

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Notre Dame as seen from St. Mary's.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The purple air, the misty hills;
The meadows, green with hidden rills;
The grove, that screens from curious gaze
Its sacred, meditative ways;
The lake beyond, its placid eye
Blue as the arch of vernal sky;
The dome, and chapel spires, that claim
Our Lady's favor, with her name;
How, like a thought of peace, the whole
Takes calm possession of the soul!

ST. MARY'S, May 7th, 1874.

The Year 1000.

The year one thousand was a critical one for all the nations of the West. Men had for centuries been making up their minds that something extraordinary would then happen. Traditions, more or less obscure, and badly interpreted prophecies, agree that the close of the tenth century would be followed by a period of great calamity.

Paphias, of Hieropolis, at the beginning of the second century, was the first to set forth in his works the theory which the Church has since condemned. He taught that Christ would once more visibly appear, and reign over the earth for the space of one thousand years. This theory, which at first had met with little favor, gradually spread over the west of Europe, and was firmly believed in Gaul, Britain, and on the shores of the Baltic. It was generally thought that the year one thousand would witness the commencement of this heavenly reign.

All Europe was, in the last years of the tenth century, given up to the liveliest anxiety. Men, while awaiting the accomplishment of the great events announced by prophecy, paid the most scrupulous attention to everything which might be looked upon as a warning or an omen, and the chroniclers of the age make faithful mention of everything occurring out of the accustomed order of things. In 996, unusual disturbances took place on the ocean, and a whale was stranded on the coast of Normandy. The following spring a comet appeared in the East—the quarter from which the beast of the Apocalypse was to come. In 999, snow fell in such quantities that in many provinces the huts of the serfs were buried, and men and flocks perished. Then followed rain storms, which lasted almost without interruption for several months; the crops were destroyed, and famine ensued; while it was reported that on the coast men lived on fish that had fallen from the clouds. Empires had their convulsions as well as the elements. Almost at

the same time, men had seen an anti-pope in the Chair of St. Peter and an excommunicated king on the throne of France. Everything seemed to verify the prophecies and to justify the fears that were universally felt. Piety seemed to increase in proportion as danger approached. "These extraordinary convulsions of the physical world are infallible signs," say the chronicles of the time, "that the end of the world is at hand; and to put an end to the errors of unbelievers, the prophecies of the Gospel are about to be realized."

Finally, in the midst of these disturbances and dangers and prodigies and alarms, the year one thousand began. The opening days of the year were marked by nothing extraordinary, as they are not referred to in the chronicles of the time. Days and months passed, and the anxiety of all became deeper and more feverish. The whole season of Lent was passed in recollection and prayer. No child was so young and no woman so weak as to wish to be dispensed from the fast imposed by the Church. But the day which all considered fatal—Good Friday—was approaching, and all awaited it with ill-concealed terror.

"On the evening of Holy Thursday," says one of the old chroniclers, "there was seen in the heavens something having the appearance of a bar of iron. It fell slowly, leaving behind it a long furrow of fire like that left by lightning. Houses were closed for the night, and many had already retired to rest; but the light was so brilliant that all were dazzled—those who were shut up in close apartments as well as those who stood in the open air. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere calm and serene; but the long tail of fire suddenly assumed the form of a dragon, which increased in size for a few moments, but finally disappeared. No one thought of retiring to rest where this wonderful spectacle was seen. Tapers were lighted before the images of the saints in the different churches, and the litanies of the dying were recited. On Friday, at break of day, the churches were filled. Processions were formed, in which thousands in the garb of penitents took place. From the narrow and smoky towns, from the monasteries, and the fortified baronial castles streams of men constantly poured forth under the banner of the Cross. Before the images of the crucifix, which dotted the hilltops and highways, these processions halted, and clerks and laymen intoned in concert the *De Profundis* or the *Miserere*. Frequently processions from different towns met, and all embraced, then threw themselves on their knees, and chanted with great fervor the Seven Penitential Psalms or the Litany of the Saints, praying that mercy might be shown the earth which was once more beginning to be covered with flowers.

Spring passed; the flowers fell; and summer and autumn, which so few had hoped ever again to see, returned with their fruits. There seemed to be no longer any reason for

fear, and piety no doubt began to relax as the danger appeared to recede. But suddenly a new and unexpected prodigy came to renew the apprehensions of all. In the month of September there appeared in the west one of those stars which then excited so much terror—a comet—which remained visible for nearly three months, and which illuminated the whole heavens with brilliant light from night-fall till break of day.

Marvellous tales were circulated, and generally believed at the same time. Many years after the death of Charlemagne, Otho the Third had a dream in which he was ordered to bury the bones of the great Emperor in holy ground. Otho came to Aix-la-Chapelle, and inquired of the oldest inhabitants where the body of Charlemagne had been laid, but found none able to inform him. He then fasted and prayed for three days, and on the third, by divine inspiration, he ordered the ground to be dug up under one of the aisles of St. Mary's Church.

A sort of vaulted chamber was finally reached, into which Otho descended, accompanied by one of his barons, two Bishops, and several monks. They found Charlemagne seated on a golden throne, a crown of gold on his head, and a golden sword and sceptre in his hand. Before this august apparition, Otho and his companions bent the knee. The body of the great Emperor was in a state of perfect preservation. The nails of his fingers had torn the leather gloves in which his hands were encased, and had grown out to a most extraordinary length. Amongst those who had accompanied Otho into the vault was a knight named Adalbert, of colossal stature and wonderful strength. He placed the crown on his head, but it was so large as to rest on his shoulders. He compared his stature with that of the great emperor and found himself a mere pigmy in comparison. Otho had the body of Charlemagne wrapped in white robes, and ordered it to be carried into the church, where it was buried under the altar of St. John the Baptist; nothing else was removed from the vault except a little golden cross, which Otho ever afterwards wore, and the golden throne, which was given to the king of Hungary in exchange for the relics of St. Adalbert the martyr. But Otho was universally censured for this act, and it was even said that Charlemagne appeared to him in sleep and foretold that he would reign without glory and die without heirs.

Such were the fears almost universally entertained in the year one thousand of the Christian era, and it required the lapse of many years to reassure the timid and superstitious. But the critical period once passed, everything seemed to take new life, as the first glimpse of sunlight after a storm changes the face of nature.

—An article in the *New York Tribune* places the population of the United States at 47,568,000, and of the Territories at 662,000—a total of 48,035,000. The population of the Eastern and Middle States is set down at 14,303,000; of the Western and Pacific States at 16,570,000, and of the former slave States at 16,800,000.

—On its being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this story was told, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," said one of the company, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

"In the Evening Weeping, but in the Morning Gladness."

'Twas here of old it stood,
Dear Notre Dame!
Above the fertile plain,
It towered aloft, and ruled its wide domain;
'Mid prairie, lake, and dusky verdant wood;
Where rippling waters of St. Joseph's stream
Flash out and hide, by turns, their silver gleam.
'Mid gardens bright and gay,
And restful wayside shrines, wherein to pray;—
God's acre, where the unforgotten dead,
Beneath the shadow of the cross are laid;—
And golden harvest field,
And vineyard's sunny slope, whose precious yield,
Consecrate and divine
Give to the altar mystic Bread and Wine.
Dear Notre Dame,
'Twas here of old it stood,—
The benedictions of its gentle sway,
Further and further known each coming day.

A blessed home it was, for old and young!
Here reverend heads in learned toils turned grey,
And boyish hearts to "*Alma Mater*" clung,
As generations came, and passed away,
To bear its influence to each strand,
And limit of our vast free land,
In steadfast North, and ardent South,
To live for justice and for truth,
By shores Pacific's halcyon waters lave,
And resonant Atlantic's stormy wave.

Ah, gentle was that Mother, whose fair form
Stood, strong and stately, on her regal throne,
Her bounteous hands held out in calm and storm,
Her queenly head bent unto God alone;
And full of trust—pure, simple, loving, sweet—
The guileless souls who gathered round her feet.

And seasons changed—and years sped on apace—
And souls departed gladly to their rest,
And souls in patience yet pursued their race,
While Notre Dame fulfilled her high behest,
Then perished,—grandly, as became a Queen—
Majestic—firm—magnanimous and serene.

In royal state, calm on her lofty pyre,
Consumed,—a holocaust to God's dear will;—
The elements adored Him—glowing fire,
And winds of heaven,—that fanned it brighter still,—
Entoned, in awful chant, a requiem grand,
Reverberant mournfully o'er sea and land.

Then was there weeping—tender, broken prayer—
For crushed and bleeding hearts were sorrowing there—
And rendered God their sacrifice of pain,—
Yet, raising up the heads so humbly bowed,
In heroic faith and hope they sang aloud:
"Weeping at eve—with morning, joy again!"

Dear Notre Dame!
The future holds for thee a gracious hour,
When, for the glory of His Holy Name,
God will uplift thee yet, in mightier strength and power!

[INTERLUDE.]

Unless the Hand of God
Hath set each ponderous beam, and poised each stone,
And measured with His rod,
Each arch and buttress—when the work is done,
Vain is man's labor—vain his boast and trust,
His noblest pile shall crumble into dust!

Owning unto God our human weakness,
 Praying for His aid with childlike meekness;
 Blessed with sacred sign, by hands anointed,
 In each rite by Holy Church appointed;
 Toiled we then, in spirit penitential,
 Worshipping with souls all reverential;
 Day by day rejoicing and believing,
 Daily helping from above receiving;
 Giving thanks, as higher yet and higher,
 —Soaring with the walls—our heart's desire,
 —Urged and spurred by holiest ambition,—
 Saw our hope approaching full fruition;
 So we labored—day by day beholding
 All the marvels of our aim unfolding;
 Till our recompense is duly meted,
 In our work so gloriously completed!

Sedes sapientiae—

Causa nostrae laetitiae—

Our gladdened eyes behold thee—once again—
 Queen regnant o'er thy peaceful wide domain!

[“IN THE MORNING GLADNESS.”]

She—who with folded hands,
 Enthroned and radiant stands,
 The Virgin Mother of our God and King—
 In this triumphant hour,
 Of mercy and of power,
 Is meet His praise adoringly to sing!

Voiceless, yet not unheard—
 Each grand prophetic word—
 Her rapturous hymn bears up our souls above
 More and more wondrous still,
 As centuries fulfil
 Its ancient promises anew to hope and love.

Kingdoms uprose and fell—
 And seas, with hollow swell,
 Roll where once dwelt great nations, strong and proud,
 But never yet hath been,
 The generation seen—
 That hath not told her blessedness aloud!

Untouched by taint of sin,
 All glorious within—
 He in whose sight the lowliest finds most grace;
 The handmaid of the Lord,—
 The Mother of His Word—
 Exalts as Queen of all the human race!

And still the promise stands—
 To earth's remotest lands,
 And yet, when earth and time shall be no more,
 The glory of our race—
 The Virgin full of grace—
 Shall magnify our God on heaven's eternal shore!

R. V. R.

Oct. 18th, 1879.

—Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones who go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the mad-house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a “successful” man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and will live to the most purpose.—*Ex.*

Labor.

Man has many happy inspirations which cost no toil; but, in general, he must labor or continue to live in ignorance. Even the spontaneous inspirations themselves, as a rule, come only to those who have cultivated their talents with great assiduity. Without activity, the mind does not develop; but, like the body which remains unemployed, it feels its forces diminishing, and it leads a languid, crawling sort of existence. Some believe that great geniuses are lazy. A grave error! All great men have been distinguished by indefatigable activity; this is a necessary condition for their greatness; without it they would not be great. Vanity sometimes makes men conceal the labor a work costs them, but it is certain that without much labor very little of what is excellent has been accomplished. Those who have extraordinary facility have acquired it by constant exercise, and it is puerile vanity to consider that much can be done with little toil. No one should be ashamed of the conditions imposed on the human race; and one of these is, that there is no progress without labor.

To labor with profit, it is proper to keep in view some observations on reading, conversation, and meditation.

In reading, there are two essentials: To select good books, and to read them well. Books that mislead the understanding or corrupt the heart should never be read. Irreligious and immoral reading conducts to no science; on the contrary, they are a spring of frivolous superficiality. We should select authors whose names are generally known and respected; this saves much time, and is pregnant with advancement. Eminent writers teach not only by what they say, but also by what they make us think. The mind is nourished by the doctrine they communicate, and it develops and unfolds by the reflection which they inspire. Of two men, one mediocre, the other eminent, who would prefer to consult the mediocre?

No art, no science should be studied by dictionaries or encyclopædias. It is necessary to begin at elemental works in order to find fruit in the study of those that are far advanced. Dictionaries and encyclopædias are good books for reference, but not for sounding things to the bottom.

Non multa, sed multum. To read much, but not many books, is an excellent rule. Reading is like food; the nutrition is in proportion, not to the quantity consumed, but to the quantity digested. Reading should be slow, attentive, and reflective. It should be often interrupted in order to reflect on what has been perused. By this means the substance of the author becomes our own; and an act is performed in the understanding like that which takes place in the nutritive functions of the person. It is often said that in reading it is best to keep a pen in the hand, so as to make notes of striking points. This, undoubtedly, is a wise rule; but in regard to it the following hints may be kept in view: first, it exposes us to the danger of putting down many useless remarks, and, therefore, to a waste of time which could be more profitably employed in reading; secondly, by putting everything on paper, the growth of the memory is interfered with; the best note-book is the head; it neither mislays papers nor confuses them; third, proper names and dates had better not be entirely entrusted to the memory.

The immoderate desire of universality is a cause of ignorance. Wishing to know all, ends in knowing nothing. It is very few men that are born with talents sufficient to

enter on all the sciences; hence it is very important to possess even one science to the foundation. And, therefore, our studies should always be undertaken after a due consideration of our capacities, of the time at our disposal, and of the profession we are to pursue. What is the use of a knowledge of botany to a soldier, if he be ignorant of the art of war? What profit would geometry be to an advocate, if he were unacquainted with jurisprudence?

Conversation with men is a great means for increasing our knowledge. Discussion is a fountain of light, provided we suppress personal vanity, the partiality of disposition, and avoid the danger of giving offence. It is worthy of remark that in the warmth of discussion, and sometimes even in the mild activity of tranquil conversation, thoughts occur to us which we never before experienced. The difficulties of our opponents, the observation of a friend, the doubts of the indifferent, even the deficiencies of the ignorant, are often the means of shedding new light on disputed questions.

Human intellects have the faculty of fecundizing each other. Unfortunately, however, men fall too frequently into the faults pointed out above. All of us can attest cases in which previously formed judgments were stubbornly held to the last; in which the aim was, not to find but the truth, but to fight a battle and gain a victory, and in which the pride of the contestants became exalted and their words offensive. And thus it too often is, that that which ought to be an association where each one could contribute his assistance as to a common fund, with the object of discovering the truth, is converted into a literary arena where passion predominates. The mere spirit of dispute is to be avoided. It is better to be contented with silence than to go into discussions from which nothing can be hoped in favor of the truth, even when propositions are put forth which could be easily undone. This prudence in escaping noisy contentions is conformable to good morals, to good education, and it saves much precious time to be employed in useful operations. But for all this, it is necessary to look for intercourse with judicious and intellectual persons. It is incredible what benefit arises from conversing with others on things that have engaged our study. By communications of this nature the mind unfolds itself, vivifies itself, recovers its power weakened in solitude, gains knowledge of its errors, rectifies its equivocations, confirms itself in possession of truth acquired, discovers new ways for further acquisitions; in a word, it gathers the fruit of the labors of its interlocutors; in turn it communicates its own, it gives and receives, it learns and it gives gratification.

Meditation is the intellectual labor by which we endeavor to know a thing to the foundation. It is clear that it would be a sterile act were there no ideas on which to fix it. Hence to meditate with fruit, it is necessary to have a supply of materials, acquired through reading, conversation, and observation. Intercourse with thinking men, and the reading of profound authors, insensibly accustom us to meditate. We should do all in our power to generate this custom in our minds, by contracting the habit of reflecting on everything offered to our consideration. Here we include the pursuits of business, as well as the subjects of science and letters; many errors, practical as well as speculative, have their birth in deficient reflection. There are men who read much but who do not meditate at all on what they read. The heads of such persons are depositories for foreign thoughts, which contain

nothing belonging to themselves, and which even in their best moments betray a borrowed intellectuality. It should be remembered that the fruit of study is found in proportion not alone with study itself, but also with the method of study. Then, again, there are others who in the management of business, sometimes of the highest importance, scarcely ever properly reflect on the nature of their responsibility. This is proceeding without plan, without foresight of what may happen, and leads to disasters that, no doubt, could be easily obviated.

B. L.

Art, Music and Literature.

—The Catholic University in Paris numbers 400 students.

—Tyndall's *Heat of Motion* is to reappear in a sixth edition.

—Mr. H. W. Longfellow uses an inkstand which used to belong to the poet Coleridge.

—A new edition of the works of Ivan Tourgueneff, in ten volumes, has just appeared in Russia.

—Rev. H. R. Haweis has in press his lectures on Tennyson, Keble, Herbert, Browning, Woodworth, and Longfellow.

—An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says, "The visitor's eye will be struck, on entering the room, with a porcelain umbrella."

—Count Albrecht has translated Tennyson's "Harold" into German, and the Baroness Hohenhausen has done the same for Longfellow's "Golden Legend."

—Bischoffsheim, a banker, in Paris, has offered to erect and present to the State an observatory near Nice, the estimated cost of which is \$1,500,000 francs.

—Mary Anderson, the celebrated tragedienne, is a Roman Catholic, and she refused to play upon the stage during Holy Week. Janauschek and Modjeska are also Roman Catholics.

—Mr. Alexander Delmar is about to bring out in London a "History of the Precious Metals." The author gives a history of coined silver and gold from the earliest times to the present.

—An edition of "Froissart's Chronicles" for the use of boys will appear at an early date. The book has been prepared by Sidney Lanier, and it will be handsomely illustrated by Alfred Kappes.

—The largest steel vessel in the world was launched at Dumbarton, Scotland, recently. She is the *Buenos Ayres*, of 4,040 tons, with engines of 500 horse-power, and engines wholly of steel, larger than any ever before made of that material. She is intended for the development of the cattle trade of the River Plate and Canada.

—The godless system of education is not working well in Belgium, and its founders and advocates are in a state of despair and anger. Authentic statistics show that in the province of Anvers alone, 15,156 children attend the free Catholic schools, and that the scholars in the official schools number altogether only 1,155.

—Our friends in South Bend, we understand, are soon to enjoy a rare treat in the shape of a concert to be given on the 22d of this month by the renowned violinist Remenyi, who is now travelling through the Western States. They are indeed highly favored, as this noted artist is considered by many as not only among the first, but the most accomplished violinist of the age.

—Leo XIII lately sat for his portrait three times to the Hungarian painter, Soldatics, and presented the picture when finished to the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of his silver wedding. The Emperor inquired the name of the artist, sent him a decoration, and raised him to the rank of Cavalier. A replica of the same likeness of Leo XIII was ordered by his Eminence Cardinal Newman from Signor Soldatics.

—Mr. Froude gives the following description of the

way he came to begin writing English history: "I found myself obliged to settle to some definite occupation. I would have gladly gone to the bar, or studied medicine, or gone into business. But, as the law then stood, these roads were closed to me. I did not wish, I could not afford to be idle; and though I knew that I had but the most moderate capacity for it, literature was the only alternative left open to me."

—In passing through the Antwerp Museum I witnessed a most remarkable sight. Seated in front of, and copying Van Dyck's well-known "Christ on the Cross," was Carolus Felu, a painter of some note in Belgium. He was born without either hands or arms, and does all his painting by holding the brush between the toes of his right foot. He has a particularly pleasant voice and manner. I talked to him for about ten minutes. He is an enthusiast in his art and a devoted idolater and follower of Reubens. —*Cor. Catholic Record.*

—Mr. Gladstone is expected to publish in the *University Magazine* a series of papers conveying his impressions and experiences in Italy. It is asserted by one to whom the Premier has sketched his idea that the series will embrace the religious, political, and social aspects of united Italy. There is brisk competition among publishers. One rather languishing periodical offered him 100 guineas an article, the price he receives from the monthly reviews; but though "The People's Wilham" is keen about his money, he closed with humbler terms from the magazine of his selection.

—Mme. Nilsson is to sing 12 times in opera, at Madrid, during the festivities in connection with the royal marriage. She will be paid \$18,000. For singing in a single concert at Cologne, on Dec. 6th, Patti and Nicotini will receive \$2,250. Enormous salaries, indeed, some may say; but this only shows what it is to be among the first in the art; and when we consider the lifetime of hard and steady labor that is required, and the many long years to be spent in the persevering and monotonous practice of the profession to reach that pinnacle of perfection, all enmity vanishes, and we are led to say truly "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

—Dr. Harper, S. J., who is spoken of by the *Athenæum* as the accomplished assailant of Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," is about to publish, through the house of Messrs. Macmillan, a treatise in four volumes on "The Metaphysics of the School." It is based on the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, and deals with those fundamental questions on the solution of which the direction of future philosophical research mainly depends. The first volume, to appear in a few days, discusses the definition and limits of metaphysics and the nature and attributes of being. This work derives a special interest from the recent encyclical of Leo XIII, and it is a curious fact that the Jesuit school, which newspaper correspondents asserted was aimed at in the Encyclical, should be the first to come forward in defence of the principles which are there laid down by his Holiness.

—Stonyhurst College, the great English Jesuit establishment, at which Sir Roger Tichborne was educated, and which figured so largely in the celebrated case, is to be rebuilt from the foundation at a cost of £100,000. The estate comprises above 2,000 acres, the whole of which is farmed by the Jesuits themselves with the assistance of bailiffs, and the administration is so successful that the enormous establishment in the college has hitherto been maintained from the produce of the estate, and the bulk of the sums paid by the students has been allowed to accumulate. Compared with other English public schools, the annual expense to students is low, being fixed at sixty guineas a year, while the diet is exceptionally liberal and generous. The sons of many distinguished Americans have been educated and are now being educated there. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Within the past few weeks there has passed away another relic in London of the days of Elizabeth, the residence on the western side of Aldersgate, commonly known as "Shakespeare's house." The local tradition goes that William Shakespeare lived in it when he was proprietor of the theatre in Golden Lane, towards the close of the 15th century. In Shakespeare's time the house bore the sign of the "Half Moon," to which sundry inscrip-

tions and hieroglyphics in the old wood-work referred. It is recorded in "Ben Jonson's Life," that on one occasion the poet feeling an inward craving for "sack," went to the "Half Moon," in Aldersgate street, but, finding it closed, took himself off to the "Sun," in Longacre, where he immediately sat down and wrote the following epigram:

"Since the Half Moon is so unkind
To make me go about,
The Sun my money now shall have,
The Moon shall go without."

—COLUMBUS'S LOST ANCHOR RECOVERED.—A curious relic of one of the expeditions which sailed to the West Indies under the command of Columbus has, it is stated by a Martinique journal, been recently discovered. On the 4th of August, 1498, a small squadron of three vessels, under the orders of Christopher Columbus, was anchored off the south-western extremity of the Island of Trinidad. Late at night, Columbus, as is related by Washington Irving, suddenly saw a wall of water approaching towards the fleet from the south. His own vessel was lifted up so high by the incoming wave that he feared it would be either submerged or dashed on shore; while the cable of one of the other ships parted under the strain to which it was subjected. The crews of the vessels gave themselves up for lost; but after a time the wave, which, it is surmised, must have been caused by an exceptionally large body of water coming suddenly down on one of the rivers flowing into the gulf of Para, ebbed back again. This sudden rise of the waters of the gulf is mentioned by Columbus's son Ferdinand, who adds that the fleet suffered no damage save the loss of one anchor. It is this anchor which has now been found; and, strangely enough, it was dug up from a depth six feet below the surface of the ground, at a spot 372 feet from the nearest point of the coast line. The land, it is well known, is gaining upon the sea along the shores of Venezuela, so that where ships once rode at anchor, gardens are now planted. The anchor itself is of simple form, and comparatively rude manufacture, the stock being 8 feet long, and round, with a ring at one end 1 foot in diameter to which to make fast the cable; flukes, 5 feet long. The whole weighs 1,100 pounds.

Scientific Notes.

—39,429,308 tons of coal were sold in Germany in 1878.

—English speculators are looking for gold in the Alps and the Jura.

—Dr. Wilhelm Schomoele, a professor at Bonn University, says he has discovered that human life can be vastly prolonged by eating lemons.

—For the protection of iron exposed to the weather from rust, a varnish composed as follows is recommended: One hundred parts mercury, 10 parts tin, 20 parts green vitriol, 120 parts water, and 15 parts hydrochloric acid of 1.2 specific gravity.

—Some firm in Germany is attempting to substitute paper for wood in the manufacture of lead-pencils. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After the paper is dry it is colored, and it resembles, when finished, an ordinary cedar pencil.

—According to Father Secchi, one of the most prominent students of the physical nature of the sun, the spot so often seen upon its face are due to eruptions of metallic vapors from the interior. Masses of metal in the form of vapor are believed to break through the incandescent gases of the sun's surface, forming clouds. The power of the spectroscopic is such that these investigations are attended with considerable certainty.

—Reynier, the electrician, has come to the following conclusions regarding hydro-electric batteries. The most powerful battery is the Bunsen, Ruhmkorff model, but it is inconvenient, deleterious, and expensive. The most economical and constant is the Thomson, but it is costly and cumbersome. The most convenient would be a well-arranged rotary, but the price would be high and the daily cost enormous. A battery as powerful as the Bunsen, as

economical as the Thomson, and as convenient as a well-arranged rotary one, would still be far from suitable for electric lighting. Hence, it is not at present among hydro-electric batteries that we have to look for the solution of a domestic motor applicable to the present electric lamps.

—Experiments recently made at Brussels and other cities of Europe go to prove that tar-water has a very beneficial effect on those suffering from consumption or bronchitis. The remedy should be applied, if possible, in the early stages of the disease. The slightest cold may in a short time lead to consumption or bronchitis. As soon, therefore, as coughing begins, recourse should be had to tar-water. Formerly this tar-water was prepared by placing tar in a flask which was afterwards filled with water and shaken twice a day for the space of a week. But of late, a preparation known as Guyot's Tar can be procured at any drug store in France, by the aid of which an excellent kind of tar-water can easily be made. It was with Guyot's Tar that the experiments above alluded to were made in Brussels as well as in Paris, Berlin and Lisbon.

—No justice can be done to Agassiz which does not recognize the religiousness of his nature. In his youth and early manhood he was a pronounced materialist. He passed into all the mental and moral moods which lead many modern scientists to ignore the existence of God. But he gradually passed out of this state as he came nearer and nearer, as an investigator, to the inmost meaning of nature. His most distinguished scientific contemporaries, having gone through all the dreary and dogmatic skepticism in which most men of science were contented to remain, he amazed his own class of scientists, in his "Essay on Classification," by urging them to abandon their neutral or hostile attitude towards natural theology, and to look on the various divisions and classes of nature as the embodiments of thoughts previously existing in a divine creative mind.—*E. P. Whipple.*

Books and Periodicals.

—*Missa Adoro Te* for two voices, soprano and alto, with organ accompaniment. Composed by Prof. John Singenberger, President of the American Cecilia Society. Published by the author, whose address is St. Francis, Wisconsin. Price, 35 cents, for the score; 12 copies for \$3.50. We are not musician enough to analyze the theme of this Mass, but the fact of its coming from Prof. Singenberger is a guarantee for its merit, and also that it is admirably fitted to supply a long felt want. This Mass will be a boon to many of our choirs who have to depend on soprano and alto voices. This fact recommends Prof. Singenberger's Mass especially to female academic institutions, communities, etc.

—The *College Message* for November (the first number, by the way, we have received in a long while) seems to be a decided improvement on former numbers. We are glad of this, and wish it continued success. The article on "Church Music" is well-written, and to the point. "College Fops and Borrs" and "Oddities" are lively and interesting, the exchange and local departments ditto. The manager of the editorial corps should make his printers use a better grade of printing-ink; this and a new set of rollers from Van Bibber's "Rough and Ready" would give the *Message* an appearance more in keeping with its contents. We have nothing to brag on this score of appearance ourselves; our worn type is against us, but our paper is a weekly, and expensive. There is not any money in publishing a college paper, but somebody may remember us in his will to the extent of three or four hundred dollars and then we can get a new suit of types.

—The *Queen's College Journal*, from over the border, is a bright-faced semi-monthly periodical of which its editors need not feel ashamed. It gives us greeting as follows: "THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is a well edited and newsy paper from Notre Dame, Indiana. Its contributed articles are good, but we think it would be the better for more editorial matter. We might ask the Exchange Editor if he does not think there is a small amount of quibbling in what he says about 'Sectarian' and 'Cath-

lic," etc. No, friend; not a bit of quibbling. We have sifted the matter to the bottom, and are satisfied of the truth of what we advance. *Ab uno disce omnes.* There was no intention on our part to evade the point in question by artifice, and our use of the terms was simply for the sake of the greatest brevity. Serious as was the charge of "Sectarianism" made against us by the *Philomathean*, we were convinced that a college paper was not the place to argue a question upon which volumes have been written, and some of them in the best of faith, on both sides.

—The *Chronicle*, published by students of the University of Michigan, is the best arranged and best edited college paper, properly so called, that we have seen this year. We were glad to learn from its last issue that what we heard announced as a students' "riot" in Ann Arbor was not at all what it was represented by the daily papers. There was not, strictly speaking, a riot at all, and the very great majority of the students had nothing whatever to do with the provoking of the affray, nor meddled in it afterwards. Even when rudely pressed by the police and military authorities, they pursued a most discreet and gentlemanly course, quietly withdrawing when requested to do so, although there was no just cause why the request should be made. The row was probably the work of a few hot-tempered individuals who under pressure of what they considered a grievance in having to wait an hour or so for mail-matter at the post-office, used some hard words, and the presence of a very large crowd of students—five hundred, perhaps—waiting their turn for mail, caused the cry of alarm to be given, and brought the police and militia on the ground. Several arrests were made,—but without any cause, it is said,—and a citizen was wounded by a bayonet-thrust from one of the militia. It is charged by the students that the police were mainly at fault. Of course there are two sides to every story, but at all events the majority of the students seem to deserve credit for their quiet and orderly behavior under unnecessary provocation.

—The *University Magazine*, from the University of Pennsylvania, is the next on our exchange list. It is very handsomely gotten up, neatly printed, with lines double leaded, which gives the face of the page a cleanly cut and light appearance. The heavy blue granite cover, so fashionable of late, gives it a massive look, and if not adding weight to the influence of the magazine, at least it does to its cost and its material weight in the post-bag. The matter of the present number is very good; it mainly pertains to athletic college games, a welcome subject to students who endeavor to carry out the maxim "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" The style of writing shows cultivation throughout, even in the poetry, which is a relief, as most of what we see in college papers (our own not excepted sometimes) is simply abominable. "J. B. K.'s" well-written communication in regard to the secret workings of the P. U. Boat Club reminds us of the little crookedness attending the proposed, and usual, boat-race here on St. Edward's Day. J. B. K. says, in connection with those secret workings, that "as well might he attempt to fathom the secrets of the dreaded Jesuits as to penetrate the mysteries of the so-called 'College' Boat Club." We are not a Jesuit, but we can assure "J. B. K." that the Jesuit "secrets" all exist in the imagination of those who know nothing about that religious order—they are simply a myth, as he can find out any day from members of the order in Philadelphia, or from any one of hundreds of young men who spent years with them, but who on account of ill health or for other causes left them or were dismissed.

—The *Harp* for November shows a decided improvement in the status of the magazine. We have heretofore spoken favorably of *The Harp*, but we must acknowledge that the fact of its being an advertising medium for *The Irish World* of New York, was always a bar to our good opinion of it. We are glad to see that the *Irish World* advertisement no longer disgraces its advertising pages, and we hope it never again will until that periodical changes its tone of hatred to everything Catholic. We can make all allowance for those who have been born and brought up outside the Church, and who honestly differ with us in religious opinion; we can give them the hand of cordial friendship without any scruple, but when an editor pretends to be a Catholic and

yet seeks in a covert and malicious manner to heap odium on the whole ecclesiastical body, from the Pope down to the humblest priest, we have no patience with him, and spurn him as a viper, as all honest men should do. The paper which while pretending to be Catholic attempted to throw dirt at the august form of Pope Pius IX, of glorious memory, as it lay on the bier, and made itself an apologist, however lame, of the Garibaldian cut-throats, should not be advertised in any Catholic periodical. The *Irish World* should come out in its true colors, and not seek behind a flimsy veil of patriotism to insinuate itself into the hearts of Irish Catholics in order to fill them with its own poisonous venom. No good will ever come to Ireland or the Irish through the *Irish World*. Its blatant, blood-shotten shouts of patriotism have altogether too hollow a sound to delude any but simple-minded people who cannot see its animus. Had we no Irish blood in our veins we might look on with indifference at noble-hearted, simple-minded Irishmen made fools of after the manner of the *Irish World*, but as it is, we cannot. The gospel of the *Irish World* is the gospel of satanic hatred, and deserves the condemnation of every Christian of whatever nationality. The infidel spirit that animates the paper should be apparent to everyone. We are glad to see that none of the *Irish World* spirit is to be found in *The Harp*, which is an excellent popular magazine. The matter, both original and selected, is of a wholesome tendency, and interesting. The price of subscription is \$1 a year. Published by John Gillies, 160 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

—The *University Press* for November, from the University of Wisconsin, is on our table, and an excellent number it is. We have heretofore had occasion to criticise severely the heathenish utterances of a writer in the *Press*, but for the matter in the present number we have nothing but praise. The leading article, "Woman as a Reformer," by Ella A. Giles, is full of fine thoughts clad in excellent language, and "A College Fallacy," ditto. The editorials are good, especially that on "Novel Reading," where the mission of the true-hearted and pure-minded novelist is held up as in a mirror. Ye "local," in a jocose effusion on "the melancholy days," says the editor-in-chief refuses to accept copy written on Sundays, but we think that in the case of such articles as the above he needs have no scruple—provided they are not written for money, which is out of the question. The exchange editor says "The SCHOLASTIC doesn't please us." Alleged reason, "too many Very Rev. Father Generals," etc., and the articles on "St. Edward's Day," "Altar Boys," etc. Of course, people can't be expected to like what they do not understand, while those who do understand and are interested in such things derive pleasure from them. (Our Commercial, for instance, don't care a fig for the rare birus, animals, bugs, and stones, that the Scientifics prize so much and make an ado over.) What seems rather impertinent, however, the editor asks whether "the local news of the University," etc., the rolls of honor, list of excellence, etc., are published by the students or by the priests of Notre Dame? In other words, we suppose the writer means to ask if the SCHOLASTIC is written and edited by the latter? We answer that it is not. We are not a priest, and, with other of our associates, do not aspire to that dignity. The rolls of honor are handed in by the faculty, composed of priests and lay professors; but of articles, general or editorial, we receive none, or but very few, from the priests, who say they have not time to write. We wish somebody would stir them up on this point, as the very little time we can spare from our regular duties makes this one a burden. We really have, each of us, enough to do, without it. When they do write, we can, in advance, assure the editor of the *Press* that there will be no egotism in the articles, and that he will like them. As to Very Rev. Edward Sorin, whom the *Press* writer terms "too many Very Reverend Father Generals," he is the founder of Notre Dame, and commenced here with a log hut; now, at a venerable old age, we behold here stately university buildings as the result of his exertions, with a corps of thirty professors and teachers. St. Edward's day is his feast-day, and is it not just that we should devote a large portion of our paper to him on its annual recurrence? All colleges where gratitude is a virtue have their "Founder's Day." Now, Mr. *Press*, be reasonable.

Society Notes.

—The Philodemic Literary Association held its 6th regular meeting Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th. A very interesting debate was held on the question—"Is Temperance increased by Prohibition?" between Messrs. McCue and Arnold on the affirmative, and Messrs. Murphy and Clarke on the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

—The Columbians held their regular meeting on the evening of the 11th inst., Mr. Brady declaimed. Messrs. Connolly and Claggett were elected censors. The debate of the evening then took place, entitled: "Does Industry effect more than Talent?" Messrs. Donohoe and Claggett sustained the affirmative side, and Messrs. M. Burns and R. Campbell did a like service for the negative. No decision was given.

—The 4th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary took place Sunday evening, Nov. 9th. No visitors present. Among the regular exercises were an essay by Master J. Homan, on "Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory"; on "All Saints' Day," by A. Caren; on "The Scapular," by C. J. Brinkman. Masters P. Flynn, A. P. Perley, F. Johnson, C. Phirlo, J. Rappe, A. J. Hinze and N. Weney were elected to membership.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Society, with a number of invited guests, spent a pleasant evening on the 11th inst. in Washington Hall. Prof. J. A. Lyons, their worthy President, furnished lunch for the occasion. Messrs. McGrath and Bloom, of the Senior Department, furnished the music. With song and dance the time was made merry until 9½ o'clock, when all retired to their respective dormitories well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th. Masters C. McGrath and J. Dwenger were unanimously elected members of the Society. Masters H. Snee, A. Schmückle, and L. Van Mourick added much to the pleasantness of this meeting by singing some good comic songs. Masters F. Garrity, G. Van Mourick E. Howard, J. Garrity, J. Courtney, G. Woodson and W. Coolbaugh delivered declamations. The President read some very comic selections.

—KEEP TO THE RIGHT.—Only villagers or persons with rural ideas now contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter, and an observance of this common sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrounging" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the the outside of the walk. Another common custom, and required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicable and absurd, is that of a man when on a promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: "If a man and woman are walking, she should always be at his right arm, whether it be towards the inside or outside of the walk; then the woman will not be shoved against the passers."

—"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"Oh, mother who would have thought that one drop would blacken a glass so!"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, or a dozen, or fifty drops, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training; many drops will make no impression on him."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 15, 1879.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Judge Turner, of South Bend, will lecture in Phelan Hall, some time during the coming week. Those who enjoyed the pleasure of listening to his beautiful lecture on "Music," last year, need not be told that another rich treat is in store for them.

A Gold Medal for Progress in Penmanship.

We have often heard it remarked that the Commercial students from Notre Dame were noted for excellence and good taste in penmanship—writing a really fine, legible business hand, without spoiling it with that redundancy of abominable flourishing that always shows a bad taste. We like good writing, and, if we had anything to do with college matters would give it a high premium; we also like flourishing, in its place, but it so seldom has a place among business men that it were better it should not be used at all than that it should be pushed in where it does not belong. Some people have such a silly fancy for "flourishes" that they will make a peg of almost every letter of the alphabet in order to hang up some of their dilectable ovals, ogees, or other spread-eagle signs on them.

But what we started out to say was that we understand Prof. J. F. Edwards, a warm admirer of the "true, the beautiful, and the good," has donated a gold medal, to be given at the close of the scholastic year to the student who shall have made most *progress* in the art of penmanship. With his usual discernment, the donor has not given the medal for proficiency, but for *improvement*, thus leaving it open to all—to the beginner, as well as to the farthest advanced. The specimens, which are written every month, will be carefully preserved by the teacher of penmanship, so that an exact idea of the progress made by each can be formed at any time.

The Philodemic Debate.

Phelan Hall was reopened for practical purposes on Thursday evening. The stuffed animals, which, happily for their own peace of mind, had never been transported to the empyrean regions of the upper dormitory, gleamed a welcome from their glassy eyes upon their old friends as they entered. They had all been witnesses of the fire, more or less, and the Minims had taken refuge beneath their talons. No wonder, then, that the peacock in the glass case was giving himself the airs of a phoenix and pretending to rise from his ashes. The philosophical apparatus looked reticent and imposing, and the galvanic batteries threatened unutterable vengeance from their seclusion. After preliminary strains from the string band, Mr. McGrath opened the literary exercises with an elaborate essay on "Our Poets"; and then a chosen delegation of the Philodemics proceeded to discuss the oft-mooted question whether the reading of works of fiction is beneficial or otherwise. Mr. Burger appeared on the affirmative, and came out strong in favor of fiction. Mr. Russell replied categorically as follows:

After defining what must be considered as fiction, he assured us—

1. That there are other works that may perform the function of fiction.
2. That these works are of a better class.
3. That therefore fiction is not a necessity.

He then proceeded to expatiate on

1. The object of the Novel;
2. Nature of Fiction;
3. Nature of Fiction-Reading, which he subdivided into
 - a Its effect on the mind;
 - b Its prevalence, and
 - c Its public condemnation, and the lamentable fact that
 - d The occasional becomes the habitual novel-reader.

He then animadverted bitterly on the public libraries and public support given to this pernicious habit, whose results might be disconsolately contemplated in the persons of the socialist, the tramp, and the visionary. Then summing up the monstrous effects of this horrible vice on morality, government, society, civilization and Christianity, he came to the conclusion that it's naughty but it's nice.

Mr. Berteling then took up the affirmative side of the question, and was followed by Mr. McGorrisk in the negative, who clinched Mr. Russell's arguments in a satisfactory manner, taking a high moral stand, stating that novels are but deceptions; and deception is injurious, as it impresses wrong ideas upon the mind. As for "style"—very few pay any attention to the style in which a story is written, the attraction for the majority being the story itself. He then stated that one-half of the literature issued from the press consists of immoral novels (which is rather rough on "the press.") If the immorality is not outspoken and bold, it is shown in the motives and actions of the persons represented, and even in the characters themselves. As for "moral novels"—novels professedly moral, having characters intended to represent Christians who, however, are not actuated by Christian motives or Christian feelings—they do not inspire the reader with a feeling of reverence for God, or a reliance upon His power or goodness in adversity or danger. They represent men as leading Christian lives through the power and strength of

their own wills, and not by a reliance upon the graces which God gives them. With regard to instructive novels, their number is small compared with those of the opposite character. Their primary object is to please. Novels are scattered among all classes, and are therefore more injurious. The persons who read novels are not the literary student, but the bully, the effeminate gentleman, and the lady of leisure and fashion.

The question having been thoroughly debated, Very Rev. President Corby rose and made a few closing remarks, thanking the young gentlemen for the pains taken to furnish so pleasing and instructive a literary entertainment, and reserving the decision on the merits of the debate.

Terrible Talkers.

Among the distinguishing endowments which God in His all-wise providence has bestowed upon man, and by which he is elevated in his nature and power far above all other created beings, partaking more of the divine, none perhaps is more prominent, or places man so strikingly in contrast with other creatures than the gift of speech, the power of expressing to others by words, our thoughts, our feelings, or our wants. To realize the immense value of such a gift, we have but to ask ourselves the question, What would we be without it?—in answering which we would find our mind and imagination in a measure tending to the level of the brute creation. The power of this faculty is inestimable, as can be best seen in a reflection upon the impotency of man devoid of its use. Without it would vanish, too, all the wondrous works of his hands and mind, which we see around us; in fact, we could not imagine him at all living in a world like ours, for without the power of intercommunication there would also be the want of co-operation necessary to accomplish the wonders contained in it.

To man alone has this wonderful faculty of talking been given, and its regulation should be considered by him as one of his most important duties—to see that it is used in a manner beneficial to himself and to others, and for the purpose alone for which it was bestowed upon him; to cultivate it as an art, and strive to attain in it a certain degree of proficiency and refinement.

It may be said, indeed, that to talk is as easy as to walk. Ah, yes, and in fact there are some who find it, by their very nature, difficult indeed to do much walking, but can sit all day and talk. However, this consists in a sort of frivolous, "chatter-box" talking, of which we do not speak. We refer here to wholesome, profitable and sensible conversation, an efficiency in which we consider a fine accomplishment, which all should make an effort to attain, if it has not already been received as a special endowment.

This accomplishment, however, whether natural or attained, is, like every other precious gift with which man has been blessed, liable to be misused, and by its abuse it becomes itself, as the Scripture says, "a world of iniquity." We see this, alas! too clearly demonstrated at the present time. As we look around through the circle of general society, we find that conversation not only useless and gossipy, but also malignant and scandalous, is a pervading evil, and that the injuries and mischief diffused by it are almost incredible. It is, then, concerning the ways in which conversation is misused that we would speak, or rather show some particular ways in which a person by

pervverting the power of talking, becomes to others, if not pernicious, at least extremely disgusting, and thereby comes under the head of what we have styled a terrible talker.

There are in this kind of talkers, to which we believe we justly annex the *terrible* adjective, several sub-divisions or classes, differing from each other in the spirit or intention that impels the action of their tongues. In the first class, we recognize those who are, on account of their blind self-conceit, more to be pitied than condemned. They derive the title not so much from the terrible nature as from the "terrible" amount of talking that they do. They, poor fellows, seem to think that the main end of their existence is to keep the tongue going, and that it was given to them solely as a means of self-glorification. Concerning any subject, of course they know it all; they are always the hero of their own tale—you cannot talk to them five minutes before you know their business or their profession, and the sagacious and dexterous manner in which they manage the affairs of life; their glorious achievements and superior wisdom will be magnified to such a brilliancy that one could easily imagine he had met the hero of the age. They remind us, in fact, of a scene we once witnessed in a play representing border life, where the wild chief of the plains, decked in all the paraphernalia of savage warfare, tears wildly out upon the stage, and with a tremendous grunt and a grand flourish of his tomahawk, yells—"Ugh, Big Injun Me!" Wearied? never! They could talk forever in this strain, and are vain enough to suppose that their conversation is as pleasant and interesting to others as it is to themselves. No matter how you turn the subject, or in what light you speak, they are adroit enough to make it reflect entirely on themselves.

This habit of incessant and egotistical talking has not only become very common, but you will find especially in the commercial world, among those who travel as agents for business houses, some who are foolish enough to consider it an essential quality in their occupations, and strive to attain a perfection in it—and who do, too! It is a mistaken idea, of course; and the trade of one who is stamped by the different merchants that he visits as "a terrible talker" is of short duration. He soon learns, to his sorrow, how disgustingly odious the thing eventually becomes, not only in his case, but in that of all others who engage in it.

Then there is another class of talkers, who, while likewise free from any direct intention of doing wrong, are indeed the cause of a great deal of wrong. They are about the same in the amount of loquacity they possess, but in its dissemination generally choose as an object the affairs and doings of others rather than their own. These are of the frivolous, gossiping kind, who, if not meddling in the affairs of others and prying into their neighbors' houses to discover secrets, and then spread them abroad, are at least engaged continually in a sort of foolish prattle concerning the most useless things,—the trifling affairs of society, fashion, and the like. Besides this, persons habitually engaged in this style of conversation pay little attention to the words they use, and their forms of expression,—thereby acquiring a habit of using those that are unbecoming, slang, by-words, and other rough expressions. Such talkers as these are also very offensive, and their conversation very injurious, to those alike with whom and of whom they talk. They, however, are much less to be dreaded than those who knowingly and willingly abuse

this gift of speech, and glory in the evil that their malicious talk effects. They are never happier than when they see the most tender feelings of another pierced to the heart by a cold-blooded slash of their merciless tongues. With what complete satisfaction do they witness the shame and sorrow they have brought upon another by exposing his faults or misdoings! what a victory they have won when by their deceitful talk they have succeeded in destroying the love of the nearest and dearest hearts! In others, of course, they see no good, and are always ready and skilful enough to give to all their actions an appearance of guilt. Some indeed go further, and employ their tongues in the vilest and most despicable abuse of this faculty, namely calumny, and detraction. They handle the double-edged sword of slander with a fiendish skill and a nonchalance that is truly surprising; backbiting and defaming form, with falsehood and deceit, their toys, the most agreeable pastime of their malicious lives.

These, then, are the kind of talkers that fill us with real terror, whenever we think of them, and whose company and conversation should be avoided and despised by all. Especially should great care be taken in this regard by young men who are now forming habits and dispositions that will characterize their future lives. They should form in youth a fixed habit of always making their conversations wholesome, pleasant, profitable, and, above all, charitable to all, not forgetting that the tongue tells the character of a man—his intelligence and refinement, or on the other hand, his ignorance, and lack of good breeding or conscientious principle.

Personal.

- Charles Wheeler, '72, is practising law in Iowa.
- Frank Frazee, '75, is prospering at Portsmouth, Ohio.
- T. Byrne, law, '81, has gone to New York city to visit friends.
- Mr. Fogarty, of Pittsburgh, was among the guests on last Thursday.
- Hon. H. H. Holt, of Mich., visited President Corby during the week.
- B. J. Baca, '74, is doing a flourishing business at San Patricio, New Mexico.
- Mrs. G. Tourtilotte and Mrs. A. Tourtilotte, of Toledo, called at the University on Thursday.
- Mrs. Ivers, Maggie, and the Professor, went to Chicago on Wednesday, to attend the Grant reception.
- Information wanted regarding N. J. Mooney, '77. When last heard from he was reading law at Amboy, Ill.
- Business called Father Condon to Chicago, last Wednesday. He says the Grant reception was a grand success.
- Mrs. Judge Cleary, of Covington, Ky., accompanied by Mrs. McVeigh, were guests at the College on Tuesday and Wednesday.
- Jas. H. Delaney (Commercial), '78, is in the office of Jesse Spalding, lumber merchant, at Spalding, Mich. He will return to Notre Dame early in February.
- Rev. Father Brant, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Father Cosmas, of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, Winamac, Ind., and Mrs. Dr. Barrett, of Boston, were guests of the President on Thursday last.
- Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., whom it is not necessary to introduce to the older students and those of former years, is doing good mission work at Lead City, Dakota. In a recent letter, which we have been shown, he speaks of a narrow escape he recently had, while making a sick-call, we believe. The following extract from his letter explains the adventure: "I lost my way and had to turn back. I started out at 7½ o'clock, a. m. About 6 o'clock p. m. the

rain began to fall, and it grew so dark that I could not even see the road. I trusted to my pony, but he walked right into the woods, where we got mixed up in the brushwood and fallen trees, and at last I had to abandon the pony to his fate and try to grope my way out of the woods. I succeeded, after sinking above my knees in a creek, and escaping breaking my neck over the fallen trees. When I got out on the road, it was still so dark that I dared not venture forward, for fear of falling over the hill-side, especially when I struck a match and found myself standing over a fall of some six feet, with stones of all shapes scattered around. Towards morning the rain in the wagon-tracks served me as a sort of guide. I got home at 6 o'clock, a. m., hungry, tired, and wet through. I could not lie down during the night, for I had only my ordinary clothes with me. To keep from freezing, I kept marking time, and when I was too tired of that, I flung my arms around; sometimes I rested my back against a rock, which I fortunately groped up to by the wayside, and when my eyes would close for a moment, my knee would bend and wake me. Not even a star was to be seen throughout the night. I never passed such a long twelve hours. To my surprise I did not even catch cold. As soon as my pony can travel I shall start for Rochford again. Likely I shall have to give them Mass there occasionally."

Local Items.

- So!
- Who?
- When?
- Where?
- Apples.
- Inconstancy.
- Pie, Brother.
- Jake is a poet.
- Hallo, "Dick!"
- Bow-wow-wow!
- E-nuff! e-nuff! e-nuff!
- Bad season for oysters.
- That's my bone, A—k.
- Hurrah for the Russians!
- Partners for the quadrille.
- I'd like to learn to reverse.
- Please don't give us away.
- Get your whist tables ready.
- General, wear your other hat.
- Good fishing in St Mary's Lake.
- He sold himself for a piece of pie.
- About thirty followed those ducks.
- Do keep that talking-machine quiet!
- St. Louis is bound to win the medal.
- The Philopatrians are a noisy crowd.
- Burr and Dick are not the best of friends.
- Rettig's latest invention is quite a curiosity.
- Subscribe for the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
- Mike is coxswain, and "Saltie" pulls stroke.
- He cut it off last week. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*
- The Philosophers have improved since last week.
- The boats have been taken out of winter quarters.
- Know that you are right, then go straight ahead.
- We hear that the campus is to be lighted with gas.
- That straw hat hasn't gone into winter quarters yet.
- The question is now, not who shot the duck, but who ate it?
- Competitions will be held next week in the Collegiate Course.
- The Columbians had a lively debate last Tuesday evening.
- The Senior Orchestra was organized last Wednesday morning.

—The best natured collegian is a member of the Junior Scientific.

—The String Quartette did nobly on the occasion of the public debate.

—One of the Preps has discovered that there is a cotton mine in Spain.

—The Freshmen have a rising poet who will soon give to the world the product of his genius.

—The Seniors are reading in their refectory "How to Get Along in the World," by Mathews.

—There are very few sick in the infirmary these days. The students never enjoyed better health.

—The steamer Pereire, on which Father Sorin sailed for Europe, arrived safe at Brest last Sunday.

—The Juniors took possession of their new trunk-room, on the first floor of the extension, a few days ago.

—The boys do not fish this year as much as they did years ago. Football, promenades, etc., are all the go.

—There is a boom on carpets—they are steadily going up, like the magic prayer-carpet in the Arabian Nights.

—Because a few grumblers cannot understand some of our items that is no reason that there are not others who can.

—R. E. Fleming had the second best Bulletin, *ex æquo* with F. Phillips, for October, in the Commercial Department.

—Bro. Leopold deserves great credit for the energy he displays in managing the affairs of the Musical Department.

—The Philodemics are dignified, the Columbians energetic, the Philomatheans are the best, and the Thespians are always on time.

—We are glad that our silent friends in the community cemetery are not forgotten by their former companions and pupils.

—To-morrow, *Missa Parvulorum*, p. 39 of the Kyriale, will be sung. Vespers of the Common of a Confessor Bishop, p. 48 of the Vesperal.

—Jones of the Senior, Cleary of the Junior, and Taylor of the Minim Department, are three solid men. Of the three, the Minim is the heaviest.

—The new College chapel is large enough to hold all the students and members of the Faculty. It will be used on week-days during the winter months.

—The Gillespie Choral Union promises to furnish good music for our public entertainment's. New life has been infused into the organization by its present director.

—Persons going out hunting together, should agree on the number and species of game secured before they separate, otherwise discrepancies will frequently arise.

—Students and others who suffer from cold feet can find relief by putting several folds of an old newspaper in their boots or shoes. Renew the paper every fortnight or two.

—Whenever we refer to a hirsute growth on the upper lip, ten Seniors, five Juniors, three Sophomores and one Freshy, brace up and exclaim, "That's me; lend me your glass."

—Father Louage and his novices are planting hundreds of evergreen trees on the premises near Mt. Calvary. In a few years he will have the most beautiful grove at Notre Dame.

—The Curator of the Museum gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a valuable collection of specimens of calcspar, amethyst, iron and copper ore, etc., from Mr. M. J. Lynch, of Republic, Mich.

—A rich purple velvet vestment has been donated to the church by the Ladies' Altar Society. It is heavily embroidered with silver bullion, and is one of the finest pieces of needlework we have ever seen.

—The Russians have won the day in the first Geog. and Hist. Prep. dept. Master J. Scanlan had the best score on the side of the Turks, and Master Fleming the best on the side of the Russians. Master S— won the leather medal for having the largest number of mistakes.

—A volume of Quintilian—10th and 12th Books—has

either been mislaid or taken from our editorial room. Any one having it, or knowing where it is, will confer a favor by returning it to us as soon as possible.

—MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir: In your late notice of the Canadian families, you forgot to mention the fact that many of them were of Irish extraction. The Chandonnet family, for example, are lineally descended from the Bells of Shandon. Yours, etc.—SNIFTER.

—To make Boneset Tea.—Take six good-sized Indians and kill them. Boil them down carefully, and extract the bones. The thigh bones will make the legs of the settee, and the ribs will do for the back and sides. The vertebrae can be applied to ornamental purposes.

—In the Commercial Course the result of the competition was watched with as much interest as Ben Butler noted the election returns of Massachusetts. It was reported that the lucky one in the Junior Arithmetic intended to furnish oysters for the class. The rumor must have been false, as the oysters have not yet appeared.

—Mr. Walter Hastings, who died lately in Boston, left an article in his will to the effect that five hundred thousand dollars should be given to Harvard College, one half to be used in erecting a building for university purposes, and the interest of the other half to be used as the faculty should decree. Why do not some of our rich Catholics go and do likewise?

—We request the writer of the following to send us no more items: "Why are the Freshmen more pious on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays than on the other days of the week?" Because the pie store is open on those days. The brilliant youth who sent us the above must have been in close contact with the carpenters' grindstone. We hope his piety surpasses his wit.

—Persons who retain books for a longer period than the library rules allow, do a great injustice to the students, for whom the library was founded, for they prevent them from using books which would often be of great service when preparing debates, orations, etc. Those who have books in their possession for a longer period than one month are requested to return them immediately to the librarian.

—In the hurling match on the 9th inst., Henry Rose won the prize in the first contest, and Frank Carter came out second best. When the second team tried their muscle, Schoby took the lead, with Bodine as second and Orrick as third. The third trial was won by Fleming first position, Tinley second, and Kleine third. In the contest by the Preps., Master Becker came out first best, Master Mergenthheim second, and Master Guthrie third.

—In last week's tirade of the Professor of Mathematics against us, please insert "*were*" before ascribed, and "*the*" before editors. We are very particular about the last, because editors are *always* around, catching news on the fly, and we are there also. We know that his buncombe was directed against us solely, and we will not give him a chance to charge the typos with joining in a conspiracy to malign him."

—The house-warming in the Minims' new play-hall on Saturday, Nov. 8th, was a very enjoyable affair. The usual Hallowe'en sports had been postponed till that evening, and anyone suffering from low spirits would have been cured by hearing the merry shouts of laughter provoked by the diving for apples. Failure to bring them to the surface, however, was not seriously regretted, as the genial B. Albert stood by with a basket to reward the unsuccessful as well as the successful.

—Books added to the Lemonnier Library during the past week: Lamartine's History of the Girondists, 3 vols.; History of the Church, Darras, 4 vols.; Addison's Works, 3 vols.; The Monks of the West, Count de Montalembert, 2 vols.; Life of Washington, Bancroft; Schlegel's Dramatic Literature; Chambers's Etymological Dictionary. Thanks are returned to Prof. Lyons for a fine copy of Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, 2 vols.; to Master A. Coghlin, for Juvenile Works; to Mrs. Paul Edwards, Toledo, for a complete set of *Ave Maria*, 14 vols.; to Rev. Father Louage, for Lingard's History of England, London, 1855, 10 vols.; Life and Times of Daniel O'Con-

nell with Sketches of his Contemporaries, compiled from the Works of W. J. O'N. Daunt, Mr. Fegan, R. L. Shiel, etc., 2 vols.; to Rev. P. Lauth, South Bend, for "The Footprints of Time, and Analysis of Our Government"; to Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., for "Report of Canadian Pacific Railway," Sanford Fleming, 1877.

—Now, just read the following, and imagine, if you can, that it was written by a very, *very* high classman:

A rather subtle wit, we know,
Has lately stole a pun, to show
"That small beginnings often make
Great, waxy ends"; if one but take
"Some old cats' tails, and scrape them clean,"
Then, "after that besmear with cream."
Oh! would that that young beardless elf,
Could only care to mind himself;
And leave "high classman's" downy beard
Alone, until it's better reared.

This child of '80 has feloniously taken our remarks in regard to mustaches as personal. Is he so conceited as to think that he is the only upper-classman who can render himself perfectly irresistible by raising a 'daisy'? We know a score of upper-classmen with blonde, strawberry blonde, brindle, brown, and jet black streaks on their upper lips. Because we shave twice a day, forsooth, must it be said of us that we cannot raise a beard! We had a mustach once, and can show photos with it on—at least, we could before the fire—but it got so heavy we had to keep our mouth shut, which was more than we could stand, so we don't let it grow any more, that's all.

—On seeing, last Saturday evening, the new recreation-hall of the Minims lit up, we concluded they were going to give a house-warming, but on enquiring were told they had assembled to celebrate Hallow E'en, which they had been obliged to postpone from the 31st ult. on account of the retreat. The favorite amusement on the occasion, and the one most enjoyed by the Minims, causing the greatest fun and merriment, were the attempts of each in succession to lift with his teeth, from a tub of water, an apple, the oftenest in three trials. This is not a very easy feat to accomplish for little boys, but some did remarkably well. Among the three best divers were Guy Woodson, C. H. McGrath and W. H. Hanivan. Among the second best were Joe Courtney, H. Snee, Frank Garrity, H. Kitz, and Geo. Tourtillotte. E. A. Howard lifted the largest apple. J. R. B., the biggest Minim,—who, though only eight years old, weighs 125 lbs.—was very anxious to distinguish himself, and felt fully confident he could put all present in the shade at the ducking business; so, long before his turn came, he had prepared himself for earnest work, divesting himself of everything in the gentlemen's furnishing line that interfered in the least with the free motion of the sternal muscles. Elbowing his way through the crowd of little fellows who surrounded the tub of briny, lukewarm water, his bosom swelling with apple-loving emotion, he exclaimed, in the language of a renowned orator—"Sink or swim—live or die—survive or perish, I am bound to lift an apple every duck." Down went his head in the water, wetting his budding mustach, but after chasing the apples around the tub with his nose, his efforts being greeted with terrific applause by the rest of the party, and persisting in the chase until he was almost drowned, he succeeded in lifting—not one! J. R. B.'s excuse for not doing better was that the apples moved too fast for him, but the Minims consoled him by putting all the blame on his mustache, declaring that it was so bushy as to be in the way of his teeth. He was willing to be convinced that this was the cause of his failure, but he is going to see Mr. Condon, the barber, after which he expects to win the champion diver's belt.

—There was played on the 8th inst. what might be termed the "boss" game of football of the season. The "Reds" and "Blues" took into their respective clubs all the students of the Preparatory Department with the exception of three who were indisposed. It was a grand sight to see one hundred and two boys engaged in a game of football. At times, the long line would move by the flank, by the oblique, counter march, and wheel, with all the precision of a military company. Before the game commenced, B. Simon rolled a barrel of "Northern Spy"

apples out on the campus to be given to the victors. Of course the boys were grateful for the gift, and showed their appreciation by three hearty cheers for the donor. The captains tossed for choice of goals. The toss was won by Rob McCarthy, who filled the position of captain for the Reds, and he chose the eastern goal. Just then a breeze commenced blowing from the east, much to the chagrin of the Reds and the amusement of the Blues. At 2 p. m., everything being in readiness, game was called. M. J. Burns, captain of the Blues, kicked the ball in the direction of the western goal. It was stopped by R. Le Bourgeois, one of the ablest players of the Reds, and sent in an opposite direction. So the play continued for two hours, when by consent of both captains it was called a draw, and the apples shared between both clubs. Among the best players were: R. Le Bourgeois and A. Payro, of New Orleans; Charley Tinley, of Covington, Ky.; R. Fleming, Henderson, Ky.; F. Dever, Ashland, Ky.; J. Brown, Brownsville, Texas; A. Bodine, Springfield, Ky.; S. J. Semmes, and E. Orrick, of Canton, Miss.; H. Dunn, Mobile, Alabama; J. Simms, Springfield, Ky.; J. Larkin, Wheeling, W. Va.; A. J. Burger, Burlington, Iowa; M. J. Burns, Ada, Mich.; L. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio; L. Cole, Peru, Ind.; S. Dering, Anderson, Ind.; G. Foster, Yankton, Dakota; F. Grever, J. Homan and A. Reinholdt, of Cincinnati; J. Gibbons, Keokuk, Iowa; J. Hintze, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. Kuhn, Mishawaka, Ind.; R. O'Connor, A. C. and W. Reitz, and J. Scanlan, of Chicago; E. Otis, Bismark, Dakota; F. Phillips, Fort Wayne, Ind.; H. Rose, Evansville, Ind.; A. Rock, Lincoln, Ill.; J. Schobey, Danville, Ill.; J. Seeger, Dubuque, Iowa; J. Scheid, Lincoln, Ill.; W. Thompson, Elgin, Ill.; F. Zeis and H. Devitt, Chicago.

MR. EDITOR: I have been very busy of late, and tempted to let "Justice's" remarks go for what they would bring him; but, sir, on second thought I find I cannot stand the imputation of having "stolen" Oliver Optic's nautical phrases and attempting to pass them off as my own; and, further, the more ridiculous light in which he would place me by saying that "*they were incorrect at that!*" (I quote from memory.) No, sir; this is too much, and I deny the allegation—both allegations—in toto. The expressions were not taken from Oliver Optic, and they are not incorrect. If "Justice" is not willing to take my *ipsissima verba* in this matter he may ask one here at Notre Dame who is well up in nautical affairs, and whose decision neither of us would dare to impugn. The air of offended dignity assumed by "Justice" would be sublime if it were not so much out of place as to make it ridiculous. Offended dignity! why, sir, waiving the greasing, slippery, business first in question, *mine* is the rôle of offended dignity, or at least should be. He discredits my word, and a gentleman's word should be equal to his bond—giving as his excuse the implication that I am not tar enough to know the meaning of what I said. Not tar enough! Why, sir, he may find that I have a double claim to attention, and that with his affected airs he is attempting to catch a *tar-tar*. His expressions of supercilious contempt might do to apply to one who did not know a ship's bumpkin from the cat-head, or these from the davits, or a roband from a jackstay. He says "Helm's alee" is not the term used when putting a vessel about, when perhaps he does not know the difference between putting it alee and putting it hard down! Does he really know the difference between a tack and a sheet, or between the luff and leech of a sail? Likely not. And yet he takes it on himself to say my terms are incorrect! A pretty judge he. When I used those expressions I knew from actual observation what I was talking about, and can describe a vessel when "in stays" and when she is not, without cozening Oliver Optic, or Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." I am sure I can stand upon a tack without making a fuss about it, which, probably, "Justice" cannot do; and I can work a dead-reckoning or heave the log without trouble, when with "Justice" a chief point might be the size of the log he was to heave. But to come back to the greasing—the slippery question—I assert that greasing or oiling a boat's bottom is customary the world over among naval officers, boatmen, and those who understand the management of boats. "Justice" says, however, it is not fair! Who should know best? If he were engaged to run a foot-race and chose to oil his body after the manner of the athletes of

old, would it be considered unfair? I think not. And yet the cases are parallel. Of course if the N. D. Boat Club has a clause in its rules prohibiting oiling or greasing, that decides the matter as far as they are concerned. (*I am not a member of the Boat Club, and do not know its rules.*) "Justice's" assertion that he knew that greasing the bottom accelerated a boat's speed is not saying that he knew it before the race was to come off; or before he saw the grease on the Minnehaha's bottom. In this connection he may recall the anecdote of Columbus's making an egg stand on its end. I think the Hiawatha's crew would have acted wisely in accepting the generous offer of the greased boat; that is what I would call carrying the war into Greece, and beating the Grecians at their own tactics, if they had taken undue advantage. In whatever event, it was not my intention to excuse any unfairness that local rules, regulations and precedents should rightfully charge the Minnehaha's crew with; neither was it through any personal motive I acted. As for "Justice's" charge of meddling, it carries no weight, and is hardly worth mentioning; the subject had become matter for *public comment*, and why should I not share the universal privilege? Would "Justice" bind me hand and foot? That, it seems to me, would be poor justice. If you will have the kindness, Mr. Editor, to publish this rather long defense—the gravity of "Justice's" (?) charges against me are my excuse—I promise not to trouble you further on the "slippery" question of greasing or oiling boat's bottoms. I remain,

Yours as nau(gh)tically as ever.

FAIR PLAY.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. M. Anderson, W. H. Arnold, H. Ashe, R. C. Adams, J. B. Berteling, A. J. Burger, W. Boulger, J. P. Brice, J. G. Brady, F. Brennan, M. F. Burns, F. Bell, B. J. Claggett, J. Casey, B. Casey, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, L. Clements, T. B. Campbell, R. S. Campbell, D. Donohue, J. Dempsey, Geo. Donnelly, J. Delaney, L. H. Duginger, H. Deehan, M. English, M. Falvey, E. Fogarty, H. Gregory, I. J. Gittings, E. Gooley, C. L. Hagan, J. Halloran, F. Humbert, A. Hayden, G. Harris, T. Hinderling, J. Jordan, R. L. Johnson, J. P. Kinney, R. E. Keenan, J. Keena, J. R. Kelly, T. Kavanagh, P. B. Larkin, J. B. McGrath, W. B. McGorrick, W. J. Murphy, J. J. McErlain, M. J. McEniry, J. R. Marlette, Edward Molitor, P. H. Maguire, J. D. McKee, W. McAtee, M. Maloney, J. Malone, W. N. Megee, J. F. Mug, L. Mathers, J. Norfleet, J. Noonan, R. C. O'Brien, J. F. O'Connell, Geo. Pike, L. N. Proctor, R. E. Russell, J. Ryan, J. Rogers, F. Reeve, S. T. Spalding, T. W. Simms, T. Summers, J. S. Smith, F. C. Smith, P. F. Shea, R. D. Stewart, W. Scholfield, J. Solon, J. Strawn, L. Stitzel, S. P. Terry, P. Terry, P. H. Vogel, C. B. Van Dusen, H. Wathan, C. Whalen, W. Wilson, G. Witwer, A. Zahm, C. H. Zarley, F. Zein, J. Kurz, A. W. Stockwell, J. A. McIntyre, J. Hartman, J. O. McNerny.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. F. Brown, A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, J. M. Boose, T. P. Byrne, A. A. Bodine, Frank Becker, M. J. Burns, G. C. Castanedo, F. L. Carter, A. A. Caren, A. Coghlin, H. P. Dunn, J. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, T. F. Flynn, R. C. Fleming, J. J. Gordon, F. H. Grever, Fred Glade, E. H. Gaines, A. C. Hierb, J. A. Hintze, J. Herrmann, A. Hellebusche, J. Homan, F. Johnson, J. M. Kelley, R. Le Bourgeois, J. E. Litmer, S. Livingston, F. McPhillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, W. J. McCarthy, R. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, S. E. Meredith, P. P. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, R. E. O'Connor, E. A. Otis, G. A. Orr, F. B. Phillips, F. Quinn, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, F. Rettig, G. Rhodius, P. Rashe, J. Ruppe, H. L. Rose, C. Rose, A. Rock, E. G. Sugg, J. Seeger, J. M. Scanlan, J. A. Simms, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, W. M. Thompson, W. T. Wenly.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. S. Courtney, W. J. Coolbaugh, D. G. Taylor, G. J. Woodson, J. M. Courtney, A. Van Mourick, G. P. Van Mourick, J. S. Chaves, W. H. Hanavin, C. E. Droste, E. A. Howard, H. Matter, H. A. Kitz, F. J. Leach, F. B. Farrelly, J. A. Kelly, E. G. O'Donnell, J. H. Dwenger, L. J. Young, W. M. Olds, J. J. Johnson, C. V. O'Malley, J. S. Garrity, C. J. Young, A. J. Molander, W. S. Wright.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

C. J. Brinkman, G. A. Orr, F. B. Phillips, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, F. Dever, R. Fleming, C. Tinley, J. McCarthy, J. Casey, T. Conlan, L. Duginger, G. Donnelly, M. English, A. Keenan, A. Lent, P. F. Maguire, L. Marantette, J. McErlain, P. H. Vogel, W. Wilson, Boulger, J. Brennan, M. Falvey, G. Harris, R. Keenan, E. McGorrick, P. McCormick, G. Pike, J. Solon, P. Shea, G. Witwer, C. Whalen, F. Smith, J. Smith.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions which are held monthly—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—A. B. Mergentheim, R. Le Bourgeois, J. Weitzel, E. G. Sugg, O. Farrelly, G. Pike, J. McIntyre, W. Scholfield; Grammar—P. H. Vogel, L. H. Duginger, C. Whalen, W. Scholfield, J. Casey, J. Guthrie, C. J. McDermott; Geography and History—J. Scanlan, A. Rietz, R. Fleming; Arithmetic—C. Whalen, A. Rietz; Book-Keeping—J. Ashe, W. Boulger, G. Clarke, R. Fleming, F. Falvey, E. Fogarty, R. Keenan, M. B. McGorrick, G. Pike, J. Rogers, J. Solon, P. Shea, J. Schobey, P. Terry, G. Witwer, C. Whalen, W. Wilson, C. Zarley, A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, J. McErlain, T. F. McGrath, G. Orr, F. B. Phillips, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, J. S. Smith, P. H. Vogel; Penmanship—J. O'Connell, C. H. Zarley, F. Clarke, R. Le Bourgeois, R. McCarthy, F. B. Phillips.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Holy Angels.

FROM "ROSA MYSTICA," OF SEPTEMBER 28TH, A PAPER READ EVERY MONTH BY THE GRADUATING AND FIRST SENIOR CLASSES.

I.

Hidden and holy, tranquil and fair,
Angels of mercy glide through the air:
Tender as mothers, mighty as kings,
Grace builds her rampart under their wings.

II.

Powers of darkness, lying in wait,
Watch to ensnare us, early and late;
Malice is baffled, envy must hide;
Guards to defend us, stand at our side.

III.

Loving our safety, all for God's love,
Resting their vision ever above,
Powerful Angels lead our career:
God has redeemed us, hence we are dear.

IV.

Force cannot chain them; distance and time
Count they as naught in their mission sublime,
Passion may blind us: passionless, pure,
They will deceive not,—they are secure.

V.

Friends may forsake us; good will decline.
There is a friendship, changeless, divine.
If we requite them, why should we fear?
God's smile beams round us when they are near.

IV.

Let us not slight them, doubt them, or grieve,
He who deposes them, cannot deceive.
We, in our darkness, walk in his sight,
Only when led by His angels of light.

—Mother Superior presented a pair of glazed pottery vases, or majolica ware vases, to St. Luke's Studio.

—A large and beautiful photograph of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII has been presented to the Academic Department.

—A competition in the Graduating and First Senior

Geometry Classes gave the most complete satisfaction to teachers and pupils.

—Panels, wooden plates, and shells painted in oil and water-colors, by the Misses A. Ewing, Purdy, Dessaint, English, Papin and C. Campbell are noteworthy. Two oil paintings by Miss I. Semmes evince extraordinary talent.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society the reading was as follows: "*L'oubli et l'abandon des pauvres*," Bourdaloue, by Miss Keenan; and "A Biographical Sketch of Louis Veuillot," the distinguished writer and journalist of Paris.

—The Academic reunion in the Junior Department was attended by several visitors. Reading—"The Exile of Erin," Thomas Campbell, by E. Lloyd; "*Il est la poète*," *Catholic Journal*, by Miss Feehan; *Gehet zu Mittag essen*, source not given, by Miss Claffey.

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was "Mary Stuart," Schiller, by Miss Geiser; "*Die Glocke*," Goethe, by Miss Reinhardt. Prompt and excellent replies to questions proposed were given. The beautiful and appropriate selections recited by each and all of the members deserve mention.

—At the regular meeting of the Christian Art Society, Paul Lecroix's "History of Art" was continued. The period was from Giotto to Raphael. The schools of Florence, Rome, Venice, and Parma were mentioned. Fra Angelico, Perugino, Titian, and Corregio were noted as types of their respective schools. Reader—Miss I. Semmes.

—At the regular Academic reunion, the readings were: "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by Miss Hackley, "*Le banquier empaillé*," Miss A. McGrath; "Selections from Shrines of Mary," by Adelaide Proctor, Miss Winston; "*Der Heilige Martin*," J. Mayer, by Miss Usselman. By special request, Miss Cavenor read Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily."

—At Mass, on Monday morning, the Rev. Chaplain announced that on the 12th inst. a solemn *Requiem* Mass would be celebrated for Rev. Father N. H. Gillespie. St. Mary's owes a deep debt of gratitude to her former beloved chaplain, for many reasons. Her interests were always most dear to his heart. Over and above every thing else, to him she owes the possession of her Chapel of Loretto. He brought the model from Europe, and through his exertions, directly or indirectly, it was built. It stands as a touching and perpetual monument to his memory. *Requiescat in pace!*

—On Monday at the regular lecture on politeness, after the usual instructions, remarks on "Elocution and its Province" were made. The human voice is the most delicate, comprehensive, and powerful of all instruments. The modulations of the harp or piano are insignificant compared with those of which the voice is capable. The young ladies were urged not only to cultivate this wonderful power, in reading-classes, but in their conversations. A beautiful voice and fine articulation would be out of place in uttering nonsense, or mere platitudes. To do justice to such a gift, none but noble, elevating, and worthy thoughts should ever be uttered by one who desires the perfection of elocution.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, Keenan, Dillon. 2D DIV.—Misses Gordon Buck. 2D CLASS—Misses Neu, Usselman, Sullivan, Rosing, Killelea. 2D DIV.—Misses Campbell, Farrell, Kirchner, A. McGrath. 3D CLASS—Misses McGrath, Hackley, Callinan, I. Semmes, Gall, Soloman, Hoadley. 2D DIV.—Misses McMahon, Roys, Wells, C. Hackett, Piersol, Bischoff, Bruser, English, Maloney, Cortright, Rheinhardt, Dallas. 4TH CLASS—Misses Denneley, Julius, Woodin, A. Ewing, H. Hackett. 2D DIV.—Misses Price, J. Mitchell, C. Campbell, Leydon, M. Mitchell. 5TH CLASS—Misses Hamilton, Purdy, L. English, M. Garrity, Joyce, Fox, Herrick, Otto, Van Namee, Jones. 2D DIV.—Misses Dessaint, Gavan, Keys, C. Wathen, O'Connor, Gibbons, A. Dillon, Orr, Danaher, Claffey, Legnard, Lancaster, Bannister, Casey, Hutchinson, Harrison, O'Neill. 6TH CLASS—Misses Gillen, Lloyd, Stitzel, J. Wells, S. Wathen, Tallman, Simms, Feehan, Wall, Hammond, M. Fitzgerald, C. Lancaster, Thompson, Moxon, E. Dallas, Populorum, E. Populorum, Neteler,

Kinzie, Reutlinger, McKinnis. 2D DIV.—Misses Fishburne, Ward, Rasche, J. Baroux, Edelen, Murphy, E. Papin, Duncan, De Lapp, Chirhart, Barlow, Moll, McFadden, Fleming, Wright. 7TH CLASS—Misses Watson, G. Taylor, Clarke, A. Taylor, Smith, I. Hackett. 8TH CLASS—Misses Ginz, Butts, B. Garrity. 9TH CLASS—Misses Carter, Wilkins. 10TH CLASS—Misses McCloskey, M. Baroux, M. Fitzgerald. HARP—1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Galen, I. Semmes. 2D CLASS—A. Dillon, A. McGrath. ORGAN C. Wathen, S. Wathen. PRIVATE HARMONY—Misses Galen, A. Dillon, Keenan, Buck, Gordon, Usselman, and Neu. GENERAL THOROUGH BASS CLASS—Misses McMahon, Sullivan, Gall, Campbell, A. Ewing, Rosing, A. McGrath, Farrell, Cortright. GENERAL THEORETICAL CLASSES—Misses C. Hackett, Danaher, Soloman, Hackley, Julius, Wells, Cavenor, Dallas, Rheinhardt, English, Roys, Bischoff, Purdy, Claffey, Callinan, Bruser, McN. Garrity, Herrick, Horner, Hamilton, Joyce, Gillen, Stitzel, M. Mitchell, Casey, Gibbons, Ward, L. English, Hammond, Lancaster, French, Loeber, Watson, Taylor, Wall, Smith, Feehan, Legnard, Bannister, C. Ryan, Thompson, Populorum, E. Ryan, E. Populorum, Fishburne, Ginz, Chirhart, C. Lancaster, Reutlinger, Baroux, Lemontey, Cox, Duncan, M. Baroux.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Silverthorn. 2D DIV.—Misses Kirchner, Gordon. 2D CLASS—Miss Usselman. 3D CLASS—Misses C. Hackett, Farrell. 4TH CLASS—Misses Buck, Sullivan, McGrath, A. McGrath, A. Ewing, Julius, Herrick, Callinan, O'Connor, O'Neill, Reinhardt, Otto, S. Semmes, Soloman, Bruser. 5TH CLASS—Misses Purdy, Mitchell, Rosing, French, M. English, Jones, Bannister, Cortright, Horner, E. Hackett, Moxon, Hoadley, S. Wathen, C. Wathen, Simms, Edelen, Rasche. CHORUS CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Ewing, Hackley, Casey, Lemontey, Butts, Hutchinson, Harrison, McFadden, A. Dillon, Donnelly, Zahm, Ginz, Keena, Populorum. CLASS OF SOLFATINO—Misses C. Hackett, Cavenor, Rosing, Usselman.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses Joyce, Otto, 3D CLASS—Misses Zahm, L. Lancaster, Fox, Wells, Wall, C. Lancaster, Feehan, J. Baroux, Barlow, Hammond, Thompson, Callinan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Ewing, Dessaint, C. Campbell, Purdy, English, S. Papin, Sullivan, Butts, Casey, Loeber.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Neteler, Buck, Hambleton. 2D CLASS—Misses I. Semmes, Killelea, Cortright, Dillon. 3D CLASS—Misses Gavan, Dallas.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses Lancaster, Tallman, Simms, Roys, Halloran, Donnelly, C. Hackett, Gall, O'Connor, Bischoff, Murphy, Jones, A. Ryan, Gavan, Cox, McKinnis, Edelen, Keys, McMahon, Bruser, M. Fitzgerald.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses C. Lancaster, A. Dillon, Hale, Barlow, J. Duncan, Claffey, L. English, Legnard, Reutlinger, Clarke, McCloskey, Fishburne, E. Populorum, C. Ryan, E. Moll, Lemontey.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.—Misses Farrell, Orr, Usselman, McMahon, McCloskey, E. Dallas, Watson, M. Mitchell, V. Orr, E. Hackett, Hamilton, Joseph, Harrison, De Lapp, Herrick, Halloran, E. Populorum, Hammond, S. Wathen, Price, Cox, Reynolds, Smith.

Tablet of Honor

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, Ewing, Neteler, Cavenor, Ward, Sullivan, A. Ryan, C. Hackett, Cortright, Rosing, A. Ewing, Quinn, Farrell, Danaher, Gordon, Hoadley, I. Semmes, A. McGrath, Lloyd, Dillon, Joyce, Usselman, Otto, Jones, J. Mitchell, Winston, Smith, O'Neill, Loeber, Neu, Geiser, M. Fitzgerald, Donnelly, Julius, Dallas, Roys, Wells, Bischoff, Bruser, McMahon, L. English, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Zahm, Callinan, Piersol, Campbell, O'Connor, Keys, Murphy, Simms, Lancaster, Stitzel, Taylor, Gillen, Keena, Dessaint, Wall, McKinnis, Gavan, Baroux, Wright, Price, Thompson, Hammond, Horner, Purdy, Hambleton, Soloman, Reinhardt, Rasche, M. Mitchell, Halloran, Moxon, Edelen, Tallman, Atwood, *par excellence*. Misses McGrath, Maloney, Woodin, Keenan, Hamilton, Galen, Kirchner, Buck, Herrick, Bannister, De Lapp, Gall, Hackley, Kinzie, McFadden, Reynolds, Cox.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, Feehan, A. Dillon, Fox, C. Campbell, French, Populorum, Van Namee, S. Semmes, E. Hackett, Casey, Leyden, Fishburne, Garrity, E. Dallas, Joseph, Moll, Taylor, McCloskey, E. Ryan, C. Ryan, Gibbons, C. Lancaster, Fleming, Reutlinger, Chirhart, E. Populorum, L. English, Ginz, Paquette, Hale, Hutcheson, Harrison, I. Hackett, Robinson, V. Orr, M. Baroux, *par excellence*. Misses Orr, Lemontey, Watson, Carter, Duncan, Barlow, Legnard, Clarke, Zimmerman, Fisk, E. Papin, Considine, B. de C. Garrity.

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11 05 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p. m.; Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

12 16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p. m., Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo 4 a. m.

9 12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 3 40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p. m.

4 50 and 4 p. m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5 05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a. m., Chicago 8 20 a. m.

4 50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40, Chicago 8 p. m.

8 03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a. m.; Chicago, 11 30 a. m.

7 30 and 8 03 a. m., Way Freight.

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The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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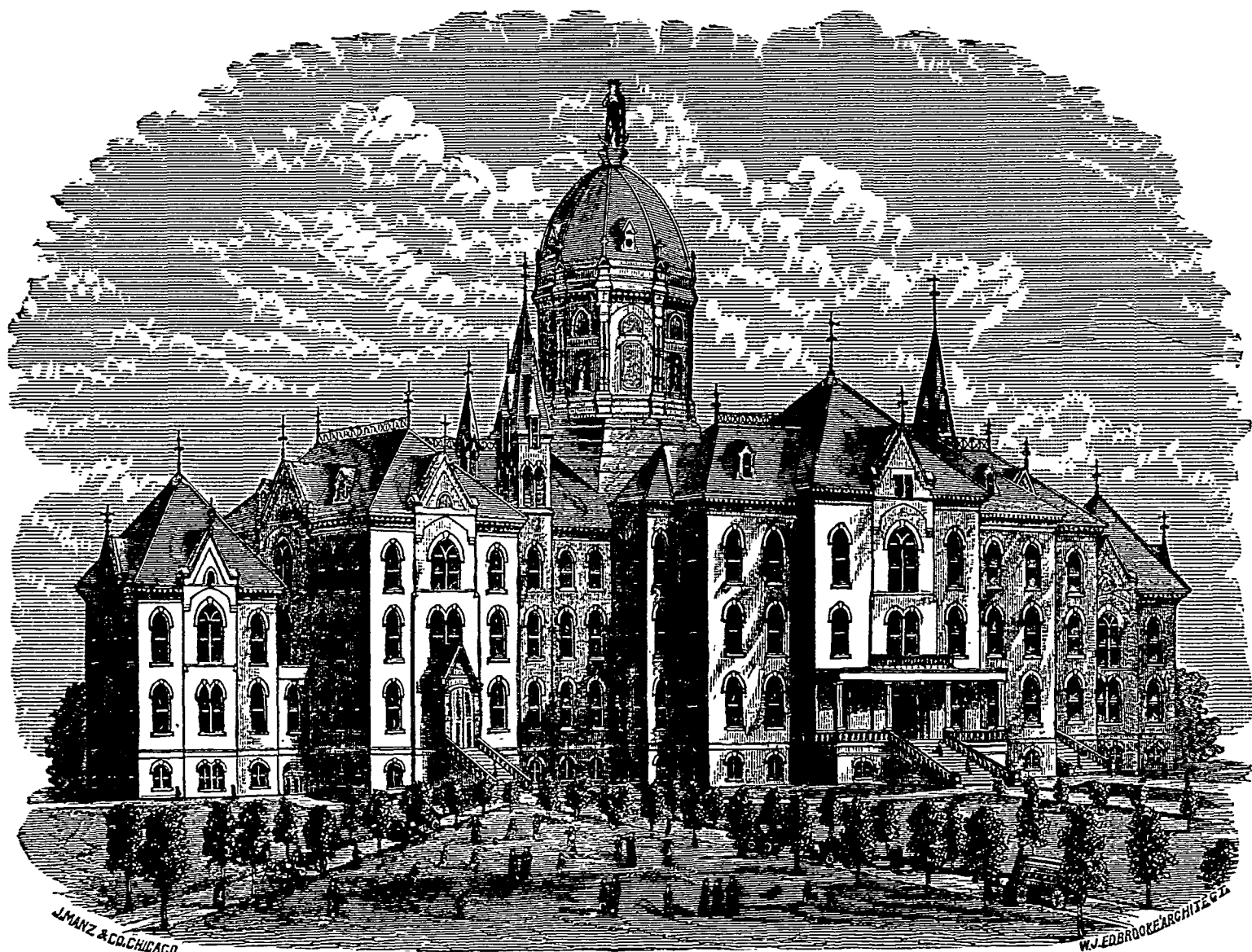
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