

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Faith.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

I.

In Autumn, when the sheaves are down
And russet coats are lying low
Under the bows whose leaves are brown
And shaken by the midnight blow;
When evening clouds are tinted more
Than during August's harvest reign,
And robins southward turn and soar
To warmer climes and nests again;
Then wild auroras deck the skies
And star-lit depths with luminous mist,
And spiral jets of flame uprise
To skip and wanton, zenith-kissed,
Flashing upon the path of night
A rainbow beam of beauty rare,
As though a ray of heaven's own light
Had pierced the azure veil up there.

II.

So often when the storm-clouds roll
Towards us, and dire despair
And darkness fill the drooping soul,
Too weak for tears, too worn for prayer,
A golden gleam of tender faith
Comes quivering up the spirit-sky,
As 'twere the dear-remembered wraith
Of one for whom we fondly sigh,
To tell us of a silent power,
Beyond mere mortal, surface scan,
That guides the universe each hour
And dries the cheek with weeping wan.
What were the world without that breath
That to the weary soul belongs?
A waste of barren life and death
Unsoothed by seraph smiles and songs,

Hannah More.

Among the miscellaneous writers of the period in which she lived, few, if any, deserve a more honorable place than the subject of this sketch. Indeed, the truth of this may be plainly seen from the fact that a man of such taste and judgment as Professor Horte, in his treatise on "English Literature," places her at the head of the school of miscellaneous prose writers, as he does Cowper at the head of the poets, and Sheridan at that of the dramatists. "She was a bright star," he says, "in the firmament of letters of that time"; and the same author adds that, "of all writers of her day, of either sex, none exerted by their writings a purer influence; and she is entitled to lasting remembrance for the services which she rendered in improving and elevating the standard of private morals. She was pre-eminently the moralist of her generation." Nor do I think that she merits less praise for the ardor and assiduity with which she devoted her whole life to the education and instruction of youth. Even those that have not been engaged in teaching have some idea of the drudgery of a class-room; and it was especially in the time of Hannah More that a kind of heroism and self-will was needed in order to apply with devotion and energy to a life-task, irksome in the extreme.

It is easy for a Lady Montague, surrounded by such geniuses as Pope and Johnson, to make for herself a name in the world of letters; nor is it difficult to conceive how Miss Edgeworth, under the eye and guidance of a learned parent, should attain success; but it is hard to realize how a person, by stealing a few minutes now and again from the din and bustle of a class-room, can write works capable of standing a severe criticism.

Miss Hannah More, or as she was usually in later years called, Mrs. More (although she was never married), was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1745. At an early age, however, her father took up his abode at Bristol, where, while yet in her teens, she opened a day school. She was scarcely eighteen when she made her first attempt as an authoress. Her first production was a drama, intended only for the improvement of the pupils under her charge; but so much was it admired by many of her friends that she consented after much persuasion to have it sent to press. In the earlier portion of her life she devoted her time and talents to the drama, and every one of her compositions received the highest encomiums from men of literary taste and good judgment. Not the least among her admirers was Garrick, who stimulated her in her literary career by giving her every encouragement possible; indeed, it was at his earnest request that a pastoral drama, which was one of her first productions, was

published. This volume, which included a prologue to *Hamlet*, was published in Bristol, and in a few months the drama passed through three editions.

The success which attended the "Inflexible Captive," together with her most popular tragedy, "Percy," which was continued during several consecutive nights, would have induced many to persevere in a course likely to lead to distinction. Having applied herself to another kind of composition, in which she was not less successful than in the drama, she published her two legendary poems, "Sir Elred of the Bower," and the "Bleeding Rock," which were so favorably received that two thousand copies were disposed of in a few weeks. Nor was another small volume received with less public approbation. The "Essay for Young Ladies," however, was rejected, from the compilation made by the authoress herself, on the ground that the "Treatise on Female Education" was a better work, and would answer the same purpose.

In the year following, 1782, Hannah More published a collection of "Sacred Dramas," which are truly worthy of commendation. To this volume was added one sufficient of itself to immortalize her name. I refer to the poem entitled "Sensibility," and which was addressed to Mrs. Boscawan, a widow lady, with whom Miss More had been long acquainted. This poetical epistle is really a masterpiece. Instead of casting fiery darts at the characters of her contemporaries, or abusing them with faint praise and affected friendship, the authoress enumerates the living ornaments of the literary sphere, and touches the distinctive excellencies of each, without flattering or overcharging the piece, so as to make it doubtful whether the writer was joking or in earnest. Four years later on, Miss More's prolific pen produced two other poems, or rather two satires, which were well worthy of her. "Florio, a Tale," is an admirable satire, but not an ill-natured one; it is on the frivolity of the young gentlemen of that time. "Bas Bleu, or the Conversation," takes its title and subject from literary meetings held in a house in Portman Square. "The Blue-Stocking Club" takes its name from one of the members of the club, conspicuous for always wearing such an article of dress. These were soon followed by "A Poem on the Slave Trade." We are not surprised to see her take up a subject which occupied the minds of everybody possessing a spark of philanthropy at that time. Miss More could not remain silent on the nefarious traffic of African slaves, which was no less conducive to immorality than repugnant to the spirit and precepts of Christianity.

About this time, Miss More began to perceive that societies, zealous societies (?)—the French Revolutionary plan being their standard—began to circulate among the lower classes publications of a mischievous tendency; and it was with a view of counteracting this evil that she wrote a tract, entitled "Village Politics in a Dialogue Between Two Mechanics," which was so favorably received that the author was induced to continue her labors for the instruction of those who were in danger of being deceived by the propagators of sedition and infidelity. "The Cheap Repository," which was published in monthly numbers, and contained such edifying tales as "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "The History of Mr. Fantom the Philosopher and his Man Wilson," "The Two Shoemakers," "The Two Wealthy Farmers," "The History of Black Giles the Painter and his wife Rachael," "All for the Best," "A Cure for Melancholy," and many others, well written, and

well calculated to make a lasting and salutary impression on their readers, met with such a favorable reception that in a few months were sold over seven hundred thousand copies; and before a year the sale had reached the enormous sum of one million.

In 1791, Miss More, with her sisters, retired to Bath, where they purchased a cot, and there took up their abode in a private residence, where they might live away from noise and bustle. It was during this time that she wrote her work on "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education." This work was severely criticized; and the authoress was even accused of leaning towards Calvinism. About this time she was asked to pen her sentiments on the proper course of instruction to be adopted for the infant heiress of the British throne. To this she reluctantly acquiesced; and in 1805 published in two volumes the result of her personal observations, without however, giving any name, and under the unassuming title of "Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess." The work was dedicated to Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, to whom was given the tutorship of the princess Charlotte of Wales. Both in the dedication and the preface the author guards against manifesting that she had received any instruction for the composition of the treatise.

The success of Hannah More was not confined to those branches which we have mentioned. She was not less successful as a novelist. "Caelebs in Search of a Wife" was so favorably received that in one year six editions were called for. In this, her first attempt at novel-writing, her object was to exhibit the dispositions, the manners, attainments and principles which she deemed necessary to ensure domestic happiness. Two years later on she published two valuable works—"Practical Piety; or, the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life," and "Christian Morals"—which were intended as a last farewell to her friends and patrons and the public. But her withdrawal was only apparent; for in 1815 she again came forward with a most able production, "An Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul." From what I have before me concerning this work, I see that she judiciously avoids any reference to his writings, but merely exhibits in the person of the great Apostle of the Gentiles all the qualities of a Christian life; nor could she find on record a brighter example of human perfection for the edification and encouragement of the reader. One volume more will bring us to the end of her literary labors. Most of the "Modern Sketches," that go to make up this book, have hitherto appeared in the "Christian Observer"; but having received from the hand of our authoress a more lively form they seem as interesting as though we read them for the first time.

To close this sketch without giving an extract from her writings would leave it incomplete, although we can judge comparatively little of an author's ability from mere quotations. "They diligently," she says, "look out for the faults of others, but are rather lenient to their own. . . . They overlook essentials, and debate rather fiercely on a least doubtful points of doctrine; and form their judgments of the piety of others rather from the plausibility of their arguments than from their humility; they always exhibit in their conversation the idiom of a party, and are apt to suspect the sincerity of those whose higher breeding and more correct habits discover a better taste. . . . They make no allowance for the difference of education, habits and

Society; all must have one standard of language, and that their own. Even," she continues, "if on some points you hold nearly the same sentiments, it will not save your credit if you do not express them in the same language; you are in danger of having your principles suspected. . . . The language of those technical Christians indisposes persons of refinement. . . . by leading them to make a most unjust association between religion and bad taste. With them, words are not only the signs of things but things themselves."

As I have so mutilated this extract in order to keep within the limits of space allotted to me, I will conclude in the words of the *London Quarterly*: "It would be idle in us to dwell here on works so well known as the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' the 'Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes. . . . She did perhaps as much real good in her generation as any woman that ever held the pen."

Miss More lived to the good old age of eighty-eight; and although during the last years of her life she became somewhat feeble in her limbs, yet she retained her mental faculties unimpaired; and met death with the courage and confidence of one who had honestly, faithfully and conscientiously performed her duty. It was in these consoling sentiments that she departed this life on the 7th of September, 1833. Anticipating the demonstration that might be made at her funeral, she desired that no display be made; but she requested that suits of mourning be given to fifteen poor old men of her acquaintance. A week after, when the corpse was removed for interment with her sisters in Wrington churchyard all the bells of the churches were tolled. At the entrance to her native parish the scene was striking; for about a mile from Wrington the funeral was met by the gentlemen of the neighborhood in procession; for about half a mile on either side the road was covered with spectators, most of whom were dressed in black. The display made by the village charity children, amounting to more than two hundred in procession, was imposing in the extreme.

P. J. M.

The Dog.

"Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I onèd,
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.'"

—Cowper.

Although "Sancho" and "Nep" might rightly deserve the praise of Cowper, I shall refrain from relating their most valorous deeds. Only the other day I was told that "Nep" caught a rat on the fly; and I have also seen "Nep" picking off burrs from "Sancho" with his teeth, all of which seem to us very curious facts when we come to think that they are the actions of mere animals. When "Bean," Cowper's favorite, swam into the river to get the water lily which he himself could not reach with his cane, Cowper stood stupefied, and there and then composed that beautiful poem, a verse of which I have placed at the head of this article.

When I resolved to write on the dog I had not so much

in view the habits of that animal as their varieties, and the traits characteristic of them. The domestic dog, *canis familiaris*, is claimed by some to have had for a parent the wolf; by others, the fox is honored as being the progenitor of our canine friend and ally. Whoever their progenitors may have been, one thing is sure, namely: that all the various dogs which have been brought under the subjection of man are evidently members of one single species, capable of variation to an almost unlimited extent.

Let us then consider some of the most useful and interesting varieties. We can hardly conceive of an animal which is better formed for speed and endurance than a well-bred greyhound. The greyhound is used in running down the hare, in which act are exhibited his grace, swiftness, and endurance. It may not be out of place here to remark that the greyhound cannot hunt by scent. His narrow head and sharp nose, however useful they may prove to the animal in cutting the air on his swift course, prevent the nasal nerves from fully developing themselves, thus rendering the sense of smell very imperfect—a circumstance noted in many other animals.

The large and handsome animal, which from its native country is called the Newfoundland dog, is a member of the spaniel group, which is characterized as being possessed of great mental powers, and therefore capable of almost any degree of instruction. One of the leading traits of this animal is its self-possessing dignity. Who has not witnessed its noble gait and bearing? Who has not laughed at the tricks played on this noble animal by some mischievous, forward puppy, who received for its presumptive liberty a look of calm contempt, or, when having carried its pranks too far, received a quaint punishment for its insolence? I will not here repeat the oft-told story of the big dog dropping its insolent little tormentor into the water, and then rescuing it from drowning. But sometimes, as in the case related by Rev. J. G. Wood, the little tormentor has to pay for his annoyances by death. The case referred to is with regard to a dog which, being provoked beyond all endurance by continued annoyance, took up its little tormentor in its mouth, swam well out into the sea, dropped it in the water, and swam back again, leaving its tormentor to drown. But a more curious example of canine sagacity is told us by the same author. "One of these dogs," says he, "was one day attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprung upon the unoffending canine giant, and, after the manner of bull-dog's 'pinned' him by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and spying a pailful of boiling tar, he bolted towards it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the pail. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run, bearing with it a scalding memento of the occasion."

Lately, a dog called the pomeranian, fox-dog, or, commonly known as the "loup-loup," has come into great demand as a house-dog and companion. This dog is entirely useless for anything more than a mere companion; but it is very intelligent. It has long white fur, and a bushy tail, and assumes a very distinguished appearance, of which the animal, judging from its actions, is not ignorant. The color varies from cream to black; but those in greatest favor are the pure white. The spaniel variety of dogs may be classed under two general heads, namely: sporting and toy spaniels, the former used by sportsmen, and the latter as simple companions. The field-spaniel is noted for its

intense love for hunting, and the readiness and intelligence with which it executes its master's wishes. Two varieties of field-spaniels are known by the names of "Springer" and "Cocher," the former being used for heavy work and the latter simply to hunt woodcocks. When the spaniel is at work, it swings its tail from side to side, a movement affording considerable pleasure to the huntsman witnessing it.

The most celebrated, but extremely rare, "toy" dog, is the little maltese. It is by far the prettiest and most lovable pet-dog known. The hair of this dwarf dog is so long that when he is in rapid motion his shape is altogether lost. One exceeding barely three pounds in weight will measure not less than fifteen inches across the shoulders. As its name implies, it was originally brought from Malta, and for some time it was thought that the race was extinct; some few, however, still exist, and may be obtained by one who has no objection to paying a high price for them. But of all the favorites, the poodle seems to still hold the first place, as being the most obedient and most intelligent. The most wonderful stories are told of its sagacity. We read that in Paris they are used by the boot-blacks to help them in increasing the number of their customers. The way of effecting this is as follows: the boot-black is stationed on one side of a bridge across the Seine, and the little poodle on the other. As the passers-by move over the bridge, the little rogue runs up to them, and with its forepaws bedaubed their boots or shoes with mud; and when its supply of mud is exhausted, it will run down to the edge of the river and take up a new one. The Mexican lapdog is the smallest of the dog family; so small that a stuffed specimen in the British museum is invariably taken for one of those toy-dogs which sits upon a pair of bellows, and when pressed gives forth a nondescript sound, intended for the legitimate canine bark.

We come now to the more useful varieties of the dog family, placing the bloodhound at the head of the list. This magnificent animal is now rather scarce, as its use has become entirely unnecessary. In the "good old times" it was used by detectives for the purpose of tracking and securing robbers; for if the animal were once put on their track he would follow it up with unerring precision, and distinguish it by its scent from among a hundred others. But two things could baffle the bloodhound when on such an errand, and they were water and blood. The bloodhound is so irascible in temper that even its masters sometimes dare not approach when it has captured its prey. The color of a genuine bloodhound should be either a black-and-tan, or deep fawn; no white should be found except on the tip of the tail.

The pointer is built on a light model, with a sufficiently wide muzzle to permit the development of the olfactory nerves, and with limbs so light and wiry that it can almost equal the greyhound in point of swiftness. The pointer is chiefly used in bird-hunting; when the sportsman enters a field with two pointers, a motion of the hand is sufficient to send one to the right and the other to the left. When either of them scents a bird, he stops suddenly, arresting even his foot as it is raised in the air, thrusts forward his head, his body and limbs becoming fixed, and his tail stretched out straight behind him. This position is called a "point" from which they have received their name, "Pointers." So well trained are these dogs, that if one points the other will remain so quiet-

as to avoid raising more game than the sportsman can presently shoot. The most useful dog to the farmer is the faithful shepherd dog. Being constantly exposed to the weather, it needs the protection of a very thick and closely-set fur. Its feet are very strongly built. The muzzle is pointed; but their eyes are large, bright, and very intelligent. As a rule, it cares very little for petting, except from its master. We have seen, with astonishment, how this dog will manage a whole herd of cattle or sheep; a word is sufficient to have him start off in any direction—"front," "rear," "right," "left," are sufficient to send him on the desired mission. On cross-roads this dog appears to his greatest advantage. What six men could not do there, he accomplishes alone; told by his master, he will take his station, and will prevent any animal from taking any but the road desired. The bull-dog is, with the exception of the game-cock, the most courageous animal in the world. The best qualities ever attributed to a bull-dog are dullness and brutishness; and, in fact, men could hardly think that this animal possessed any other qualities. This opinion I shared until quite recently, when an opportunity was given me to observe the habits of one of these dogs, and a better dog I never saw. He was gentle almost to a fault, never taking offence; he was docile, obedient, and wonderfully intelligent. His master had not only taught him the ordinary trick of sitting up and presenting the paw, but he had trained him to hold up a lighted pipe or cigar in his mouth, which no one dared take away till smoked. The severest punishment that his master could inflict upon him was to beat him with a straw—a punishment he felt so keenly that it could only be resorted to for a very grave offence. The shape of this remarkable animal is worthy of notice. The fore-quarters are particularly strong, massive, and muscular; the chest, wide and roomy; and the neck singularly powerful. The hind-quarters, however, are so feeble, that we would be led to imagine these parts to be those of two different animals.

I shall now speak of a dog that is well known for his singularly mild and placid temper, one whose special delight seems to be to protect the weak, whether they be men or animals. This variety of dogs, called mastiffs, is especially characterized by their most determined courage, and by their great gentleness, two qualities which make them the best watch-dogs, in which capacity they are very apt to fail, by either manifesting a too great zeal for protection, or too much neglect on account of gentleness. The mastiff is, as it were, a combination of the bloodhound and the bull-dog. The upper lip is pendent like that of the bloodhound, but possesses the hoary muscular development of the bull dog.

Lastly, I come to speak of one more, and the most common variety of the dog family; it is the terrier, with all its numerous variations of crossed and mongrel breeds. Four genuine breeds are generally recognized, namely, the English and Scotch, the skye and the little toy-terriers. The English terrier possesses a smooth coat of hair, a tapering muzzle, a high forehead, a bright intelligent eye, and a strong muscular jaw. As its instincts lead it to dig in the ground, its shoulders and forelegs are well developed; and so well does it know how to use these latter, that it can make a deep burrow in a very short time. The animal is not very large, generally not weighing much more than ten pounds. The color of the English terrier is generally black or tan. The richness of color indicates the animal's

value. The nose and palate of the genuine terrier should be black, while a light tan patch should be found over each eye. The tail must be rather long and fine, and the legs as light as is consistent with its build. The Scotch terrier is very much like the skye terrier, except that in the former the hair is more woolly. They are as faithful and affectionate in disposition, and as brave as any of the dog family, except that epitome of courage, the bull-dog. We have often laughed at a little terrier, weighing about ten pounds (Tuck), chasing a horse just as bravely and fiercely as a bull-dog, which circumstance very forcibly reminds us of the fly and the bull in Æsop's fables.

Many more and most interesting facts might be told of the dog; but this was not my purpose in writing on the subject. I rather wished to treat of the difference in form and habits of this animal than relate anecdotes of him, for there are already any number of them told, which are as interesting as they are instructive. A. M. K.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Hans Köhler, the once famous bass singer, is dead.

—Arthur Sullivan has finished his cantata "The Martyr of Antioch."

—Chicago's Academy of Music was destroyed by fire last week.

—A new opera, "Le Motte Romaine," by Sig. Burigio di Villafiorita, has been produced at Adria.

—Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, and Brown- ing have each passed three-score years and ten.

—It is reported that Von Bülow is about to lose an arm by amputation. Some disease makes the operation a necessity.

—Max Bruch's cantata, "Das Lied der Glocke," was given at the Detroit Musical Festival for the first time in America.

—M. Motteroy, a Parisian printer, thinks that the prevailing characteristic of the book of the future will be chromotypography.

—The Directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution have given orders for the withdrawal of "Ouida's" novels from circulation.

—A gold cross, five hundred years old, was recently found in the ruins of Clare Castle. There is good reason for supposing that it belonged to Edward III.

—Mr. Ernest Parton has returned from Europe, after achieving the unusual distinction of having one of his landscapes bought by the London Royal Academy.

—The youngest painter recompensed this year at the Salon was Francois Martin, who, though only 19, received an honorable mention for his painting "*Chez un Orientaliste*."

—When Ole Bull was dying he requested that Mozart's *Requiem* be played. His request was complied with; and its grand musical strains were the last Ole Bull heard on earth.

—Christine Nilsson lately refused to sing for a "charity" at Aix-les-Bains, where she had been staying; declaring that charity begins at home, and she was there to get a rest.

—Subscriptions have been opened all over Italy to erect an imposing monument to the memory of Raphael on the occasion of the fourth centenary of his birth, which occurs on April 6th., 1883.

—Max Strakosch has offered Maurice Grau \$1,000 down for the score of the opera "La Fille du Tambour Major," in order that he may have it done in English. The offer has not yet been accepted.

—The sculptor Barrias, the successful artist in the recent competition for the monument in commemoration of the defence of Paris, has been entrusted with a similar work for the town of St. Quentin.

—Prof. M. E. Uricolcheu, who occupied the Chair of Arabic at the University of Brussels, died lately. The

professor was the author of various works on the archæology and primitive languages of America.

—The photographic department of the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris will shortly be engaged in the reproduction of selected specimens of the masterpieces contained in its collection of prints and illuminated MSS.

—A notice has been posted up in the green-room of the opera, Paris, which is not particularly pleasing to the ladies of the establishment. It requests them to send their birth-certificates to the Minister of Fine Arts.

—Detaille's latest picture in oil—a military review—was painted for Mr. John T. Martin, of Brooklyn, as a pendant for one executed last year for the same gentleman, representing a charge of cavalry. The work is some four feet long.

—The Council of the Royal Institution have invited Mr. Turner, of the University of St. Petersburg, to deliver a course of five lectures on Russian literature next spring. His subjects will be Pushkin, Lermontof, Gogol, Turgé- nieff and Nekrasol.

—Mr. Richard Markham, who last year won a place among favorite writers for children by his book "Around the Yule Log," will contribute to this year's Christmas ch'er a story called "Aboard the Mavis," in which the children of the former story make a cruise around Long Island.

—Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, the "Historical Works of Simeon of Durham" will soon be issued. The editor of the work will be Mr. Thomas Arnold, M. A., a son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and a convert to the Catholic Church.—*Catholic Standard*.

—A new departure in the way of publications of standard poems and familiar works is "The Parchment Library," which will have covers in limp parchment in antique style, and will be carefully printed on handsome paper. The volumes announced are Tennyson's "Princess" and "In Memoriam," "Selections from Shelley" and "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.

—The disagreements of Lord Bulwer-Lytton and his literary spouse are a matter of social history. It is claimed that the dowager Lady Lytton is the author of "A Blighted Life," recently published, in which her poet son, "Owen Meredith," or, politically speaking, the late Viceroy of India, is described as "a miserable hound," Sir Edward Lytton as "a loathsome brute," and Charles Dickens as "a foul blackguard."

—A quantity of articles of virtu from the recent great sale of the Demidoff collection at San Donato, near Florence, is now displayed at the rooms of Sypher & Co., New York. One article is a revolving table, depicting in rich mosaic the taking of Bounekoux by the Russians, the work of Gioacchino Barberi, signed by him, and dated 1833. The relics of Napoleon, of which Prince Demidoff had so large a number, are here sampled by the writing-desk, dressing-table, and mirror that the banished Emperor used at Elba.

—The death of Offenbach, the composer, which occurred last week, has been bewailed in some papers with phrases that imply that the world has lost something which it could ill spare. This looks well in print; and there is nothing that gives a newspaper-man such an easily earned reputation for charity and good-heartedness as the impartial distribution of funeral wreaths. Offenbach should have died with the Empire, whose creature he was—an obscene fungus arising out of Napoleonic corruption. He piped lascivious airs that the people who made a burlesque of all virtue and earnestness might forget that they had souls. He was a type of the frivolity and vice which Napoleon III thought it good policy to encourage. His music is soulless, without joy or sorrow—music that is best sung by the painted women at *café* concerts. He followed the teachings of the Empire and made light of all things. The wit of his operas is indecency, and the music is in accord with the wit. No phrase of his ever elevated or made a heart really lighter. It is like champagne—and adulterated champagne; and a good sign of the times is that it is gone out of fashion. The world has lost nothing by the fact that the hand of the composer of so many popular operas is at rest. Some of the newspapers show queer ideas of

innocent amusement when they give Offenbach a place beside those who have made the world better while making it more cheerful.—*Catholic Review*.

Scientific Notes.

—Paper stoves are the latest development of German ingenuity.

—Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, is engaged on an important work on fishes, which will contain many illustrations.

—Dr. Hector, of the New Zealand Geological Survey, expresses his opinion that in Westland and Otago vast auriferous tracts remain as yet untouched.

—As Sir William Thompson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its light by combustion, would burn out in less than 6,000 years.

—It is reported that 320,000 holes were bored in the execution of the St. Gothard Tunnel, 980,000 pounds of dynamite consumed, and 1,650,000 drills worn out.

—The reports of the British Inspectors of Mines for 1879 show that 1,037 lives were lost in the mines of the United Kingdom in that year, against 453 in 1878; the number of persons employed in the mines was 523,807.

—Prof. Sayce, it is stated, intends to go to the East in the course of the next winter for archaeological investigations. Among other places he will visit Cyprus, Tarsus, and Damascus, where he will examine some private collections.

—Dr. J. Vosmeer, of the Hague, intends publishing a detailed bibliography of the sponges, and it is to be hoped that all authors of works or papers on this interesting group will send copies of their writings to him at 73 de Ruyter straat, Haag, Holland.

—Analysis of the air at New Orleans, from September 9th, to November 24th, last year, during the prevalence of yellow fever, revealed a series of extraordinary variations in the amount of free and albuminoid ammonia to the million of cubic feet of atmosphere, and these corresponded very curiously with the progress and fluctuations of the epidemic. Thus, on September 9th, the analysis showed 125.92 grains of free, and 350.56 grains of albuminoid ammonia to each 1,006,000 cubic feet of air. Ten days after, the amount of albuminoid stood at the extraordinary figure of 400.75 grains; this was its highest point, and, with many fluctuations from day to day, it gradually declined, as the epidemic wore out its fury, until, on November 24th, the amount was only 47.25 grains. The curve of the free ammonia was less regular, but the decline has a general correspondence with that of albuminoid.

—Prof. Swift, Astronomer of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., discovered another large comet on the evening of October 10th. The fact was noted in the associated press dispatches, but some important and interesting details which could not be telegraphed are herewith given. The new celestial visitor is in the Constellation of Pegasus, right ascension 21 hours, 30 minutes, declination north 17 degrees, 30 minutes. Its rate of motion is quite slow, being in a northwesterly direction, so that it is approaching the sun. It has a very strong condensation on one side of the centre, in addition to a star-like nucleus, which indicates that it is throwing off an extended tail. From the fact of its extraordinary size, we are warranted in presuming that it will be very brilliant, and the additional fact that it is coming almost directly towards the earth gives good promise that it will be one of the most remarkable comets of the present century. This is the fifth comet which Prof. Swift has discovered, and the increased facilities which Mr. H. H. Warner, the popular and wealthy medicine man, has given him, by erecting a magnificent observatory for his benefit, promise much more for the future. There is a possibility that further developments may prove this to be the great comet of 1812, which is being constantly expected, in which event astronomers will have an unusual opportunity to test the spectroscope for the first time upon these eccentric bodies, and ascertain certainly what they are.

Exchanges.

—And lo! the Cornell *Sun* once more throweth its beams askant our western horizon. There is nearly a column of "Sun Strokes"! The beams of that *Sun* must be rather strong, judging from its effects.

—The *American Art Journal* is always a welcome visitor. It contains much interesting matter regarding art and artists. Messrs. Thoms and Delano have largely increased the size of the paper lately, and it keeps up its former high reputation in the art world.

—The *College Mercury*, Racine, has been enlarged, and, we are told, will retain its present form as long as it remains under its present management. The *Mercury* is edited with considerable ability, is light and gossipy—perhaps a trifle too light; but in this it no doubt seeks to adapt itself to popular favor, and to fill a want as a student's idle-hour paper.

—The *Heidelberg Monthly Journal* turns out to be, as we expected, a most welcome visitor. The essays are of a high order, and are written with evident care. The leader of the present number, "The Religious in Culture," by Prof. A. S. Zerbe, Ph. D., is one of those rare articles, not often met with, that are very instructive as well as entertaining, and show that they come from a highly cultivated mind.

—The *Hamilton School Magazine* (published by the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.) has in its issue for November a short article on "The Schools of Germany," which gives some interesting facts and figures. History in the public schools of the Dominion also receives attention, and the Kindergarten system is looked into with anything but praise as the result. Solutions to examination papers in the last number will prove interesting to those engaged with mathematics and kindred sciences.

—The *Catholic World* for November has reached us. It is a very good and interesting number. The following are its contents: 1, "Decline of The Study of Metaphysics"; 2, Alexis De Tocqueville; 3, Genesis of the Catholic Church; 4, Goethe's Dedication to Faust (Poem); 5, A Woman of Culture; 6, A Missing Page of Catholic American History; 7, The Bee At the Altar (Poem); 8, The Church under Elizabeth; 9, Nathaniel Hawthorne; 10, My Raid into Mexico; 11, Public Education Before the Reformation; 12, Lake George, 1880 (Poem); 13, Sibyl Keith's Inheritance; 14, New Publications.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* is always a welcome visitor to our table. Mr. Donahoe keeps up his credit as a veteran journalist by his able management of the magazine. The eclectic method, the success of which is so well exemplified in *Littell's Living Age*, gives Mr. Donahoe advantages of which he fails not to make good use. But, besides the selections, there are also original articles of varied excellence. That on "The Irish Novelists," by the Rev. J. V. O'Connor, in the present number, contains much that is interesting. The style of writing is of a high order, and the amount of information thrown into a little space shows extensive reading and a philosophic mind. But it seems to us that some of Rev. F. O'Connor's conclusions are altogether too bold, if not unacceptable. Allowing their full meed of praise to such sterling Irish writers as the author of "The Collegians," the author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Tom Burke of Ours," and "Charley O'Malley," and the inimitably droll as well as poetic author of "Handy Andy," we cannot permit that another favorite of ours, Thackeray, be snubbed so unceremoniously without interference. We have not read Thackeray so close as to be able to enter into a discussion of the literary merit of his works, but we believe the writer in *Donahoe's Magazine* has yielded over much to silly prejudice and does him great injustice. Otherwise Rev. J. V. O'Connor's article is a good one, although rather a one-sided affair, (as the productions of some of our Irish newspaper contemporaries are wont to be, which causes a great drawback to the enjoyment of their many excellences). One-sided affairs, no matter how excellent they may be, are apt to cloy. We give an extract:

"The power to write a good story belongs to the imagination, and, though not so high in its reach as that exerted in the composition of fine poetry, it belongs, nevertheless, to by no means a low order

of intellect. The Irish novelists exercise this power almost without effort. Their stories appear to grow under their pen. There is no labored and artificial plot, but genuine inspiration. The sentences of Lover are as clean cut and rhetorical as if he had polished them with unceasing pains. Yet we know that he wrote with great rapidity, and his manuscript went to the printer with scarcely a correction. Thackeray passed hours over a sentence, and then spoiled it in trying to improve it. The Englishman was never sure of his plot, and he breaks off constantly to fill up his chapters with moral reflections. Gerald Griffin's stories are all worked out with consummate skill and mastery of language. The Irish writers of fiction enter thoroughly into the thoughts, feelings, joys, and sorrows of the creations of their brains. They have a fine eye for scenery. They do not let their characters fall into social blunders. In the description of high life, they are not guilty of snobbishness, but know intuitively the proper thing which their characters must say and do. An English critic declares that the stories of Justin McCarthy will furnish future generations with clearer and more correct ideas of the present state of English society, than are afforded by the graver contemporary historians. The Bunim have so shown the gift of romance in its most agreeable aspect. They were penetrated with a deep sense of the beauty of Irish character and scenery, and their tales breathe a jocund and hopeful spirit, though one of the brothers was a helpless cripple. The mind triumphed over the frail tenement of clay. We might be inclined to think that the stories of the "O'Hara Family" would be colored with the dark tints of despair and weak complaining. They had many and bitter trials, and some of the gloomy scenes in their books could be paralleled by their own experience, but they counsel fortitude and patience. Robert Burns, though a great poet, sank under his lot, and Byron had not the moral courage to face the storms of life. But who has ever read the cheerful songs of Irish bards and not felt his heart lifted and lightened with the heroic blast to meet and overcome the trials of life? There is a sickly sentimentality in most purely English poets and romancers, who would fain have us droop in despair under the pettiest afflictions. Not so the courageous Celt, who laughs to scorn the unmanly yielding to despair and misfortune. Not that he does not sympathize with trial, and draw the gloomy picture with marvellous force, but he teaches the lesson that we should rise superior to earthly ills, and, if they are inevitable, to face them with an undaunted breast."

"Where the Irish imagination is aided by the feminine delicacy of perception, we have such writers as Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, Maria Edgeworth, and Mrs. Sadler. Macaulay said that he preferred the tales of Maria Edgeworth to those of Sir Walter Scott. Who can estimate the moral influence exerted by the writings of Mrs. Sadler, and yet they are not obviously written as "tracts"? Some of the most brilliant stories in current literature are the productions of Irishwomen. Unlike many of the women writers of England, and, alas! of France, these ladies do not degrade the modesty of their sex by pandering to vile passions. It is bad enough for men to write licentiously, but how unspeakably shameful for women! Ireland has never given birth to a female writer of dubious literature. "The Wild Irish Girl," as Lady Morgan was called, would blush to have her tales classed with those of the present miserable and impure "sensational school."

In the following paragraph the writer might with equal truth and justice have said that besides the works of fiction having historical value, there is another class exerting a powerful moral influence, exemplified in the novels of Miss Tinker, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, and others, as well as in some of those written by Mrs. Sadler:

"One of the strongest, and, perhaps, the sole moral justification of fiction, is its historical import. There are novels and novels. The tales of Sir Walter Scott did more to rouse the spirit of Scotland than the heavy histories and falsified Blue Books of England. The romancers of Ireland have depicted in the most touching manner the sorrows of our race. In their pages, ancient Ireland lives again. The basis of fact supports the structure of the imagination. The days of '98 are brought before us, and the heroes that made them memorable are seen under the light of the romancer's fancy. The lonely mountain glen, the conspiracy, the doing of hero and heroine, and all the thrilling pageantry of the time, pass before us. The Irish squire and the peasant, the manor-house and the cottage, the play of human passions, the capabilities of human daring, are described to the life, and personages that upon the dead page of a dull historian are but fossils, are set forth living, moving, and acting. G6rome's picture of Napoleon at Austerlitz did more to fix the conqueror's memory upon the mind of France, than whole bundles of state papers. The painter, the poet, and the novelist throw the warmth of imagination over what would else be but a cold generalization of facts. The sketches of Ireland given by such writers as the Halls have sunk more deeply in the thought of men than the mere chronicles furnished by the historian. Nor can such stories be thrown aside with the contemptuous sneer that they are but embodiments of fancy. The people acknowledge their truth. The experience of millions recognize the general truth of the impression made, even if the details are drawn from the writer's imaginative power. If novels will be read, let them be selected for their historical value. We should properly scorn the reading of namby-pamby love stories, that have to do with no greater interest than the petty feelings and fortunes of a few characters; but the novel rises to the dignity of history when it deals with influences that modify national thought and great historical movements. We need not go to the romancer for the study of mere individual character; but when he shows us people affected by a profound national crisis, he is frequently a safer guide than the chronicler of events."

Donahoe's Magazine contains a fund of instruction and entertainment for all, and especially for readers of Irish birth or descent.

College Gossip.

—To Dartmouth belongs the honor of having published the first college paper. It was issued in 1800.

—Prof. to student in Physics: "I will let you mention how a wave of light travels." Student: "It comes sort o'—sort o' screw-quirky like." Prof. is all broken up—*Exonian*.

—Oberlin College has secured donations to the amount of \$150,000 toward an endowment of \$250,000. There have been heavy annual deficits in the expenses of the college, which the new endowment is expected to remove in a year or two.

—Scene at a Geometry examination—Stern tutor: "The gentleman who is cribbing will leave the room." (Eighteen men rise suddenly from their seats with a sheepish expression of countenance.) Stern tutor: "Perhaps I should have said the gentleman who is not cribbing."—*Amherst Student*.

—Scene in English History: A student who had failed to look at his lesson has tried to generalize on the personal character of Henry VIII. Professor: "What you say, Mr. H., is not found in the lesson?" Student: "I was following your advice, professor, and read that between the lines." Professor: "Oh! well you can't read between the lines till you have read the lines."—*Ex*.

—A Professor asked his Bible History Class: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines? For a while there was no answer, and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? What's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied: "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

—DEAR FATHER:—I like college first rate, but it will be a couple of weeks before I can feather an oar just right. Tell mother to send me a double-soled pair of pants. I slid for third base on my best ones, and they look like a campaign banner after a gale. It's lucky I practiced on your meerschaum before I came. It's awful strong tobacco they sell here. Affectionately your son, James Fresh.—*New Haven Register*.

—Prof.: "Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the zodiac the moon will appear next July?" Student: "I—ah—don't—think—I—ah—can, sir." Prof. (thinks he has been coached): "That's right: Cancer. You want to be prompt, though." Prof.: "Mr. M., what will the elevation of the moon be at that time?" M.: "High, sir." Prof.: "Next." N.: "Low." Prof.: "Now what do you think, Mr. P.?" P. (who can't imagine any other position): "Jack, sir."—*Brunonian*.

—Class in Mental Philosophy. During the recitation a large dog enters the room and proceeds to make himself at home. At the request of the Prof., a burly Senior attempts to remove the canine. Dog objects. After a struggle of some moments the Senior conquers, and the dog starts after something he had forgotten, and is greeted with a parting kick as his hind legs disappear through the door. Silence for a moment, and then the Prof. remarks: "Ah! gentlemen, Mr. P— seems to understand the *a posteriori* argument very well."—*Ex*.

—Lord Lorne, in his speech at St. Thomas, has implicitly given an inkling of his opinion concerning the comparative worth of the study of Classics: "Keep up a knowledge of your ancient language; for the exercise given to a man's mind in the power given by the ability to express his thoughts in two languages is no mean advantage. I would gladly have given much of the time devoted in boyhood to acquiring Greek to the acquisition of Gaelic." Some recent arrivals there are in the University environs who would probably join issue with this particular expression of his Excellency's views. A declaration of attachment to the Celtic language and customs will always ensure the good will of Scotch settlements, though, in Scotland itself, the preference of a comparatively-meagre vocabulary to the richness and musical power of Greek would be deemed more eccentric than patriotic.—*The Varsity*

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 6, 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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—In our last issue we said that the Academia would be organized during the coming week; this, we are happy to say, has been done. A list of the members will be found in the local column. As yet there are but a few members, but we hope that ere long many more will have joined our ranks. The chief object of the Academia is to form a staff of contributors to the columns of this paper. Meetings will be held every fortnight, at which different literary topics will be discussed, and the interests of the SCHOLASTIC looked after. Last year no Academia was organized; we know not why, but we do know that in former years the Academia was one of the best conducted and most beneficial organizations in the University. Of course, only those capable of writing good articles for the SCHOLASTIC are eligible to membership. We said before, that anyone writing two good articles, during the present session, for the SCHOLASTIC would be entitled to membership. This offer still holds good, for in this way we are sure that we will have more members than if we were to make some other and perhaps harder *conditio sine qua non*. The SCHOLASTIC is the students organ, and through its columns should we make known everything and anything which may be of general interest to all who have ever been connected with our *Alma Mater*. We are sure that the Academia of '80-'81 will not be behind that of any former year.

—The retreat for the students, which commenced on Thursday, the 28th inst., terminated on Monday morning last, and not on Saturday evening, as we stated in our last issue. As we stated before, Rev. Father Lauth, of South Bend, conducted the exercises of the retreat, and to the satisfaction of everyone. We are certain that all profited

by what they heard and saw during those few days; and we are sure that the retreat of '80-'81 will prove a great blessing to many. It will no doubt be the means of effecting a radical change for the better in all, and for many it will prove to have been the real starting point of their lives. We have known many whose vocation was made known to them during a few days thus spent in prayer and recollection, who had vainly endeavored for years before to discover that important and vital knowledge.

Many may feel inclined to think that days spent in retreat—in prayer and union with God—are lost; that a retreat is unnecessary, useless. To such we have but to say: "Look at the business man. Does he go on from year to year without stopping for a moment to ascertain his commercial standing? Does he not devote certain days of the year to a careful examination of his books, in order to find out whether his business is to him a profit or a loss?" The necessity of such a course of action is obvious to everyone. Were the merchant to proceed blindly in his business transactions, paying little or no attention to them, by not retrenching all unnecessary expenses, he would in a short time find himself a bankrupt.

It is even thus in the spiritual order of affairs in our relations with God. We are all, or at least should be, engaged in the same business—that of securing a blissful eternity. Our principal business is that of saving our souls. In order that we may be successful in this respect, it is necessary that we should lay aside worldly cares for a while, in order that we may devote a few days to this important business exclusively. 'Tis for this reason that in Catholic Colleges, ever alive to our dearest interests, retreats are annually held. This year the retreat was well attended; and with very few exceptions, our Catholic students seemed to fully realize the importance of making it well. Such were they who *did* make it well; and its influence, always good, will be felt by them until the time for the next annual retreat will have arrived. Our non-Catholic students, of course, were not required to participate in the exercises of the retreat; their classes went on as usual. A change for the better is already discernible in many of the boys; *esto perpetua!*

—Procrastination has been well termed the thief of time. Procrastination is a very cunning thief, who is ever ready at all hours of the day to rob us of many of those precious moments which, when well employed, become the foundation-stone of a useful life. He employs various means for the attainment of his end: sometimes he will cause us to neglect our studies in order to spend a few moments in idle conversation at unauthorized hours; whispering to us that we need not worry about this or that lesson, for, perhaps, our professor will not call on us to-day, or, we can learn the lesson in a very few moments and therefore need not trouble ourselves about it just now. Many are ensnared, or rather allured, by the subtle suggestions of this thief, and will often lay aside their tasks until the last moment, only to find that they have been deceived by him, and must now stand the consequences of not knowing their lessons.

Procrastination has caused the irreparable ruin of many a business man who, having contracted the habit of putting off the transaction of important business affairs until the last moment, thereby incurring losses which, at first,

apparently insignificant, ultimately brought about their ruin. We once heard tell of a man who held the pardon of another condemned to be hanged at twelve o'clock. His pardon had been obtained from a certain governor two hours before, and had been given to an officer, who was requested to make all possible speed to the jail of C—, in which the condemned man was confined, and have him set at liberty. The officer started in haste on his errand of mercy, but wishing to see a friend of his who lived on the road to C—, he said to himself: "I have but 7 miles to go, and two hours to do it; I'll just stop off here for a few moments to see my friend." So saying, he dismounted, entered his friend's house, and was soon engaged in pleasant conversation. At length, however, he bethought himself of his errand of mercy; but found that he had spent a much longer time at his friend's house than he had intended. He was soon in his saddle, spurring his horse onward with the energy of despair. The sequel is easily imagined. He reached the jail in time to—we wish we could say save—see the doomed man hanged. This was the result of procrastination.

The result is often fatal, in an educational point of view, to the student. He begins by putting off his duties from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, etc.; and when his college career ends, he finds himself uneducated, unqualified to occupy any position of trust and responsibility. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a motto which should be engraven in indelible characters on the memories of all our students. When you have something to do, do it. If you can get a lesson this hour, why put it off till the next? Have a time set apart for everything, and do everything at the prescribed time.

By paying attention to these little things now you will form in yourselves habits of regularity and punctuality, which will remain with you when you have reached manhood's stage, and which will be the great open secret of your success through life.

—Judging from the great number of unprincipled men who move in society to-day, vitiating it with their moral corruption, one would be led to suppose that the task of becoming a gentleman is a most burdensome, unpleasant, and impossible one. Judging from the immorality and licentiousness which pervades the mass of the people, and from the frequent and open commission of the most hideous crimes, one is led to believe that virtue has a mere nominal existence, or that it is something far above the reach of the majority of our people. Let us find, if we can, the cause of this sad state of affairs. On looking around us, and observing the actions of its constituents, we find that the condition of society to-day is really deplorable. Money—wealth—is the god of the people, and for its procurement and accumulation men will cast aside the very last principles of honor and honesty, and think it a mighty smart business transaction if they but succeed in cheating their fellow-man out of a neat little fortune; caring not whether by this robbery—that's what it is—they leave their neighbor in a state of utter destitution or not. That's only a secondary consideration; first become rich, no matter in what manner, and then you are at once looked upon as a gentleman. You will be surprised to see what a large host of friends (?) surround you; you must move in the best circles of society; your company is constantly sought after, and cultivated with a surprising degree of

persistency. You can with impunity perpetrate deeds which from a poor man would be the personification of crime, but which in your case are mere eccentricities. You can say things which, were a poor man to utter them, would be condemned in unmeasured terms; but for you, they are words perfunctory—persiflage. Why is this the case? Simply because you are rich. A man of wealth nowadays is a man of power; no questions are asked as to how you came into possession of your wealth; it suffices to know that you are wealthy. This is precisely the reason why young men just starting in life are so zealous in the pursuit of wealth. In it they see immunity, and social influence. A young man may start out on life's journey with the best of intentions; with a desire to accumulate riches, which is in itself laudable; and with a firm resolution of becoming rich only by the employment of honest means. But he gradually loses sight of his good resolutions; and seeing others making more rapid strides than himself in this direction, and meeting perhaps with a few business reverses, which engender discouragement and despondency, he soon adopts means for the attainment of his object which are not honest.

What do we behold to-day in the political field of action? Do those seeking political preferments employ honest means for the purpose of obtaining government offices? Are they prompted by the same pure and disinterested motives that were the main spring of every action of our patriotic forefathers—the founders of our glorious and prosperous Republic? Is it not rather because most of these offices mean high salaries, and chances for appropriating to personal use the Government's money, that they are so eagerly sought after? We are sorry to be forced into the belief that this latter is the case. We see the most corrupt and fraudulent means employed by the candidates of all parties to secure their election. Men do not blush to tell you that they would never have been elected to office had they not bought so many votes. Men will not hesitate nor blush to tell you that they accepted so much money for their vote—their only sovereign possession, the sign and deed of their liberty. In view of these facts, we must conclude that the majority of our public men and private citizens have trampled every manly principle underfoot; and that society cannot but feel the evil effects of this almost general corruption. Nowadays we are but very little surprised to hear of a public official's embezzling thousands of dollars because of the frequency of the occurrence. We are not much surprised to read of the scandalous and immoral conduct of our high functionaries, and for the same reason. We have advanced so far in moral and intellectual progress as to look upon these actions as matters of course, concomitants of office. Such are the men to whom we are obliged to look for good example; such are they who are called gentlemen.

Gentlemen? what right or title have they to the name? Office? Office *cannot, does not* make the gentleman. Wealth? we know of wealthy men whose claim to the title of gentleman would be as proper as that of a dog to rationality. By what right, then, are these men termed gentlemen? By no right; but by a mistaken idea which many people have of that term. It is used too indiscriminately, too impartially. By gentleman is meant a man who is gentle, kind, courageous, and virtuous. Latterly these characteristics are attributed to a man of wealth, no matter what his character may be. Hence it is that we said at the beginning that it is almost impossible to be-

come a gentleman, in the true sense of the term; or, if not impossible, at least burdensome and troublesome, for men see that all that is necessary in order to secure the respect and esteem of the world is to be a man of affluence. *Post nummos virtus*—Money first, virtue afterwards—is an expression well suited to the present tendency of society. The almighty dollar is looked upon as the almighty god. The consequence is that we are to-day face to face with infidelity and socialism. The socialistic cry for the equalization of property is but the result of the money-making mania which has taken possession of the majority of mankind. Seeing the great wealth amassed by millions, and believing it impossible for themselves to become rich, and that money-making is the great and only object of life, the socialists cry: "Down with the rich! Equalize the riches of the world so that all may be fortune-holders or, we'll cause anarchy, confusion and revolution to take the place of wealth, order, and peace.

We believe that wealth, or at least that never-ceasing, constant endeavor for its acquisition, is the cause of society's present state of corruption. It has been the spiritual ruin of more than one man. No wonder that the Inspired Book exclaims that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven. This is a severe expression; but the actions of the majority of rich men corroborate its truth. We do not mean to say that it is a crime to be rich—we do not mean to insinuate that the effort made to become rich is always criminal. Wealth is a blessing, if properly used—it comes from God. The ambition to become rich is laudable, provided it be kept within its proper limits. The great danger lies not so much in wealth as in its fraudulent acquisition, and the improper disposal of it when acquired. Many of us may be the sons of wealthy parents, and as a consequence a large share of their property—a fortune—may be left us. We, however, must be very careful not to allow what, if properly used, is a blessing to become a curse to us. We should accept it as coming from God for the purpose of enabling us to do a great amount of good, such as helping those less fortunate than ourselves, by giving them freely of our store, and by giving liberal contributions for the erection, support and preservation of charitable institutions, etc.; then indeed will our riches prove to be one of the most powerful means of attaining life's only great object—Heaven. If wealthy, as we said before, we will find a host of individuals claiming and appearing to be our friends; but if, by a sudden and unavoidable stroke of misfortune, we become reduced to a state bordering on pauperism we shall soon be made aware of the fact that we are friendless—those who but a short time since flattered us with their attention, and almost killed us with kindness, will be seen deserting us one by one, until, like rats deserting a sinking ship, they have all left us.

To find out who are our sincere friends when we are rich, we have but to become poor. Should we, however, not meet with any reverses of fortune, we should, to ascertain our true friends, be obliged to resort to a stratagem, similar to that employed by a man who, matrimonially inclined, and having several lady admirers, resolved to put their protestations of affection to the test. 'Twas his birthday; and having previously let several of his relations and other friends into the stratagem, he prepared a grand banquet, to which all his friends were invited, his admirers being of the number. He resolved to feign death, and see what effect it would have on each one

of the latter. Accordingly, when the convivial rejoicings were at their height, he suddenly threw up his hands and fell to the floor. This created considerable, though not very serious excitement, as all thought that it was a fainting spell. He was removed to his chamber by those friends with whom he had previously arranged matters, and who soon returned, in an apparent state of great excitement, saying that he was dead. This news brought the day's festivity to an end. All present expressed their sorrow at the sad and unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and then many took their departure for home. As for his lady admirers, they all took the matter very coolly and indifferently, save one. This one's grief was inconsolable; she could not be consoled or comforted. The others, on the contrary, did not shed a tear, but soon took their departure for their respective homes. A few hours afterwards, they were surprised to hear that their friend had only been in a trance, and had entirely recovered, having in the mean time found out all that he had desired. The rest of the story can easily be imagined. There was a wedding shortly after, which some of the bridegroom's former friends, for various reasons, did not attend. It is even thus with the majority of those friends, or rather parasites, whom wealth draws around us. They hang around us until our money is disposed of, and then it is that they appear in their true colors—the basest sycophants.

Wealth, then, being the generator of so many and so great evils, is to be used with the utmost caution by those possessing it, and not to be so persistently sought after by those who have it not. The great secret of contentment and happiness in this life lies in being contented with what we have, and making the best possible use of it. A man's character is not to be established upon the dollars he may possess—for did he possess the riches of Cræsus, it alone would not make him a gentleman—but upon his intrinsic worth, upon those traits of character which when combined make him a model man—a gentleman.

Obituary.

It is with reluctance that we call upon our pen to perform the sad task of chronicling the death of one of our little friends, Master J. McElvogue, of the Junior Department, who departed this life last Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock. His death was rather sudden, as he had been sick but two or three days, and then the nature of his sickness was not such as to give the least alarm to anybody. On Thursday evening he called on the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, stating that he was not feeling very well, and that he would like to go to the Infirmary that evening. His request was immediately complied with; and there was nothing to indicate that there was anything serious the matter with him, during his stay there, until last Sunday morning, when he suddenly took a spasm, which lasted but a few minutes. Every possible attention was given him; and he seemed to have recovered from its effects when a few minutes before ten o'clock he complained of a pain in the region of the heart, which terminated fatally in a very few minutes; not, however, before he received the last absolution. Master McElvogue was but fourteen years of age, and resided at Joliet, Ill. This was his first year at Notre Dame, coming here last September. He was a most exemplary young boy in every respect, and

always gave complete satisfaction to his Professors and Prefects. He was indeed a child of bright promise, and would no doubt have made his mark in the world had not the Ruler of the Universe ordained otherwise. Like the pure white lily, he blossomed for a while, and then, in the full bloom and fragrance of innocence, was plucked by the Almighty to bloom forever before His own bright Throne.

His relatives arrived here on Monday evening, and his obsequies took place the following day, "All Souls' Day," at ten o'clock. After the singing of the *Libera*, the procession was formed in front of the Church. Its order was as follows: acolyte, cross-bearer, acolyte; Society of the Guardian Angels, students of the Minim, Junior, and Senior Departments; Brothers of the Holy Cross, seminarians, clergy, celebrant and assistants, hearse and pall-bearers.

With slow and solemn step the procession moved to wards the College Cemetery, while the *Benedictus* was solemnly chanted by the clergy. The cemetery was soon reached, and in a few moments after were entombed the mortal remains of little Johnny McElvogue. After a prayer for the repose of his soul had been said, the students, with sad hearts, wended their way to the College. The deceased was a member of the Junior Archconfraternity; the resolutions of the society will appear in our next issue. The parents, and other relatives of the deceased, have the heartfelt sympathy of the Faculty and students in their bereavement.

Angels are chanting sweet welcomes of love
To dear little Johnny, with Jesus above;
Heaven hath called him while pure, undefiled.
Dry thy tears then, sad parents, 'tis well with thy child.

Personal.

- All are well at Watertown.
- L. Haney, '73, is book-keeper for J. Rietz, Evansville, Ind.
- "Hal" Hunt, '75, is clerk for Hunt & Co., Burlington, Iowa.
- G. W. Cox, '63, is practicing medicine at Denver, Colorado.
- Jack Walker, '63, or '64, is editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, Denver.
- F. Rettig (Commercial), '76, is living at Alimos, Colorado.
- John O'Connell, '74, is in the banking business at Des Moines, Iowa.
- E. Davenport, '76, is with the firm of A. D. Morse & Co., Davenport, Iowa.
- Ned Espy, '70, is book-keeper for the Morrison Plow Works, Ft. Madison, Iowa.
- J. Gillespie (Commercial), '74, is with Duncan & Co., Insurance Agents, Burlington, Iowa.
- Mr. Donnelly, of Michigan City, has been spending a few days with us. Mr. Donnelly is always welcome at Notre Dame.
- Bernard Kratzer (Commercial), '77, is now living at Silver Park, Custer Co., (State?) where he has gone for the benefit of his health.
- Rev. Father Carroll, of Chicago, who, we are happy to say, has entirely recovered from his late severe illness, was the guest of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline on Wednesday and Thursday.
- We glean the following from the *Cleveland Catholic Universe* in regard to James B. Gray, of '75-'76: At St.

Vincent de Paul's Church, Akron, Ohio, October 7th, 1880, by Rev. T. F. Mahar, D. D.,—also celebrant of the nuptial Mass—James B. Gray, of Carroll, Iowa, and Miss Maggie E. Dolan, of Portland, Maine. Mr. Gray is a cousin to the Rev. gentleman who officiated. We wish the newly married all happiness.

—Our friend and classmate, Mr. J. G. Ewing, of Lancaster, O., (of the Class of '77) dropped in to see us last Saturday. John is the very picture of health. He reports all the old boys, whom he met, as doing well. He informs us that W. J. Clarke ('74), of Columbus, is about to be bound by fetters hymeneal to an accomplished young lady of that city. We shall be pleased to chronicle that happy event as soon as it takes place. John could not remain with us long, as he was obliged to be in Lancaster on Tuesday—election day. Come again, John, and make a longer visit.

—The following were among our visitors this week: Mrs. T. Byrne, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Kamm, Mishawaka, Ind.; The Misses Wagner and Miss Elbel, South Bend; Miss L. Schuler, Allegany, Mich.; Misses Dunn, Ewalt, Tudor, Berrien Springs; W. H. Myer, Columbus, N. Y.; Miss C. Clark, Orleans, Ind.; Miss E. Bell, Rolling Prairie, Ind.; Misses L. Poorbough and Dickerman, Goshen; G. W. Lyon, H. Friedman, Mrs. Silverman, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. H. Coquillard and lady, Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. B. Coquillard, South Bend; Mr. F. Spencer and lady, Lawrence, Mich.; Miss Donnelly, Chicago; G. T., G. J. and Miss A. Howard, Mrs. B. F. Thompson, Edwardsburg, Mich.; Mrs. H. Pastles, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. S. Thall, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Seick, Washington, D. C.; J. G. Ham, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. Ackerman, Boston, Mass.; Miss Sarah Clark, Valparaiso, Ind.; James and Nellie Eberhart, and Miss H. Ward, Mishawaka, Ind.; John T. Taylor, Chesterton, Ind.; Miss M. Dean, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mr. Ralph S. Tarbell, of the *Tribune* Company, South Bend.

Local Items.

- Well!
- Retreat over.
- "Wake up, Joe."
- Here we are again.
- Hurrah for Garfield!
- "Who cut that lasso?"
- Who has that sprinkler?
- "Professional handballist." Eh?
- Our friend John sports a new satchel.
- Our "Bloated Bond-Holder" rejoiceth.
- Our friend John has no ear for music.
- Bulletins were made out on Wednesday.
- Croquet is about played out for this season.
- Our press is in perfect running order again.
- Some of our democratic friends have the blues.
- Handball and lasso-whirling are all the go in the Juniors.
- "Tony" is the champion bicyclist of the Minim Department.
- What doth it profit a man to go walking and lose his whole sole?
- Cannon rejoiceth: his uncle has been elected Senator from Illinois.
- "Mede" still wears that beautiful (?) Hancock and English badge.
- Messrs Clarke, Hagan and Bloom have our thanks for favors received.
- A scrub game of football was played in the Juniors on Wednesday last.
- To-morrow *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, p. 214 of the Vespéral.
- The Minims may well feel proud of their large Roll of Honor this week.
- A beautiful sermon was preached by Father Shea on the Festival of All Saints.

—A grand *Requiem* and *Dies Irae*, for four voices, were sung by the Choir on Tuesday.

—And "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious" by the election of Garfield.

—Our friend John informs us that he has a stiff neck. We knew that long ago, Johnny.

—President Hayes has designated Thursday, Nov. 25th, as a day of national thanksgiving.

—The "Solid South" won five cents on Wednesday afternoon. J. W. G. was *not* disappointed.

—There was anything but an agreeable odor emanating from the gas-house last Saturday afternoon.

—A newspaper, printed in the Bohemian language, in New York city, is received by one of the Juniors.

—*Missa de Angelis*, which had been arranged in three parts, was passably well rendered by the Choir on Monday last.

—Masters Guthrie, Gordon and Ewing were the head-servers on Monday and Tuesday, and Master C. Tinley, censer-bearer.

—The Sorins gave a unanimous vote of thanks to President Corby for the organ which he recently presented to the Association.

—They all say that C—— made the best retreat—there were two dogs after him, anxious to test the quality of the cloth in his pantaloons.

—All Hallow's Eve was not allowed to pass by unnoticed by the mirthful little Minims, who, as usual, celebrated it in a becoming manner.

—At the Solemn *Missa de Requiem*, on Tuesday, Rev. Father Granger was celebrant; Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Condon being deacon and subdeacon.

—Our friend John threw his lasso around the pedal extremities of the wrong man last week; the consequence was that Bro. Polycarp had an extra job that same day.

—The South Bend Bicycle Club put in their appearance at the College last Saturday afternoon. They were on a "still hunt" to see how the College boys rode their little "ponies."

—Dr. Blade's rooms are on Michigan St., South Bend, Ind., near the Dwight House. Those who have had occasion to call on the doctor speak of him in terms of the highest praise.

—The following young gentlemen of the Junior Department were the pall-bearers at the funeral of Master McElvogue: Masters J. O'Neill, E. Orrick, R. Fleming, H. Rose, A. Jackson and J. Morgan.

—A new and beautiful altar-railing encircles the sanctuary. It is the work of a well-known gentleman of Mishawaka, and evinces considerable originality and taste in the design, and artistic perfection in its execution.

—The War of the Roses in the First Grammar Preparatory department, for the possession of an illimitable supply of bivalves, is being carried on with great energy by the contestants. So far, the White Roses have the advantage.

—The best cultivated patch of land in Notre Dame's vast dominions is the back-yard between the steam-house and the College; for, between laying new pipes, resurrecting old ones, noxious weeds have a very slim chance of gaining a permanent foothold.

—The best bulletin for the month of October was that of R. E. Fleming, Henderson, Ky.; Nicholas Wene, of Vianden, G. D. de Luxembourg, Europe, had the second best; E. Orrick, of Canton, Miss., and McDermott, of Stockport, Ohio, being third.

—President Corby has procured for the Library the complete writings of Gerson, in three volumes, published in the year 1448. The title-pages and the heads of chapters are beautifully illuminated with arabesques, painted by the monks of the fifteenth century.

—The third regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Wednesday evening, Nov. 3rd. Master F. Farrelly delivered a declamation. Songs were sung by H. Suee, D. O'Connor, J. Courtney, and T. Van Mourick. Master W. Hanavin, played an organ solo.

—They say that the "Justice," or rather the "Injustice," voted in three different States on Tuesday. He voted in Chicago at eight o'clock, in South Bend at two o'clock, and in Niles two hours later. The "Squire's" rage knoweth no bound; he sweareth vengeance. "Revenge! Revenge!" is his cry.

—We found the following query, on entering our sanctum the other morning: "How can we always have just what we like?" By simply liking just what we have. As we read aloud the foregoing, our friend John muttered very emphatically, as if quoting "Solon Shingle" to himself, "Jess so! Jess so!"

—Prof. Edwards is having the Columbian's room frescoed in the highest style of the art decorative. Besides portraits in oil, of local celebrities, there will be several large mural paintings of historical interest, and a tablet on which will be inscribed the names of all those who have been awarded medals for excellence in History.

—The large Dayton Com. pump is being connected directly with the lake, and will be in operation in a few days. After all the connections are made, and the hydrants for fire-protection are put in, we will give a further account of its working. All who have seen the work say it is just what has been needed for years past.

—President Corby was the celebrant and Rev. Fathers Walsh and Fute were deacon and subdeacon at the Solemn High Mass on All-Saints' Day. The high altar was most tastefully decorated for the occasion; and this, with many lighted tapers, beautiful vestments, and rich sacrificial vessels, gave everything an air of solemn grandeur.

—Very Rev. Father General has the best thanks of the Minims for his festival cake. It is easier to imagine than describe the delight of the small boys as the splendid eight-story pyramid made its appearance. Very Rev. Father General is indeed very kind to his Minims, and it is not surprising that such substantial tokens of affection on his part attach them to him.

—The following are the students of the Minim department who have given the best duties since the beginning of the session. In the 1st Class, for Grammar and Arithmetic, C. C. Echlin has 74 perfect notes; D. G. Taylor, 72; C. E. Droste, 59; J. S. Courtney, 55; and in the 2d Class for Arithmetic, W. F. Hanavin, 28; F. Fishel, 25; W. M. Olds, 23; A. J. Van Mourick, 23; H. Metz, 19; W. T. Berthelet, 12.

—The first regular meeting of the Academia was held Wednesday, Nov. 3d, for the purpose of reorganization, and for the election of officers for the present session. The following is the result of the election: Director, Editor of the SCHOLASTIC; President, G. E. Clarke; Vice-President, F. W. Bloom; Secretary, J. P. Hagan; Treasurer, Geo. Sugg. After the adoption of the by-laws, the meeting on motion adjourned.

—He who steals my gold, steals trash—*Shakespeare*.
But he who steals my apples from the valise of a friend, by means of lock-picking, ought to be thrashed.—*Horticulturalist*.

And the thrashing should be done with a "hand-flail."
—*Ed.*

He who will try the experiment suggested will be able to describe what a thrashing feels like when done.—*Burglar*.

—A worthy citizen of the bond-holding persuasion (not 1000 miles from here) was on his way to the polls last Tuesday; and being invited to a seat in a passing vehicle, was asked by the driver what ticket he intended voting. He replied that he was a high premium bond, and prohibitive tariff man. The alternative was then offered him of a Democratic ride or a Republican walk; but he politely declined either, and returned homeward, saying that Garfield would be elected anyhow.

—During the spiritual retreat, just closed, several chapters from Father Müller's "Prodigal Son, or The Sinner's Return to God," were publicly read for the students. Since then, there has been a great demand for the book. The style is simple, and full of earnest tenderness, and the volume abounds in historical incidents and classical allusions. Those who desire a copy of this work can procure it from Fr. Pustet, No. 52 Barclay Street, New York.

—We are happy to announce the arrival of Prof. Paul, of Chicago, at Notre Dame. Prof. Paul is a thorough musician, and will give a new and much needed impetus to the Musical department. He called the members of the Band together on Wednesday afternoon; and after being introduced to them, gave them an idea of the course he intended to adopt as their leader. By request, the Professor played a selection on one of the pianos, which convinced all present that he was complete master of that difficult instrument. We welcome the Professor most warmly.

—We noticed our friend, J. M. B., in quest of victims for lasso practice at a certain hour on Tuesday. He soon espied a large and ugly looking canine—almost as homely as Sancho—coming through College Park. J. M. B. "laid" for him; and at the opportune moment let fly his lariat, which, true to its errand, encircled the canine's neck. B's half-uttered shout of triumph was cut short by an unexpected turn of affairs; for the dog made a sudden jerk, which wrested the lariat from our friend's hand, and in a few moments was hid from view by the cloud of dust which the rapidity of its flight raised. B— is now a sadder, but wiser young man.

—Vice-President Walsh, the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, and Bro. Leander, C. S. C., were present at the competition for that prize which we offered last week to the "Prep" who would properly pronounce the words mentioned in connection with this affair in last week's SCHOLASTIC. Several of the "Sophs" and "Freshies" were also present "to see the fun." Eight "Preps" put in an appearance as competitors for the prize. There were several others present who "didn't want to give themselves away," as they expressed it, but came as mere spectators. We will not mention the names here of those who did "give themselves away;" suffice it to say, that after a long struggle the prize was awarded to Master Mahon.

—The following lines, which we received from a "Prep," are to be sung to the air of "Such an Education has my Mary Ann":

Oh, our friend John-nie's the painter
Of the great big lib'ry room;
He gets three hundred gum-drops every day;
He has charge of all the brushes,
Oils, paints, and old cane-rushes.
Such a graceful painter is that darling boy.

CHORUS: He's a darling, he's a daisy,
He's a bruiser, he's a ham;
You should see the paint on his breeches quaint,
Such a painter is Johnnie cur lamb.

—We advertised the finding of a cuff-button last week since which time no less than twenty-five different parties have suspected us of having one of their cuff-buttons. One "Prep" came to us with tears—well, we didn't see any—saying that his cuff-button, which he had lost a short time ago, contained the effigy of his own—good old dog "spot." We didn't have it. The other twenty-three or four cuff-button losers gave long and fatiguing descriptions of theirs, until our patience was almost exhausted. Having disposed of these individuals, we were just congratulating ourselves, thinking that we would be bothered no more on this subject, when in stepped a "Prep," with his face split from ear to ear, thinking, no doubt, that he was giving us his most gracious and winning smile, saying that he had called to see us in regard to that "ad" in our last issue, concerning the finding of a cuff-button; he then went on to tell us just how many cuff-buttons he had lost, when and where he had lost them, how much they were worth, and by whom they had been presented to him, and on what occasion, etc., until, our patience gone, we cried out: "Give us a description of the one you have just lost." He saw that we were impatient—yes, perhaps angry—and with several bows and apologies, he informed us that he had called to let us know that he was almost sure that he could name the individual who had lost that cuff-button. We made for him and—well, when that "Prep" tenderly feels of that part of his anatomy, he is heard to utter a malediction upon the fashioners of cuff-buttons. He has since discarded them entirely.

—We understand that many of our friends were somewhat put out in our restricting the competition for that pronunciation prize to the "Preps." Now, we'll offer a prize to any one in the Junior department who will spell, pro-

nounce correctly and give the proper meaning of all the words contained in the following lines. The contest will take place on Sunday, at 2 p. m., in the Juniors' study-hall:

"The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mulleinstalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthysical catarrh, diphtheria, and a bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate a saccharine tomato from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing and singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonettes, and dahlias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciuszko; a kaleidoscope, a drachm phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a Catechism. The gauger, who was also trafficking a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally occurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is chequered; but schism, apostasy, heresy and villainy shall be punished.' The sibyl apologizingly answered: 'There is notably an alleageable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

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. McGorrick, T. Kavanaugh, Jas. Noonan, J. Solon, Wm. Arnold, E. Taggart, R. M. Anderson, J. Casey, B. Casey, L. E. Clements, E. Otis, J. N. Osher, 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, H. A. Steiz, J. M. Falvey, C. Thiele, J. McNamara, T. F. Clark, L. Mathers, E. Sugg, J. P. Hagan, W. Rotterman, J. A. McIntyre, J. O'Reilly, F. Ward, C. W. Bennet, E. Piper, B. F. Smith, W. E. Hoffman, D. English, D. Ryan, A. A. Bodine, W. Schofield, A. T. Moran, J. Malone, F. T. Dever, F. Godfrey, A. Weisheart, L. Mathers, L. M. Proctor, J. Ryan, F. Morrison, J. Avaline, J. Malone, E. Troxel.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Avers, A. A. Brown, F. A. Boone, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, G. Castenado, A. M. Coghlin, J. Casey, W. Cannon, T. Cullinene, E. Croarkin, W. Cavanagh, W. Cleary, J. Courtney, H. Dunn, A. C. Dick, J. H. Darsel, J. W. Devitt, H. T. Devitt, N. H. Ewing, A. J. Flynn, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed. Fischel, J. J. Gordon, L. P. Gibert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, F. W. Groenwald, T. J. Hurley, P. J. Hoffman, H. P. Hake, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, J. M. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, S. Livingston, N. P. Mahon, Frank McPhillips, J. P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. J. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, H. W. Morse, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, C. F. Perry, G. J. Rhodius, A. Rohrback, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, H. G. Sells, W. E. Smith, J. J. Smith, E. E. Smith, A. C. Schiml, C. Schneidr, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, J. C. Wommer, F. J. Woerber, F. W. Wheatley, G. Woodson, T. Williams, W. T. Weney, J. W. Whalen, J. E. Wilder, J. B. Wilder, C. F. Rietz.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. S. Courtney, D. G. Taylor, E. A. Howard, A. G. Molander, W. F. Hanavin, D. O'Connor, W. T. Berthelet, G. Tourtillotte, A. Chirhart, E. S. Chirart, F. Maroney, T. McGrath, H. Metz, E. H. Kearney, J. R. Bender, W. J. Miller, H. J. Ackerman, F. Fichel, J. Ruppe, J. E. Chaves, J. McGrath, C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, A. J. Van Mourick, H. A. Kitz, H. C. Snee, J. A. Kelly,

J. W. Train, W. M. Olds, W. Taylor, J. McGrath, W. Haslam,
F. B. Farrelly, C. Metz, J. H. Dwenger, A. B. Bender, L. J.
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Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

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.
2.38 "	1.55 p.m.	- -	La Porte, - -	10.23 "	8.50 "
12.18 "	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.
19.58 "	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 "

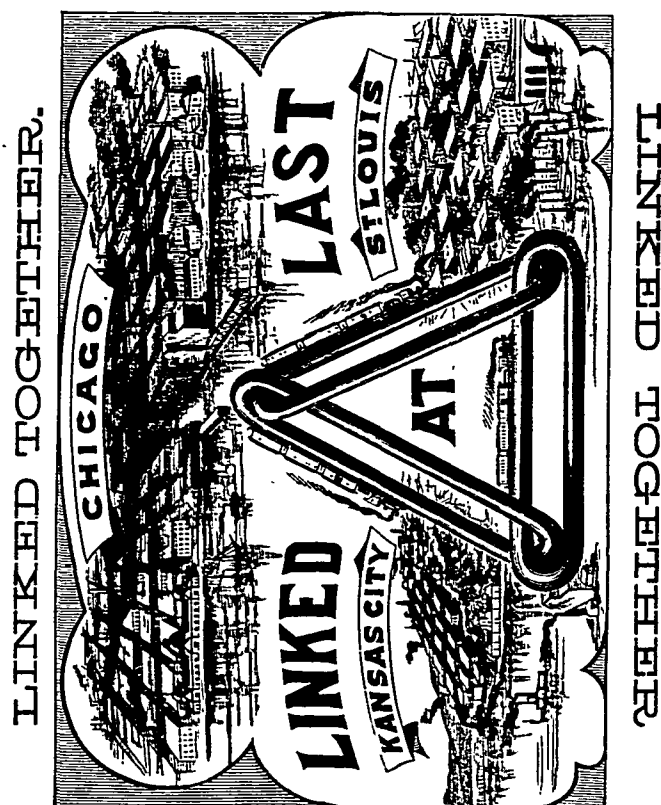
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PEORIA, ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS
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REMEMBER. this is the most direct route for all points WEST and SOUTHWEST. For further information, time tables, maps or folders, call upon or address

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AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878
TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND
MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS
FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestlin,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.58 "

GOING EAST.

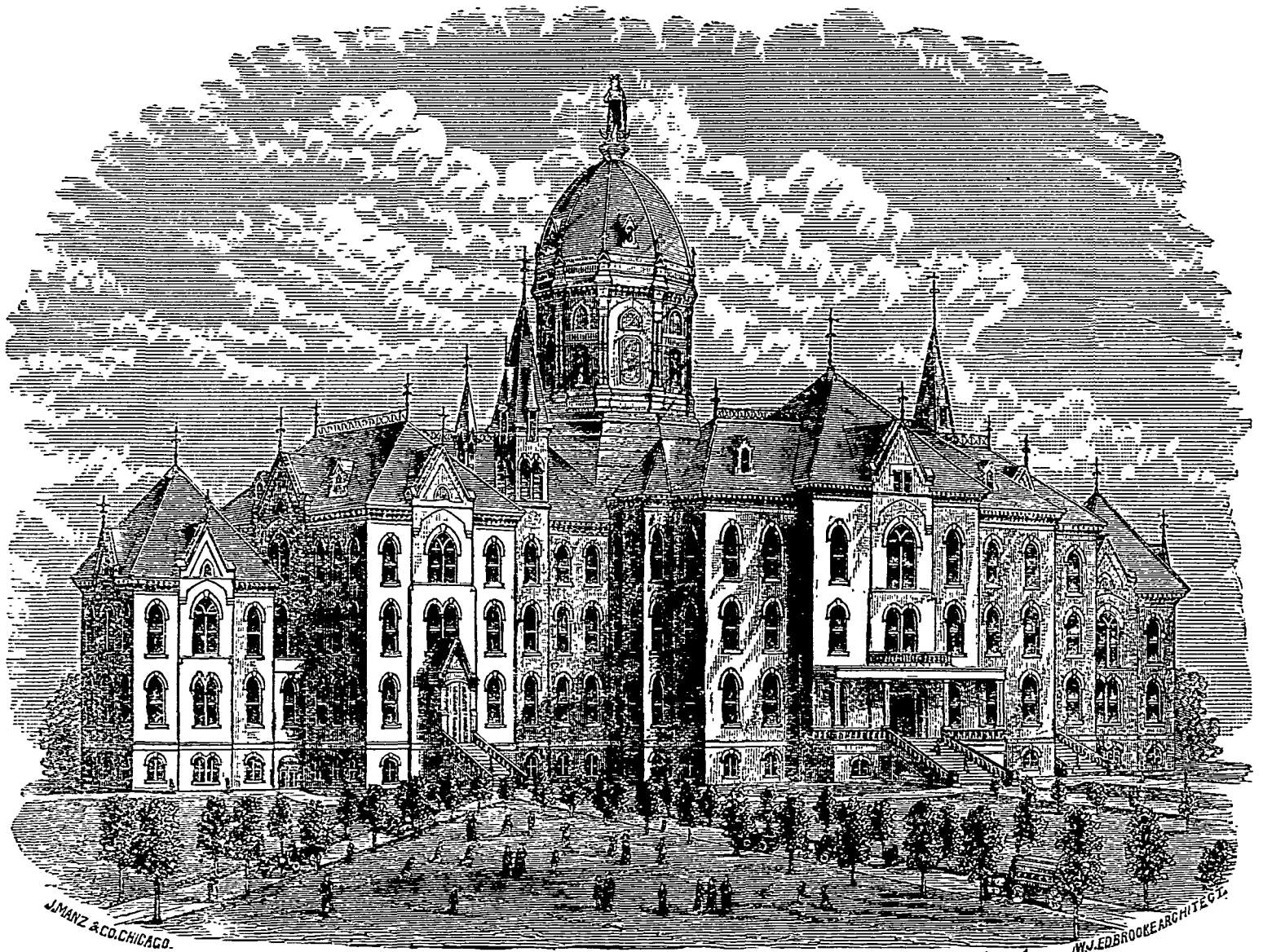
	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Atlan. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55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