

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi oras moriturus.

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Childhood.

A SONNET, BY W. J. K.

As murmur gently through the balmy air,
The breezy winds of sweet and fragrant May,
They bear upon their willing wings a lay
Which tells of joy, with neither grief nor care.
Thus passes childhood, short, and sweet, and fair,
With ne'er a care to mar life's pleasant way,
And ne'er a hand its pleasures sweet to stay;
And thus with joy 'tis wont its course to bear
To manhood ranks. Oh! would the joys of men
Were all as fair as those of childhood's days,
For sweeter far are they than all the bliss
That's treasured deep in an Elysian glen,
Where birds in happy notes sing forth their lays,
And brooklets give to mossy banks their kiss.

"Them — Jiswitz."

Apropos to the present persecution of the Jesuits in France for their alleged hostile attitude towards the Republican Government of that country, a few remarks on Jesuitism in America may not be deemed as altogether out of place.

The influence of the Jesuits began to be felt in America very soon after the establishment of the Order by St. Ignatius Loyola; and for an answer to the question whether their influence has been beneficial or otherwise, we must look to the fruits of their works. Our Divine Lord in His infinite wisdom has left a very simple but infallible rule whereby we may justly judge of institutions and men, and that is: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, and before a human habitation had been erected within the historic limits of Jamestown, the French settlers in Canada had built a comfortable and prosperous little town, which they named Quebec, and which, as nearly all

American historians unite in testifying, "was both temporally and spiritually in the hands of the Jesuits." They built chapels and churches, and erected schools for the instruction of Indian youth; and, as Venable remarks in his "School History of the United States," one year before the founding of Harvard University they [the Jesuits] had opened a college for boys." But the Canadian Jesuits did not confine their labors to their settlement. Embarking in frail canoes, they coasted along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, visiting the many tribes of savages who dwelt in those wild regions, instructing them in the truths of the Gospel, and customs of civilization. Pushing onward, these zealous men, inspired with the spirit of the first Apostles, whose successors they were, penetrated the Lake regions into the then wild lands of the present States of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Everywhere their labors were attended with success; very soon they enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the wigwam of the savage giving place to the more comfortable log cabin; the chase forsaken for the arts of agriculture; and the scattered and hostile tribes gathered together into villages and towns. It was then that the Jesuits redoubled their exertions; and as they became better acquainted with the language of the natives, their labors were more than rewarded when they heard the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* uttered with fervent hearts by their dusky converts, and that too in their own harsh guttural language. But to the ears of the devout missionaries those harsh sounds were as notes of unsurpassable melody.

The success of the Jesuit missionaries was not attained without almost incredible hardships and sufferings; yea, more, even death—death from fatigue, caused by self-denial, and death from the cruel tortures of the fierce savages who would not receive the word of eternal life.

Where is the American who would not glory in the name of Jacques Marquette? And yet, I venture to assert that there are hundreds of persons, who, in speaking of the early pioneers of the great West, mention this revered name, not knowing the character of the apostolic man who bore it. He was a Jesuit, a priest, an apostle. It was neither the spirit of adventure nor self-aggrandizement which prompted this heroic man to forsake the haunts of civilization, and seek the forests and rivers of the great West and South; it was the same flame of the love of God, and zeal for the conversion of the savage, which burned with exceeding ardor in the bosom of the great Christopher Columbus.

In the year 1673, Father Marquette and Louis Joliet embarked in a canoe on the Wisconsin River, and following its course downwards, discovered the Mississippi, on the 17th of June, of the same year. During the voyage down the Wisconsin the holy priest preached to the Indians

and with such good results that he gained their everlasting love and veneration. Upon reaching the Mississippi, our two heroes, together with a few Indian companions, embarked in their canoes and followed the course of the majestic river as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Along the banks of the Mississippi, wherever an Indian village was to be found, the holy priest, never losing sight of his divine mission, always lingered among the nations for some time to deliver to them "tidings of great joy." What Father Marquette and Joliet had begun was completed by La Salle and De Tonty some years afterward; that is, the navigation of the Mississippi to its mouth. The first settlements of Europeans in the West and South were under the "Jesuitical" influence; they were Kaskaskia in Illinois, and Arkansas Post on the Arkansas River, three hundred miles above its mouth.

While a fierce war was raging between the whites and Indians in the New England colonies, a bond of perfect unity existed between the Western settlers and their dusky neighbors. The French, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, gained the good graces of the savages by kindness; and history has not recorded a single instance where the French were compelled to go to church *under the protection of armed men*. All this was the result of a little difference in "Gospel" administration. The Eastern colonists practised the "exterminating" plan, while those of the West, following the direction of the "wily" Jesuits, lived according to the precept of Him they served—"Love ye one another even as I have loved you." It did not require a vast amount of reasoning to discover that Gospel precepts, garnished with buck-shot, was not the kind of love referred to in the precept of our Saviour.

But history has already recorded the glories of the Jesuits in their mission and labors throughout the vast regions which they visited as the first representatives of civilization and religion. From the chilling blasts of the pine forests of Lake Michigan to the perfumed breezes of the orange groves of Louisiana, from the source of the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence to the outlet of the majestic Mississippi, these apostles plowed their weary way, leaving behind them monuments which time cannot destroy; they are monuments erected and enshrined in the hearts of everyone who boasts the possession of a true American heart. Another monument have they left: *the Cross*. They erected the symbol of man's redemption in the forest, on the mountain top, on the river bank, in the "spirit dells" of the Indians, and engraved the sacred sign upon the very trees; thus consecrating their spiritual conquest to the crucified Master who sent them forth upon their mission of love and mercy.

Emperors and kings have risen from obscurity and astonished the world by the glory of their reigns; they have left magnificent monuments which proclaim to posterity that they did really live; next, history copies the inscriptions from the monuments, and pronounces judgment upon the arts, and then we form our own ideas therefrom. And yet, a man of education, of birth, and of fine sentiment, who can voluntarily give up his youth and brilliant prospects for the good of his fellow-man, does infinitely more than the most powerful potentate the world has ever seen. Such was the glory desired, and obtained, by the Jesuit missionaries. The Jesuits, filled with the spirit of their divine Master, thought only of the salvation of their fellow-man; and their incessant labors are ever directed for the acquisition of that object. Like Him who sent them, the

Scribes and Pharisees of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have rewarded them with calumnies and persecutions.

Professor Morse, the alleged inventor of the Telegraph, remarked on the occasion of a public celebration that "the Republic of the United States would last forever. Nothing was to be feared from other nations; the only evil which threatened it was an internal 'malady,' and that was the villainous Society of Jesuits." On being questioned by a very liberal Protestant gentleman as to his authority for such a statement, he replied that the Marquis de Lafayette had said that the unhappy and turbulent state of the French Government was owing to the intrigues of the Jesuits, and that if they were allowed to obtain a foothold in the United States they would eventually destroy the Government.

Such a statement coming from such a source naturally excited no little talk, which resulted in tracing the rumor to its original source. The result of investigation proved that Lafayette *did* say that the Jesuits were *calumniously* accused of being the cause of the unhappy state of affairs in France, and that they were *unjustly* persecuted throughout Europe. Professor Morse got hold of the words of Lafayette, and like the translators of King James's Bible, "things transfigured, and things misplaced" to suit the tastes of the average devout Reformers. I think it was Archbishop Spalding who remarked in speaking of the above calumny: "Thus we see that the great Professor Morse has invented something other than the magnetic Telegraph."

All glory and honor to Professor Morse for his indefatigable labors and inventions in connection with the Telegraph, say I; but everlasting anathema and opprobrium attend his malicious and senseless calumny of the Jesuits.

In our own day, on the other hand, a fair-minded officer in the Union Army said that "no one of common sense would deny the fact that the Jesuit missionary Father De Smet had done more for the preservation of peace among the Sioux Indians, and the protection of the lives of Western settlers, than a whole army of troops."

Wherever one finds a community of Jesuits in this great land he will also find solid piety, good example, education, and true zeal for the advancement of their neighbor. It is amusing to hear many ignorant persons express their crude ideas of "Jesuitism," particularly those who are regular attendants at camp-meetings and love feasts. I will quote one instance. At the close of the Republican Convention held at Chicago, last summer, professional duties brought me to the grand "Camp-meeting and Reunion of the Sunday Schools of Northern Indiana," held at Acton. (I am not a preacher nor tract peddler.) I boarded the train at Indianapolis, and succeeded in finding a seat. After the train had started, an old farmer, over seventy years of age, edged his way over to my seat, and asked what I thought of the nomination, the result of the Convention having just been received at Indianapolis. I was well pleased. What did he think of it? "Oh!——" (very strong language for a patriarch on his way to a camp-meeting). He wanted Grant. "But," said he, "I kinder expected it. Ther wa'n't no Cathlick about Grant, and the hull Cathlick crowd, Republican and Democrat, pulled dead against him; besides, he had a putty slick secret crowd workin' agin him; they wuz them — [adjective] *Jis-wits!*"

"Doubtless," said a prominent Eastern journalist, "there are many devout Methodists who are ready to believe that Bob Ingersoll is a Jesuit in disguise, going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

There are two elements existing in the United States which the Jesuits *will* certainly destroy, if they are given time, and they are: Atheism (so called) and bigoted Ignorance. And for this purpose they will use their very adversaries as their tools.

EXLEX.

Rural Happiness.

Of all the various changes which seem to be allotted to man in his journey through life, perhaps there is none which contrasts so widely as the transition from city to country life. For one raised in and accustomed to the rush, bustle, vim and helter-skelter which are necessary to the maintenance of the one, he fails to see how the rough-and-ready, even-tenor peasant can manage to get along in the other, and be so unencumbered by all the solitudes and perplexities incident upon metropolitan life. Neither can he realize any of those spontaneous rural attractions, in which the rustic sees so many endearing attachments. After he is a resident of those once to him apparently dismal scenes of barren splendor—"the bluffs and plains, the woods and valleys," which constitute a country landscape—he becomes convinced of their having latent charms to furnish a tranquil home for the man of toil, and a tendency to infuse guileless habits of rural mirth and manners into the minds of his youthful family. He soon discovers that from the base of those rugged rocks fountains of crystal water gush, which soon form into a purling brook, roving its way into the bosom of some spacious meadow, or neighboring pasture, to supply the wants of the grazing herd, and increase the pleasures of the hopeful angler. He soon discovers also that those dismal-looking woods contribute no small share to the requirements of domestic comfort both for man and beast.

It may be that the "eye" of the metropolitan finds momentary enjoyment in gazing upon the transitory and lavish luxury and gaudy decorations of a city; her towering spires and pondrous domes, her majestic public buildings and palatial residences, where haughty pomp and cumbersome wealth repose in the lap of luxury, and in which he can have no share; still those are enervating, and, like all other voluptuous attractions, soon lose their beauty in their familiarity. Not so with the varying scenery of country life in its periodical evolutions; for no sooner has the beautiful snow—the emblem of virginal purity—taken its departure than its place is taken by a more fructifying guest—the lovely spring, the prolific source of plenty, whose first care seems to be in clothing the nakedness of Mother Earth with robes of green, decked with an embroidery of smiling and fragrant vegetation. No sooner does the wintry blast lull its murmurings through the dreary woods than they begin to bud and bloom in lavish foliage, which invites the feathered songsters home to hold a meeting and send forth greetings to the welcome, warm sunshine.

How appropriate and expressive is that verse in Gray's *Elegy* in describing rural life:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd comes straggling o'er the lea,

The plowman homeward wends his cheery way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me."

Yes, indeed; he leaves the world—the crowded, treacherous, infectious metropolitan world—not only to the dark shades of night, but to the darker deeds committed and secreted under its dismal folds; deeds to which the rustic is happily a stranger. And what is there on earth so illustrative of a celestial paradise as the gorgeous display of a golden harvest; fields of waving grain, fields of blooming esculents, and fields of verdant corn, towering and tasselling, all vying in splendor as they bask in brilliancy under the dazzling rays of an evening's sunset. While the grateful husbandman reclines in a cosy shade, admiring the bounties of nature, and renders the homage of gratitude to nature's God, his young orchard is just in bearing, and he thinks he can see in the rosy tinge of the fruit the ruddy glow on the cheeks of his growing family as they bloom into maturity. His poultry are sauntering about the yard; and he sees here and there a matron hen scratching away at something to which she soon gathers her little brood, who partake of the treasure found, thereby giving us an instinctive definition of maternal care and parental obligations even among the lower grades of creation; and worthy of imitation by a good many of the higher order of human beings. The piercing screams of the railroad whistle, or the perpetual ding-dong of the warning bell break not the silence of the rustic's peaceful slumbers; nor does the ominous dirge of the fire-alarm startle him up in terror, lest perchance it may be his own or some of his friends' homes which are becoming a prey to the devouring flames—an everyday occurrence in city life.

The polished, plausible face, and the accomplished but deceitful smile of the hypocritical city sharper would sit but very clumsily on the weather-beaten countenance of the tiller of the soil. Neither could he be induced to falsify or contort his features into the corrugated shape which the face of the "rigidly righteous" assume in the walks of city life. He prefers to be just what he is, and what he might easily be taken for—a child of nature, an employee in nature's granary, and an unassuming type of the noblest work of God.

T. D.

The Alpine Robbers.

During the wars of the first Napoleon a hideous-looking, jet-black Ethiopian minstrel, from New Orleans, deserted from a U. S. ship of war at Havre, France, and joined a French regiment as a trumpeter. After a fiercely-contested battle near the Alps, he and a captain of dragoons found themselves cut off from their regiments and lost in the mountain fastnesses. After many hair-breadth escapes from wild beasts and yawning precipices, they at length discovered an old deserted pagan temple, in one end of which they laid down to rest their weary limbs on a large pile of straw—never once dreaming it to be the favorite haunt of a ferocious gang of robbers, who were the terror of all the peaceful denizens of the smiling valleys below. The bandits, laden with rich booty, arrived in due time, kindled a rousing fire at the other end of the temple of the defunct gods, wherewith to cook a repast that kings might envy. The jolly son of sunny France whispered in Sambo's ear that, as these wild sons of the forest never had the pleasure of beholding a col-

ored gentleman during the checkered course of their eventful lives, if he were boldly to advance towards them, blowing his terrible trumpet with all the force of his huge lungs, and favoring them at the same time with a bird's-eye view of his mouthful of ivory dentals, they would surely take him for the veritable king of the infernal regions, and fly for their lives.

While awaiting the result of the culinary manipulations, the bandits imbibed long and deep potations, the effects of which soon caused them to quarrel over the division of the immense booty accumulated during the past year. One of them, who seemed to have still retained a soft corner in his heart accessible to the fear of God and eternal punishments hereafter, finding to his cost, after all that orators have said to the contrary, that there was no honor among thieves, exclaimed in a paroxysm of uncontrolled rage: "I hope the blackest demon from the bottomless pit will come and carry you all off to the realms of Pluto, where you are sure to go sooner or later." "Now is your time," said the jovial captain, nudging Sambo; "now or never." The negro, who was a very tall and athletic fellow, rushed towards them, grinning terribly, and blowing his trumpet long and loud enough to shake the everlasting Alps to their very foundation, he exclaimed: "Arise ye dead and come to judgement!"

All the surrounding cliffs and crags re-echoed his stentorian blasts so faithfully, that the trembling robbers imagined there were ten thousand legions from the infernal regions come to carry them off body and soul. Thinking the day of doom had at last arrived in good earnest, with one loud scream they fled in every direction, leaving our heroes the sole monarchs of all they surveyed, and at full liberty to rule the roost.

"Winged with their fears, on foot the robbers fly,
Their steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh."

Taking as much of the vast treasure as they could carry in two leather bags, our heroes also fled and gained their camp in due time. Napoleon laughed heartily at the recital of their romantic adventure, and relaxing his warlike countenance, and striking the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed: "Truth is often stranger than fiction." Napoleon gave the humorous captain an honorable discharge, and promoted Sambo to be his barber-in-chief, with the rank and pay of a staff officer. After the death of his royal master, on St. Helena's inhospitable shores, he returned to Louisiana, where he purchased a valuable plantation, on which he lived in great splendor to the good old age of 110 years. One of his literal ebony descendants now sits in Congress, and was heard to blow a pretty loud trumpet during our late Presidential election. J. M.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Rubenstein, one of the world's greatest pianists, is about to revisit America.

—*Evening Mail*: "Beaconsfield is now charged with plagiarizing from Burke. This is a proof of Burke's excellence and of Beaconsfield's good taste."

—Some time ago Miss Hester Parker, of Bangor, Me., pressed a number of very pretty autumn leaves and sent them to the Queen of Spain at Madrid. Recently Miss Parker got an autograph letter from the Queen, acknowledging the receipt of the leaves.

—Before Fanny Fern married James Parton, she wrote in a description of Broadway: "Here comes James Parton, who doesn't believe in the devil." George D. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, copied it, and added: "Ah! Fanny, that was before he was married; are you sure that he don't believe in the devil now?"

—The Cincinnati College of Music publishes an official announcement of a week of opera to be given February next under its auspices, at the Music-Hall, on a scale of magnificence not possible in any theatre in this country. The Mapleson troupe, reinforced with a chorus of 300 from the May festival chorus of this city, and with an

orchestra of 100, are the forces. The operas chosen are "Moses in Egypt," "Lohengrin," "Fidelio," "Mefistofele," and "The Magic Flute." The Music Hall is to be filled with temporary proscenium and scenery.

—An interesting manuscript has recently been discovered in the library of the city of Treves, Rhenish Prussia. It is a fragment of an ancient French poem, the author whereof, judging from the notes at the foot of the text, was Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England. This king, it is well known, being cast by a tempest upon the shores of Dalmatia when returning from the Holy Land, was held a close prisoner by the Emperor Henry IV, at Mainz, at Worms, and finally in the Castle of Trifels, where he was discovered by his favorite minstrel Blondel. During his captivity in Germany he composed this poem, which bears the title "Saint Nonna and her son, Saint Devy."

—Cologne Cathedral, which has just been completed after centuries of labor, is one of the largest and loftiest buildings in the world. For the past sixty years the work has been carried on with but little intermission, the cost being met by both public and private contributions; and a German architectural journal has ascertained that the aggregate amount expended within this period is eighteen millions of marks, or about \$5,400,000. When to this is added the money contributed during past centuries, and "notably what has been sunk in the colossal foundations and spent in purchasing various necessary parcels of ground," it appears that the Cathedral, as it now stands, represents about forty millions of marks, or \$12,000,000.

—After twenty-one centuries the remains of the 300 young Thebans, formerly the "Sacred Battalion," who fell at the terrible battle of Cheronæa, have been dug up. During the summer, excavations have been made around the gigantic memorial lion which was placed in the centre of the field to commemorate the deeds of heroism of that dark day. A wall, 25 yards in length and 15 yards in breadth, was first found beneath the soil. Within this enclosure, at a depth of four yards, lay the bones of 185 Thebans, resting side by side, ranged in forty rows, each in the attitude in which he had died. Seven such rows have been found. They are so placed that the heads of those of the second rank repose at the feet of the first. All bear the marks of the blows which caused their death. One of them had both thighs pierced by thrusts of the spear; another had his jaw-bone broken and splintered; a third has his skull terribly hacked; a fourth, whose head is wonderfully well preserved, has his mouth still wide open, as if he breathed. This last will be conveyed to the Museum of Antiquities at Athens. What is especially noticeable about it is that the jaws possess every tooth in perfect order. No weapons have been found.

—Petitions were last session sent up to Congress praying that the Congressional Record be published in newspaper form, and distributed to every family in the United States free of charge. The object of this, of course, is to supplant the cheap, sensational literature of the day by furnishing a solid and substantial literature at cheaper rates. It is to substitute the Record for the Seaside and Fireside Libraries; to put Buncombe in the stead of Beadle, and make legislation supersede literature. The real thing is, however, to give Congressmen an opportunity to air themselves before the nation. Of course it will be an expensive business to print and distribute daily seven or eight million copies of a quarto paper, averaging fifty pages, double column; but that does not matter so the dear people get their reading for nothing. The Record is, as a rule, about as pleasant reading as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, of which an old lady said that it was a very nice book, only the stories were too short. But the trouble is, that this cheap circulation of the Record is likely to be costly reading to the people after all. Before it can be made family reading and fit for the fireside and for children, it must be expurgated, or its contents changed. To effect this, our Congressmen will have to be changed first, and it will cost the people less to buy as many Records as they may need at a fair price than to find, elect, and keep up to their work a class of Congressmen capable of supplying the entire community with select family reading.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Scientific Notes.

—The monster python which is kept alive in the Antwerp Museum having had inflammation of the jaw, a Belgian doctor volunteered to enter its cage in order to cure it; but the brute attempted to suffocate the poor doctor, who was glad to escape with his life.

—Prof. J. Trowbridge, in investigating with telephones connected to earth-plates the flow of return currents through "earth," found that at a mile from the Harvard College Observatory the time signals of the observatory clock could be heard by merely tapping the earth at points fifty feet apart.

—An important discovery has just been made at Bath, England, in the shape of a perfect Roman bath, some eighty feet long and forty feet wide, the whole of the interior being lined with lead, three-quarters of an inch in thickness; the bath is some thirty feet below the level of the present surface.

—M. Boutigny has called attention to the remarkable powers of resistance against chemical agents possessed by insects. Having put a common fly into the lye of potash, he found it in the best condition on the next day. He also found that weevils, imprisoned for a considerable time in a flask containing caustic stone and coriander seed, prospered, multiplied, and lived as long as the seed lasted.

—The genealogical tables of the reigning and other princely families of Europe have of late been examined to determine the mean duration of the life of a generation of the human race. The life of princes does not appear to be anything, if at all, longer than that of the majority of other people, for the data which the tables presented gave a period of thirty years as the mean limit of a generation.

—At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences on Oct. 4, M. Perrier gave an interesting summary of the determinations of longitudes, latitudes, and azimuths in Africa during the years 1877 and 1878. In the exchange of signals he found it was possible to calculate the mean retardation of the transmission of a signal along an aerial conductor from chronograph to chronograph for distances between 414 and 1,236 kilomètres. The mean velocity of propagation was found to be about 40,000 kilomètres. At this rate an electric signal would go around the earth in a second.

—A Portsmouth (N. H.) has an aquarium which contained an alligator, as well as a number of gold-fish, crawfish, and a trout weighing three-quarters of a pound; but of late all but the alligator have disappeared. Last Friday evening the thief was discovered, and found to be a large rat that had worked his way into the house through the drain-pipe. A loud rat-squealing and alligator-croaking was heard, and the rat was found a dozen feet from the aquarium, where he had succeeded in carrying the young alligator up and down shelves filled with flower pots and plants. The rat was evidently surprised at the fighting and noisy qualities of this new kind of fish, but he would probably have been the victor had he not been discovered and clubbed. The alligator still lives, and is apparently not much the worse for the loss of blood and a few pieces of his tough hide.

Exchanges.

—The *Niagara Index* has a witty local editor and the local columns of that paper are the raciest—taken all in all—of any that we have seen.

—The editorial board of *The Chronicle* got out a four-page extra on the 6th, to give an early report of the football game between the Michigan University team and that of the University of Toronto. Game won by Michigan University by one goal and a touch-down in two innings of 45 minutes each.

—The *Waisenfreund*, which comes to us weekly from Columbus, Ohio, is an ably-edited weekly of eight pages. It gives a resumé of the political and ecclesiastical news of the week, articles on different topics containing useful knowledge, short and interesting stories, and answers al-

most any question that may be put to it. Besides its literary merit, an additional recommendation is the fact that the profits accruing from the publication are given by the editor to the support of an orphan asylum under his charge. *The Waisenfreund* has thus a double claim upon the patronage of every German-reading family.

—The *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, is an excellent diocesan paper. Rev. D. A. Clarke of '70 is the editor, and his pungent paragraphs make the editorial pages very attractive. We remember reading, some time ago, of an editor who apologized for the lengthy articles in his paper that week, saying that he had been too much occupied with business affairs to write shorter ones. Taking this case as an example, Rev. Father Clarke would take a long time to write up the matter for his paper, for there is nothing loose about it. His paragraphs are more generally copied than those of any other editor that we know of. When Rev. Father Clarke was a student here, he was one of the most zealous contributors to the *SCHOLASTIC*, and was for a while on the editorial corps of this paper.

—The editors of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* certainly deserve credit for industry. The amount of reading matter they send us weekly is simply marvellous. It isn't spread thin either, but just crowded full and running over; not even the average amount of advertisements, so greedy are they of room. If you could contrive to infuse a little more frothiness into your columns, friends, yours would be a model college paper.—*Amherst Student*.

The last sentence awakens us to an acute sense of our surroundings—cut off, as we are, from all bases of supply; not a lager saloon within two miles of us, and the nearest beer brewery a mile and a half distant! Can't raise froth with pies, sweet cider, apples, and such like, nohow! We may fume and fret, but it is useless to talk about it, so we'll make a virtue of necessity. All the beautiful landscape around Notre Dame wants, to reach the climax, is a beer brewery, with its tall chimney to guide the wayfarer, and its frothy stock to exchange for the students' nickels; but we surmise that the day that will see it is far distant.

—The *Harvard Daily Echo* of the 10th has some passing comments in a leading editorial that show the progressive spirit of the editors. Old-time usages at college, no matter how puerile or barbarous they may be, or how ill in keeping with their modern surroundings, have often, nevertheless, a deep hold on the mind of those who should be able to judge better of them, and it bespeaks no little courage to move for their abolition. Referring to the recently inaugurated electives at Harvard, and voluntary recitations given by some of the lower classes, the editor of the *Echo* gives a caustic cut to those "humorous, rather childish practices" that have prevailed and still do prevail in many universities and colleges. He rejoices that at Harvard most of them have fallen into disuse. "The men of the higher classes have first given them up, and finally they have come to be considered beneath the dignity of the lower classmen."

—The *Crimson* of Nov. 12th gives, together with some interesting particulars, the names of the participants in the forthcoming Greek play, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, to be given by the students of Harvard University in Sanders' Theatre next spring. *The Crimson* thinks the play cannot take place before May, but when it is given it will be repeated a sufficient number of times for all who care to see it to have an opportunity of doing so. It is thought that from the interest which the announcement has excited, it will attract not a few strangers to Cambridge. Preparations are already being made. Prof. White has undertaken the general direction of the play, the details being attended to by an able corps of gentlemen—namely, Prof. Paine, for the music; Profs. Goodwin and Norton, the costumes; Prof. Allen, the dancing; Mr. John Wheeler, stage action; Mr. Riddle, the training of the actors. Mr. Dyer has charge of the pronunciation, to which especial attention is to be given, and in accordance with his own practice the Greek (equivalent to *ei*) will be pronounced as in *eight*; *eu*, as in the Spanish word *deuda* (both vowels sounded, but coalesced); *u*, as the French *u*; zeta, as *ds* (soft).

—The *Scientific American* of last week contains two full page illustrations of Captain Eads' proposed railway

for transporting ships with their cargo across continents. Captain Eads claims by his plan to be able to take loaded ships of the largest tonnage from one ocean to the other across the Isthmus of Panama, as readily as can be done by a canal after the Lesseps plan, and at a much less cost for engineering construction. The project is certainly bold and ingenious, and the projector anticipates no serious difficulties in carrying forward his enterprise. The engravings referred to in the *Scientific American* show the proposed construction of not only the railroad, but the appliances for transferring the ships from the water to the rail. In addition to the large number of engravings, illustrative of engineering works, inventions and new discoveries which appear weekly, the *Scientific American* has, during the past year, devoted considerable space to illustrating and describing leading establishments devoted to different manufacturing industries. This feature has added very much to the attractiveness and usefulness of the paper. More than fifty of the most important industrial establishments of our country have been illustrated, and the processes of the different manufactures described in its columns. The *Scientific American* has been published for more than thirty-four years by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y., and has attained a larger weekly circulation than all similar papers published in the country. The publishers assure the public that they have not printed less than 50,000 copies a week for several months.

—The exchange editor of *The Cornell Era* is still, we see, actively engaged in hunting up and dissecting foreign roots, to make an English hash for his department of the paper. It seems he has met with poor success of late. In the issue of the *Era* for the 12th inst., he publishes about two columns and a half of matter, nearly all of which—eight lines only excepted—is the product of his industrious little scissors or penknife. The eight lines are the editor's own, and of course this is where the hash comes in. It is very poor hash, too—only one "root" being chopped into it. It is at the edge of the dish—(being the first word in the first line)—and as we spoon it out and analyze it, we discover that it is a French "root"—"*Apropos*"; but the preposition "of," which follows it, is *à propos de bottles*. As in making a hash it is necessary to know what roots will help to please the palate, so in writing, one of the first qualifications is the ability to choose one's prepositions, and until the exchange editor of *The Cornell Era* is able to do this we would advise him to lay aside his little pen and betake himself to the exclusive use of the penknife and scissors. He cannot stretch the hide of that little preposition far enough to cover the space intervening between it and the word *apropos*; and even if he could, they would not coalesce. And yet this man, who cannot write even fair English, threatens to write an obit for "the whole board of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*!" Well, if that isn't "cheek," or brazen impudence, we don't know what to call it. He has been thus emboldened by a paragraph that some time ago appeared in a new college paper in Canada, *The Varsity* by name, which when three weeks old set itself up as a dictator to the college press, and, in schoolboy simplicity, aimed at becoming "the best university paper in America," but which, as the *Chronicle* justly remarked, with quiet dignity, "will have to make some pretty long strides before it shall be able to gain that high position." This editor of *The Varsity*, in his third number, attacked us for publishing the Rolls of Honor and Class Honors, but we conditioned him in logic and have not heard from him since, although three weeks have elapsed. Now the exchange editor of *The Cornell Era* takes up the hatchet dropped by the *Varsity's* editor, and when he has finished an obit. to his liking he no doubt intends to chop off the heads of "the whole board of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC." He is welcome to try it, but he will have to prove himself a much better man in athletics than at the pen if he does not fail, and have his own head chopped off. In which case we will give him the gratuitous use of the obituary he intended for us.

—The exchange editor of *The Princetonian* thinks the SCHOLASTIC "a strange admixture of solid sense and puerile nonsense," and in this we believe he is not far wrong. This is only what might be expected of young people, most of whom have never seen their thoughts in print

except in the SCHOLASTIC, and seldom there. "The literary articles," continues the Princeton critic, "as a rule, are mature, and in cases where doctrinal points are discussed show a care, both as to logic and style, to which young writers seldom attain." This leads to the doubtful query as to "whether the good fathers who have the institution in charge, also keep a watchful eye upon the journalistic attempts of its students." We do not know to a certainty; but we think not; at least, as a rule, contributions for the SCHOLASTIC are not revised by those in the faculty who are priests. There may be exceptions, when a writer wishes to have his contribution revised, as a favor. "The editorials," continues the reviewer, "are juvenile." This, again, is but a natural consequence of youth in a writer; and as juvenility is not so great a fault after all—if it be a fault—we think our editorial writers get off cheap; many an editorial writer has had a much harder epithet pitched at his devoted head. The Princeton critic makes too much, however, of some remarks in our editorial columns in regard to "smoking on the sly," and thinks the editor goes too far for manly dignity in saying that a boy of principle will not do such things. Surely an old boy can advise a younger one not to do things that will get him into trouble. The remarks in question were intended for the small boys in the preparatory school, where smoking is forbidden and punished, and not for the larger ones, who are permitted to smoke. The editor also labors under a mistake when he thinks that violation of a college rule, "no matter of what nature it may be," is looked upon as a sin here, and that implicit confidence in the words of an instructor is essential to one's continuing a member of the College. This is not the case. Things here have not got to that pass, we are glad to say. As to the editorials, it is not a singular fact that opinions on the same subject often vary. Here, for instance, is what the exchange editor of the *College Journal*, Milton, Wis., thinks of one of them:

"Whoever enters our sanctum and chances to pick up the *Notre Dame Scholastic* invariably has a good word for it. In the main, we agree with the general verdict. However, its literary department is devoted too much to discussions upon subjects of religious differences. The editorial in the *Scholastic* of Oct. 16th upon discipline in college, is admirable both in sentiment and diction."

As to the religious sentiment permeating some of the articles in the SCHOLASTIC, it is a well known fact that Catholics, as a rule, are a bait for popular prejudice, and for this very reason, perhaps, the better class of Catholic boys feel it incumbent on them to put themselves in a position to defend themselves and give a good reason for the faith that is in them. If all non-Catholics were as magnanimous and liberal-minded as we believe the editors of *The Princetonian* to be, there would, very likely, appear less upon religious topics in our paper, as there would be no necessity for it.

—We found the following editorial paragraph occupying a conspicuous place on the first page of *The Varsity* for October the 30th, and laid it by until we would have the editor's reply to ours of the 30th arraigning the editor of that paper for a false accusation against us, and for using bad logic in seeking to criminate us. Nearly three weeks have elapsed, and *The Varsity* has not put in an appearance, although it purports to be a weekly. We defied the editor to prove the point he had taken, and thus give at least the semblance of truth to the assertion he had made against us. His prolonged delay, and the absence of this paper, is in our favor; we are naturally led to presume that he found himself bound by the chains of his own forging, and keeps his paper out of our way because he cannot confute our arguments. Here is the paragraph alluded to above; the *Varsity* printed it in italics, but we spare the printer's italic case:

"We again feel compelled to call attention to the prefectorial attitude of the 'Notre Dame Scholastic.' The following is taken from the issue of October 23:—Remember the sound advice given you on Sunday last by Rev. Father Walsh and you'll (sic) blush to even think of doing what is prohibited by the disciplinary regulations of the University. The circumstances under which University and College papers are established, prohibit, of course, as established by students, the editors from sermonizing on infractions of discipline. A principle is at stake, the glaring violation of which demands to be instantly and unreservedly condemned, and we earnestly request the University and college press in Canada and the United States to join with us in so doing."

Now, it looks very much as if the editor of *The Varsity*

had, for the nonce, allowed a bilious or splenetic humor to cloud his judgment, for he talks at random and as if he knew not whereof he speaks. "We feel compelled," etc. As if what we said in regard to a matter of discipline in a college in the northern part of Indiana could have concerned our Canadian friend in the least. He loses sight of the fact that it is considered a virtue for people to mind their own business and avoid intermeddling in that of others. "The circumstances under which University and College papers are established," he says, "prohibit (if, of course, established by students) the editors from sermonizing on infractions of discipline." Indeed! That is something new to us, and as we are not in the habit of crediting vague rumours we would like the *Varsity* editor to tell us (1) when such prohibition was made or became a law; (2) by whom; and (3) to what extent we, as college editors, are bound to forego our judgment of circumstances, right or wrong, in obedience to it. If there be such a law (as we feel confident there is not) it is much more generally honored in the breach than in the observance, for the editors of nearly all the best of our "University and College papers" have from time to time taken the liberty to admonish certain of their fellow-students when they thought that they deserved it, and when such admonition was called for by the general good of the college. The editor of *The Varsity* would, therefore, at least show consistency by condemning in all what he so patronizingly condemns in us. If he considers it "prefectorial" on our part to urge attention to the advice given certain students by Vice-President Walsh on a certain occasion, we can only say that he is at liberty to think of it just as he pleases; we were right in doing so, and the weight of his mere opinion cannot make it wrong. It does not make a particle of difference either way. We are old enough to judge for ourselves without going over to her majesty's dominion of Canada for advice on a matter that concerns only ourselves and the College here. Furthermore, in regard to precedent, we are in excellent company, and as there is plenty of it we do not care whether our Canadian friend (if he be a friend) joins us or not. To confound the more his intermeddling in what he is pleased to consider our "prefectorial attitude," we need only cite a few quotations from some of the leading "University and College papers" of the U. S., which happen to be at hand. Beginning at random, what does the Canadian editor think of the following from the Harvard *Crimson*, of the 12th inst.:

"It is to be regretted that so foolish a habit as that of hurrying out of chapel was ever contracted. It is irreverent, to say the least, not to wait in perfect order and decorum until the prayer is entirely finished; such childish lack of courtesy as is frequently displayed in chapel gives any stranger who may happen to be present an unfavorable impression of the good breeding of the students. We trust that there will be no further use of complaint on this score; for whatever be our opinions as to the advisability of compulsory attendance at prayers, every sensible person will see the necessity of good order and a dignity in a house dedicated to religious uses."

Will the editor of *The Varsity* make such a fool of himself as to assert that *The Crimson* did wrong in assuming a "prefectorial attitude" and publishing the foregoing? Or the *Amherst Student* (Oct. 9) in publishing the following:

"It ought to commend itself to every student that the proper way to conduct himself at the morning devotional exercises is with the propriety due to the occasion. We hope that the slight disturbance which occurred a few mornings since at the chapel will not be repeated."

Or *The Brunonian* (October the 16th), the following:

"Nobody is inclined to defend the thoughtless and inexcusable action which a few students seem to have performed on the ball grounds, the other night. The prompt action of the college, as a body in condemning the performance, ought to be sufficient to remove any blame which might otherwise come upon us. The faculty will doubtless look at the matter in this way, and be inclined to censure only the known few who participated," etc.

Or *The University* (Dec. 12, 1879) the following:

"It seems as if a few members of the law department have mistaken the object of the lecture room, by endeavoring to turn it into a pantomime show. Every man must remember that the same rules of order and conduct should be observed in the lecture as in the drawing-room; since a man in making a disturbance, and thereby becoming a nuisance, not only cheats himself of the benefit of the lecture, but also deprives every other man of the privilege of enjoying the recitation. But on the other hand, however great may be the annoyance or cause of provocation, the lecture room is no place to avenge private wrongs and grievances, least of all to depart from those rules of action which characterize a gentleman under any circumstances. We must bear in mind that on entering a lecture room we give up a part of that freedom of utterance and action which is allowed in a state of nature, for the privilege of attending the recitation. If a man cannot abstain from that free-

dom of action and utterance which is unbecoming a gentleman, through respect for himself, let him at least endeavor to do so out of respect for the professor lecturing, for his classmates, and the ladies who are present attending the lecture. We know this is the expression of all high-minded gentlemen in the department. We trust it is also that of every man in the University."

In a back number of the *Racine College Mercury* we find the following:

"Too often does this become a point of special study, as when the student thinks the most effectual mode of asserting his own importance is to assume a 'don't-care-for-anybody' air at all times, to continually make disturbances in the buildings, and in general to gratify his desire of fun (which with him generally means love of self-assertion and conceit, by making all around him uncomfortable."

And in *The Amherst Student*, for Sept. 25th:

"Hereafter when the President addresses us as 'young gentlemen of Amherst College,' we shall feel that it means something, that we have emerged from knee breeches and kilts, that the birch rod period is passed, and that we are men with the privileges and responsibilities of men. The old relation of teacher and taught as one of master and slave, has ceased to place its titanic obstacles in the way of the pleasant relations which ought to exist between those who are associated in a common search for truth. We trust that the good order and dignity of behavior on the part of the students during the coming year may be such as to crown with unmistakable success a plan which is as yet but an experiment. (Italics ours. E. S.) The old system had its virtues no less than its faults. But it has passed into its dotage. 'The King is dead. Long live the King!'"

We think these quotations should be enough to convince the *Varsity* man of the frame of mind in which he penned his italicized paragraph, if he is in any doubt about it. Meantime, assuring him that we think we are able to take care of ourselves and manage our own affairs without his assistance, and, furthermore, to help him to do away with some ridiculous features in his paper, which are prominent, but which we had discreetly and charitably passed without comment, we await his rejoinder to our reply of the 30th, on another subject, as we are anxious to see how he can make out that two and two make five.

College Gossip.

- Olivet College has 180 students.
- Virginia University has fifteen secret societies.
- Columbia College has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon General Di Cesnola.
- The Harvard *Echo* is said to have a circulation of 3,200 a week. Not bad for a college daily.
- The Jesuit College at Rome possesses the finest collection of numismatics in the world.—*Catholic Universe*.
- Tone student is walking with Distinguished Gent., whom he desires to impress with his own importance.
- The *Yale Lit.* offers a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars, for the best essay by an undergraduate subscriber.
- Men often jump at conclusions, so do dogs. One jumped at the conclusion of a Senior recently, and scared him not a little.—*Ex.*
- The new incumbent of the chair of Latin at Yale college, Professor Tracy Peck wants the Roman system of pronouncing Latin adopted there, and it will probably be done, beginning with the next class.
- "How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" Professor Stearns asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And a smart bad boy stood up and said it depended a good deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head, young fellow.
- The Philadelphia *Standard*, announces the death in that city, on the 22d ult., of Charles H. Budd, M. D., Professor of Natural History in Girard College, and previously Professor of Chemistry and the Natural Sciences at Franklin-Marshall College, Pa. The Professor was a man of high intellectual and moral qualities, a convert, and a devoted Catholic.
- Amid the political excitement manifested at other colleges, Notre Dame, to judge from her paper the *SCHOLASTIC*, is as much immersed in religious topics as ever.—*College Mercury*. We expect to get enough of politics after leaving college, whether we wish it or not, therefore we don't worry ourselves about politics now. But the election is over and the country safe, all the same.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 20, 1880.

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

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—"Though dark the present hour may seem
With sorrow, care and strife,
Though gladness may not shed a beam
Upon our sky of life,
Yet fear not—for amid the gloom
One hope is ever ours—
That faith may yet our life illumine
And bring us brighter hours."

What noble sentiments are contained in these few lines! They lay down a golden rule of life, adapted to men of every nation and clime under Heaven's beautiful firmament. For where is the man on the broad sea of life that does not meet with terrific storms on its changeful bosom? What man has ever lived who did not, at some stage or other of his existence, meet with reverses, misfortunes and embarrassments of some description or other, which almost plunged him into despair, by causing him to lose courage and self-confidence? Read the lives of the greatest heroes, in either the spiritual or temporal order, at any period of the world's existence, and you will find that they all had their share of sorrow, care, and strife; hours, when "gladness did not shed a beam upon their sky of life"; days, when all was gloomy and darksome; months—yea, years—when their very souls were stirred with the remembrance of deep, burning wrongs; or with disappointed hopes; desires, unattainable; sorrows, unassuaged; anxiety, and afflictions of every description. Yes: all of us have, and must of necessity have, our days of gloom. Man, created for something greater and nobler than a mere existence, cannot be satisfied with all the honors and distinctions which the world may bestow upon him; they are transitory, evanescent. Man, noblest of God's creatures, endowed with spiritual immortality, may be surrounded by all the pomp, splendor and magnificence

which the world is potent to bestow upon him, and yet he is not satisfied; he longs for something more. What more? has he not everything which the world can give? Yes: but there is yet a void; there is still an inexplicable longing after something else, something higher. Inexplicable? No: we retract the word. This unsatisfied desire is but that of the soul, which was not created for earth—Heaven is its destiny. 'Tis this longing of the spirit for the possession of its desire which makes man discontented with the world's most flattering honors, and makes "dark the present hour." 'Tis in that dark hour that we must "fear not, for amid the gloom, one hope is ever ours." What "hope" is ours? That brightest, holiest, purest of all hopes—that given us by Faith. In this hope is the balm for all our wounds. In it are found consolation, peace, happiness. 'Tis the hope, the only hope, we have that, no matter how fierce may be the winds that tempest-toss our fragile bark; no matter how loud the thunders crash from the lightning clouds, which send forth their forked messengers of death and destruction; though our ship's masts may be gone, and her timbers moan, there still remains that never-dying hope to cheer us on, to raise our drooping spirits, to calm our terrified and troubled souls,—that hope, that hope of faith, which "may yet our life illumine and bring us brighter hours."

—There has recently been established a new association under the name of Society for Political Education, non-partisan in its character, and, in the best sense, national in its scope. The Society is to be managed by an executive committee of twenty-five members, selected from different sections of the United States, many of them being experts in different departments of the study of social and political science. A singular feature of its organization is that it has no president, and thus avoids the risk of having its aims confounded with the idiosyncrasies of any individual chosen for its head. The correspondence of the Society is to be divided among five secretaries, one each for the East, including the Middle States, the Northwest, the Southeast, the Southwest, and the Pacific slope. Its executive committee, which is not yet filled up, now comprises Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College, New Haven; Hon. David A. Wells, of Norwich, Conn.; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., of Boston, Mass.; Geo. S. Coe, Horace White, Geo. Haven Putnam, R. R. Bowker, E. M. Shepard and R. L. Dugdale, of New York city; Franklin MacVeagh and M. L. Scudder, Jr., of Chicago, Ill.; Gen. Bradley T. Janson, of Richmond, Va.; Hon. John H. Ames, of Lincoln, Nebraska; A. Sydney Biddle, of Philadelphia, Pa.; A. Mitchell, of New Orleans, La.; Geo. Mason, of Galveston, Texas; and Peter Hamilton of Mobile, Ala.

The Society has selected as a course of reading for the first year Norhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Prof. Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Johnson's "History of American Politics," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." These volumes will be issued in a cheap edition, costing only \$3.00, specially published for the Society as a Library of Political Education, boxed in sets with uniform binding, and bearing the name of the Society on the cover. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, and Johnson, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, will be the publishing agents. Next year another set of books will be selected, and it is planned to extend the Library gradually according to the growth of the Society, until attention

shall have been given to the whole range of subjects comprised under Social Science. In addition to the Library, a series of tracts are to be published on economic and political subjects including among the earlier ones "What is a Bank?" by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, and Turgot's celebrated essay "On the Creation and Distribution of Wealth." This latter work, by the great finance minister of Louis XVI, although first published in 1766, and acknowledged to be one of the most valuable contributions ever made to economic literature, has never been published in the United States, and, so far as known, only once translated and published in the English language, and then most imperfectly, in a pamphlet, which appeared in London at the commencement of the present century.

The valuable pamphlets of the Honest Money League of the Northwest, which did such strong service for the country during its activity, will be continued, including a revision of Mr. Thos. M. Nichol's effective pamphlet on "Honest Money." It is proposed also to issue lists, recommending desirable courses of reading on economic and political subjects. Two such are now ready: a list of books on political economy and political science, recommended by Prof. Sumner, of Yale, and another on the Constitution of the United States, prepared by W. E. Foster, Librarian of the Providence Public Library.

There are two classes of membership: Active and Co-operating. Active members are such persons as will pledge themselves to read the books recommended by the Society for the official year and included in its Library of Political Education, and will pay an annual fee of 50 cents (which may be forwarded in postage stamps). Any person may become a Co-operating Member on the annual payment of \$5.00 or more, which shall entitle such members to receive all the tracts published by the Society. There are no other conditions or obligation of membership. The number of tracts to be published annually will depend chiefly on the amount of subscriptions received. It is also desired to establish a fund for furthering the general work of the Society, and for facilitating the placing of the above books and kindred literature in public and school libraries.

Members of the Society will, in addition to receiving without charge the tracts issued each year under the direction of the executive committee and the above specified recommendations of courses of reading, have the advantage of coming into direct communication with a body of experts who will aid them in selecting judiciously from the mass of books which issue yearly from the press, and will enable them to obtain certain classes of books at lower rates than if bought singly of the booksellers. Those interested, or who can interest others in the work, are invited to communicate with R. L. Dugdale, Secretary for the East and Acting Treasurer, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York, or M. L. Scudder, Jr., Secretary for the Northwest, 40 Portland Block, Chicago, Ill.

—That the Minim Department should have an opportunity of showing their perfect equality—moral, and social—with the Juniors and Seniors, their kind prefect, Bro. Amandus, C. S. C., deemed it necessary for the social reputation of his department—its moral and intellectual being unquestionable—to give a gala day to his young and interesting charges. For the Juniors, not long since, excursionized to Bertrand; and the happy, merry time they

had on that occasion was duly recorded in these columns. The Seniors, too, visited Mishawaka last week—and, of course, enjoyed themselves immensely, as will be evident to anyone examining our local columns. The Minims believe that they who laugh last, laugh best; and by the same token they believe that they who excursionize last, excursionize best—have the best time. They, therefore, filled with this idea, waited until last Sunday, when they too had their day. The objective point was no less a famously favorite spot than the St. Joe Farm. When the Minims go out for a day's enjoyment, they go out in style—that is, they employ the best horseflesh for conveying purposes that can be had; differing, in this respect, from their larger confrères, who always walk, alleging in excuse that they are benefitted physically, at least, from the exercise afforded them in walking ten or fifteen miles.

While the Minims are as particular, and perhaps even more so than their "big brothers," in taking the proper amount of physical training at the proper time, still they believe that there are exceptional occasions when this important affair may be overlooked, and ease and comfort taken as substitutes. Last Sunday morning was an occasion of this kind; and therefore was it that at eight o'clock on the same day five double teams drew up in front of the University, and in a few minutes were freighted with as merry, joyful, noisy, but orderly, a crowd of young boys as one would wish to see. In a short time the drivers cracked their whips and away sped the noble steeds with their youthful burdens, who could not take their departure from their *Alma Mater*, even for a day, without bidding her a cheering, but affectionate adieu. Accordingly cheer upon cheer rent the cool morning air; and ere the reverberating echoes had ceased the beautiful buildings of Notre Dame were lost to the Minims' fond vision. Nothing worthy of note occurred on the way, except that now and then the occupants of one or more of the vehicles would start some old familiar song, to be joined a moment later by the rest of the party; and then, indeed, would the welkin ring with the sound of many voices joined in sweet choral strains.

The St. Joe was reached in just one hour and a half from the time the College grounds were left—not bad time when we mention the fact of the St. Joe's being nine miles distant from the University, and that each vehicle was pretty well crowded. The first glimpse of the St. Joe was the occasion for another outburst of cheers, which were maintained at intervals until the St. Joe was reached, and the pedal extremities of each excursionist had come in contact with *terra firmâ*. The morning's ride had been rather cool, and therefore the places first visited were those where the most warmth was obtainable. Some made for the Farm House sitting-room, in which a grand old fire was blazing, while more directed their steps towards the steam-house, where they were most kindly received, and hospitably entertained by their old friend Brother Sebastian. Being made oblivious of the cold out-door air by the genial warmth of the steam-house and sitting-room, many were soon seen engaged in doing the Farm. There were a thousand-and-one things to be seen; the dairy to be visited, and the qualities of its contents to be subjected to the repeated tests of each individual; the horses, colts, etc., must receive their share of attention. And when these, with the many other things of interest around St. Joe, had claimed the attention of the observant little Minims for a couple of hours, the big farm bell gave

forth its loud peals, which had the effect of causing all to suspend further investigation into and examination of the many things of interest met with at every step, and to hasten from all sides towards the large dining-hall. Here the *maitre d'hôtel* had made ample provision to meet the requirements of the large party, which sat down to tables covered with everything which constitutes a first-class banquet. 'Twas evident from the rapidity with which roast and stewed chickens, roast beef, and pie, and cake of every kind, disappeared that the appetites of all present had been sharpened by the ride in the cool, fresh morning air. Dinner over, Brothers John, Henry, and others, conducted the little gentlemen to all the principal places of interest which as yet remained unexplored. All the good Brothers at St. Joe seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to make their little visitors happy. That their efforts in this respect were successful is a fact to which each and every Minim gives testimony. We must not forget mentioning the kindness of Rev. Father Shea, C. S. C., the Chaplain of St. Joe, which was felt by all on this occasion, and contributed very materially to the joy of the day. As for ourselves, we have so often been under obligations to Father Shea that an acknowledgment of them on an occasion like this would be improper. We will but say that we met with nothing but kindness on all sides.

A rich lunch was served at four o'clock; and forty-five minutes later all were again on their way to the University not, however, before giving three rousing cheers for St. Joe and bidding all thereat a kind adieu. The University was reached in time for supper; and here we took our departure from our little friends, feeling that we had spent a day most pleasantly in their midst. Rev. Father Kittel, Bro. Simon, and Mr. Regan, C. S. C., were of the party, and speak in unmis'akable terms of the pleasure they experienced on this occasion. We are sure that all the Minims feel most grateful to their kind prefect for their excursion to the St. Joe Farm.

The only drawback to their happiness was the absence of Very Rev. Father General, who regretted not being able to accompany the Minims, on account of a previous engagement he had made to preach at South Bend, on behalf of a new church which St. Joseph's congregation purpose building.

Personal.

- P. W. Tamble, '77, is residing near Nashville, Tenn.
- F. X. Claffey, '76, is teaching school at Niles, Mich.
- Ivo. Budeke, '69, is practicing medicine at Nashville, Tenn.
- A. Caren (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Columbus Ohio.
- Elias D. Riddle, '69, is practicing law in Central, Texas.
- Virgil McKinnon, '77, is engaged in business at Chicago, Ill.
- Frank Weisart (Commercial, '79) is keeping books at Vincennes.
- George Orr, '79, is residing with his father near Norwalk, Ohio.
- Robert Keenan, '79, is attending college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- J. Baggio (Commercial, '66,) has married and settled in Louisville, Ky.
- Rev. Jacob Lauth, C. S. C., ('68,) assistant priest at Austin, Texas, was here on a visit.
- Miss Gavin, the celebrated elocutionist, from Chicago, visited Notre Dame and St. Mary's last week.
- Hon. Jacob Wile, Mrs. Wile and daughter, of Laporte, were the guests of the President on Sunday last.
- Park Perley (Prep.), '79, has been unwell at his home in Missouri since his departure from Notre Dame.
- Roger Semmes (Prep.), '79, is attending school near Canton, Miss. He expects to return to Notre Dame next year.

—Eugene F. Arnold, '77, is engaged in the study of law, under the supervision of one of the best Washington city lawyers

—E. I. Forrester (Commercial, '72) Laporte, Ind., spent four or five days of last week in renewing his acquaintance at Notre Dame

—Mr. Imen, C. S. C., took his departure for Cincinnati last Wednesday morning. He will assume professorial duties in St. Joseph's College.

—R. H. Russell, '79, is following a literary course at Madison, Wis. Dick was on the SCHOLASTIC staff when he attended College here, and was a ready and graceful writer.

—Henry Cassidy, '77, is practising law at Youngstown, Ohio. We have recently been informed that he has entered the political arena, being a delegate to the State Convention.

—C. V. Larkin is employed by his brother Ed in the dry good business at Wheeling, West Va. We understand they intend removing to Chicago to prosecute the same business.

—Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., '52, is now the oldest living regular graduate of Notre Dame. He is the worthy and efficient pastor of a large English-speaking congregation at Stratford, Canada.

—Very Rev. President Corby lately received a letter from W. B. Moons of —, who is now residing at De Land, Florida, where he is engaged in improving and making an orange and lemon grove. He states that Mr. Shapply, of —, is also there, engaged in raising tropical fruits. He says in another part of his letter: "We often speak of you, and of our college days at dear o'd Notre Dame, and only wish that we could visit you and the dear old grounds again."

Local Items.

- Cold.
- Eureka!
- Sleighbing.
- Very cold.
- Well, let it snow.
- And still it snows.
- Lo, the poor turkey!
- Snow six inches deep.
- "Oh I winked at the wind."
- Get your skates ready, boys.
- Locals are scarce these days.
- Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!
- Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.
- Listen to the merry-sounding sleigh-bells!
- Will the Band "show up" Thanksgiving?
- The Columbians are in good working order.
- The Senior play-hall faculty can't be beaten.
- "Wait until I—hic!—kick that 'yaller dog.'"
- Handball is the favorite pastime of the Seniors.
- The Minims had a grand old time at the St. Joe.
- Prof. Edwards has our thanks for favors received.
- Prof. Lyons is the owner of an immense mocking-bird.
- "I can't sing without an orchestral accompaniment."
- Bro. Cornelius had out the first sleigh of this season.
- The "Corporal" is preparing a novel for publication.
- The Cannon was brought home from Mishawaka last Friday.
- We noticed the "Marshall" at the Pailopatians' sociable.
- Turkeys are coming; therefore the "Corporal" smil'eth a "smole."
- The members of the Law Class are digesting—"Porson on Contracts."
- There was but one hungry looking duck on the lower lake yesterday.

—Prof. Howard will soon deliver a lecture before the Columbian Club.

—Double windows now adorn the Scholastics' residence at Mt. St. Vincent.

—Thanksgiving next Thursday, and then the dissection of the big fat Turk—eh?

—Master Schäfer was caned on Wednesday evening. Wonder how he liked it?

—“Now is the winter of”—O pshaw! we were only trying to think of a local item

—Rev. Father Fallize, the parish priest of Lowell, was at the University on Tuesday.

—The “Baby” Sophomore protests that it was not he who was trotted around the Campus.

—The Academia held its second regular meeting on Wednesday evening. It was a lively one.

—Our Boston Medic deserves great praise for his prompt and skilful treatment of the Mishawaka sufferers.

—Prof. Paul has in his possession a Cross of the Legion of Honor, given to his father by the great Napoleon.

—The Columbian Club of the Commercial department is in a flourishing condition. Number of members, 28.

—Mr. Winter, a cold old friend of ours, is here. He will remain with us until the latter part of March, '81.

—Five more weeks until Christmas. Now, boys, let us see who will have the best class record during that time.

—The music produced by violins in the hands of Messrs. Aveline and Bloom is heartily appreciated by the Seniors.

—The ducks are quite numerous on the lakes, and, judging from the appearances of the hunters as they return, are very safe.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Presentation. *Missa de Angelis*, page 42 of the Kyriale, will be sung. Vespers, p. 36 of the Vesperal.

—The large telescope presented to the University by Napoleon III, is now in the hands of Brother Isidore, undergoing a thorough cleaning.

—The Professor of Anatomy uses every week the same razor he had sixty years ago when a young surgeon with Bonaparte in the Waterloo campaign.

—Our friend John is happy in his comparisons. He remarked to us the other day that Gray takes to that monstrous bicycle like a duck to the water.

—Father Hudson, we are glad to say, has been benefited by his trip to the East. We wish him a long and prosperous career in his favorite field of literature.

—The inclemency of the weather has forced Prof. Unsworth to discontinue his constitutionals. He is anxiously looking for the advent of the Indian summer.

—Prof. Lyons desires us to say that a reward not exceeding fifty dollars will be given to the one finding and returning to him the “Waiting for the Verdict.”

—Vice-President Walsh and the Rev. Prefect of Discipline “do” the lakes daily in quest of feathered victims. They never find any—at least they bring none back.

—The Prof. of Botany has received from Miss Delia Clarke, of Baltimore, a large collection of foreign ferns and flowers scientifically mounted, for which he returns thanks.

—The Cornet Band had a rehearsal on Wednesday afternoon. A new, pretty, but difficult piece was practiced. It will most likely be played at the coming dramatic entertainment.

—The Philopatrians desire us to state that they will not attempt to burn Bertrand this fall. This will undoubtedly be most welcome news for the inhabitants of that often perturbed city.

—Prof. Gregori is making studies for several large pictures to illustrate the life of Columbus. The scenes, twelve in number, are to be painted on the walls of the corridor leading into the rotunda.

—The influx of students to the Junior Department has been so great that a new dormitory had to be opened last week. Notre Dame has more students this year than at any other time since the panic of '71.

—The following students of the Minim Department deserve special mention for improvement in penmanship: Masters J. S. Courtney, D. G. Taylor, H. C. Snee, G. Tourtillotte, C. C. Echlin, F. Fischel, H. Metz, M. Olds, C. E. Droste and W. F. Hanavin.

—“Paws and reflect!” as the mule said to our friend John, who stood behind, lashing him—at the same time assisting John to a seat on a snow-bank by a fling of his pedal extremities. Our friend John says that since then he keeps a respectful distance from the mule family.

—At a meeting of the Academia, held Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th, Messrs. W. B. McGorrick and F. Grever were elected to membership. After the meeting adjourned the Director handed around “Bro. Thomas's Beat,” and with music and social converse the staff enjoyed themselves to their heart's content.

—Prof. Lyons, who has been President of the St. Cecilia Society for the last fifteen years, says that this year's members excel those of any former year, both in good conduct and gentlemanly behavior. On an average, not more than one or two members have been omitted from the Roll of Honor since the beginning of the session.

—The Seniors in the second dormitory, it seems, have no ear for vocal music. For oft in the stilly night ghost-like forms, with pillows under their arms, may be seen moving in hushed stillness towards the fat man's bed; and with bang! bang! they remind him that although his dreams may be pleasant the harsh grating sounds produced by his nasal organs are not.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th. Declamations were delivered by Masters Courtney and Van Mourick. Masters F. Farrelly and C. Echlin sang some good songs. Master E. Fischel was unanimously elected to membership. A grand chorus was sung by the whole Society, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Masters Rohrback, Hake, Brinkman, Hintze, Homan, Fleming, Livingston, Truschel, Smith, Mahon, McPhillips, Grever, Gall, Tinley and Jacobs resolved to prepare a surprise for their little companion, Master —, who is somewhat lame; so they bought and presented him with a beautiful cane. The presentation took place after supper, in the Juniors' refectory, on Wednesday.

—Last Tuesday was the anniversary of the entrance into this mundane sphere of J. J. McGrath of the Minim Department. Needless to say that he and his young companions celebrated the day in an appropriate manner. Johnnie received a “box” from home, well stocked with good things. He generously divided the contents of his box among his companions. They ask us to return him their thanks.

—The two mural paintings just finished in the Seniors' refectory, by Professor Ackerman, represent the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the Cathedral of Vienna. The artist is now engaged in drawing the outlines for a representation of St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice. When this is finished, he will paint the Kremlin at Moscow, the Cologne Cathedral, Milan Cathedral, Notre Dame, Paris, and the ruins of Melrose Abbey.

—The Philopatrians had a little jollification on Saturday evening, in Washington Hall. All seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. Mahon and Maher furnished the music for the occasion. Ex-Vice-President Start was present, and added much to the evening's enjoyment by singing several comic songs; “break downs” were given by Rohrback, Herrick, Kelly, Woodson, and a few others. Lunch was partaken of by McPhillips, Boose, Wilder, and all the others.

—On Sunday, the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin,—by transfer—the people of St. Joseph's Church South Bend, had the honor of being addressed by Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He preached in French and English; and in that eloquent and touching manner, so characteristic of himself; for Very R. v. Father General uses words with such energy and force as never fail to impress his audience.

—The sixth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place Friday evening, Nov. 19th.

Masters E. Munce and G. Haslam presented themselves for membership and were elected. Masters Rohrback, Woodson and Herrick appeared to advantage in vocal music selections. L. Gibert gave a declamation in French. Masters Browne, G. Schaefer, F. Wheatley, H. Devitt, H. Sells, H. Dunn, G. Woodson, A. Schmil, J. Wilder, G. O. Kane, J. Whelan, and E. Smith delivered declamations.

—The 8th regular meeting of the Columbian Association was held Tuesday, Nov. 16th. Messrs. Moran, Garrity and Thiel delivered declamations; and Mr. Jas. Cannon was elected. An extemporaneous debate—"Resolved, That Usury is a Theft"—was next in order. Messrs. H. O'Donnell, E. Taggart, and J. Cannon supported the affirmative side; and Messrs. J. M. Falvey, J. W. Quinn and G. S. Hagan that of the negative. The debate was well contested on both sides, but the decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

—The large room above the Columbian Hall is being fitted up as a repository for the collection of Indian curiosities and antiquities presented to the College by a former missionary among the tribes of Minnesota. The collection contains numerous articles of English manufacture, tomahawks, war-clubs, calumets, arrow-heads, cooking utensils made of horn, wicker-work, beads, necklaces composed of the claws of wild animals, several garments made from skins and cloth, besides a large number of photographs and lithographs illustrative of life among the aborigines.

—The Commercials of the Columbian Club held their 6th regular meeting Tuesday, Nov. 2d. After the regular proceedings, the following debate took place: "Resolved, That a Commercial Career Offers a Better Opening to a Young Man than a Profession does." Messrs. W. Young and W. J. Kelly supported the affirmative side of the debate, while Messrs. O'Donnell and Steis defended the negative. Decided in favor of the affirmative. At the 7th regular meeting, held Nov. 9th, the subject of debate was: "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should be Abolished. Affirmative, Messrs. Falvey and J. Brown; negative, Messrs. J. Quinn and G. Hagan. Decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Brehmer read an essay on Philosophy.

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Saturday evening, Nov. 13th. At this meeting, C. Brinkman read an essay on "Wm. Cullen Bryant and His Works"; N. Nelson spoke on John Philbot Curran; C. Tinley's essay was on "Wm. Shakespeare and The Drama"; W. D. Cannon read a composition on the works of J. Fennimore Cooper; and R. E. Fleming described "Robespierre and His Times." Public readers for this week are C. Tinley, J. O'Neill, H. Rose, J. Gordan, F. Grever, R. Fleming, and W. Cleary. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Bros. Leander and Simon for favors received; to the "Glee Club" and to the Orchestral Combination for music furnished at the Society's sociable.

—Mice have been of late annoying the "Corporal" to such an extent as to provoke him to the composition of the following:

"O micel if here you come for food, you'd better go elsewhere;
For in this cabin, small and rude, you'd find but slender fare.
Go where you'll meet with good fat cheese, and sweet dried figs
in plenty,
Where even the scraps will yield with ease a banquet rich and
dainty;
If to devour my books you come, you'll rue it, without question;
And find them all, as I find some, of very hard digestion."

The above lines may be taken as a specimen of the rich literature which will be found in that novel which the "Corporal" is so busy in preparing for publication.

—Master Henry Hake, of the Junior department, was called home last week to attend the wedding of his sister, which took place at Grand Rapids, Wednesday, the 10th inst. We clip the following short extract from a long account of the happy event which appeared in the Grand Rapids *Saturday Evening Post* of the 13th inst.: "The remarkably fine personal appearance and bearing of the married couple and their suite, all in full costume; the decorated interior of St. Andrew's; the large assembly, the three officiating priests in rich vestments, the acolytes ministering about the altar, all combined to make a spectacle elegant in itself, and long to be remembered by those who witnessed it, and whose sympathies fully followed the benediction, received by the young and happy couple, from the Church of their faith. In the evening a brilliant reception was given the young couple at Mr. Hake's residence, which was attended by some three hundred guests. Numerous elegant and costly presents bore substantial testimony to the esteem in which the bride is held by her friends. Hosts of friends unite in the wish that the journey of the young couple through life, together, may be ever as bright and happy as its beginning."

—About one o'clock, Friday afternoon, eighty-five of the Seniors started out for a trip to Mishawaka. The roads were in good condition, and the walking very agreeable, and enjoyed by all. Not many incidents of any account happened during the trip to town. "Sol" kept the company in good spirits by singing several songs. He was assisted by the "Glee Club," as a matter of course. We met with a few wild rabbits, etc., but as the Nimrods were not with us, they escaped unharmed. After a walk of about two hours, we reached the out-kirts of —, and in a short while after, crossed the bridge which leads into the town. When we arrived there, the "Cannon" went off gloriously, and everything seemed to predict a good day's sport. We then separated into small groups, and began to view the sights. Our friend John started off in search of the Barber of Mishawaka, but after wandering around for some time, and making vain inquiries, he found out that this person was just about as mythical as the moustache, which he was to have dyed. The three "Graces" went to the photograph gallery, for the purpose of having their pictures taken—they made a classical group. The photographer told them that the effect would be more striking if they had the picture of the group painted. After a brief consultation, they decided to have the picture painted. The artist is now at work on it, and it will make a great work if justice be done it. I believe it is their intention to have it exhibited in the different art galleries throughout the country. At the request of the Principal of the High School, the "Corporal," in company with several friends, visited that institution, and were kindly received and conducted through the building. In the course of conversation, the Principal said to the "Corporal": "I suppose you will give a good performance this evening?" Of course the "Corporal" asked for an explanation, and the Principal told him that he thought that he [the Corporal] was manager of a dramatic company which was to perform that evening. The Principal kindly requested Mr. K— to examine the 1st Latin Class. Of course Mr. K— complied. The examination proved a very satisfactory one to all, except the "Corporal," who objected to the pronunciation given some of the Latin words. I suppose the "Corporal" is a judge in this respect, as he's a finished Latin scholar. He finished in 8th Latin. After thanking the Principal for his kind attentions, we left the school, and after wandering around for a short time, we proceeded to the place of meeting. It was intended to take the train at five o'clock, but on account of the great number of interesting affairs which riveted our attention, all did not assemble at the appointed place till half-past five. The train, of course, didn't wait for us, so we had to walk home. As we were walking quietly along, and talking of the events of the day, the "Corporal" suddenly said to Harry: "It seems to me that I see a phantom before me." Harry looked in the direction indicated, and said: "It seems to me that the phantom is the skeleton the 'Medics' have been seeking." The "Corporal" said he did not know whether it was or not, but said he'd soon find out. So, approaching the supposed ghost, he administered a Number 9 to it; or, in other words, introduced his "shoemaker" to the supposed ghost's "tailor." The ghost turned upon the "Corporal" and would have pulverized him, had not the "Corporal" said that he only wanted to be a little friendly. After walking briskly for about one hour and a half we reached the University, pretty well tired out. The next thing in order was to extend a vote of thanks to Bros. Ireneus and Albert for their kindness. This done, and supper over, all retired well satisfied with the day's sport.

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.

T. Kavanaugh, J. L. Noonan, Geo. Clarke, W. B. McGorrick, J. Solon, W. H. Arnold, E. J. Taggart, J. J. Casey, B. Casey, L. E. Clements, E. Otis, J. N. O'her, F. Smith, W. I. Brown, J. F. Brown, J. C. Newman, F. E. Kuhn, J. De'anev, A. Zahm, C. Brehmer, W. J. McCarthy, W. J. Kelly, W. R. Young, G. L. Hagan, H. A. Steiz, J. M. Falvey, C. H. Thiele, J. McNamara, R. Le Bourgeois, T. F. Clarke, L. Mathers, E. G. Sugg, J. P. Hagan, W. Rotterman, J. A. McIntyre, J. O'Keilly, F. J. Garrity, G. E. Sugg, F. W. Ward, E. Piper, B. F. Smith, W. E. Hoffman, L. W. Sittel, A. A. Bodine, D. R. Phillips, D. A. Harrington, J. J. McE'lain, G. L. Tracy, J. Malone, E. McGorrick, F. Godfroy, A. Weisheart, W. P. Fishburn, C. H. Van Dusen, L. M. Proctor, F. M. Bell, F. M. Morrison, J. Avaline, W. R. Johnson, E. Troxel, B. Eaton, J. Redmond, W. Jones, R. M. Anderson, D. Ryan, G. Metz.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, F. A. Boone, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, J. A. Casey, J. Courtney, E. Cullinane, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, J. W. D-vitt, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, J. J. Gordon, E. F. Gall, F. H. Grever, W. Gray, H. P. Hake, A. J. Hantz, J. T. Homan, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Keine, C. C. Kolars, Frank McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. S. Mannin, H. W. Morse, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orriek, J. P. O'Neill, L. O'Donnell, C. F. Perry, F. A. Quinn, A. N. Rohrback, C. F. Rose, H. L. Rose, J. Ruppe, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, G. G. Schäfer, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, J. Wommer, F. J. Woehner, F. W. Wheatley, G. Woodson, T. Williams, W. Weny, J. H. Bennett.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, C. E. Droste, H. E. Kutz, J. A. Kelley, G. E. Tourtillotte, F. McGrath, F. Fishel, H. A. Snee, A. Molander, W. Taylor, D. O'Conner, C. C. Echlin, F. Maroney, W. B. rhelet, W. F. Hanavin, J. J. McGrath, J. Fra'n, A. H. Chirhart, J. C. Haslam, E. A. Howard, J. Ruppe, J. H. Dwenger, M. E. Devitt, L. J. Young, F. Farrelly, B. A. Bender, C. Metz, W. J. Miller, J. E. Chaves, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. Young, E. B. Bagard, H. Ackerman, E. S. Chirhart, A. B. Van Mourick.

Class Honors.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

R. Adams, J. Cannon, F. Dever, J. Delaney, T. Kavanaugh, J. McNamara, H. O'Donnell, E. Sugg, A. Coghlin, P. Joyce, C. Rietz, J. Scanlan, G. Si vermann, J. Falvey, W. Fishburn, G. L. Hagan, W. E. Hoffman, W. Johnson, F. E. Kuhn, W. J. Kelly, R. Le Bourgeois, J. A. McIntyre, J. C. Newman, J. W. Quinn, H. Steis, C. Thiele, F. Ward, W. R. Young, D. R. Phillips, T. Flynn, E. Gall, J. Guthrie, H. Hake, F. Kleine, J. W. Start, E. Fishel, A. Bodine.

List of Excellence.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—J. Martin, A. Bodine, G. Truschel, A. Kory, S. Henoch, W. Johnson, C. Brehmer, W. P. Mahon, G. Hagan, W. J. Kelly, J. Newman, Grammar—F. Kleine, J. Scanlan, J. Falvey, W. R. Young, I. E. Kuhn; Geography and History—F. Keine, C. Murdock, J. Heffernan, E. Croarkin, G. Silverman, Jas. Heffernan, J. Morgan, F. McPhillips, W. Coghlin, C. Murdock, H. O'Donnell, J. Kelly, T. Kavanaugh, J. Falvey, J. Cannon, F. Dever; Arithmetic—J. Falvey, H. O'Donnell, G. Silverman, C. Breamer, P. Joyce, J. Scanlan; Book keeping—R. C. Adams, G. Silverman, H. O'Donnell, C. Rose, J. H. Burns, E. Fischel, H. Steis, J. McIntyre, J. Guthrie, H. Hake, F. Keine, J. Heffernan, G. Truschel, W. Johnson, J. W. Quinn, W. R. Young, J. C. Newman, Jas. Cannon, F. E. Kuhn, R. Le Bourgeois, G. L. Hagan, F. Ward, J. Falvey, W. J. Kelly; Penmanship, A. T. Moran, N. W. Morse.

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On and after Sunday, Nov 7 1890, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

3 25 a.m. Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50 a.m., Cleveland 2 30 p.m.; Buffalo 8 15 p.m.
1 05 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 45 p.m., Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.
9 12 p.m. Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3 40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p.m.
12 16 p.m. Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p.m., Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.
6 21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10 35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1 45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7 25 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a.m. Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.
5 05 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m., Chicago 8 30 a.m.
8 03 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9 47 a.m.; Chicago, 11 30 a.m.
1 16 p.m. Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2 12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2 52 p.m.; Chicago 4 41 p.m.
4 50 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 38; Chesterton, 6 15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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

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

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

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'lpt.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	† Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich City -	9 25 "	11 18 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 25 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

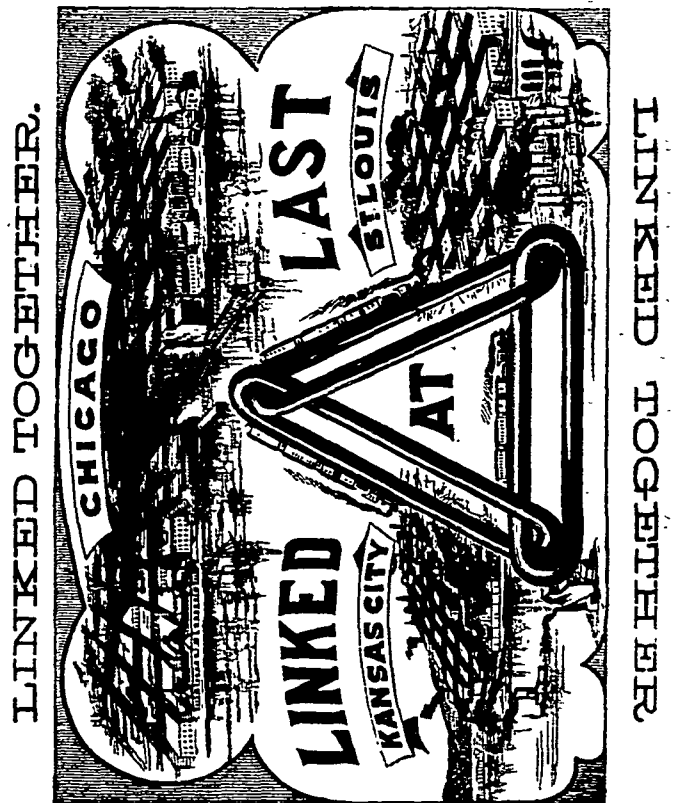
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	† Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 60 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	3 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

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

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill. H. B. LINDYARD, Gen'l Manager, Detroit, Mich. G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

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Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

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

Going North.	STATIONS.		Going South.	
	LEAVE	ARRIVE		
1.25 a. m.	Michigan City,	9.35 a. m.	8.05 p. m.
2.38 "	1.55 p. m.	La Porte,	10.23 "	9.57 "
2.14 "	1.36 "	Stillwell,	10.41 "	9.20 "
11.55 p. m.	1.16 "	Walkerton,	11.00 "	9.47 "
11.24 "	12.46 "	Plymouth,	11.35 "	10.33 "
10.34 "	11.53 a. m.	Rochester,	12.27 p. m.	6.25 a. m.
10.58 "	11.14 "	Denver,	1.05 "	7.11 "
10.35 "	10.53 "	Peru,	1.30 "	7.25 "
9.08 "	10.24 "	Bunker Hill,	1.59 "	1.01 "
8.38 "	9.55 "	Kokomo Junction,	2.32 "	1.31 "
7.54 "	9.14 "	Tipton,	3.16 "	2.23 "
7.12 "	8.30 "	Noblesville,	4.00 "	3.04 "
6.10 "	7.30 "	Indianapolis,	5.00 "	4.0 "

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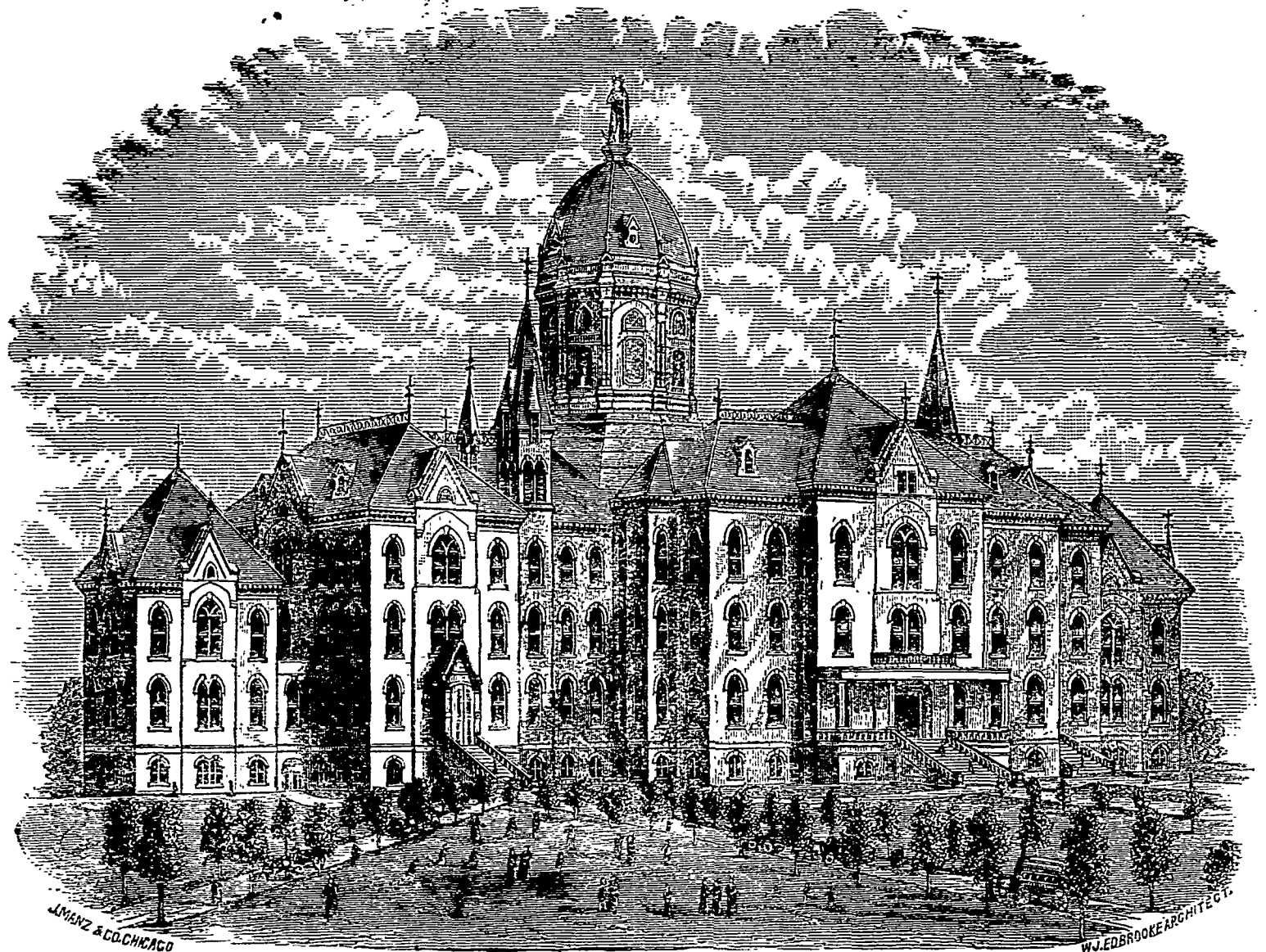
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