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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Cake of the Dismal Tramp.

BY T. MEWER.

[NOTE.—The gross plagiarisms and literary piracies of the so-called "poet," Thomas Moore, have been already exposed by Father Prout. The following lines, lately found in manuscript, are undoubtedly the original of which Moore's celebrated "Lake of the Dismal Swamp" is a mere spurious imitation. How base the counterfeit is, may be easily ascertained by comparison. For instance, in the very opening lines:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp," etc.,

the reader must be struck at once with the utter absurdity of the reason assigned for her going to an evidently damper region than her grave; and also with the fact that "swamp" does not rhyme accurately with "damp," two marks by which the plagiarism might have been readily conjectured, even before the discovery of the following remarkable poem, which shows how Moore contrived, simply by changing a few words, to spoil the works of men of greater genius and merit.]

I.

They made her a pie too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she went for the cake of the dismal tramp
And all night long, by the pantry lamp
She paddles her own canoe.

II.

And the dismal tramp I soon shall see,
And his racket I soon shall hear!
Long and alarming the strife will be,
And the tramp will have to climb a tree,
For he can't get away with her near!

III.

Away to the pantry door he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore
Through a pitch-dark scullery, where the deeds
He did 'mid the dishes were such as one reads
In the *Danbury News* of yore!

IV.

For when on his legs he tried to keep
He'd stumble and fall anew,
As the kettle came down with thundering sweep,
And many a pot's contents would steep
His flesh with blistering dew.

V.

While near him the cat helped on the "break,"
And the bulldog got on his ear,
Till he starting cried with a tremulous shake,
"Oh! when shall I see my long lost cake
And my bottle of lager beer?"

VI.

He saw the cake as the pantry light
O'er its final morsel played,
"You wretch," he said, "you have gobbled it quite;
You haven't left me a single bite:
What a most unprincipled raid!"

VII.

Then he howled for help, for the bulldog's bark
Was now at the pantry door.
Far, far he ran, but the night was dark,
There was no inducement to stop and spark
And the tramp returned no more.

VIII.

But oft in his dreams that dismal tramp
This curious sight would view,
A maiden comes in the midnight damp,
To gobble the cake by the pantry lamp
And she paddles her own canoe!

Liturgies.

In the Greek Church there are three liturgies, those of St. James, of St. Basil, and of St. Chrysostom. In the Latin Church there are four, the Roman, the Ambrosian, the Gallican, and the Spanish or Mozarabic.

Non-Catholics generally reject the liturgy of St. James as apocryphal, whilst Catholics look upon it as genuine. Cardinal Bona and others contend that it was truly written by St. James himself; but others hold that although the liturgy known by this name was written by St. James, additions were made to it in the course of time. Although these changes were made, nevertheless the liturgy remains substantially the same, and hence it is rightly called the Liturgy of St. James. To him it is ascribed by the traditions of the Greeks and Syrians, and the fathers of the Third Council of Constantinople cite it as the genuine liturgy of the church of Jerusalem.

The liturgy of St. Basil was written by this great Saint, he tells us, for use in his monasteries. Other of the Oriental churches, admiring the prayers, adopted the liturgy for their use, accommodating it to their different customs. As a consequence, not only the Greek Church but also the Syriac and Armenian Churches have liturgies which although differing one from another yet are known as the liturgy of St. Basil.

St. John Chrysostom wrote a liturgy for the use of his churches. Though some authors are inclined to doubt that it was made by St. John, yet the weight of testimony leads us to believe that he did compose it. This liturgy except during Lent is used by the Greeks, Catholic and schismatic, in Russia, Bulgaria, and other countries. In some of the countries where this liturgy is followed the language of the country is used and not the Greek.

The Roman Liturgy was instituted by St. Peter, and was increased and emended by his successors during the first four centuries of the Christian era. This is the opinion of all writers who have treated concerning this matter. It was received by all the churches of the West, in Africa, France, Spain, and other countries, and from it were derived the different liturgies in use in western countries in communion with the see of Rome. Pope St. Gelasius I, elected in 492, published in his Sacramentary the old liturgy of the Roman church. Additions were made by some few Popes, and St. Gregory the Great composed a new Sacramentary in which the Canon of the Mass as published by St. Gelasius in the fifth century, with some additions and changes, was contained. This Canon, almost word for word, is used in Catholic churches to this day.

The Ambrosian liturgy was made by St. Ambrose, the great Archbishop of Milan. It was held in high estimation in that city, and is followed to this day in the cathedral, although in the other churches of the city the Roman liturgy has displaced it.

The Gallican liturgy is that which was used in France before the time of Pepin and Charlemagne. It was not the same in all localities, whence it is supposed to have been compiled by various authors unknown. However, it has been ascribed to St. Hilary, who died about the year 367. It was derived from the Roman, although many parts were taken from Oriental liturgies. Under Pepin, and afterwards under Charlemagne, it was ordered that the Sacramentary of St. Gregory the Great be used in all the churches. This was done that there might be uniformity in the ceremonies of the Church. From that time the Gallican liturgy was exchanged for the Roman, except however in some churches, where they clung to peculiar rites, and have continued them to our day. At present we believe all the churches of France follow the Roman liturgy.

The Roman rite was introduced into Spain at an early period; but in the fifth century that country was so overrun by the barbarians, and the state of affairs became so unsettled, that many changes were gradually introduced into the liturgy. Towards the end of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh centuries, St. Leander and St. Isidore undertook the work of making a new liturgy, which, adopted in 633 by the Council of Toledo, became the common liturgy of all Spain. It was first called the Gothic, from the name of the ruling nation of the land; but in the eighth century it became known as the Mozarabic because the Arabs then occupied nearly the whole of the peninsula, and the Christians living among them were called *Mixtarabes*, and by corruption *Mozarabes*, mixt Arabs.

The above are the most important of the liturgies, though there exist besides these the liturgies of St. Mark, the Ethiopic liturgy, etc.

The Dream of Life; or, Nature's Nobleman.

BY J. D. M'CORMICK, OF '73.

Rude is the olden song I wish to sing,
Its melody is ages' fevered rust,
The tale it tells, not Fancy's borrowing,
But truths that gather from the ancient dust
Of mortal man. In garb of green and gray
They surge around the mighty monarch's throne
And linger, yet are far away.
'Mong scenes the peasant calls his own;
In every home where human life has dwelt,

Where Nature yields one only ray to Art,
Their force has been and ever shall be felt
While earth supports one changed and changing heart.

In days gone by, when fewer years were mine,
And mental work had well begun,
I dreamed those threads I now entwine
Within the web old Time has spun.
Awake I dreamt, in dreams awoke
To find that oft delusive dreams
Are Nature's rock, where waves are broke,
And lives are launched on brighter streams.
I saw a child as sweetly fair and pure
As sinless childhood can appear;
The fearless looks seemed to insure
A happy winter for its closing year.
No dread of future ills and woes unseen
Were shadowed on its smiling face;
But then it was the rock between
The angel and its fallen race.

The years roll on, and toiling Time
Fast wears the rock away,
While sorrows cloud the sunny clime
Where love had hoped they'd never stray.
The world had marked the infant charms,
Had formed its young desires;
Had led the heart where self-love warms
Its victims by ambition's fires.
A brilliant future lay before
The boyish mind, its only need
To be a man, then golden store,
Then Fortune's smile were sweet indeed.
One ledge of rock alone remains,
The boy, alas! a boy no more,
Has dropped one link of slavery's chains,
And spurns that fond restraint of yore.
The days of youth have kissed his brow,
While pleasures false applaud
And whisper, "We attend you now,
And wait your slightest nod."
The future looms upon his distant view,
And leaves the world in golden light,
Its sombre shadows peer not through,
They're hid beyond in endless night;
'Tis strange, he thinks that all is fair,
And strange that Satan has no screens—
'Twas Nature whispered: "Youth, beware!
'Tis Pride that paints those crumbling scenes;
'Tis Covetousness that makes you yearn
Yon glittering shadows to possess,
While Lust and Anger take their turn
Your slavish weakness to caress.
'Tis Gluttony that starts you down
The hill where mind is wanting,
Where Envy weaves for you the crown
That Sloth keeps ever flaunting.
Beware those foes whose glance is death,
Whose numbers strong is seven;
Dread poisons slumber in their breath
That airs yon dazzling heaven.
Return, and I will give you those,
Their number too is seven,
Who fain will teach the wave that flows
Unsullied on to Heaven.
Humility will teach you true
That man and man is equal,
While Meekness lends her charm to you,
That shall unfold my sequel.
Famed Liberality shall give
Your heart her firm impressions;
With Chastity you'll love to live

And breathe her pure confessions.
 And Temperance shall teach the art
 To live, to love, and labor,
 While Brotherly Love shall school your heart
 To soothe and help your neighbor.
 And last, not least, I'll give thee
 Who conquers worlds and wonders,
 Who learns frail man to walk the sea,
 And talk with people whom it sunder;
 Who learns to conquer even God,
 And gain His rich dominions,
 'Tis Diligence that turns the sod
 And turns the world's opinions."

Hark, what is that! am I awake or dreaming?
 It seems like truth, and yet may be but seeming.

Yes, true it is, the rock is down,
 And there in eager gladness
 He comes, the man, to get his crown
 That's gaily lined with sadness.
 He's gone—I've lost him 'mong the scenes
 The tempter spreads before him,
 And yet through all a vision gleams
 'Tis Nature follows to restore him."

I dreamed that years had come and gone,
 That I had watched their slow declining,
 While toiling Time still labored on,
 The silver with the raven locks entwining.
 I dreamed that I was growing old,
 My frame was swift returning
 Unto its soon forgotten mould,
 The end of riches, power and learning.
 A narrow streamlet sped away
 Among the weeds, the rocks and flowers,
 Whose waters rose and fell each day,
 In strangely clear and muddy showers.
 Ahon a bright rose drooped and fell
 Upon its waters clear as crystal,
 One moment more a murky swell
 Bore off a faded, helpless thistle.
 A stalwart oak upon its shore,
 Where old and dying stood another,
 Was rudely from its fastenings tore,
 While strong in death remains the other.
 A lily soiled is onward borne
 Upon a filthy, darkened billow,
 A nettle next, of nettles shorn,
 With limpid wavelets for its pillow.
 And thus flow on those waters strange,
 While objects changed encumber
 The narrow channel's varied range,
 Where Life and Death together slumber.
 I questioned should I see again
 My youth of short and golden hours,
 And find him now the pride of men,
 The favored home of Fortune's showers.

I stopped to listen, for I heard
 A voice of sweet and plaintive sadness,
 That seemed to speak in every word
 Of days it knew that smiled with gladness.
 "'Tis he!" I cried, "that angel child
 That came all Nature's beauties bringing,
 That youth whom Satan's art beguiled—
 But listen, while he's singing:

O happy babes with eager smiles to greet a mother's kiss,
 May Heaven keep your wills within the circle of her bliss,
 Disrobe the world of its deceit, and teach your hearts in time
 To don the armor of the pure, and ever war with crime!

Your prattlings bring the happy thoughts of many years ago

When I was happy innocence, unknown to coming woe;
 You cheer my weary heart to-day, you ease its gnawing pain,
 And give it hope it yet may be a happy babe again.

Ye merry children, bring me back to Memory's happy time,
 When thoughts unfettered first began Ambition's hill to climb.
 Oh! would I could return once more to yon sweet pleasant dream,
 And see the future now, as then, in sunny, fitful gleams,

And feel once more that mother's love, receive her waiting kiss,
 Oh! it would drive this sadness off, and fill my heart with bliss
 Deceptive world, that changes minds and e'en the skies above,
 Your art is vain when you attempt to change a mother's love.

Ye longing youths! ye too recall those happy, fretful days,
 When tempters spread the future out in all its brighter ways.
 Alas! they hid beyond their sun those dark, unhallowed streams
 That wash the life of happiness while wrapt in pleasure's dreams.

Alas! there's naught but memory to greet my slow return,
 And Nature's lamps are dying out, while Satan's fiercer burn.
 Too late! too late! to change my course, the storm is gathering
 fast,

Remorse has seized my heart too late to remedy the past.

The voice was hushed, and I alone
 With Nature's warring solitude was left;
 The fierce winds through the forest moan,
 The strong trees bow and groan,
 The bright sun's light no longer shone
 Before the dread of Heaven's terrible.

The thunders rolled, while solemn night
 In all its dread sublimity was wrapt,
 Pierced now and then by angry light
 So strong it dazed the hiding sight,
 And filled the bravest heart with fright
 Of Heaven's august majesty.

That changing stream I saw before
 Between its shores of changing freight was running wild,
 No calmness as of yore,
 The strongest with the weakest tore,
 The purest with the vilest bore
 Upon its currents sweeping.

Hark! there rises from its farthest shore
 A mail-clad warrior darker far than night,
 A long black blade his right hand bore,
 From which in streams ran human gore
 Of present kings and slaves of yore
 In bitter peace commingling.

Between the helmet bars his mouth and eyes
 Like balls and pit of fire glow,
 And from them jets of fire fly
 And darting, hissing, live or die
 Upon the billows where he walks as dry
 As monarch in his palace.

Behind him, around, but not the same,
 Appeared his legions, numbering seven;
 From Hell it seemed they came
 To guard their frightful monarch's fame,
 From which all evils take their name
 To tempt our frail mortality.

From near me starts a knight arrayed
 In spotless white, in dazzling glory crowned,
 So bright, the sun were scarce his shade,
 His sword a gem of Conscience made
 Of keener thrust than famed Damascus blade
 That deathly love of chivalry.

His seven swordsmen, fully armed,
 And clothed in his brilliant rays reflected,
 Seemed angel legions, pressed or charmed

To fight for Nature's rights alarmed,
Around which Satan's wiles had swarmed
And shadowed death eternal.

The light is gone, and all is sombre night,
While sounds of war disturb the frightful solitude;
But see! those hurried gleams of light,
That mark the ardor of the fight,
And stream into the distant cells of night,
In brilliant rays unbroken.

The waters, calmed and held above their freight,
While moments sped on ages' tardy couch reclining;
The roaring winds seemed touched by fate,
As though o'erbreathed, became stagnate,
No longer bore the sounds that late
Had pierced their distant recesses.

From force or fear my eyes forsook
Their toil, and left but feeble thought remaining,
Which like an old and faded book,
Long hid in some retired nook,
Could claim and get one vacant look
To elevate its nothingness.

An age it seemed ere captive sense
Returned in all its strange and eager fulness,
Not long to wait in dread suspense,
For day, the feeble heart's defense;
Had kissed the hills, and stealing thence—
But see yon silent river!

There, in the first rays of the waking sun,
Rises a shapeless mass of fabled beauty,
In seven ways the bright streams run,
They meet and form themselves in one
Grand form that Satan's imps would shun,
And Heaven's throne would welcome.

Amid that mass surprising strange,
I saw that lovely child, that wreck of manhood;
How noble looked the change!
Into his form did Nature's hosts arrange,
While Satan's, lost in the exchange,
Forever fled the contest.

The stream in merry ripples told
That never more its waters should be sullied;
The plants, the rocks, the waves looked bold,
The birds in cadence sweet extolled
As voice cried out, "Let man behold
The Dream of Life, or Nature's Nobleman."

Napoleon's First Visit to the Hotel des Invalides.

On the-afternoon of the first of September, 1806, Napoleon mounted his horse and quitted St. Cloud, accompanied only by his grand marshal, his aid-de-camp, Rapp, and a page. After enjoying a brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne he drew up at the gate of Malliot, and dismissed his attendants, with the exception of Rapp, who followed him into the avenue of Neuilly. Galloping by the spot where the triumphal arch was then beginning to rise from its foundations, they reached the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and proceeded towards the Hôtel des Invalides. There Napoleon stopped and gazed at the splendid edifice, glowing in the beams of the setting sun.

"Fine! very fine!" he repeated several times. "Truly Louis XIV was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp, he said, "I am going to visit my invalids this evening. Hold my horse—I shall not stay long." And throwing the bridle to his aid-de-camp, Napoleon passed beneath the principal

gateway. Seeing a man dressed in a military hat, and with two epaulets badly concealed by his half-buttoned *redingote* the sentry supposed him to be a superior officer, and allowed him to pass without question.

Crossing his arms on his chest, the visitor, having reached the principal court, stopped and looked around him. Suddenly the conversation of two invalids coming out of the building attracted his attention. In order to listen, he walked behind them, regulating his pace by theirs, for they walked very slowly. These two men seemed bowed down with years. The less feeble of them led his companion, and as they tottered on he looked anxiously around.

"Jerome," said the elder, in a husky voice, "do you see him coming?"

"No, father; but never mind! 'I'll read him a lecture which he won't forget in a hurry—careless boy that he is!'"

"But, Jerome, we must make some allowance for him—we were once young ourselves. Besides, I dare say he thought my prayers would not be finished so soon this evening—the boy has a kind heart."

Napoleon stepped forward, and addressing the old man, said, "Apparently, my friend, you are waiting for some one?"

The younger looked up and touched his hat, for he saw the gleam of the epaulets.

"Yes, Colonel," replied he, "my father, Maurice, and I have been waiting for my truant son. He knows well that his grandfather requires the support of his arms to reach the dormitory, as one of mine is—" Here he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave fellow," said the Emperor, "and your son has done wrong. But how came your father," he continued, as they walked along, "to remain so late out?"

"Because, Colonel, he always devotes the afternoon of the first of September to commemorate the anniversary of the king under whom he formerly served."

"What king was that?"

"His late majesty, Louis XIV," said the old man, who had not before joined in the conversation.

"Louis XIV!" repeated Napoleon in astonishment. "Where can you have seen him?"

"Here, in this place; he spoke to me, and I answered," said Maurice.

"How old are you?"

"If I live till Candlemas, Colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old."

"A hundred and twenty-one years!" cried the Emperor. And taking the old man's arm, he said kindly, "Lean on me, old comrade, I will support you."

"No, no, Colonel; I know too well the respect—"

"Nonsense! I desire it." And the Emperor gently placed the arm within his own, although the veteran still resisted.

"Come, father," said Jerome, "do as the Colonel orders you, or else the end of your politeness will be that you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. And then this young Cyprien is not coming yet!"

"You must have entered this Hôtel while very young?" said Napoleon, as they walked along.

"Yes, Colonel; I was but eighteen when I fought at Friedlingen, and the next year, at Blenheim, I received a wound in my neck which disabled me, and obtained for me the favor of entering here."

"It was not a favor," interrupted Napoleon—"it was a right."

"I have lived here upwards of a hundred years. I was married here, and I have seen all my old comrades pass away. But, although there are only young people now in the Hotel, I am very happy since my children came to join me."

"M. Jerome," said Napoleon, "how old are you?"

"Going on ninety-one, Colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," said his father, "the very year that his late majesty, Louis XIV, died. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday."

"What battles have you been in, my friend?"

"At Fontenoy, colonel, at Lamfedl, at Rosbach, at Bergen, and at Fribourg. It was in the last battle I lost my arm. I came here in the year 1763, in the time of Louis XV."

"That poor king," said Napoleon, as if speaking to himself, "who signed a shameful treaty that deprived France of fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And for the last forty-three years," said Maurice, "Jerome has watched me like a good and dutiful son. Pity that *his* should be so forgetful!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "I will do my best to supply M. Cyprien's place. At your age it is not good to be under the night air."

"Here he comes at last!" cried Jerome.

The Emperor looked with some curiosity at the wild boy, for whose youth allowance was to be made, and saw to his astonishment an invalid of some sixty years old, with two wooden legs, but one eye, and a frightfully scarred face, advancing toward them as quickly as his infirmities would permit. Jerome began to reproach his truant son, but the latter interrupted him by holding up a flask, a piece of white bread, and a few lumps of sugar. "See," said he, "it was getting these things that delayed me. I knew grandfather would like a draught of warm wine and sugar after his long stay out; so I went to my old friend Colibert, and persuaded him to give me his allowance of wine in exchange for my mounting guard in his place tomorrow."

"Well, well," said Jerome, "that was thoughtful of you, my boy, but meantime we should have been badly off but for the kindness of this noble colonel, who has made your grandfather lean on him."

Cyprien saluted the Emperor, whom in the increasing darkness, he did not recognize, and said, "Now then, sir, with your permission I will resume my post."

"And an honorable one it is," said Napoleon. "Pray, in what engagement were you wounded?"

"At the battle of Fleurus, Colonel, gained against the Austrians by General Jourdan, now Marshal of the Empire. A volley of grape-shot knocked out my eye, and carried off both of my legs at the same time. But," added Cyprien, striking his powerful chest, "my heart was not touched, nor my stomach either, and they have both, I hope, some good days' work in them yet."

Napoleon smiled. "The battle of Fleurus," he said, "was fought, I think, in 1794?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"That was already in Bonaparte's time," remarked Maurice.

"Grandfather," replied Cyprien, "please to say the Emperor Napoleon the Great; that is his proper title."

"In the time of his late majesty, Louis XIV."

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Cyprien, impatiently, "we're tired of hearing about that monarch of the old

régime who used to go to war in a flowing wig and silk stockings! He's not to be mentioned in the same year with the Emperor, who dresses and lives like one of ourselves. Is it not so, Colonel!"

Napoleon knitted his brows and answered coldly: "You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis XIV was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank among the nations of Europe; it was he who first marshalled 400,000 soldiers on land, and one hundred vessels on the sea. He added to his dominions Roussillon, Franche-Comté, and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; and it was he who founded this Hôtel des Invalides. Since Charlemagne, there has not been a king in France worthy of being compared to him!"

This eulogium on the monarch whom he almost idolized, caused the dim eyes of old Maurice to sparkle; he tried to straighten himself, and said, in a broken voice: "Bravo! bravo! Ah! Colonel, you are worthy to have served his late majesty, Louis XIV. Had you lived in his time he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Somewhat abashed, Cyprien stammered out, "Excuse me, Colonel; but you know I never know this king of grandfather's. I only heard him spoken of by some of the oldest men here."

"And those who spoke disrespectfully of him," said Napoleon, "did wrong. *Here*, at all events, the memory of Louis XIV ought to be venerated."

At that moment lights appeared at the end of the court, a sound of voices was heard, and many persons approached. Rapp had waited a long time on the spot where the Emperor had left him; but when it became dark, and his master did not return, he grew uneasy, and giving the horses in charge to a soldier, he entered the Hôtel, and told the Governor, Marshal Serrurier, that the Emperor had been for the last hour *incognito* within the walls. The news spread quickly among the officers; they hastened to look for their beloved master, and found him on the terrace conversing with his three companions.

At the cries of "Here he is! long live the Emperor!" Cyprien, fixing his eye attentively on the supposed colonel, suddenly recognized him, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "A! sire, pardon me. Father, grandfather—this is the Emperor himself!"

"You the Emperor, colonel?" cried the two old men.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, kindly holding each by an arm, in order to prevent them from kneeling; "although much younger than you, I am your father, and the father of every soldier who has fought for the honor of France!"

At that moment, Rapp, the Governor, and their attendants, came up and saluted Napoleon. With a stern look, he said to his aid-de camp, in an undertone, "You should have had patience to wait." Then turning to the others in an affable manner, he said: "Approach, marshal and gentlemen; help me to recompense three generations of heroes. These brave men," pointing to Maurice, Jerome, and Cyprien, "have fought three glorious battles—Freidlingen, Racours and Fleurus. Marshall," (to Serrurier) "lend me your cross; you shall have one in its stead tomorrow," he added, smiling. "Give me yours also, Rapp."

Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome, the other to Cyprien; and then taking off his own, he fastened it on the breast of the venerable Maurice, saying, as he did so, "My old comrade, I regret that I did not sooner discharge this debt which France owes you."

"Long live the Emperor! long live the Emperor!" shouted all present.

"Sire," said old Maurice, in a voice trembling with rapture, "you have made the remainder of life happy to me and my children."

"My brave fellow," replied Napoleon, giving his hand, which the old man seized and pressed respectfully with his lips, "I repeat that I am only discharging a debt which our country owes you."

Meantime the news had spread throughout the Hôtel that the Emperor was there. All the inmates, disregarding rule and discipline, came out of their rooms, and rushed into the court, crying out, "Long live the Emperor!"

In a moment Napoleon found himself surrounded by a crowd of eager veterans, each trying who could get nearest to his beloved general.

"My Emperor!" cried one, "I was with you at Toulon!" "And I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "And I at Trebia!" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I shared my bread with you at Roveredo!" "I picked up your hat at Marengo!" "I was at Austerlitz!" etc., etc.

Napoleon smiled at the reminiscences of these extempore Xenophons, and tried to answer each individually, inquiring whether they were content with their position, or wished for anything with which he could supply them.

At length Napoleon took leave of the governor; and the crowd opening, respectfully made way for him to pass to the gate. Rapp had sent back the horses, and ordered a carriage with an escort of dragoons to be in attendance. The Emperor got in with his aid-de-camp, while the echoes of the Seine resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"This has been one of the happiest evenings in my life!" he said to Rapp. "I should like well enough to pass the remainder of my days in the Hôtel des Invalides."

"Then I," replied the aid-de-camp, with his usual frankness, "should like to be assured of dying and being buried there."

"Who knows?" said Napoleon; "that may happen; and I myself—who knows—" He did not finish the sentence but fell into a profound reverie, which lasted during the remainder of the drive.

On the 15th of December, 1840, a funeral car, covered with crowns of laurel, preceded by the banner of France, and followed by the surviving relics of her forty armies, passed slowly beneath the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile. The sarcophagus it bore contained the mortal spoils of him, who, in the space of fifteen years, had well-nigh conquered the world. The dead Napoleon was thus tardily borne to his place beneath that dome raised for the shelter of heroes.

Late in the evening, when the crowd had slowly dispersed, when the murmur of its thousand voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence unbroken, an invalid, a centegenarian, almost blind, and walking on two wooden legs, entered the chapel where reposed the body of Napoleon. Supported by two of his comrades, he reached with difficulty the foot of the imperial catafalque. Taking off his wooden legs in order to kneel down, he bent his venerable head on the steps; and presently, mingled with sobs, he uttered in broken accents the words, "Emperor! father!"

At length his companions succeeded in drawing him away; and as he passed out, the superior officers of the Hô-

tel respectfully saluted the old man. He who thus came to render his last homage to his master was Cyprien, the grandson of father Maurice.—*The Metropolitan*.

Anecdotes of Haydn.

Haydn used to relate several whimsical anecdotes of his stay in London. A captain of the navy came to him one morning, and asked him to compose a march for some troops he had on board, offering him thirty guineas for his trouble, but requiring it to be done immediately, as the vessel was to sail next day for Calcutta.

As soon as the captain was gone, Haydn sat down to the pianoforte, and the march was ready in a few minutes. Feeling some scruples at gaining his money so very easy, Haydn wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain his choice, and then to make him a present of all the three, as a return for his liberality. Next morning the captain returned, and asked for his march.

'Here it is,' said the composer.

The captain asked to hear it on the pianoforte; and having done so, laid down the thirty guineas, pocketed the march, and walked away. Haydn tried to stop him, but in vain—the march was very good.

'But I have written two others,' cried Haydn, 'which are better—hear them and take your choice.'

'I like the first very well, and that is enough,' answered the captain, pursuing his way down stairs.

Haydn followed, crying out, 'But I make you a present of them.'

'But I won't have them!' roared the seaman, with a nautical asseveration, and bolted out at the street door.

Haydn, determined not to be outdone, hastened to the Exchange, and, discovering the name of the ship and her commander, sent the marches on board with a polite note, which the captain, surmising its contents, sent back unopened. Haydn tore the marches into a thousand pieces, and never forgot this liberal English humorist as long as he lived.

Haydn used also to relate with much satisfaction a dispute which he had had with a London music-seller. Going into his shop, one day, he asked if he had any good music newly published. 'Certainly,' said the music-seller; 'I have got some sublime music of Haydn's.' 'Oh,' answered Haydn, 'I'll have nothing to do with that.' 'How, sir, nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?' 'Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit. Show me something else.'

The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied with indignation, 'I have got music, it is true, but not for such judges as you;' and turned his back upon the stranger. As Haydn was leaving the shop, pleased and tickled with the adventure, a friend came in and saluted him by name. The shopkeeper turned round at the name, and said to the gentleman who had just come in, 'Haydn! ay—here's a pretty fellow for you, who says he does not like that great man's music.' The gentleman laughed heartily; an explanation took place, and the enthusiastic music-seller was introduced to the man who dared to find fault with Haydn's music.—*American Art Journal*.

—In the journey of this world the man who goes right is not apt to get left.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. Longfellow has been chosen poet and ex-Gov. Seymour orator for the Centennial celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on Oct. 18, 1877.

—Bret Harte's popularity in Germany seems well attested, by the fact that four different German translations of "Gabriel Conroy" are announced for appearance there almost simultaneously.

—Nearly a million volumes were drawn out of the Boston Public Library and its branches last year, and only one hundred were missing when the annual report was prepared.

—The London literary world is duller this summer season than it has been for 10 years. Not a single notable new work has been issued, and authors and publishers are living on the sales of their old books.

—A two-days festival has been held at Dusseldorf, entirely devoted to the performance of Liszt's works, among which may be mentioned "Prometheus" and the Mass written by him for the dedication of the Cathedral of Grau.

—The London "Academy" says in regard to the report that Miss Elizabeth Thompson has become a Roman Catholic, and forsworn military for sacred art Miss Thompson could not turn Roman Catholic, being such already; and she is now engaged upon a picture of the battle of Inkerman.

—The Chaucer Society's Parallel-Texts will probably be delayed this year. The second of the Six-Text has been lent by its owner to the exhibition at Wrexham till October. This will stop the issue of the concluding part of the Six-Text Canterbury Tales till November.

—At the Exhibition of Arts applied to Industry now being held at Orleans is to be seen a new transposing cornet-a piston, invented by the cornet-player Legendre. By means of a simple slide the instrument can be immediately transposed from B flat to A.

—A statue of Mercadante in marble, by the sculptor Tito Angelini, has been placed on its pedestal in the Place de Fontana Medina, at Naples. It bears the following inscription: "To Francesco Saverio Mercadante, who alone perhaps, knew how to unite the ancient and patriotic melody to the thought and sentiment of the age, the Academy, the commune, the citizen."

—The Welsh Choral Societies propose to hold a Centennial Eistedfod in September, at Philadelphia. The Judges appointed for the award of prizes are Carl Zerrahn, of Boston; Wm. G. Fischer, of Philadelphia, and John P. Jones, of Chicago. Cusin's new Welsh cantata, entitled "Llewelyn," which was recently produced with fine success in London, would prove an interesting feature of the celebration, if the managers have sufficient enterprise to secure the score and produce it.

—Mr. Tennyson will now conclude, without doubt, that his life has been a failure. Had he taken to comic song writing instead of to composing poetry, he might have achieved some measure of success, and have been enrolled among the "self-made men of our time." A music publisher testified in a copyright case in London recently, that 90,000 copies had been sold of the song, "Slap, Bang! Here We Are Again!" and that the copyright of one popular comic song is frequently worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The London *Echo* adds: "Two things are required for the successful writing of a comic song that shall be popular in this highly civilized age—the negation of common sense, and a superhuman attainment of folly."

Books and Periodicals.

THE GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART. By His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Authorized Edition. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1876. Fine Edition, \$1.50; People's Edition, 75 cts.

We have heretofore noticed the "Fine Edition" of this able work of the great Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and now reiterate what we then said. The "People's

Edition," which now lies before us, is well bound in cloth and is worthy the publishers.

—An excellent number of *Church's Musical Visitor* is that for August. In it there is plenty of good reading-matter, while the music is in every way worthy the deserved reputation of the publishers.

—We are in receipt of the August number of the *Catholic Record*, and are well pleased with its fine array of articles. It contains many thoughtful productions fitted for the elder members of the household, while the younger members may find many interesting stories to please them.

—The *Catholic World* for August and for September has reached us since the last issue of the *SCHOLASTIC*. There is no need for us to again praise this magazine, for all our readers are aware of the high estimation in which we hold it. There is no secular magazine published in the United States equalling it.

—The *Manhattan Monthly* has paid us two visits during the past vacation. The numbers for August and September are as sprightly and gossipy as any which have preceded them. They contain many entertaining and popular articles which are just the things young men read with avidity.

—The *Musical World* for August is before us, and contains, besides five pieces of popular music, the usual variety of musical miscellany and current record of musical events both at home and abroad. It has also a continuation of Karl Merz' excellent "Musical World Letters," which have become so popular in the past few years. The *Musical World* is one of the best and most successful musical journals in the country, and is published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

—The *Folio* for September has come to hand, filled with music and miscellany. The musical miscellany is unusually complete, and the excellent portrait of H. J. Montague, the popular actor, will be welcome to his admirers. It is also embellished with a fine portrait of General Custer, with a sketch of his life. Published at \$1.60 per year, post-free, by White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE OLD MASTERS AND THEIR PICTURES. For the use of Schools and Learners in Art. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Modern Painters," "Musical Composers," etc., Boston, Roberts Brothers. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Co. 1876.

This book of Miss Tytler is of great service, though, as she says, it is not exhaustive in its nature. She has given us an entertaining though simple account of the old masters in painting, of every age and country, with descriptions of their works, for the use of learners and outsiders in art. She has done her work well.

—The July number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* has been received, and we find it even superior to those which have preceded it. We would like to notice each of its articles at length, but want of space this week forbids. We would recommend every intelligent Catholic to subscribe, knowing that he will never regret the investment of his \$5. Hardy & Mahony, Publishers, 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FIRST LESSONS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Thos. W. Harvey, A. M. AN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR of the English Language for the use of Schools. By Thos. W. Harvey, A. M. A PRACTICAL GRAMMAR of the English Language for the use of Schools of every Grade, by Thos. W. Harvey, A. M. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati: 137 Walnut St. New York: 28 Bond St.

The above books are from Harvey's Language Course and are well compiled. In the "First Lessons" the pupil is led by degrees to express thought accurately and concisely and by means of picture lessons is initiated into the difficulties of composition. In the Elementary Grammar a step farther has been made, and the teacher is given a great variety of oral lessons for teaching the English language. The Practical Grammar is a concise and exhaustive textbook on that subject, and one that should meet with favor from all educators.

—A Professor asked his class: "What is the aurora?" A student, scratching his head, replied: "Well, Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "Well, that is sad—very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world who ever knew has forgotten it."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, September 6, 1876.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., and of others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TENTH year of its existence, greatly improved, and with a larger circulation than at the commencement of any former year.

Besides the Local News which will appear weekly, the readers of the SCHOLASTIC will find in it many Literary and Scientific articles of general interest.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address **Editor Notre Dame Scholastic,
Notre Dame, Ind.**

Our Tenth Volume.

We begin to-day our tenth volume. The success of last year gives us every reason to hope that our many friends, scattered throughout the West, and for that matter through the East, will rally in even greater force than last year, and enable us to make greater improvements in the get-up of the paper. The subscription price is very small, and gives us but a small profit. As a consequence it is necessary for us to possess a large subscription list in order to make the improvements we wish.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that not one single subscriber has complained of the SCHOLASTIC during the past year, and we trust that we will be able to give the same general satisfaction the coming one. We count upon many of our old contributors to continue to assist us, and trust that others of equal ability will be added to the list. We are not content to depend on our old friends alone. Whenever we discover talent in the College we will endeavor to enlist it in behalf of the SCHOLASTIC. This paper is the students' paper. It is to them what the daily paper is to the citizen. Their interests are its interests, and as the development of talent is a matter of interest to the possessor of it, we trust that we may be the means of bringing out ability in students who may hereafter shine in the world. We hope that all the students will recognize this fact, and that those young men attending class here who are gifted with a pleasing style in writing will not confine themselves to the duties required of them in the class-room, but will make frequent use of the columns of our paper. Through it they are able to let their friends and relatives see their improvement at college.

The old students should also feel an interest in the SCHOLASTIC, for it is to them a weekly chronicle of the events which transpire at the place where they have spent many happy hours and formed friendships which will last for life. In it they see who of their old chums have married and who have died, who of them have succeeded at the bar and who have ascended in orders, where they now dwell and what they now do. It is to them a strong bond which unites them with the strength of steel to their *Alma*

Mater and brings back to them all the dear recollections of youth.

Let then all our friends interest themselves in the success of the SCHOLASTIC and do their best to double the already large circulation it now possesses. To do this, let them above all renew their subscriptions, and see that those who have never subscribed have their names placed on our list. If to make a good, readable paper, the only things required are good will and determination they may rest assured that we will give them what they ask.

A Little Advice.

We know that those who are nowise stingy in giving advice are not apt to make themselves popular with those on whom they inflict it; yet at the risk of losing what popularity the SCHOLASTIC has heretofore enjoyed among the students, we will venture on giving a little counsel. What we have to say we address to all, but more especially to those who begin their college life this year.

A young man entering college begins a course of study which every day becomes more and more serious. He is moreover placed in the midst of comrades hailing from all parts of the country. With them he must live and learn. They have good and bad qualities, both of which may exercise some influence on his conduct in life. Hence it is of the utmost importance that he be on his guard, that he be not influenced by the bad example which may be given him by any of his companions, and that he endeavor to cultivate the friendship of such as may be distinguished for their virtue and intelligence.

Prior to his entrance into college, a young man has been surrounded by home influences which made life pleasant and agreeable; but when he enters college he loses this influence to a certain extent and is obliged to work his way along under a regular course of discipline. In doing this it is necessary for him to obey the rules of the institution and follow the dictates of a well-formed conscience. There is in every one two inclinations struggling for the mastery, the good and the bad, and it depends on himself as to which shall gain the victory. If he would become an estimable and accomplished man, faithful to the duties of life, he must follow faithfully the promptings of his good inclinations and banish at once those of the bad.

Not unfrequently a student may hear his defects mentioned. He ought not to close his ears to them, but should endeavor to profit by what he has heard. These defects may be remedied now, before his working life begins. If he does not heed the advice given, they may cling to him to the grave.

There is a disposition among young men of our day to slight authority—a disposition which every intelligent person should endeavor to check. We would not have a student cease to be manly; on the contrary, we would have him cultivate this spirit of manliness, but we would have him be manly in every respect. He should not forget the politeness of which he has an excellent example in his family, but should show to the regularly constituted authorities that respect and obedience which has characterized him at home. Obedience is required of man in all walks of life, and its spirit should be cultivated in youth. Obedience does not take away one's manliness. On the contrary, it builds it up, and strengthens it. It teaches us how to rule, for it is an axiom that he who never learned to obey can

never learn to rule. A faithful observance of the rules, and due respect to one's teachers will, then, not only ensure to the student here a happy and successful year, but will be of importance to him in his after-life enabling him to exercise the authority he has learned in his youth to respect and obey.

In Memoriam.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle in our first number of the present scholastic year, the death of Peter M. Dechant, of '67, who died at Franklin, Ohio, on the evening of the 18th of August last. Mr. Dechant was an honor to his *Alma Mater*, and his early death will be sad news to the many warm friends he won by his estimable life while at Notre Dame. The *Dayton Daily Democrat* of the 19th of August gives the following notice of our esteemed young friend:

"Died, at Franklin, Ohio, on Tuesday evening, August 19th, Hon. P. M. DECHANT, State Senator from Warren and Butler Counties, aged about 28 years.

"In the first flush of early manhood, at the threshold of a brilliantly promising career, having already achieved a measure of success far beyond his years, with ambitious hopes which were but the prophecy of future usefulness, Peter M. Dechant departed this life. Graduating from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1867, Mr. Dechant soon thereafter entered upon the study of law in the office of Messrs. Houk and McMahon, in this city, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. He began the practice of his profession at Franklin, his old home, in the following year, and by his manly character, sterling honesty, and a thorough legal knowledge, secured in an incredibly short time a practice that many an older attorney might envy, and which within five years placed him among the leaders of the Warren Co. bar.

"His personal popularity kept pace with his business success, and in 1875 he was urged to become a candidate for State Senator from the district composed of the Counties of Butler and Warren, was nominated, and elected by a handsome majority, over a very popular and able competitor. Although the youngest member of the Senate, he quickly rose in the esteem of the members of that body, and took a leading part in the legislation of the session.

"It was while in the discharge of his duties as Senator that Mr. Dechant contracted the disease which has proved fatal. He was a man of no ordinary mould. As a student he was industrious and painstaking; as a lawyer, courteous, prudent and able; as a statesman, true to his convictions and of spotless integrity; as a man, nobly ambitious, generous, affable, and just; as a friend, one in whom there was no guile.

"None knew him but to love him.

None named him but to praise."

"Modest and unassuming in his manner, he was yet unflinching in his manner in the advocacy of what he believed to be right. Devoted to his profession, and eminently successful in it, he was yet at the first distrustful of his ability to succeed. Honorably ambitious to serve his people and his State, he yet shrank from the responsibilities of official station. But in whatever position he was placed, it is sufficient to say that he never failed to perform well all the duties which devolved upon him.

"Such in brief is the life and character of Hon. Peter M.

Dechant, the idol of his family, the pride of his town who to-day will be borne to his rest by loving hands and sorrowing hearts. May the clouds fall lightly upon, and the turf grow green above him." *Requiescat in pace.*

Personal.

—Rev. Fathers Oechtering, O'Sullivan, O'Flanigan, Lawler, Tighe, and many others favored us with visits during the month past.

—Mr. Jas. Miers and Mrs. M. M. Phelan, of Lancaster, O., arrived at Notre Dame on the 26th.

—Hon. Thos. Hoyne, Wm. J. Onahan, and others, from Chicago, called on us during the vacation.

✓—Wm. Walsh, of '63, was married on the 2d to Miss Luce, of Louisville, Kentucky. We wish him joy.

—Chas. A. Berdel of '73, is now practicing law in Chicago. His address is Room 44 Reaper Block, 97 South Clark St.

—E. M. Brown, of '65, was married, at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 26th of July, to Miss Mary Eleanor Ewing. We wish them happiness without end.

—Michael Horgan, of '70, and James McGlynn of '73, were ordained priests in Chicago on the 15th of August. We congratulate the young gentlemen on their promotion.

—Rt. Rev. Bishops Dwenger, Macheboeuf and Toebbe, visited Notre Dame at various times during vacation. Bishop Macheboeuf preached an excellent sermon at High Mass during his stay.

Local Items.

—Here we are again.

—Watermelons are plenty just now.

—Fish is abundant in the lower lake.

—New sewers have been dug about the premises.

—The Orchestra will be reorganized immediately.

—They are putting all the study-halls in good order.

—All the arrangements are made for beginning classes.

—The College building has been thoroughly renovated.

—We hope that our vocalists will appear in full force this year.

—Do not fail to renew your subscription to the SCHOLASTIC.

—Very few students remained at the College during the vacation.

—A new road has been made to the north of the Professed House.

—The Band instruments have been repaired, and put in good order.

—The number of visitors to the College during vacation was very large.

—The new altar for the church is now on exhibition at the Centennial.

—Rev. P. Demers has been appointed pastor of the church in Lowell.

—Quite a fine donation was lately made to the Cabinet of Natural History.

—Classes begin on the first Tuesday of September. Let every one be on hand.

—A great number of improvements have been made about the Professed House.

—A large number of very fine vestments have been purchased for the new church.

—The old steam-house is down at last, and now we have a fine court back of the College.

—Rev. W. O'Mahoney and P. Lauth will accompany Rev. F. Cooney on the missions.

—Students should by all means subscribe to the Lemonnier Circulating Library. See to it at once.

—Who will send us the largest number of subscribers for the SCHOLASTIC? Don't all speak at once.

—An addition has been made to the Faculty in the person of our esteemed friend, Rev. R. Shortis, C. S. C.

—Judging from appearances, there will be a great number of students attending class at the College this coming year.

—A large number of specimens for the Cabinet will be brought from Washington by Rev. Father Zahm in a few weeks.

—The leader of the Band has been at work for several weeks preparing new music with which to please his auditors.

—One of the first clubs to reorganize will be the Lemonnier Boat Club. We expect to see fine rowing done the coming year.

—The boat-house has been repaired this past vacation. By the way, would it not be well to add to the number of boats now here?

—Carpenters and masons have been very busy this vacation. The sound of the hammer and trowel could be heard at all hours.

—Rev. E. Lilly, C. S. C., has been appointed director of the Musical Department; Bros. Basil and Leopold will of course remain here.

—The Commercial Class-room has been entirely refitted and makes quite a grand appearance. If you don't believe it go and see it yourself.

—It is in contemplation to make extensive repairs at the Scholasticate, rendering it one of the most comfortable dwellings about the premises.

—Revs. J. M. Toohey and J. C. Carrier take charge of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, O., assisted by most of the teachers employed there last year.

—A great number of pilgrims from the surrounding country, and some from Chicago, visited the Chapel of the Portiuncula, at Notre Dame, on the 2d of August.

—Mr. Shickey expects to have a brisk business with his commodious hacks in a few weeks. Remember the Notre Dame and St. Mary's hack when you get off the cars.

—Work has been going on slowly in the new church this past vacation. The painting of the ceiling of the main aisle, as far as the transept, has been nearly completed.

—At Watertown, Wis., Revs. P. W. Condon, P. Francis, Bros. Marcellinus, Aloysius, and others, take charge of the College; Revs. W. Corby and J. Shea attend the parish.

—The Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, was celebrated in a religious manner at Notre Dame. The procession in the afternoon was one of the finest we have ever seen.

—A fine new kitchen has been erected this vacation. It will be found capable of accommodating fifteen hundred boarders. It was long needed, and is really a great improvement.

—The retreat of the secular priests of the diocese of Fort Wayne will take place at Notre Dame in October next. It will be preached by the distinguished Redemptorist Father Wayrich.

—Visitors, who have in former years honored us with their presence, will be pleased to learn that Bro. Francis Assisi has been again appointed janitor, than whom a better could not be named.

—The congregation of Rev. Father Oechtering, of Mishawaka, will make a pilgrimage to Notre Dame on Rosary Sunday. We understand that his congregation will be joined by those of Laporte and other cities in Northern Indiana.

—The same teachers, principally, take charge of the schools in LaSalle, Ill., Fort Wayne, Ind., and Hamilton, O. B. Placidus is principal of the school in Covington, and B. Gabriel in Milwaukee. Bros. Camillus, Cyprian and Cyril open a new school at Trenton, N. J.

—Some few changes have been made at Notre Dame this year. Rev. P. J. Colovin remains President of the College, and Rev. J. A. O'Connell Director of Studies. Bro. Alexander is Prefect of Discipline, with Bros. Alban,

Norbert, Theodore and Luke, Senior prefects; Bros. Leander, Paul, and Lawrence, Junior; and Bro. Albert, Minim.

—The Fourth of July was celebrated right loyally at Notre Dame. The Band played, the cannon roared, and fireworks lit up the darkness of the evening. As most of our readers know all about the celebration through letters, we need say but little here. A Solemn High Mass was sung, at which everybody attended. The day was spent pleasantly by all.

—The parents of students attending class at Notre Dame should see to it that they subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC and give it all the encouragement possible, for this journal not only opens a field for young aspirants to literary fame who might otherwise for want of a proper medium allow their talents in this line to remain inactive, but it also contains many articles of an instructive and literary character from writers of nature and acknowledged ability, thus rendering the SCHOLASTIC a valuable publication for all who desire variety and instruction in their reading. During the past scholastic year there have appeared in its pages nearly a hundred interesting biographical sketches of men of note in literature, science, painting, sculpture, etc., essays in prose and verse, and notes on art, music and literature, gleaned from the best sources. It will be the honest endeavor of the editor, during the coming year, to merit the encouragement given the paper during the past, and the high encomiums bestowed upon it by first-class papers among the weekly press. In addition to its literary features, the SCHOLASTIC attaches to itself a local importance for students, for their parents, and for all who have in former years attended class at the University, by a weekly summary of events transpiring at Notre Dame, by personal notices of the old students, weekly rolls of honor, class-honors, and lists of excellence. Reports relative to the arrangement of classes, the promotion of the more talented and energetic students, etc., will also find a place in this paper, and keep parents and friends accurately informed on all that concerns their children. Terms, \$1.50 per annum postpaid. Single copies, 5 cents.

Exhibition at St. Mary's.

MR. EDITOR:—Last June I passed a few weeks in the flourishing city of South Bend; after visiting all the points of interest to a stranger, my friend B. said: "Let us ride out to Notre Dame and St. Mary's." Having heard frequently of the Academy, my choice was to go there first, and to visit the College another day. The morning being fine, in order to enjoy fully the charming scenery and beauties of the grounds, we left our horses at the gate, and, walking leisurely, stopping to admire the magnificent view from the bank of the St. Joseph River, which winds around this earthly paradise,—turning and doubling, as if it delayed as long as possible to leave this favored spot, to lave with its limpid waters the arid soil of cities and towns devoted to the one absorbing business, the "Dollar."

We were hospitably received; and, after resting in the parlor, the Sister portress asked if we wished to be conducted through the Academy. We were shown the study-halls. I may remark here there are three separate departments for students—Senior, Intermediate and Junior; each having their own study, recitation and recreation halls; under the supervision of their own teachers and prefects.

The Art Department would take hours to examine all the elegant and truthful specimens of the pencil and brush, sketched from nature, an advantage which the picturesque surroundings gives to this department. Numerous folios of engravings from the finest pictures of the old masters—models of every description—heads, casts, blocks, etc., etc. St. Mary's may well be proud of her Studio.

As we walked along the corridor, the Sister remarked: "This is examination week." I asked if strangers were admitted. "Certainly," she said, opening a door near which we happened to be passing. The teachers and pupils arose, and saluted us gracefully; after being introduced to the presiding Sister, who received us in a manner which set us at perfect ease, she then made a sign to the examiners to proceed. It was a class of English Literature; subject: "The Drama and the Church." One young lady

gave a very clear and interesting criticism on the drama, as it existed under Pagan and Christian auspices, proving, it has deteriorated in morality since its withdrawal, these last few centuries, from her influence.

Passing into other classes—of Rhetoric, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Languages, each of these bureaus, comprising eight or ten examiners, under the presidency of the lady Superior, the Prefect of Studies, or Professors. In the class of Mental Philosophy the Rev. President from the University of Notre Dame and some members of his faculty were the examiners. He expressed himself much pleased at the prompt replies and appreciation of this difficult subject; in fact this promptitude pervaded in all the classes we visited—a convincing proof the pupils had studied diligently, and that the teachers understood thoroughly the great art of teaching.

Leaving the recitation-rooms, we proceeded to the Musical Department. It occupies one entire wing of the Academy. I counted ten teachers giving private lessons on pianos, harps, guitars and organ. One Sister is charged to oversee the practice; with her book in hand, containing the No. of room, hour, and name, of each pupil, she notes their diligence or absence. Being very fond of music, I should have liked to linger here, but my friend reminded me of our engagement to dine in South Bend. So we returned to the parlor, and meeting there the highly accomplished lady Superior I could not forbear expressing my regret that time would not permit us to see more of the school, and hear the Music Examination which we had been informed would take place in the afternoon. She very kindly invited us to return the next week to attend the closing exercises for the graduates and also the distribution at the annual commencement. We vowed our sincere acknowledgments, and hastened into town, determined to let nothing interfere with our anticipated enjoyment.

Accordingly, on Tuesday afternoon, the exercises commenced by one of Mendelssohn's brilliant rondos, skilfully played by Miss Hilda Julius, followed by Miss I. Reynolds, who read a charming essay, "The Love of the Beautiful." We thought her task must have proved an easy one, surrounded during her school-life by all that could lead to cultivate taste. One of Rossini's enchanting duos, from his "*Stabat Mater*," was sweetly sung by Miss Foote and Miss Spencer; the sympathetic accompaniment by Miss Kreigh added much to the pleasing rendition. Miss Reiley's essay: "Gleams of Sunshine," and St. Mary's "Santa Casa," by Miss Joyce, were rays of light—the former from the realms of literature, and the latter from the sanctuary, being a grateful recognition of the spiritual advantages enjoyed by many of the young ladies who had deposited that morning, before the altar in Loretto, (St. Mary's fac-simile of the "Santa Casa" which has been the pilgrims' joy since six centuries at Loretto in Italy) the essays, music, and songs—making an offering of all to God, and begging His blessing—a beautiful sentiment!

The vocal trio, "*Sancta Maria*," came in appropriately, and the voices of Misses O'Connor, Cavenor and Reilly blended in mellow subdued tones, suited to the prayerful words. Miss McNamara's well-written essay, "The Bright Side of History," enhanced by her modest delivery, showed she had studied to the purpose. "Lamps of Affection," by Miss St. Clair, was full of beautiful thoughts and well read; Liszt's difficult arrangement of the "March from Tannhäuser," was so faithfully rendered, regarding nicety of expression, I whispered to my friend: "We must come next year to see such well-directed talent rewarded with a gold medal. "Trust, the Keystone of Friendship," by Miss Arnold—a composition which touched the best feelings of the audience and brought tears to many an eye. "Fixed Principles the Ballast of Success," by Miss A. T. Clarke, was a solid exposition of ideas almost forgotten in this age of progress, without which "principles" need we wonder at so many wrecks caused by education without religion. "Adieu, my Native Land," sung feelingly by Miss Cavenor, who has a rich mezzo-soprano voice, won great applause. "The Festive Year," written by Miss Foote, a retrospect of all the religious festivals, happy reunions, and patronal entertainments during the scholastic year. Judging from the beaming eyes of the pupils, we read their satisfaction at the blissful remembrance. The beautiful flow-

ing strains of "Weber's Invitation to the Dance"—vocalized—brought out the elasticity of Miss Spencer's voice. "Tablets of Time," by Miss E. York, was an intellectual feast, full of thought and sound study. "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8," was fitted to show the strength and brilliancy of Miss Foote's execution, in marked contrast to the delicate, weird expression demanded by the middle part—the whole ending by a grand *crescendo* of octave passages which her flexible wrist gave with ease; this piece was too short, but we consoled ourselves we should hear her the next day. The whole closed by a chorus, well named "Pour out your Sparkling Treasures," in which the whole vocal class participated; and the joyous tones of so many well-trained voices gave to the ear the same feeling produced by the glistening of finely-cut gems to the sight. All were delighted, and went away assured that the next day would but add to the conviction I heard expressed by many: "There is no use to send our girls to foreign lands when we can find at home such advantages for education, literary and musical, especially here at St. Mary's."

The expected Wednesday morning dawned clear and bright, after the stormy week; and we drove out early, to give the ladies of our party time to examine the fancy work and spend an hour in the Studio, while my friend and I strolled through the grounds. At eleven o'clock the bell rang, and the guests hurried from all directions to get places, before the entrance of the pupils. Seats had been reserved for the parents and friends of the graduates. Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, from Fort Wayne, presided; at his right sat the venerable General of the Order, Very Rev. E. Sorin, beside other distinguished gentlemen; but we had little time to recognize acquaintances, for a hush in the conversation made all eyes turn towards the stage. Ten young ladies—Misses Foote, G. Kreigh, B. Spencer, J. Nunning, K. Hutchinson, A. Dennehey, H. and M. Julius—after saluting the audience very gracefully, took their places at the pianos, while Misses O'Connor and E. Dennehey presided at the harps. Without any apparent signal, they commenced a slow, measured prelude, and I had closed my eyes to listen to its dream-like influence when one, loud, simultaneous chord ushered in the brilliant strains of Weber's Overture to "Oberon," arranged by Gottschalk; it was played in a manner which showed how well the young performers entered into the spirit and *nerve* of the composers. We felt, all at once, a more rhythmic, decided accent, and soon found it was to mark time for the pupils entering from opposite doors; coming in curved lines to the front, they gracefully curtsied to the assemblage, and took their places at the back of the tastefully decorated stage. The music continued a few seconds, when we heard a murmuring whisper from the occupants of the reserved seats: Here are the graduates! Eager eyes were bent on those intelligent faces and youthful forms, as they modestly bowed in recognition of the welcoming plaudits of friends who had come from afar to be present at this important phase of their lives. The Vocal Class then formed in semi-circles, and one of Handel's choruses from the Oratorio of "Sampson" rang through the hall; the parts were well balanced; the fugal form appeared perfectly easy; no anxious looks, no halting, but each singing as if she was the leader.

Premiums were then distributed to the Juniors and Minims. We remarked here the same graceful, easy, deportment which appears to be the pervading feature of the school. Miss E. O'Connor sang an "Aria" from Mozart's "Seraglio" in a clear, bird-like voice—the high notes taken full, without effort, and sweet throughout.

Premiums were then called in the Intermediate Department. It was pleasant to notice the approving nods of the parents as their darling received her reward.

Miss Foote sang the Concert Variations, on the "Carnival of Venice," which gave full scope to her voice and elaborate execution. The Seniors were then made the recipients of their hard-earned premiums—to which I could heartily testify, having been present at part of their examination. And now Miss Foote played on the piano—Robert Schumann's Overture to "Julius Caesar." We had thought her performance the day previous proof of her musical acquirements, but this composition demanded, and was met by, greater power and breadth of execution; we have never heard it better out of the orchestra. Critics

were satisfied she had profited by the regular course of the Conservatory.

The Juniors amused the audience by an extremely laughable representation of MERRY JUNIORS, and "Those excruciating, self-tormenting Juniors" who would trouble about their sorrows and trials which were to happen fifty years hence—which sorrows, however, speedily vanished when their merry companions began a Centenary Dance, in which all participated, forgetting in the more important present—all those future, terrible calamities. Next followed the Grand Chorus—"God is Great," from Haydn's Oratorio of "The Creation." The trio was taken by the three fine soloists, Misses Foote, O'Connor and Spencer, who took the parts of "Gabriel," "Uriel," and "Raphael,"—singing, first, the "Theme," then, breaking into alternate runs, supported by the chorus, resuming the theme in full harmony—until the climax of heavy masses closed with the words, "God is Great, and His glory shall last for evermore." Such study elevates the taste of both departments, for the accompaniment to this, and all the other vocal numbers, taken by several young ladies, proved their perfect understanding of the various styles.

The all-important moment had at last arrived, and the ten graduates came down to receive their much-prized gold medals, which the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese presented in the name of the institution. Miss Helen Foote, from Burlington, Iowa, received also, from the Conservatory of Music, the medal for instrumental and vocal music. But the triumphal moment was when a loud voice proclaimed "Crowns, and Honors for politeness, neatness, order, amiability and correct deportment, and strict observance of academic rules." These evidences of womanly virtues gave to the eagerly expectant parents a sure guarantee of future happiness with their daughters.

The tableau which the happy recipients presented, clothed in white robes, and crowned with flowers, standing according to their rank of honor, will never leave my memory, and I felt how true was the remark of one of my friends who was present at a similar coronation last year: "That this one pure vision was worth his journey of hundreds of miles." The coronation ode then burst forth, which I must leave to your imagination. This beautiful ceremony over, Miss Eleanor Dennehey, from Chicago, Ill., stepped out from the rank of "excellence" and pronounced the valedictory. Sincerity was its charm, and the effort she made to control her feeling of regret at parting with loved teachers and companions gave evidence she felt more than her words implied, especially when she alluded to the past anxiety all had felt when they heard the news of the probable shipwreck of the "Amerique," whose deck bore their beloved and venerated Father General.

St. Mary's affords so many regrets to her departing graduates that valedictories here are not mere harangues, but real expression of thanks to those who, with the office of teachers, add the care for the time being of absent parents.

The Bishop then rose and in a few short remarks felicitated the graduates on their present happiness, impressing them with the duties of true womanhood—and in the name of all present he returned thanks for the extreme pleasure the exercises of both days had afforded.

The pianos and harps then began the retiring music (I regret not being able to note their names, for a friend borrowed my programme), the pupils leaving in the same order as they entered. However, many who were fond of music, and the parents of the young performers, remained after the crowd had left, and the music was continued for their special benefit. The clergy, and parents of the graduates, partook of an excellent repast, prepared mostly by their daughters—for domestic economy forms a part of their course. The invited guests repaired to a large dining-hall and had a sumptuous dinner. I must now return my grateful thanks to Rev. Mother Angela for her kind invitation, and hospitality—also to the Sisters, who gave so much of their time and attention. May the Institution receive all the patronage it so richly deserves, is the wish of a delighted visitor.

—Bad books and all works of an irreligious tendency are destructive of religion, of society, of the family; therefore all such should be destroyed in order to prevent the moral pestilence which they will inevitably disseminate.

Regulations of the University.

All students are required to attend the exercises of public worship with punctuality and decorum.

Students must show themselves obedient and respectful towards the Professors and Prefects of the Institution, and must never absent themselves from the place in which they ought to be, without permission from proper authority.

Students must carefully avoid every expression in the least injurious to religion or morals, their Professors, Prefects, or fellow-students.

The use of tobacco is strictly forbidden, and intoxicating liquors are absolutely prohibited.

Compensation for all damage done to the furniture or other property of the College will be required from the person or persons causing such damage.

No branch of study, once commenced, shall be discontinued without permission from the Director of Studies.

No one shall leave the University grounds without the permission of the President or Vice-President.

Students are expected to take baths regularly.

Students who have failed to give satisfaction in the classroom, or who have been guilty of misconduct, must perform such tasks as may be assigned them; and shall be excluded from all college exercises until such tasks be accomplished.

No book, periodical or newspaper shall be introduced into the College without being previously examined and approved by the Director of Studies. Objectionable books found in the possession of students will be withheld from them until their departure from the University, or destroyed.

All letters sent or received by students may be opened by the President or his representative.

Societies.

—The Editors of the "Philomathean Standard" will be chosen on the 21st of this month.

—The Thespians held their closing meeting of last year on the night of June 20th. Some thirty old members attended. After the meeting the Society was regaled with some choice songs by M. T. Corby, of '65, and others. The Society will reorganize on the 15th.

—The St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society held the concluding meeting of the last scholastic year on the 19th of June. The meeting was well attended. Thanks were returned to the Junior prefects for favors received during the year. They will reorganize on the 20th of this month.

—The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held its last meeting of the last scholastic year on Monday, June 20. The meeting was well attended, not only by the active members but by many old members who are now in business in the world. A vote of thanks was tendered to the Junior prefects for their kindness during the year. The Association will reorganize on the 12th of this month.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—Vacation is passing very pleasantly. The pupils who remain occupy their time with music-practice, reading, studying, sewing and such cheerful amusements that they feel refreshed both in mind and body. Several post-graduates have spent part of the vacation here. . . . The daily visits of strangers to the Academy tend to enliven the quiet routine. Three Right Rev. Bishops have honored the institution by their presence, viz., the Bishops of Denver, Covington, and Fort Wayne. . . . On the Centennial Fourth, the pupils had a very patriotic demonstration in one of the summer-houses. The programme was made up of songs, recitations, ice-cream, cakes, and lemonade. . . . On the Feast of the Assumption the interesting ceremony of conferring the holy habit took place in the Convent Chapel, when twenty-four novices were added to the already very num-

merous community of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Many strangers came to witness the beautiful ceremony.... Loving letters are daily received from the absent pupils. These evidences of gratitude and affection are highly valued by teachers and classmates. Inquiries are often made by the absentees concerning their flower-gardens; they will find them in excellent order, for the Juniors and Minims who remain are faithful to their promises and take the best possible care of the flower-beds entrusted to them.... Improvements have been made in dormitories and refectory.

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3 Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.	No. 2. Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y	No. 6. Pac. Exp. Daily.	No. 4. Night Ex. Ex. Sa & Su
Lv. CHICAGO.....	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 00 p.m.
Ar. FT. WAYNE.....	2 10 p.m.	11 25 "	6 15 a.m.
" Rochester.....	1 04 a.m.	11 12 a.m.	5 54 p.m.
" Pittsburgh.....	2 10 "	12 15 "	7 05 "
Lv. Pittsburgh.....	2 55 "	1 10 p.m.	8 10 "
Ar. Cresson.....			
" Harrisburg.....	11 30 a.m.	11 05 "	3 45 a.m.
" Baltimore.....	6 25 p.m.		7 35 "
" Washington.....	9 07 "		9 02 "
" Philadelphia.....	3 30 "	3 10 a.m.	7 35 "
" New York.....	6 45 "	6 50 "	10 25 "
" New Haven.....	11 52 "	10 40 "	3 26 p.m.
" Hartford.....	1 27 a.m.	12 11 p.m.	
" Springfield.....	2 20 "	12 57 p.m.	
" Providence.....	5 10 "	3 48 "	7 40 "
" Boston.....	6 15 "	4 50 "	9 05 "

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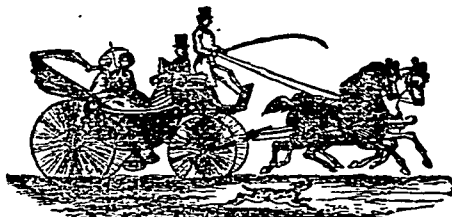
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For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

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On and after Sunday, April 16, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 40 p m.; Buffalo 9 05.

10 36 a m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p m.; Cleveland 10 10.

12 27 p m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 00 a m.

9 11 p m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2 40; Cleveland, 7 00; Buffalo, 1 05 p m.

11 25 p m., Fast Mail, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3 50 a m.; Cleveland 7 10 a m.; Buffalo 12 45 p m.

7 00 p m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 41 a m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 45 p m.; Chicago 6 a m.

5 06 a m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 6; Chicago 8 20 a m.

5 54 p m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50; Chicago, 8 20

8 01 a m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 01 a m.; Chicago 11 30 a m.

3 38 a m., Fast Mail. Arrives at Laporte 4 28 a m.; Chicago, 6 55 a m.

8 55 a m., Local Freight.

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

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY AND DENVER SHORT LINES.

Union Depot, West side, near Madison street bridge; Ticket offices at depot and 122 Randolph street.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Kansas City and Denver Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	2 40 pm	12 30 pm
Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line.....	7 50 pm	9 00 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line.....	7 40 am	9 00 pm
Pekin and Peoria Fast Express.....	4 00 pm	10 00 am
Peoria Day Express.....	7 50 pm	9 00 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.....	7 40 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express.....	7 50 pm	9 00 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex.....	2 40 pm	12 30 pm
Joliet Accommodation.....	9 20 am	5 00 pm
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen. Supt.	J. CHARLTON, Gen. Pass. Agt.	

Chicago, R. I. & Pacific.

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

Great Overland Route to California.

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

	Leave	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express.....	10 00 a.m.	3 45 p.m.
Peru accommodation.....	5 00 p.m.	9 35 a.m.
Night Express.....	10 00 p.m.	6 50 a.m.

A. M. SMITH,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

H. RIDDLE,
General Superintendent.

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 00 "	6 30 "	7 40 "	11 15 "
" Niles	9 02 "	12 09 p.m.	8 20 "	8 55 "	12 35 "
" Jackson.....	2 08 p.m.	3 55 "	Express.	12 40 a.m.	4 52 "
Ar. Detroit	5 45 "	6 25 "	10 15 "	3 30 "	8 00 a.m.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	10 05 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 p.m.
" Jackson.....	10 40 "	12 32 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 42 a.m.
" Niles	3 45 p.m.	4 23 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 10 "	5 35 "	7 50 "	4 15 "	5 50 "
Ar. Chicago.....	7 30 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

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

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—	6 30 a.m.	4 20 p.m.	\$8 00 a.m.	\$5 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	7 07 "	4 56 "	8 22 "	5 32 "
Ar. South Bend—	7 15 "	5 05 "	8 40 "	5 40 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted. §Sunday only.

G. L. ELLIOTT,
Agent, South Bend,

Wm. B. STRONG,
Gen'l Supt., Chicago

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agt., Notre Dame.

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Yankee Doodle.	Marseilles Hymn.
To thee, O Country.	Garibaldi Hymn.
Columbia the Gem.	King Oscar. [Swedish.]
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