIC began to bud forth, the leaves appeared, and good fruit, it is to be hoped, has been produced ever since. Meanwhile classes went rigidly on. There were Exhibitions here and there, but the work of study ceased not. Everybody labored steadily on; and we, like the fly perhaps, kept buzzing away, thinking we were doing prodigious work, urging all on when they needed nothing of the kind.

So things kept on in the even tenor of their way until Christmas approached; then away to their homes, in comfortable cars furnished by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road, went the greater part of the students. Christmas came and went, and here the SCHOLASTIC is on New Year's Day the first to wish all a Happy New Year.

Such is a brief sketch of the record of last year. We may be satisfied or not with the part we acted in the events which then transpired, but whether we are or not we cannot go over and improve anything here or there. Each step we have made on the sands of time over which lies our pathway in life is imprinted there, and nothing can ever rub them out. All that we can do is, through the coming year, by force of our will, to make better tracks, such as we need not wish to change.

The Scholastic for 1876.

Having extended our greeting to all our friends on this the first day of the year, and wished them the joys of the

season, it is but right to take them into our confidence and tell them what we intend doing during the Centennial Year of American independence.

In the first place we intend to do our utmost to make our paper readable. We have been told that, after all, the SCHOLASTIC as we conduct it is not what is understood as a college paper. Well, so long as we find the great majority of our readers satisfied with our weekly edition, and even waiting with some impatience for its appearance, we are contented; and whether it comes up to the ideas of all as to what a college paper should or should not be, we don't care. We have no desire to publish a paper which cannot be read by all our subscribers, and will not change our manner of conducting it to suit the whims of the few. Our aim is to issue a paper that is readable. If we succeed in this we will be thankful; if we do not, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we did our best.

In order to make the SCHOLASTIC of interest, we will continue to give, as we have heretofore endeavored to do, all the current news of the College and all the information we can glean as to the whereabouts and prospects of the old students. We shall give the weekly Roll of Honor and Class-Honors, because we know that these are always of interest to the parents and friends of the students attending class at Notre Dame. These lists do more for the discipline of the house and cause more emulation among the members of the different classes than anything else ever made use of here. They are part of the weekly chronicle of the house; and, as we said before, it is our intention to give all the news. They will be published as usual every week.

But while we chronicle the events which transpire in and around Notre Dame, we shall always remember that the SCHOLASTIC has another character to sustain. It is not simply a bulletin of the standing of students in their classes, nor is it a mere record of college life. It has its literary character, which must never be lost sight of; and this we intend to make worthy of its many readers, both inside and without the College walls. We have received many complimentary notices from the weekly press, especially the Catholic, of the country. We trust that we have deserved them, and shall endeavor to make the literary character of the paper come up to that high standard which they were pleased to say we had already attained.

With this intention then we begin the new year, and trust that the generous souls who have aided us with their contributions heretofore will continue them in the future. We are under many obligations to a number of friends for the interest which they have shown in the SCHOLASTIC by writing for its columns. We take this occasion of thanking them for their assistance, and pray a continuance of the same.

Christmas at Notre Dame.

That most joyous of all Festivals, Christmas, was duly celebrated at Notre Dame. Never perhaps did circumstances unite in giving a more happy conclusion to the preparations for the Festival than they did this year. The weather was unusually fine for the season—more like the middle of May than the end of December; and only a few days before, the news of the safe arrival at Queenstown of Father Sorin and other friends of Notre Dame, after a long and dangerous voyage, gladdened all

hearts, for some uneasiness had been felt here owing to the accident to the unfortunate, or fortunate, Amerique, and her consequent tardy voyage. But the news that the *voyageurs* were safely moored in Queenstown harbor dispelled every fear.

Active preparations for the Festival had been made on all hands, and each of the different establishments had its beautiful representation of the Crib of the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem. The artificial rockwork and evergreens, together with the incidental decorations, all thrown into beautiful relief by tastefully arranged colored lights, had a very fine effect. The Cribs at St. Joseph's Novitiate, the Scholasticate, and in the Minims' Study-hall were very fine, and showed much care and taste in the arrangement.

It has been customary here to have the solemn midnight Mass celebrated at Christmas for the inmates of the institution, and the ceremonies this year were more than usually imposing. Were we to give some of the opinions expressed in regard to them we might be accused of exaggeration, so we will merely confine ourselves to a general description, for the benefit of those who returned home for the Christmas holidays. The new chandeliers had been hung in the church, and for the first time since its erection the building was lighted up in a becoming manner. The Office commenced at 10 o'clock; Matins being chaunted before the midnight Mass, Lauds afterwards. Many persons assisted at the Office, but the majority, with the students, did not arrive until a little before midnight. Very Rev. F. Granger was celebrant of the Mass, with Rev. Fathers Colovin and Hudson as deacon and subdeacon. The choir sang *Missa S. Francisce Xavierii*, composed by Rev. Franz Witt, the President of the German Cecilia Society. We have heard this Mass sung before, but never with such effect as on Christmas night.

On Christmas morning, at 6 o'clock, each priest celebrated his three Masses, at which a great number were present and received Holy Communion; at 10 o'clock the Solemn High Mass of the day was sung: Very Rev. F. Granger, celebrant; Rev. Fathers Louage and Letourneau, assistants. Rev. Father Colovin preached a most impressive sermon, one of those which have gained him such celebrity as a preacher, and which the solemnity and joy of the occasion made doubly interesting. The Choir sang at this Mass Kaim's *Missa Jesu Redemptor*, the Minims singing soprano, the Juniors alto, and with great credit to themselves and their leader. Whether it was that the occasion covered up faults in the singing, or that the Juniors and Minims combined really surpassed former choirs, we know not; certain it is that the new and liturgical church music of the Cecilia Society received much commendation and made itself many warm friends; it was extolled by everyone who referred to the matter during the day. We hope the good work begun on Christmas in this direction will be followed up, and not allowed to flag throughout the year, for where are good voices put to a better use than in singing the praises of God in His holy house? Our youth should be emulous in this respect, and consider in its proper light the high honor of being allowed to assist in singing those praises of God on earth that mingle with the songs of the angels in heaven. We give them credit for what they did on Christmas, but there is still room for improvement.

Throughout the forenoon the usual greetings were passed; every face beamed with joy; and many a merry

joke and hearty laugh made lively the festive board, while all did ample justice to the good things that crowded the dinner table.

At five o'clock in the afternoon Solemn Vespers were sung, the Rev. Father Granger being officiant, with Rev. Messrs. Falize, Franciscus, Johannes and Kirch cope-bearers and chanters. The ceremonies and the singing was up to the usual standard.

In the evening the students amused themselves in many ways. Christmas boxes were brought out, and a merry time generally was had.

May we live to enjoy many a Merry Christmas such as this of 1875.

The Minims' Exhibition.

The Minims gave a very amusing and interesting Exhibition in their study-hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, at which all the students who remained at the College, together with Rev. Fathers Granger, O'Connell, Frère, Maher, Hudson, Zahm, and many others, attended.

The Entertainment began with some excellent music by an improvised orchestra under the direction of B. Leopold. This was followed by an address from Master O. Lindberg, which he read in an agreeable manner. The address over, a beautiful Christmas Hymn was sung with applause by Messrs. C. Faxon, O. Lindberg, C. Campau, J. Duffield, F. Campau, and F. Pleins. In response to an *encore* they favored the audience with a song, "Here's to Our Friends," which was rapturously applauded. After another piece by the orchestra, "The Thief of Time" was played by Messrs. C. Faxon, L. Frazee, J. Duffield, F. Pleins, and O. Lindberg. We have no programme before us, and cannot give the names of the parts taken by each of the young gentlemen, but we can truly say that all played very well. Special mention however should be made of the acting of Messrs. Lindberg and Duffield, who created much merriment among the audience.

The play over, Mast. Frank Campau sang "I've Been Thinking," and so well did he sing it that he received a well-earned *encore*. The song over, we were again treated by the Orchestra to some more music, which was lively and enjoyable. After this, Master Lindberg treated the audience to a first-rate comic negro speech, which brought down the house with laughter and terrific applause. To this succeeded "Our Stage," the parts of which were taken by R. Pleins, F. Pleins, O. Lindberg, and J. Duffield. All of them played their parts in excellent style and caused roars of laughter. The Engine Scene was most successful, and the cheers which greeted "Chicago" when it came puffing and snorting down the stage were boisterous, if not terrific.

The play over, the Orchestra again discoursed some lively music, the kind, we should judge, that suited the audience, as quite a number of them kept merrily beating time. The music over, Mr. Arnold, by special request, entertained the audience with a good declamation. This, with the instrumental music and what followed, was the only thing during the evening's Entertainment which was not performed by the Minims. The Amphion Club, less one member, sang a song, which the absence of one of the tenors did not tend to make as successful as it would otherwise have been. At its conclusion, Rev. Father Granger returned his thanks to the Minims for the pleasure they afforded, and then called on the Editor of THE

SCHOLASTIC to make a speech. We declined saying anything then, reserving our remarks for our weekly paper, but called on Rev. Father Frère, who, because of his great devotion to music, we knew would be better able to make the "closing remarks,"—which, in response to a general call, he did, in a neatly worded speech.

Altogether the Minims' Exhibition was very successful. That it afforded abundant mirth was evident from the repeated and prolonged shouts of laughter which attended their sallies of wit.

Personal.

- Wm. W. Taylor, of '70, is living in Chicago, Ill.
- T. J. Dundon, of '73, is doing well in Clarksburg.
- John W. Buehler, of '71, is reading law in Chicago, Ill.
- J. Rhey Boyd, of '69, is practising law in Paducah, Ky.
- William J. Fletcher, of '73, is in business in St. Louis, Mo.
- J. Wernert, of '72, we are told, is banking in Toledo, Ohio.
- O. E. Mullarky, of '71, is in business at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
- Lewis Dennis, of '67, is doing a wholesale business in Zanesville, Ohio.
- Robert Kelly, of '72, is in business with his father in Minneapolis, Minn.
- Henry Wrape, of '69, is residing in Montgomery, Ind. We did not learn in what business he is engaged.
- Hon. W. C. McMichael, formerly of the SCHOLASTIC Office, is now connected with the South Bend *Herald*.
- Rev. M. B. Brown, of '62, is Director of Studies in the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis.
- Thos. Naughton, of '58, we have been told, is practising law in New York city. We do not know whether our information is correct or not.
- Rev. D. Tighe, of '70, spent a few days with us this last week. He remembered the SCHOLASTIC by bringing with him for us a Christmas box—of cigars.
- M. A. J. Baasen, of '66, is still residing in Milwaukee, where he is prospering, and ever ready with a genial smile and warm handshake to greet his old friends.
- Among the Professors in the College are Howard of '62, Lyons of '62, Stace of '64, Tong of '65, Ivers of '64, O'Connell of '67, Zahm of '71, and Edwards of '70.
- Among the many old students who have become editors we might mention Runnion, of '59, on the *Chicago Tribune*; Ewing, of '69, on the *Columbus Herald*; Clarke, of '70, on the *Catholic Columbian*; Carr, of '72, on the *Toledo Review*; Schaub, of '68, on the *Mahoning Visitor*.

Local Items.

- Classes begin January 3rd.
- And on Monday class begins.
- It was a pleasant Christmas here.
- Christmas-boxes came in every day.
- What would Christmas be without a box?
- Who will be the first one back from home?
- Are we to have any good skating this winter?
- The SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC went off like hot cakes.
- Ninety students spent their holidays at the College.
- To one and all, great and small, A Happy New Year!
- The Minims enjoyed themselves hugely this last week.
- The opinion of every one is that the Almanac is a fine affair.
- The boys have been enjoying themselves during the holidays.

—Fifteen boxes were received by the Minims on Christmas Day.

—There was rec. every evening in the study-halls during the holidays.

—Prof. Stace is the solo bass in the choir of St. Joseph's Church, Lowell.

—A general scrubbing about the College took place the first of the week.

—The Philodemics will give their Entertainment about the first of February.

—The musicians occupied considerable of their time the week past in practice.

—Christmas has come and gone, and now prepare for the resumption of study.

—There was an edition of nine thousand copies of the *Ave Maria* issued this week.

—On Tuesday last one of the tables in the Junior hall was put in good working order.

—On Christmas evening there was a grand display of fire-works in front of the College.

—Every day a number of young men took a trip to South Bend during the last week.

—It is reported that sweetened water is good for shaving. At least we know a young man who tried it.

—Rev Father Colovin went to Watertown last Monday. He lectured there, we understand, to a large and appreciative audience.

—Fred. Kauffman received a fine foot-ball last week from Cincinnati, and he and the boys made good use of it during the few days past.

—The Lemonnier Circulating Library has been well patronized during the holidays. There has been a great deal of good reading done.

—Letters from students now in Chicago, St. Louis, Dubuque, and other places, report all the boys enjoying themselves. We are glad of it.

—Handball has been one of the most popular games the week past. A number of good games have been played in the halls and on the Campus.

—The fresco of Prof. Gregori in the new Church is exciting much attention. It represents the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, and is a fine work of art.

—Two chandeliers have been put in the new Church. They are only temporary ones, however, as it is the intention of the house to purchase new ones in the spring.

—The first edition of the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC was exhausted before copies could be sent to the Catholic press for notice. A second edition will be published to-day.

—Solemn High Mass was sung on Christmas Day at South Bend and Lowell. At Notre Dame there was Solemn High Mass at midnight and at ten o'clock in the morning.

—Our Chicago friends should not fail to call at Jansen, McClurg & Co's., 117 and 119 State street, Chicago, Ill., and get a SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC. They have them for sale.

—The roads are in bad condition just now. It was on this account that the trip to the St. Joe Farm was postponed. The jolting, had the boys gone, would have been immense.

—In one day all the copies of the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC for sale at the Students' Office were disposed of. Quite a number of orders have been received from people away from Notre Dame.

—The cabinet-makers are engaged in putting up the shelves in the Science Hall. In a few weeks all the mineral, geological, botanical and zoological specimens will be removed to the hall.

—A detail of four boys just made out to carry a Christmas box from the Students' Office to the Junior Department. It was mighty hard to carry, but they, after much puffing and blowing, managed to do it.

—The Christmas holidays have conspired to make the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC somewhat lazy, hence he deserves

the pity of everyone on account of his being obliged to work his pencil steadily through the happy season.

—The conduct of the young men while on the cars going home was much commented on by the passengers. It was remarked by many that they had never witnessed young men leaving college act in such an orderly and gentlemanly manner.

—The weather during the first part of the week was really and truly delicious. It was far more in keeping with Easter-tide than Christmas time. There was glorious sunshine, of which the boys took every advantage to enjoy themselves.

—The meanest thing that we have heard of in a long time is Mr. —'s refusing to buy a SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC and then going to C—'s room and after borrowing one sitting down for three hours and reading it through. A collection should be taken up for him.

—On Tuesday Evening the Minims had a grand dress rehearsal at which a few friends attended. At the conclusion of the rehearsal, Rev. Father Tighe, of St. James' Church, Chicago, addressed them very eloquently, and complimented them on the excellent rendition of their parts.

—The Sisters of Charity of the Female Catholic Protectory, Westchester, N. Y., announce that the raffle of the gold table set presented by the Holy Father has been postponed until May, on account of many tickets remaining unsold. Rev. Father Hudson thanks, in the name of the orphans, all those who have purchased tickets, and hopes others will follow their good example.

—A great many German papers both in this country and in Europe are informing their readers that "Count Stolberg has come to America to visit the Jesuit monastery at South Bend, Indiana, and to select a place for another Jesuit monastery." We never before heard of the good Jesuit Fathers living in monasteries, and never before knew of their having a house in South Bend. But, then, perhaps some one has been accusing Rev. Father O'Mahony of being a Jesuit!

—We are pleased to see by the announcement in the *Catholic Union* of Buffalo, N. Y., that that excellent paper is to be enlarged. It is already a large eight-paged paper, but the increase of advertising is so great that the publishers find it an absolute necessity to enlarge the size of the paper. We rejoice at this, for it shows that the *Union* is prospering, as it deserves, for it is an excellent journal, spicy and local. Its editorials show great learning and ability. We wish it a happy and prosperous New Year.

—On the 28th of December, Feast of the Holy Innocents, Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., gave the Holy Habit in the Chapel of the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross to the following gentlemen: Messrs. Andrew Morrissey, Lawrence Meehan, Joseph A. Koppes, Peter Hurth, and Arthur Barlathay; Richard Corroone (Brother John Berchmans), Thomas Geegan (Br. Simplicius), Edward Doyle (Br. Paul the Hermit), Henry Whyte (Br. Emilius), Patrick O'Brien (Br. Samuel), Wm. Sullivan (Br. Cosmas), Michael McCullough (Br. Timothy), Edmund Kraling (Br. Frederic), Thomas de Cantillon Church (Br. Romanus).

—We see the following anecdote going the rounds of the French and German press: "The Right Rev. Bishop of Angers, when standing at the depot of Tours, saw a respectable old gentleman approaching who, very much moved, addressed him thus: 'Have I the honor to speak to the Bishop of Angers?' and having received an answer in the affirmative he continued: 'I knew you were visiting this place, and hastened to tell you that by your zeal for the foundation of Catholic colleges you are doing a very good and meritorious work. I had a son. His instructors have robbed him of his faith and morals. To-day he is far below the lowest level of humanity. You, Right Rev. Bishop, devote yourself to the education of young men who will do honor to their country and give joy to their families. I am not rich, but here are 20 francs, my contribution for the work of social renovation which your grace is undertaking.'"

—Our friend Tom, writing from the College of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., under date of Dec. 24, '75, says: "In order to assure you and your readers

that we, although so far "out West," are following in the footsteps of our sister institutions, to the best of our ability. I will endeavor to give you a slight inkling of the principal events that have transpired since my last letter. On Nov. 10th an eloquent and very interesting lecture on the Middle Ages was delivered before the St. Patrick's Literary Society, by Rev. M. B. Brown, at which the Faculty and other friends were present. The ability of the Rev. gentleman is so well known that it would be entirely useless for me to attempt to say anything in praise of the lecture. The lecture lasted one hour and a half, during which time he interested all his hearers. The authorities of the house, wishing that the Jubilee should be made in as good a season and as well as possible, chose to have it begun on the 23rd of November, and ended on the 8th of Dec, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was decided that the visits should be made to the College Chapel and to St. Bernard's Church in the city. So, on the morning of the 23rd the Jubilee was begun by all the students except non-Catholics who had not yet made it. The last three days of the Jubilee were set apart for a retreat, at which all the students, non-Catholics excepted, were required to attend. This was preached by Rev. Father Condon, who from his great zeal in the spiritual interests of the students made it most successful. Father Condon did not spare himself in the least during these three days. He gave four sermons a day, and attended to the various other exercises. The retreat and Jubilee closed on the morning of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which morning it was an edifying sight to everyone, and an encouraging one to the authorities, to see everybody, except the non-Catholics, approaching the railing to partake of Holy Communion. On the evening of the 23d, the one previous to the students taking their departure for home to spend the holidays, the Cecilian Glee Club and musical students gave a *soirée* in the College parlor. The Entertainment was intended to be for the pupils and a few invited guests, but the attendance was quite large. This *soirée* was the first of the kind ever given at the College, but we hope, on account of its success, that it is but the beginning of a series. The Entertainment was a great success; in fact many persons were surprised that such a thing could be gotten up at all. The following is the programme:

Chorus—"What's this World a Coming to?"... Glee Club
Piano—"Forest Glade".....N. Schumacher
Solo—"The Hat my Father Wore"....Mr. T. M. O'Leary
Piano—"Coquette Polka"..... Theo. Fischel
Chorus—"Three Roguish Chaps"..... Glee Club
Piano—"Red Stocking March".....J. Periolat
Quartette—"Lovely Night".....Arion Club
Piano—"Chandon Waltz".....F. Schomer
Solo—"Alpine Horn".....Mr. T. M. O'Leary
Piano—"Phantasie".....N. Schumacher
Duet—"Star of the Twilight"....Br. Aloysius, P. Kerrigan
Piano—"Un Premier Amour".....T. Fischel
Quartette—"Wanderer's Return".....Arion Club
Piano—"Golden Bubble Schottische".....J. Periolat
Solo and Chorus—"Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow"
.....Glee Club
Piano—"Syracuse Polka".....T. Fischel
Solo—"Angel so Fair".....Mr. T. M. O'Leary
Duet—Piano and Violin—"Elfin Waltz"
.....Mr. T. M. O'Leary and M. Moore
Quintette—"Image of the Rose".....Arion Club
Grand Chorus—"Our Banner of Glory".....Glee Club
Closing Remarks.....Rev. P. W. Condon

Much praise is due to Rev. Father Lilly for its success, as it was he who organized and conducted the Entertainment. On Thursday, 23rd inst, all the students with the exception of two started for home; those going by way of Milwaukee under the care of Br. Marcellinus, as far as that place. The boys were jolly and the day so fine, so we doubt not they had a pleasant trip. Classes will be resumed January 3rd. To you and your readers we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

—The most puzzling thing about an editorial shears is the antipathy usually existing between that useful article and the italic found at the bottom of a paragraph.—*Danbury News.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Letters from the absentees are very welcome and give proof of how affectionately the pupils are disposed towards their teachers and each other for not even the joys and amusements of home can make them forget those they left at dear St. Mary's.

—On the evening of the 25th there was a Christmas tree for the Minims. These little folk had already been visited by Santa Claus, but a Christmas tree was necessary to their ideal of Christmas, and so they had a tree. The gifts were very varied and unique, but the merry laughter that followed the distribution was very good proof that the gifts were appreciated.

—The present of a splendid sled, sent by the Right Rev. Bishop Kain to the Minims at St. Mary's, has put that Department in great glee, and they have now just two more wishes—one for a second visit from the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and the other, for a first-class snow-storm on the day that he arrives. They have no doubt expressed their thanks in expressive words.

—On Monday evening the Juniors got up an Entertainment for the benefit of the Seniors. Tuesday evening the Seniors will reciprocate. The Juniors' Entertainment was so sprightly that they had several *encores*. The singing of Miss Faulkner elicited much praise. The recitations of Misses Ewing and Harris were excellent. The magic lantern was a rather shadowy affair, but the very original and account of the scenes supposed to be represented made full amends for the indistinctness of the pictures.

—The *St. Paulinus Blatt*, of Triers (or Treves), gives the following account of the Sisters of the Holy Cross: "The Congregation of the Holy Cross, thanks to the many favors of the Holy Father, has made immense progress in the United States of America during the last twenty years. Its Mother-House, situated near Lake Michigan, not very far from Chicago, may be counted among the largest and most magnificent institutions of either the Old or New World. The Novitiate has 140 novices and postulants; 80 professed Sisters are also in the institution, and the Academy numbers 300 boarders from among the best classes of society. Thirty other institutions, such as convents, orphan asylums, and schools—spread all over the United States—are branches of this house. Since the harvest is very great, and laborers, especially Sisters able to give instruction in the German language, are much wanted, the Reverend General Superioress, Mother Angela, furnished with the best recommendations of her Archbishop and Bishop, has come to Luxemburg to engage suitable young ladies ready to devote themselves to the education of youth and to the religious life."

—On Christmas Eve every one retired at half-past seven and rose at half-past eleven, to assist at the Christmas midnight High Mass in the Convent Chapel. The Chapel was decorated as usual with evergreens. A miniature representation of the stable at Bethlehem had been erected, and the simple arrangements were quite in keeping with the poverty of the scene represented. A few minutes before midnight, the choir sang an old Languedocian carol. At twelve the High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C. The music was Haydn's No. 3, with *Offertorium* from Cantate. The singing was well calculated to inspire devotion, for all was in perfect harmony and correctly rendered. At the Gospel the Rev. celebrant gave a short and fervent discourse on the festival of the day. After Mass the Minims and Juniors gathered around the Crib, and in their simple midnight hymn paid homage to the "Infant King." A short time was given for the thanksgiving after Holy Communion and then all went to the refectory for a light collation, and then to bed again, the pupils to sleep till seven. But many of the Senior girls assisted with the Sisters at the Rev. Chaplain's Masses, which began at six. At breakfast, recreation and congratulations. At half-past eight the High Mass of the day, and after Mass a general interchange of Christmas letters, gifts, etc.

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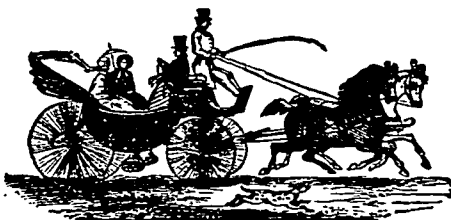
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NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S 'BUS LINE!

Whilst I return my thanks to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I beg leave to inform the public that I have, at the urgent request of many of my patrons, purchased SEVERAL NEW CARRIAGES and BUGGIES, and moved into the LIVERY STABLES

Attached to the National Hotel, and Adjacent to the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Depot.

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 15; 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 30

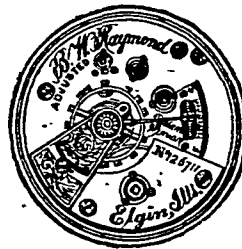
5 43 p m, Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 45. Chicago, 8 20.

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

9 10 a m, Local Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.,

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JEWELRY.**All Kinds of Engraving Done.****SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.****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 "	6 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 05 "	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.	\$5 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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Haydn, 1st, 2d & 4th ea.	80	" 1st Mass.....	65
Haydn, 6th.....	1.00	" 12th.....	80
Haydn, 7th & 8th, each.	65	" 15th.....	65
Haydn, 3d.....	1.00	Gounod, Messe Sol'nelle	80
Rossini Messe Sol'nelle	1.60	Concone, m F.....	65
Bordese, in F.....	65	Farmer, B flat.....	80
De Monti, B flat.....	65	Lambillotte, Pascale..	2.50
Guignard.....	1.00	Niedermeyer.....	1.25
Southard in F.....	50	Stearns, in A.....	1.50
" D.....	50	Thayer, No. 1.....	2.00
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" G.....	50		

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THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 186.

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 newspaper 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.

The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, with fifty-six broad columns, is only \$1.20 a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, postmasters, or anyone.

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For 1876

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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.

3	Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 4.
		Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y	Pac. Exp. Daily.	Night Ex. Ex 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 "	8 05 "

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