

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Our Staff.

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T. F. CLARKE, '83. J. P. HAGAN, '81.  
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## The Handwriting on the Wall.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

There cometh forth a hand—upon a stone,  
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown;  
Fingers like mortal fingers—leaving there  
The blank wall flashing characters of fear;  
And still it glided silently and slow,  
And still beneath the spectral letters grow—  
Now the scroll endeth—now the seal is set—  
The hand is gone—the record tarries yet.

## The Reign of Terror.

The Reign of Terror is the name generally given to the most frightful period of the French Revolution, which began with the death of Louis XVI, January, 1793, and continued without interruption till the death of Robespierre, July, 1794. Within our own time the world has been shocked by an attempted repetition of the excesses of '93; but, compared with the carnival of blood and crime that disgraced the great French Revolution, the Paris Commune of '71—horrible as is the record which it has left—sinks into complete insignificance. The horrors of the Commune lasted but two months, and were confined to the city of Paris; the Reign of Terror continued nearly eighteen months over the whole of France. The Jacobins of Paris, who by sheer audacity had pushed themselves to the front, sent down into the province proconsuls well worthy to represent them; and Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux were even more completely terrorized than the capital. For the honor of humanity one would wish to see the atrocities which marked this period blotted out from the records of history; but it may be useful to keep the story fresh in the minds of men, as it tends to show what is to be expected even of a great, enlightened, and highly civilized nation when all its religious convictions have

been uprooted, and human passions are left to battle without restraint. The lesson may, perhaps, serve to keep succeeding generations from sharing the same calamities.

By spreading among all classes of society such terror as effectually paralyzed every heart and every arm, the Revolutionary autocrats succeeded in forcing a great nation to submit tamely to the suppression of its every liberty, to the violation of every right—human or divine, public or private—and to the bloodiest proscription of innocence and virtue which the world has ever known. The decrees of the mob of desperate revolutionists, who called themselves a government, were enforced with a cynicism as foul as ever disgraced the annals of paganism. Crowds of unfortunates, of every age, sex and condition, were huddled together pell mell in prisons and churches; then tortured, mutilated, condemned and executed without a hearing. The honor, lives and fortune of all Frenchmen were at the mercy of a swarm of ferocious and ignorant spies and informers—the scum of the populace. It would almost seem that France was endeavoring to sound the full depths of human wickedness. Among the first victims were the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans, the treacherous Philippe L'Egalite, who richly deserved the fate which he had brought upon himself; the gifted Madame Roland, and Bailly, one of the principal authors of the Revolution. One of the Jacobin proconsuls boasted that he had filled the prisons of his native province with twelve thousand victims, the majority of whom were put to death. The ferocious Carrier at Nantes was obliged to devise a more expeditious way of ridding himself of his prisoners. Binding together several hundred at a time, he would set them afloat on the Loire in boats made to go asunder as soon they had reached the middle of the stream. Neither youth, nor age, nor sex was spared. When the inhuman monster wished to amuse himself, he caused victims of different sexes to be bound together, and then thrown into the river, in order, as he declared that they might celebrate a republican marriage. All the leading residents of Orleans were put to death. At Verdun, seventeen young women were sent to the guillotine for having been accused of dancing at a ball given by the Prussians. Among the illustrious victims who were executed in Paris may be mentioned two marshals of France, both more than eighty years of age: Lavoisier, the leading scientist of Europe; Malesherbes, the honor of the French bar; and the saintly Madame Elizabeth, sister of King Louis XVI. The moderate or Girondist party included in its ranks some of the purest, ablest, and most eloquent men in France. Twenty-two of these were sent to the guillotine, twelve proscribed, and the remainder thrown into dungeons, where nearly all perished; and all for no other reason than that they had endeavored to stem the

tide of blood which seemed ready to sweep everything before it in France.

One of the saddest duties devolving on the historian of this epoch is to chronicle the fact that the revolutionary fever did not confine its ravages to laymen, but had even broken out among a certain portion of the clergy. Acrimonious controversy had brought forth its usual results. Jansenism, and the heated discussions to which it had given rise during the preceding generation, had weakened the spirit of Christian charity without strengthening faith; while skepticism and infidelity, which the mob had learned from the higher and more enlightened classes of society, had infected not a few of those to whom the people had a right to look for instruction and example. Gobel, who, after the passage of the infamous act known as the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," had obtained the title of Bishop of Paris, publicly threw off his episcopal robes and renounced his episcopal character; and the scandal of this apostasy shook the Church of France to its very centre. His example was imitated by a small number of priests—the disgrace of their sacred calling. Some went to even greater lengths than their leader, and renounced Christianity altogether. "Having rid myself of the prejudices which fanaticism had planted in my mind and heart," was the pompous and peculiarly "Frenchy" declaration of one of their number, "I hereby lay down my priestly commission." A few Bishops and priests were found ready to copy after this frightful model; and all these acts of apostasy were greeted with frantic applause by the members of the National Convention. After such examples, as might naturally be expected, the wards and sections of Paris vied with one another in blasphemy and impiety. These representatives presented themselves before the assembly to announce publicly that they had renounced their previous errors and superstitions, and that they no longer recognized any worship but that of reason. One club declared that it would have in the future no other fanaticism than that of liberty and equality, and no other dogma than that of fraternity and republicanism; another boasted that it would make a bonfire of confessionals and of all Catholic books; another proclaimed that it recognized no God but that of republican virtue; another made a public renunciation of Christianity; and the members of others solemnly abjured the faith of their fathers, and crowned the busts of Robespierre and Marat on the altars of Notre Dame. In the provinces, as a matter of course, this impiety was imitated, and even surpassed: Cathedrals were rifled, sacred ornaments and vessels were carried off in triumph, and thrown in heaps before the hall in which the legislature met; demons in human form celebrated their mad orgies in the most venerated sanctuaries, and danced the "carmagnole" while burlesquing the ceremonies of the Church. The first feast of Reason was celebrated with great pomp on the 10th of November, 1793, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. All the wards and clubs of Paris were represented. A young woman—of more than doubtful character—dressed in white, and wearing the cap of liberty, personated the Goddess of Reason. She was seated on an ivy-covered throne, which was borne by four robust citizens. Crowds of young girls, in white robes, and crowned with roses, preceded and followed the goddess. Speeches were delivered and hymns sung, and the whole ceremony concluded with deafening cries of "Long live the Republic!" and "Down with superstition and fanaticism!" Some took part in these

scenes of madness through a species of feverish enthusiasm, and others through fear, but it is probable that the ring-leaders, who acted with pre-meditation, were few in number.

An author, who cannot be suspected of undue partiality for the old "régime," or of hostility to the revolutionists—Thiers—speaks as follows of this sad period: "At no previous period in the history of the world had such constraint been exercised over that sluggish and patient portion of the population on which political experiments are made. No one dared express his personal opinions; every one avoided friends and relatives, lest he might compromise them with himself, and be the cause of their losing both liberty and life. One hundred thousand arbitrary arrests, and hundreds of death-sentences, left the prison and the scaffold always uppermost in the minds of twenty-five millions of Frenchmen." Most of the actors who took part in the terrible scenes which have been mentioned, and thousands of their admirers and partisans, were sent to the guillotine, others being always found ready to take their places. Robespierre seemed anxious fully to deserve the title which had been given him of "exterminator of the nation." Fouquier-Tinville—a name which, after eighty years, is still synonymous with barbarous cruelty—was the one chosen to execute his sanguinary decrees. To transact business with greater dispatch, the guillotine had been erected in the very department in which trials were conducted. The victims of the future were thus given the opportunity of witnessing the death agony of those whose trial had preceded theirs. The language heard on all sides during these days of frenzy was as horrible, to say the least, as the crimes which were committed. The roll-call of the condemned was spoken of as the "Evening Journal." "All goes well so far; heads are falling fast," said Fouquier-Tinville in one of his reports; "but next decade, (because it must be remembered that the week had been rejected as a relic of the exploded superstition, known as Christianity, and replaced by the decade) "things will go ahead much better." "The more the social body perspires," said another of the terrorists, "the healthier it becomes." Mirabeau had prophesied that liberty could enjoy repose only when stretched on a mattress of corpses. And Barrère, whom Macaulay has doomed to eternal infamy, exclaimed at every fresh report of the execution of a distinguished personage: "the dead alone never come back." By the influence of Robespierre, a law was finally passed so utterly execrable that Fouquier was able to send fifty persons daily to the guillotine; and that in one quarter of Paris an aqueduct had to be constructed, in which the blood which had been shed might flow. The number of persons murdered in all France during this dreadful period is estimated at three hundred every day. In Paris, an eye-witness recorded no less than thirteen hundred and forty in six weeks. It is impossible to recall such wholesale butchery without shuddering. "What is your aim," was once asked of Robespierre, "in ordering so many executions?" "To regenerate the nation was the reply." And what a frightful regeneration! Cities overthrown, provinces ravaged, the monuments of a nation's history destroyed, commerce and industry at an end, the ocean covered with exiles, every river rolling down its murdered victims to the sea, the earth soaked with blood, the mass of the people in rags, and without visible means of support; virtues, talents, and social distinctions transformed into crimes; spies, and bandit's fattening on the life-blood of the nation—such is a

picture of France as regenerated by the Reign of Terror and Robespierre. A celebrated historian was obliged to acknowledge that all his researches in the annals of nations had failed to reveal to him scenes of horror compared with those which were of every-day occurrence during this period of the French Revolution. Never before had human depravity shown itself in a form more hideous and repulsive. Never before was greater ingenuity developed in turning to the ruin of men the very means which ought to have contributed to their preservation and happiness. Never before were atrocities calculated with such nicety and precision, or executed with so little hesitation or remorse. Never before had men seen justice and right so shamefully trampled upon. Never had crime struck its roots deeper into the earth, or brought forth a harvest more abundant, and more deadly. Until then, at least, men had never been found barbarous enough to visit mines and quarries with a view of calculating the exact number of corpses which could be flung into them, or to prepare in advance a supply of quick-lime to consume the bodies of a prodigious number of victims not yet condemned to the scaffold.

Were we asked to assign a reason for this unheard-of saturnalia of wickedness and crime, we would unhesitatingly attribute it to the uprooting of religious convictions in the minds of the French people, and to the fallacies of a so-called philosophy, which was nothing but practical atheism. Those whom we would look upon as primarily responsible for the monstrous excesses, to which allusion has been made, are not Robespierre, Danton, Marat, St. Just, or the other prominent actors in the sanguinary drama, but Bayle, Voltaire, Rosseau, and the so-called philosophers, who sowed the seeds of which the Revolution and the Reign of Terror were the legitimate outgrowth. Bayle, by his openly-avowed skepticism in the discussion of all questions, whether religious or political; Voltaire, by covering with ridicule every existing institution, civil or religious; Rosseau, by declaiming against the inequality of men, and by scattering through his works false maxims on the nature of property, which afterwards served as tests for the harangues of the Jacobin demagogues; Diderot, whose philosophy may be summed up in the insane wish that the last king might be strangled with the bowels of the last priest; Helvetius, by an open profession of materialism; and in fact the whole infidel school of the eighteenth century, which had no dearer wish than to banish from the world all thoughts of the Being by whom the world was created, and is controlled, had plunged the minds of men into a ferment of unrest, selfishness and immorality, excited a tempest of fierce and tumultuous passions which had slumbered heretofore, and brought on that tremendous upheaval which Louis XV and his weak and corrupt administration foresaw, but failed to guard against. In the words of the eloquent Edmond Burke "A silent revolution in the moral world preceded the political revolution, and prepared the way for it."

Thousands of years ago it was said by the Wise Man that there is nothing new under the sun. History is constantly repeating itself; and to-day we see the same causes that led to the horrors of the "Reign of Terror" continuing their work of demoralization in the bosom of French society. Hugo, Dumas, Renan and Littré continue the work begun by Voltaire, Jean Jacques, and Diderot. Gambetta, the modern Choiseul, closely follows in the path traced out by his prototype; faith seems to be fast dying

out in the hearts of men, and morality no longer influences their actions. Is the play to go on to the end? Are the Rocheforts, Pyats, Blanquis and Clemenceaux destined to be the Dantons, Marats, Fouquier-Tinville and Robespierres of the new generation? Heaven prevent! But should such be the case, there would be but little cause for wonder.

T.

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### Letter From T. A. Dailey.

GOLIAD, TEXAS, Oct. 28, '80.

"'IT RAINS,' QUOTH THE SCHOOLBOY."

It is a somewhat general idea in the latitude of Notre Dame that it never rains in Southwestern Texas. I wish, in the interest of truth, that the good people who nurse that erroneous idea, could be here a week or two to correct that opinion, and learn what "rain" means. Gentlemen, I believe you never saw such rain. The top of the sky seems to have got mixed up with the bottom of the ocean, and it can't get the balance adjusted, but keeps right on trying.

I account for it thus: Nature is in mourning, and weeping over the cruel stories the political papers are constantly telling about our Southern people. If I am not right, let us ask Prof. Tice about it. Another theory is that since the death of "Old Probs." we have nobody to control the weather, and it does as it pleases.

When a storm makes up its mind to come, it doesn't hesitate or "stand on the order of coming"—but whirls down upon us with startling impetuosity. Sometimes there is plenty of thunder and lightning, but the rain often falls for days at a time without those amusing adjuncts. The wind blows directly north or south, the latter predominating in point of duration; the former, in volume and intensity; One of our Western poets speaks of "a warm, sweet wind, which blows from the sunny South"—and he was not mistaken about it. Those winds are pleasant, they carry with them vast quantities of moisture; but the poet neglected to tell us about those zephyrs, on their return trip. It strikes me he omitted the most important part of the account. Poets are peculiar fellows, you know, and are not bound to tell "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Therein they differ fundamentally from editors and newspaper reporters. If one of the latter had charge of this zephyr business he would have informed the anxious old goose of a Public that those "warm sweet winds" are not perennial. He would have, moreover, hunted up the ostensible object of their trip and ascertained the true reason for their leaving the "Sunny South"—he might even venture the hypothesis that they were going to Indiana to vote, and would be back after election—very likely blowing about their villainous achievement. This might not be the case, and there is now a criminal Libel law in that doubtful State. To evade it, he would qualify his doubtful state—ment, by stating he meant it as simply a "conjecture of the weather." Whether they would accept it as a conjecture is a conjecture of mine. There are many methods of evasion—especially of a statute law. But to return to the state of the weather.

There are plenty of people who assume to know all about it, which is presumptive, if not cumulative, evidence that they really know nothing about it. But the reporter, the only undeniably truthful man, would tell us all about this "warm, sweet wind"—on its homeward "march to

the sea," and leave us to draw our own conclusions, as well as our ulsters, around our shivering forms.

The Texas "Norther" has attained a world-wide celebrity, and it deserves it. There is no foolishness about it. Any description of its energy, or certificate of its existence, I assume to be superfluous. An old colored brother expresses it with conciseness, if not rhetorical elegance. Some one asked him what he thought of a "Norther," and he replied: "I tell you, boss, it am mighty sarchin'."

That description contains a volume. A genuine "Norther" reaches the right spot, if there is any such place; for it never omits any spot. Warm clothing, snug houses even, seem no protection against its inquisitive propensities. It usually appears in the shape of a bluish-black cloud, or series of stratus clouds along the northern horizon. But it doesn't stay there long. Its rate of motion is startling. By the time its advance guard reaches the zenith the storm is upon us,—not gentle at first, and gradually increasing in energy, but like a mighty wall of storm-waves leaping high in the sullen heavens and rolling onward, making the solid earth quake and shudder as it advances. It is chiefly dangerous to reckless thermometers which are liable to be caught out among the nineties and precipitated suddenly into winter quarters. There is a chill in the air like the sensation one experiences on awakening after falling asleep on an iceberg. Strange enough, these storms are never accompanied, in our latitude, with snow, and rarely with frost. They continue to blow—with driving gusts of rain—for two or three days, and then suddenly cease. Just what causes them has not been satisfactorily ascertained. They are unquestionably connected with their more agreeable neighbor—the "warm, sweet wind that blows from the sunny South"; but to what extent, or in what manner, remains to be demonstrated. This mighty volume of air must be condensed somewhere among the Rocky Mountains and hurled back to the Gulf, to restore the equilibrium; but what power condenses it so rapidly, and what causes the sudden vacuum in the vicinity of the Gulf? The air, prior to its approach, is perfectly natural; there is not the slightest premonition of its coming, and certainly we have no use for it when it arrives. It does no particular harm, I understand, aside from coloring the masculine nose and increasing the "bell punch" revenue. But it is extremely disagreeable, insinuating, and relentless. It always comes when not wanted, and wears out its welcome. Like a boil, if it waited for an invitation it would never come, I suppose. I don't know that the "Norther" is an evil, but if so, it is not unmixed with good; for it usually brings abundant rain, and rain keeps the grass growing all winter, which means fat horses, cattle and sheep—the chief resources of this section. An eminent scientist speaks of the Texas Norther as "A periodical storm," etc., but he neglects to inform us concerning its periods. In point of fact, it is as variable as a woman's opinion, and as doubtful as an Indiana election. They hold such storms in unmistakable dread here, and even the oldest inhabitant is not over anxious to face one from the upper deck of a mustang or mule; but I have observed that they do little real damage, and such appears to be the fact. Such storms in Indiana would induce an epidemic of pneumonia and consumption. It does nothing of the kind here. I believe there has never been an original case of consumption in this village, and it is nearly 200 years old.

T. A. DAILEY.

### Art, Music and Literature.

—The Academy of Music, Chicago, is being rapidly rebuilt.

—Ernest Frederick Wenzel, one of the most celebrated professors in Germany, died recently in Prussia.

—Theodore Thomas intends training large choruses in New York and Brooklyn for the performance of choral works.

—The estimated expense of the great musical festival in New York, in 1881, is \$70,000. There will be 1200 voices in the chorus.

—Lord Beaconsfield is employing some of the leisure moments of his old age in writing a novel, which he will call *Endymion*.

—At Freiburg, Baden, there has lately been discovered a mediæval manuscript of great importance, a psalter belonging apparently to the eighth century.

—Prof. George S. Morris, of Johns Hopkins University, has prepared an extensive work on "British Thought and Thinkers, Critical, Biographical, and Philosophical."

—The Queen of Italy has made a gift to a Catholic Church in Port Hope, Canada, of a bronze statue of Augustus Cæsar, an antique of exquisite workmanship.

—Mr. O'Mahony, the new and distinguished Irish operatic basso, during a recent visit to Queenstown, gave in the Cathedral a magnificent rendering of the *Ecce Deus Salvator Meus*.

—Rev. W. E. Eddis and Mr. T. Arnold have in course of preparation a *Catholic Dictionary*, comprising information on points of ecclesiastical interest such as is not now to be obtained from any one work in the English language.

—A curious misprint in the *Paris Rappel* has led to the announcement far and wide that M. Victor Hugo is about to publish a new poem, entitled "L'Ane" (The Ass). The poet has not, however, selected this humble quadruped as the subject for his verse. He has chosen a loftier and more immortal theme, and the true title of his latest contribution is "L'Ame" (The Soul).

—Lady Anna Blunt, whose book on the "Bedouins of the Euphrates" was widely read a few years ago, has now in press an account in two volumes of "A Pilgrimage to Nedjed," which will be illustrated by the author's own drawings. Lady Anna Blunt is known to fame not only as a traveller and writer of fiction, but also as the granddaughter of Lord Byron. She is a convert to the Catholic Church.

—Theodore Thomas tells a reporter in Cincinnati that he shall conduct concerts in that city, Boston and New York this season. "I hope," he says "to make New York my home for life. In Europe they applaud performances which would be considered very ordinary here. I do not want to say much about it, because it would be unbecoming in me, and the remark would be carried back there and would wound somebody. But you take my word for it, they never heard such chorus-singing as was done here last May."

—Miss Fanny Parnell's poem, "Hold the Harvest," which, as the cable announces, was distributed at the recent meeting in Cork, attracts much notice in London, both for its subject and its rare literary merits. The critics in the papers pronounce it a most spirited strain, heated by the fiery muse of Ireland. The female members of Mr. Parnell's family are all gifted with genius in one way or other. One of them is a poetess; another is an artist of considerable merit; and a third sister is a clever musician, both as composer and executant.

—The *Gazette d'Augsbourg* has heard from Athens, under date Sept. 5, that a theological student at Mount Athos, named Bokkos, has recently discovered in the cloister of Heres several manuscript writings of the celebrated Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, comprising sixteen homilies, two discourses upon the soul and upon the origin of bodies, twenty-five unedited letters, a treatise upon irreproachable faith, and, lastly, the *exposé* of the deliberations of the First and Second Synods of Constantinople. All these manuscripts will shortly be published.

## Exchanges.

—The first number of the 20th volume of the *Virginia University Magazine*, an old and welcome visitor, is received, and we hope to derive pleasure from its perusal at the first leisure hour.

—*The Harp*, a monthly magazine of general literature, published by John Gillies, Montreal, begins its sixth volume in November. Each number of *The Harp* contains forty-eight pages of interesting reading matter for the small sum of \$1 a year. Notwithstanding its low price, *The Harp* seems to be edited with considerable ability and care.

—The *University Quarterly* is a handsomely-printed and well-edited magazine of 42 pages. It hails from New York University. It contains a fine portrait of Albert Gallatin, a man who needs no introduction to American readers. An article on "College Journalism" has attracted our attention as we turn the pages of the magazine, but want of time forces us to defer the reading of it. We give the *Quarterly* a cordial welcome.

—The ninth number of *The Globe*, a neatly printed and ably edited real-estate paper, issued in the neighboring city of South Bend, is just out, and speaks well for the energy and business tact of its managing editor, Mr. A. T. Coquillard, President of the Wisconsin Land Company. It contains much information in regard to lands in the far West, and the standing and experience of the editor are vouchers for its reliability. We were not before aware that South Bend had a paper in the real-estate interest. We believe this is the eighth newspaper from that thriving place. Verily, South Bend is progressive.

—No. 1, Vol. X, of *The Vassar Miscellany*. The editorial board is the same as last year, and all the departments of the magazine show that they are under the management of experienced editors. "How far is it wise to use the Principle of Emulation" is the article of the number, and "Macaulay as a Literary Critic" is not devoid of merit. Others have plucked the quills from the garb of the novelist historian, and one of the fair contributors to the *Miscellany* now "goes for" the penfeathers. In the Editor's Table the would-be projector of an Intercollegiate Magazine gets no taffy, but a broomstick—just what he deserved for broaching such a ridiculous subject. Home matters are not much dwelt upon, but the Personal department is well filled. The "clippings" are racy, and well-selected—and, *mirabile dictu!* are scrupulously credited—except one from ourselves,—which, however, is of "Noah count." In this feature of giving credit the *Miscellany* sets a good example, and one that we will be glad to see followed by the college press at large. We hope the succeeding numbers of the *Miscellany* will be as welcome as the current one.

—The *Cornell Era* has much improved upon last year in one respect, namely, in punctuality. We formerly received the *Era* very irregularly, and now it comes to hand with our other exchanges. The new editors have, from the start, kept the *Era* up to its former high standard as a college paper. Cornell has become much elated by its victory in the late intercollegiate rowing contest, and has decided to send a crew to England to compete for the championship of the world. The *Era* devotes much space to athletic matters, but does not exclude literary productions. We find in the current number a very close *critique* of the Hamlet of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving respectively, in which the writer shows an excellent understanding of what was probably Shakespeare's concept of the part. The exchange notes of this number of the *Era* are very brief, but excellent, being chiefly written with the view of speedily correcting a very bad popular taste in regard to literature, music and the drama,—namely, the favor shown to coarse and indecent burlesque and the neglect of standard productions. Although this is done mainly "with a simple turn of the"—scissors, yet the extracts are so well selected from the *Harvard Echo*, the *New York Tribune* and *Evening Post* that they do honor to the exchange editor's judgment, and further his object as much (or more, perhaps) as if he had written a labored article on the subject.

We predict an early death for the *Yale Record*, not alone because "the good die first," but because, according to fair count, and no fraud, it has more than a score of puns in its issue for September 18.

*The Courant*, also, has a touch of this disorder, but its case is not so serious, and we believe that it may, with care, effect a reformation. —*Vassar Miscellany*.

Are puns, then, a blood-poison? We were not before aware that they were soluble, or could be absorbed into the system. Is not the exchange editor of the *Miscellany* mistaken? We thought puns were metallic, hard, and explosive; that they often burst like a bomb shell, and tore things generally that came in their way. Bombs may burst a mortar—possibly; but the instances of their doing so are so rare as to be almost, if not entirely, unknown—owing, probably, to the fact that mortars have big mouths. And so, also, we believe with puns. But punsters also may have big mouths, in which case they can feel a certain sense of security. An overcharge of pun, like an overcharge of anything else, is no doubt bad for the system, causes a strain 'pun the buttons, and may possibly burst a fellow or send him on a burst—which are the same in effect. So the *Yale Rec.* and *Courant* are pun-mortars, then, and ready for the match! Hope they won't hurt anybody in case they go off—on a burst. They are not such puny affairs as to be fooled around with impunity when they are full; and if they should explode—my eyes! what a tear there would be, and a mortal yell that might be heard at Cornell. Sorry for the *Rec.* and the *Courant*.

—The pictures in the *Illustrated Catholic American* for Nov. the 13th are simply superb. Five full-page pictures—Christ Healing the Sick, A Chinese Writer, Among the Ice Floes, Night on the Bosphorus, and last, but not least, the touching juvenile scene on page 308, with descriptive lines by—the editor, we presume. The poetry in this number is, of course, excellent—as might be expected under such management as that of Maurice F. Egan, himself a poet of considerable repute, and a great favorite in New York literary circles. The picture of *Night on the Bosphorus* is explained in verse by an anonymous writer. The Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., editor of *The Irish Monthly* (Dublin), contributes twelve stanzas on "Saint Thomas Aquinas," and Ethel Tane describes in pathetic sentiment and beautiful verse "The Sailor's Return." These are the ornaments of the number, and in our opinion they are excellent; the rest of the matter is good, but is hardly up to the usual very high standard of *The Illustrated Catholic American*. The publication as a whole is a thing of beauty as regards appearance, and contains articles from first-class writers. There is a department for boys' sports, in which bicycling, swimming, ball games, etc., are explained; chess; puzzles; a Household Department; Fashion Notes, Recipes, etc. The last page is our favorite; we like the comic pictures for children, and the tidbits that are stowed away in this page. If the editors will do us, and others like us, a favor, he will give another page like, or somewhat like this one, which entirely pleases us.

—The last number of *The Princetonian* gives good reason to suppose that the paper will before long reach the high standard to which last year's editorial corps had brought it. The change of editors at the beginning of each scholastic year has for awhile a dampening effect on college journalism, but it also brings out new talent, and exerts a beneficial influence. "R.'s" effusion on the Drum Corps is a racy one, and "Jack's Fishing Excursion" is not devoid of amusing features. "A Suggestion to Readers" is *à propos*, and that part of the suggestion relating to the reading of history is specially worthy of attention. The writer advises that instead of taking up the bulky tomes that make up standard histories, one should first take the school history synopsis and read it through, then read up in the larger history such portions as have excited his interest. The exchange editor is evidently annoyed by the thrusts made by Western quills at the athletic news in *The Princetonian*, and gives a nice definition of the place that should be taken and the duties to be discharged by the college newspaper and magazine. If there is no magazine published at a college, the college paper is perforce made to supply in a measure its place, and to answer the purposes of a magazine and newspaper; but the editors of the latter class of papers act thoughtlessly in setting themselves up as an example to be followed by others, at the risk of being denounced as in error, or not knowing what is best suited to their columns or the wants of their college. On such as these we hope the remarks of the exchange

editor of *The Princetonian* will have a beneficial effect. *The Princetonian* is a welcome exchange, and is becoming more so with every subsequent issue.

—If *The Vassar Miscellany* thinks the *Yale Record* will be choked off by its puns, we wonder what the fair dames at Vassar think of the *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*, or how long a period of life they will give it before it succumbs to strangulation? Eh? Here, for instance, on the first page, "The Pony and the Bear"—is it a pun?—we can hardly decide, but it is very much like one. Then under the Big Interrogation Mark—"Can you improve the state of the weather by whining—If not, whine not?" The fellow on the *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*—(there! we are out breath! why not put a few more abbreviations to the title and we will not attempt it at one gulp) responds with a choker to the *Tuftsman* as follows: *Tuftsman*—"No puns allowed this year." *C. C. N. Y. F. P.*—"Pun my honor that's a *Tuft* command. The following is given as

#### A SUB-FRESHMAN'S ESSAY ON TOBACCO.\*

Tobacco grows something like cabbages, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbaged. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the injun's hand, and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco, neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once and it made me feel like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by Walter Raleigh. When the people saw him smoking they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night and had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable," but when big brother Tom lighted his pipe Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick."

\* Copyright secured. Any attempt to steal it for a Junior oration will be dealt with according to law.

#### THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

In five years *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* has built up for itself a national reputation as a literary magazine second to none in the Union. It fills a void in Catholic literature which was long felt, but which now, thanks to the *Review*, no longer exists. Its literary merit places it on a level with the best non-Catholic magazines of the day; while its even tenor, and characteristic defence of truth, have raised it far above many of its contemporaries. As a *Review* its special aim is to tear asunder what is false; but besides this mission, it fulfils one more grand, *i. e.*, the using of the very material so loosely thrown together by falsifying writers, for the purpose of constructing citadels in the cause of the Catholic religion; this makes it a most formidable opponent of error. All its writers are of acknowledged ability, and well known in Catholic literary circles. The October number is vigorous and mature, and is stamped, as it were, with the natural impress of the season. The leading article, "True Thought in England," by Arthur F. Marshall, has a strength that can only be imparted by a giant mind. There is something fascinating in this article which keeps the reader's attention rooted by severely taxing his intellect, even to the very last sentence. The writer's views of true thought are at once original and, in our opinion, true. We would like to quote the whole article, if our space permitted; as it is, we will be satisfied with giving one extract, which will convey an idea of the position assumed by the writer:

"It is not easy to find anything to admire in the intellectual or moral aspects of free thought. Perhaps its least inviting phase is its love of ignorance. When Goethe said, 'I know not myself, and God forbid I should,' he probably meant that he did not wish to know the littleness of even the highest intellectual achievements. But the formula in which most freethinkers would express their sentiments would be: 'I know little of myself; and as to God, I am content to know less.' Free thought is not the product of the passionate longing to know God, but the desire to remain in tranquil ignorance of Him. It is a combination of indifference and pride. If a man is a Cath-

olic he must conform to certain duties; he must obey both with his mind and with his body; he must submit his mental and mortal being to a certain discipline of habit, which habit is just a little above nature. But if he is a freethinker he may sit in his arm-chair, never go to early Mass, or to confession, never bridle his interior thought or interior yearning, but may live like a gentlemanly heathen. And it is obviously affectation to affirm that such free thought is either aspiring or sincere. As we said just above, free thought is simply laziness; it is not intellectual, it is slothful. For even when it takes the Rationalistic form, such form is the gratification of vanity; it is not the hard work of the subjection of the will, the hard work of the contemplative or the ascetic; nor is it the hard work of the true Christian philosopher, who aims at synthesis of every branch of true knowledge; it is the indulgence of the caprices of the intellect, without the faintest moral object, nor any charitable one. No good was ever done by the writings of a freethinker, no heart was ever rendered less unhappy, no sorrow was ever solaced, no character uplifted, no immortal aspiration implanted. Grovelling, burrowing, undermining, and wrecking are the unlovely aspirations of the freethinker. He has no care if, in the presence of young persons, he says things which may shatter Christian hope, and sow the seeds of a life's loosening or misgiving. He has no care if, to show off his superior knowledge,—about some fragment of material lore,—he writes a book which half-educated young men will adopt as their apology for heathenism. He is brutally unthinking, inhumanly selfish, without instinct of love or compassion. Slothfulness in the moral nature, and vanity in the intellectual, with cruelty towards the whole world save his own sect, are the unlovely characteristics of his vocation. Individually, they are amiable freethinkers; but collectively they are the enemies of mankind."

The second paper, bearing the title of "Our Great Goddess and her Coming Idol," by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., is a censure of the Bertholdi statue, soon to be erected at the bay of New York. We can hardly agree with the author's view of the subject, for we cannot believe that all imputed by the learned author to the ideal of liberty is correct. III, "How to find the Truth," by Dr. Daniel Gans, is an able article, and one calculated to do much towards removing many errors which clog the passage to truth. It will serve as an unerring guide to truth-seekers. The writer shows the great obstacle in the way of Protestants in their search for truth. They have separated themselves from the Catholic Church, the possessor of the whole unifying truth, a part of which they have taken away, which part they constantly "array against that from which it was taken,"—the part being made to exclude the whole from which it was taken. The writer then shows the great absurdity of Protestant leaders in trying to extinguish the great light of Catholic truth by the faint ray which they have borrowed or stolen from Catholicity. They might as well attempt to extinguish the light of the sun by his reflected light from the moon. In the author's words, "Truth—that is, as known and apprehended in its certainty, according to its own nature—can only be known through the divine aid of infallibility." To reject, therefore, an infallible authority on earth is at once to reject the possibility of ever finding the real truth in this world. Next, the author claims that humility is the first condition required in order to arrive at truth. Mental gifts, wit, boldness, imagination, clearness, and strength of reason are not necessary. Truth, as to its origin and character, is supernatural, and therefore not attainable by natural forces. Science and philosophy without faith are capable of bringing confusion, but never the truth of God, to the mind, the author tells those "who allow themselves still to be tossed about by endless and angry controversies, hoping that something hereafter may be developed which will bring to them the truth in its wholeness without the necessity and humiliation on their part of going to the Catholic altar for it. Longingly they look forward to a coming Church, which they call the 'Church of the future,' which, as they hope, may be the union of all. Vain hope! Can it be supposed by the rational mind that God would set aside His own wonderful creation, the Catholic Church, which is so perfectly adapted to, and commensurate with, the nature and requirements of the truth itself, for the purpose of making room for another? And what other could be

greater and broader, and endowed with grander gifts? And can the imagination conceive anything more capable of comprehending all kindreds and nations than the Church Catholic? What such persons need, in addition to their present conviction, is the divine grace of faith, and with this the equally divine gift of moral courage, by which they may be able to sacrifice pride of intellect, worldly position and consideration, and realize that in the truth, and through the truth, only, can anything be of real good. Having this, we have all things; without this, *what have we?*"

IV. "Notes on Spain" (concluded), by St. George Mivart, is written in the author's peculiarly fascinating style, and this with its two preceding papers on the same subject will be as interesting a guide book through that most interesting country as one could possibly desire. The writer of "American Influence on the Democratic Movement in Europe"—John McCarthy—gives valuable information to the student of contemporaneous history. The remaining papers need only to be read to be duly appreciated; space not permitting us to give a critical review, we will content ourselves by giving their titles and authors, interspersed with a few incidental remarks. VI, "Catholicity in Kentucky—The Elder Family,"—by Benedict J. Webb; VII, "Bishop Stephens on Auricular Confession and Private Absolution," by the Rev. J. A. Corcoran, D. D.—an able refutation of the hackneyings on the subject of Confession; VIII, "English Fiction," by John Gray, is a just and merited tribute to that branch of literature; IX, "Influence of the Sun on Terrestrial Magnetism," by Rev. J. M. Dégni, S. J., is a most interesting and masterly article, from both a scientific and literary point of view. The History of Magnetism is briefly told, and its influence on modern Physics is brought out in a clear and striking manner. X, "Beza as a Translator and Perverter of God's Word," by J. A. C., shows Beza up in his true light and in his true colors; XI, "Dante," by John E. McMahon, was the article we first read, but we must say that it required a great effort to read it to the end. The writer does not do justice to the great poet of Italy. It is not a biography, nor is it a defence, and still less a critical review of the writings of Dante; in a word, any one who has read the article will bear us out in the assertion that he has met with a disappointment; XII, "Book Notices"; of these we will say nothing, fearing that by giving them all the commendation we would wish, we would still not express their high merit; the *Review* has a book-reviewer of no ordinary merit. We have every reason to commend this publication to all who are able to appreciate a quarterly mental treat.

A. M. K.

### College Gossip.

—The Harvard Divinity School Fund for new professorships has reached the sum of \$113,700.

—We have just read a hankkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach-of-promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.—*Exchange*.

—Prof.: "Mr. B., what is the etymology of pantisocracy?" Mr. B.: "It is from the Greek: *Pantos*, meaning *all*; *O*, connecting vowel, and *crazy* meaning *crazy*—all crazy, sir (the dust rises).—*Exchange*.

—Senior, studying philosophy: "Say, who were these seven wise men of Greece, which this stuff speaks of, anyway?" Second Senior: "Well, there was Solon, and Bias, and—" First Senior: "O yes, I remember, Croesus was one of them.—*Mercury*.

—Caroline M. Waldron, Chas. N. Waldron and Mary E. Waterman, heirs of the late Henry Waldron, at Hillsdale, have given \$5,000 for the establishment of a chair at Hillsdale College, to be known as the "Waldron Professorship." The trustees may apply the funds in any department they choose.

—Dr. McCosh didn't draw it very mild when he stated at Philadelphia, Saturday, that all the graduates of Princeton, since he had been there, except four, left the college believers in Christianity, and that three of these four are

now in the pulpit, and one in the theological seminary.—*C. C. N. Y. Free Press*.

—There are in the United States four hundred and twenty-two colleges; of these, twenty are in New England; the State of Missouri has twenty-three, and Pennsylvania twenty-nine. As to church or other control, there are twenty-seven State Universities, and forty-eight non-sectarian colleges; the Roman Catholic institutions number sixty-seven; the Methodist, of various kinds, sixty-five; while other denominations have each a few. Michigan University has the greatest total number of students, amounting to 1,457; but excluding the strictly professional course, Harvard with 836, and Yale with 753 far exceed all others. One hundred and eighty-three institutions admit both sexes, three are exclusively for women, and the rest admit gentlemen only. Very few of the colleges are sectarian in practice, but the classification is here given according to the church influence under which they were established, or by which they are generally fostered: *Methodist*—Boston University, Northwestern University, Cornell College (Iowa), Syracuse University, Wesleyan University; *Southern Methodist*—Vanderbilt University; *Congregationalist*—Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Middlebury, Oberlin, Yale; *Baptist*—Brown, Colby, Chicago University, Madison University, Rochester University, Vassar; *Presbyterian*—Hamilton, La Fayette, Princeton; *Episcopalian*—Columbia, Trinity, Hobart; *Universalist*—Tufts; *Non-Sectarian*—Cornell University, N. Y., Union, Smith, Harvard, Johns Hopkins University, Wellesley; *Catholic*—Georgetown University, St. Louis University, University of Notre Dame, Mount St. Mary's College, Santa Clara College, St. John's College, Holy Cross College, Rock Hill College, etc. (Since the above was put in print, the *Vassar Miscellany* has come to hand, and gives an explicit denial to the assertion of its being a sectarian institution).

—Once matriculated, the student in a German University has no further examination to pass until he goes up for his degree. There is no fixed time within which he must take his degree, and no fixed course of lectures for that purpose. As long as he attends one single course of lectures a term for three years, he is satisfying the only requirement of the University. For his degree, he is required to produce (in Natural Science) an original research, with evidence that it is his own, and to pass an oral examination in the science to which his research belongs, and in some cognate science. Thus, for instance, if his research be Chemistry, he would be examined in Chemistry and Physics, or in Chemistry and Mineralogy. The research must be printed, and the University requires him to produce two hundred copies, which it distributes to all the principal libraries of Germany. Some of the universities insist, moreover, that the research shall have been published in one of the scientific periodicals or in the journal of some scientific society. Of course, the difficulty of obtaining a degree, diminishes the number of graduating students far below the proportion who obtain degrees in an English university. But there are, in spite of this, enough to produce a very respectable amount of scientific research. This system accounts, to a large extent, for the number of researches published annually in Germany. The very fact of publication constitutes a very important inducement to continued efforts. The facts contained in the research are disputed, or the inferences are held by them to be based on insufficient evidence. At once, further investigation is necessary: the research must be cleared from suspicion in the eyes of his fellow-workers in the subject; and, moreover, there is a peculiar and special feeling of proud proprietorship in the subject of a scientific man's first research which leads him to further effort. An additional charm in publication is the knowledge that the important German periodicals and journals are read by scientific men over the whole world. Another very important cause of German excellence lies in the very high social position which is secured by successful research. So strong an inducement does this constitute, that men of world-wide reputation were formerly content to work for their whole lives at a remuneration which an English bank clerk would scorn, though this is, fortunately, no longer necessary. A successful series of researches constitute by far the best testimonials in seeking any university appointment in Germany.—*The Varsity*.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

Notre Dame, November 13, 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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

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

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

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—The following, which we clip from an exchange, is worthy of note: "Ninty-nine out of every hundred North erners will say *institoot* instead of *institute*—*dooty* for *duty*, a perfect rythm of the word beauty. They call new and news, noo and noos—and so on, through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stoodent or stoopid, as so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them.

"If it is a vulgarism to call a door a doah—as we all admit—isn't it as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noospaper? One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern; that's the only difference. When the London *Punch* wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tooter, and a tube a toob. You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, George William Curtiss, Emerson, Holmes, and men of that class, say noo for new, Toosday for Tuesday, avenoo for avenue, or calling a a dupe a doop. It is a fault that a Southerner never falls into. He has slips enough of another kind, but he doesn't slip on the long "u." As many of our teachers have never had their attention called to this, I hope they will excuse this notice."

It is true that these mistakes, to which the *Catholic Sentinel* calls attention, are daily and hourly made; nor is there a *printed* dictionary in the English language authorizing the pronunciation given these words. There is, however, an *unprinted* dictionary, in which all these pronunciations may be found, and that dictionary is *use*. Horace says: "Use is the law of language." This saying, commonly called the Dictum of Horace, is made to apply

rather to the use, than to the pronunciation of words. We, however, believe that it is equally applicable to verbal pronunciation. We are cautioned to be careful to ascertain whether the best authors or writers use those words which we may wish to introduce into our discourse, and if they do use them, we may rest assured that the words are proper.

Use being the law of language, we believe that the pronunciation of these words, to which our contemporary refers, and which are pronounced by the *majority* of educated people, is proper. Our language being a living one is subject to a constant mutation, either from the introduction of new words, or from others becoming obsolete. This everyone understands and admits. If such be the case with words, must we not also expect to find some change in their pronunciation? If the majority of the people believe it to be better and more easy to pronounce the word *institoot*, why not allow them to do so? It is but one of the many changes to which our language is subject.

—We are just in receipt of a paper, entitled "Light in The Public Schools and School-Life in Relation to Vision," which was read before the Sanitary Convention at Detroit by C. J. Lundy, M. D., formerly a student, Professor of Penmanship and afterwards resident physician at the University of Notre Dame, now Professor of diseases of the eye, ear, and throat in the Michigan College of Medicine, and surgeon in charge of the Michigan Free Eye and Ear Infirmary, Detroit. It is, indeed, a scholarly production, and evinces unlimited research and indefatigable labor in the investigation of the cause, or causes, which produce myopia, or near-sightedness, in so many of those who devote their time to literary pursuits. The Doctor attributes myopia to close application to study, when proper precaution is not taken to prevent its ill effects—that is, when there is not sufficient light and proper ventilation. He then furnishes data from which it might be inferred that myopia was peculiar to cultivated nations; yet the extent to which it prevails amongst a people cannot be taken as an index of their intellectuality. The Doctor says that myopia does not prevail to a great extent in England, yet no one will maintain that the English are an uncultivated people, or that their country has not produced its full quota of ripe scholars, fine poets, able dramatists, and men eminent in every department of art, literature, and science. He shows, from authoritative sources, that myopia is seldom or never met with in rude and uncultivated nations: Here there is an apparent contradiction in the Doctor's assertions; for if myopia be directly produced by close and serious application to study, and if it is wholly unknown to the uncultivated people of other nations, and if it be seldom met with in England, which is inferior to none and superior to many nations from an educational point of view, the Doctor would seem to assert more than he can prove. Not so, however; for he accounts for the unfrequency of myopia among the English people from the fact that, in the first place, their books are well printed, with good ink and from excellent type, a decided superiority over our American books, which, as a rule, are printed with poor type and a pale and inferior quality of ink. Then, again, the English are great sportsmen, fond of hunting, boating, football, cricket, etc.; "and these healthful exercises," says the Doctor, "by keeping up the physical tone and vigor of the



system, help to counteract the ill effect of school-life." And here is precisely the point we have been trying to reach—healthful exercise. There is no doubt but that two-thirds of the cases of myopia in students may be traceable to their not taking the proper amount of healthy exercise. It's all well enough to talk about ventilating the rooms in buildings where the system of ventilation is defective, but here at Notre Dame, where our process of ventilation is perfect—being based upon the latest and best improved plans—such talk would be superfluous; while we do not mean to say that our University is the *best* ventilated one in the world, we do not hesitate to affirm that there is no institution in the country superior to it in this respect. We may say the same in regard to the system of lighting. Our light is abundant, but at the same time is so regulated as to produce no glare, and so arranged that it will not throw the shadow of the pupil's body over his book or paper; besides, every student, in both the Junior and Senior study-halls, receive the same amount of light. We, therefore, cannot complain on these two important points; and if there be any among us suffering from myopia, it must be attributed to a neglect of taking part in the many healthy, invigorating, and recreative out-door sports, which are within the reach of all, and are so conducive to mental and physical health. Baseball, football, and handball are our principal out-door sports, and should, and can be, participated in by every student. Many of our students seem to forget the great importance of physical culture. They imagine that they have been sent here for the sole purpose of cultivating the intellect, and will, therefore, look upon recreation hours as time thrown away. What a sad and often fatal mistake! True, you have been sent here for the purpose of receiving a thorough education. By many the term education is restricted as applying to the intelligence alone. By consulting the dictionary, you will find that the lexicographical meaning of this word gives it a broader and more extensive range—it means a bringing up; culture, instruction. It means, then, not simply the cultivation of the intellect alone, but also implies a course of physical training. This training should, we think, be made compulsory to a greater or less extent. We have often heard people remark that a college graduate is generally a pale and worn-looking individual, and without making further inquiries they jump at the conclusion that college-life must be extremely severe. They are not aware of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, neglect of exercise is the cause of the student's debility. The majority of the students here avail themselves of the abundant opportunities which the University presents for promotion of good health, by the many out-door and indoor sports, kept up for no other purpose. There are a few, however, who are culpably negligent in this respect; and for such, we believe, that physical culture should be made obligatory, compulsory. *Mens sana in sano corpore* is an expression implying a great deal. The mind cannot be in a proper condition for study when the body is debilitated through inactivity, through neglect in taking the proper amount of exercise. When you enter the recreation-hall, or campus, throw aside all thought of study, and do not again give it a thought until you enter the study-hall. By so doing, your mind is relieved of that care, anxiety, and strain, with which the thought of study or class burdens it. Having cast aside all thought of study for the time being, and engaged in the various sports in progress during the recreation hour, you will re-

turn to your studies refreshed both in mind and body, and, consequently, in the proper condition for resuming your studies. "An education," says Dr. Lundy, "is dearly purchased whose price is a shattered constitution and a ruined eyesight"; and we most heartily coincide with him. What will an education profit a student, if, after having left college, he be incapacitated through ill health, brought on by neglecting to take the proper exercise whilst at college, to make any use of it? Very little, in deed. We therefore urge upon every student to make the most precious use of the time set aside for physical culture; by so doing, he will, when his college days are ended have acquired not only an education, from a mental point of view, but will also have acquired that greatest of all temporal blessings—a strong, healthy, and robust constitution.

In connection with this subject, we might add that now as the winter season seems to have begun in earnest, many will feel themselves compelled to leave off a certain amount of their out-door exercises. This must necessarily be the case, for the most popular games will be suspended during the winter months. We would, however, advise all not to spend all their time in the recreation-halls, and other places of amusement, but to be in the open air as much as possible. Most physicians declare that, in the coldest weather, at least two hours a day should be spent in out-door exercise. This you all can do, and especially during the skating season, which will soon be at hand, and which will afford us the most enjoyable, recreative, and healthy exercise of the year. With all its disadvantages, winter has its bright side, and furnishes pleasure that cannot be enjoyed at any other season of the year.

### In Memoriam.

It is seldom we are called upon to chronicle the death of a student at Notre Dame, but this sad task fell to our lot last week, after the sudden death, from heart-disease, of John McElvogue, of Joliet, Ill. Since our last issue the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin, of the Junior department, of which the deceased was a member, assembled, and drew up the following resolutions.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased the Divine Dispenser of life and death to summon home our beloved associate, JOHN McELVOGUE; and whereas we, the members of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, are desirous of presenting a testimonial of love for our young companion, and our sorrow in his sudden death. Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we have lost a true friend and brother, and an earnest, good, and pious fellow member; and while we submit with resignation to the wise and benign decrees of Almighty God, yet we cannot suppress our sincere sorrow that death has thus early snatched from us our late fellow-member.

RESOLVED, That we impart our feeble consolation to the grief-stricken hearts of the parents of the deceased, in this their hour of affliction, and that with firm faith and hope we will offer up our prayers and a general Communion for the repose of his soul in heaven.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the journal of our Association, and that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the SCHOLASTIC, and the Joliet *Signal* and *Republican*.

J. O'NEILL,	E. ORRICK,	} COMMITTEE.
C. TINLEY,	H. ROSE,	
F. GREVER,	R. FLEMING,	
A. JACKSON,	J. MORGAN.	

## Personal.

—Chas. Walsh, '77, is employed by the Michigan Central R. R., at Chicago Ill.

—Ex-Chief Justice Dunne, LL. D., ('80) is now a prominent member of the Chicago bar.

—John S. McGinnis, '72, is cashier of the Pima County Bank, Tombstone, Arizona Territory.

—Eugene Sugg, '76, is keeping books for his father's furniture establishment at Chicago, Ill.

—Richard Calkins, —, fills the responsible position of book-keeper for one of our Chicago dry-good houses.

—C. Hess, '72, is a partner of his father in the wholesale and retail clothing business, Wheeling, West Va.

—C. J. Clarke, '77, is employed in the office of Hatch Holbrook & Co.—extensive lumber merchants at Chicago, Ill.

—The Stamm boys, '72, are assisting their father in the care and management of the Stamm House at West Virginia.

—William Turnbull, of Grand Haven, Michigan, ('76-7) is employed in the office of the Pullman Palace Car Co., at Chicago, Ill.

—Joseph Hibbard, '62, with his accomplished wife, visited the College last Friday. He lately moved from Keokuk, Iowa, to Chicago, where he has entered business.

—A. M. Keenan, '78, is in the lumber business, at Winnepeg, Manitoba. That success and prosperity may attend you, Alex, is the wish of your many Notre Dame friends.

—C. K. Devries, '77, is in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co., of which his father is the respected and efficient Gen'l Freight Agent. Keener is located at Wheeling, W. Va.

—W. J. Onahan, LL. D., ('76) City Collector of Chicago, was elected President of the directors of the Chicago Public Library, on Saturday last, a deserved compliment to one who, without compensation, has devoted several years to its advancement.—*St. Louis Republican*.

—Mr. Ralph S. Tarbell, of the *Tribune* Company, South Bend, who visited the college a few days ago, is one of South Bend's rising young men. He is fast establishing a high reputation for the Tribune Company, of which he is a member, by the excellence of the work turned out from the department under his superintendence, the book-binding. With such eminently practical men as Mr. A. B. Miller, Mr. Elmer Crockett, Mr. Banning, and Mr. Tarbell managing the various departments of editorial work, printing, book-binding, etc., it is no wonder the South-Bend *Tribune* Company prospers.

—William Hoynes, '69, paid Notre Dame a visit of a few days lately. He had just returned from Denver, where he has been located for some time in the practice of law, occupying at the same time the position of associate editor of *The Great West*, the paper recently established in Denver by Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, founder of the *La Crosse Democrat*, and, still later, of *Pomeroy's Democrat* in Chicago. Mr. Pomeroy, when on a visit to Notre Dame, spoke of Mr. Hoynes in terms of the highest praise, and said he had such confidence in his ability and integrity that he felt not the least reluctance in placing his paper and his establishment under his management at any time. Later on, when, Mr. Pomeroy having failed in La Crosse on account of pecuniary entanglements brought on by a partner in business, started *The Great West* in Denver, the following was published in the number dated July 3:

"In the conduct of this paper the editor-in-chief will be immediately assisted by William Hoynes, Esq., late of Chicago, and one of the closest reasoners and most vigorous writers in the United States. About seventeen years ago Mr. Hoynes began life as a poor boy, apprentice in the office of the *Democrat*, La Crosse. He went from there into the army, was wounded—supposed fatally, left for dead on the battle field, came to, escaped from the enemy, returned to his profession, studied law to master it had been admitted to practice in all the courts of several States, and in the Supreme Court of the United States, but still loves the profession of journalism. He has been with us, a valued assistant, for years, and is well known to our readers. The people of Colorado will find him a stayer and a man who will leave a broad, lasting mark for good on the pages of state and national history."

However much people may differ from Mr. Pomeroy in politics or otherwise, it is well known that he is one of the ablest newspaper writers and managers of the present day, and such testimony in favor of Mr. Hoynes goes a long way. But Mr. Pomeroy is not alone in holding this good opinion of Notre Dame's former *élève*, as the following, from the editor and proprietor of the *La Crosse Republican and Leader*, will testify. It appeared in that paper while the *Democrat* was still publishing.

"Associated with Mr. Pomeroy in the editorial conduct of the paper is Mr. William Hoynes, a young man well known and highly appreciated in La Crosse and to his talents and learning the paper with which he is connected is largely indebted for its literary and editorial standing. Mr. Hoynes uses the King's English accurately, gracefully and vigorously, and fills a place on the *Democrat* Mr. Pomeroy very much needed a competent man to occupy."

Similar testimony seems to have followed Mr. Hoynes wherever he has gone. We have seen items from the New Jersey papers, where Mr. Hoynes served as a reporter in the beginning of his newspaper career, but have not any of these at present. The following, from the *Denver Daily Republican* of October the 19th, is one of the latest that has attracted our attention:

"Mr. William Hoynes, associate editor of Pomeroy's *Great West*, and a lawyer of excellent legal abilities, leaves to-day for his old home in Chicago, where he will resume the practice of his profession. We regret to lose from Denver so genial and accomplished a gentleman and so scholarly an editor as Mr. Hoynes."

And the following, from *The Great West*, a few days previous, shows that Mr. Pomeroy still entertains the same high opinion of Mr. Hoynes's character and ability as formerly:

"Mr. William Hoynes, associate editor of *The Great West*, returns to Chicago this week, having legal business to attend to in that city. He is well known to our readers, as he was with us from January, 1876 to April of the following year, and during the winters '77-78, and '78-79. When *Pomeroy's Democrat* was removed to La Crosse Mr. Hoynes remained in Chicago to practice law. But in June last he came to Denver to assume the associate editorship of *The Great West* and practice law conjointly. He intends to be absent for three or four months; but meanwhile articles from his pen will appear from time to time in these columns. His address in Chicago will be "care Hon. Thos. Hoynes, 28 La Salle street." This office without him will seem like an army with one of its generals absent. His extensive knowledge of men, manners and things; his quick wit, good nature, capacity for work, and general correctness of opinion, with his complete knowledge of law, make him a desirable associate anywhere. He is one of the men of America who has a bright and useful future before him."

Such encomiums are not often passed upon a young man, and we feel sure that Mr. Hoynes's former classmates will be pleased to see them. From what we can learn it is Mr. Hoynes's intention to remain in Chicago, in the practice of the legal profession. We do not know his future address, but anyone wishing may reach him by letter in care of his friend Hon. Thos. Hoynes, or probably to his old law room, No. 75, at 172 La Salle street, Chicago.

## Local Items.

- Snow.
- Oh moi!
- "Romeo."
- Snow-ball.
- Snow-bawled.
- Snow-bawling.
- "Oh, my eye!"
- "Apple sauce."
- "Give us a whiff."
- Shoot the Nimrods.
- Rain last Wednesday.
- "Give me that ca-hat."
- Look out for the Band!
- Send in your locals, boys.
- Read Prof. Dailey's letter.
- The "solid man" is defunct.
- The "candy pants" are no more.
- That "sprinkler" has been found.
- The Sorins had no meeting this week.

—Master J. Maher plays the violin well.

—Accept our thanks for the Havana, Prof.

—Will you *please* send us in a personal or two?

—Several new members in the Telegraphy Class.

—“Have you any of those twenty-fours for two?”

—A slight improvement in the singing in Church.

—When *will* that organ in Cecilia Hall be repaired?

—An apple in the hand is worth two ducks on the lake.

—The *Portiuncula* Chapel is now completed. It looks well.

—There is talk of a musical and dramatic entertainment soon.

—The St. Cecilians will appear in public sometime next month.

—Several snow-forts have been built by the lively little Minims.

—What has become of the old and renowned Thespian Society?

—The Medics are searching for a skeleton. Did anyone see it?

—The Campus was dressed in white on Monday and Tuesday.

—Navigation on Lake St. Joe will be postponed till spring opens.

—Rev. Father Hagerty returned from Columbia City Tuesday night.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau has our thanks for some fine mellow apples.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline shot at two ducks the other morning.

—The “Corporal's” eye is highly colored—a snow-ball did the painting.

—There were just thirty-eight Preps “roped in” on Monday afternoon.

—No one took up the offer made in last week's SCHOLASTIC. All afraid?

—A terrific snow-ball battle on Monday between the Juniors and Seniors.

—The Philodemics will give a public debate sometime during the coming week.

—The College horticulturist drops in to see us occasionally. He is always welcome.

—Rietz's and O'Neill's Orchestral Combination leaves Start's Brass Band in the shade.

—Rev. P. Kollop returned from France, whither he went last July, on Friday evening.

—The ceiling of the *Portiuncula* Chapel is painted sky-blue and studded with golden stars.

—Snow-balling has been strictly prohibited by our worthy President, and for very good reasons.

—The Seniors are under many obligations to Messrs. J. Avaline and F. Bloom for favors received.

—Rietz, O'Neill and Guthrie are the efficient and gentlemanly censors of the St. Cecilia Association.

—Our young artist, J. Francis Smith, is copying Gregori's portrait of the late Father Lemonnier.

—Bro. Leander, C. S. C., and Prof. Edwards were present at the Cecilians' Sociable on Tuesday evening.

—Rev. Father Condon, C. S. C., was at the St. Joe Farm from Sunday until Thursday, conducting a retreat.

—That Sophomore should not allow his friends to trot him around the campus. It is suspicious, you know.

—The Vice-Presidential chair of the Philopatrian Association is now vacant. Who will be chosen to fill the vacancy?

—In the dim vista of the future we behold looming up before us the shadow of the irrepressible spittoon! Mercy! spare us!

—Brother Lawrence, in company with a large party of Juniors, took a stroll through the country on Wednesday afternoon.

—We understand the Columbians are about to organize a quartette to enliven their social reunions during the winter months.

—Mr. Boone and lady, of Lima, Ohio, were here during the week, visiting their son, Master F. A. Boone, of the Junior Department.

—The daddy of all the bicycles arrived at the University on Tuesday afternoon. Gray, of the Junior department, is the owner.

—We understand that the Philodemics are to start a reading-room. It is a good idea, and one which is heartily endorsed by all.

—A few street lamps should be placed around the principal avenues leading to the University. They would be very serviceable on dark nights.

—Master Neal Ewing's name should have appeared in the list of those having the best bulletins for October. Master Ewing's bulletin was perfect.

—Our friend John says that he *now* believes it easier to be elected President of the United States than a member of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

—Major Jones, of Columbus, Ohio, has the thanks of the Librarian of the Lemonnier Library for several relics of the late war, donated to his collection of curiosities.

—We again feel ourselves forced to call the attention of the Secretaries of the different Societies to the necessity of being prompt and punctual in sending us their reports.

—We understand that the “Corporal” will be with us during the Christmas holidays; consequently the steward will be required to purchase more turkeys than formerly.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, *Missa Regia*, page 33 of the Kyriale, will be sung. Vespers of the Common of the Blessed Virgin, page 36 of the Vesperal.

—Our Nimrods are seen about the lakes continually. They have thus far returned, however, without either ammunition or game. May their efforts be crowned with better success in the future.

—Prof. Lyons's Elocution Class is well attended this year, and all appear to be immensely pleased with the almost superhuman efforts of the worthy Professor in making the Class equal to that of former years.

—The Prefect of Discipline has secured for the University a magnificent edition of the complete works of St. Thomas Aquinas in 32 volumes, edited by Stanislaus Edward Fretté and published at Paris by Louis Vivès.

—The Legal Fraternity, under the guidance of Prof. L. G. Tong, are doing exceedingly well. Every Saturday two of the brethren appear, and astonish the book-keepers with a brilliant effusion of their “legal lore.”

—Prof. Meli is now engaged in modelling a statue of St. Athanasius for one of the niches in the rotunda. This statue will be a companion to the one of Saint Augustine presented by Froc-Robert and Sons, of Paris.

—Our friend John wishes to become a member of the “band.” He doesn't tell us whether he means the “Band of Hope,” or “Dot leetle Yerman Band,” but we suppose that he means the N. D. U. C. Band. We refer our friend to Prof. Paul.

—The Curator of the Museum has just received an interesting and valuable collection of fossils from the Milwaukee cement quarries with the compliments of Master Willie Berthelet, of the Minim Department. He returns his best thanks to the generous donor for his contribution.

—Our big friends of the Senior department are not as smart as those of the Junior; otherwise, they would organize a social orchestra to enliven the recreation days. We are certain that if they would but get their musical talents together, and bring it out, they would meet with every encouragement on the part of their prefects and fellow-students. Boys, “brace up,” now.

—The Lemonnier Library Association acknowledge with gratitude a donation from Mrs. Herman Fendrick, Evansville, Ind., of Francis Parkman's Works, comprising *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, 2 vols.; *The Oregon Trail*; *La Salle, or Discovery of the Great West*; *The Jesuits in North America*; *The Old Regime in Canada*, and *Frontenac and New France under Louis XVI.*

—We noticed some large boxes of fruit-trees pass by our

office recently, containing apples, pears, peaches, etc., from the extensive nurseries of Messrs. Smith, of Geneva, N. Y. We had thought the large number brought by Mr. Daly last year would suffice to supply a moderate sized city; but our horticulturist seems to entertain the idea that surfeiting the students with fruit only sharpens their appetite for knowledge, and the students show no reluctance in rendering him their services to test the experiment.

—The 5th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was held Sunday evening, Nov. 7th. Very Rev. A. Granger gave the ten-minute instruction. Master F. Quinn read a paper on "Purgatory"; Master A. Jackson read one on "The Scapular and the Indulgences Attached Thereto"; and Master W. Cleary read a "Sketch of the Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka"; Masters Fendrick and Burns were unanimously elected members of the Confraternity. Masters Kleine, Coghlin and Guthrie were appointed to read essays at the next meeting.

—The 4th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was held Sunday evening, Oct. 24th. The ten-minute instruction was given by Rev. Father Walsh. At this meeting the following young gentlemen read essays: Masters C. Tinley, N. Ewing, and N. Wene. Masters L. Gibert, A. Bodine, E. Smith, J. Smith, and G. Haslam were unanimously elected members of the Society. Masters F. Quinn, A. Jackson and W. Cleary were appointed to read papers at the next meeting. After the closing hymn, the meeting adjourned.

—It's no longer

"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and earth below";

for our friend John has written a poem, the first four lines of which are

"Oh! the snore, the horrible snore,  
Filling the dormit'ry from ceiling to floor;  
Over the bedclothes, over the sheet,  
Over the heads of the students asleep."

We'll not publish the rest of it now—'tis too rich; we'll content ourselves by taking extracts from it now and then.

—The following conundrum was proposed to our friend John the other day: "Why is an elephant like a steamboat?" 'Twas a poser for John, who soon "gum'd it up." He was then told that they resembled one another inasmuch as neither could climb a tree. John repeated it over to himself several times to make sure that he "had it down fine," and then started in quest of a victim. Our friend has a habit of getting things mixed up; so when he found his man, he was heard to ask him "Why is a steamboat like a tree?" "Because," was the reply, "neither can climb an elephant." John saw that he had met with a man who had "been there."

—The fourth and fifth regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatians were held Oct. 20th and Nov. 5th, respectively. Masters M. Herrick, G. Woodson, A. Rohrbach, G. O'Kane, F. Mattes, L. Gibert, H. Dunn, A. Browne, G. Shaefer, A. Schmil, F. Wheatley, H. Devitt, A. Mendel and J. Whelan delivered declamations. Masters G. Woodson, M. Herrick, H. Devitt, L. Gibert and F. Mattes sang national songs. Master A. Schmil played an organ solo. Masters E. Smith and E. Cullinane presented themselves for admission and were elected. Master L. Gibert gave a declamation in French, and Master F. Mattes gave one in German.

—One of the "Preps," who is very fond of that humble animal, the donkey, has sent us the following lines for publication:

Of all the beasts I pity most,  
It is the donkey slow,  
As up he walks along the coast,  
The mountain, lost in snow;  
The dog may share a playmate's joys,  
A cow some rest may find;  
The horse a master kind enjoys;  
But who to *thee* is kind?

—Prof. Stace, of South Bend, was here on Sunday afternoon. The applause which greeted his entrance into the Juniors' refectory is a proof that the Professor holds a very high place in the students' esteem. When supper was over, they called upon him for a speech; he promptly responded. He told them that in his person they beheld a shattered fragment of the Democratic party. But there was victory in

defeat; for he would rather be with Hancock in defeat, than with Garfield in victory. He was happy, he said, to see so many students at the University this year, and hoped that the number would keep on increasing. We hope to see the Professor at the College frequently.

—Books lately added to the Lemonnier Library: A Popular History of the United States, from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the First Century of the Union of the States, by William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay; On the Road to Riches, Practical Hints for Clerks and Young Business Men, William H. Maher; Bede's Ecclesiastical History and Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; *Scribner's Monthly*; Vol. XX; A complete set of *The Catholic World*, 31 vols.; Lettres Inedites du R. P. Lacordaire; *National Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXXVI; Biographical Readings, Agnes M. Stewart; Is Life Worth Living? Mallock; The Gentleman's Book of Etiquette and Manual of Politeness, Cecil B. Hartley; *The Western Magazine*, H. H. Morgan, Editor, Vol. VI; Legal Rights of Children; Education in China and Siam.

—The seventh and eighth regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held, Oct. 26th and Nov. 6th, respectively. J. O'Neill read an essay on the Crusades, and A. Bodine gave a sketch of Napoleon. Both essays were very good. A debate, Resolved, "That the Invention of Printing was more useful than Detrimental to Mankind," took place. Messrs. E. Orrick, C. Tinley, C. Brinkman and J. Homan defended the affirmative; and Messrs. J. O'Neill, F. Quinn, F. Grever and N. Ewing supported the negative. The debate was a very interesting one, and listened to with marked attention by all present. The speeches of Orrick and O'Neill were the best of the evening. The decision was given by the President in favor of the affirmative. W. S. Cleary presented himself for membership, and was elected. Public readers for the coming week are as follows: E. Orrick, C. Brinkman, J. Morgau, J. Scanlan, J. Homan, T. Flynn, C. McDermott, A. Coghlin, J. Burns, G. Rhodius, and A. Bodine.

—Passing through the Juniors' Campus one day, I sat me down to listen to the conversation of half-a-dozen bright lads who, tired of football, were narrating all the wondrous events that crossed their paths since their advent to Mother Earth. When it came to the turn of the last one to tell his story, he, drawing himself up to his full length, with thumbs under his suspenders, said: "Gentlemen, I'm going to narrate a very singular circumstance; and though perfectly true, to the very letter, few of you will believe it. Going to South Bend a few days ago, I saw a noble steed running away at the top of his speed, and a dog sitting on his tail." "Impossible! impossible!" cried they *una voce*; "how could the dog keep sitting on the horse's tail without falling off?" "You blockheads," said he, with a hearty laugh, "that canine was sitting on his own tail, near a fence." That boy quickly betook himself to a distant part of the Campus, where public feeling was more favorable to his personal safety.

—Very Rev. Father General devoted an hour of his precious time to his Elocution Class, last Monday. "The Battle of Life" was declaimed by Masters G. Tourtillotte, D. G. Taylor, H. C. Snee, C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, J. S. Courtney, W. F. Hanavin, A. B. Van Mourick, H. E. Kitz, J. J. McGrath, W. Berthelet. Very Rev. Father General expressed himself well pleased with the manner in which the piece was rendered by all. He gave some very practical instructions on elocution, dwelling especially on the necessity for all who wished to succeed in this study to cultivate a habit of reading slowly and distinctly. He got the Class to decide by vote who had rendered his piece best, and Master H. C. Snee received a majority. In the course of the day, Very Rev. Father General sent the Class a handsome prize—the "Ricordo Di Roma." All drew, and Master A. Van Mourick was the fortunate winner. The members of the Elocution Class tender their thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the handsome prize, as well as for the deep interest which he takes in their advancement.

—A late acquisition to the Fine Art department is an exquisite miniature *Ecce Homo*, painted on ivory. One of the admirers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, in Paris, gave it to Very Rev. Father Sorin. The donor valued the

picture at twenty thousand francs. Another valuable painting lately received from Rome represents Santa Brigitta of Sweden, her daughter Santa Catarina, and two persons unknown, doing homage to the Divine Child in the arms of the Blessed Virgin. The picture is executed on wood, and is five hundred years old. It was painted during the lifetime of Santa Brigitta, who lived between the years 1304 and 1373, and is the only authentic portrait in existence of this great saint and her daughter. Time and wood-worms have greatly injured the lower portion of the picture, but Prof. Gregori is now repairing the evil done. When the Italian Government learned that Father Sorin had removed this valuable work of art from Rome to Notre Dame University, one of the Ministers sent him a peremptory order to return it. Father Sorin informed the Government that the picture was his own private property, and therefore he could do with it as he pleased.

—There are two snow-ball forts in the Minims' yard, named respectively Fts. Garfield and Hancock; the commander of the former being General Taylor, and that of the latter General Snee. Ft. Garfield, is garrisoned by twenty men, and Ft. Hancock by fifteen. Skirmishes had been of daily occurrence between them for some time; but it was not until Tuesday afternoon that a regular pitched battle was fought. The contest raged fiercely for a long time, and many were the brave, valorous, and heroic deeds performed on both sides. General Taylor resolved to attack Ft. Hancock, and take it by storm. His force advanced in three solid divisions, and were allowed to approach unmolested until within about twenty yards of the fort, when, at General Snee's command, a deadly volley was poured upon them, which caused them to beat a hasty retreat. General Snee followed up the advantage thus gained by sallying forth and pursuing Taylor's forces to the very walls of Ft. Garfield. Here Taylor made a stand, and received his pursuers with a galling fire which for the time arrested their progress. Snee's forces soon recovered from the shock, and in a few minutes Ft. Garfield was in his possession. Taylor's forces were completely routed.

—They have the electric light at the famous Studebaker works in South Bend, and as improvements at South Bend and Notre Dame go hand in hand we presume that at no distant day—or night—we may expect the electric light at the College. In fact it was announced some time ago that when the statue is placed on the dome of the main building of the College the halo will be formed of electric jets which will be lighted at night. In regard to the electric light at South Bend the daily *Register* has the following: "Another great improvement has been inaugurated at the Studebaker wagon works in the introduction in the wood-working department of the Brush electric light, which was placed in operation for the first time last evening. By its use the company gains time during these short days and overcomes the difficulty of increasing their facilities in a department where, machinery being used exclusively, it is impossible to increase their force. Eighteen burners have been put in, requiring 15-horse power to operate them. The light, which when looked at through a smoked glass appears about the size of the burning end of a cigar, gives a noontide light in a radius of about thirty feet around each burner. The employes are greatly pleased with it, as by its use they work as conveniently and rapidly as by daylight. The expense is, exclusive of the power, about one cent an hour for each burner. The cost of putting in the apparatus was about \$3,800, and the Studebaker Bros. already consider it a good investment."

—The St. Cecilians' Sociable, which took place in Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, was verily a *recherché* affair. As the Society gave no exhibition on the recurrence of their patronal feast, they made up their minds to spend an evening in social enjoyment, and thereby make amends to themselves, at least, for their non-appearance in public on St. Cecilia's Day. That they enjoyed themselves to their heart's content is the verdict rendered by all who had the good fortune of being present. Many, perhaps, are not aware of the existence of a third Orchestra at Notre Dame. We were not aware of it until Tuesday evening, when we were both delighted and agreeably surprised in listening to the enchanting strains produced by "Rietz's

and O'Neill's Orchestral Combination." When we say that no less brilliant and distinguished musicians than Cannon, Guthrie, O'Neill, Cleary, Nelson, Rhodius, Scanlan, and Brinkman compose it; and that it is led by the talented, energetic, indefatigable, and irrepressible Chas Rietz, we are sure that everybody at the University will be very anxious to hear this brilliant "Combination" at some of our public entertainments. Besides the Orchestra, there was a Glee Club, which we are informed was organized about two weeks ago for the purpose of enlivening such occasions as that of Tuesday evening, by rendering choice vocal selections. The Club is composed of thirteen members, there being four soprano solos, three altos, two tenors, and four bass singers. Cleary, Hake, Rhodius, and Nelson, are the solos; Rose, Burns, and A. Coghlin, altos; Cannon, Quinn, Tinley, and Klein, basses; Weny and Homan, tenors. On this occasion they rendered, with good effect, such songs as, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "Way down upon the Swanee River," "My Grandfather's Clock," "Whoa, Emma," and several others, which we do not at present remember. They were well sung, and afforded much pleasure to all present. The vocal part of the evening's entertainment over, all began to trip the light fantastic, in which each one had a chance of exhibiting the proficiency made in calisthenics last year under Prof. Ivers's instruction. In observing the movements of some of the less graceful in the art, we were forcibly reminded of that couplet from Gray,

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its *old fantastic roots* so high."

Some raised their *old fantastic roots* so high that every time they struck the floor on their downward course a sound similar to that produced by a young thunderbolt was audible. Some one then put in an appearance with the announcement that lunch was ready. He didn't have to make the announcement twice; for, the floor was cleared in an instant, and soon all were engaged in disposing of the good things set before them. When this agreeable task was accomplished, a short time was spent in various amusements, and then all agreed that it was about time to throw themselves into the arms of Morpheus, and with him as a guide, to take a pleasant trip through the land of dreams. We are sure that all enjoyed themselves hugely; and, no doubt, feel grateful to their worthy President, Prof. J. A. Lyons, for the treat.

### 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.

Jas. Noonan, Geo. Clarke, W. B. McGorrick, T. Kavanaugh, J. Solon, Wm. Arnold, E. Taggart, R. M. Anderson, J. Casey, B. Casey, L. E. Clements, E. Otis, J. N. Osher, H. L. O'Donnell, F. Smith, J. C. Newman, F. Kuhn, R. C. Adams, A. Korty, J. D. Delaney, A. Zahm, W. J. McCarthy, J. F. Rettig, W. Kelly, W. R. Young, J. J. Malloy, G. L. Hagan, H. A. Steiz, J. M. Falvey, C. Thiele, R. Le Bourgeois, L. Mathers, J. P. Hagan, W. Rotterman, J. A. McIntyre, H. Simms, C. Brehmer, E. McGorrick, S. P. Terry, G. E. Sugg, T. W. Ward, C. W. Bennet, E. Piper, B. F. Smith, W. E. Hoffman, L. W. Stitzel, D. English, D. Ryan, A. A. Bodine, W. Schofield, D. R. Phillips, G. L. Tracy, J. Malone, F. Godfroy, A. Weisheart, C. H. Van Dusen, T. M. Bell, J. Ryan, T. F. Morrison, J. Avaline, W. R. Johnson, E. Troxel, B. Eaton, A. Thornton.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, F. A. Boone, J. M. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, G. Castanedo, W. L. Coghlin, A. M. Coghlin, J. Casey, W. Cannon, T. Cullinene, W. J. Cannon, W. Cleary, H. Dunn, G. W. De Haven, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, J. J. Gordon, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, F. H. Grever, W. Gray, T. J. Hurley, P. J. Hoffman, W. D. Hetz, H. P. Hake, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, S. Livingston, F. X. Mattes, J. T. Maher, W. P. Mahon, Frank McPhillips, J. P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, E. A. Munce, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. S. Manning, H. W. Morse, A. L. Miller, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. P. O'Neill, F. A. Quinn, G.

J. Rhodius, A. Rohrback, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. Rietz, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, W. E. Smith, A. C. Schiml, Con Schneider, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, E. E. Smith, J. Smith, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woeber, W. Wheatley, G. Woodson, T. Williams, W. N. Wene, A. J. Dennis, J. Fredman, E. H. Gaines, M. Bloch.

\* A. Manning, omitted last week through mistake.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, D. G. Taylor, E. A. Howard, W. Olds, W. Hanavin, J. Frain, A. W. Chirhart, H. Metz, J. Kelly, J. McGrath, D. O'Connor, W. T. Berthelet, F. Fishel, J. H. Dwenger, J. R. Bender, T. McGrath, E. S. Chirhart, F. M. Moroney, W. Taylor, H. J. Ackerman, M. E. Devitt, C. Metz, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, W. Miller, J. E. Chaves, E. R. Bagard, A. Bender.

Class Honors.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

G. De Haven, W. Hetz, F. Kron, A. Browne, W. P. Mahon, C. Tinley, L. Gibert, G. Woodson, H. Sells, J. Bennett, F. Morrison, F. Wheatley, N. Nelson, W. D. Cannon, F. Mattes, T. Hurley, F. Dorsel, F. O'Kane, C. Brinkman, J. H. Fendrick, R. Fleming, J. M. Kelly, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, N. Wene, W. Cleary, A. Bodine, J. Heffernan, J. Martin, W. Barron, C. Kollars, J. Solon, A. Weisheart, E. Piper, J. Smith, H. Morse, W. Schofield, C. Brehmer, L. Ryan, A. Korty, A. T. Moran, E. Taggart, R. Parrett.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. S. Courtney, D. G. Taylor, H. C. Snee, C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, F. Fishel, E. Howard, G. E. Tourillotte, H. E. Kitz, D. O'Connor, W. T. Berthelet, F. Moroney, J. Kelly, H. Metz, A. A. Molander, W. M. Olds, J. J. McGrath, A. B. Van Mourick, J. Frain, A. Chirhart, T. McGrath, L. J. Young, J. H. Dwenger, J. R. Bender, F. B. Farrelly, W. J. Miller, E. S. Chirhart, C. Metz, A. B. Bender, J. Ruppe, J. McGrath, M. E. Devitt, H. J. Ackerman, E. B. Bagard, J. E. Chaves.

List of Excellence.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—A. Weisheart, J. Aveline, F. Morrison, A. Browne, G. O'Kane, C. Kollars, J. Farrell, H. Sells; Grammar—F. McKinnon, Wm. Barron, J. McGrath, Con Schneider, G. Woodson, W. Hetz, H. Sells, J. Bennet, W. Kavanaugh, E. Smith, E. Jacobs, C. Kollars, M. Butler, V. Butler, J. Courtney, C. Murdock, L. Gibert, T. Hurley, W. Mahon, N. Nelson, G. Silverman, J. Ruppe, D. Phelps, R. Seeburger, T. B. Byrne, G. Hagan, W. Kelly, W. Johnson; Geography and History—H. Morse, A. Browne, F. Wheatley, S. O'Donnell, C. Kollars, J. Kelley, J. Bennet, F. Boone, J. Farrelly; Arithmetic—J. Aveline, E. Munce, E. Gaines, J. Wilder, T. P. Byrne, E. Piper, C. Brinkman; Algebra—W. B. Young, H. O'Donnell, R. F. Fleming; Latin—N. Wene, J. Solon, C. Thiele, E. McGorisk, W. Cleary, E. Otis; Greek—N. Wene, N. A. Ewing.

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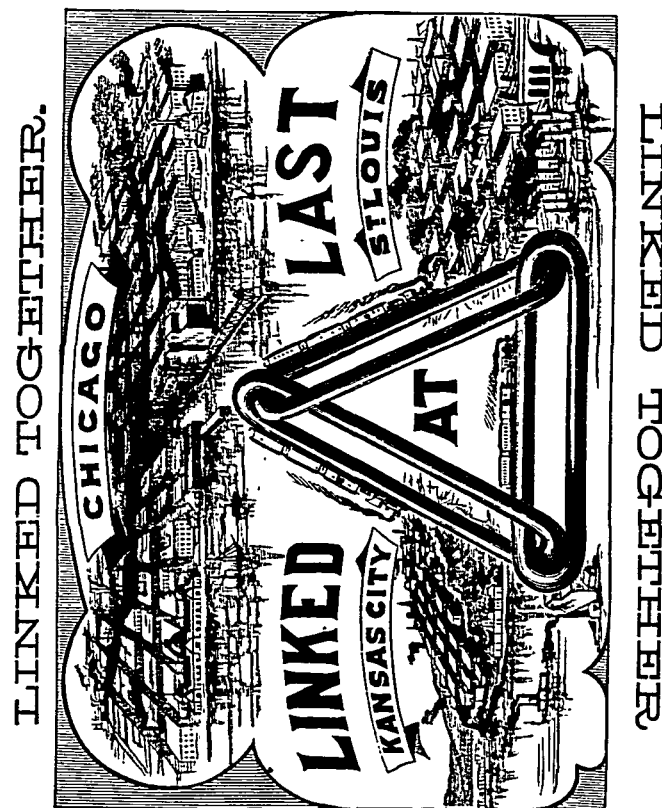
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ST. LOUIS TO KANSAS CITY.

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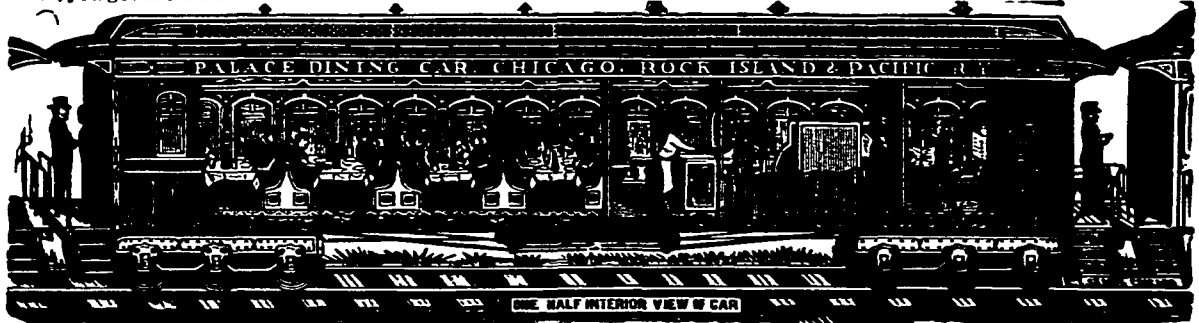
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 PROPRIETOR OF THE  
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**P. SHICKEY.**

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 NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

## 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.
9.38 "	La Porte	10.23 "
12.13 "	Stillwell	10.41 "
11.55 p.m.	Walkerton	11.00 "
11.24 "	Plymouth	11.35 "
10.34 "	Rochester	12.27 p.m.
19.58 "	Denver	1.05 "
9.35 "	Peru	1.30 "
9.08 "	Bunker Hill	1.59 "
8.38 "	Kokomo Junction	2.32 "
7.54 "	Tipton	3.16 "
7.12 "	Noblesville	4.00 "
6.10 "	Indianapolis	5.00 "
		8.05 p.m.
		8.50 "
		9.20 "
		9.47 "
		10.33 "
		6.25 a.m.
		7.01 "
		7.25 "
		1.01 "
		1.35 "
		2.23 "
		3.04 "
		4.00 "

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## Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

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,.....	6.23 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,.... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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