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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Macarius the Monk.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

In the old days while yet the Church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms
He lived upon the desert; from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots,—and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

From those who came in scores, a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now
Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence—words disturb the soul;
He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow;
To know that human life alone was given
To test the souls of those who merit heaven;
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
"For so," he said, "we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's."

Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.

One day, beside the marsh they labored long,—
For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song,—
And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
Tormenting stung, a passing traveller stood
And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
Macarius nigh with heat and toil was faint;
The traveller saw, and to the suffering saint
A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
A generous cluster, bursting rich with wine.
Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
He said, and sighed: "but I who daily teach,
Feel now the bond to practice as I preach."
He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
And with his heavy toil went patient on.

As one athirst will greet a flowing brim,
The tempting fruit made moist the mouth of him
Who took the gift; but in the yearning eye
Rose brighter light: to one whose lip was dry

He gave the grapes, and bent him to his spade,
And he who took, unknown to any other,
The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
And so, from each to each, till round was made
The circuit wholly—when the grapes at last,
Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.

"Now God be thanked!" he cried and ceased to toil;
"The seed was good, but better was the soil.
My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
But ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Tomaso da San Giovanni.

Almost one hundred years elapsed after the death of Giotto before Italy produced another great painter. When that time had passed, she produced one in the person of Tomaso da San Giovanni, better known as Masaccio. He was born in the early part of the fifteenth century, at Castello di San Giovanni, in the duchy of Florence. He is said to have studied under Masolino da Panicli, and from the very beginning of his career his utter neglect of all the external duties of life in his exclusive devotion to art caused him to be called Tomasacco, or Masaccio, which means literally "Slovenly Thomas."

At an early age he attached himself to painting, and at the age of nineteen he was matriculated at the city of Florence as a painter. As his parents were descended from an ancient, noble and wealthy house, he was enabled to follow with advantage the chosen object of his mind, and it was well for art and for the world that such was the case, and that nothing could impede the progress of a man whose powers enabled him to widen the regions of art, to breathe life again into its almost torpid spirit, and to show to ages yet to come how far its aid, morally and intellectually, might be cultivated for the benefit of mankind.

Tomaso's father's name was San Giovanni di Mori, of the family of the Guidi. His profession was that of a notary of the city of Florence; an office which in those days entitled him to respect, and which always presupposed a qualification for filling the higher stations in the magistracy of the place. Seeing that his son was determined to become a painter, he placed him under the instruction of da Panicli, who was then occupied in decorating the chapel of the Brancacci nel Carmine. It was at this time that all the arts of design began to revive. With the works of the sculptors Donatello and Ghiberti, and of the architect Filippo Brunelleschi, Tomaso was captivated. Recognizing in them the revival of the true taste observable in the antique, he endeavored to apply it in painting, the companion of sculpture. That he succeeded, his works, after a lapse of four hundred years, still abundantly testify. He

formed a new epoch in art. Full one hundred and fifty years had come and gone from the time of Cimabue to Masaccio. During that time an advance had been made, especially by Giotto, the disciple of Cimabue; still there was much that was imperfect in design, in color, in the imitation of the natural actions of the figures, etc. "Most of these," says an art critic, "Masaccio filled up the want of, and gave a more perfect imitation, as well as a better choice of nature, than any of his predecessors; overcame many difficulties, which had been stumbling-blocks to them; and opened the way to those great men who succeeded him, particularly to Raphael, who seems to have been born with a soul congenial to his, and who seems to have borrowed figures from him, which he was not always able to improve. He is said to have been the first who attained that most essential point, foreshortening the feet properly, so as to make them appear to rest flat upon the ground, and which, till his time, had not been done; probably owing to the painters taking too near a view of their figures: when, looking down upon the feet, and drawing them so as to be seen, they would of necessity make them appear almost perpendicular. Masaccio discovered the evil of this, and taking a proper distance from his view, and a just point of sight, gave their proper effect. For this he was indebted to perspective, the principles of which were imparted to him by Brunelleschi."

Masaccio endeavored to compose and draw the nude figure in actions more varied than any other of his predecessors had dared to attempt. Though his figures are not unfrequently imperfect, yet he sometimes succeeded wonderfully, particularly in the action of the limbs. In his heads and the folding of the drapery he maintains his place with the best.

Possessed as he was of such skill, and introducing such novelties in the art of design, he was not long in gaining notice, and the people of Florence gave him full employment in which to exercise his talent. His industry was equal to his powers, and as a consequence his works were very numerous. He was engaged to decorate the principal churches and convents of Florence; but after having for some time occupied himself there, he went to Rome, where his rare genius was recognized and his ability called into practice.

Among the works painted in Rome, is, in a chapel of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, a picture of Santa Maria della Neve, with four saints; in which was the portrait of Pope Martin painted from life, with a spade in his hand marking out the foundations of that church. It is related by Vasari that Michael Angelo thought it worth while to study this picture, which he highly praised. In the Chapel of Santa Caterina, in the Church of S. Clemente, Masaccio painted a series of frescoes from the life of St. Catherine and other subjects. Time and the efforts of restorers have left few traces of his hand in these, except the composition; but from the engravings which exist some idea can be formed of their original simplicity and beauty.

It was while thus honorably employed at Rome that he learned that his friend and protector, Cosmo di Medici, was again at the head of affairs at Florence, and he immediately returned to that city. On his arrival at Florence he found his old master Masolino da Panicale dead, leaving unfinished several pictures in the chapel of the Brancacci. The work of finishing these was entrusted to Masaccio, and to the designs of Masolino he added many others which remain monuments of his superior ingenuity.

While engaged in adorning the Chiesa del Carmine a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place which caused him to execute another picture in fresco. This he painted over a door, but it has been destroyed. Among the figures painted in the procession he introduced his friends Brunelleschi, Donatello, and others.

Masaccio died in the year 1443, at about the age of forty. "No painter" says a late writer, "had previously infused so much individual character into his works, or so carefully studied the bodily conformation of man. Neither the representation of the event, nor the manifestation of his own feelings through the medium of forms and expressions, seems to have been the exclusive aim of the artist; but he has endeavored to depict the human figure as it looks and moves, wholly regardless of any conventional type adopted by his predecessors. An illustration of this is afforded in the fresco of St. Peter baptizing the converts, in which a young man who has thrown off his garments seems to be shivering with sudden cold. The naturalness of the attitude awakened the admiration of contemporaneous artists to such a degree that Lanzi says: 'The figure formed an epoch in art.' The animation and variety of character in the heads, the roundness and relief of the limbs and bodies, the draperies seemingly dependent only on the form beneath, and yet falling in grand and simple folds, and above all perhaps the powerful feeling for truth and individuality which the composition evinced, gave additional interest to these works; and for half a century after the death of Masaccio the Brancacci chapel was visited by painters as the repository of the most precious models for study. Among those who were accustomed to resort there, Vasari enumerates Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Perugino, and Raphael, all of whom derived the germ of their several styles from the contemplation of Masaccio's frescoes."

Masques.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, masques—that is, dramatic performances written in a tragic style, without attention to rules or probabilities, were in great favor with the princes of Europe. This was more especially the case in England, where many of the greatest poets of the country indulged in this kind of composition.

The first masque ever performed in England was, according to *Hall's Chronicle*, at Greenwich, in 1512, "after the manner of Italy." At Whitehall, in 1536, a masque was performed "consisting of music, dancing, and a banquet, with a display of grotesque personages and fantastic dresses. Had there been machinery, nothing would appear wanting for this to fulfil the idea of a complete masque, such as were afterwards composed by Ben Jonson and others, which, with a constant declamation in *recitative*, mixed with *air*, would have formed an opera similar to the musical drama of Italy in the succeeding century.

It is said by a late English writer that "masques were certainly the precursors of operas in England, and belong to the chain of dramas which completed the union of poetry and music on the stage; and it does not appear, on examination, that the Italian *mascherate*, published by Lasca, which have been thought their prototypes, were dialogued, or performed on any stage. They seem to have been processional songs, sung through the street by the representatives of different professions and trades, *masked*, during Carnival time. And the interludes, which de Missy

and Riccoborie, and their translators, think we had from the Italian *intermezzi*, seem to want analogy; as *interlude*, with us, was a general name for every species of stage representation out of churches."

There is undoubtedly a very strong resemblance between the masques in England and operas. The masques are in dialogue, performed on a stage, ornamented with machinery, dances and decorations, and invariably have music, both vocal and instrumental. However, they are wanting in recitative, the most essential and characteristic mark of the opera; and hence their resemblance to it is imperfect. To this day most of what is known as English opera is not rightly so called, as these plays have a greater resemblance to masques; for in these dramas the dialogue is declaimed or spoken, and in this respect differs from the Italian and other opera, which consists of both recitatives and airs, and is sung from the beginning to the end.

It is said that when James I ascended the throne in 1603, he granted to a company of players a licence in which interludes are included. Masques are not included in the patent; it is probable that as they were at that time court-amusements, or performed at the houses of the nobility, the machinery necessary for producing them rendered them too expensive for the theatres open to the public. Besides, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the different rôles in masques were generally taken by the first personages in the realm, sometimes the king, queen and princes of royal blood performing them.

In the early part of the reign of Charles I masques were the favorite amusements of the court. The queen, who brought with her from France a great love for dramatic entertainments, frequently represented the principal character of the piece. In the year 1633 no less than five different masques were produced, at different places, before the king and queen. A very circumstantial account of these has been left in MS. by the Lord Commissioner Whitelock. This narrative, which is very curious, may be seen in the third volume of Burney's History of Music.

Of the most distinguished writers of masques, Ben Jonson stands first. All the dramatic poets of his time, excepting Shakespeare, produced dramas of this kind, and Jonson as poet-laureate discharged the duties of his office by writing masques for the court rather than by inditing birthday odes. Milton wrote two masques, the "Acades" and "Comus." The first of these is indeed a noble fragment, but "Comus," according to Gifford, is defective as a masque, and according to the elder D'Israeli it is not a masque at all. As a poem it is delightful, and one such as only a Milton could compose. Warton says: "As there is less music, so there is less machinery in "Comus" than in any other masque. The intrinsic graces of its exquisite poetry disdained assistance." And again: "On the whole, whether 'Comus' be or be not deficient as a drama, whether it is considered as an epic drama, a series of lines, a masque or a poem, I am of opinion that our author here is inferior only to his own 'Paradise Lost.'"

Lord Bacon wrote an admirable essay "On Masks and Triumphs." His refined taste led him to appreciate a higher order of excellence than he found in his contemporaries. He says: "Acting in Song, especially in Dialogues, hath an extream good grace. I say *acting* not *dancing*, for that is a mean and vulgar thing;"—"turning dances into figure is a childish curiosity, and generally let it be noted that those things which I here set down are such as do naturally take the same, and not respect petty wonder-

ments." Highly commending music, songs and scenery, he continues: "Let antimasks not be too long, they have been commonly of Fools, Satyrs, Baboons, Wildmen, Antiques, Beasts, Spirits, Witches, Ethiops, Pigmies, Turquets, Nymphs, Rusticks, Cupids, Statues moving, and the like. As for angels it is not comical to put them in antimasks, and anything that is hideous is on the other side as unfit."

The taste for masques died away with the close of the seventeenth century, and has never been revived.

Gottschalk.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was born in New Orleans, La. on the 8th of May, 1829. His mother was Mademoiselle Aimée de Brasle, a granddaughter of the Governor of Hayti of that name, under Louis XV. His early childhood was spent in retirement, far from the noise of cities and the bustle of life. By the waves of Lake Ponchartrain he imbibed, as it were, from infancy his inspiration from nature. At the age of four he was able to play the piano, and frequently whilst he was still a mere child his mother would be awakened at night by sweet melodies from the piano, and would discover the child fingering the "beautiful cold keys" with a look of inspiration on his face. "Robert le Diable" was the first opera he ever heard performed, and on his return from the theatre he sat down and played all the principal airs from the opera with perfect exactness. At the age of seven he gave his first concert.

When in his twelfth year his father, who rejoiced to see his great love for music, and who wished to have his natural talent properly developed, sent him to Paris to complete his musical education. After four years' close application to the mastery of the piano, under MM. Hallé and Stamaty, and a thorough course of harmony under M. Maleden, he, in April, 1845, made his first appearance in Paris as a pianist, playing frequently at the *soirées musicales* given by the Duc de Salvandy, exciting admiration by his brilliant improvisations.

He continued his studies in the higher branches of musical composition, under Hector Berlioz, until 1846. Meanwhile, in 1846, in connection with Berlioz, he gave a series of concerts in Paris, in which he achieved great success. He then made a tour throughout Switzerland and returned to Paris. In the spring of 1849 he made a concert tour through France, during which he was feasted, courted, and loaded with every mark of distinction. From France he went to Spain, where he was received with great applause, and was provided with rooms at the palace of the king. He was presented with the sword of honor "El Chielanero," and received from the king two orders, the diamond cross of "Isabella la Catholique" and that of "Leon d'Holstein."

In 1853 Gottschalk returned to the United States, where he was warmly welcomed in most of the large cities. After giving concerts throughout the Union, he visited Mexico, the western coast of South America, and Australia, meeting with large and appreciative audiences wherever he went. He then made many concert tours through the United States, and again went to South America. After having spent considerable time in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, he arrived in Rio Janiero in 1869, where his reception was most cordial. He had always been of a generous and liberal nature, and in this city he responded freely to every call for his services. After giving many concerts, he

arranged for a festival of several weeks, to commence on the 24th of November. The first evening, his performance was the delight of the thousands who attended; on the second, at the very beginning of the programme he fell to the floor unconscious, and was only restored after his removal to his hotel. For a little more than three weeks he lingered in great suffering, and died on the 18th of December at Tijuca, a suburb of Rio Janiero. He was mourned by thousands of the best citizens of the city, and was buried by the Philharmonic Society; the seventh day after his funeral, high Mass under the auspices of that society was sung.

Mr. George Upton, speaking of Gottschalk, says: "I think that our country has never been blessed with such a real musical genius as Louis Gottschalk. He was thoroughly original. His music was unlike any other. Nearly all pianists are plagiarists. Gottschalk was original, because he wrote out of his inner nature. Run over his compositions,—the 'Printemps D'Amour,' 'Murmures Eoliens,' 'La Colombe,' the 'Banjo Fantasia,' that inimitable 'Berceuse,' the 'Chant du Soldat,' the 'Last Hope,' the 'Marche de Nuit,' the 'Ojos Creollos,' the 'Souvenirs D'Andalousie,' his ballad 'Serenade,' the 'O ma Charmante Caprice,' and his splendid instrumentation of the overture to 'William Tell,' or the little gems of waltzes and polkas which he published under the familiar *nom de plume* of 'Seven Octaves,'—and see if you can find their motives anywhere else in the whole realm of music. He was as distinctive as Chopin, and as dreamy and suggestive as Robert Franz. And what a *technique* he had! His runs were like the rippling of water, his octaves as clear and distinct as the flash of a diamond, and his touch purity itself. Under the magic of his long, delicate fingers, a piano sung like a rich soprano."

When he was still a young man, Hector Berlioz wrote of him: "Gottschalk is one of the very small number who possess all the different elements of a consummate pianist, all the faculties which surround him with an irresistible prestige, and give him a sovereign power. He is an accomplished musician: he knows just how far fancy may be indulged in expression. He knows the limits beyond which any liberties taken with the rhythm produce only confusion and disorder; and upon these limits he never encroaches. There is an exquisite grace in his manner of phrasing sweet melodies, and throwing off light touches from the higher keys. The boldness and brilliancy and originality of his play at once dazzles and astonishes, and the infantile *naïveté* of his smiling caprices, the charming simplicity with which he renders simple things, seem to belong to another individuality, distinct from that which marks his thundering energy: thus the success of M. Gottschalk before an audience of musical cultivation is immense."

In his private life he was amiable and gentle, and among the members of the musical profession, notable for their irritableness, few men have been more loved than he. A friend who knew him well says: "Of his private life, we have no word to say, save the pure, good truth. He was a devoted son, and, at the time of his death, was looking forward to the fulfilment of a last request of his mother's,—a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. A more than devoted brother; and lasting monuments of his large hearted charities are not failing in any land where his name and face have been known. A true American, proud of his birthright, and an ardent lover of liberty, one of the

fairest jewels in his crown was the liberation of his slaves in Louisiana. His triumphs, from every point of view, were unprecedented in the annals of pianists,—the recipient of medals and orders from nearly every crowned head in Europe and South America. His personal friends were many and warm; and in numberless households the news of his death, rendered doubly hard in that it occurred in a foreign land, will cause no ordinary grief."

Have We a Climate?

A recent magazine has so excellently drawn the antithesis between "weather" and "climate" that we are led to believe he must have been a sojourner in Northern Indiana, where we have had so much weather lately that really we have reason to doubt whether we have a climate at all. On the 22d of last December, at eight minutes past the hour of midnight, the sun is supposed to have received the annual boost from the horns of capricorn which sends him up to the tropic of cancer. Whether the boost was unusually vigorous this year we are not astronomer enough to say, but the sun certainly displayed more ambition than we had any right to expect. At the same time the cold snaps, when they do come, come with a *vim* that seems determined to compress all the rigors of the frigid zone within the space of twenty-four hours. The one at the end of November froze the river from South Bend up to Mishawaka, which never happened in November before, and the snow storm of Dec. 17th acted just as winter used to do when it had made up its mind to commence, and imbued us with the conviction that if we had had a climate we should have had winter then; but it was all over in two days.

How is it that ground-hogs and muskrats and such small deer know what kind of weather we are going to have, and make their arrangements accordingly? Tell us, ye rational creatures who deny souls to the "inferior animals." Inferior forsooth! They know what they are about, and men don't. They have a faculty which grasps all the truths presented to it, and are infallible as far as they go; whereas when you see a man taking an umbrella along with him on a threatening morning, you may be sure it won't rain. Never before were the lakes free of ice on New Year's Day, and what was the cause of it? The new double windows. I told them so when they were putting them up. This is the reason why our Christmas holidays were devoid of skating, that prince of winter recreations. Students should send for their skates in time for Easter or thereabouts. Don't forget the heel-straps. The Wednesdays in May will be probably enlivened by this popular amusement, and perhaps another peculiarity developed in the atmosphere may render Wednesdays more numerous than heretofore. *Quien sabe?*

It is really a great comfort, when we think of it, that meteorology cannot be reduced to an exact science, and that the more persistent mankind have been in calculating the "probabilities," the more utterly perverse and unmanageable the weather has become. I say it is a great comfort—a great social comfort, for just consider a moment how many pleasant conversations are begun,—how many useful acquaintanceships, even, formed, by some neatly turned remark about the weather. But if the weather were no longer a subject for interesting speculation,—if it were all reduced to mathematical certainties, you might as

well open with the observation "twice eleven are twenty-two," or "water is a compound of hydrogen and oxygen," which would be utterly ineffectual in eliciting any response from a bashful interlocutor.

Yes; there is food for contentment in every thing, if we could only feel it so, but the grumbler will grumble on to the end, and even with the best climate in the world, he would say that he couldn't climb it. S.

William Congreve.

The most sprightly writer of English comedy was undoubtedly William Congreve. His plays abound with witty dialogue and lively incident, and for this reason they are still read by lovers of English literature. Yet with all their merits, which caused Voltaire to declare that he had "raised the glory of Comedy to a greater height than any English writer before or since his time" they have because of their licentiousness been driven from the stage.

William Congreve was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, in 1672. He was educated in Ireland, and proposed to study law, but his love for literature interfering, drew him away from this dry study, and he devoted himself to writing for the stage. While yet very young he wrote a novel entitled "Incognita"—of which we know but little. His first play, the "Old Bachelor," was first produced at Drury Lane theatre in 1693, when Congreve was then in his twenty-first year. It was received with great favor, Dryden commending it as the best first effort in that line which he had ever witnessed. Some of the best performers of the day took parts in it, and the whole town was loud in its praise. But what must we think of the morality of an age which could hail with applause a comedy which in our day could not be even read in the family circle!

In the following year appeared the "Double Dealer"; in 1695 "Love for Love"; and in 1697 his tragedy of the "Mourning Bride." The two latter comedies, less successful than his first, are, like it, licentious and unfit to read. His tragedy, the only one he wrote, is distinguished by much more merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It is marked by the stiffness of the French school and an affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it is graced by poetical language and has many brilliant scenes. The opening lines of the play have been often quoted:

"Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic members and persuasive sound."

Dr. Johnson has said that the description of a cathedral, which occurs in the play, is the most poetical in the whole range of the English drama.

In 1700 he wrote his last comedy, the "Way of the World," which was not successful. Disappointed at its unfavorable reception, and worried by a contest with Jeremy Collier in regard to the morality of the English stage, he became disgusted, and with the exception of "The Judgment of Paris," a masque, and "Semele," an opera, he ceased to write plays.

His patron, Lord Halifax, who had given to Congreve when but twenty-one years old a commissionership for the licensing of coaches, still remained true to him and kept him in easy circumstances. He conferred upon the dramatist many lucrative appointments in the civil service,

worth three thousand dollars a year; and his good fortune still following him, Congreve obtained, on the accession of George I, the office of Secretary for the Island of Jamaica, which raised his emoluments to about six thousand dollars per annum.

Puffed up with pride on account of his opulence, he wished to forget that he was an author; and when complimented on his works by Voltaire, who had called for a while on him in London, he thanked the brilliant Frenchman but said that he would rather be considered a private gentleman than an author. "If"—retorted Voltaire—"you had been merely a gentleman, I should not have called upon you."

Congreve was on terms of intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great General) and sat at her table daily. At his death, in 1729 he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about fifty thousand dollars, to that lady, who honored him with a magnificent funeral. "The corpse," says Lord Macaulay, "lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been speaker, and afterwards first lord of the treasury, and other men of high consideration. Her grace laid out her friend's bequest in a superb diamond necklace, which she wore in honor of him; and if report is to be believed, showed her regard in ways much more extraordinary. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clock-work, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout."

In his day, Congreve enjoyed great fame. Dryden said of him:

"Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, he could not give him more."

Pope honored him by the dedication of the *Iliad*, an honor coveted by the greatest men of the age, and for years his plays were favorites on the stage. Posterity, however, has been more just to him. It has dragged down from its high pedestal this idol of fashion and literature, and has put him down to his deserved level. His plays have not that high excellence which was claimed for them by his contemporaries, for they are without poetry or imagination. We admire his dialogue and repartee, but we must condemn the sensuality and profaneness with which his comic genius is associated. His plays are absolutely devoid of the higher virtues which ennoble life, while his glittering artificial life possesses few, if any, charms to the lovers of poetry and nature, and is graced by no moral purpose or sentiment.

Secular Education.

The suggestion made by President Grant, and the hot haste of members of Congress, without distinction of parties, to settle the school question by amending the Constitution so as to make education secular, brings the question more prominently before the country than it has ever before been the case. It is impossible to separate religion from education, no matter what men may say. An amendment to the Constitution will not do it; it cannot do it, for the two are inseparable. But as all are interested in

the matter, we present to our readers the following remarks first printed in the London *Tablet* in 1848, feeling that they may be read with profit by everybody:

"As a mere means of saving ourselves expense, we are beginning to be anxious about schools and colleges, about singing-masters and drawing-masters, and inspectors, and all the machinery, as we term it, of education. But here a difficulty presents itself at the very threshold of our inquiries. Unfortunately, we are not agreed on matters of religion, and therefore cannot unite in any plan for the accomplishment of an end in which we have been wont to consider that religious ideas are very materially concerned. One man is a Catholic, another a Quaker, another a Methodist, a fourth a Socinian; while over all towers the gigantic Establishment, with its twelve or fifteen thousand clergy, and all the vast multitude who consider that whatever religion is best endowed is certainly the best for man. Were all of one religion as of yore, there would be, it is true, no difficulty in our way; but how to reconcile the claims of religious liberty with the duty of a nation to make its people intelligent and peaceable citizens now that they are divided into a thousand sects? Here is a problem which baffles many a wise and anxious head. 'What, then, *shall* we do?' exclaims the disconsolate philanthropist; 'What *can* we do?' he adds, distracted by the multiplicity and rich variety of the religious doctrines which swarm around him through "our highly-favored land," as conservative clergymen of the Establishment are wont to term it in their discourses. He betakes himself, then, at once, to one of the standard oracles of English moralists, Alexander Pope, and learns of him to say—

"For modes of faith let senseless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right;

and on this very profound aphorism he founds a system of education for all mankind. He determines to set aside religion altogether; proposes to instruct all classes in secular knowledge and the principles of morality, without the slightest reference even to Christianity itself as an undoubted revelation from God. This, at least, seems a cutting of the Gordian knot: it seems *practical*; it seems *possible*; its only objection seems to be the difficulty of getting 'senseless zealots' like Sir Robert Inglis and Pope Pius to agree to it. These, however, if they cannot either be convinced or silenced, can at least be thrust aside; the philosopher may disregard pope and prelate, the Vatican and Exeter Hall; and, heedless of their imbecile disputes, may proceed to the establishment of a system founded on the principles of common sense and universal benevolence, and after the lapse of some six thousand years, regenerate mankind for the first time.

"Unhappily, this notion has but too many advocates. We are wearied with difficulties, and long for a ready solution. Any education seems better than none, and if a secular education is not in the abstract the best conceivable remedy for our ills, at least it appears feasible, and ought to be tried. Such is the feeling, we are persuaded, of thousands of well-disposed and generally intelligent persons of all classes. Yet, if ever there was a baseless dream, it is this notion of a purely secular training for childhood and youth. It is not merely undesirable, but it is literally impossible. It is impossible, not because we cannot get people to consent to it, but because religious ideas meet us at every step in the course of education and cannot be cast out from our system without demolishing the whole fabric

itself. We might as well attempt to build a house without joists and beams to the floor, as to teach a child without instilling *some* notions or other on religious subjects. Colonel Peronet Thompson's fancy for teaching geometry without axioms was a triumph of practical philosophy, in comparison with this most visionary of speculations. No acute and conscientious person could really endeavor to put it in practice without perceiving its absolute impossibility. This we shall see from a moment's reflection upon each of the two great branches of education, moral training and intellectual cultivation.

"Take first the latter of the two. In schools we begin the education of the intellect by teaching reading, writing, arithmetic and the elements of geography. Thus far we may go without trenching on religious topics; but let any man take a further step, and the secular theory falls to pieces in a moment. Suppose the teacher to be instructing the child in the outlines of English history. Does any man in his senses conceive that such instruction can be given without reference to the existence of Christianity, as the religion of England, and to the subdivision of religious sects from the first dawn of the great schism? The bare notion is too childish to need a word of refutation. *Some* information which regards religious doctrines must be conveyed. Mark, then, the alternative. Either the teacher must, by silence or in words, assume that some one amidst the conflicting doctrinal systems is right, or that it is immaterial to which of them a man attaches himself. He must either advocate Catholicism, or one of the divisions of Protestantism, or he must treat the question as one of no importance whatever. If he expresses no opinion on the subject, he most emphatically asserts the latter alternative. To be silent on such a topic, is to declare on one side. The very idea of saying nothing on the most awfully momentous of all questions, is so abhorrent to the natural simplicity and faithfulness of a child, that such a practice would be literally tantamount to instilling absolute infidelity and Atheism into the infant mind. Grown-up men and women may ignore religion, if they please, without perhaps feeling such mischievous effects; but it is the height of absurdity and displays a total ignorance of the mind of children, to imagine that *they* will conceive that questions which are systematically excluded from discussion, can be of any great importance to their eternal welfare. And the case is the same in every branch of knowledge which concerns man himself; in other words, in all the most captivating and most important portions of education, the voice of religion will be heard, whatever the efforts of the ignorant to stifle it. We must tell a child either that one religion among the rest is true, or we must instil into him a lie of deeper blackness than the worst of pagan dogmas, the daring falsehood that all religious systems are equally true, or else equally false. Will any conscientious man, Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Jew, assent to such a sin?

"In the moral training of the child, the same insurmountable difficulties meet us at every step. What profound ignorance is that which proposes to teach the young their duties without reference to those motives which result in the belief of certain religious doctrines! Such theorists surely never attempted to train a single child. Do they not know that the first question asked by an intelligent boy or girl is, 'Why should I do these things?' Can a child be taught to obey his parents without reference to the will of God? Can he be instructed in the duty of cultivating purity and uprightness of thought, as well as of

deed, without being told that there is a God when all is hidden from human eyes? Take, also, one of the most elementary of religious doctrines, the belief in a future retribution. Are not our benevolent schemers, who would go so far in religious instruction as to admit this one doctrine in education—are not they aware that among the most zealous portions of the community there exists a radical difference of opinion on this tremendous subject! Have they forgotten that while the Catholic and the High Churchman would teach his child that there is a judgment according to his works, the Evangelical and Dissenter denies any such retribution, and declares that a man will be judged by his *Faith*? Did they never observe that while *we* should tell the children in our schools that if they do what is wrong they must repent and amend their conduct as the *condition* on which they will be happy hereafter, the Evangelical schoolmaster will abhor any such idea, and would deem a moral training on any such principles to be a flagrant infraction of the doctrines of the Gospel? To teach morality without motives is impossible. We may compel outward obedience; we may show the poor child that if he steals he will go to prison; or the rich child that if he does not speak the truth he will be despised; but as to training the youthful *mind* in the elements of the simplest morality without a constant reference to some religious doctrine or other, expressed or implied, the whole notion would be undeserving of serious attention were it not so often accepted by well-intentioned and benevolent men.

"Turn which way we will, then, a secular education is an impossibility. Men who have souls cannot be educated as if they had none."

Art, Music and Literature.

—M. Littré is revising the proofs of a new edition of his French dictionary.

—Gosche's new edition of Lessing's works is at last completed in eight volumes.

—The centenary of Boccaccio has called out at least ten new publications on that writer in Italy.

Prof. James Morgan Hart, editor of "German Classics," is preparing a German reader for publication.

—Miss M. Betham Edwards is at work upon a new novel of English domestic life, entitled "A Story of Seven."

—The Rev. P. Roe is at work upon a fifth novel, which will be a historical romance founded on Revolutionary vents on the west bank of the Hudson.

—Prof. William Swinton has prepared a little "Bible Word-Book," in which he gives all the words in the Bible which are now modified or obsolete, with explanations.

—Another noble author, and, sadder still, a poet! Mr. Murray is to publish a metrical tale by the Earl of Crawford. It is in ten books, and is called "Argo; or, The Quest of the Golden Fleece."

—Gen. J. Meredith Read, our minister to Greece, is said to be writing a history of that country, upon which he expects to be engaged four or five years. It will be the fullest and most complete history of Greece ever published.

—Signor Verdi is to arrive in Paris early in February, to superintend the production of "Aida" at the Italiens, the first performance of which is "irrevocably" fixed for the 20th of April. Mes. Stoltz and Waldmann, Signori Masini, Medini, and Pandolfini will take the chief parts.

—Mr. Carleton's "Farm Legends" has been "pirated" in Canada. Another recent Canadian issue, "in a neat 12mo," as *The Canadian Monthly* says, might be termed a trilogy from recent cotemporary sources, composed of Mr. Whittier's "Mabel Martin," Mr. Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora," and Miss Ingelow's "Shepherd Lady."

—The "Last Supper," by Andrea del Sarto, in the refectory of the ancient ex-convent of San Salvi, near Florence, an admirable fresco, has been so exposed to ruin by water and fire, on account of the neglect of the proprietor of the stories above and below, as to make it necessary for the Government to take possession of it. The sum of 40,000 lire has been voted by parliament for the better preservation of this valuable fresco.

—Mlle. Braggiotti, a young Italian lady, last year received a message of commendation from the Pope for her sacred musical compositions. A Mass composed by her has lately been performed at the Carmelite Church of S. Simon Stock, Kensington, England, and has obtained the praise of an eminent musician on account of the learning it displays, as well as for its melodious beauty. The young lady is now engaged upon a sacred cantata, "Judith," which it is understood she wishes to have performed for the first time in England.

—Speaking of another noble work of art—"The Triumph of Chastity," by Hart,—a private letter says: "It is generally conceded to be one of the greatest works of modern times, and many of the best judges pronounce it worthy of antiquity. The beauty and variety of movement which distinguish the figure is not less remarkable than the wondrous sweep of graceful line, or the delicate richness and exquisite poetic sentiment of the lovely form. Everywhere there are sweet and subtle harmonies that merge into one grand, general harmony; myriad lines, some glowing forth in trembling beauty, some converging with augmental power, but all pure, modest, effective; articulations delightfully modulated—now in antithesis, now in compensation, now in contrasts that conspire to evolve the finest harmonies. These varied beauties constitute together a perfect unity, a figure of classic elegance, goddesslike, through which the eminent master has poured forth an anthem to the praise of heaven-born chastity."

—The little volume of a hundred and sixty pages, on "The True Order of Studies," to be published immediately by G. P. Putnam's Sons, should awaken interest among educators, since in it ex-President Hill, of Harvard, gives as the fruit of his long experience a comprehensive analysis, review, and outline of the whole educational course. The "hierarchy of sciences" adopted as the basis of his work was first perceived by him, he states, one night more than thirty years ago; he has since expressed his system in many lectures and papers, but now gives it in full. Dr. Hill has long been known as a strong advocate of mathematics in education; his "hierarchy" groups "all possible objects of human thought" under the five heads of mathematics, physics, history, psychology, and theology. These are named in what we consider their logical order in education, although they must be to some extent co-ordinate, as is shown in the tabulated curriculum at the end. The body of the book is made up of two chapters on the several sub-departments of study.

—To the long list of losses to art in France since the Franco-Prussian war must be added the names of Jean-François Millet, a painter of peasant life, well known in this country; Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, known all over the whole world for his landscapes; Louis-Antoine Barye, the animal sculptor; Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux, sculptor; Rohault de Fleury, Government architect; Jean-Frédéric de Waldeck, noted as a traveller and artist, and also as a centenarian, his age at death having been 109 years, 1 month, and 14 days; Casimir de Balthazar, an historical painter; Henri Labrousse, architect; Isidore Pils, the pupil of Picot, and military painter. In England there died J. Birnie Philip, a sculptor, who had a share in the execution of the Albert Monument in Hyde Park; R. W. Buss, portrait and imaginative painter, and illustrator of works by Marryat and others; Alfred George Stevens, the noted decorative artist; Edward Welby Pugin, son, and in a measure the artistic heir, of the great reviver of Gothic architecture and ecclesiastical art in England; Frederick Walker, designer for some of Thackeray's writings, water-colorist, and painter in oils; Mr. G. J. Pinwell, one of the most prominent members of the Water-color Society; and A. Boyd Houghton, a clever pictorial draughtsman of the *Graphic* corps.

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Notre Dame, January 22, 1876.

Premature Independence.

There is one fault with which foreigners charge us, which is impossible for us to deny. This fault is the affectation of independence, insubordination to superiors, the entire want of reverence for the aged, and of deference to those who possess more wisdom and experience than ourselves. In the olden times, before the star of Young America rose in the ascendent, the age of majority was fixed at twenty-one. In our times it has been put down to about fourteen. At this age it has become customary for the young gentleman to proclaim himself free and independent of parental control and to begin life for himself. He does not, generally, leave his parents' roof, but simply takes possession of his father's house and makes use of the old people for his own convenience. He follows his own will, and has his own pursuits, his own company, his own hours, his own opinions. It is his will that his accommodations be luxurious, that his apparel be faultless, and as his will is law in the house, he has them. Twirling his cane, and putting himself behind a cigar, he becomes a 'gentleman' of no mean pretensions. And these feelings of irreverence and habits of premature independence are not confined to boys alone. The contagion has affected the whole rising generation, and the young people have almost crowded their seniors out of society and put themselves into all the pleasant places of life. The result is that society is not rightly enjoyed,—indeed is frequently unknown—for most assuredly we ought not to designate by the dignified name of society an assembly of boys and misses who giggle and dance and eat sweetmeats together. Society is a noble word, which should only be applied to an assemblage of mature, cultivated and refined people, who have come together to interchange opinions, feelings and sentiments, to receive and to communicate pleasure and information. This is what society really is, and next to the sacred and peaceful pleasures of home-life, it is the noblest, purest and sweetest enjoyment. This it is which heals the spirits, worn out by the work of study or business; it creates friendliness and good-will among men, and thus shows that it is in perfect accord with the Christian religion. But it is from such society that we are debarred by the pretensions of those who had better be busied with their textbooks and finishing their education.

The cause, but not the excuse, for this precocious independence may be found in the peculiarities of our condition and institutions. In Europe, where the population is dense and disproportioned to employment and the means of support, the young are forced to remain for a longer time under the paternal roof; they are wholly dependent on their

parents for care and support, and are as a consequence more absolutely subject to their control and authority. There wages are low, and as a matter of course the work of all the members of the family old enough to labor is necessary to afford support to all. That independence, then, which is here assumed by the young would there cause utter astonishment.

In America the state of things is reversed. Our population has not by half exhausted the resources of nature. All classes have more ample means, and it is not necessary to compel the young to immediately earn their bread, or if so they choose, they may soon earn their own support by their own independent exertions.

In addition, the republican form of government under which we live has extended the democratic feeling down to the very children, and has given to them some of those very feelings which actuate men. This republicanism has borne much and excellent fruit; it has developed an energy and enterprise of character which have advanced the country forward in the way of improvement at a rate of rapidity never before witnessed in the annals of the world; but it has its evils, as all forms of government have, and one of the greatest is the early abandonment of the young to follow the bent of their inclinations. As a consequence thousands go wrong from this cause alone, and add to the long list of crimes in the world.

A young man then in this country is earlier left his own master and thrown on his own responsibility. Since this is the case they should endeavor in all things to assume the steadiness, the self-control and sobriety of men. They should show that subordination to their parents and superiors which men in the world always show; they should pay that respect to authority which makes the good citizen; they should have that reverence for the aged which all true gentlemen possess; and they should pay all deference to those who have more wisdom and experience than themselves.

Manual Labor.

There is in the United States, in our day, a false pride concerning employment, concerning the honorableness of personal labor. This false pride does not effect all young men, but we fear that many of those who have had the advantages of a collegiate education are affected by it.

From the time when the decree went forth that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, there has been to a certain extent a natural feeling of rebellion against it. In the early ages of the world this feeling was caused by indolence alone, and not by pride, for we know that in spite of it labor was considered as honorable. The patriarchs felt no degradation in tilling the earth and keeping cattle. The Romans during the ages of the republic entertained no contempt for labor, for we read that the great Cincinnatus when chosen as the supreme magistrate of the Commonwealth was found at the plow. Among the ancient Hebrews none of the ordinary occupations of life carried with them anything of dishonor, and the prophet Elisha, though a man of wealth, was found ploughing in his field. All labor, though it might not be welcome, was in those times honorable. But as the increase of wealth enabled some to live without toil, they were led to pass their time in idleness, and their idleness gained by association a reputation and a respectability which it was far from meriting, while on the other hand labor sunk in the

estimation of men and they rebelled against it through a false pride.

Then moreover in the middle ages, when Europe became the prey of a horde of military adventurers, the whole country was parcelled out among them in the form of large estates. Those who formerly owned the lands became the serfs of these men, and held their lands under the obligation of personal service. Toil then became the badge of servitude, and idleness the symbol of nobility. This accumulation of great riches without toil or personal merit, by violence and rapine alone, and the transmission of them by the laws of primogeniture, seem to have destroyed the foundation of all true estimate of character. In England these institutions have been perpetuated, and have kept alive the same feeling. Hence society is there divided by a barrier which is absolutely impassable.

It might be supposed that in this country, where man has done away with the rights of primogeniture and has shaken off the unjust institutions of the Old World, he would likewise cast aside its unjust prejudices. With large forests to clear, and broad prairies to settle, it might be supposed that, as every man here is the artificer of his own fortune, labor would be again restored to that high estimation in which it was held in the primitive ages. Besides this the establishment of a republican form of government might have, one would think, the same tendency. Yet such is not wholly the case. Our country also is suffering from this false pride. Young men despise agriculture and mechanic arts, not only because they promise a less comfortable support, but because they consider manual labor as incompatible with respectability. Although there is no land on the face of the earth where there are greater inducements for farming, and where mechanical skill is more highly rewarded, yet there is a feeling of degradation clinging to the idea of personal labor which prevents young men from devoting themselves to it. This is why commercial houses are stocked with poorly-paid clerks who might succeed far better would they return to their farms or learn a good trade. This is why there are so many young men endeavoring to enter the learned professions. A new village in the far West scarcely springs up before it is overrun with professional men.

It may be objected that a Collegiate education unfits young men for a life of toil, that it has a tendency to cause that extreme fastidiousness which drives them from manual labor. But to this objection we may answer that the feeling against the respectability of labor is a prejudice false and unfounded in the nature of things, and has its origin from an accidental association of ideas. The truth is that one kind of honest labor is as respectable as another. No employment dignifies the person; but on the contrary the person dignifies the employment. If for some ages past those who have done the labor of the world have not had the advantages of education and refinement, it does not follow that those who do possess them should refrain now from taking part in it. On the contrary they should assist in dignifying labor; and learning at college as they do that all kinds of labor are respectable, they should be prepared to devote themselves to some one of them.

We know that among some classes of people it is thought a degrading and defiling occupation to till the soil, to sow and reap. This employment is associated with the sights and sounds of the barn-yard, with coarse and soiled clothing, with hard hands and sunburnt faces. But may not the work of some of the learned professions be associated with

sights and sounds as bad? Is there any comparison between the cleanliness presented by a farmer's life, and presiding or pleading in a criminal court where the vilest of human creatures are hourly the subjects of contemplation and action, and where the very air is polluted with the breath of the offscourings of humanity? No, no; all labor is honorable, and when we see one of our friends here at College announcing his determination to devote himself to agriculture or to the mechanic arts we feel that he acts wisely.

The Musical Soiree.

The musical *soirée* given in the College parlor on the 16th inst. was one of the finest and most successful ever given at Notre Dame. Among those present were Rev. President Colovin, Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. Fathers O'Connell, John Lauth and others, all of whom speak in the highest terms of the brilliant execution and great progress made by the different young gentlemen who took part in the entertainment.

The University Orchestra, which, by the way, has made great strides in the way of perfection since the beginning of the year, was much applauded. The overture to "Belisario" was executed with a skill which is deserving of the greatest praise, while the "Crown Diamonds," a more difficult style of music, was beautiful in the extreme. The Orchestra has become quite an institution at Notre Dame, and were we deprived of its aid in the various entertainments through the year, we do not know what we should do. It is a thing that must always be kept up, for it is one of the chief means towards forming a correct taste in music.

The Arion Quartette of brass instruments appeared to greater advantage on this evening than at any previous entertainment. We have been accused of criticising the music of this Quartette too harshly, but in answer to the charge we say that we endeavor to give a fair criticism of everything, and if we did not on former occasions give to them great praise it was because we honestly believed they did not deserve it. On this evening, however, they surprised us, as well as all those who attended the *soirée*. Their playing was far superior to any brass quartette that ever played at Notre Dame, and we with the others cheerfully accord to the young men forming the Quartette all the praise which they most certainly earned. They have made such great improvement that they are now able to give us a real musical treat when they appear, and we wish them every success. The Quartette is composed of Rev. Fr. Frère, G. Roulhac, W. T. Ball and Carl Otto.

Mr. Carl Otto distinguished himself at the piano. He played his "Rhapsody" with a dash and *abandon* that brought out rounds of applause. The overture played by him was executed in brilliant style. Mr. W. P. Breen at the piano was very successful. His fingering was excellent, and his touch delicate. The violin was admirably handled by Masters Byrne, Kauffman and Burger. Master Byrne rendered the "Carnival of Venice" in good style, while Master Kauffman gave us an *andante* from Mozart, executing it finely. Master Burger played selections from one of the famous overtures with feeling.

The song, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," was sung by a number of Minims, assisted by Master Burger. The young boys not being possessed of extremely strong voices it was thought better to have the soprano and alto

parts taken by two boys instead of one, as intended to be sung. Although it was not excellently rendered, it was very well done for the singers, who are boys very young in years. The singers were Masters Burger, Campau, Lindberg and McGrath. The Amphion Quartette Club sang very well. For their exquisite rendition of "The Roses" they earned an *encore*, to which they responded. "The Wanderer's Night Song" was very well sung, and received much praise from everybody. The Amphions have now acquired a reputation, and we know that they will be in demand at every entertainment. The members of the Quartette are Messrs. Robertson, Riopelle, Devoto and Mooney, with Mr. Carl Otto presiding at the piano. The duo "Larboard Watch," was probably the finest thing at the evening entertainment. It was sung by Messrs. Robertson and Riopelle, who in response to an *encore* sang one of Schubert's songs.

At the conclusion of the *soirée*, Rev. President Colovin, after thanking the young gentlemen for the excellent entertainment they had afforded, called attention to the fact, that it was the vocal music which was most admired, for without disparaging instrumental music, it must be admitted that the voice gives us the best music. He also announced that arrangements were now being perfected by which a regular course of lectures would be given in the new hall, at which a certain amount of music would be rendered.

The *soirée* was arranged and gotten up by Rev. J. A. O'Connell. It proves that he is an able organizer, and with regard to *soirées* an able successor to the late Rev. A. Lemonnier. Rev. Father Frère also deserves praise for his management of the quartette clubs, which he is making better and better every day. The excellent execution of the instrumental performers shows that they have improved much under the able instructions of B. Basil and B. Leopold. We hope we may have many more *soirées* like to that on the 16th.

Books and Periodicals.

—The contents of the February number of that excellent magazine, the *Catholic World*, are as follows: I, Sequel of the Gladstone Controversy; II, Are You My Wife? III, The Story of Evangeline in Prose; IV, The Patient Church (Poetry); V, Sir Thomas More; VI, Primitive Civilization; VII, Madame's Experiment; VIII, the Basques; IX, the External Years; X, Missions in Maine from 1613 to 1854; XI, Prussia and the Church; XII, Garcia Moreno; XIII, A Revival in Frogtown; XIV, The President's Message; XV, A Night at the Grande Chartreuse; XVI, New Publications.

GRAZIELLA: A STORY OF ITALIAN LOVE. Translated from the French of A. de Lamartine. By James B. Runnion. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1876. Pp. 235. Price \$1.50.

The story of *Graziella* is, as the translator says, a leaf torn from the personal memories of the French historian, poet and orator who wrote it,—brightened by his smiles and moistened with his tears. As to the beauty of the story we need say nothing, for there is no work written by Lamartine that is not beautiful. As to the work of the translator, it is all that can be desired. He has faithfully reproduced in English the smooth, flowing, poetic style which so distinguishes the eminent historian of the Girondists and has accomplished successfully that most difficult task of giving us a good translation.

Mr. Runnion, of '60, enjoys a reputation as a *litterateur* which is highly gratifying to his many friends. His drama entitled "Running a Corner" was very successful in Chicago, and has been reproduced in other cities. His translations, as well as the articles which he has written for the

Chicago press, are deserving of the high praise which have been accorded them.

Personal.

—O. Wing of '72, is in the dairy business, near Elgin, Illinois.

—John Noonan, of '52, is teaching school in Springfield, Illinois.

—Leo McOsker, of '72, is in the tin-smithing business in Elgin, Illinois.

—James Spillard, of '72, is in the law office of W. H. Wing, Elgin, Illinois.

—H. V. Hayes, of '74, has just returned to Chicago from a trip to Little Rock, Ark.

—Dr. Collins, of Laporte, Ind., was on a visit to Notre Dame on Wednesday last.

—D. J. Wile, of '73, was visiting Notre Dame last week. He is now practising law in Laporte, Ind.

—Frank Gahan, of '72, is doing well in the tannery of Gahan & Hutchinson, Clintonville, Illinois.

—Mr. Frank Murphy, of Bloomington, Ill., was here last week, visiting his many friends, who were only too glad to see him.

—The story of "Graziella," noticed in the column headed "Books and Periodicals" was translated by James B. Runnion of '60.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney arrived at Notre Dame on Saturday last after giving a number of successful missions. He preached on Sunday.

—D. H. Moon, of '66, is now in business at Rochester, Minnesota. He is in the tea and spice trade, and reports that he is very successful.

—John Armstrong, of '61, is in partnership with Eagan, the architect. The firm has the contract for superintending the erection of the new Court House in Chicago.

—Rev. John Lauth has returned to Notre Dame from Austin, Texas. He is looking the picture of health, and we believe him when he says the climate of Texas agrees with him.

—Mr. James Cunnea, of '69, was married in Cleveland, O., on Jan. 19th, to Miss Smith, a sister to the young Smiths who were here last year. We wish the united pair every happiness.

—Robert A. Pinkerton, of '63, writes us from New York: "Your 'personal' column of the whereabouts of the old students is especially interesting to me, as I recognize in it from time to time the names of many old friends. I am glad to know that so many of the old boys accounted for in the *SCHOLASTIC* are doing well. In my travels about the country I meet many of the 'boys' who attended Notre Dame in '60-'61-'62 and '63, the years I was there, and always on such occasions everything is forgotten in calling up remembrances and talking of incidents that happened in our school-day life at Notre Dame. I congratulate you on having as readable a paper at Notre Dame as the *SCHOLASTIC* has grown to be. It was in 1860 and 1861 that we used to gather into the Senior study-hall and hear the 'Progress' read, and I remember the 'boys' thought that was something of a paper at the time, although it was all written with a pen; the *SCHOLASTIC*, printed from type, was not dreamt of. Cassius Brelsford, who occasionally wrote for the 'Progress,' died in this city about a year and a half since."

—Mr. Benjamin Durham contributes to the Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* an excellent article on "Etruscan Art," in which he speaks in the following flattering terms of Prof. Gregori:—"Signor Castellani of Rome has an international reputation for his reproductions of antique jewelry, but the ladies little imagine that the delicate Etruscan patterns are copies of the ornaments deposited with the dead at least 2,500 years ago, and perhaps before Solomon had commenced to erect the magnificent temple. A general interest in the remains, demonstrating the perfection of the early nations in the art, has been developed

only in this generation, and the obscurity of pre-Roman times is disappearing. And yet most people will gladly neglect any opportunities for investigation of the dead past, if they must submit to the guidance of Carlyle's Professor Dryasdust, but happily Luigi Gregori steps forward with accurate representations in careful water-color drawings of the exterior and interior of one of the most ancient tombs, which has been fortunately preserved in its original condition. Gregori is the Italian artist who has been recently elected into the Chicago Academy of Design, and thirty years ago had acquired sufficient prominence to be mentioned in the London *Athenæum*; recently a Bologna paper describes the scientific attainments of his son, whose latest work was a drawing of the microscopic appearances of the eye of a fly, and publication of lithographed plates from his drawing. The father has donated to the Academy a series of anatomical drawings from dissections made by himself, and promised to secure in Rome plaster copies of the famous antique sculptures for the academic schools."

Local Items.

- Beefsteak!
- Plenty of rain this last week.
- The *Soirée* was a great success.
- Review is the order of the day.
- How about those evening declamations?
- A tramp comes along every once in a while.
- The "Den" is among the things that were.
- The vocalists gained great applause at the *soirée* on the 16th.
- The St. Cecilia Philomatheans are in splendid working order.
- The Prefect of Studies is busy arranging for the Examinations.
- The Mendelssohn Club held a private *Soirée* on Monday evening.
- In the Juniors' refectory "The Empire and the Pacific" is being read.
- It is said that a man in Europe made a fortune by attending to his own business.
- In the Seniors' refectory the readers are engaged on McGee's "History of Ireland."
- The Commercial Study Hall ought to have cats to keep the white mice from the canaries.
- Those parties who are not satisfied with what appears in the SCHOLASTIC should write something better. We'll print it.
- The teacher of one of the classes of Christian doctrine is puzzled to find out who is the first in his class. He says they are all best.
- Target-shooting is the rage among the Juniors. The Phelan team are in competition with the Hansard team. The score was not sent us.
- Lectures on etiquette and politeness are given every once in a while by Rev. President Colovin in all the study halls. They are very pleasing and instructive.
- A number of repairs are being made in the printing-office. The old stereotyping room has been fitted up for compositors, while the business office is removed to the old "den." These changes are made for the better.
- We saw going the rounds of the press an item of advice to the effect that no one should tell an editor how to edit his paper, but to let the blamed fool find it out himself. We commend this advice to the half-witted, conceited individuals who are eternally finding fault with little items which appear in the SCHOLASTIC.
- Our friend John has a pretty good opinion of himself. The other day, when a professor required a poem from all the members of his class, the boys congregated together on the Campus and talked about the difficulty of writing verse. Our friend, who was among them, remarked: "It's no easy thing to write poetry, —why even I find it mighty hard."
- We have received "The Scholastic Almanac for 1876," published by the printing-house of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. The Almanac is compiled by Prof. J. A.

Lyons, and is in every way a creditable publication. It is one of the best and handsomest Catholic almanacs printed in America. Its literary part is excellent.—*Boston Pilot*.

—The Minims felt 'good' on Tuesday last. It doesn't take much to make these light-hearted little fellows happy at any time, and on Tuesday the present of a basket of fruit from Rev. President Colovin himself put them in high glee. It would seem they made the most of their gift, and thought Father Colovin one of their best friends.

—We return thanks to Prof. J. A. Lyons for a copy of his SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC. The publication is a novelty in its line. It is gotten up in very fine style. Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, are the publishers. Lakeside Publishing Company the printers, and J. A. Lyons, the compiler. Success to you and yours, professor.—*South Bend Herald*.

—The nineteenth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held January 17th. Declamations were delivered by Masters Schmidt, Arnold, Faxon, Burger, Tamble, Rosa, Roelle, Nelson, French, D. Ryan, A. Ryan, Davis, Clarke, Katzauer, Golsen, Raymond, Sugg, Ludwig and Hake. Master A. Pilliod was then unanimously elected a member.

—The Scholastic Almanac, compiled by Prof. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, is a fine little book, from both typographical and literary points of view. The reading matter is taken from the columns of the Scholastic, one of the best college papers published. The calendar and astronomical parts are admirably arranged. Price 25 cents. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Publishers, Chicago.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—We received a full account of the meeting of the anti-shavers, with a list of their officers and a copy of their constitution; but, as it is very long, we have not the space to print all. Suffice it to say that under the energetic officers it possesses, we feel confident that the objects of the society will be attained. We noticed two of the members measuring the size of their moustaches, and they did not have to use yard measures either.

—Those young men who at the *soirée* sat near the window in the northwest corner of the parlor should understand that their conduct was criticised in a manner not very flattering to them. If there is a sad thing in this world it is to see grown up young men making fools of themselves while endeavoring to appear "smart." If they take no pleasure in music themselves, they should have politeness enough not to disturb others while an entertainment is going on.

—The *Scholastic Almanac* for 1876. The *Scholastic* Printing Office, Notre Dame, Indiana. The compiler of this handsome almanac presents the first number to the public, with the promise that, if successful, companion volumes will follow every year. It is well filled with reading matter and information of reference, all of which with the obituary, Calendar and the Astronomical part, has appeared at different times in the Notre Dame *Scholastic*. We trust the compiler's wishes as to the success of the enterprise may be fully realized.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—The Semi-Annual Examination, as we announced in our last number, will take place on the 25th of this month. The amount of good done by this Examination is very great; and the severer it is, the better effect it has on all the students. As the habitual excuse of every one when asked to write for the SCHOLASTIC is want of time because of the preparation for Examination, we suppose that most of the students will pass brilliantly; for, as they have talent, and devote all their time to hard study, there can be no other result. We suppose there will be some poor unfortunates plucked, as is always the case, but we hope they will be very few in number.

—A course of lectures will soon be organized here. The opening lecture will be delivered by Rev. President Colovin, on "The Connection between Science and Revealed Religion." Rev. J. A. Zahm will deliver three or more lectures on scientific subjects, while Rev. Fathers O'Connell and Walsh and Profs. Howard, Stace and others will lecture on topics of general interest. This series of lectures will no doubt prove highly interesting and instructive, and

meets a want which we, several miles from town, have often felt. They will be delivered in the new hall, where, it seems, all entertainments for students only will hereafter be given, Washington Hall being used only when the public are invited. The introductory lecture by Rev. President Colovin will be given some time before the first of February.

—“It is not generally known, says the *Inter-Ocean*, that Professor Gillespie, of Notre Dame, and Mother Angela, Mother Superior of St. Mary's, are cousins of ex-Speaker Blaine.”—*St. Joseph's Valley Register*.

The late Rev. N. H. Gillespie was, and Mother Angela is, a first cousin of ex-Speaker Blaine; but when we consider the Congressman's late record we hardly think that the Mother Superior of St. Mary's can be proud of the relationship. We saw a statement in the *Chicago Times* that Mr. Blaine denies that he was ever a Catholic; but we have it from excellent authority that the ex-Speaker was baptized, though he never made his first Communion. All of Mr. Blaine's relatives on his mother's side are Catholics, and his father died a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Were it not that an uncle of the ex-Speaker married a relative of ours, it is possible that the Editor of this paper might not have the happiness of being a Catholic.

—The Exhibition, a correspondent writes, by the students of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, came off in Robinson's Opera House, on the evening of the 11th inst., before a fashionable, appreciative and numerous audience, and was a decided success. His Grace the Archbishop was in attendance, accompanied by Rev. Father Toohey, President of St. Joseph's College, and many other clergymen. The introductory address was admirably rendered by Master Jos. Latscha, and the song-chorus, “Far Away the Camp Fires Burn,” was done ample justice to by the vocal class, under the able superintendence of B. Placidus. The drama of the evening was “The Expiation,” in three acts. “Count Flavy” was well personated by Master J. Ruthemeyer; “Rinaldo,” his attendant, took the house by storm in the person of Master J. Bertling; Master Adams bore the rôle of knight ably and well, and the balance of the *dramatis personæ* acquitted themselves creditably. The overture and music, rendered by the orchestra under the able direction of Prof. Eich, were all that could be desired. The young students played their “Contest for the stage” pretty fairly. Under the care of their teacher, they will “shine” in days to come. The German students rendered “Zwei Freunde und ein Rock” to the satisfaction of the audience. The Exhibition passed off to the entire satisfaction of all.

—The members of the Lemonnier Literary Association gratefully acknowledge the following generous donations: Mr. E. Kitz, of Indianapolis, presented Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio; Cook's Voyages around the World; The War Tiger; Winfield, the Lawyer's Son; Ocean Waifs; Evenings at Home; Living Authors of England, Powell; Beauties and Achievements of the Blind. Rev. Father O'Mahony, of South Bend, donated a fine Stereoscope with twelve views, and Life of St. John, by Bannard. Master Harry Faxon gave Weem's Life of Marion; A lover of Literature gave Euthly Paradise, by William Morris, 3 vols.; Study of English Prose Writers, Dr. Spiers; Ballads, Songs and Poems, Wm. Collins. Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., presented History of Ireland, M'Gee; Women of Christianity, Julia Kavanagh; Beautiful Thoughts from French and Italian Authors, C. T. Ramage; Familiar Words, Friswell; The Devil's English, Moon; Glossary of English Words, etc., French: Rivers' Manual; D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation Reviewed, Archbishop Spalding; Life of Washington, Edward Everett; Constitution of the United States; Men of the Times, or, Sketches of Living Authors, 1852; Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry; Flower Festivals, Barrett; Legislative Manual of Wisconsin, 1872; The Readings of Charles Dickens; Douglas Jerrold's Wit; Memoir of Thos. Ewing of Ohio; Irish Martyrs and Confessors; Myles O'Reilly; Army Life on the Border, Gen. Marcy; Moral, Intellectual and Physical Culture, Welch; Channings Select Speeches; Comedy of Convocation; Antiquity of Christianity, Alberger; Irish Lyrical Poems, Mrs. O'Donovan (Rossa); Ancient America, Baldwin; Poems of Thomas Davis; Public Health, Dr. Guy; Cyclopaedia of Wit and Humor, by W. E. Burton, vol. 1; Every Man his own Lawyer. Mast. E. Edwards

gave Watch and Wait, and Work and Win, Optic. I Johnston, Esq., of Detroit, presented Invitation Heeded, Stone; Jesus Christ, Conferences, Lacordaire. Through the exertions of Brother Philip, the Rev. Editor of the *Ave Maria* presented the following German Works: Die Aufgeklärten, Die Unfehlbaren; Fortschrittlich; Angela; Fünf kl. Erzählungen,—by Conrad von Bolanden; Der getreue Ritter, 2 vols., by W. Meinhold; Lust und Leid, 3 vol.; Amt und Welt, 3 vol.; Loretto; Vater Felix; Josepha Linden; Lebende Bilder, by Wörner; Erzählungen über die zehn Gebote Gottes, by Leinfelder; Des Glaubens Kampf und Sieg; Memorien eines Schutzengels, by Chardon; Sonntagsfreude für Kinder; Lotteriespiel und Aberglaube; Etienne und Adelaide; Die Negerin in Guayana; Die Klausnerin; Die Gräfin Juliana, by Ambach; Nicholas von der Flü, by Sigrist; Isidor, Bauer in Ried, by Huber; Thekla und Paula, by Ried; Das Wunderjahr, by Conscience; Die Qual der Zeit, by Conscience; Die Schule der Leiden, by Penzkofer; Maria Theresia in Ungarn, by Locmaria; Folgen eines Dülls; Abendunterhaltungen, by Reichert; Arme Virgine; Herr Waldhorst; Der gute Gerhart; Bunte Blüten; Wohlthun trägt Zinsen; Aurel Daumling; Waldmeister; Waldbauer; Arthur; Betrogene Betrüger, by Lehmen; Die Vorsehung leitet Alles; Gottvertrauen; Vier Lebensbilder; Erinnerungen an die Heimat; Licht und Schattenseite, by Salesius; Rachel, by Arundell; Die Erlösung; Der letzte Novize in Andechs; Wörterbuch, by Odell Elwell. Presented by Rev. Mr. Kirsch: Lehrbuch der Geschichte; Bone's Lesebuch. Presented by Rev. Mr. Fallize: Zeit und Lebensbilder, by Hiemer; Anleitung zur deutschen Dichtkunst; Sommerabende auf Sinai; Reisen in Zinguebar.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Brown, V. Baca, W. Breen, D. Byrnes, M. Blackburn, P. Cooney, J. Connolly, J. Cooney, T. Carroll, J. Coleman, H. Dehner, J. Dwyer, J. Dempsey, J. Ewing, L. Evers, B. Evans, W. Fogarty, J. Gillen, J. Golsen, J. Harkin, J. Handley, S. Kennedy, H. Kinson, P. Kennedy, J. Kreutzer, W. Kelly, J. Kelly, P. Mattimore, P. J. Mattimore, H. Maguire, R. Maas, G. McNulty, R. McGrath, J. Neidhardt, H. O'Brien, Carl Otto, T. Peifer, T. Quinn, J. Smith, F. Vandervannet, R. White, T. Wendell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. J. Arnold, T. J. Byrnes, A. J. Burger, J. F. Carrer, J. M. Cavanaugh, H. D. Eixon, J. F. Foley, J. J. French, F. J. Flanagan, C. H. Ham, P. H. Hagan, W. F. Hake, A. N. Hamilton, J. P. Kinney, J. E. Knight, M. B. Kauffman, O. Ludwig, R. P. Mayer, J. P. McClory, A. L. McIntosh, M. P. McAuliffe, D. P. Nelson, C. O. Oringer, J. A. O'Meara, F. Rosa, J. P. Reynolds, A. K. Schmidt, P. F. Schnurrer, G. F. Sugg, P. M. Tumble, M. E. Halley, W. Corbin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. Faxon, C. C. Campau, O. W. Lindberg, A. Bushey, F. Campau, P. P. Nelson, G. W. Lowrey, F. Pleins, R. Pleins, J. Davis, T. F. McGrath, M. Gustine, J. O. Stanton, W. Coolbaugh, E. Oatman, P. Haney, A. Campau, J. Haney, H. McDonald, W. Smith, W. McDevitt, C. Bushey.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1876.

LAW—T. Logan, L. Murphy, G. Gross.

ANATOMY—R. Maas, B. Evans, C. Atchison, V. McKinnon.

CIVIL ENGINEERING—J. Brown, E. Graves.

GERMAN—G. Streit, P. Schnurrer, R. Mayer, J. Hagerty, A. Schmidt, J. Connolly, C. Robertson, B. Heeb, C. Orsinger, F. Vandervannet, E. Pefferman, J. O'Rourke, E. Sugg, A. O'Brien, P. Tumble, P. Flanagan, D. Byrnes, J. Golsen, R. McGrath, M. Kauffman, W. Roelle, R. Calkins, J. Egan, J. Lambin.

FRENCH—A. Hertzog, O. Ludwig, W. Morris, G. Gross, C. Campau.

DRAWING—E. Raymond, A. Schmidt, J. McClory, J. Knight, J. Brown, E. Graves, E. Sugg, H. Kinson, R. Golsen, E. Gramling, R. McGrath, J. Duffield, V. McKinnon, H. Henkel, W. Roelle, W. G. Morris.

PIANO—C. Clark, E. Raymond, A. Holmes, J. Foley, G. Sugg, T. Quinn, W. Breen, V. Baca, F. Maas, W. Morris, H. Cassidy, R. Mayer, J. Kreutzer, B. Heeb, J. Duffield, M. Regan.

VIOLIN—O. Ludwig, C. Walsh, C. Peltier, A. Schmidt, W. Byrne, J. McHugh, I. Dryfoos, M. Kauffman, W. Chapoton, L. Pilliod.

FLUTE—A. Pilliod.

GUITAR—L. McCullum.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Smith, J. O. Stanton, W. Coolbaugh, W. Van Pelt, B. Morris, M. Gustine, J. Seeger, G. Lambin, W. Cash, H. McDonald, W. McDevitt, J. Haney, P. Haney, A. Campau, C. Bushey, C. Long, E. Oatman.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Conversations are made intellectually interesting by the lively discussion of the various studies.

—The few absentees will lose much if not here for the examination, for the review of studies is very advantageous.

—The date given for the commencement of the examination of the Music Classes should have been the 17th, not the 10th.

—The Juniors and Minims, who kept such perfect silence on a certain occasion, profited well by their self-control. If silence is always rewarded by such a sumptuous feast the Academy will soon be famous as the "Silent Academy."

—Please understand that the names having a star over them are those of little girls who have reached the highest note—viz. 100—for neatness, politeness and observance of rule. Presume next week will find every name with a star over it. Average of 90 will entitle the pupils to be honorably mentioned, but the difference between 100 and 90 deserves a distinctive mark.

—On Sunday evening, after the distribution of good points, Miss Ida Reynolds read a pleasing composition on "Sunday Musings." Miss C. Morgan read two compositions from the Third Senior Class, one entitled "Practical Jokes," the other "Pursuit of Knowledge." The subjects were well treated. Rev. Father Cooney, who had kindly favored the young ladies by his presence, made some very complimentary remarks on their little essays, and gave them much encouragement to persevere in their laudable efforts to reach a high standard of intellectual and moral excellence. The Catholic young ladies had the pleasure, on Monday morning, of hearing from the same Rev. gentleman a beautiful instruction on the "Holy Name of Jesus."

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, 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, A. Duncan, S. Hole, M. Cravens, J. Pierce, A. Dennehey, L. O'Neil, R. Casey, A. Heneberry, H. Julius, K. Hutchinson, M. Murray, R. Neteler, C. Morgan, H. Russell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, I. Maas, N. Tuttle, K. Casey, T. O'Brien, S. Swalley, M. Parker, G. Wells, L. Fawcett, L. Tighe, S. Cash, M. Usselman, S. and I. Edes, A. Sievers, A. Miller, L. Leppig, C. Morrill, C. Fawcett, J. Darcy, R. Filbeck, L. Weber.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Wilson*, M. Schultheis*, N. Mann*, N. Johnson*, A. Cullen*, H. Dryfoos*, E. Lange*, N. McGrath*, A. McGrath*, A. Morgan*, M. O'Connor*, M. Derby*, A. Morris*, L. Merritt*, D. Gordon*, A. Kirchner*, M. McGrath*, J. Mitchell*, J. Holaday*, M. Hogan* and M. Mulligan*.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Mulligan*, J. Smith*, E. Simpson*, M. and C. Hughes*, J. Duffield*, A. Ewing*, R. Goldsberry*, M. Lambin*, M. Fehen*, M. McFadden* and A. Morris*.

B. Wilson, N. McGrath, A. Cullen, L. Merritt, E. Lange, N. Mann, N. Johnson, M. McGrath, M. Hogan, A. Morgan, A. Kirchner, J. Mitchell and A. McGrath.

HONORABLY MENTIONED FOR IMPROVEMENT IN ENGLISH LESSONS.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, A. St. Clair, E. York, I. Reynolds.

1st SR. CLASS—Misses 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.

2d SR. CLASS—Misses M. Walsh, L. Kelley, E. Mann, A. Byrne, A. Duncan, S. Hole, C. Morris, M. Cravens, J. Pierce, P. Gaynor, A. Dennehey, E. O'Neil, R. Casey, A. Heneberry, H. Julius, K. Hutchinson, M. Murray, R. Neteler, B. Wilson, A. Harris, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk.

3d SR. CLASS—Misses C. Morgan, H. Russell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, I. Maas, S. and I. Edes, N. Tuttle, M. Ewing, A. Cullen, M. Schnithies, E. Lange.

1st PREP. CLASS—Misses G. Youell, L. Gustine, E. Pierce, T. O'Brien, S. Swalley, M. Parker, L. Moran, N. King, E. Cannon, E. Edes, G. Wells, L. Fawcett, A. Spangler, S. Cash, N. McGrath.

2d PREP. CLASS—Misses A. Sievers, L. Schwass, A. Miller, F. Gurney, C. Morrill, J. Darcy, N. O'Meara.

3d PREP. CLASS—Misses R. Filbeck, L. Weber.

1st SR. CLASS—Misses J. Smith, M. Feehan.

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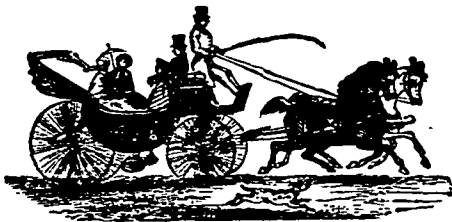
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For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

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 9 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 05; 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 am

5 20a 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.

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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Nig t Expre s
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 00 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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