

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Tearless Grief.

Let fall thy tears, O loved one! weep,
Those tears are fraught with healing,
To lull the troubled soul to sleep,
And ease the heart's deep feeling.

Those tearless eyes, that stubborn grief,
I view with inward quaking;
Come, heavenly dew! and give relief,
And save her heart from breaking.

The poison'd dart (oh, bitter pain!)
Her inmost heart is cleaving,
Come, pitying tears! descending rain,
And heal her love's sore grieving.

Yon sullen cloud a storm doth brew,
All sunshine now declining;
Distilling rain, 'twill change its hue,
And show "a silver lining."

Then like the clouds, the heart, oh! may
It find relief in showers:
And joys returning with thee stay,
And strew thy path with flowers!

J. A. W.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3d.

Voltaire.

Though within the past few years we have celebrated so many centennial anniversaries, it would be wrong to conclude that we have on this side of the Atlantic a monopoly of such demonstrations. Not long ago, at the opening of the Paris Exposition, all France was agitated by a proposed national celebration of the centennial anniversary of the death of Voltaire, the man whose career I propose to sketch for the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. Now, it is a well known fact that different peoples have different national characteristics. It is characteristic of the American people—at least certain sarcastic journalists say that such is the case—never to neglect an opportunity to indulge in a good dinner, followed by copious speech-making—a peculiarity which accounts for the widely-increasing popularity of such festivals as "Thanksgiving Day." It is equally characteristic of the French people never to overlook any pretext for a political demonstration; and the amount of enthusiasm that can be evoked at short notice is positively startling to the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon. And yet, in spite of this well-known national characteristic, France as a whole, was far—very far indeed—from being unanimously enthusiastic over the proposition already alluded to. On the contrary, it gave rise to the most heated

debates and bitter discussions; it was stigmatized as an intentional insult to the most precious traditions and most cherished convictions of the majority of the French nation, till at last the project of making Voltaire a national hero had to be laid aside. The question is, therefore, naturally suggested—Who was this man, Voltaire, whose memory after the lapse of a hundred years—long enough, certainly, to blunt the edge of personal likes and dislikes—is still capable of dividing a great nation and exciting enthusiasm and bitter animosity? No ordinary man he certainly must have been. Besides this, he was not a prince nor a statesman, nor an orator nor a warrior. What was there, then, in his life or in his works which can account for the tremendous influence he wielded and has not yet lost? What was the nature of the influence he exerted? was it for good or for evil? and does Voltaire to-day deserve to be classed among the benefactors or enemies of his native land? Such are the questions to which I shall endeavor to present an answer, which I have not the presumption to hope will be entirely satisfactory—but which may assist in giving some of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC clearer and more definite ideas in regard to a man who is, after all, the central figure of a whole age and school of thought.

A brief glance at the life of Voltaire may not be inappropriate before proceeding to consider him as a writer, as a man, and as a leader of public opinion.

François Marie Arouet was born in 1694. The great age of Louis XIV was drawing to a close. It was one of those critical periods of transition when the minds of men weary of the things that are, go blindly forward, hankering after every novelty that may attract them. The future great man's early associations were such as might have been expected to make of him what he afterwards became. He was taught to read from a book of poems directed against Christianity. His studies were, however, completed under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

His talents were brilliant, his wit keen, but incessantly bursting forth in irreligious sallies. His teacher, the celebrated rhetorician and Latin poet, Father Le Jay, is said to have sorrowfully predicted to him that he would one day become the standard-bearer of infidelity in France. On leaving college he became one of the little court, if we may use the term, that gathered around the famous or infamous Ninon de l'Enclos, the queen of the demi-monde and the Aspasia of the 17th century. Captivated by his wit, Ninon at her death bequeathed him several thousand francs with which to purchase a library. His father at first seemed obstinately bent on making his son follow the profession of the law, but François Marie failed to discover in himself the slightest trace of vocation or inclination for such a career. The passion for literary fame early took possession of him. Pope wrote detached verses at eleven, which are

still readable; Voltaire composed tragedies at twelve—which, however, he had judgment enough to consign to the flames. At seventeen, while yet on the college benches, he wrote his tragedy of "Œdipus," which still retains a place among French classics. His father, still bent on having him adopt the profession of the law, to wean him from his literary associations in Paris, procured for him the post of secretary of legation at the Hague. With his sharp tongue and corrupt heart he was soon over head and ears in mischief in Holland, and became involved in several rather disreputable escapades. He was therefore recalled to Paris in disgrace.

It is more than probable that the Voltaire parents had by this time begun to feel more or less anxiety about their hopeful offspring—the poet, and his brother, who had developed into a fanatical Jansenist. At all events, his mother bitterly complains in her letters that she has two fools for sons,—the one a fool in prose, and the other a fool in rhyme. The fool in rhyme was soon pronounced, even by his father, to be incurable. He had wit enough and ingenuity enough to work himself into the intimacy of a circle of court nobles whose highest and, in fact, only aim was to unite corruption of morals with elegance of manners, and purity of diction with depravity of heart. In this particular constellation Voltaire soon became a star of the first magnitude. His foolishness in rhyme, even at this early period, must have had sting enough in it, since, on the death of Louis XIV, Voltaire was by everyone credited with the authorship of a biting anonymous satire which appeared—a circumstance which caused his imprisonment for some months in the Bastille. Released by order of the Duke of Orleans, then regent of the kingdom, he immediately returned to his old associations.

An incident soon occurred which it may be well to relate as tending to illustrate the privileges of caste under the old *régime*. At dinner one day, a haughty but dissolute nobleman, becoming offended at some remarks made by Voltaire, asked in a contemptuous tone, "Who is that young man down there who talks so boldly?" Without an instant's delay, the sharp retort flashed back: "It is a young man who does not indeed drag a great name in the mire, but who knows how to honor the name he bears." That very same night Voltaire, while getting into a carriage, was seized from behind and brutally beaten. The nobleman had taken his revenge. The poet, let it be said to his credit, had pluck enough to demand satisfaction, but his efforts to obtain it only succeeded in placing him a second time in the Bastille. There, although deprived of books and otherwise rigorously treated, he is supposed to have written the greater part of his epic poem, the "Henriade." Released on condition that he would leave the country, he passed over into England, where he remained for the space of three years. This period of exile cannot be lightly passed over, on account of the influence which it exercised over his ideas. It was, we may say, the turning point in his career. Macauley tells us in one of his essays that the mission of France has been to interpret English ideas to the world; in other words, that great ideas do not originate in France, but that they must first become French before becoming universal. The English idea which it was the province of Voltaire to interpret for the benefit of the rest of the world, was theoretical and practical irreligion. The age in England which succeeded that of the Restoration was decidedly irreligious. Deism reigned supreme under the Tolands and Tyndals and Bolingbrokes,

and of course it was a system of philosophy which had special attractions for Voltaire.

Up to the time of his sojourn in England, Voltaire had contented himself with lightly mocking the dogmas of Christianity; his impiety had never shown itself except in occasional epigrams; but after breathing for awhile the foggy atmosphere of English metaphysics, his incredulity became more systematic, or, at all events, as one of his French critics declares, "it seemed more deeply reasoned because it could express itself in prose."

The decree condemning him to exile having been revoked, he returned to France, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature. Everything that he wrote, and his fertility in every department of letters was simply exhaustless, was eagerly snatched up by the public. He soon won fortune and fame, though not of the spotless kind, and an influence over his generation which no purely literary man had perhaps ever exerted. When his advanced ideas led him into extremes, at which even the vicious government of Louis XV and Pompadour had to take offence, France became an uncomfortable dwelling-place. He therefore accepted the invitation of one of his most promising disciples, Frederick of Prussia, sometimes styled the Great, and became, as Carlyle somewhat disrespectfully styles him, "buckwasher-in-chief" to his Majesty of Prussia. But as it is a lamentable fact that in this sublunary sphere reformers of humanity never can contrive to pull together for any length of time harmoniously, it will surprise none to learn that Voltaire and *le "Roi Philosophe"* were forced to dissolve partnership in a few years. In fact, the poet was very unceremoniously requested to leave Prussian territory without any unnecessary loss of time. As the Government of his native land was far, very far indeed, from displaying any desire to see him establish his residence in Paris, or in fact in any part of France, he took up his abode at Ferney, a small village in Switzerland, on the French frontier, which immediately became the centre of the new school of Philosophy and the fashionable pilgrimage of all the irreligious writers of the age.

The last thirty years of Voltaire's life were principally spent in frantic assaults on everything that had the sanction of time and long-established custom, everything especially that men had hitherto considered sacred. Like the knights of the age of chivalry, he had made for himself a motto indicative of the task which he had assigned himself. This motto was "*écraser l'infâme*"—to crush the infamous one; the infamous one to which he alluded being nothing less than Christianity itself. "If twelve insignificant fellows," he writes, "succeeded in building up the edifice, I can't see why one man of wit should not suffice to demolish it." As to the means by which this desirable end was to be accomplished, he was not particularly careful. Thus in one of his letters to a friend, quoted by Rohrbacher, we meet the following extraordinary and truly apostolic counsels: "My friend, we must lie, not timidly or for a time, but boldly and always." And again: "Keep on throwing mud; some of it will always stick." His works, in which the most outrageous attacks on religion and morality were contained, were generally published anonymously in Holland. When too great a storm was raised, Voltaire, needless to say, had too large and too philosophical a mind to allow himself to be troubled by any silly scruples about the impropriety of asserting, or even swearing, that such works had never come from his pen. Finally, in his eighty-fourth year, he determined to revisit Paris. His journey

to the capital was one continued ovation. "Few Royal progresses; few Roman triumphs," says Carlyle, "have ever equalled this long triumph of Voltaire." Paris, of course, went wild with enthusiasm. There was talk or thought of no one but M. de Voltaire—his carriage was drawn in triumph by thousands of enthusiastic admirers, his bust was crowned on the stage of the Theatre Françoise; odes in his honor were in the mouth of every actor and actress in the city; even old Ben Franklin, then American minister to France, though a man whom we are generally inclined to credit with the possession of a certain amount of common sense, appears to have lost his head like the rest. In short, in the course of a few months, he was made such a demi-god of that it is to be presumed earth was no longer a fitting place for him. At all events he died—metaphorically smothered under roses. As to his last moments there are conflicting stories. It is asserted by some that he died in the agonies of despair on seeing his friends determined to exclude the minister of religion from his bed-chamber; according to others, he kept up his mockery of Christianity to the end. Such is a brief outline of the principal facts in Voltaire's life, which will aid us in our attempt to appreciate his career.

The Inquisitive Youth and the Astrologer.

A FABLE.

An Inquisitive Youth once attended the levee of a Distinguished Astrologer, hoping to glean a few fragments of the Erudition that fell from his Lips. But the Learned Man directing his Eagle Eye towards the Quailing Youth, recommended him in solemn tones to Avoid the Elongations of Mercury. Whereupon the Youth, thinking that the Planet Mercury was designated, procured a Medical Almanac and avoided his Elongations as far as in him lay.* One hot day, however, the Inquisitive Youth became the Victim of a Sunstroke, and found, when alas! too late, that the Mercury in the Thermometer, which stood at One Hundred and Six in the Shade, was the Theme of the Astrologer's Warning.

MORAL.—You can't always tell what an Astrologer means.

* The Fabulist does not state what Steps he took to avoid them.

The Future of the American Republic.

JAS. NORFLEET.

This is a subject which is sometimes reflected upon by patriotic minds with feelings of mingled hope and uncertainty. The great progress made in civilization and in the arts and sciences by the ingenious American is incredible. The revelations which some of our citizens have brought forth from the field of science are indeed astounding. In the period of one hundred years, short as it is when compared with the time taken by other countries to ascend the scale of national greatness, this glorious republic, in all her youthful beauty, has raised her head as high among nations as ancient Rome was wont to do; she has produced statesmen rivalling those of the Forum in oratory, eloquence and administrative ability, and her generals are not least in the world's records.

Firmly established by the immortal Washington, so deservedly styled "the Father of his country," it has grown to be, under his successors, a giant among giants, with prospects of becoming unlimited in its power. It is admired by other countries as the land of the free. Even that once considered paragon of nations—France,—when tired with monarchy and the princely court, and searching about for another kind of Government, pointed out that of America, then in its very infancy, as a desirable form.

In enterprise, Americans have shown themselves alive; cities full of manufactories—from which anything, from a cambric needle to a steam engine of indefinite power, is produced—have sprung up as if by magic: commerce for innumerable articles of export has been established, and the balance of trade is now always in our favor.

Our mines are inexhaustible in their resources, as also our forests, which supply other countries with material for their naval vessels. No country can boast of such an extended sea-front and such excellent harbors, thus affording every facility for an unsurpassable navy. Nature herself seems to have taken this land for her permanent abode, and to bless it ever with her provident hand. With these advantages, both natural and acquired, we, guided skilfully, may enter upon a career of unequalled greatness. This end is possible, for the means and material are at hand, and need only to be rightly used.

But civil war, which once clouded this fair land of liberty, and spread misery and desolation, must be avoided. Civil wars are always followed by embittered feelings and sectional hatred, which only the all-healing hand of time can efface. Dissensions retard a nation's prosperity; though after many years all perceptible traces of civil war may be effaced, and the dissenting States again welded together, still the record, mayhap the trace of division, will remain. Civil war, again, is like a cankerous worm; it gnaws at the life-principle and the trunk whence branch the members of the nation, and weakening it gradually, at last precipitates that which it took centuries to build. Such was the fate of Rome, once peerless among the nations. In union alone is strength to be found, and America will prove no exception to the rule. The North must not be divided against the South, nor the South against the North; neither must the East array herself against the West: all must stand shoulder to shoulder if the solidity of the nation is to be preserved.

To induce community of interests, the Government has caused to be constructed a railroad connecting the Pacific States with the East, thus making the distance shorter, joining the two sections more closely, and establishing a nearer relationship and greater intimacy between them. This work, which spans an entire continent, called into existence the engineering skill of the people in tunnelling mountains and rivers, involving an expense beyond the capital of any private corporation. But that unfortunate affair between the North and South threatens to destroy all this. It should be buried in oblivion. Then would the citizens of this great Republic be brothers, not only in name, but in deed, and a fairer dawn would break over the country. The public heart would beat in unison, and all would look bright again. When all sectional feelings are buried for aye, enmity and jealousies banished, mutual interest and fraternal love will reign supreme, hands will be joined in inviolable friendship, and a country the like of which the world has never seen, will be the result.

One other element necessary to the nation's prosperity is

disinterested patriotism. On account of the want of this, an ominous cloud seems to be rising over the nation, and casting its sorrowful shade. The numerous office-holders and politicians, instead of trying to procure the exact administration of justice, seek only to satisfy their avarice. They are totally devoid of honor, or even the semblance of honor, and excite enmities and breed discord by incendiary remarks in order to satisfy a selfish desire of rule and greed. They stop not even at slander, and a man whose tongue is so venomous against his own countrymen cannot love his country. When political victories are brought about by an abuse of the people, can a nation maintain its integrity? These are questions which are self-answering. Until such unworthy men are removed from public employments, and honorable men fill their places, thereby bringing about honest legislation, the country cannot be prosperous, nor can its institutions be healthy. To achieve this end, each State must contribute by sending its most able and excellent men to the National Congress as representatives.

Repudiation, which casts a never dying stain and disgrace, must not be practised nor enacted, if the integrity of the nation is to be preserved. Although mother earth does not bless us every day, nor every year, with such men as Washington, the modern Cincinnatus, still his admired example could be followed, and with success. As a mark of respect to him, no man, as his successor, has held the presidential seat longer than two terms, of four years each. Would it not seem a sacrilege to depart from a custom so honorable and so long established? But there is a party to-day who would violate this observance, on account of their fanatical love for one man. Whether this would be well depends upon whether the country would be benefitted; and would it be thus? There are some who hold that it would, others to the contrary. Whether it would tend to the increase of political frauds or to the expulsion of the dishonest men can be determined only by the experiment itself, which we consider in the present condition of our country not only dangerous but entirely useless. Surely our glorious Republic can afford more than one from the multitude of statesmen of whom she boasts, that would fill the position with honor to her name. Let the new man then be brought out and tried—let others share in true republican spirit the honors of our land—and, if for no other reason, as a continuance of that respect so far shown to the memory of our renowned liberator. The constant wrangle that is kept up in politics should be moderated, and the country allowed more rest. One President is hardly elected and inaugurated, than the question as to who shall be next, begins to be agitated. There is no rest for either office-holders or the people, and this is a great impediment to the prosperity of the nation. Just as the mind of man, to remain strong and healthy, must be free from any continual excitement, so does the true progress of a government require periods of rest from public dissensions and quarrels, for the cool deliberation and proper administration of its affairs. Yet numberless politicians, who claim that they are worthy of the name of patriots, are always around sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction in the hearts of the working and less educated class, who are always the most vehement in any party spirit, picturing to them with false and deceiving, but none the less glowing words, the injustices they have to bear, forming among them, under the stolen and profaned titles of self-protection or mutual assistance, organizations whose spirit is that of a complaining, growling nature, and whose prin-

ciples are entirely communistic, and continually exciting them to these public demonstrations of their malicious feelings which we so often witness in strikes, riots and the like—and all this simply to carry out their own selfish designs, to render themselves somewhat popular, or to secure for themselves some position, or other object they may have in view.

That effects the most terrible are sure to follow these unrestrained outbursts of a maddened and conflicting populace needs no proof here. They are well known to all by the examples we have had of them in our own country, and confirmed by the records of history, in which we find the ruin of many great and powerful nations attributed to this pernicious evil alone. Speaking in this regard, I once heard a Congressman of some supposed ability remark that he believed the strikes, or internal dissensions, would be carried out at no remote date with more fatal consequences, such as destruction of property and burning of towns. May the heartless words of the would-be prophet never be realized! May the beauty of this fair land never be marred by such a calamity, nor its prosperity crushed by the desolation such scenes would bring.

We believe, therefore, that the future welfare of our nation demands, before the hydra of internal dissension assumes a more threatening mien, a general suppression or laying aside of these greedy, self-seeking politicians of whipper-snapper extraction and a sensational mode of working, and a substitution in their place of legislators truly worthy of the name, of a noble, patriotic spirit, and, who will prove wise, prudent and peaceful legislators. This will, we think, lead our country to a bright and prosperous future, and be an efficient means of avoiding the troubles, as yet developed only in a slight degree, which bring to the patriotic mind fear and apprehension, for well he knows that when they are once strongly rooted, the fame of the nation "will begin to ebb, and gliding backwards will be borne away."

Art, Music and Literature.

—Verdi, the composer, lives in Busseto, the little Italian village where he was born, and where he has a farm.

—Song of the Baker—"I Knead Thee Every Hour." The first note of the song is dough.—*San Francisco Post*.

—Now that Blackwood is gone, William Chambers is the last remaining of the old Edinburgh booksellers. He often writes for his magazine.

—The Vienna *Vaterland* shows that Wagner's receipts from the royalties paid on every performance of his operas yield him a handsome income.

—The Comte de Paris has completed the fifth volume of his "History of the American Civil War." He will finish the sixth and last volume in the course of next year.

—*The Ave Maria* announces a new serial, "Beth's Promise," from that very popular writer, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, the Author of "Tangled Paths," "Adrift," "The Flemings," etc.

—*The Illustrated Catholic American* is the title of a new first-class illustrated paper to be published by P. V. Hickey & Co., of Vatican Library fame. The first number will be issued early in December.

—The reading-room of the British Museum contains three miles of bookcases eight feet high. The dome whence the electric light irradiates the vast room is next to that of the Pantheon at Rome, the largest extant.

—The sales of two piano factories alone in the United States during the month of October is stated to have been five hundred pianos. This is proof enough of the love of

the American people for the musical art, and surely it requires an American energy to be accomplished.

—The grave of Rob Roy in the lonely church-yard at Balgubidder, Scotland, is marked by a flat stone about a century old, on which is carved a fir tree, crossed by a sword and supporting a crown, but without any name. It is proposed to erect a better memorial of the old chieftain.

—Edward Walford, a well-known London literary man, is going to start a magazine called *The Antiquary*, to take the place of the old *Gentleman's Magazine*; for the periodical now bearing that time-honored name is of a totally different and inferior character to the whilom issue of Sylvanus Urban. Dr. Walford will make biography a leading feature of *The Antiquary*.

—A few weeks ago a statement went the rounds of the American press that the editor of *The Whitehall Review*, Mr. Legge, had become a Catholic, but *The Ave Maria* made a correction stating that it is not the editor of the *Whitehall Review*, but Mr. Edward Legge, nephew of the Earl of Dartmouth, whose conversion had taken place, and who went to Rome to prepare for the priesthood. The papers had got hold of the wrong Legge, that was all.

—'Tis said that Mme. Adelina Patti, upon her recent reappearance in Paris, was received with enthusiasm before unknown. At the rehearsal the orchestra were so overcome that they had to stop to felicitate themselves upon the happy event of her arrival, and at the concert she was obliged to reply ten times one after another to the elated clamors of an enraptured audience. To gain this from a Paris audience, there certainly must have been the very essence of musical perfection.

—At the recent meeting of the Society of German Philologists and Schoolmasters, held in Treves, it was announced that among the manuscripts in the municipal library of that city a fragment of an old French poem had been discovered. It had been prepared for the press and annotated by Herr Kauffer, teacher in the Real-schule. This interesting fragment consists of seventy-eight verses. The editor, who describes it as part of a poem on St. Nonna and her son, St. Devy, attributes the work to Richard I, or Cœur de Lion, of England.

—Otis S. Webber, the Boston marine artist, is in San Francisco, engaged on a large picture of the reception of General Grant at the Golden Gate from studies made on the spot. He was on board of the steamer that went outside the Golden Gate to receive the ex-President, and made studies of all the vessels of the fleet. The reception having taken place at sunset, Mr. Webber states that he has got a grand subject for a large picture. He has also made several studies of the Golden Gate and in the harbor of San Francisco, and is much pleased with the scenery for marine painting thereabouts.

—Mr. Whittier's own statement of the origin of his poem of "Maud Müller" is quoted by a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*. He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest-field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed as she talked that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had any idea," he said, "that the plaguy little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it." To the inquiry as to the title, "Maud Müller," he said it was suggested to him, and was not a selection. It came as the poem came. But he gives it the short German pronunciation, as Müller, not the broad Yankee Muller.

—Nearly sixty years ago the then reigning King of France presented to the Diocese of Bardstown, through its Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, a number of paintings, the least meritorious of which was far above mediocrity. The most celebrated of these, a historical scene in the life of St. Ambrose, is said to be a veritable *Rembrandt*. Another, representing the Crucifixion of our Lord, though it is unquestionably of more modern execution, is scarcely inferior as a work of art. For more than twenty-five years these paintings adorned the walls of the old church at Bardstown. Upon the completion of the Cathedral of the Assumption, Louisville, in 1853, with the ex-

ception of *The Crucifixion* and one or two of the minor paintings, they were removed to Louisville, and hung in that magnificent structure. *The Crucifixion* still retains its old place over the high altar of the former chief church of the Diocese.—*Central Cath. Advocate, Louisville, Ky.*

—The feasting and fêteing of the "Pinafore" authors was begun on Saturday evening by a reception of the Lotos Club, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the President, in the chair. I do not find that the company was particularly distinguished, but they were jolly good fellows, who know how to give a rattling good dinner. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan expressed themselves as exceedingly pleased with their reception, and their speeches were received with applause and laughter. I am glad that they denied the report that they had come here to show us how "Pinafore" should be played. They make no such boast, but modestly ask to do the piece in their way, which may or may not be better than ours. Mr. Gilbert said that he did not blame managers for using the piece without paying a royalty. That was the fault of there being no international copyright, not the fault of individuals. The Gilbert and Sullivan "Pinafore" will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Monday, December the 1st, when a rousing time may be anticipated. After "Pinafore" will come the new opera, still unnamed.—*N. Y. Cor. Musical Record.*

Scientific Notes.

—The Sorrowful Tree is found on the island of Goa, near Bombay. It is so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, but soon after it is covered with them, which close up or fall off as the sun rises. It has a fragrant odor, and blossoms at night the year round.

—The opening of the winter session of the London medical schools last week was the occasion of an address at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, (Eng.) from Mr. Frederick St. George Mivart, son of the Professor of that name. We note it with especial pleasure as one of the first public utterances of a young man of science, who, in the brilliant future that lies before him, will use his influence on the side of Catholic faith and of morals. The lecturer took the opportunity in question to remind his hearers that no mistake could be greater than that of regarding philosophical scepticism as a specially intellectual state of mind; and his speech was excellent throughout.

—According to the *Michigan Farmer*, the tomato plant is an insecticide. The stems and leaves of the tomato plant are well boiled in water, and this decoction, when strained and cold, is syringed over plants which are infested by the green fly and other insects. The liquor when once applied leaves behind a peculiar odor which prevents insects from coming again for a long time. A writer in the *Deutsche Gartenzeitung*, who has tried this insect remedy, states that he found it more effectual than fumigating, washing, etc. A house of camellias which had become hopelessly infested with black lice, was effectually cured after two applications of tomato liquor with a syringe.

—J. J. Anderson, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago, and physicians told him there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, of whose investigation he says:—He blistered me around the eye, to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said: "I know what it is not; it is not inflammation, and that is one point gained." He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jaw bone, and did some probing; finally he said: "It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained." Last Thursday he put me into a darkened room, and throwing an indescribably bright light into my eyes, looked into my eye for two mortal hours. At last he exclaimed: "I have the secret?" looking in through the pupil of the eye, he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tape-worm.—This was the first case in America and was exhibited to most of the

physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature.

—"No defense against draughts is so perfect," says the *London Spectator*, "as a common silk handkerchief tied over the head; and a silk vest or one of wash-leather put on between the shirt and the waist-coat will keep the body more equably warm than a good fire. A wadded coat will enable the chilly man to sit and work anywhere indoors, and so will an extra suit of thin flannel worn during the whole of the active day. Just let any one who doubts what we say try the very simple experiment: when the chilliness becomes unbearable, put on a dressing-gown over the ordinary clothing, and in five minutes he will be perfectly comfortable and ready for work; while he will not suffer, as he fancies he will, when he goes out of doors. The popular notion upon this subject is a mere delusion. You are not strengthened for outdoor work by shivering indoors, but rather weakened; habitual warmth, if not too great, being one of the best preservatives of constitutional strength. A chilly man might as well refuse blankets in bed because they would increase his sense of cold when he got up, as refuse warm clothing indoors because out of doors he would not be sensible of a pleasant difference, but be and remain moderately and healthfully warm—insensible, in fact, to ordinary differences of temperature." A simple experiment, also, when going out on a journey in winter is, wrapping a newspaper or two around the body, inside the vest. Newspapers have also been found useful between the quilts as a bed-covering for those who are chilly and cannot bear the weight of extra covering.

Exchanges.

—The publishers of the *South-Bend Tribune* have given their weekly a new dress of type and enlarged it to twelve pages, 21x14½,—chock full of news and interesting reading matter, and all for \$1.50 a year. That is enterprise.

—The *Musical Record*, published in Boston by the great music firm of Oliver Ditson & Co., is a neatly printed 16-page weekly paper of much merit. It contains short, racy articles on musical matters, abundance of short news items, and six pages of music, for the sum of \$2 a year.

—We have had but one visit from the *Cornell Era*, and that in the early part of last month. We recollect noticing it, and rather favorably too, for we were pleased with both the tone and appearance of the paper, but perhaps the return visit was not equally agreeable to our Ithaca contemporary.

—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly* for Nov. 20th is an excellent number. The illustrations are very good, and there is a variety of them. Baseballists should get this number for the illustrations of the "National Game" on the 29th page. It is only 6 cts. a copy. Publication Office, 121 Waverley Place, New York.

—*The Haverfordian* is the title of a new and handsome college paper published at Haverford College, Pa., the second number of which we have received. It is very well edited, giving abundance of local news and some literary essays; chief among the latter is a review of Mr. Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?" written in a spirited style. We welcome *The Haverfordian* to our scriptorium, and gladly comply with the request to exchange.

—The *Niagara Index*, published at the Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., seems to us to have decidedly improved in appearance lately. The paper was always good, but the printing was not in keeping with it. The printing now has a brighter and more cheerful look. The exchange editor of the *Index* is a man of undoubted literary ability, but his bump of combativeness must be pretty well developed; he has an unfortunate penchant for quarreling over small matters with one or more, and sometimes nearly all, of the other college papers. The consequence is that it is punch and punch back, but instead of the aroma of the "hot Scotch" a sulphurous odor is emitted. Too much exchange of the convivial has brought many a bright genius to the level of the brute, and this other kind of exchange punching—well, to say the least, it is undignified. *Nemo sine vitis nascitur*.

—The *Louisville Catholic Advocate* comes to us this week

with the word *Central* prefixed to its former title, making it now the *Central Catholic Advocate*. The reason for this is the fact that the *Central Catholic* has been consolidated with the *Advocate*. It matters not what its title, a fair quantity of cultivated brain-work is shown in the pages of the *Advocate*, and will not fail to secure it many readers. Besides able editorials and a well-arranged summary of home and foreign news, religious and secular, the *Advocate* is favored with able articles occasionally by some of its scholarly friends. One of the first things we look for in its columns is the regular contribution from the pen of Rev. — Moore, D. D., which is always interesting and instructive. The *Advocate* is published by L. H. Bell, Louisville, Ky. It is the organ of the Catholic Knights of America, which now numbers 93 branches in the United States, and is spreading rapidly throughout the Central States. The object of this praiseworthy organization is temperance and regularity of life, with a handsome benefit for the relief of the families of deceased members. We are glad to notice that the *Advocate*, together with the *Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, calls attention to the importance of improving the present parochial school system.

—The December number of *The Catholic World* opens with an important article, the title of which will give an indication of its scope and purpose: "Leo XIII on Scholastic Philosophy." "Civilizing by Force" is another timely and forcible article. "A Novel Defence of Protestantism" is a skilful piece of polemical fence, written in that excellent temper that usually characterizes *The Catholic World*. "Apprenticeship Schools in France" is an instructive paper on a subject of universal interest. "Pombal" discusses a chapter of bygone history. "The Relation of Church Architecture to the Plastic Arts" gives a sound moral lesson to very many of our modern artists and architects, which it would be to the advantage of art and architecture that they should take. "Fauny Kemble's Girlhood" is a very sprightly review of the life of a well-known actress and writer. There is an appreciative review of Aubrey de Vere's latest work, the beautiful "Legends of the Saxon Saints." "The Votive Church of Brou" is a pleasing excursion into the past; while "Mount Melleray and the Blackwater" makes the past live again in the present. Miss O'Meara's new story, "Follette," deepens in interest. "My Christmas at Barnakeery" is the first installment of what promises to be a rollicking story of Irish life. The notices of new publications are numerous and interesting.

—*The Virginia University Magazine* is a most welcome visitor to our exchange table. The number for October makes a fine showing in literary articles of a high order for a college magazine, and reflect much credit on the writers. The leading article, "Samuel Johnson and his Friends," by Mr. R. H. Sharpe, of Virginia, received the prize in the History and Literature Class of the last session, taking the prize over thirty-seven competitors. The second article of the number, "John Randolph: A Sketch," which takes up thirty-five pages, is really a first-class magazine article,—is, in fact, better than many of the regular magazine articles contributed by experienced writers. The third is an article on the golden wedding of Mr. William Wertenbaker, who since 1826 has been librarian of the University, having received his appointment from Thomas Jefferson. It was in the first year of Mr. Wertenbaker's charge of the library that the gifted but unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe attended the university; he is described by Mr. W. as a handsome young student, perhaps eighteen years of age, who when visiting the library evinced a partiality for old French works. Under the heading of "Collegiana" are given items of a purely local interest. The article in the "Editors' Table" deprecates the sad falling off in literary studies of a solid character during spare time, which is given almost exclusively to athletic sports,—this, however, without discountenancing a fair proportion of the latter. We fancy that the University of Virginia is not alone in this respect; judging from the paucity in the number of the candidates for admission to the Notre Dame Academia, or Literary Club, we should judge a somewhat similar spirit existed here. We hope our college youth, and those who aspire to some degree of culture outside the class-room, will not allow either their pens or ideas to rust.

New Publications.

—We have received, but too late for an extended notice this week, *The Catholic Family Annual* for 1880. This handsome publication gives, besides the usual calendar matter, about eighty pages of interesting reading, biographical historical, etc., and nineteen fine engravings of illustrious men and important places. The price of the *Annual* is only 25 cts. Issued by the Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay street, New York.

—We have received from Prof. John Singenberger, teacher of music at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., six easy pieces, under one cover, namely, a *Veni Creator* in G and another in E Flat, an *O Salutaris*, a *Tantum Ergo* in D, a second in E Flat, and the motett *O Jesu Dulcis Memoria*—for two voices, soprano and alto, with organ accompaniment—all for the low price of 25 cents. Prof. Singenberger understands well the wants of choirs in our day, and his education and his great experience as a practical teacher qualify him for the supplying of those wants.

—The *K. M. I. News* promises an enlargement soon. The extra space may enable the publishers to spell out the name of the paper—*Kentucky Military Institute News*. One of our college confrères—we forget which—said, a week or two ago, that it had read the *K. M. I. News* from beginning to end, and looked it over and over carefully, in order to ascertain the meaning of those redoubtable cabalistic letters, “*K. M. I.*,” but all in vain—the least clue could not be had. We were in a similar quandary for a while after receiving the first number of the paper, until we came across the name of the institute in one of the articles.

—We lately received from Messrs. Hickey & Co. the last published number of his excellent Vatican Library Series—“*Fleurange*” (what a beautiful name!) by Madame Augustus Craven, translated from the French by M. P. T. As a great deal depends on the translation of a sprightly work—in fact, a poor one is often worse than none at all—it may not be amiss to state that the initials M. P. T. are those of one who is herself a first-class original writer, who has become somewhat famous in the literary world, Miss M. P. Tinker, the author of “*Grapes and Thorns*,” “*The House of York*,” etc., and who would not therefore stop to translate an indifferent French story when she could write a better one. We had hoped to have time to glance over the pages of “*Fleurange*,” of which we heard much when it appeared as a serial in the *Catholic World*, but other matters have so far deprived us of the pleasure. The price of the book, (219 pp. octavo) is only 25 cents. Address Hickey & Co. 11 Barclay st., New York.

—The *Illustrated Catholic American* is the title of a new weekly, a journal of information and recreation for the people, to be published by P. V. Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay street, New York, early in December. The publishers promise the twofold attraction of pictures by the best artists and literature by the brightest and best writers. It will embrace the following departments: Original Tales, Sketches, Serial Novels, History, Literature, Science; Education, Travels, Fine Arts, Domestic Economy, Dress and Fashion, Family Medicine, Games and Sports, Poetry, Record of the Week, Facetiae; Pictures, Portraits, Biographies, The Fireside, Legends and Stories, Ballads, Songs, Lyrics; Scenes in Catholic Lands, America from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate; Ireland, her Poetry, Scenery and Religious Life; Recent Discoveries, Industrial Progress, etc. Were it not for the well-known experience and ability of the projectors of this enterprise we might be tempted to predict for it a short but brilliant career, as thousands must be sunk in it, but we are assured that it is started only after due consideration and after many years of careful preparation in order to make a first-class affair of it, both as regards literary matter and illustrations, and that nothing has been left undone to insure its success. We have already one illustrated periodical, but there is ample room for another, and we wish them both success. The subscription price of *The Illustrated Catholic American* is \$3 a year. The publishers send sample copies free. Those who wish to subscribe should address P. V. Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay street, New York.

EMMANUEL: A Book of Eucharistic Verses. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Author's American Edition. New York: Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street. 1879. 110 pp. Price, 50 cts.

This book, from the pen of the young and talented editor of *The Irish Monthly*, a magazine that takes at first sight, and which one likes better the more he becomes acquainted with it, is not an unfit companion volume to the *Lyra Catholica* of Caswall, or Keble's *Christian Year*. The verses, as Father Russell tells us in his preface, were written some years ago, but their merit may be judged from the fact that Aubrey de Vere, D. F. McCarthy, Cardinal Newman, Lady Fulerton and a number of other writers of note, have placed kindred pieces at the author's disposal for insertion with his own, and are here published for the first time. Two or three of the poems are translations, “of which it would hardly be an exaggeration,” Father Russell thinks, “to say that ‘the wine of poetry has been poured from the golden to the silver cup without scattering one drop of the magic draught.’” Of course the author does not refer here to his own work, although a similar encomium might be paid himself for “Two Batches of Translations” that we have lately seen from his pen in *The Irish Monthly* and *The Ave Maria*. One beautiful feature in Rev. Father Russell's book is the arrangement of the pieces so that they may serve special devotional purposes,—as, for instance, Before and After Holy Communion, Ejaculations for Vacant Moments, the Cantic of the Vows, etc., and we will answer for it that the book can be used for such purposes with great profit to the soul, both in times of devotion and in times of aridity. No one can read unmoved the warm heart-to-heart effusions in “*Emmanuel*”; they cannot fail to awake a kindred glow in the heart of the reader.

We are glad to hear that Father Russell's book has met with signal success on the other side of the water. The first edition, of a thousand copies, was exhausted in two months. From this it is evident that poetry is much better appreciated in England and Ireland than in America, but we hope for better success here in the early future, as culture and refinement advance. We have seen (in *The Irish Monthly*, probably) some reference made by Father Russell to Hickey & Co's edition of his book, in which the author pays the American publisher a great compliment for the courtesy shown him (the author) before bringing out the book, when the absence of an international copy-right law rendered such consideration an optional matter. This spirit of fair-dealing reflects credit on the American publisher, and will commend him and his publications to the consideration of the reading public.

Father Russell is the nephew of the Very Rev. C. W. Russell, D. D., President of Maynooth College, and the same, we believe, with whom Dr. Newman had the correspondence, previous to his conversion, which resulted in the retraction, by the latter, in 1843, of charges previously uttered against the Roman Catholic Church. To Dr. Russell the little book has been dedicated—without, however, his permission, which, the author says, would be withheld.

Society Notes.

—The 8th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place on Nov. 16th. Declamations were delivered by Messrs. Wedder, G. Castaneda, J. Start, T. Byrne, and H. Dunne.

—At the 11th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Nov. 18th, Master J. Holden was unanimously elected to membership. The principal declamations were delivered by E. Orrick, J. Homan. Public readers for the following week are: A. Caren, M. J. Burns, A. Rietz, C. Tinley, F. McGrath, A. Mergentheim, E. Otis.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club was held on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst. Mr. Johnson was elected to membership. The question, “Resolved that the Signs of the Times Indicate the Downfall of our Republic,” was then debated, with Messrs. O'Brien and Donohoe on the affirmative, and Messrs. T. Campbell and Donnelly on the negative. A decision was rendered in favor of the negative side. Samuel T. Spalding was appointed critic of the evening.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 22, 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:

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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.

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Special Notice.

The Bulletins for the month of November will be made out next Wednesday, at 8 a. m. sharp, in the Commercial Hall. A liberal reward will be given by the Director of Studies to anyone who will devise a plan to secure the prompt attendance of *all* the members of the Faculty.

Judge Turner's Lecture.

On Thursday evening the various literary societies of the house assembled in Phelan Hall to listen to an excellent and entertaining lecture, entitled "Anthropology and Rum," given by Judge Turner of South Bend. The glowing words of the venerable gentleman, as he depicted on the one hand the dignity of manhood, and on the other, its utter degradation by the malign influence of the subtle vice of drunkenness, made evidently a deep impression of salutary effect on the eager young hearts who listened to him; and many a youth among them, no doubt, before the conclusion of the entertainment, registered a solemn vow in heaven, that never should his name, at least, be found on the roll of the inebriate. The Judge possesses a deep and melodious voice, a graceful and impressive delivery, and what is more than these, he is evidently thoroughly in earnest, and is working with all his noble heart and soul for the temperance cause. We could quote whole pages of his lecture, so deep was the impression it made upon us, but forbear to do so, lest we should mar its effect on those who shall be privileged in future, to hear it for the first time from the Judge's own lips.

Read This, Please.

President Eliot, the head of one of our principal universities, lately ventured to assert in public that only one thing is essential to culture, and that one thing is a thorough and elegant mastery of the mother tongue. "If we mark well the exact sense of the word *essential*," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "and remembering to insist that other knowledge is important and all knowledge desirable, the truth of the statement may be conceded." In proof of President Eliot's statement is brought forward the fact that the Greeks, the most polished people of antiquity, studied no literature but their own, and learned no foreign tongue for literary purposes, and that the French, the most polished people of the present day, and who possess a literature almost universally sought by the learned, possess to a certain degree the same trait as the Greeks. These facts should be studied, and their importance well impressed on the mind, by the young men who throng to our colleges to become—what? Learned! We regret to say that so high an aim is taken by few, very few, in these days of brief and superficial studies, when mere newspaper scribbling is the height of ambition with so many, and when the great mass of youth cannot even turn a hand at that in such a manner as to do them credit.

We will concede, of course, that a certain amount of Greek and Latin, of German, French, or perhaps even Hebrew, is acquired by the classical student, and that scientific, medical, or musical studies are made to bring fruit—for without this the students in the latter departments know that they have no business to enter the arena of life,—yet, without that "thorough and elegant mastery of the mother tongue" above referred to, the college graduate is far from being what he should be, and must to a certain extent lack the sympathy of those who cannot appreciate his foreign begettings. He has evidently reversed the natural order of things, begun at the wrong end of the curriculum, and will probably feel the effect of his misapplication throughout a lifetime. As to the best manner of obtaining an elegant mastery of English, of course judicious reading is necessary, but this alone will not suffice, for it is only a means to an end. Writing, and much of it, is also necessary, and this is the very best, and the only way to obtain facility in clothing one's thoughts in an elegant English dress. It will be remembered of Demosthenes that he copied Thucydides' history no less than eight times in order to engraft upon his own style some of the beauty of his model. This one example should be enough, though a hundred could be cited.

Therefore, writing being such a necessary means of culture, too much attention and too much time can scarcely be devoted to it, and if students do not intend to follow a post-graduate course (as every student should, in order to free himself from the stiffness of the text-book) he should at least devote some time to it before graduating.

We have often urged upon students the great advantage of having a field wherein to exercise their pen, in writing for their college paper. Whether our suggestions have succeeded to any great extent in stirring up a praiseworthy emulation in this matter, we are not certain, but if they have resulted in drawing even a few from inglorious ease we will consider ourselves amply rewarded.

We have spared no pains, and have made no little sacrifice of feeling and sometimes of interest, in order to give the younger students an opportunity of breaking the ice and

appearing in print, but if they do not follow up their first efforts they can never expect to excel in literary composition. Hereafter, when they have taken their place in business or in professional life, many will see—when perhaps it is too late—the advantages they are now neglecting. We know full well the great effort necessary in the beginning; it is not so long since we ourselves made that effort, or rather series of efforts, and we can sympathize with those who are now where we were then; but, we say, and will continue to repeat it, that if anyone wishes to excel in literary composition those laborious efforts must be made, *and persevered in*. It will not do to give up at the first difficulties encountered; in this, as in other things, difficulties and sometimes great difficulties, will be met; but these should not cause discouragement. If Washington at the sight of the miserable condition to which his army was reduced at Valley Forge—poorly provisioned, poorly armed, half-clad, the frozen ground purpled with blood from the shoeless feet of his soldiers—while the enemy, with more than double his numbers, were well-disciplined and had their every want supplied—if Washington at the sight of such disparity of numbers and means were to have given up in despair, the United States of to-day might still be but an over-taxed colony of England. If the stammering Athenian, had Demosthenes, had less energy and perseverance, the successful rival of the eloquent Æschines would to-day be unknown; if the unknown and humble toiler William Herschel, had not sacrificed hours of well-earned repose from his labors—nay, had not even denied himself the time for his meals—the name of the great optician and astronomer would not have been handed down to posterity. And so with all others of eminence in art and science. The fame which they have earned is the result of persevering exertions—humble at first in their results, but gradually extending, until crowned with a success of which the toilers themselves had never dared to dream.

Many a student, although perhaps longing to obtain renown as a scholar and writer, still cannot make up his mind to undergo the patient toil by which the hill of fame is reached. He possesses the talent, and models are not wanting for imitation, but he desires to attain his object without labor. As a writer in the SCHOLASTIC once remarked, "Few possess genius as defined by a celebrated English essayist: 'A transcendent capacity for taking trouble.' We overlook one important fact,—that the life of every truly great man has been a life of continual labor. We take pleasure in viewing the great, upon the exalted position they have attained, and wish a like eminence for ourselves, but we do not take into consideration the bitter disappointments and discouragements they encountered and overcame before they gained that position. We are all willing to be employed in something great—something that will attract the attention of the world, but we have no desire to attend to the numerous small affairs, to remove the obstacles that check our way. And yet it is small things that make up the sum of life. They are the stepping-stones by which we attain to the greater. They are the foundations on which the illustrious of all ages have erected the structures on which rest their fame."

Therefore we say to those who wish to acquire a good style of writing, attend to the *small things*; select your models carefully, both for matter and manner, and lose no time in trifling. Write often, but not too hurriedly—trying rather to *do well what you do*, than to do a great deal in a slovenly manner. When you have chosen a subject, do

not immediately sit down to your paper; but con well the matter, turning it over and over in your mind, seeing how it will appear best; then bring together your facts and embellishments, and after arranging these, mentally, in a crude way, you can sit down to your essay with some hope of succeeding. It is not enough to scratch off some crude thoughts, or put together some loose facts. Many thoughts that are new to the essayist are old to others, and when these are presented in a slovenly or shabby dress the effect is anything but pleasing. Great care should therefore be taken in writing an essay. It is stated that one of the most brilliant writers of his day wrote his essays, or whatever else he intended for publication, on widely lined paper. He first wrote without any great regard to the wording of the phrases, or the sentences, and then going over his pages a second and third time, perhaps oftener, he moulded and remoulded each sentence and phrase until he gave it that polish and brilliancy which characterize his writings. After bestowing so much pains on his manuscript, it may easily be imagined that the pages must have been a mass of erasures, and it would have been next to impossible for anyone but the writer, who had the clue, to get through the inky labyrinth of words erased and restored, and again blotted out to give place to others.

Now if an historian and essayist of world-wide renown took such pains with his writing, and went over an essay three or four times, or oftener, we think our young tyros at college should not think it amiss, or time lost, to rewrite an essay five or six times—or even twice as often, if they see that they can further improve or polish it. An essay, like a mosaic, is a painstaking affair, if properly done, and its excellence will depend, in a great measure, on the time and pains taken with it. Ideas, language, everything that tends to strengthen or embellish it, should be carefully chosen, and placed to the best advantage. In this way it was that the great masters of English composition wrote; in this painstaking way it was that they made for themselves a name and fame; and without so much painstaking their writings would not to-day command our admiration and be held up as masterpieces and models. Natural genius, it is true, had no doubt much to do with the excellence of their works, but without careful development of their inborn talents they would never have attained the excellence that places them in the first rank of literature.

But it may be said, or rather thought, by some, that if such painstaking and unremitting labor is necessary to excellence in literary composition, they will not attempt it; they will take their ease, and will be satisfied with mediocrity—nay, will forego writing altogether, for that matter; it requires too much effort. Well, if they will have it so, they must abide by the consequences. The little acorn may be crushed beneath the foot, and that is the last of it; but if planted in the earth, it forms the embryo of the giant oak, which for centuries will cast its shade over man and beast; the grains of wheat, if sent to the mill, give something less than their weight in flour, but if sown in carefully prepared earth, and cultivated and tended, they give their weight a hundred times told. So it is with the time spent in youth. Every year at college, after time only for an ordinary development of the mental faculties has been given, is considered as time lost, and the youth is withdrawn just when real mental culture has only begun; he has what is barely requisite, scarcely that,—

but nothing of that vigor which continued culture gives; for the mental faculties, like the oak, require time to develop them and give them strength. Therefore, before you decide, think of the utility, among other things, of an elegant, forcible style of writing, even when used only as an adjunct in the profession of your choice. Law, for instance; or journalism; nay, even in business and friendly intercourse. In fact a person cannot be said to have an ordinary English education without it. And young men who held humble and obscure positions in life have often attracted attention and risen into the confidence of the wealthy and opulent by the good taste and general excellence displayed in a letter; so also with many journalists and writers of note.

But persevering effort is not confined to literature; as before remarked, it is necessary to eminence in any of the arts or professions. Take music, painting, sculpture termed the fine arts by excellence. How long must not the tyro in music thrum and thrum, and scrape and toot, before he can evoke from the passive instrument the entrancing strains that hold the hearer spell-bound; hours, days, weeks, months, and years elapse, and we find him still at his practice; so also with the painter and sculptor. The insensate canvas and stone give forth life and beauty only after long years of toil and practice with the brush and chisel. And writing is no less a fine art. Who has not felt its influence? It has created saints, and warriors, and statesmen; it has fired with animation the idle, stupid boy or youth, and given him no rest until he reached the pinnacle of fame; the callous, the hard-hearted and worldly-minded are often touched with the tale of woe as it comes from the inspired pen,—their heart again warms with the fire of charity, and their purse-strings open to the wants of the poor; the youth lost to virtue scans, as if by chance, the inspired page from some saintly hand, and the libertine thenceforward becomes a saint. Writing is, in truth, a fine art, and most powerful for good or evil.

Young men, do not decide hastily. Give not way to selfish indulgence, to inglorious ease, at the time of life in which your mental faculties—those God-given faculties which may be developed to such grand proportions, and with such gratifying results—are still pliant and capable of education. If the Press is to-day the lever that moves the world, it may be assumed that assiduity, determination—persevering industry, in a word, is the fulcrum. Therefore, cultivate the faculty of writing. It may be of immense service to you hereafter. It is a great accomplishment. We hope therefore, that the young men of the College will not neglect it. The SCHOLASTIC is intended for their benefit, and they should avail themselves of its pages. And when, in after-time, the seed sown in our humble pages has borne fruit, we feel sure they will thank us for this piece of advice.

Personal.

—Rev. Father Veniard was among the visitors last week.

—John H. Keenan, of '71, is in the clothing business at Dubuque, Iowa.

—P. J. Dougherty, of '79, is Junior member in the law firm of Fitzgerald & Dougherty, Rockwell, Iowa.

—W. Howland, '67, passed through South Bend on Wednesday night, on his way to New York, from Denver.

—Jas. H. McConlogue, of '78, is in the grain-buying business at Rockwell, Iowa. He intends coming back next year.

—Among our visitors this week, we were pleased to meet Mrs. Ward of Burlington, Iowa, who is spending a few days here with her son.

—We were pleased to receive a visit from the genial Father Shortis on Wednesday last. We would like to be favored with a visit from him oftener.

—Miss Thompson, sister of Walter M. Thompson, of the Junior Department, died recently at her home at Elgin, Ill. The many friends of Master Thompson will sympathize with him in his sad loss.

—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Circleville, Ohio, paid Notre Dame a visit, to see their son, who is attending class here. They are old friends of the institution, and it is needless to say they are always welcome.

—We are glad to learn from a Burlingtonian that Mr. John H. Gillespie, formerly a compositor in the printing-office here, and who afterwards led the University Cornet Band with great success for a year or two, is now doing well in Burlington, Iowa. John has a good position as an insurance agent, and we are told that the choir at St. Paul's Church (Rev. Father Gunn, pastor) of which he has charge, is "a perfect gem."

Local Items.

—Some changes will probably soon take place in the editorial corps of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Competitions will be held next week in the Course of Modern Languages, Fine Arts, and special branches.

—The Confraternities will, it is expected, celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception with befitting solemnity.

—The monthly conference was held on Wednesday last, at the usual place. Papers were read by Rev. Fathers Kelly and Saulnier.

—Masters George Knight and Edward Esmer, of the Junior Department, have recently returned to Notre Dame to resume their studies.

—The largest class in the institution is the 1st Arithmetic, Sr. During the absence of Prof. Ivers, Bro. Marcelcellinus takes charge of it.

—Our regular local editor has been unable to furnish the usual quota of items for his department this week, owing to other demands upon his time.

—Wednesday was a grand day for football and other field-sports. It was just about cold enough to make it necessary to step about in a lively manner.

—Travellers intending to take the Michigan Central Railway would do well to scan the new time-table. It will be found in a condensed form in our advertising pages.

—The instructions are given on Wednesday and Sunday in the Junior Study Hall by Rev. F. Condon, who expresses himself as very much pleased with the attention paid by all.

—To-morrow *Missa de Angelis* will be sung—p. 42 of the Kyriale. Vespers will be of the common of one Martyr—2d Vespers, p. 40 of the Vespéral. The Hymn *Iste Confessor*, p. 51.

—The slating on the new Music Hall was nearly completed on Wednesday last. Although the work is not going on with extraordinary rapidity, it is probable that the building will be ready to be occupied in the course of a few weeks.

—Bro. Leopold's string quartette still continues its rehearsals. The young gentlemen composing it aspire to a high standard of artistic excellence, and we are convinced that they will never be satisfied until they have attained it.

—The General Office will soon be moved from the old Laboratory in Phelan Hall to the main College building. Phelan Hall will henceforth be used exclusively as a lecture-hall and recitation-room for the Scientific Classes.

—A musket which has been taken from the librarian's private room in the Presbytery during his absence, is looked for. Anyone knowing where it is will confer a favor on the owner by returning it, or informing him of its whereabouts.

—Some one suggests that a skating club be organized, from which a committee should be appointed to look after the interests of the fraternity among the students here, and so provide, in time, exercise and amusement to enliven the Christmas holidays.

—It is the testimony of all the members of the Faculty that never was more, or better, work done in the same space of time, than by the students of '79-'80 during the

past few months. We hope that this will continue to be true during the whole of the present year.

—Lost at Notre Dame on Sunday, the 9th inst., a blue ribbon badge, with medal and reliquary in form of a cross attached. The medal was marked with the initials M. R. E. Anyone finding the above will please leave it with President Corby or Vice-President Walsh.

—The *South-Bend Register* Company have removed their printing and publication establishment from the corner of Main and Washington streets to Main street, one door north of the *Herald* office. The *Register* Company is composed of practical business men, and they issue a live and interesting daily and weekly paper.

—It is the intention of the President *ex-officio* of the Academia to effect a regular organization of the association as soon as possible, after which the list of members will appear at the head of one of the business columns of the *SCHOLASTIC*, to remain there throughout the year, with such accessions of new members as have the necessary qualifications.

✓ —Mr. P. J. Thompson, of Cincinnati, has the thanks of the College librarian for the catalogue of a magnificent private library now offered for sale in that city. Our College library in its present condition would certainly be much benefited by the possession of many of the volumes advertised, and we hope that some of them will yet find their way to its shelves.

✓ —The Circulating Library is at present located in the Columbian Society Hall, and, in spite of the many and severe losses it suffered last April, it still presents quite a respectable appearance. The loss of the *Edinburgh Review* will, it is hoped, soon be made good, and we hear that it is the intention of a friend to present a copy of Appleton's *New American Cyclopaedia*.

—The Minims' summer recreation pavilion, built shortly after the fire as a temporary structure, was moved last Wednesday from its old site, at the corner of the Minims' campus, close up to the east end of the new recreation hall. It is now the intention to enlarge and improve it and fit it up as a gymnasium. The building was moved in four hours, without sustaining the least fracture, under the direction of Mr. M. Hoban, an experienced engineer in the business.

—The lazy four attracted a great deal of attention last Friday evening, but we are convinced that they did not feel much complimented thereby. The fact that all the other members of the department are working so well and making so fine a record for themselves, only serves to give these four lag-behinds a more unenviable notoriety. We trust that they will feel so much ashamed of themselves, after the public reprimand they received, that they will take the resolution never again to deserve a similar one.

—The serenity of some of the Philodemics appears to have been somewhat ruffled by the report of their entertainment published in last week's *SCHOLASTIC*. They looked forward, they claim, to an impartial summing up of their arguments, and not to dissertations on peacocks and phoenixes. We regret that they are not better pleased, as their efforts were certainly very creditable, and deserving of all the praise which our reporter could so easily and so delicately have heaped upon them had he only felt in the humor of doing so.

—A friend of ours, and of the *South-Bend Tribune* too, has placed in our hands a copy of the No. for Nov. 22. We thank him for calling our attention to it. We have not words sufficient to commend this journal; it is a credit to its owners and editor, and an honor to South Bend and St. Joseph Co. Nothing shows outsiders that South Bend is a live town better than the papers published there. We cannot imagine why the weekly *Tribune* is not taken in every household in the county, as it contains matter interesting to all—and, what is better, no one need fear to find its pages sullied with impure or vulgar matter.

—We understand *The Scholastic Annual* for 1880 will be ready for delivery this week. We hope the editor and publisher, Prof. J. A. Lyons, will get plenty of orders to remunerate him for his outlay and trouble. The reading matter of *The Annual* is, as usual, entirely made up of sel-

ections from our college paper, the *SCHOLASTIC*, and will be this year, as heretofore, we hope, in great part "Stacian." It should be so, and will be so, we feel sure, unless some of the heavy-headed philosophers turned the editor's ideas in the other direction. *The Annual* will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents. All orders should be sent to J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

—Are we never going to hear the end of this boat-greasing controversy? In this week's number we have been persuaded to publish another tirade from "Justice" in reply to the "*Apologia pro Verbis Suis*" of "Fair Play" in our last issue. However, we trust the two doughty disputants will not continue any longer to inflict these epistolary effusions on an indulgent but fast-tiring public. Should they feel inclined to do so, we know how to get even with them. We have a particular friend, whose vituperative powers are of the very first order, and who, we think, could easily be induced to pay special attention to both.

—Mr. Daly, who has charge of our fruit-raising department, finding that the product of over 40 acres of a bearing orchard was not sufficient to appease the appetite of our fruit-loving students, has been on an exploring expedition among the New York nurseries and has just returned bringing seven large boxes of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees from the extensive nurseries of W. and T. Smith, of Geneva, N. Y. From our knowledge of trees, we deem them a far superior sample to any we ever saw, and we can recommend the establishment to the patronage of our friends at large.

—Mr. Condon, our gentlemanly and worthy barber has removed his office to a more commodious part of the first floor of the University, where he hopes to give general satisfaction to all his patrons, as heretofore. He will hold himself in readiness to execute the most "barbarous" and "barefaced" operations for all young gents who are not enthusiastic admirers of flowing beards.

Remember, a barber must barber for pelf,
And shave every blockhead that can't shave himself;
His dimes he must have, from his friends or his foes,
Or else he will never let go of their nose.

—Rev. Father A. B. Oechtering, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind., has presented the following valuable works to the College Library, for which the person in charge returns his warmest thanks to the generous donor: 1. *Commentaria in omnes Divi Pauli Epistolas*; 2. *Commentaria in Acta Apostolorum*; 3. *Commentaria in Epistolas Canonicas*; 4. *Commentaria in Apocalypsim Sancti Joannis Apostoli*, Auctore R. P. Cornelio Corneli a Lapide, e Societate Jesu. These books are the more valuable on account of the rarity of the editions, being the original Antwerp, issued in the years 1614 and 1627, when the author was Professor of Sacred Scripture in the Academy of Louvain and the College at Rome respectively. The books, large and heavy tomes in folio, are well preserved and are a precious addition to our College Library. The librarian could wish to be able to boast many such generous benefactors as Rev. Father Oechtering.

—[The following note from Mr. Jacob Wile, President of the Citizens' Bank, La Porte, Ind., and an old-time friend of Notre Dame, needs no explanation; it may, however, not be out of place to say that this is not the first time Mr. Wile has shown his generosity by benefactions to the Lemonnier Library.]

LA PORTE, IND., Nov. 19, 1879.

PROF. JAMES F. EDWARDS:

MY DEAR SIR:—By to-day's mail, I will send you Vol. 1 of "Library of Universal Knowledge," which will comprise twenty volumes when completed. Please examine it, and if it is a work not already on the shelves of the Lemonnier Library, and you approve of it, I beg that it may be accepted as the gift of our family to the memory of one whom we know but to love and esteem, and, whose kind acts and friendship we will always cherish among our recollections of the past. The volumes will be sent to you direct from the publishers, as rapidly as they are issued. . . . With kind regards to all at Notre Dame, believe me, as ever,

Your friend and ob't serv't,

JACOB WILE.

—We have seen nothing more grotesque since the great rush-along, go-ahead, get-out-of-my-way manner, which

marked the days of the clearing away of the ruins of the old College, then a scene we happened to see yesterday from one of the upper college windows. We were carelessly viewing the placid waters of the St. Joseph, and the fantastic rippling of its surface, as the large drops of rain broke in upon its stillness, and we suddenly thought we saw a great number of human beings moving around in all directions and placed in various positions, most strikingly suggestive to our memory of the days of "On to Richmond." So, applying our telescope at long range, we could distinctly identify the whole force of the Novitiate, horse, foot, and, we may say artillery, for it really seemed to us that "Old Sebastian" had wheeled into line, and pointed from a different position than that so long occupied on the top of the hill. Our first impression was that the Novices were on a stampede, or strike of some kind, for each one carried a weapon evidently for self-defence, such as spades, shovels, picks, larietts, and several sets of surveyors' instruments. We said there must be fire in the air, in spite of the rain that was falling; so setting our optic vision at full focus we commenced to take close observations, and we noticed a stiff jointed-old pomologist, cane in hand, directing the advance, Mr. Rozin conducting the corps, and his scientific assistant, Mattimore, the engineer "Commodore of '77," sighting with rifle precision, while his reverence brought up the rear with an unwieldy bunch of trees stretched at right angles upon his brawny shoulders, the merciless storm, meanwhile, pelting against his ruddy cheeks. It would seem, however, that his reverence and his assistants were as impervious to dampness as the shell of a mud-turtle, for they kept along together regardless of wind and weather, sharing alike the labor and storm. Happening to meet the person who carried the cane and seemed to act as superintendent, upon his return in the evening, curiosity urged us to enquire what was wrong over at the Novitiate, as every one seemed to be practising the manual of arms, or field-day parade. "Not so much as that," said he, "only we just planted out 300 pears and 100 plums to-day, and intend doing the same to-morrow, barrin that my back or his reverence's shoulders don't cave in." We immediately suggested the impossibility of such an act, stating that we had known it to take a dozen men a whole week to put in the same number. "Possibly," says he, "but it surely wouldn't be Father L. and his Lightning Brigade that would be so long about it."

—MR. EDITOR:—After two weeks' protracted silence "Fair Play," so called, has come out in a long article to vindicate his "offended dignity." A person who displays the broad culture and extended knowledge of this advocate of questionable principles, surely ought to know enough to expect that when one meddles with matters that do not concern him, it is doing a kindness to humanity at large to at least suggest that most potent and truthful of all principles—"Every man should mind his own business." In a friendly and philanthropic spirit, I would advise this person who seeks to acquire renown by assuming a rôle that evidently ill accords with his nature, to try and check this failing of his before it assumes such proportions as to bring him to grief. And such must inevitably be his fate if he perseveres in his evil ways. Many men in the kindness of their hearts will endure for a time the interference and meddling ways of a certain class of people that afflict suffering humanity with their troublesome and ill-timed suggestions—but "there is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and it is for fear that our "Fair Play" (?) friend might some time be so unfortunate as to overstep this limit that we venture on this bit of advice. A champion of fair play indeed! Consistency is a jewel, and it would be well for him to be consistent enough not only to quote correctly, but not to quote what was never said. How touchy he is on the score of his nautical knowledge! What a passion he flies into, and what sublime sarcasm he indulges in! Why, certainly, my dear sir, if it will afford you any peace of mind to think in your simple heart that you are either a "tar" or a "tartar" far would it be from me to deprive you of that gratification. 'Tis like the story of the child who cried because he could not reach the moon. It is always a good policy to humor where it will cause no evil. With what a flood of sarcasm does he not seek to overcome me! With what an imposing array of jaw-breaking and brain-

puzzling phrases does he not endeavor to awe me into submission! He is supremely funny,—must in fact have been born in that state, to be able to crack such excellent jokes. He says—"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." Verily is that native, inborn wit—a sublime pun that only a genius of the first order could crack. Ye uninitiated, don't you see that he has intended a play on the word log? Emboldened by his first success, he signs himself—"Yours as nau(gh)tically as ever." Ah! there it is. I knew that his meddling disposition must inevitably lead him into error. Does he think that is a pun? Alas, for human vanity! but we will pardon him, for he is engaged in a truly laudable enterprise. Evidently he believes in sounding his own trumpet, and in disclosing to his admiring readers the vastness of his learning and the immensity of his conceit. He has mistaken his calling or else the Notre Dame world is destined to give birth to a genius that will illuminate the archives of her history, and render her name and fame immortal as the birth-place of so great a prodigy. Alas, for human vanity and human conceit! A mind whose sensibilities have been dulled by a superabundance of cheek is a character most offensive to sensible humanity. In conclusion, let me add that so long as he presumes to pass under the assumed character of Fair Play, it would be well to preserve as much consistency as is possible under the circumstances; if he desires to write an article, let him be 'Fair' enough to draw from his own resources, and not hunt up all the "old salts" around the place to furnish him with a vocabulary of nautical phrases. Truly, it must have puzzled his brain greatly to produce such a monument to his energy and perseverance in the short space of two weeks. That "Fair Play" (?) will take this bit of advice in a good spirit, and profit by the same, is the sincere hope of

JUSTICE.

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, R. C. Adams, J. B. Berteling, W. Boulger, F. W. Bloom, J. P. Brice, F. Brennan, M. T. Burns, B. J. Claggett, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, J. Casey, B. Casey, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, L. Clements, T. B. Campbell, R. S. Campbell, D. Donohue, J. Dempsey, J. Delaney, Geo. Donnelly, H. Deehan, L. H. Duginger, M. English, M. B. Falvey, H. Gittings, E. Gooley, P. J. Hagan, J. Halloran, F. Humbert, A. Hayden, G. Harris, T. Hinderling, J. Hartman, J. Jordan, R. L. Johnson, J. Kurz, J. Keena, J. R. Kelly, J. Kinsella, P. B. Larkin, J. B. McGrath, W. B. McGorrick, P. McCormick, W. J. Murphy, J. J. McErlain, M. J. McEniry, J. O. McNerny, J. A. McIntyre, J. R. Mariette, Ed. Molitor, J. D. McKae, W. McAtee, M. Maloney, J. Malone, J. F. Mug, J. Noonan, J. Norfleet, R. C. O'Brien, J. F. O'Connell, Geo. Pike, L. N. Proctor, G. Palmer, R. E. Russell, J. Ryan, J. Rogers, F. Reeve, S. T. Spalding, J. Spalding, T. W. Simms, T. Summers, J. Solon, P. F. Shea, L. Stitzel, J. S. Smith, F. C. Smith, S. Smith, S. P. Terry, P. Terry, P. H. Vogel, H. Wathan, F. X. Wall, C. Whalen, F. Weisert, A. Zahm, C. H. Zarley, J. Carrer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. F. Brown, A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, J. M. Boose, A. A. Burmeister, Frank Becker, M. J. Burns, E. H. Croarkin, A. M. Coghlin, L. W. Coghlin, H. P. Dunn, J. W. Devitt, T. F. Devitt, T. F. Dever, R. E. Fleming, G. C. Foster, A. J. Farrelly, J. J. Gordon, W. S. Cleary, T. F. Flynn, F. H. Grever, J. W. Guthrie, Fred Glade, E. H. Gaines, M. Herrick, A. C. Hierb, J. A. Hintze, J. A. Herrmann, A. J. Hellebusche, J. T. Homan, F. R. Johnson, F. A. Kleine, R. Le Bourgeois, J. E. Litmer, J. A. Larkin, S. Livingston, A. B. Mergentheim, F. McPhillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, W. J. McCarthy, J. E. McCarthy, R. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, S. E. Meredith, T. F. McGrath, P. P. Nelson, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, R. E. O'Connor, E. A. Otis, G. A. Orr, R. H. Pomey, F. B. Phillips, A. P. Perley, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Quinn, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, C. F. Rietz, F. Rettig, P. H. Rashe, J. Ruppe, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, A. S. Rock, J. K. Scohbe, E. G. Sugg, J. A. Seeger, J. M. Scanlan, F. C. Scheid, J. A. Simms, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, M. A. Vedder, J. B. Witzel, W. T. Weny.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. H. McGrath, J. M. Courtney, G. E. Tourtillotte, F. Mattes,

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

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.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

A. J. Burger, J. B. Berteling, J. B. McGrath, F. W. Bloom, G. Sugg, R. H. Russell, R. Anderson, H. Wathen, J. G. Brady, M. McEniry, D. Harrington, R. O'Brien, R. Stewart, B. J. Claggett, M. T. Burns, J. Norfleet, W. B. McGorrick, A. Zahm, M. J. Burns, T. Simms, A. S. Rock.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Coolbaugh, D. G. Taylor, C. G. Droste, C. L. Garrick, L. Spalding, H. C. Snee, J. S. Courtney, G. E. Tourtillotte, C. A. Howard, F. Mattes, G. Van Mourick, A. Van Mourick, H. A. Kitz, J. W. Bannister, G. Woodson, C. H. McGrath, J. Courtney, W. H. Hanavin.

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.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—J. B. McGrath, A. J. Burger; Greek—R. Russell, J. Noonan, B. Claggett, M. T. Burns, J. B. McGrath; Latin—J. B. McGrath, F. W. Bloom, A. J. Burger, H. Wathen, A. Zahm; English Composition—J. Norfleet, J. G. Brady, G. Donnelly, W. J. McCarthy; Rhetoric—P. B. Larkin, A. Rock, J. Kurz, A. Zahm; English Literature—; Logic—P. Donohoe, W. B. McGorrick, F. Wall; Algebra—J. Jordan, J. Kurtz, J. B. Brady; Geometry—J. Norfleet, J. Kurz, F. Brennan, R. Anderson, C. B. Van Deusen, T. Conlan, P. B. Larkin, A. Zahm; Trigonometry—R. E. Russell; General Geometry and Calculus—E. Sugg; Mechanics—Geo. Sugg; Astronomy—F. Bloom; Linear Drawing—J. G. Brady; Physiology—W. J. Murphy, F. Reeve; Botany—F. Reeve, M. J. Burns; Zoology—M. J. Burns, R. Stewart; Geology, J. Berteling; Mineralogy—J. B. Berteling; Physics, F. Bloom; Chemistry—W. B. McGorrick; History—J. Mug, E. Murphy, J. Berteling, P. B. Larkin, A. S. Rock, T. Simms.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Wednesday, the 12th inst., the fifth anniversary of the death of the late chaplain of St. Mary's, Rev. N. H. Gillespie, a Solemn *Requiem* Mass for the repose of his soul, was sung by Rev. Father Shortis.

—At the regular meeting of St. Agnes's Literary Society. Reading: "History of England." Readers—Misses French and Duncan. Misses Garrity, Butts and L. Populorum deserve mention for prompt and intelligent replies to questions proposed by the directress.

—At the Academic reunion in the Junior Department. Reading: "The Legend of the Daisy"—from *The Ave Maria*, by Miss C. Ryan; "*L'Oreiller d'une petite fille*," Mme. Debords Valmore, by Miss J. Butts; "*Reiters Margengesang*," Kauff, by Miss C. Van Namee.

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was: Schiller's "Mary Stuart." Readers—Misses Kirchner and Rheinhardt. Excellent selections were given. Saturday, the Feast of St. Gertrude, was celebrated by the Society, and the evening was passed in pleasant German conversations.

—It is well known to most of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC that the Chapel of Loretto, on St. Mary's grounds,

was enriched some 17 years ago by our late Holy Father, Pius IX, with all the Indulgences attached to the original shrine, *La Santa Casa*, in Italy. Since then, many devout persons have come as pilgrims to this our Lady's favored shrine.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society, entertaining anecdotes were related by a number of the young ladies. Various topics of conversation were brought up, and maintained in a manner to indicate a decided progress. Their ease and fluency of expression indicate the determination of the members to speak fluently the French language.

—At the regular meeting of St. Angela's Literary Society. Reading: "The Holy House of Loretto." Readers—Hammond, Rheinhardt and Wall. A poetical composition, "Ruin and its Formation," was read by the author, Miss Zahm. The meeting was unusually interesting. Much valuable information was gained by the members, as the result of their close attention.

—At the weekly meeting of St. Catharine's Literary Society—reading: "Ruins of Antiquity"; "The Blind Man by the Wayside"; "The Honest Father"; "Spare Moments"; "Beautiful Things"; selections, source not given; "The Two Church Builders," John G. Saxe; and "Lines from Milton." Readers: Misses Herrick, Claffey and Dallas. Misses Winston and Fox distinguished themselves for accurate replies when accounts of the reading were required.

—At the regular meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society. Reading: "A Lecture on Science and Religion," Cardinal Wiseman, reader—Miss Killelea. Original essays were read. "Love of the Beautiful Universal," contributed by the First Senior Class, reader—Miss Cavenor; "Hues caught from the Rainbow of Science," contributed by the Graduating Class; reader—Miss McGrath. The essays evinced industry, skill, and careful thought. The Directress expressed her hearty approbation.

—Visitors of the week: Mrs. Judge Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. T. Donnelly, Michigan City, Ind.; Mr. John Keenan, Ada, Mich.; Rev. M. F. Noll, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. and Miss Koontz, Union City, Ind.; Mrs. P. W. McVeigh and Mrs. Cleary, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. J. B. Fuller, Marysville, Cal.; Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Mitchell, Bryan, Ohio; Mrs. A. Tourtillotte, Mrs. G. Tourtillotte, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. T. Cosmas, Winnamac, Ind.; Miss Hemenway, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bassett, Chicago; Mrs. H. F. Ufford, Lewistown, Ill.; Mr. Rodney Hoadley, Niles, Mich.

—At the regular Academic reunion *Rosa Mystica*, Vol VI, number second, was read. Editors—Misses Keenan, Wooden, Galen, and Cortright. Contents: Editorial—Political Economy; Scriptural Allusions; Emulation in Class; The Studio; The Nine who through St. Mary's Halls; Striking Simile; A Discovery in Physical Geography; Notes on Domestic Economy; Open Sesame; Gleanings from the Studio; Brevity, versus Prolixity; Crash, Dash, Smash, suggested by Tennyson; Signs of the Times; Siderial Phenomena; News Letter; Cutlery; To those who love the Blessed Virgin; Pilgrim's Progress; A Wooden Sentiment; Euphonius Cognomens; Military Tactics; Mysteries Inevitable in the Life of a Finite Being; Love for Mary; Reasons why we want the Statue; Diatonic Scale of the First Senior Class. A Journey from Lancaster to Florida Keys; A Voice from Purgatory.

Roll of Honor.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Keenan, Woodin, R. Ewing, Maloney, Hambleton. 1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Sullivan, Ryan, Quinn, I. Semmes, Hackett, Rosing, Cavenor, Ward, Kirchner, Cortright, Gordon, A. Ewing, Danaher, Farrell, Buck, 2D SR. CLASS—Misses Herrick, Smith, Lloyd, Dillon, Claffey, Joyce, Jones, A. McGrath, Geiser, O'Neill, Neu, Usselman, J. Mitchell, Otto, Winston. 3D SR. CLASS—Misses Roys, A. Dillon, Fitzgerald, Fox, McMahon, Julius, Wells, Bischoff, S. Winston, Dallas, Loeber, Bannister, De Lapp, Columba Wathan, Bruser, 1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Wall, Murphy, Piersol, Zahm, Taylor, C. Campbell, Lancaster, Stitzel, Callinan, Hackley, Simms, Price, Hamilton, Dessaint, McKinnis, Campbell, Keyes, Baroux, Kinzie, Gavin.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Hammond, S. Semmes, Horner, French, Papin, Fishburne, Rasche, Solomon, Thompson, Butts, Lemontey, Orr, Reinhardt. 3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Tallman, Garrity, J. Wells, E. Dallas, Watson, Joseph, Moll, Moxen, Edelen, Reynolds, Atwood. JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses Legnard, C. Lancaster, Duncan, Rutlinger, Gibbons, C. Ryan, Barlow, L. English, Gintz, Chirhart, McCloskey, Carter, E. Populorum, Paquette, E. Ryan. 1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Hale, Harrison, Fisk, Clarke, Hutchison, E. Papin, Considine, Zimmerman. 2D JR. CLASS Misses M. Fitzgerald, B. Garrity, Robinson, Orr.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Rosing, A. McGrath, Lemontey, Silverthorn. 2D DIV.—Misses I. Semmes, Dallas, O'Neill, Geiser, Maloney, Cavenor, A. Ewing, Cortright, Neu. 2D CLASS—Misses M. Campbell, Butts, S. Wathen, C. Wathen, Cox. 3D CLASS—Misses K. Lancaster, Feehan, L. Populorum, Semmes, A. Ryan, Fox, French, S. Papin. 4TH CLASS—Misses Keves, English, Jones, Herrick, Winston, Lancaster, De Lapp, E. Populorum, Clarke. 5TH CLASS—A. Taylor, K. Lloyd, K. Wells, Simms, G. Taylor, Hammond, Gavin, Paquette, McMahon, Simms, Leyden, L. English, E. Dallas, E. Papin, Barlow, Price.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Usselman, Gall, Reinhardt, Julius, Horner, Salomon. 2D CLASS—Misses Claffey, C. Hackett, Smith, McMahon, Loehner, Bischoff, Van Namee. 3D CLASS—Misses M. Fitzgerald, Hamilton, Ward, Joyce, Butts. 4TH CLASS—Misses Quinn, Bruser, Stitzel, Piersol, A. Dillon, Casey, Reutlinger, Duncan, Chirhart, Gibbons, Ginz, Moll, Harrison, Considine, S. Semmes, C. Campbell, Fleming, Carter, Zimmerman, Hutchison.

Tablet of Honor

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

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In its comments on men and affairs, THE SUN believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique, organization or interest. It is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain, beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is influenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser with two cents. It hates injustice and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are its friends. And THE SUN makes no bones of telling the truth to its friends and about its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.

These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come.

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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Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, in Effect JUNE 8, 1879.

Going North.		STATIONS		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.40 a.m.	3.20 p.m.	- - -	Michigan City, - - -	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
12.55 "	2.30 "	- - -	La Porte, - - -	10.25 "	8.55 "
12.28 "	2.08 "	- - -	Stillwell, - - -	10.45 "	9.20 "
12.07 "	1.44 "	- - -	Walkerton, - - -	11.10 "	9.47 "
11.27 p.m.	1.07 "	- - -	Plymouth, - - -	11.47 "	10.33 "
10.31 "	12.10 "	- - -	Rochester, - - -	12.40 p.m.	11.32 "
9.55 "	11.26 a.m.	- - -	Denver, - - -	1.17 "	12.12 a.m.
9.25 "	10.47 "	- - -	Peru, - - -	2.00 "	12.40 "
9.03 "	10.26 "	- - -	Bunker Hill, - - -	2.22 "	1.01 "
8.33 "	9.56 "	- - -	Kokomo Junction, - - -	3.00 "	1.35 "
7.52 "	9.13 "	- - -	Tipton, - - -	3.38 "	2.16 "
7.10 "	8.30 "	- - -	Noblesville, - - -	4.25 "	3.02 "
6.10 "	7.25 "	- - -	Indianapolis, - - -	5.25 "	4.00 "
		- - -	Cincinnati, - - -	10.00 "	8.15 "
		- - -	Louisville, - - -	10.45 "	8.20 "
		- - -	Saint Louis, - - -	7.30 a.m.	5.00 p.m.

PERU & INDIANAPOLIS EXPRESS.

Leave Peru 7.45 a.m.	- - -	Arrive Indianapolis 11.00 a.m.
" " 6.40 p.m.	- - -	" " 9.50 p.m.
RETURNING		
Leave Indianapolis 12.25 p.m.	- - -	Arrive Peru 3.50 p.m.
" " 11.10 "	- - -	" " 2.55 a.m.

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ARTHUR J. STACE [of '64], County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express.	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—7 05 a.m.	4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame—7 40 "	4 48 "
Ar. Niles—9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—7 45 "	4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND

MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3. Night Ex.	No. 5. Mail.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9 00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestlin,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	5 40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9 00 "	12 25 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.53 "

GOING EAST.

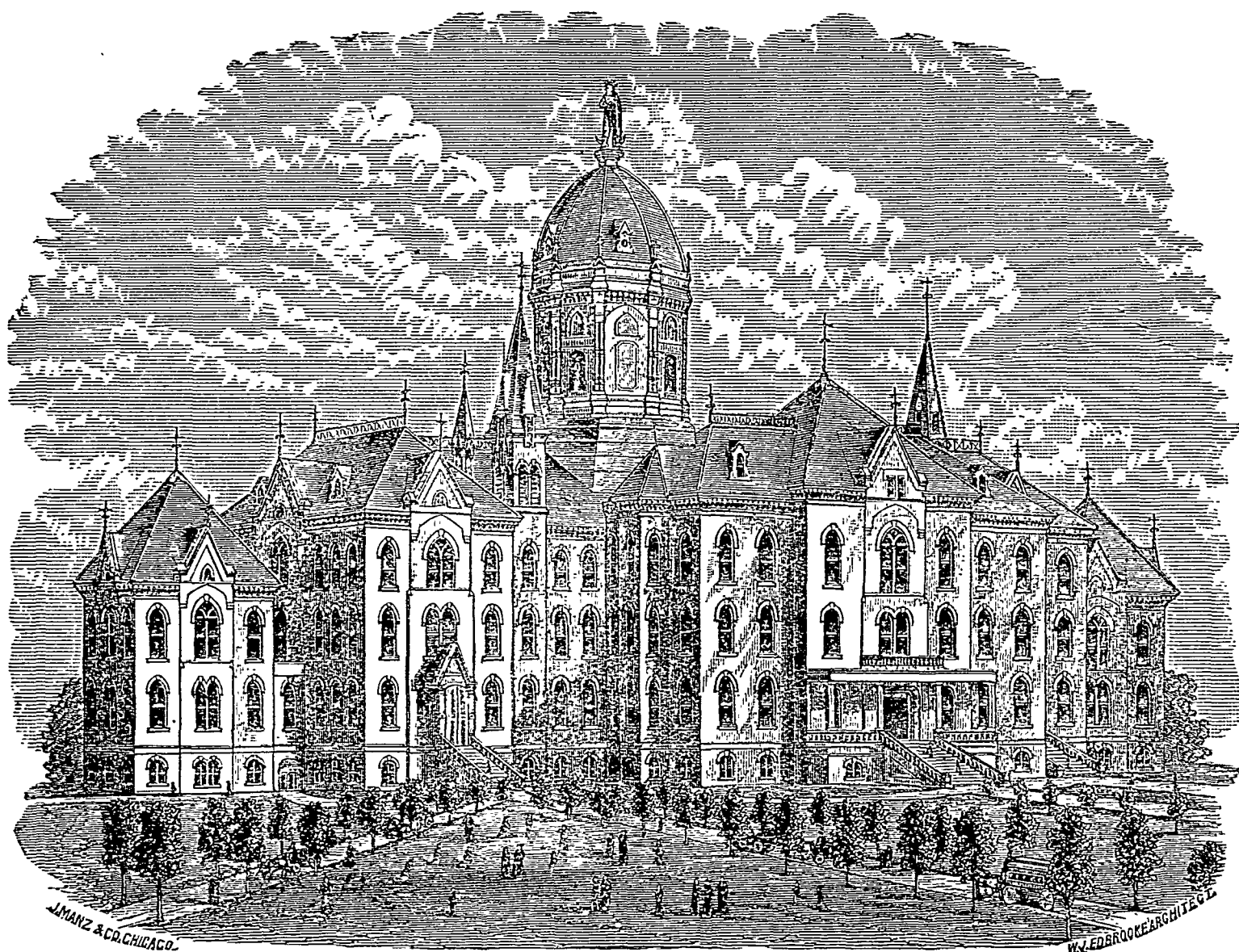
	No. 4. Night Ex.	No. 2. Fast Ex.	No. 6. Atlan. Ex.	No. 8 Mail.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.05 "
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12 05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.15 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.45 "	4.55 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.28 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4 00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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