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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Sunrise at Sea.

DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

I.

The eastern sky of autumn, all resplendent
With showers of golden glory—
The lustrous sea, as if of heaven a pendant,
This sunrise tells a story.

II.

Wondrous the lesson of that brilliant beauty,
Stained on October's sky,
That such a sunrise, crowning days of duty,
Shall greet us when we die.

III.

After the night-time of the Stygian reason,
Showers of eternal glory
Await the dazzled soul—and this the season
The sunrise tells its story.

William H. Prescott.

William H. Prescott, a historian of distinguished ability, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1796. A diligent student, he graduated at the age of eighteen, leaving behind him a brilliant record both for deportment and application to study. An unfortunate accident occurred about this time which exercised a depressing influence on his lofty aspirations. While at dinner one day, a crust of bread, playfully thrown by a fellow-student, deprived him of the use of one eye, and injured, to a certain extent, the other. This was a serious drawback to his labors in after-years. Upon his recovery, he determined to devote ten years of his life to the study of ancient and modern literature, and the succeeding ten to the composition of a history. He abandoned this scheme as occupying too much time, and as likely to prove ruinous to his eyesight because of the overwhelming amount of reading to be done. The only evidences of his labor in the former direction exist as a series of articles in the *North-American Review* upon, "Molière," "Italian Narrative and Poetry," and "Poetry and Romance of the Italians." These, the first productions of his pen, were published in 1825. Reluctantly abandoning the herculean task, he next turned his attention to the study of Spanish literature and history. After more than ten years spent in studious application to this work, he gave to the public, in 1837, the result of his diligent care and research, in his renowned "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella." This, the first public evidence of his ability and perseverance, is regarded as one of the finest histories ever composed. 'Twas not long published ere it took a prominent

place in all public libraries. This historical composition rapidly became renowned throughout the whole western continent; and even cold and jealous England was compelled to admit that it was not only most reliable, but that it was the most polished history of Spain ever presented to the public. Casting his eye over the list of dynasties that had existed, and the events which had taken place from very remote times, Prescott, with commendable judgment, selected for the subject of his first work the most interesting and brilliant period of Spanish history. The age of Ferdinand and Isabella is to Spain what that of Louis XIV was subsequently to France. It was the era in which Spain laid broad and deep the foundation of that solid glory which made her for more than two centuries the first country of Europe. Prescott could scarcely have chosen a loftier theme. He brought to the execution of his task a great amount of learning, as well as much industry and care in the arrangement of his copious materials. His work manifests a degree of research highly creditable to the author. It is said that in order to stimulate his imagination, and enhance the animation of his style, he was accustomed to listen for two hours a day to novel-reading.

A learned American critic has passed the following comment on Prescott's greatest work: "In our opinion the style is more natural, and better adapted to historical narrative than the more florid manner of Bancroft, who seems to have caught no little of the transcendental and *Bulwerian* infection of the age. What is, however, most pleasing in the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, is the array of learned references, by which each statement is sustained; not only is every original document and work cited, but the very edition and page are carefully marked, so as to facilitate, in a high degree, the researches of the scholar who might feel disposed to verify the quotations. The statements of the author may be relied on, wherever he confines himself to facts, unless when he views them through the improper medium of undue prejudice, or is misled, as to the facts themselves, by prejudiced authority."

Prescott, however, seems to have been constantly haunted by the spectre of the Inquisition; never did he neglect an opportunity of calumniating and satirizing the Catholic Church. This grievous fault is the more to be regretted, because his book will descend to posterity as a standard work of American literature, of which his country may justly be proud. A few remarks here upon the choice of his subjects will not be inappropriate. In his selection of Spanish history, Prescott evinces considerable wisdom, since no great Spanish history was in existence at this time and a fine field was offered for the display of his genius and talents. Documents were forthcoming, which had been stored away, as though awaiting the hand

of him who was to reveal to the delighted world the secrets concealed in their precious folds. Everything conspired to animate and encourage the delver into this portion of the mystical lore of past ages. With his characteristic energy and patience, Prescott collected, one by one, those invaluable documents, stored away their precious contents, zealously pursued his researches into Spanish history, and at last was enabled, in his own beautiful style, to present to the admiring people the true state of affairs then existing at the Spanish court, and all those romantic conquests so intimately connected with Spanish history. Viewing with complacency the splendid success which greeted his first effort, our historian devoted himself for six years to the compilation of his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," a work which far surpassed in splendor of style his "Ferdinand and Isabella." It is truly a splendid work on a splendid subject. I here introduce Archbishop Spalding's criticism on this history, trusting that its merit will atone for the insertion: "Much as we expected from the accomplished historian of the magnificent reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, our expectations have not been disappointed in the present work. It not only fully sustains, but it even elevates the character of Mr. Prescott as a historian. We view his second as far superior to his first production, both in matter and style. His style is chaste, polished, dramatic; and it compares favorably with that of any American writer with whom we are acquainted, not excepting even the exquisite Washington Irving. It combines something of the chaste smoothness and delicate taste of Irving, with the liveliness of Paulding and Stephens; while it is, to a great extent, free from the carelessness and occasional bad taste of the two last, and of Cooper; and it is far superior, in every respect, to that of the inflated and transcendental Bancroft. The constant sweetness of Irving cloy; after perusing one of his works, you feel as if you had spent a day in a rich flower garden, laid off with exquisite taste, and filled with the choicest plants; you are delighted with everything; you behold nothing to find fault with, but in the evening your head is wearied, and it aches with the excessive fragrance. The atmosphere in which Mr. Prescott moves is less aromatic; but is, perhaps, for this, all the purer and more refreshing. In other respects, however, Prescott falls greatly below Irving,—in modesty, good-humor, in freedom from undue prejudice. Still it would be exaggerated eulogy to say that Mr. Prescott's style is wholly faultless. The severe critic will perhaps find it too stiff and labored in the introduction, and occasionally too tame or careless in the body of the work. The former evidently smells of the lamp; in it the writer appears ill at ease; he treads the stage, clad in the buskin and uniform; in the latter he descends, puts on a graceful dishabille, and intermingles carelessly in the stirring scenes of life. And as far as style is concerned, we are free to acknowledge that we prefer too much carelessness to too great rigidity."

Prescott's *forte*, however, lies in description. Many of his descriptions, whether of scenery, of battles, or of natural phenomena, are peculiarly dramatic; some of them possess the vividness of pictures. Numerous examples might be adduced, but three especially are remarkable: the graphic description of a storm which broke over Mexico on the night of the conquest; the vivid account of the storming of the great temple by Cortez and his veterans; and the lively manner in which are painted the dreadful horrors of the *Noche Triste*. The preceding criticism, with very few

exceptions, will apply equally well to his "History of the Conquest of Peru," which met with great favor at the hands of the public. After the publication of the latter, Prescott travelled for three years in order to restore both his health and his eye-sight, which had become greatly enfeebled by incessant application to his writings. In 1850 he began preparations for the "History of the Reign of Philip II," two volumes of which he published in 1855, and a third in 1858. His intention was to have had this history comprise six volumes; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete them, since it would not only have added to his fame, but the literary world would have received a work which had brightened the chronicles of the nineteenth century, and taken a leading position among histories, ancient and modern. His other writings consist of memoirs of his friends, John Pickering and Abbott Lawrence; and a sequel supplied to Robertson's "Charles V.," relating the true circumstances of his retirement and death. His style is generally regarded as the feature of his work; but style, however important, is not everything in a historian. Research, accuracy, and impartiality are three essential qualities of a good historian. Without the first he were wholly unqualified for the task; he would be like an artist without suitable material and tools. Without the second, all research, however laborious, would be thrown away, and the historian would resemble the statuary, who with polished instruments and beautiful marble should still, through carelessness or want of genius, fail to execute anything worthy of a sculptor. Finally, without the third, all previous research, as well as the sincere wish to be accurate, would generally prove unavailing; the historian would, perhaps unconsciously, miscolor or mistake facts; his work would resemble that of a painter who, though indefatigable in labor, skilful and exact, should yet spoil his work by improper or excessive coloring.

Prescott's laborious research is unquestionable, as is evident from a perusal of his histories. He is generally accurate. Where there exist any doubts, he goes very carefully over the grounds of the arguments on both sides. But, alas, for the third requisite! His prejudice against Roman Catholics is but too apparent in his writings; more than once is this shown in portraying the character of the conquerors. It is the only stain upon his otherwise faultless works, and is the more to be regretted as such prejudice is wholly unworthy the enlightened and moderate mind of Prescott; it will add nothing to his posthumous fame.

While engaged, in 1859, in composing his "Philip II," he was stricken with paralysis and died within an hour. Edward Everett, in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society shortly after Prescott's death, said: "So long as in ages far distant, and not only in countries now refined and polished, but in those not yet brought into the domain of civilization, the remarkable epoch which he has described shall attract the attention of men; so long as the consolidation of the Spanish monarchy and the expulsion of the Moors, the mighty theme of the discovery of America, the wonderful genius of Columbus, the mail-clad forms of Cortez and Pizarro, and the other grim *conquistadores*, trampling new-found empires under the hoofs of their cavalry, shall be subjects of literary interest; so long as the blood shall curdle at the cruelties of Aloa and the fierce struggles of the Moslem in the East; so long will the writings of our friend be read. With respect to some of them,

time, in all probability, will add nothing to his materials. It was said the other day by our respected associate, President Sparks (a competent authority), that no historian, ancient or modern, exceeded Mr. Prescott in the depth and accuracy of his researches. He has driven his Artesian criticism through wretched modern compilations, and the trashy exaggerations of intervening commentators, down to the original contemporary witnesses; and the sparkling waters of truth have gushed up from the living rock. In the details of his narrative, further light may be obtained from sources not yet accessible. The first letter of Cortez may be brought to light; the hieroglyphics of Palenque may be deciphered; but the history of the Spanish empire, during the period for which he has treated it, will be read by posterity for general information, not in black letter chronicles, but in the volumes of Prescott."

Chat Between Studies.

INSECTS.

"What a stupid subject!" I can fancy my readers saying, when they see the title of this article. "Why didn't the man choose something more interesting to write about? Had he chosen the birds of America, for instance, the interest of such a subject would have struck home at once." No doubt: their graceful flight, instinct with all the poetry of motion; the wondrous grace and delicacy of their form; the purple and gold of their plumage gleaming and flashing in the sunlight; the sweet melody of their songs, poured forth from swelling throats in honor of their Creator, amid scenes of sylvan beauty,—all about them challenges admiration, and calls forth our warmest interest. But the insects: they are so contemptible, so little!

Ay! there's the rub—their littleness. Magical indeed is the effect of size on our minds; we are almost tempted to take off our hats to some huge monster—the sea-serpent, for example—and bow our respectful admiration. But for insects, small and mean as they seem, we have the most unbounded contempt. We imagine ourselves to be great, and there is nothing great about us, except our ignorance and conceit. We cannot see without pain, without tears, perhaps, an old faithful dog, with a rope round its neck, dragged to the river's brink, there to be cast into the water by the very hands it has so often and so lovingly licked. But flies, insects—who cares about? who has the slightest scruple about killing them? And yet, like the dog, the insect clings to life; like the dog, it suffers all the pangs of death; and even we at the last hour hardly suffer more. To these little beings we are cruel, needlessly cruel; and, what is worse, our cruelty is deeply tinged with cowardice. Were they, like the hornet, armed with a sting at the end of their bodies, our respect would be greater, and with the utmost courtesy we should allow them to go on their way unmolested.

A man's worth is his heart's worth. It is not god-like beauty of face and form; it is not physical strength, nor size, nor yet talents, nor genius that make a man worthy of love: it is goodness of heart. Now, the heart's goodness is not shut up, is not confined within the narrow range of zoölogic classification; it does not limit itself to the human race, but it overflows and spreads over the whole of nature. You remember the story of good old Uncle Toby; "Go," said he,

one day, to a huge fly that had tormented him cruelly during dinner, and which he had at last caught:—"go, I will not do thee harm." Then crossing the room with the fly in his hand, and opening the window he said, whilst he allowed the fly to escape: "Go, poor rogue,—get thee gone; why should I harm thee? the world is big enough for both of us." Do not misunderstand me. It is no wish of mine that you cultivate the foolish sentimentality so common in this age of ours, when men and women's hearts, so callous to the sufferings and woes of their fellow-men, are wrung, and what is more, their purses opened to relieve the sufferings of dogs and cats. Most certainly we have the right to use creatures in accordance with the dictates of right reason, and if their sufferings and death are beneficial, we have a right to inflict them. What I deprecate is, wanton cruelty, the cruelty of unconcern. The only excuse we can offer for this cruelty is our habitual thoughtlessness, and it is this thoughtlessness, this want of consideration, I wish to remove.

There is no animal which God has scattered over the varied surface of the globe in such boundless profusion as these little beings. The air, the earth, the water, the woods are peopled by this myriad race; and far away amid the eternal silence and desolation of the Northern and Southern Poles, where hardly any vestige of brute life remains, there you will find these little creatures, the solitary representatives of life on earth. Not content with multiplying them in countless numbers, with singular and marvellous love He has cared for these tiny organisms which we affect to despise. Consider for a moment the marvellous structure of their eyes. Shall I say their eye is unequalled? Why every facet of an insect's eye is an eye itself; and when we remember that the eye of an ant has fifty such facets, that of a common fly four thousand, that of a butterfly seventeen thousand, how poor and mean in comparison do our two eyes, blue, black, or gray, appear! We boast sometimes of our physical strength, without much reason, surely. Most men can hardly carry a burden greater than their own weight, whilst a little cockchafer will easily draw a weight fourteen times that of its own. Working in proportion, a horse ought to draw twenty-five tons. We have built the pyramids. A stupendous work, and one of which we may well be proud. The highest of these is about ninety times the height of a man. Well, there is a little ant—*termites lucifugus*—that builds for itself a little palace a thousand times its own height, and that so strongly, too, that on its top the wild buffalo takes its stand to catch thence, as from an observatory, a glimpse of approaching danger. Instances like these, and they may be easily multiplied, will lead the thoughtful to a better appreciation of these little creatures. Their use we do not always see; none the less it exists, for they are the work of One who has made all things with wondrous wisdom to form a stupendous and harmonious whole.

W.

—Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

—Why do they call Shaksepeare's plays his "works"? Isn't there any difference between work and play?

—There are a great many people who will never go to heaven unless they can go at excursion rates, or in a carriage-and-four.

Advantages of Collegiate Studies.

To be able to appreciate the importance of collegiate studies, and the advantages to be derived from them, it is only necessary to consider the beneficial influence which the mental culture that they impart exerts, not only upon individuals, but likewise upon nations. The Athenians occupied only a narrow corner of the earth, but time seems powerless to dim the lustre of their fame. They brought the arts and sciences to perfection, and in so doing only built up the edifice of their own glory. Their city was a nursery of men eminent in every walk of life and the models of all future generations. The lapse of centuries only seems to bring into bolder relief the eloquence of the orators of Athens, the glory of her warriors, and the wisdom of her statesmen.

Rome, after having become the mistress of the world by her victories, attracted its admiration by the splendor of her intellectual triumphs. She thus acquired over the nations which she had subjected to her sway a superiority more generally recognized and more lasting than that which resulted from her arms and her conquests. Africa, the home of a Tertullian and an Augustine, a land once so fertile in men of lofty genius, has now become a name synonymous with barbarism; and her degeneracy is to be attributed solely to her neglect of the serious studies. For ages she has not produced a man who has revived the memory of her glorious days, or who has even given any proof that he himself remembered them. The contrary has been the case with all the nations of Northern and Western Europe. While Africa was a centre of enlightenment and civilization they were plunged in darkness and barbarism, because they had not yet become alive to the importance of intellectual culture. But scarcely had a taste for serious studies come upon them, when they produced men who, in every department of literature and in every walk of professional life, equalled, if they did not surpass, the models left them by the polished nations of antiquity. And does not our own everyday experience confirm the truth of the lesson which all history teaches? There are still in the world tribes and nations in a rude state of civilization. But in proportion as mental enlightenment makes its way among them, what wonderful changes do we not almost immediately observe! They seem transformed into new men; their customs become less fierce; their manners more refined; their laws more humane; in a word, they emerge, as it were, from the obscurity in which they had perhaps for ages languished, and from the rudeness which appeared to be their only natural condition. All these facts lead us to conclude that throughout the world the minds of men are substantially cast in the same mould; that to mental culture must be attributed the superiority of mind over mind, as well as of nation over nation; that races are withdrawn from obscurity or plunged back into it just as they cultivate or neglect the arts and sciences, which seem to control the destiny of nations.

But without going over the whole field of history, a simple glance at what takes place around us in the material world would be sufficient to lead us to the same conclusion. Let any two adjacent strips of land of equal fertility be selected. If the one be carefully cultivated and the other allowed to run wild, what a vast difference will we not in a very short time discover between them? The one, because it is neglected, will present a dreary and deso-

late appearance, will be covered with rank weeds, or will bristle with thorns and brambles; the other, with its soft verdure, its beautiful flowers, its rich harvests and its abundant fruits, presents the most delightful picture on which the eye of man can rest. So it is with the human mind. We are always repaid with interest for the care which we take in cultivating it. It is an estate which no man who feels the dignity of his nature ought to neglect,—an estate which is both rich and fertile, and which is capable of producing fruits that will never decay.

The mind of man is nourished and strengthened by the sublime truths which serious study alone can supply. It grows, as it were, with the growth of the great men on whose works it feeds, just as we insensibly imbibe the sentiments and contract the habits of those with whom we live. It is inspired with a noble emulation to reach a degree of glory equal to theirs, and is filled with hope at the sight of the success which they have obtained. It forgets its own weakness and constantly exerts itself to rise above it. It may be naturally barren, but careful and assiduous study increases its store of knowledge, widens its views, multiplies its ideas and gives them more variety, distinctness and life; teaches it to consider truth from every possible standpoint, and helps it to draw from principles their remotest consequences. We are all born in the darkness of ignorance, to which early training may perhaps have added many false ideas and prejudices. Study throws light upon our darkness and corrects our errors. It gives clearness to our thoughts and exactness to our judgment. It accustoms us to put order and method in all that we think and write. It offers to us for guides and models the wisest and most enlightened men of all times, whom we may justly call with an ancient philosopher the teachers of the human race. By communicating to us some portion of their judgment and wisdom, it enables us to follow with security in the path traced out by those immortal guides, who, having undergone the rigorous scrutiny of so many ages and so many nations, and survived the ruin of so many empires, have by the unanimous verdict of mankind deserved to be considered the sovereign arbiters of correct taste and the finished models of literary excellence.

Serious studies not only serve to broaden the mind and to fill it with speculative knowledge, but they are at the same time the best preparation which can be made for all the practical duties of private and public life. The age when a knowledge of the three R's was considered a sufficient intellectual equipment for the merchant is fast passing away. "The schoolmaster is abroad" in our day, and the man who is devoid of culture may as well bid adieu to all hope of distinction or advancement in any public career. Cicero, in his oration for the poet Archias, admits that natural ability without scholarship has led more men to fame and honor than scholarship without natural ability. In ancient times there may have been an opening in public life for the unlettered man of ability; in the modern world there is none. "But," continues the Roman orator, "when to natural abilities of a brilliant order there are added the directing influence and moulding power of learning, great and extraordinary results are wont to be produced." He mentions a few men of this class, and the list comprises some of the greatest names of antiquity. Were we to attempt to draw out a catalogue of distinguished men whose greatness has been the result of great natural ability and intellectual training,

we would be obliged to mention nearly all the great names of modern times—the Chathams and Burkes and Pitts, the Chateaubriands and Guizots and Montalemberts, the Websters and Sumners and Greeleys. Thiers, amid the crushing duties which must necessarily devolve on the leader of the Government of a great nation, finds time to compose some of the most brilliant historical works which our age has had the opportunity to admire; Guizot leaves the professor's chair to assume the prime-minister's portfolio, and discharges with equal ability the duties of both positions; Gladstone prepares himself daily for the herculean labors which await him by the reading of his beloved Homer; Disraeli seeks repose from his arduous Parliamentary labors in art studies and in the composition of works of fiction; while some of the most fascinating of Macaulay's efforts were produced amid the bustle and turmoil of public life. Who has not often heard men of the world, whom long experience and serious reflection had taught, complain bitterly of the consequences of a neglected early education, and regret that they had not when young enjoyed the opportunity of acquiring a taste for those studies whose importance and advantages they had learned, but too late, to appreciate. They are forced to acknowledge that lack of mental culture alone has prevented them from obtaining important charges which otherwise would have been within their reach, or has made them feel their inferiority and their incapacity to discharge the duties of the trusts which had been confided to them.

Had study no other object than to enable us to acquire the habit of mental application, to correct the natural giddiness and inconstancy of our mind, and to surmount its aversion to labor, it would be an object well worth all our exertions to obtain. Study would thus be the means of withdrawing many from idleness, frivolity, and perhaps crime; it would fill a yawning void in the lives of thousands, and would render those leisure hours which, to persons devoid of literary taste, are a species of living death, a time of both pleasure and profit. It would enable us to pass correct judgment on all the remarkable works that appear, to contract intimacy with men of talent and genius, to take pleasure in the society of intellectual men, and to contribute our full share to every serious conversation. Even though we may not be called upon in our conversations, or in the discourses which we are obliged to deliver, to make a display of the learning which we may possess, the habit of study will yet give to our mind a solidity of thought and a correctness and nicety of judgment, and to our tongue a conciseness and aptness of expression, which none of those with whom we come in contact can fail to observe and admire.

But it is not the intellect alone which is benefited by serious studies; the benefits which they confer on manners and morals are almost equally great. To advert to these now would protract the present article beyond reasonable limits, but perhaps at some future time mention of them will be made.

—An aged lady, thinking that she was dying, said in a penitential mood: "I have been a great sinner for more than sixty years and didn't know it." To which her old negro servant, who had lived with her from childhood, responded: "Oh! Lor', I knowed it all de time."

Scientific Notes.

—The shrinking of the water in Tulare Lake, Cal., has uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals, once bordered with planted trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race, being clearly defined as the water subsides.

—Modern scientists are wont to boast of their great progress in the 19th century; but cannot the ancients boast justly when old Prof. Agassiz said positively in one of the twelve lectures delivered some years ago in Boston, that he studied the structure of certain South American fishes from the books of Aristotle?

—The Howgate North Polar Expedition has thus far proved a failure. The highest point reached by the "Gulnare" was Disco Island; and to reach this, she had to pass a fierce storm, in which the vessel suffered so much that she had to return to Newfoundland by sail. Dr. Pavy, the naturalist of the expedition, remained in Greenland to pursue his researches in natural history.

—M. De Lesseps was one of the prominent speakers on the occasion of unveiling a bronze statue in honor of Denis Papin, who was the precursor of Watt in applying steam as a motive power. Papin was a native of a little town in France called Blois. Like so many early inventors, Papin suffered cruel persecution at the hands of the people whose descendants now unite to do him honor.

—Prof. Silvestri, in a recent ascent of Etna, found that, as a result of recent volcanic activity, the summit has been lowered to the extent of twelve metres, so that its present height above sea-level is 3,300 metres, and that the interior edge of the crater, which was formerly 1,500 metres in circumference, is now 1,800. The platform which was formerly, seen on the east side, at sixty metres below the edge of the crater, has completely fallen into the heart of the volcano.

—A meteoric stone (aerolite), weighing about 125 pounds, fell at Schroon Lake, New York, about 10 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, September 22d. It fell within twenty feet of a cottage, the occupants of which had the pleasure of watching it cool down from an intense red heat to the temperature of terrestrial things in that region. A small house is now built over this stone, which is being left where it fell, in order that scientists may study its position and peculiarities.

—During a recent thunder-storm at Hamburg the British consul observed the phenomenon of St. Elmo's fire playing above the tip of the spire of a church three quarters of a mile away. Twenty times within one hour a pale bluish ball of light, resembling in tint the flame of burning potassium, was seen. It appeared to be spherical in form, and from three to six feet in diameter. It seemed to hover above the fire without touching it, and lasting about 40 seconds at each time of appearance.

—A new apparatus for combining rectangular vibrations has been invented. The materials necessary are a box, 24 inches square, two flat springs of wood, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and 24 inches long; or two springs of metal one-sixteenth thick, 1 inch wide, and the same length. These springs are secured to the sides of the box at diagonally opposite corners, by stout screws, a block 1 inch thick and 4 inches long being placed between the end of the spring and the box, to give space for the vibration of the spring.

—The comet lately discovered at the Ann Arbor Observatory is just visible to the naked eye, but is not growing brighter, as was at first hoped, although it will doubtless be visible for some time. It has a large bright head with a sparkling nucleus, and a faint tail about two degrees in length. The head is nearly as bright in the telescope as the great cluster Hercules. The tail points upwards or away from the sun. It is moving about three degrees daily in an easterly direction or nearly in a line drawn from Alphecca to Altair in the Eagle. It is a beautiful object, and its scientific value will be very great. By following the direction of its motion just given, no one will have any trouble in finding the comet with quite a small telescope, and it will be worth the search.

Exchanges.

—And now comes to our sanctum table the bright face of our old-time friend, *The Portfolio*, from the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Canada, and we give her a cordial welcome. *The Portfolio* is as charming as ever. The Hamilton girls get up a very attractive paper. The article on "Conversation" is well worked and well written; the editorial, local, and selected items are unexceptionable.

—The publishers of the *Harvard Daily Echo* practice one virtue that is wanting to some college editors—namely, that of punctuality. If anyone wishes news from Harvard he can find it in the *Echo*, which promptly echoes the daily doings at that far-famed institution. The *Echo* must prove invaluable to the students at Harvard on account of the information it gives of class and other changes, general college news, etc. It is a welcome visitor with us.

—*The Vidette*, from Iowa City College, is a lively college paper. The originals of the nine original woodcuts used in illustrating the Irvings' sociable must also have been lively fellows, for they exerted themselves until they got black in the face. The editors have shown praiseworthy enterprise in securing competent artists to give charcoal sketches of the heroes at this juncture. By the way, one of the sheets of the paper had lost its other half before it reached us—we hope it wasn't its better half.

—We have seen many excellent children's papers, but cannot recall to memory any that pleased us better than the number of *Our Catholic Youth* for October the 16th. *Our Catholic Youth* took a high place with its first number, and has gone on gradually improving until there is scarcely room for further improvement in its present limits—except it be in the illustrations, which are good; but there is always room for improvement in illustrations, if only in the variety or grade. As for the reading-matter, better could not be desired; it seems to be admirably suited to attract and interest the younger folk. Another feature that we like in *Our Catholic Youth* is that it is published weekly, and although so carefully edited and well printed it costs only one dollar a year. We congratulate the publisher, Mr. John C. Lappan, of No. 11 Telegraph Block, Detroit, Mich., on the success of his paper, and wish him well-merited prosperity.

—The enterprising city of South Bend—the world-renowned city of wagons, chilled plows and Birdsell Hullers—has added another to its list of periodicals—this time a monthly. South Bend is well represented for a place of its population (eighteen or twenty thousand, we believe,) in the newspaper world. There are the daily and weekly *Tribune*, the daily and weekly *Register*, to advocate the cause of Republicanism in politics, with the daily and weekly *Herald* to give rebutting testimony in favor of Jeffersonian Democracy; while the Greenback editor wields his pen against national banks and both of the older parties. The German population have had for a long time a representative paper there. Now comes *The Farming World*, under the able management of Mr. T. S. Gardner, as an advocate of peace and farming. *The Farming World* is not to the manor born, being transferred to South Bend from Russellville, Ky., where it lived and waxed fat under the title of *The Fruit Farm*. Mr. Gardner, having extended the field of his usefulness, did well to remove to South Bend, whose renown as an agricultural implement manufacturing centre is now world-wide. The Studebaker wagons are well known, we believe, wherever the English language is spoken, and the Coquillard wagon, the Oliver chilled plow and Birdsell huller are following them up closely. The fine typographical appearance of *The Farming World* is a credit to its printers, the *Register* Company, and the fact that the paper has already a *bona fide* circulation of 15,000 copies is, perhaps, the best testimony to its character.

—*The EuPhilonian* is the title of a new college paper, or magazine, started at the Kentucky Wesleyan College, and replacing the *Eucleian* and *Philomathean*. It is ably edited, and neatly, even handsomely printed; it does not fancy the form of the paper (or magazine; it is issued in a neat cover, and probably deserves the title),—nor its title, but these are exclusively matters of taste, and the

publishers have a right to suit themselves in both. As to the title, it is good—for lovers of good, or good fellows, or of good will, or whatever interpretation one may give of it, are praiseworthy; but the term lacks euphony to the English ear. To some, however, this may be its best recommendation,—as college societies, for instance, which almost invariably choose some outlandish-sounding Greek name as a handle to their personality. But each to his taste, and we incline rather to *The Collegian*, *The Idler*, *The Tattler*, the *College Gossip*, or some such commonplace English title for a college paper or magazine. We speak not of the *EuPhilonian* alone, but of the bias of the general run of college associations and fraternities. The exchange editor of *The EuPhilonian* speaks of the appearance of the *SCHOLASTIC* as being neat, and calculated to make a good impression: the exchange editor of the *Cornell Era* holds the opposite opinion, so the matter may be settled by making the one balance the other. The exchange editor of the new magazine further thinks the literary department of the *SCHOLASTIC* rather short for the length of the paper, but here again he will find himself in opposition to not less than a baker's dozen of exchanges, who would kick the literary department altogether out of a paper and devote the entire space to editorial, athletics, college gossip, stale jokes, etc. There is no suiting all tastes, so we have compromised; and if no one is satisfied, at least no one can reasonably complain. Running a college, a hotel, or a newspaper, or keeping a fast horse or a pleasure yacht, may all seem very pleasant, and easy withal, but— We wish our new confrère all success. The change from the old to the new is an agreeable one, and we hope it will continue to improve, and to prosper.

—The exchange editor of *The College Rambler* has quite an "epistle" on "College Journalism," in the last number of his paper, that we would like to reproduce entire. Space forbidding, we content ourselves with the following excerpt:

"It is no injustice to the average [college] editorial board to say that it is decidedly green, when it first takes possession of the paper, with regard to the way in which that paper should be conducted. Being entirely new to their positions, its members lack one of the prime elements of success—experience. Besides this, they have not been reading the college papers. These exchanges, with all their defects, are excellent models for study. By appropriating the good qualities and shunning the bad, an editor may find in them a valuable assistant. Only those who are members of the editorial board, as a rule, read these papers, and thus the incoming editors find themselves entire strangers to the methods pursued by the various papers. Now, while changes are inevitable, some of the bad results which so frequently follow may be obviated. This may be done by having the editorial board composed of persons from each of the four classes. By giving to each incoming Freshman class one or more representatives on the staff, there will always be at least three in training who will be ready to take the places of retiring Seniors. This will prevent the frequent changes in the policy of the paper, and place men of experience on its staff, besides preventing it from becoming the organ of any one class. Anyone who has noted the difference between the first numbers of some exchanges and those issued in the latter part of the college year, will appreciate the needs of the college press in this direction. Wholesale changes of editors should be avoided as far as possible."

We are ready to endorse these sentiments every time. But not so the concluding sentence of the following, which we find among the "clippings" in the same paper:

"COLLEGE PRIDE.— . . . In the Western college, especially, is there lacking that elevated sentiment or pardonable conceit which causes the student to stand up for his own particular college. But it is in the classes of the Western college that the lines of separation are most completely effaced. In the recitation room only do the students divide into their respective classes, and then only because their different studies render it necessary; elsewhere they mingle in a homogeneous mass, with similar rights and privileges. We have no time-honored customs, peculiar to the different classes, no distinctive marks or features, no class-badges of honor, no hereditary rights. The Freshman can carry a cane side by side with the Sophomore; and the Senior may go even to the end of his course without a plug and yet feel no pangs of remorse. It is a question whether this is a condition to be desired or not. It may be said that the Western college is the natural outgrowth of republican principles and ideas, and hence is thoroughly republican in its constitution, while the Eastern college is a child of English parentage, and still retains the oligarchical notions of its English

mother. However this may be, we must think that the Eastern college more nearly reaches the ideal standard.—*College Review*.

If there is anything we despise, it is snobbery in any shape. In a mushroom aristocrat, a person can tolerate it with some grace; but when an educated person is silly enough to play the snob, one feels inclined to knock him down. He may have a certain degree of culture, but he lacks the first principles of common sense. We never saw a thorough gentleman or scholar—and it has been our good fortune to meet many such—who was inclined to snobbery; but we have met shallow-brained "culchaw'd" fellows, whose picture would be out of place anywhere but in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," and who bear out the truth of the couplet in Cowper's "Tirocinium"—

"Designed by nature wise, but self-made fools;
All these, and more like these, were made at schools."

—The editor of *The Varsity* seems to have been forcibly struck by the Roll of Honor, Class Honors, and List of Excellence published weekly in the SCHOLASTIC. This feature is something new to him, and he scarcely knows what to make of it. From the fact that he singles out this department for special comment, and publishes entire the explanatory lines preceding the Rolls and List, we are inclined to judge that he is rather favorably impressed by the thing itself, though his fears are aroused for the independence of the editors who so far yield to the Faculty as to publish them. He says the SCHOLASTIC, by so doing, lays itself open to the charge of being "an obsequious accessory to the disciplinary functions of the Faculty, besides professing (as we presume it does), to be the organ of the students"; further adding that "no liberal minded Faculty would wish to convert the College paper into an instrument for promoting the efficiency of their mode of discipline." We will add that none other than a liberal-minded Faculty could, or should, obtain such an influence over a college paper, and the fact that the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame are liberal-minded is their very best claim to consideration from the SCHOLASTIC. There is no disposition to encroach unreasonably upon the rights of either the editors or the students. We have full liberty; license we cannot expect, and when liberty degenerates into licentiousness at Notre Dame or elsewhere it is time for gentlemanly and law-abiding students to take themselves to other pastures. The Faculty has its column for honors and excellence in the same way that advertisers have theirs, and the editors and students are perfectly satisfied it should be so. The fact that such unanimity prevails here—in striking contrast to so many other colleges—is no doubt owing to the other fact that the "rough" element of college life is allowed no place here. When a student ceases to act as a gentleman, and when admonition fails to bring him to a proper sense of his duty, he is summarily dismissed from college; so there are no warring elements here, at least comparatively speaking. Taking the word "obsequious" from the sentence quoted above, we hold ourselves responsible for the remainder of the charge. We candidly acknowledge ourselves "accessory to the disciplinary functions of the Faculty" so far as these relate to the Roll of Honor and List of Excellence. But the editor of *The Varsity* tells us that such a course is highly improper, and deserves condemnation, arguing that "it is indisputably obvious that, in the statements under the first two headings, censure is by implication passed on those whose names do not appear in the first two lists"—*ergo*, the editors of the SCHOLASTIC should be denounced for publishing the lists! This is the conclusion arrived at by the editor of *The Varsity*. But we are prepared to show that the logic of *The Varsity's* editor is bad: that his premises are false, and his conclusion wrong—*non causa pro causa*—therefore, as he has unjustly endeavored to fasten a stigma upon the editors of the SCHOLASTIC (having very justly exonerated the Faculty from blame) he is in honor bound to make amends. Will the editor of *The Varsity* assert that when Napoleon the First gave the Cross of the Legion of Honor to a soldier as a reward for his bravery, he by that act implied that all the rest of his army were cowards?—or that because an artist receives a medal for a *chef-d'œuvre* at a general exposition, the judges, by this exceptional award, imply censure of the hundreds who received no medal? As well might the editor assert this, as that the publication of the names of twenty or thirty

Seniors, or double that number of Juniors, for meritorious conduct, implies censure of the hundred or more who were not mentioned. Does he now see the point?—or is he still prepared to argue the contrary—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*—that because the editors of the SCHOLASTIC published those lists they are deserving of condemnation? If so, we are prepared to make issue with him. If the contrary, the least he can do is to frankly acknowledge his mistake.

College Gossip.

—Yale is going to have a fine Athletic ground. \$1,000 has already been subscribed.

—At Syracuse University obliging professors leave the examination room during that pleasant ordeal.

—Carleton College, at Northfield, is to receive \$5,000 from the estate of the late Dr. Coit, of Norwich, Conn.

—Jas. A. Garfield was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity at Williams; Chester A. Arthur, a Psi Upsilon at Union College.—*Amherst Student*.

—Senior to Prof. in Astronomy Class: "Is the moon feminine because she has so many variations?" Prof.: "No sir. It is because she makes so much trouble for the Seniors."

—A college for the blind will soon be built near Slough, England, where a site has been given for the purpose by the Registrar of Eton. The late Mr. Gardner, of Windsor, left £300,000 for the founding of this college.

—Prof.: "Mr. B., will you—" Sleepy student (waking to the realities of life): "Not prepared, sir." Professor (pursuing the even tenor of his sentence): "be kind enough to open that window by you?"—*Crimson*.

—Professor Bowen of Harvard has collected a number of his later essays, philosophical, economical and critical, and issues them through Charles Scribner's Sons, under the pleasant title "Gleanings from a Literary Life."

—An Ann Arbor student having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglese."

—At Oberlin, tobacco and card-playing are prohibited. Several in the preparatory department have been expelled for using tobacco. Attendance at family prayers is required, and each recitation opens with a short devotional exercise.—*Ex.*

—The State University at Athens, Ga., has received a singular endowment. An eccentric gentleman—non-resident and not an alumnus—bestowed by deed the sum of \$7,000 on the university, coupling the gift with the condition that the money should be invested for and during the lives of twenty-one persons, all children, whose names are given in the deed, the interest to be compounded annually till the last one dies, and twenty-one years and nine months thereafter. It is calculated that the gift will not be available for about ninety-six years, at which time the fund will amount to some \$1,700,000.—*Chicago Times*.

—A few days ago, a certain prefect spied a pitcher full of something in a small boy's alcove. He immediately entered, and proceeded to investigate the mixture. He looked at it and smelt of it, and finally came to the conclusion that it was lemonade. He called in a brother prefect to partake of the spoil, and then those two noble guzzlers girded up their loins, so to speak, and filled the flowing bowl. They smiled at each other over their brimming glasses, and smote their thighs with great glee as they thought of the unfortunate small boy who would come back no more to his lemonade. Then they drank, and when they had swallowed about half the quantity, each slowly took the glass down from his lips and looked dubiously at the other. Then they looked around to see if anybody was observing them, and went sadly to the window and poured out that vile mixture. Small boys do play tricks sometimes, you know.—*College Mercury*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, October 30, 1880.

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 FOURTEENTH 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.

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—We trust that our readers will excuse the unavoidable delay occasioned in our last issue by an accident to our press.

—A distinguished person addressed the students of an educational institution at the beginning of a new term in the following words: "I have been invited to speak to you; but only for five minutes. A person can say but very little in five minutes, but he can *do* a great deal. During that time you could set a city on fire, sink a vessel, or ruin a soul. The error of one moment may bring life-long sorrow. Reflect well upon these things, and my advice to you will have been given in one minute instead of five. When you are tempted to sin, remember that, in five minutes, you may lose your good name, forfeit your eternal salvation, and bring sorrow and shame upon your gray-haired father. If a great amount of evil can be done in five minutes, an equal amount of good may be done in the same time. During this time you can take a resolution to lead a life of honor and usefulness. Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves; use the minutes to advantage and you are sure of the hours. I once wrote a book by utilizing the few moments of each day in which I was obliged to wait for my meals. These few words or lines which I then wrote in time made a book, which was published hardly a week when I heard that a careless person had changed his manner of acting by reading it. It took but very little time and did a great amount of good."

These were certainly well-put words of advice. Now, in addition, let us say that if you devote five minutes of every morning and evening to the study of a language you can learn it in a few years. If you spent your time in such a

manner you would be able before you reached manhood to speak all the modern languages. Minutes are worth more than jewels: they form the constituent parts of your life; they are the stepping-stones to wisdom, usefulness and wealth; they are the ladder to heaven. You do not need five minutes to perform a good action; and by doing it you lay up treasures incorruptible, which will be yours to enjoy for an eternity.

—We had the pleasure of accompanying Rev. Father Hagerty, C. S. C., to Chesterton, Ind., last week, on the occasion of the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion in that place. Perhaps more than a few of our readers do not know what this devotion signifies. It is a devotion which the Church saw fit to establish for the purpose of giving the faithful an opportunity of adoring, in a special and solemn manner, our Lord, who, in His sacramental Presence, is exposed for this purpose during forty consecutive hours, endeavoring by their fervent prayers and protestations of love to make some atonement to Him, who is so frequently outraged in this Sacrament of His Love by impious and sacrilegious men. It is for us the devotion of devotions, most enchanting.

We were most hospitably entertained while at Chesterton by Rev. Father Knoll, the pious, erudite, and zealous pastor. He has a fine congregation, who reverence and respect their pastor, and who are in a most satisfactory condition in every point of view. There can be no doubt but that the congregation will feel themselves greatly benefited by those days of grace which have been given them by a kind Providence. We there met Rev. Father Oechtering, the energetic pastor of Mishawaka, who reported everything prosperous in his parish. The Forty Hours' Devotion was commenced with a Solemn High Mass, Father Hagerty being celebrant, with Father Knoll and another who does not wish to be mentioned here as deacon and subdeacon. At the conclusion of Mass, Father Knoll preached a most eloquent sermon, choosing for his text the words: "To-day, if you hear My Voice, harden not your hearts." The evening sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Oechtering. Father Knoll is doing a good work; and that he may long be spared to his devoted congregation is our most cordial wish.

—The motives which should incite students to apply themselves assiduously to their books are numerous and of great importance. What influence can any man possibly exert in this age of refinement and culture, if he be devoid of education? Natural talent he may possess, but education does not come by inspiration. No, surely; it can, and can only, be acquired by hard study, diligence, and perseverance. Hence we see the great importance of studying diligently, and learning our tasks, no matter what obstacles intervene to tend to discourage us. We should study because it is our duty to do so; because it is the desire of our fond parents, who, to enable us to obtain an education, probably deny themselves many of the comforts and pleasures of life; because it is a pleasure to the teacher, who, when he sees his pupils advancing in knowledge, feels that his time has not been wasted; and because it will in future days, when we are able to perceive the fruits of our labor, be to ourselves the greatest pleasure of our

lives to look back to those schooldays which, our conscience will tell us, were not spent in idleness. Thus, and thus only, can a student become an honor to himself and his relatives, and a blessing to the community in which he is destined to live.

And yet it is a fact too clearly noticeable that a great many boys do not consider of what great importance an education will be to them in after-life; when their schooldays shall have long since passed by, and they are cast upon the broad world to battle with adversity. They waste the time which is allotted to them for study in occupying themselves with anything and everything except their books, never once giving so much as a thought to the great value of the golden moments which they are thus spending in idleness. They are continually looking forward to the recreation hours which will free them, for a time, from the study-hall or class-room, but which they never enjoy half so much as some of those do who, at the proper time, applied themselves studiously to their tasks. Some, as a reason for their want of diligence, say: "My parents are rich. What need have I of an education? I will never be compelled to work for my living." Too many young men of talent and ability are caught in this trap, and are thus deterred from developing the excellent faculties which they possess, and making educated and useful men of themselves. Thus they continue wasting in idleness their precious time, week after week, month after month, and even year after year. At last, and almost before they are aware of it, they become too old to attend school, and with little, if any, education, they verge into manhood. What would be the result if the wealth of their parents, upon which they had relied so much, and which was the cause of their inaction in schooldays, were, through speculations, or some unforeseen cause, suddenly lost? They would be compelled to seek immediately some kind of employment by which to obtain the necessities of life. Ah, here difficulties of every description begin. For want of an education, they are unfit for the position of a book-keeper, salesman, or the like, and are perhaps forced to do manual labor, or starve; while upon every hand they see their more diligent class-mate of former days holding positions of trust or emolument, possessing wealth and comfort, or engaged in lucrative business of their own building—all obtained by the aid of a good and thorough education in youth, and the energy and reliability of character which then enabled them to apply themselves to diligent study.

—There is a city whose age dates from the death of Abel. From the time that Cain was branded as a murderer to the present day, the population of this city has been constantly upon the increase. Rapid though this increase has been—each successive year adding its millions—yet we find no change or improvement in this vast city's appearance. There reigns within its precincts a gloomy and never-broken silence. No bustle or commotion of any description is made or heard therein. There are in this city none of our modern conveniences, such as railroads, steamboats, etc.—they would be unnecessary there; for the inhabitants never leave it after they have once entered within its portals. One grim-visaged being rules over this silent city. For ages and ages has he governed it, holding undisputed sway over all within its walls, to which the very ocean cannot oppose itself as a barrier;

for this city lies e'en 'neath its deep blue waves. Let us see who are the inhabitants of this truly wonderful and populous city. Time is their only record, and upon this shall we be obliged to look to find the names of all who dwell therein. On its first page we find the name of Abel, who was murdered in cold blood by his brother, Cain. Further on we meet with the names of patriarchs, prophets, kings, princes and lords. Here we run across the names of our first parents, Adam and Eve; not far from theirs we meet with the names of Enos, Malaleel, Jared, Henoch, and Noe, with their generations of descendants. Here we find the name of Abraham, who was chosen to be "the father of a great family," who was once visited by three members of the angelic choir, and whose faith was once put to a most severe test. Here also we meet with the names of Isaac and his two sons, Esau and Jacob, the former of whom sold his birthright to his brother for a mess of pottage. Here also may be seen the names of Joseph and his brethren, who threw aside fraternal love and sold their brother to Egyptian merchants. The name of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, whose singular dream was so wisely interpreted by Joseph, and whose kingdom was afterwards visited by the "Ten Plagues," is also seen here. In this city abides Moses, whom God chose as the deliverer of the Israelites from bondage; he, who from Sinai's thundering heights received the Ten Commandments, after having led the Israelites through the walled-up waters of the Red Sea, which engulfed Pharaoh and his army, who were in hot pursuit. Here also abides Aaron, who worked miracles before Pharaoh's astonished eyes; the victorious Josue, Moses' successor, before whose trumpeted march Jericho's walls crumbled, and who, in six years, became the possessor of the entire territory which had been promised to the Israelites; Caleb and Debbora, Gideon and Samson, Israel's judges, the latter of whom on one occasion slew a thousand Philistines with naught but the jaw-bone of an ass. The kings of Israel and Juda may also be found in this city; the zealous and capricious Saul; the valiant, and at first virtuous, then licentious, and finally repentant David, who slew Goliath, the Philistine giant; the wise, rich, but idolatrous Solomon, who built Jerusalem's magnificent temple, whose splendor has never been surpassed; Roboam, Jeroboam, and a host of others. Here also may be found the patient and virtuous Job, the holy Tobias, the prophet Daniel, Nabuchodonozor, the voluptuous Balthassar, to whom appeared the hand writing in mysterious characters the prophecy of his kingdom's ruin. We might go on for days giving the names of the great men of ancient times who have been in this city for ages. Here also abide all those who have figured prominently on life's great stage since the beginning of the Christian era; even our own beloved and immortal Washington. Here also abide those innumerable millions, whose names will be sought for in vain on history's pages. There, too, abide our own dear friends, whom the cruel magistrate of this mysterious city tore from our arms, claiming them as his subjects. There is not an individual living who can say that no friend of his lives there. Arnold the traitor could say that he had not a friend in America; but he had many friends in this city, whom, perhaps, his own perfidy had sent thither. Many of us have, no doubt, stood by and heard the cruel summons of him, whom we shall style the mayor of the silent city, calling our loved ones, and bidding them in an authoritative tone to come to him; we have witnessed the despairing look which over

came them, when, turning to us for assistance, they found us impotent to help them. We have anxiously and lovingly watched their withering form struggling for a time to remain with us; but, finally succumbing to that irrevocable summons, it passed away, adding another to the population of the silent city. We, too, shall sooner or later have gone thither; and, with all those generations who have preceded us, we must there abide until Gabriel's trumpet shall summon all to appear before the Judgment Throne. You have already guessed the name of the city. It is the City of the Dead. The mayor's name is Death. How consoling it is to think that, though the world may have forgotten us, there is a tender mother who forgets us not. This mother is the Catholic Church, who, to show that she cannot forget her dead, ordains that at least one day in the year be wholly devoted to their memory. This day is called "All Souls' Day," the recurrence of which is celebrated next Tuesday, when a solemn *Missa de Requiem* will be celebrated for all the faithful departed. On that day we are asked to pray for the dead; for, as the Apostle says, "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." All of us, no doubt, have parted with loved ones, who may perhaps be in need of our prayers. Fail not, therefore, to pray for them, for the day will surely come when you, too, will need a friend's prayer.

—A communication in *The University Magazine*, of the University of Pennsylvania, calls marked attention to the fact that the position of English in our American colleges is not such as it ought to be. In suggesting a remedy, the writer makes good use of some excerpts from the letter of "A Father" in the *New York Evening Post*, prefacing or supplementing them with remarks of his own. They are so forcible and appropriate that we cannot do better than quote *verbatim*:

"First, then, the following striking proposition, which I fear will shock these good classicists who hold that the only road to any knowledge whatever is *via* somebody's Latin Grammar—

"It ought to be impossible for any young man to secure the degree of Bachelor of Arts [*a fortiori*, even more impossible for one to win the Bachelorship of Science] who has not acquired at least a tolerably critical knowledge of the English language and English literature, and a fair degree of dexterity in the use of his mother tongue. Our colleges will not confer their degrees upon men who have failed or neglected to acquire a reasonable familiarity with the Greek and Latin; they even require a tolerable knowledge of the higher mathematics as a condition of graduation; yet they continue to make Bachelors of Arts of men whose knowledge of the English language and literature has been subjected to no adequate test, whose acquaintance with those subjects indeed is in the main an accidental acquirement, the result of desultory studies in private."

"This paragraph, it will be noticed, is not a mere assertion: it is an argument. It means simply, 'We are *denationalizing* our young men; we insist upon their knowing everything but the language and literature of their own fathers.' In proof, let the average college graduate read Mr. Richardson's *Primer of American Literature*, and find from its pages how little he has suspected what a wealth of books belongs to our language on this side of the Atlantic alone!

"A Father" then proceeds—and the classicists will rage for certain as they read:

"The remedy for this manifest ill is not, I am persuaded, to be found in a general examination in English, for the reason that no ordinary examination is sufficient to determine the

question. Graduation will imply English scholarship only when the English language and literature shall be placed upon a level with other studies in college courses and shall be taught with care and persistence, as Latin and Greek are now taught.

"One great difficulty in the way of adequate reform in this direction is found in the fact that tradition has degraded the study of English in our colleges. The study of English is commonly held to be a subordinate, inferior, subsidiary matter, a thing of less difficulty and less dignity than other studies; and the first step in reform ought to be the elevation of the English course to the level of the other courses in difficulty and in dignity. English should be made a required study to a sufficient extent at least to make graduation a guaranty of the graduate's fair familiarity with both the language and the literature, and in the case of those students who prefer ripe English scholarship to scholarship of other kinds, opportunity might perhaps be given not only to add the one to the other, but to substitute the one for the other. Every young man who can pass the examination for admission to any first-rate college has already a good working knowledge of Latin and Greek. His acquaintance with those languages is sufficient for purposes of comparison, and in addition to the required course suggested, an optional course should be so arranged that a Freshman thus equipped shall be permitted, if he chooses, to omit from the list of his college pursuits one or the other of those languages, taking English instead; that in every case of this kind, the student shall be required to give to the study of the English language and literature precisely the same critical attention that he would otherwise have been required to give to the omitted language; that the work in English shall be made as thorough as that in Latin or Greek is, and that the result in the matter of a degree shall be the same."

"And why? Simply because, as the writer goes on to say, 'Under a system of this kind the student who takes English with one ancient language will be at the end every whit as sound a scholar as his fellow is who has taken the two ancient languages instead, while his preparation for scholarly pursuits in after-life will be not less excellent. Moreover, with such a system in operation the required course in English—that study of English which all students should be required to pursue as a part of a liberal education—must be more profitable than would otherwise be the case, because the smaller required course will be selected from a thoroughly organized and well-considered body of instruction, and also because the study of English will have gained in dignity, and students will more accurately appreciate its importance.'"

Although we believe all here will agree with us that the course of English here is satisfactory, we are not so sure that some do not think the time and attention devoted to it as in a measure lost—or at least that both would be better applied if turned to Latin and Greek literature, etc. *Per contra*, we have always held the opinion of the writer in *The University Magazine*, albeit somewhat singularly, and what is daily transpiring from thoughtful minds at other colleges strengthens it. The time devoted to liberal studies in this country is entirely too short in the majority of cases, and there is, consequently, greater reason that it should be applied to the best advantage. Greece had but one language, and that its vernacular, and yet it has established a literature which for solidity stands unrivalled; Rome had but two languages, the Latin and the Greek, and it comes second to the former. We possess a language that is somewhat young, and crude, it is true, but nevertheless is rich in its literature, and 'twere a shame for anyone to be forced to acknowledge that he is not thoroughly conversant with it. Our English language is strong, and terse, and beautiful in its very ruggedness; let us master it, and beautify it still more if possible,—in any event, give it an honorable place in the hearts of

our youth. It is ours—our very own—and we should prize it beyond all others.

Personal.

- L. Haney, '66, still resides at Evansville, Ind.
- W. P. McLain, '68, is city Judge at Henderson, Ky.
- M. Bannon, Jr., '79, now resides near Denver, Colorado.
- Mr. P. Klein, C. S. C., left for Montreal last Thursday morning.
- "Dock" Connolly, '80, is following a course of medicine in Chicago.
- J. B. Berteling, '80, has entered a medical college in Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Hugo Hug, '72, is campaigning the southern part of the State in favor of Hancock and English.
- J. B. Patterson (Commercial), '76, is visiting friends at Mishawaka. He called at the College last week to see his friends of "Robert Emmet" fame.
- Mrs. P. Morrison, of Jackson, Mich., has the thanks of the Lemonnier Library Association for a set of Miss Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England," in six volumes. By mistake, credit was given to Mrs. M. Morrison, of Kalamazoo, for this valuable donation.
- Dr. A. M. Owen, '67, celebrated his wooden wedding at Evansville, Ind., on the twentieth inst. The beautiful and elegant presents exposed to view in their parlors attested the high esteem in which the doctor and his lovely wife are held by their large circle of friends.

Local Items.

- Indian summer.
- The "ducks" have flown.
- Tuesday is All Souls' Day.
- Monday is All Saints' Day.
- Who made the best retreat?
- The organ in Cecilia Hall needs repairs.
- When are we to have that bicycle contest?
- "Dexter" is a tremendous football kicker.
- Who gathered the greatest quantity of nuts?
- Last week's Junior Roll of Honor was very large.
- The Minims' "flying dutchman" is taking a rest.
- The Law Class were granted a holiday on Monday.
- There are some first-class gymnasts among the Juniors.
- The Sorins claim to have the best singer at Notre Dame.
- The Juniors take the cake in fat men this year. They have three.
- Masters Croarkin and Gordon were the head-servers on Sunday last.
- Last Sunday High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Kirsch, C. S. C.
- Prof. Ackerman is still busily engaged in frescoing the Seniors' refectory.
- Prof. Lyons's mocking-bird is a bird of prayer. For particulars consult the Prof.
- What do you think of this expression: "I return you my most conglomerated thanks!"
- Brother Charles has the thanks of the Sorins for improvements made in their Society-room.
- Masters Grever, Tinley, Rietz, and Brinkman are four of the best handball players in the Juniors.
- The Choir, under the direction of Father Frère, are practicing a grand *Requiem* for next Tuesday.

—The Minims return thanks to Bro. Polycarp for the recent improvements which he made in their gymnasium.

—More Freshmen are following the course of Ancient History this year than ever before in the annals of the University.

—We found a cuff-button last week, which will be given to the individual calling on us and giving a satisfactory description of it.

—Mr. Condon, the students' popular barber, is kept very busy in trimming, finding, twisting, and coloring moustaches, etc., on Wednesdays.

—Declamations in the French and German languages, as well as selections in the same, are given by the Philopatrians at their regular meetings.

—Bound volumes of last year's SCHOLASTIC can be procured here by remitting two dollars and a half. Address Editor NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

—We have heard from the Thespians but once this session, and that was a report of their reorganization. We wonder what they are doing, anyhow?

—The Juniors' handball alley has been repaired in such a satisfactory manner that every handball player endeavors to knock "deadners" now.

—Mr. Daly, Notre Dame's worthy horticulturist, has reason to feel proud of the unprecedented large crop of apples taken from the orchards this fall.

—Our friend John was boasting the other day that he could "nab" or stop any "liner" batted him. He got one. He stopped it—it struck him in the jaw.

—The students' retreat, which is being conducted by Rev. Father Lauth, of South Bend, commenced on Thursday morning, and will terminate this evening.

—Rev. Father Condon went to Fort Wayne, last Monday, to assist at the obsequies of the lamented Father Hartnett, whose death occurred on Saturday last.

—The regular monthly Conference was held in the Presbytery last Wednesday morning. Interesting papers were read by Fathers O'Connell, Walsh, and Shortis.

—An exciting game of handball was played between Rietz's and Rhodius's teams on Wednesday last, which resulted in a victory for Rietz's side by a score of 22 to 19.

—The papers say that the schooner, Chas. Rietz, was wrecked during the recent heavy gale on Great Michigan. Now, who would ever dream of Chas. Rietz being a schooner?

—A game of football was played on Wednesday afternoon between the boys of the first and second dormitories of the Junior department. The game was won by the second dormitorians.

—Our Academia will be organized sometime during the coming week. Those who shall contribute two good articles during the present session to the SCHOLASTIC will be entitled to membership.

—Bro. Ireneus returns his most cordial thanks to the donator of that box of cigars of the "Senate" brand. He says that they were excellent. We can give a similar testimony—they were good.

—We received about fifty communications last week, all of which contained the words: "Shoot that beard!" What's the matter? Is this, like the Democrat's "329," another campaign hoax?

—Rev. Father Shortis, the Chaplain at St. Mary's, attended the Conference here on Wednesday. Though Father Shortis is well advanced in years, he has lost none of that vivacity and genuine wit which always makes him a favorite in company.

—Master J. P. O'Neill, we are happy to say, deserves well-merited praise for the care, regularity, and taste with which he selected flowers for the Juniors' altar during the flower season. One of the prefects said that too much praise could not be given Master O'Neill in this respect.

—A Junior sends us the following: "A cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids; prussic acid, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphurated hydrogen, pyridine, virodine, picoline, and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and burdockine acid. That's why you can

get a good one for less than three cents." He ought to know.

—We were not a little surprised the other evening on opening our local-item box to find it well filled with good apples. Whoever put them there has our best thanks for their kindness, but at the same time we do not like to be aware of the existence of a duplicate key to the box. We are sorry that this juicy contribution cannot appear in the SCHOLASTIC.

—The 2d regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th. Masters D. O'Connor, H. Metz and W. Berthelet were unanimously elected to membership. Masters C. Droste was chosen to fill the office of Marshall, made vacant by Master Ayers. Masters Snee, O'Connor and Van Mourick favored the Association with songs. Several remarks were made by the President, after which the meeting adjourned.

—On the 24th of October, the Feast of St. Raphael the Archangel, the members of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary called on their venerated Founder. After making some beautiful remarks on the great Archangel, in that elegant and impressive style peculiar to himself, he brought from his room two handsome pictures, one, a well executed crayon,—representing a Minim—the work of Rev. Father Francolon; the other, a beautiful chromo of the Sacred Heart. These he gave to the members. The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary return Very Rev. Father General their most grateful thanks for these tokens of affection, which they prize the more that they come from him.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Columbian Association took place Tuesday, Oct. 26th. At this meeting Messrs. Cannon, Hagan, and Bennett were elected members. J. W. Quinn was elected Corresponding Secretary; A. Moran, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the regular proceedings, the following debate took place: "Resolved, That the Negro is in a worse Condition now than when in Slavery." Messrs. Kuhn and Falvey supported the affirmative side of the debate, and Messrs. Malone and Thiele that of the negative. The debate was a lively one, and well contested on both sides. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Garrity then read an essay; the speakers for the next meeting were appointed, after which the meeting adjourned.

—The sixth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place Saturday evening, Oct. 23d. Essays were read by F. Grever, N. Weny and G. Rhodius. Selections were given by J. O'Neill, C. Tinley and N. Nelson. A lively debate on an historical subject was next on the programme. The principal participants were E. Orrick and J. O'Neill. The subject was well handled. Public readers for next week are E. Orrick, J. Scanlan, H. Hake, A. Bodine, J. Guthrie, F. Grever, J. O'Neill. Master G. Silverman presented himself for membership, and, after having fulfilled the necessary conditions, was elected. He was introduced by the Sergeant-at-Arms; and when the applause had subsided, Master Silverman, in a few well-chosen remarks, thanked the members, and said that he would do his best to become a "shining light" in the Association.

—The following is a free translation of the letter received by Bishop Dwenger, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., from His Holiness Leo XIII, in reply to the one sent by the Bishop on the occasion of the dedication of the Chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas at Notre Dame, an account of which was given in these columns at the time:

RT. REV. BISHOP:—The Secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda has communicated to His Holiness the protestations of respect and good wishes which you conveyed in your telegram on the occasion of the opening of the new scholastic year, and the dedication of the new Chapel of St. Thomas Aquinas. His Holiness was much pleased to learn that the devotion to the Angelic Doctor, and the study of his works, are spreading even in those far-distant lands; and he has graciously deigned to bestow upon you, the professors, and pupils his Apostolic Benediction.

Hoping that God may long preserve you, I remain your devoted brother in Christ,

JOHANNES CARD. SIMEONI,
PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA.

—An exciting pedestrian contest took place in the Juniors' yard on Wednesday afternoon, for which there were five prizes given. The race was a go-as-you-please one, the distance being two and a half miles, or ten laps around the Juniors' yard. There were twelve entries, namely: Wilder, Maher, Cannon, O'Neill, Woodson, McKinnon, C. and B. Smith, Homan, Morse, McLarnen, and Coghlin. Coghlin, Wilder, and C. Smith made three laps apiece and then gave up. Six laps were made by McKinnon and Smith, when they too succumbed. McLarnen made but two laps, while Morse made eight, and then "caved in." Maher, Cannon, O'Neill, and Woodson made the ten laps, O'Neill taking the first prize; Maher, second; Cannon, third; and Woodson, fourth. Morse was given the fifth prize. 'Twas an exciting contest throughout, and was witnessed by several members of the Faculty. Start desires us to state that, had he not been a little indisposed, he would also have taken part. O'Neill made his two and a half miles in 20 minutes.

—The following curious piece of composition was recently placed upon the blackboard of a teacher's institution in Vermont, and a prize of a Webster's dictionary offered to any one who could read it, and pronounce every word correctly. The book was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes made in pronunciation: "A sacrilegious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral neck-lace of the cameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head as his coadjutor; he then dispatched a letter in the most unexceptional caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal; on receiving which, he procured a carbine and a bowie-knife, said he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris were removed by the coroner." The following words were mispronounced: "Sacrilegious, Belial, bronchitis, exhausted finances, deficit, comely, lenient, docile, Malay, calliope, cameleon, suite, coadjutor, caligraphy, matinee, sacrificable, carbine, hymeneal, isolated, jugular and debris." Now, we'll make an offer to the "Preps." We'll give a fancy inkstand to the boy in the 3d and 2d Orthography, or the 2d, 3d and 4th Grammer Classes who will give us a correct pronunciation of these words. The contest will take place Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the Juniors' study hall. Each boy must come provided with a copy of the SCHOLASTIC containing the above words.

—We clip the following from the *Fort Wayne Daily Sentinel* in regard to the obsequies of Rev. Father Hartnett, at Ft. Wayne, Oct. 26th. Father Hartnett was with us but a short time ago, at which time there was nothing to indicate that he was so soon to be called to his reward. In his death the diocese of Ft. Wayne has sustained a heavy loss. The *Sentinel* says:

"Every seat was occupied in the Cathedral this morning at the funeral of Rev. Father Hartnett, and many stood during the solemn and impressive service. The various societies connected with the church occupied seats on the left aisle, and wore their regalia. The banners stood at the head of the aisle, draped in mourning, and the badge of sorrow adorned the breast of every member. The union flag, the pulpit, and other objects, were draped, and festoons of black were everywhere observable. At the head and in the centre of the middle aisle, the coffin, containing all that was mortal of the good Father, reposed amid floral tributes formed in crosses, broken anchors, and other emblematical shapes. Candles burned on each side, and also on the altar. The impressive service of High Mass was celebrated, after which Bishop Dwenger ascended the pulpit and read a portion of the Scriptures. At the conclusion of the reading, the Bishop spoke feelingly of the departed, paying a glowing tribute to his benevolence and to his affectionate disposition. Audible sobs from every part of the building attested the truth of the remarks, and when Bishop Dwenger referred to the

mother of the deceased, this sympathetic feeling was increased. The remainder of the services were conducted in a solemn and tearful manner, and the vast congregation dispersed shortly after eleven o'clock. At half-past 12 o'clock this afternoon the Sodalities, Benevolent Societies, Father Matthew's Temperance organization and the McHale Literary Society, together with over 1,000 children and young ladies of the church, reassembled at the Cathedral, and formed a procession to accompany the remains to the depot. About 2,000 persons took part in the procession; the banners of the various societies being carried with the union flag, appropriately draped in mourning. Arriving at the Pittsburgh depot, the adult part of the bodies separated, allowing the hearse and children to pass between the ranks, after which the ranks closed, and the procession counter marched to the Cathedral, where it disbanded. About 100 persons accompanied the corpse to Valparaiso, where the funeral will be held at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Geo. Clarke, W. B. McGorrisk, T. Kavanaugh, Jas. Noonan, J. Solon, Wm. Arnold, E. Taggart, R. M. Anderson, J. Casey, E. Casey, L. E. Clements, E. Otis, J. N. Osher, H. S. O'Donnell, F. Smith, W. Brown, Jas. C. Newman, F. Kuhn, R. C. Adams, A. Korty, J. D. Delaney, A. Zahm, C. Brehmer, W. J. McCarthy, J. F. Rettig, Thos. Byrne, W. Kelly, W. R. Young, J. J. Malloy, G. L. Hagan, J. M. Falvey, C. Thiele, J. McNamara, R. Le Bourgeois, T. F. Clark, J. P. Hagan, W. Rotterman, J. A. McIntyre, F. J. Baker, J. O'Reilly, E. Piper, W. E. Hoffman, D. English, D. Ryan, D. R. Phelps, D. Harrington, J. J. McLain, G. Tracy, J. Malone, F. Godfroy, C. Vandusen, L. Mathers, L. M. Proctor, J. Ryan, F. Morrison, J. Malone, W. Johnson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, F. A. Boone, J. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, W. L. Coghlin, A. M. Coghlin, W. D. Cannon, T. H. Cullinane, E. Cullinane, E. H. Croarkin, W. J. Cavanagh, W. S. Cleary, J. N. Courtney, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, J. W. Devitt, H. T. Devitt, N. H. Ewing, A. J. Flynn, T. F. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, J. M. Farrell, Ed. Fischel, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, T. J. Hurley, P. J. Hoffman, W. D. Hetz, H. P. Hake, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, J. L. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, F. C. Krone, S. Livingston, J. T. Maher, Frank McPhillips, J. McElvogue, J. P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, E. A. Munce, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. S. Manning, H. W. Morse, A. L. Miller, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, L. L. O'Donnell, C. F. Perry, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, A. Rohrback, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, H. G. Sells, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, C. P. Smith, J. J. Smith, A. C. Schiml, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woeber, F. W. Wheatley, T. Williams, W. T. Weney, J. W. Whalen, J. B. Wilder.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, J. S. Courtney, E. A. Howard, C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, H. A. Kitz, H. C. Snee, J. A. Kelly, W. F. Hanavin, A. G. Molander, W. T. Berthelet, J. W. Frain, A. H. Chirhart, J. McGrath, H. Metz, E. S. Chirhart, J. R. Bender, A. B. Bender, H. J. Ackerman, M. E. Devitt, F. Fischel, J. Ruppe, L. J. Young, C. Young, E. McGrath, E. B. Bagard, J. McGrath, C. Metz, J. E. Chaves, J. H. Dwenger.

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.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. Fleming, R. Le Bourgeois, G. Castanedo, L. Gibert, R. Anderson, H. Rose, C. Rose, A. Gall, F. Grever, C. Rietz, F. Kleine, H. Hake, G. Rhodius, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, G.

De Haven, Guy Woodson, E. Fischel, J. McGrath, A. Flynn, H. Sells, L. O'Donnell, J. Martin, G. O. Kane, N. Nelson, F. Khun, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schmil, F. Kengel, G. Silverman, J. T. Mahar, F. Johnson, J. Morgan, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. Otis, A. Manning, E. Jacobs, W. Barron, J. Homan, A. Rohrback, H. P. Dunn, G. Schäfer, E. Piper, F. Smith, M. Vedder, W. Brown, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. Simms, R. Simms, W. B. McGorrisk, A. Weisheart, A. Moran, T. P. Byrne, J. Guthrie, E. Munce, W. Hoffman, A. Thornton, J. Gordon, J. McIntyre, C. Murdock, D. Phelps, J. Marlett, J. Cannon, J. Solon, F. Garritty, J. Quinn, H. Dulaney, C. Brinkman, H. Noble, J. Malone, W. Start, R. O'Connor, W. Jones, C. Hagan, J. P. Hagan, C. Tinley, E. Orrick, A. Zahm, J. O'Neill, F. W. Wheatley, W. J. McCarthy, S. Henoeh, A. Dick, S. Murdock, L. Stitzell, R. Seeburger, P. Hoffman, G. Castanedo, J. Noonan, A. Mendel.

There will be no competitions held during the coming week. The List of Excellence for the Course of Modern Languages will be published in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, D. G. Taylor, J. S. Courtney, G. E. Tourtilotte, J. A. Kelly, D. J. O'Connor, M. W. Olds, E. H. Chirhart, H. C. Snee, W. T. Berthelet, A. Van Mourick, F. Fischel, J. H. Dwenger, J. R. Bender, L. J. Young, H. J. Ackerman, C. Metz, F. B. Farrelly, E. L. Chirhart, A. B. Bender, J. McGrath, M. Devitt, W. J. Miller, J. Ruppe, E. H. Kearney, E. B. Bagard, E. McGrath.

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July 18, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 19.

Going North.		STATIONS.		Going South.	
		LEAVE	ARRIVE		
1.25 a.m.	- - -	Michigan City, - - -	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
12.38 "	1.55 p.m.	- - -	La Porte, - - -	10.23 "	8.50 "
12.13 "	1.36 "	- - -	Stillwell, - - -	10.41 "	9.20 "
11.55 p.m.	1.16 "	- - -	Walkerton, - - -	11.00 "	9.47 "
11.24 "	12.46 "	- - -	Plymouth, - - -	11.35 "	10.33 "
10.34 "	11.53 a.m.	- - -	Rochester, - - -	12.27 p.m.	6.25 a.m.
9.58 "	11.14 "	- - -	Denver, - - -	1.05 "	7.01 "
9.35 "	10.53 "	- - -	Peru, - - -	1.30 "	7.25 "
9.08 "	10.24 "	- - -	Bunker Hill, - - -	1.59 "	1.01 "
8.38 "	9.55 "	- - -	Kokomo Junction, - - -	2.32 "	1.35 "
7.54 "	9.14 "	- - -	Tipton, - - -	3.16 "	2.23 "
7.12 "	8.30 "	- - -	Noblesville, - - -	4.00 "	3.04 "
6.10 "	7.30 "	- - -	Indianapolis, - - -	5.00 "	4.00 "

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after January 1, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p.m.; Buffalo 8 05 p.m.

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

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

9 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 10 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a.m.; Buffalo, 110 p.m.

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

GOING WEST.

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

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

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

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

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

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

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

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'lpt.

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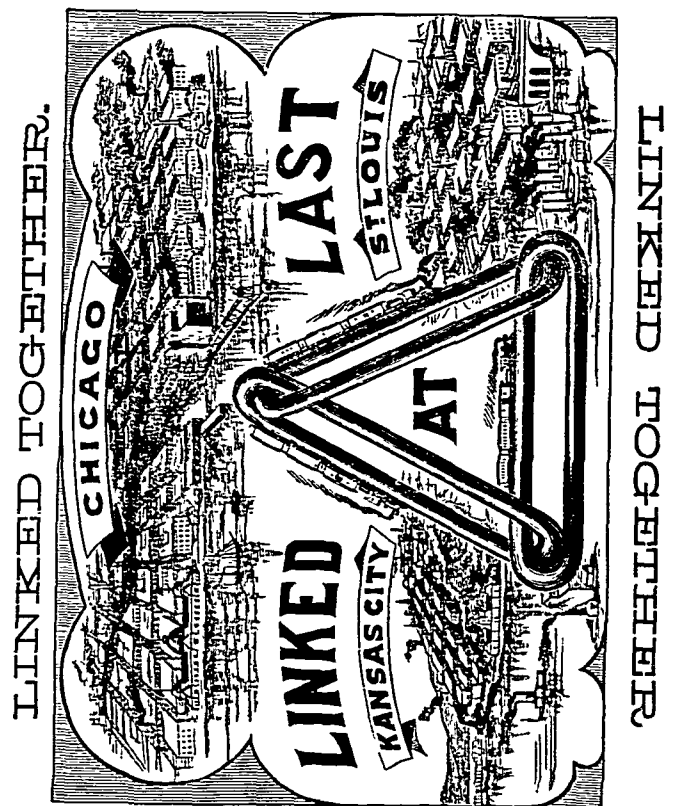
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Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.

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 "	7.58 "

GOING EAST.

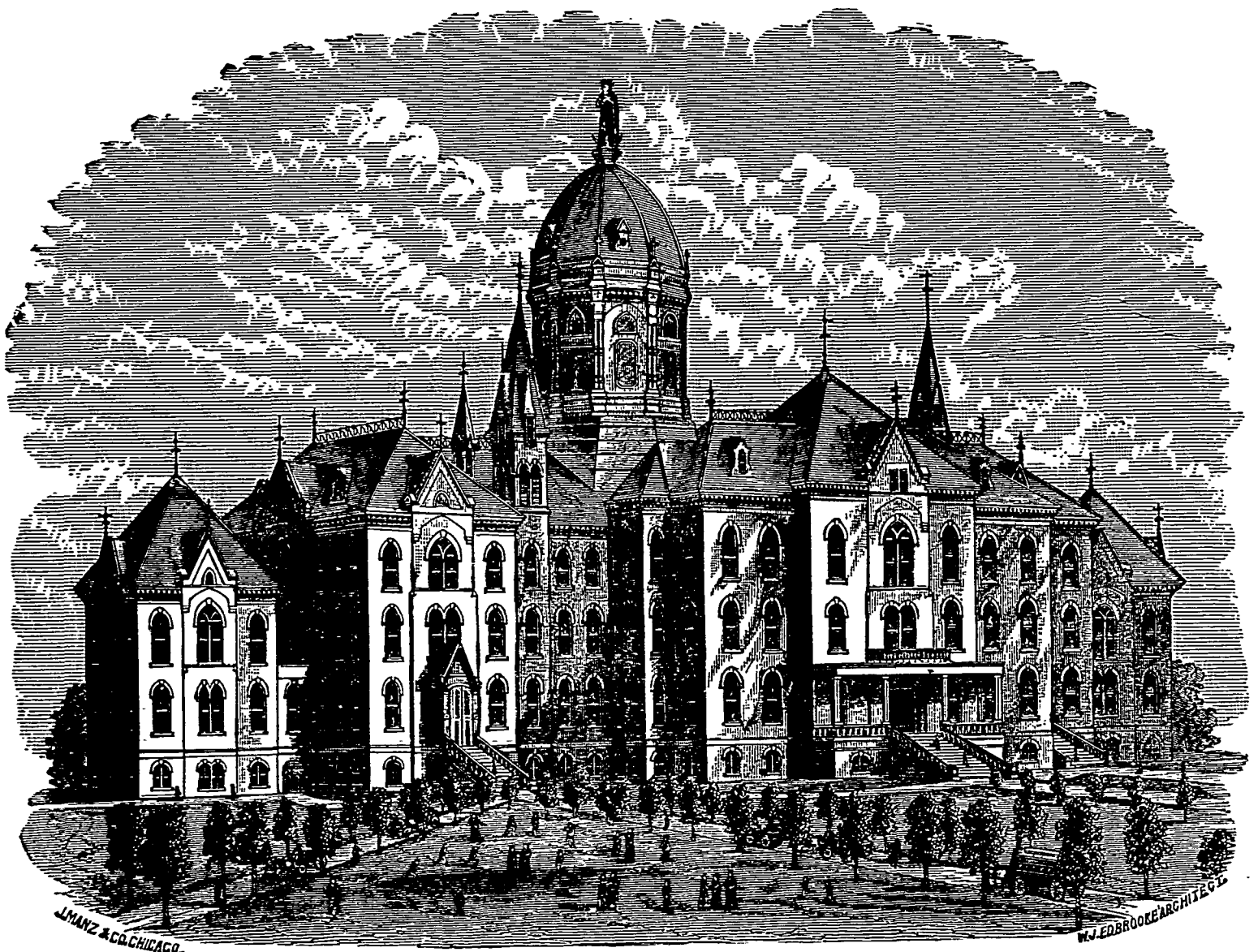
	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Atlan.Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55 "	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,.....	2.26 "	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 "

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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