

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Souvenirs de Mejico.

I.

THE PRAIRIE SUNSET.

Some say that Vulcan is not really dead,
And that he labors still within his caves;
That all his olden glory has not fled,
But proudly still o'er all the wide earth waves.
And these have oft beheld the glittering sky
Reflect the flames which leap from his huge forge.
Behold the prairie sunset. Let the eye
See what a golden glory lights this gorge,
And how the vast horizon glows with flame,
How streams of liquid gold dance e'er the earth:
And this has brought to them the thought of Vulcan's name,
And proved the storied god's exalted worth.
Let him who doubts that glorious Vulcan lives,
Think on the light his forge at sunset gives.

II.

NUEVA MEJICO.

The glamour of the old romantic years
Hangs over thee, Nueva Mejico,
And o'er thy landscapes and thy towns appears
The rare, quaint coloring of the long ago.
The air we breathe is pregnant with the wine
Of memories of the grand historic past;
The musty odor of old times is thine,
And in thee nature has herself surpassed.
If on this earth there be a Lotus land,
That land, Nueva Mejico, is thine;
For, floating o'er thee, seen on every hand,
The glories of the past and present shine.
Thou offerest misers glittering gold,
And for the dreamer dearest fancies hold.

III.

MEXICO.

Mexico! land of romance and of dreams,
Land o'er which flit the furtive ghosts
Of Cortez and his followers, whose wild schemes
Led them to battle with the Aztec hosts!
Fair land, where nature revels in delight,

Where most luxuriant verdure gladdens man,
Where mountains rise up in majestic might,
Where there is greater wealth than sense can span.
Dear land, where it is always summer time!
Fair nature's glories feed the sense and soul,
And, 'mid the pleasures of thy genial clime,
The heart rejoices in the perfect whole.
The dearest joys thy dreamer seeks to know,
The heart may share in glorious Mexico.

ELIOT RYDER.

Henry Clay.

BY R. E. FLEMING.

Henry Clay, possibly the greatest political orator and statesman America ever produced, was born in Hanover County, Virginia, not far from the birth-place of the illustrious Patrick Henry, on the 12th day of April, 1777. When he was quite young, his father, who was a respectable Baptist clergyman, died, leaving him and his widowed mother in rather uncomfortable circumstances. Young Clay's resources not permitting him to go through a classical course of studies, he received only a limited education during the short time he attended a common school, and that was obtained only by the greatest industry and hard labor on his part. But although his career was begun under such difficulties and hard trials as these, he was destined by Divine Providence to take in after-life an active part in the legislation of the United States, and to become a shining star in the galaxy of orators and statesmen of his native land.

In 1792, Clay, who was then only fifteen years of age, entered the office of Peter Tinsley, Esq., clerk of the High Court of Chancery, in the humble capacity of office-boy. While in this position, he devoted all his spare moments to hard study, thereby adding a great deal to his limited store of knowledge. Little did Mr. Tinsley think that his office-boy would, ere long, take such an active part in the government of the nation, or preside over the important discussions of his fellow-countrymen in the halls of Congress. At the age of nineteen, Clay commenced the study of law; and at twenty, having been admitted to the bar, he removed to Lexington, Ky., to practice his profession. Here, probably the better to accustom himself to the principal part of his profession—that of declaiming,—he joined, shortly after his arrival, a debating society, in which he commenced his career as an orator. At the commencement of his first effort at debate he was so much confused and embarrassed that he addressed the President of the Society by the appellation of "Gentlemen of the

jury." This, of course, called forth—at his expense—a burst of laughter from his listeners. But he soon gained complete mastery of himself, and surprised his hearers by the delivery of a speech the eloquence of which was probably never excelled by him in after-life. In the course of his speech he put forth such a force of convincing argument that he was ever afterwards regarded as "the leading champion in all the debates of the society," and his fellow-members, who in the beginning derided him, were now forced to acknowledge him their superior.

Having seen how this great statesman began, let us follow him in his rapid success in the political world. In 1803, being then only in his twenty-sixth year, he was elected to represent his district in the Kentucky Legislature, where he highly distinguished himself. In 1806, on the occurrence of a vacancy in the United States Senate, he was chosen to fill the unexpired term, at the termination of which he was for the second time elected to the Legislature of his adopted State, and was highly honored by the members of that body, who, for several consecutive years, chose him to be their speaker. In 1809, he was again elected to the Senate, to fill another vacancy. While in this office, Mr. Clay always took a chief part in the debates of the principal subjects before Congress, and warmly advocated internal improvements, domestic manufactures, and a protective tariff. His many eminent orations on these and other important questions gained for him a reputation as a politician attained by few American statesmen. It seemed that the American people were unwilling to part with the important services of this distinguished man. His term in the Senate had no sooner expired than he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States, and took his seat on the 4th of November, 1811. On the first day of the Congressional session the members showed the great esteem they entertained for him by unanimously electing him their Speaker—a mark of respect and honor never before bestowed upon a new member. This exalted position he maintained, with the exception of two short intervals, until 1825, when President John Quincy Adams chose him for his Secretary of State. He was elected Speaker of the House seven times, and occupied the chair in all about thirteen years. Mr. Clay, besides possessing great influence over the members of his party, was, probably, the ablest Speaker that ever presided over the House of Representatives of the United States. He directed the many discussions of that body with an intellectual capacity and shrewdness never excelled, if ever equalled, by any other Speaker before him. From the first, he strongly advocated the declaration of war made June 19th, 1812, against Great Britain. During this war, he delivered probably the most eloquent speech of his life, on "The New Army Bill," which he closed with these patriotic words: "In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but if we fail, let us fail like men—lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for Free Trade and Seamen's Rights!"

Early in the year 1814 Mr. Clay, together with several others, was appointed to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain. Although the youngest of the commissioners, he took, nevertheless, a very active part in the negotiation, none contributing more than he to render the treaty both speedy and satisfactory. On his return to the United States, he was received with every demonstration of joy on the part of the people. They lavished honors of every

description upon him, and regarded him as the chief cause of the peace and harmony then reigning. Mr. Clay received all these marks of esteem with that becoming modesty which is always a true sign of exalted merit. Re-elected to Congress, on taking his seat in Dec., 1815, he was again, by unanimous assent, chosen Speaker. During this term he vigorously favored the Emancipation of South America, and on this subject and that of the Greek Revolution, the halls of Congress resounded with the eloquence of some of the most powerful and illustrious orations of his life. Mr. Clay continued in this office until 1825, when, as was stated above, President Adams appointed him his Secretary of State. At the close of Mr. Adams's term, Mr. Clay retired to private life, hoping to procure the rest which, in consequence of his laborious duties, he so much needed. But his countrymen would not permit him to remain inactive, and they again sent him to the United States Senate, there to employ his valuable services in their behalf. This was in 1831. He remained in this office until his resignation in 1842, during which time he did a vast amount of good for his country. One of the most important of his services while in the Senate was the introduction on the 12th of February, 1833, of his famous Compromise Bill, which, for so long a time, kept at a distance that terrible conflict by which our country was deluged in blood. This bill was vigorously opposed by Daniel Webster and others; but Mr. Clay, in a speech overflowing with sentiments of the purest and noblest patriotism, replied to their arguments and secured its passage. Besides the Compromise Bill, Mr. Clay, while in the Senate, rendered many other important services to his country.

On the 31st of March, 1842, on the occasion of Mr. Clay's resignation of the senatorship, the Senate chamber was filled with a large audience, eager to hear his farewell address. While the stillness of death reigned over this vast assemblage, Mr. Clay rose, and in a most pathetic and eloquent speech addressed the multitude. In the course of his address he showed how feebly the honorable but laborious position of Senator compares with the happiness to be derived from leading a private life, surrounded by a loving family circle, and the great pleasure implied in that one word—home. He also dwelt at some length, and in an able manner, on the generosity and kind-heartedness of the Kentucky people in showering upon him, although only an adopted son, the greatest honors in their gift, and in treating him as a favorite rather than a foster-child—a glowing, but at the same time a truly deserving tribute. He also offered an humble apology to any, of his brother senators whose feelings might have been wounded by any language unintentionally used by him during the excitement of debate; asking their forgiveness, and begging that their little personal disputes be buried in the oblivion of the past. He concluded his farewell address by saying: "May the most precious blessings of Heaven rest upon the whole Senate, and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. When you shall return to your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell." The pathetic strain in which these last few sentences were uttered brought tears to the eyes of many of the spectators, some of whom were Sena-

tors. Seeing this, one of the members proposed to adjourn the Senate for that day, which was accordingly done; and the crowd dispersed, having listened to one of the finest and most impressive orations ever delivered on the American continent. Mr. Clay now determined to carry out his previous intention of retiring to private life; and after the last farewells to a few of his intimate friends, he repaired to his Kentucky home. In 1844, the Whigs nominated him for President, but he was defeated by the election of James K. Polk. In 1848, Mr. Clay was again unanimously elected to the Senate, but the laborious functions of his office, and the great degree to which he exerted himself in debating on the Slavery Question and other important discussions, greatly impaired his health, and he died on the 29th of June, 1852, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

During the last fifty years of his life, which he spent almost exclusively in the service of his country, Henry Clay probably did more for its prosperity and advancement than any other statesman of his day. On the 10th of July, 1852, all that was mortal of this great orator and statesman was laid to rest in the cemetery at Lexington, Ky. His loss was deeply felt in the Senate, and deplored throughout the country as a national calamity. Several beautiful encomiums were passed upon him in Congress, after his death by some of his fellow-members, among whom was Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky.

Henry Clay was possessed of all those excellent qualities which combine to make the true statesman. He was principally remarked for the great control which he always held of his audience, and also for his easy, graceful, and natural manner of delivery.

Western Learning.

Perhaps every person who is somewhat advanced in life can remember some incident of his early life which he would like to forget, something that resulted from the freshness and vast inexperience of youth. I remember one which I have spent a good deal of time trying to forget. Just before the Union Pacific Railroad reached Bitter Creek country I made my first overland trip to the Pacific coast. I staged it from the then terminus of the Union Pacific to the Central Pacific, which was pushing East. The stage broke down on Bitter Creek, and the passengers had to walk to the next station. I grew tired of walking before I reached the station, and coming late in the afternoon to where some teamsters were camped, I concluded to stop with them for the night. On asking their permission so to do, they assented so heartily that I felt at home at once. In my thoughts I pitied them on account of the hard life they led, and spoke to them in a kind tone, and endeavored to make my conversation instructive. I plucked a flower, and pulling it to pieces mentioned the names of the various parts—pistil, stamens, calyx, and so on—remarking that it must be indigenous to the locality, and spoke of the plant being endogenous, in contradistinction to oxogenous, and that they could see that it was not cryptogamous. In looking at some fragments of rock my thoughts wandered off into geology, and, among other things, I spoke of tertiary and carboniferous periods, and of the pterodactyl, ichthyosaurus and dinotherium. The teamsters looked at me, then at each other, but made no response. We squatted down round the frying-pan to take

supper, and as the big fellow, with his right hand, slapped, or sort of larruped, a long piece of fried bacon over a piece of bread in his left hand, sending a drop of hot grease into my left eye, he said to the one-eyed man:

"Bill, is my copy of Shakespeare in yo' wagon? I missed it to-day."

"No; my volume of Tennyson and the Italian poets is thar—no Shakspeare."

The lank-looking teamster, biting off a slice of bread about the size of a saucer, said to the big man in a voice which came huskily through the bread: "Jake, did you ever read that volume of poems that I writ?"

"No: but I hev often hearn tell on 'em."

"Yer 'Musin's of an Idle Man?'" spoke up the red-headed man, addressing the poet.

"Yes."

"Have read every line in it a dozen times," said the teamster with the red hair; as he sopped a four-inch swath, with a piece of bread, across a frying-pan, he repeated some lines.

"Them's they," nodded the poet. "The Emp'r of Austr'y writ me a letter highly complementin' them po'ms."

"They're very techin'," added the wiry man.

I took no part in these remarks. Somehow I didn't feel like joining in.

The wiry man, having somewhat satisfied his appetite, rolled up a piece of bacon rind into a sort of single-barrel opera-glass and began to squint through it toward the northern horizon.

"What yer doin', Dave?" asked the stout man.

"Takin' observations on the north star. Want to make some astronomical calkilations when I get inter Sacramenter."

"Well, yer needn't ter made that tel'scope. I could er took yo' observation for yer, bein' as I ain't one eye."

"Get out thar, yer darned old carboneferous pterodactyl," yelled the old ham-jawed driver to an ox that was licking a piece of bacon.

"I give a good deal of my time to 'stronomy when I was in Yoorup," remarked the tall man.

"Over thar long?" asked one.

"Good while. Was minister to Rooshy. Then I spent some time down ter Rome."

"Rome!" exclaimed the lank individual.

"Was born thar. My father was a sculptor."

"Good sculptor?"

"Yes."

"Well, one would er thought it to look at yer."

"I never was in Yoorup," remarked the one-eyed man.

"When I occypied the cheer of ancient languages in Harvard College my health failed, and the fellers that had me hired wanted me ter go ter Yoorup for an out, but I concluded to ter come West to look—Hold up thar, yer infernal old flea-bitten itchy'saurus," he bawled to an ox that was chewing a wagon cover. I felt hot and feverish, and a long way from home.

"I got ready at once, to go ter Rome—wanted to complete my studies thar—but give it up," said the one called Dave.

"What for?"

"They wanted me to run for guv'ner in Virginny."

"Yer beat 'em?"

"Thunder, yes."

"Why didn't yer stay thar?"

"Well, when my job as Guv'ner give out they 'lected me

'Piscopal bishop, an' I hurt my lungs preachin'. Come West for my lungs."

"Found 'em?"

"Well I'm improvin'."

I did not rest well. As day came on, and the men began to turn over in their blankets and yawn, the tall one said:

"Hello, Bill, how yer makin' it?"

"Oh, I'm indigenous."

"An' Dave?"

"I'm endogenous."

"An' you, Lanks, you son of a sculptor?"

"Exegenous."

"How do you feel, Jake?" inquired one of the three who had responded.

"Cryptogamous, sir, cryptogamous."

I walked out a few steps to a little stream to get a drink. I felt thirsty, and I ached. Then I heard a voice from the blankets:

"Wonder if them durned ole dinothrums of ourn air done grazin'?"

Then a reply: "I guess they've got to the tertiary period."

I walked a little piece on the road to get the morning air. I kept on.—*Catholic Visitor*.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Dr. Walsh, the President of Maynooth College, has published a "Tractatus de Actibus Humanis," a work that cannot fail to be of great service to ecclesiastical students, and especially for those who use Gurly's text-book.

—Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 425 feet long, 225 feet wide, with 127 columns sixty feet high, each one the gift of a king—it was 100 years in building. The large pyramid was 481 feet in height, and eighty-one feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 250,800 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delyhos was so rich in decorations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

—"There is always," says a recent eminent writer, "a period of 'grind' so very distasteful that many a student will declare that he 'hates music,' and wishes to give it up, when a little perseverance would make of him an excellent musician." And, accordingly, as numerous examples prove, if we only refer to the many "mechanical" artists we often listen to, everybody of good general education and a moderate taste for music can accomplish something. The love of art often exists without great talent for it. But cultivation can do much; it can conquer obstacles and attain almost any goal, if a firm determination is taken and pursued with earnest zeal. A mass of difficulties will disappear before the student's ardor and perseverance. If resolved to overcome them, they will assume the insignificance of mole-hills. Who can define limits to an unbending will—who can confine the power of firm resolution? It is an effusion of godliness itself, before whose all-conquering power difficulties disappear like the mists before the morning sun.

—The following charming anecdote is related by the well-known French writer, Legouv  : "The father of Malibran, the celebrated singer Garcia, was possessed of an extremely violent temper, which was the means of finally causing a complete separation between father and daughter; this separation had already lasted several years, when one day the play-bill of the Theatre Italien announced "Othello," with Garcia as *Othello* and Malibran as *Desdemona*. The daughter was admirable as ever,

and the father, who evidently did not want to be surpassed was again the Garcia of his best years. The success was immense, and the persistent applause compelled the raising of the curtain after the first act. Then *Desdemona* was seen to be as black as *Othello*. The emotion created by their mutual play had induced the daughter to throw herself into the arms of her father, and in this hearty embrace the painted face of *Othello* had left its traces on that of *Desdemona*; but, says Legouv  , who witnessed the performance, no one thought of laughter: the audience understood what this scene, in itself so grotesque, concealed in the way of emotion, and enthusiastically applauded this father and daughter who had been reconciled by their art.

—A timely interest is given by the death of George Eliot to the new edition of her masterpiece, "*Romola*," just issued by the American Book Exchange, New York. It shows her work at its best and strongest, and at the same time gives the reader the opportunity to acquire a lasting familiarity with the scenes and society of medi  val Italy. It is one of the few really great historical novels of the world. It is issued in handy and beautiful form, extra cloth binding, simple but rare elegance and taste in design, and like the other issues of "Literary Revolution," its cost is almost nominal, viz.: 35 cents. It is one of a series intended to form a library of classic fiction, which will include one representative and characteristic work of each of the great authors who have won lasting fame in the realm of fiction. Life is too short and too full of work to permit the reading of *all* that is beautiful and valuable in these creations of the imagination. But even very busy people can find time to read *one* book by each of the score of authors who have won immortal fame and place in the affections of the people. Not to be acquainted with them is to be ignorant of much that is most important and most interesting in the history of nations and of men. Not to possess them is to be deprived of most fruitful and profitable sources of enjoyment. Among those issued or nearly ready are Scott's "*Ivanhoe*," Bulwer's "*Pompeii*," Irving's "*Knickerbocker*," Cooper's "*Mohicans*," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "*Adventures of Don Quixote*" and "*Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt*." Full catalogue of standard publications will be sent on request, by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

Scientific Notes.

—An investigation made by a Berlin physician into the facts and data relating to human longevity shows the average age of clergymen to be 65; of merchants, 62; clerks and farmers, 61; military men, 59; lawyers, 58; artists, 57; and medical men, 56.

—The average weight of the brain of a fish, compared with the weight of its body, is as 1 to 5.668; that of a reptile, 1 to 1.321; a bird, 1 to 212; a monkey, 1 to 20; a horse, 1 to 768. The average weight of the brain of a man, compared with that of his body, is ordinarily as 1 to 50.

—Engineers of steamships have found that the best lubricants are glycerine for the cylinders and castor-oil for the bearings. When castor-oil is used, the main bearings seldom become heated. Only the best glycerine can be employed with advantage, but when it is of a high grade the results leave little to be desired.

—A solution of 5 per cent. phosphate of ammonia will prevent ladies' clothing from burning with flame, and a solution containing 5 per cent. alum and 5 per cent. phosphate of ammonia will likewise save linen and woolen stuffs. The clothes lose their incombustibility, however, by wetting or washing.

—The manufacture of bottle corks is a considerable source of wealth in France. The annual production of corks amounts to 1,283,000,000, and it is valued at about \$3,100,000. The value of the raw material is estimated at about \$600,000. The French Government has formed a number of plantations of the cork oak in Algiers, Africa. Parts of the United States are well adapted to the successful cultivation of the *Quercus suber* or cork oak.

—The discovery of beds of genuine anthracite in the Far West is one of the surprises of recent explorations in New Mexico. Bituminous coal is common enough west of the Mississippi, but veins of true anthracite have generally been confined to the "wildest prospectuses." That there are inexhaustible beds of anthracite in the Old Placer range, and that the coal compares well with the Pennsylvania deposits, is the conclusion which a New York *Tribune* correspondent has reached after going over the ground.

—Among the curious sights to be seen in Paris must be reckoned the toad market. Toads are there sold by the barrel. Think of it!—toads selling like potatoes! Who buys them? Vegetable gardeners. Why? For the reason that toads devour insects that would otherwise devour the vegetables. Who devours the toads! Contrary to some ideas—not the French people. But toads are being sold now, not devoured, and it is with the selling we are interested. How do they vend them? The man in blouse bares his arm, and thrusts his open hand into the slimy swim, and brings up two, three, or four gymnastic toads, wriggling and writhing. He points out their merits, and delivers in a box by the dozen to the eager market-gardener, who takes his choice and pays his price. The buying and selling is done expeditiously and quietly, and the profit to the vendors is great.

—Prof. Boyd Hawkins has lately shown in his "Early Man in Britain" that "although the Neolithic men were immeasurably above the Cave-men in culture, they were far below them in the arts of design"; and further, that the Cave-man "possessed a singular talent for representing the animals he hunted, and his sketches reveal to us that he had a capacity for seeing the beauty and grace of natural form, not much inferior to that which is the result of long-continued civilization in ourselves, and very much higher than that of his successors in Europe in the Neolithic age." That this faculty of design or artistic aptitude is still independent of advanced or advancing civilization is shown by Dr. Holub in a paper "On the Central South African Tribes," just published in the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute. Mr. Holub remarks in connection with the Bushmen that these people, "regarded as the lowest type of Africans, in one thing excel all the other South African tribes whose acquaintance I made between the south coast and 10° south latitude. I have in my possession about 200 sketches on wood and stone and ostrich-shells, by various tribes, but every one who knows anything about drawing must acknowledge that those which were done by Bushmen are superior to any of the others."

Exchanges.

—*Browne's Phonographic Monthly* (D. L. Scott-Browne, publisher, 737 Broadway, New York,) contains an interesting article on "Adopted Improvements in Short-Hand Writing" and a racy sketch from a "Short-hand-Tramp and-Innocent-Abroad." The subscription price of the *Phonographic Monthly* is \$—a year.

—*The Musical Record*, published monthly by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, at \$2 a year, always has some interesting articles on music and musicians. Each number contains, also, several choice pieces of music, but that for December the 25th is an unusually good one in this respect. The series of articles on "The Singing Voice, Medical Hints on its Production and Management," are simply invaluable to vocalists, or those who care to pay attention to the training of the voice.

—The *Milton College Journal* for December pleads as excuse for publishing a couple of moderately long articles that the lack in number of the literary contributions forced this measure. In our humble opinion, no apology is needed. The articles in question are more than readable, they are good. When long articles are decried, we feel confident it is more on account of their want of life and snap and vigor than of their length. The verses entitled, "Self-Reward," by Gertie V. Mack, are very nice, and embody beautiful sentiments. We almost invariably find something good in the *Milton College Journal*.

—An editorial in *The Catholic Herald* for January the 1st, entitled "Thoughts on the Idealism of Berkeley," is well worth reading. The subject-matter of the article is illustrated with numerous anecdotes, a plan better calculated than any other to popularize philosophical disquisitions. Still, we must acknowledge that portions of the article, if not obscure, are, to say, the least, unintelligible to us, it may be on account of the opacity of our intellect. If it be owing to a want of clearness on the part of the writer, it is to be regretted; when philosophers write for ordinary readers of the public press they cannot be too explicit or simple in their language, and should descend as much as possible to the level of those for whom they write. *The Catholic Herald* is doing a good work; it is ably edited, and we wish it success. *The Catholic Herald* and *Donahoe's Magazine* are given together for \$3.50 a year, a very cheap rate, as either publication is nearly worth that much money.

—A most instructive and entertaining publication is *The Catholic Fireside*, issued monthly by the Catholic Fireside Publishing Company, New York. It comprises the following melange—Stories,—Miscellany, History, Biography, Travels, Extracts from Famous Authors, etc.—Poetry,—The Reciter's Corner,—Humorous,—Gossip with Correspondents,—The Ladies' Work-Basket,—Children's Corner,—Personal Record,—Useful Information,—Music. The matter, original and selected, is unexceptionable, and to young or old who desire *light* literature with which to while away an idle hour, we can unhesitatingly commend *The Catholic Fireside*. Although Catholic in tone, the *Fireside* contains no controversial or other articles that might tend to debar it from the most fastidious non-Catholic household. This publication furnishes a good moral antidote to trashy sensational publications, and its racy stories cannot fail to please and have a wholesome effect upon those who are victims to sensational trash. Address, P. O. Box 3806, New York.

—*The Brunonian* shows up a sample of a certain class of selfish individuals who are to be found in every community, but who, unfortunately, never seem to think they are selfish—and who, if they take the trouble to think at all of the matter, conclude that they are doing only what is perfectly right and just. They forget that they use without stint or scruple the productions of others, without making the least return to those, or to humanity. Here is what *The Brunonian* says of its sample of this class: "The book-worm is often ridiculed and despised. In truth, he is not calculated to excite our sympathy. His whole life is spent inside of a book. For him the outer world can offer no attraction. He loves only his volume, and surely we cannot spend much of our affection on him. It is true, he devours creditable publications, but it is only for his own pleasure. He does not contribute to the good or instruction of any except himself. The sunlight of human sympathy never reaches him. He is always in his hole, and he never aspires to breathe any other atmosphere than that which is filtered through printed pages."

—We have been sent two unmarked copies of the Dublin *Evening Irish Times* for Dec. 15th, and after wasting nearly half an hour in hunting up the meagre bits of news stuck away in corners, between columns of dry advertisements, we fail to discover a clue to the sender, or the reason the paper has been sent to us, unless it be the annual conferring of degrees by the University Caput of Trinity College, on the 15th ult. There is a long string of names, in Latin,—baptismal, middle, and surname in full,—but we fail to find any among them that have a particular claim to our attention or that of the SCHOLASTIC. We have also received in the same mail an Oregon paper, also unmarked. We hope that in future those who are kind enough to send us papers containing information for, or matter of interest to the SCHOLASTIC, will do us the favor to mark the item or article to which they wish to call attention. We are indebted to some kind friend for a copy of *The Lynn Transcript*, with an article marked, for which we return thanks. The favor is appreciated, and we hope to give the matter particular attention, if space permit.

—And now the question is, What is the matter with *The Cornell Era*? We haven't seen it in a coon's age, as the saying goes. We some time ago gave this year's editors credit for punctuality; but we fear we shall have to take it

all back. Perhaps the exchange editor has taken a vacation to write up that obituary notice. When it is finished, we suppose a new Era will dawn. We like the *Cornell Era*, although we have sometimes yielded to the temptation of poking fun at its exchange editor—he of the foreign “roots.” He can pay us back in our own coin, if he wishes, and as much as he pleases, between now and February. We mean to resign our editorial quill then, and let somebody else try his hand at it. We think we have had fun and work enough during the last year and a half to satisfy any “fighting editor or writing editor.” We shall hereafter lay aside the quill, and try to work our way through life with the printer’s stick and the Golden Rule. When we retire, the radical editor of the *Era* can arrange such terms with our successor as will please both.

—Among the essays in *The Eu-Phronian* for December, “Speak English,” “Patience as a Virtue,” and “A Desire for Glory the Torch of the Mind” are, we think, the most practical, and perhaps the best written. The editorial on college journalism contains some pertinent remarks in regard to athletic sports, but these remarks can be applied only to such colleges as do not publish a magazine or other purely literary paper. Where the latter is to be found, there is no good reason why journals devoted exclusively to college news and athletic sports should not be published. On the other hand, the editor characterizes truly as miserable selfishness the conduct of exchange editors who ridicule all effort at literary advancement in a college journal. Such action is injudicious and contemptible; where no magazine is published the college paper should in a measure supply its place, and in the latter case we think the cultivation of style and disciplining of thought is of far greater consequence than the writing of news items. If with these the college news be given in sufficiency to satisfy subscribers, no one can reasonably find fault. In such cases we say, let the critics rail as much as they will.

—The *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, publishes a very good Christmas number, and accompanies it with an illustrated supplement. The *Mirror* has decidedly improved during the time that it has been under Mr. L. W. Reilly’s able management. The leading article gives an account of the poet-priest’s (Father Abram J. Ryan) readings in Baltimore,—the object of which is to found a Ryan medal at Loyola College, to be awarded to the writer of the best poem. Had the medal been given to Georgetown we think Mr. H. W. Walsh, of the *College Journal*, would surely carry it off; we do not know who the Loyola laureate may be; but Baltimore, we may say, gave us Poe, as well as George H. Miles and Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, Francis S. Key, the author of the “Star-Spangled Banner,” and no doubt still possesses the material for poets as well as poetry. At Father Ryan’s reading, letters were read from H. W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John Boyle O’Reilly, the gifted editor of *The Pilot*, at once a poet and prose author of distinction, as well as a patriot and hero. Several of Mr. O’Reilly’s poems have been translated into German by Herr Karl Knortz for use in his volume of “Selections from American Poets,” just published in Leipzig. The following postscript was appended to Mr. Longfellow’s letter to Rev. Father Ryan:

“P. S. When you call yourself ‘the last and least of those who rhyme,’ you remind me of the graceful lines of Catullus to Cicero:

‘Gratias tibi maximus Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium poeta;
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta.
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.’

‘Last and least’ can no more be applied to you than ‘pessimus’ to Catullus.”

On Thursday evening Father Ryan was tendered a complimentary banquet by a committee of gentlemen, of whom Mr. John B. Piet, the eminent Baltimore publisher, was chairman. Hon. Wm. J. O’Brien, ex-M. C., presided at the banquet, which was given with true Maryland hospitality.

—We are glad to learn that *The Homeless Boy*, published by the Catholic Protectorate of St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of Rev. John J. Hennessy, has met with such

signal encouragement that it will hereafter be issued double its present size. Here is the announcement, *verbatim*:

“Our next number of *The Homeless Boy* will be double the present size, and filled with the choicest morsels the market affords. We had anticipated giving our readers a surprise in the way of an illustrated prayer, but, as a friend used to say, ‘promises are like pie crusts’ and we have been treated to pie crusts, but we are going to give our readers the pie anyhow in a splendid *Homeless Boy*, rigged out in the latest style, and smiling all over.”

It is no wonder *The Homeless Boy* is appreciated. Aside from the fact that whatever is given to it goes to help the poor homeless orphans by whom it is printed, the editor is a most genial and winsome man. He always writes as if in a good humor, pleased with himself and with everybody. Then, too, he is a spicy writer, and can throw off jokes and *bon mots* in any number of languages—not by any means the worst or least in the English. The latter he can catch on the bound or fly, as he likes, and throw it where he pleases. A lady correspondent says his paper is “too sweet for anything, but there isn’t enough of it.” The way the editor intends to avoid such an objection in future is to double it (the paper), somewhat after the fashion of navigators “doubling Cape Horn,” we suppose. We hope he will never want a Horn of Plenty for his paper or his orphans, though we presume he hasn’t got it yet, from the fact of his starting a printing-press boom to give employment and a trade to some of his boys. *The Homeless Boy* is not a very small paper as it is, but there is so much of the editor there that he needs a larger sheet on which to spread himself. We hope he may get it. The subscription price of *The Homeless Boy* is 50 cents a year; 10 copies for \$3; 20 for \$5; 50 for \$10.

—The *Watertown* (Wis.) *Gazette* is one of the sappiest papers it has been our good fortune to meet during our brief editorial career. It seems to possess a live wag all its own, and the way he frisks that quill of his is a caution to the uninitiated and the office-holders—and seekers. The “oily” joker of the *Titusville Journal* couldn’t for a moment stand the red-hot lye of the *Watertown* wag—’twould wash him as clean as a new Sheffield razor and then eat his edge clean off. Just look at the manner in which he bangs the “bangs”: “Now, we are after the ‘bangs,’ bang us if we are not. We don’t know who first invented them; but whoever did, deserves a chromo of a woman or girl the worst fright that ever wore calico or silk. They remind one—the bangs—of a girl who hasn’t much room for brains, and desires to hide the deformity by pulling her hair down over her forehead.” That hits the bull’s-eye. Perhaps the *Gazette* man is not aware that the Sandwich Island women were the first bangers, and that the barbarous custom was foisted into this country for the purpose he states. The wag of the *Gazette* does not like buckwheat cakes—so it would seem. He says “they are not worth a continental unless well buttered and—thrown out of the window.” Like all good Mussulmen, who are not necessarily men of muscle, he has an affectionate regard for Turkey. Perhaps, though, he is a Russian in disguise, and wants to trample on Turkey’s corn. “Christmas is not far off,” he says, smacking his lips, “and it is customary to leave one or two turkeys on the editor’s sanctum table, with So-and-So’s compliments. Don’t you dare to serve us this way, or we’ll have a roast, sure.” The poor knight of the quill has had his feathers “plucked” so often by delinquent subscribers and savage contemporaries that he considers himself a veritable gobbler, and dreads the frying-pan. From another item we learn that *Watertown* must be a wicked place, and noted for backsliders. The good Samaritan of the *Gazette*—wishing, very likely, to save his oil and wine—cautions all sinners to beware, as the sidewalks are slippery. Considerate, isn’t he? In another item he says “Tom and Jerry have come to town, and eggs are dear.” Eggs—what might have been expected, for Tom and Jerry are inveterate “poachers,” and make no scruple of robbing hen-roosts and barn-yards. Elsewhere he informs his readers that “the fashionable hat for winter is a pumpkin-seed, with horse-hairs for strings, and everybody who wishes to be in style ought to have one.” If he isn’t careful, the *Watertown* ladies will be “banging” him one of these cold frosty days, and using the sidewalk as a tape-line to take his measure for

a new mahogany suit. As for that other Queer Cuss, Bunker, oh shelve him by all means, and the sooner the better. He is neither useful nor ornamental. He gives a poor imitation of Artemus Ward in one point only, his bad spelling: in every other respect he is as dissimilar to Ward as can be.

College Gossip.

—How is this for etymology? Hypocrite, from *hippos*, a horse, and *krites*, a judge; therefore, horse judge.—*Ex.*

—"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out twice.

—The University of Michigan expends annually about \$2,000 in postage. It ought to be well posted. Don't rail at us for saying so. The city of New York has but one *Post*, and its inhabitants claim to be the best posted people in the world.

—Wonders never cease. While industriously driving our quill, what should come boldly into our august presence but a cat. A real live purring cat to walk into the room of a medic! No resident of Ann Arbor art thou, O felis.—*University.*

—Mrs. Chrisman, of Tonoka, gave \$10,000 for the establishment of a college at Atlanta for colored youth, which bears her name. It is supported by the Freedman's Aid Society, and the rest of the \$40,000, which it cost, came from the Freedman's Aid Society.

—"I say, ma'am," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here, just now?" "No, I didn't see any kind of a sickle, Mister; but just now I seen a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a pair of legs and a linen collar. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seen it myself."—*Ex.*

—At Harvard the old recitation system in mathematics has given place to lectures, except in the prescribed courses in algebra, geometry and trigonometry, which form a continuation of the common academical instruction. In analytical geometry, advanced analytics, the calculus of infinitesimals, quintennions and mechanics, text-books are used only as works of reference, or as texts for the lectures.—*Ex.*

—The Oberlin authorities have rescinded the law against baseball, and now the students at that institution are at liberty to play as much as pleases them. They have secured a new and much better baseball field than the old one, and seem inclined to give baseball a front place in the college pastimes. A communication from an Oberliner to the *College Rambler* makes it appear that the prohibition of baseball at Oberlin was intended only for grounds near the college buildings.

—About £38,000 have been subscribed towards the projected University College, Liverpool, England. Of this, about £7,000 is for the Roscoe Chair of Art; Lord Derby gives £10,000 for a chair of Natural History; Messrs. Rathbone £1,000 towards the King Alfred Professorship of Modern History and Literature; Messrs. Brown, Cresfield and Barron £10,000 to found a chair of Ancient History; and Mrs. Grant £10,000 for the foundation of a chair in some branch of science.

—The syndicate appointed by Cambridge University, England, to consider the memorial from head masters of schools on the subject of the obligation of passing an examination in Greek, recommend that the existing obligation to satisfy the examiner for the previous examination in the two classical languages be relaxed in certain cases, and that a knowledge of the two principal languages of Continental Europe might fairly be recognized as a substitute for that of Greek or of Latin.—*Harvard Echo.*

—It is alleged that the Chinese instructor at Harvard College—a dignitary who dresses in silk and is the author of a volume of poems on which no American critic has ever been able to pass an adverse judgment, since there is no western scholar who can interpret its tea-chest hiero-

glyphics—is subjecting his little daughter to the foot-binding process, a fearful torture in itself, and resulting in making the child a cripple for life. It is said that the screams of the poor child have been heard by the neighbors.

—A writer in a recent number of the *Yale News* thus sums up a criticism on the Yale team: "Of the rushers in general I would say that they don't know how fast they can run, and only when they have a clear field before them do they strike out to their full speed. If they would remember that the faster they run the better they can dodge, and the harder it is to tackle them, they might improve their game wonderfully. The half-backs should all practice punting, drop-kicking, falling on the ball, and catching long, high kicks, every spare minute they can find. The backs, as a rule, play well."

—The raising of the passing mark in required studies from thirty-three and a third to forty per cent. seems to be a step backward, rather than one of progress. It has been a cause of no little pride to members of the college that greater freedom is allowed here in the choice and pursuit of studies than in any other college in the country. It has been a natural inference from the measures adopted from time to time that this freedom was to be increased every year, and that the authorities had some end in view, which, when attained, would make Harvard more like the ideal University.—*Harvard Echo.*

—The *Echo* states that Harvard's share of the gate-money at the game with Columbia is \$354.80. It is but little, when one considers the expense entailed by sending a team abroad. It is only natural that students should have the honor of their *Alma Mater* at heart; but their efforts are not always appreciated, nor are the expenses consequent upon intercollegiate contests given the consideration they deserve. This consideration, and that of the loss of time entailed upon the student, are enough to cast a doubt upon the propriety of intercollegiate contests of the kind, although we think they will hardly prevent them.

—Ko Hun Hua, the Chinese professor at Harvard, is described as an acute reasoner and close observer. He has learned to speak English fairly, and he spends most of his time reading, for his college duties amount to nothing, as he has had but one pupil, and at present has none. His contract is for three years, whether there are any students in his class or not. The *Springfield Republican* tells this story of him: Great was his surprise one morning to receive a printed communication from the College officials, which he took to be a dismissal. Rushing at once to a professor near by, he thrust the circular into his hands, exclaiming in an indignant and injured tone: "Tree year; boy, no boy!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Stonyhurst, the great Roman Catholic College of England, stands about three miles from Ribchester, in Lancashire, on an eminence commanding extensive views. It was built at the close of the sixteenth century by Sir Richard Sherburne, and passed in 1754, by bequest of the Duchess of Norfolk, whose mother was a Sherburne, to the eminent Roman Catholic family of Weld, which some fifty years since gave a Cardinal to the Church. The size and arrangement of the rooms rendered the mansion easily convertible into a Catholic seminary. For many years the English Catholics had also a famous seminary at Prior Park, near Bath, once the seat of Pope's friend, the celebrated Ralph Allen, but this was given up about fifteen years ago.

—Rev. Father Yenni, S. J., the well-known author, recently celebrated at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Ala., the fiftieth anniversary of his admission into the illustrious Order of which he is so brilliant a member. The priests of Mobile, who know him so well and esteem him so highly, came to greet the old man on his festive day; whilst many gentlemen, once his pupils, and now the grandfathers of some of his boys, were delighted to have an opportunity of expressing their gratitude and love. The day passed off right merrily, and everyone was pleased. Rev. F. Yenni is a Tyrolean by birth, and came to America in 1847. For the last thirty-three years he has been Professor of Latin and Greek at Spring Hill, and in the mean time has composed Latin and Greek grammars that have been universally praised and admired in Europe and in the United States.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Notre Dame, January 8, 1881.

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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—Many of the three hundred students at Notre Dame come from great distances, and when the Christmas holidays came it was either impossible, or was deemed unwise that they should go home. About one hundred of them remained at the University, and passed an exceedingly merry time, unless their looks very largely belied their feelings. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, the holiday week was ushered in, in excellent fashion, and from that time forward the festivities never flagged. A most enjoyable entertainment was given on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th. Mrs. Ray, of Chicago, favored the boys with a few beautiful selections, vocal and instrumental. Songs were sung by Messrs Orrick and Garritty, followed by humorous readings. Dancing followed the singing, and the merry-making was kept up until the hour for retiring.

In good season on Monday the Juniors, headed by Masters Orrick and Grever, began the work of canvassing for contributions to the Christmas tree fund. They went at it in good earnest, and on the day following, met the writer, and with that exuberant enthusiasm which belongs only to a Junior, recited the list of contributions which had thus far been received.

"Very Rev. Father Corby has given us an order on Brother —, for \$5 worth of goods," said Grever.

"Yes," said Orrick, "and Father Walsh has given us a great big book—oh, it's fine—and something else besides," and Orrick rolled up his eyes with the delighted expression peculiar to a Mississippi darkey at camp-meeting.

"Besides," added Grever, "Father T. Lincoln Maher, D. D., has given us three inkstands, worth a dollar apiece, and some penholders."

"And we have about fifteen dollars in money," said Orrick.

"Well," we rejoined, "with so much, you surely don't expect us to give you anything."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Orrick. "Can't get too much, you know." I'll put you down two dollars. How'll that do?"

"It will do—for you," we replied.

"You'll give it, won't you?" he urged.

"Oh, certainly," we said. And forthwith Masters Orrick and Grever departed in search of another victim.

On Wednesday morning several boys, marshalled by Orrick, armed themselves with a little hatchet, and started for a place two miles distant, where they proposed to cut a Christmas tree. Just before dinner they arrived with their treasure, which they had borne on their shoulders for the whole distance.

Meanwhile the Seniors had not been idle. They had been making preparations on an extended scale for a masquerade, which should completely outshine any previous attempt at entertainment. And on Friday evening the great event took place. About forty young gentlemen masqueraded; the variety of their costumes varied from the grotesque to the sentimental, and many were the fruitless guesses made as to who were the wearers of the various masks. When the unmasking came, great were the surprises. An elegantly gotten up German military officer proved to be Dennis Harrington, and the bewitching young lady with whom he danced so frequently was (tell it not in Gath) the grave and dignified Geo. E. Clarke. Master O'Neill appeared in the most grotesque of all the costumes—that of a faded negro beauty—and excited much merriment by his well-acted part. The rollicking Irishman was well personated by T. Kavanagh, and H. O'Donnell concealed himself behind a false front of aldermanic proportions. H. Dunn, G. Woodson, Leon Gibert, Jos. Browne, John Heffernan and F. Clarke were robed as coy-maidens or simpering school-girls; W. B. McGorrick and R. E. Fleming were capital wash-cwashee Chinaman; W. Brown appeared as the plantation darkey of the olden time, while the "big Injuns" of the occasion were unquestionably R. Le Bourgeois and L. Clements. F. Dever and A. Bodine wore the jesters' cap and bells; F. Kuhn was a remarkably well-developed Uncle Sam; W. J. McCarthy, E. Orrick, C. Brehmer and W. Arnold were knights of "Ye old chivalric time"; D. Ryan, D. English and L. Callegari were highly-powdered and perfumed gentlemen of the old regiment; G. Castanedo and F. Wheatley were pages of more than ordinary grace and pertness. At half-past nine o'clock, the party assembled in the Juniors' refectory, where a bountiful oyster supper had been provided, to which full justice was done. After the supper, Very Rev. Father Corby and Father Walsh, made brief addresses, which were warmly applauded.

On Saturday night the Juniors distributed the gifts from their Christmas tree. The plan of distribution was: All the gifts were numbered, the numbers running up to 520. The boys in turn drew a number from a bag, presided over by Brother Alexander, who announced the number, and Father Walsh announced the gift for which, on the prepared list, the number called. During the drawing Very Rev. Father-General Sorin, Very Rev. Father Corby and others of the clergy were present, and seemed highly gratified at the hearty manner in which the boys enjoyed themselves. The principal gifts were: "The

Church and the Moral World," presented by Father Walsh; "Pictorial Beauties of Nature," presented by Father Kirsch; "Tasso," presented by B. J. McGinnis; "Life of Daniel Boone," "Chambers' Information," an air-gun, four pairs of fancy slippers, a mammoth turkey, a velvet card-case, a beautiful silver paper-weight, besides cakes, fruits and dainties of every kind almost *ad infinitum*.

Every night, when no special entertainment was on the programme, the students of both departments amused themselves by "tripping the light fantastic" in the rotunda, the music being furnished principally by Messrs. Newman, Hoffman and Maher. Towards the end of the holidays a much-welcomed new comer made his arrival in the person of L. Florman, of Deadwood, who was reported able and willing to play both piano and violin. He was immediately impressed into the service, and one hour after his arrival at the College was the central figure of a group of boys who seemed to be enjoying life hugely. Talk not to Master Florman about homesickness; he knows not the meaning of the term. All things considered, the late holidays have been the merriest that the boys have ever spent at Notre Dame, and if those who went home for the vacation only enjoyed themselves as well as those who remained, there ought to be a fund of gaiety on hand sufficient to keep everyone in good humor till the June holidays.

—We are sorry to be called upon to perform the sad task of chronicling the demise of M. H. Bannon, '78, which occurred at his home in Waukesha, Wis., Dec. 31st. Mike, as he was familiarly called by his fellow-students, was a young man of bright promise, and one whom you need but know to love. His career at Notre Dame was a brilliant one. He entered the University in '75 and remained here until June of '78, when he received his Commercial diploma, and carried away with him the highest honor in the course—the Commercial Gold Medal. A mild and affable disposition; manners, courteous and gentlemanly, almost to the extreme; and these, combined with extraordinary talents and a clear, discerning mind, readily won for him the esteem of his preceptors, professors, the Faculty of the University, and the respect of his fellow-students. He also received the highest mark of appreciation that the University can confer upon its students, a gold medal, commonly called a "First Honor," which is given to those only whose deportment during their stay at College has been irreproachable.

And such was the honor conferred upon M. A. Bannon, whose premature death we now make known to his many friends. Hard, indeed, and cruel does it appear—viewing the matter from a natural standpoint—that one, who had scarcely reached the age of manhood, should be called away from home and friends, to abide forever in that unknown land, from which no one has ever returned even for a moment, to relate the events which there transpire. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, His mysterious workings far above our intellectual grasp; and while our nature is such as to force us to shed tears of sorrow in thinking of our departed brother, yet, knowing that death is "the good man's path to eternal joy," we cannot but feel that in submitting to the fiat of the Almighty our departed brother has but gone from a land of exile to that bright and happy home where "the glad soul

has not a wish uncrowned," In the words of Robert Blair, we are led to exclaim:

"Thrice welcome Death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and like a bird
That's hampered, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh, then,
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught! Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
'Tis done—and now he's happy!"

At a meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, held January 6th, '81, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Michael H. Bannon, '78, which occurred at his home in Waukesha, Wis., Dec. 31st, 1880:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to Himself our lamented friend, Michael H. Bannon, and

WHEREAS, We, in behalf of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, desire to present a token of esteem for our departed associate; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we have lost a good, earnest, pious and exemplary fellow-member; and while we submit to the benign and gracious decrees of the Almighty, we cannot suppress our sincere and heartfelt sorrow that one so good has departed from our midst; yet we feel a consolation in the thought that he is now enjoying the reward of his saintly life.

RESOLVED, That we condole with the grief-stricken parents and friends of the departed, in the hope of alleviating somewhat their grief. Also, that we offer up prayers and a Communion for the repose of his soul.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the paper of our Association, and that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and the Waukesha papers.

COMMITTEE { J. P. O'NEILL, C. J. McDERMOTT,
F. H. GREVER, E. C. ORRICK,
R. E. FLEMING.

In Memoriam.

DIED.—THOMAS MALONEY, at Harvard, Ill., on the 21st ult., (the feast of his patron saint, St. Thomas the Apostle) of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days. Aged about 57 years. *Requiescat in pace.*

Deceased was born in the parish of Ballana, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, Dec. 25th, 1823. Came to this country in 1849, and settled in Rutland Co., Vermont, remaining there until the spring of 1856, when he came West, and in the fall of that year removed to Harvard, where he remained

up to the time of his death. He erected the fourth or fifth house in that village, and was the first Catholic who settled there. Though for many years surrounded by only non-Catholics and non-Catholic influences, still he preserved his religion inviolate, and as often as possible attended Mass at the nearest church, which was some ten miles distance. As soon as a dozen Catholics or so had moved to Harvard, the neighboring priest attended to their wants by giving Divine service in Mr. Maloney's house, which state of affairs continued for many years, until at last he urged upon his Catholic neighbors the necessity of erecting a church, which was soon commenced, and to which he contributed not only liberally, but also aided materially by soliciting funds throughout the county. He was a warm friend of education, and provided each of his children with a liberal training. His eldest son, Daniel, attended Notre Dame University for a number of years, graduating in 1874, and is now engaged in the practice of law at Elgin, Ill. His daughter Anna graduated at St. Mary's Academy in 1880; and a second son, Henry, graduated at the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., in 1879, and is now attending St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis. It was the earnest wish of the deceased that he might see his son wearing the sacerdotal robes ere his death, but God in His wisdom decreed it otherwise. The funeral of the deceased took place at the Catholic Church in Harvard on the 23d. inst. *Requiem* Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Egan, and an eloquent and touching sermon delivered by Rev. Fr. O'Keeffe, of Notre Dame. There were also present Rev. Fr. Kelley of Watertown, Rev. Fr. Carroll of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Chicago, and Rev. Mr. Halter of St. Francis' Seminary. That the deceased was loved and respected by his neighbors was shown by the great number that followed his remains to their last resting-place. He leaves surviving him his bereaved widow and five children, who have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their loss. Deceased was well and favorably known at Notre Dame.

Personal.

—J. Lumley, '75, is in business with his father at La Porte, Ind.

—Eugene Murphy, '79, is at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md.

—M. McCormack, '75, is keeping books for a prominent firm in Nashville, Tenn.

—Mrs. Ray, Chicago, spent the Christmas holidays at the University with her son, W. Ray, of the Minim department.

—Mrs. M. Metz, of Chicago, accompanied by her two sons of the Minim department, arrived here last Tuesday morning.

—R. Staley, '75, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit last week. "Bob" is doing a good and profitable business in St. Louis, Mo.

—Mr. Worley, of Nashville, Tenn., spent the Christmas holidays at the University with his son, Mr. J. Worley of the Senior department.

—Bro. Ireneus left for Cincinnati, Ohio, last Monday morning, to assume the duties of a professor in St. Joseph's College, in that city. Our best wishes accompany him.

—We were glad to hear from Mr. W. L. Dechant last week. As might be expected, he subscribes for the *SCHOLASTIC*. His address is 12, College Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—We met Messrs. Wittesberger, Schultheies, Chapoton and Kramer—all of '75—at Detroit, Mich., last week, where they are residing and engaged in business. They are doing well.

—We are glad to see Bro. Paul, C. S. C., once more occupying the prefectorial chair. He is an experienced prefect, and will leave nothing undone to promote the happiness of those under his charge.

—Rev. James E. Hogan, '74, is now pastor in Galena, Illinois. He has, we understand, a very fine congregation, to whose spiritual welfare Rev. Father Hogan attends with the ardent zeal which always characterized him.

—Mrs. A. Gall, of Indianapolis, has been here for the past week, visiting her son, Master Eddie Gall of the Junior department. Both left for home last Tuesday morning. Eddie will return during the coming week.

—F. Weisenburger, '75, is doing a rushing business at Defiance, O. He is, we are informed, about to forge hymeneal fetters with an accomplished young lady of Toledo, O. Success, bliss, and happiness supreme, be thine, Frank!

—Rev. J. Carrier, C. S. C., of St. Laurent College, Canada, send a cordial New Year's greeting to the *SCHOLASTIC* and to all its contributors. He is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and desires to be kindly remembered to his many friends at Notre Dame.

—We are sure that the many friends of M. H. Bannon ('78), Waukesha, Wis., will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at his home, in the above mentioned place, Dec. 31st. The resolutions of the different Societies appear in our editorial column.

—We learn from the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror* that at the semi-annual ordination of students of St. Mary's Seminary, which took place in the Cathedral on the 18th of December, Messrs. James J. Quinn and John P. Quinn, of the Class of '78, were honored with the tonsure. This was at the end of their first year at the seminary, which speaks well for the two *élèves* of Notre Dame.

—Harvey Bouton, '69, is publisher and proprietor of *The Farmer and Fruit Grower* at Anna, Illinois, and we are glad to learn incidentally that himself and paper are prospering finely. Harvey is a chip of the old block, his father being also an editor. The fact that the son follows in his footsteps shows that he was an exceptionally good editor and had no reason to regret his calling. *The Farmer and Fruit Grower* has a large circulation in the great fruit and grain region of the West, Southern Illinois, the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. Success to you, Harvey, old fellow; may you ever prosper. Your old friends at Notre Dame, and among them the prefects, send you a kindly greeting.

—The *Miami County Sentinel* has the following personal concerning J. L. Farrar, '78:

"On the first of January John L. Farrar will sever his connection with the firm of Farrars & Carpenter, and Will C. Farrar, son of Col. Farrar, will be admitted to the firm. Mr. Farrar has practiced law in Miami County for nearly 29 years, and increasing age has brought a desire for more leisure than he has hitherto enjoyed. There is not now the incentive to

accumulate wealth that existed some years ago the many years attention to business have not been without their rewards, and he now finds that to attend to the handsome property he has accumulated will take a large share of his time. It is not the intention of Mr. Farrar to retire entirely from the practice of law, but in the future he will only interest himself in cases of magnitude, and will not hereafter subject himself to the anxieties and annoyances incidental to a general practice. Mr. Farrar has earned for himself the right to throw aside part, if not all, of the cares incident to legal professions. When he came to Peru [he was poor and unknown, now he is in independent circumstances, and his reputation as an attorney is well-known] all over this part of the State. Will Farrar is young and energetic, and the attention and study he has thus early given to the profession, will in time earn for him the reputation and emoluments his father and uncle have already attained."

Local Items.

- Qui vive?*
- And still they come.
- "Pull down the curtain, boys."
- "Mi-kinglish's brother is here!"
- Classes were resumed last Monday.
- The Masquerade Ball was a success.
- "Duzin" returned Tuesday afternoon.
- Sugg's jokes were sadly missed last week.
- Could you recognize "Moike" in the masquerade?
- The staff was well represented New Year's evening.
- Ask "Tommy" to show you that pretty (?) little doll-baby.
- Ask Wilder what he thinks about the "Pillow Brigade."
- "Who will care for father now?" wails the home-sick Senior.
- All say that the "Marshal" took the cake at the masquerade.
- All concede that the "Marshal" in a harlequinade is inimitable.
- Be careful not to write 1880 at the head of your letters, etc.
- Bennet and Sol Henock were the first arrivals after the holidays.
- Cornucopias and hanging-baskets were at a discount Saturday night.
- The Faculty were lunched by the President on New Year's evening.
- It looks like old times to see Bro. Paul seated in the prefectorial chair.
- Frank Mattes won the \$12 air-gun that was on the Preps' Christmas tree.
- Several pair of "Dem Golden Slippers" were received by soft-heeled Juniors.
- The valise "that went to New York" has been recovered and sent to Seneca, Ill.
- J. H. Fendrick is a small boy, but he can say that he caned President Corby handsomely.
- The St. Cecilians presented Bro. Leander with a costly meerschaum pipe during the holidays.

—Master E. Gall left for Indianapolis, Tuesday morning, where he will spend a week in recuperative exercise.

—The members of St. Joseph's Novitiate read addresses in Latin and English to Very Rev. President Corby on New Year's Day.

—It is to be hoped that the "Corporal" will regain his health in his trip abroad. His literary efforts have greatly debilitated him.

—The oyster supper, which followed the masquerade party, was well gotten up, and partaken of by an appreciative assemblage.

—Our young friend who won the parcel with a French name, and on opening which found a roll of Bologna sausage, is inconsolable.

—The Christmas week of 1880 was the most enjoyable and lively ever spent at the University—at least, so say they who remained here.

—If there's one thing which more than another disgusts a man, it is to hear a pot calling a kettle black—we are here speaking figuratively.

—Bro. Leander is under obligations to Mr. A. Rohrbach and the members of the St. Cecilia Society for favors received during the holidays.

—One of the boys that remained received the assuring intelligence that 100 years from now he would not know whether he spent Xmas here or at home.

—Anyone having a book in his possession entitled "Egypt and Sinai" will confer a favor on the owner by leaving it with any of the prefects in the Preparatory department.

—President Corby has the warmest thanks of the masqueraders for the grand oyster supper with which he regaled them after the grand pow-wow was over.

—The Minims and Preps. return thanks to Rev. J. Shea, C. S. C., for the hospitable treatment they received at his hands on the occasion of their visit to the St. Joe.

—"Glad to see you back!" "Hope you had a pleasant time!" "Did you see Tom and Jerry?" etc., are among the many greetings which strike the auricular nerve on each new arrival.

—It is really too bad that all the masqueraders were obliged to unmask at the oyster supper, for there were several who looked more charming in their masquerade dress than when divested of it.

—In an item of the last number of the SCHOLASTIC, which referred to a certain party who had abused one of the terriers, our typo made us say "disagreeable" instead of "disgraceful," as it should have read.

—The President and Faculty of the University paid their compliments to Very Rev. Father General on New Year's Day. Prof. Howard delivered the address, which met with a happy response from Father General.

—Let each student procure a copy of the *Scholastic Annual*, now for sale at the Students' Office. Outside parties wishing a copy of this interesting and instructive Almanac should address Prof. J. A. Lyons, the compiler. Price, 25 cts.

—At the Solemn High Mass, on New Year's Day, Very Rev. President Corby was celebrant; Rev. Fathers O'Keeffe and Kirsch were the assistants; Masters Brown and Guthrie were servers-in-chief, and J. P. O'Neill was the efficient censor-bearer.

—"Our engraver" received several "sausages de Bologne" at the distribution on New Year's evening—very appropriate, indeed! His next efforts at engraving will no doubt produce something porcine in appearance, porcine in design, porcine in execution and presentation.

—"Which is the worst," said a teacher to a small student, "to hurt a boy's finger or his feelings?" Small boy: "His feelings." Prof.: "Good, my little man; and why is it worse to hurt a boy's feelings than his finger?" Boy: "Because you can't tie a rag around them."

—There were over one hundred dollars' worth of Christmas presents distributed from the Preps' and Minims' Christmas tree on New Year's evening. The tree was beautifully illuminated and tastefully decorated, and reflected credit upon all who had anything to do with its preparation.

—The Faculty called on Very Rev. President Corby New Year's morning, and were very ably represented by Prof. Unsworth in a scholarly address. Father Corby responded in a few well-chosen words, thanking them for this mark of esteem and assuring them that it was duly appreciated by him. Calls were made at Very Rev. Father Granger's rooms during the day, but he was absent, at St. Mary's Academy.

—On New Year's Day, Father Corby, the Very Rev. President of our University, celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his first Mass, by singing High Mass in the Church at Notre Dame. That he may live to celebrate fifty more such anniversaries is the ardent wish of those who know and love him.

—The mocking-bird is a mere skeleton since Charley Tinley left. Some say that repining for Charley is the cause of its present skeleton-like form; while others, and perhaps with more truth, assert that its repining after the food which the "Marshal" neglected to furnish is the cause of all the mocker's misfortunes.

—We believe that had there been no "bull-dosing" in drawing for that box of cigars we would have been the lucky one. "Nick" should be brought to account for the high-handed crime he perpetrated on that occasion. Avoid our path in future, "Nick," if you have any regard for the appearance of your physiognomy.

—Master Fred Fischel has graduated, so to speak, from the Minim department, and is now a full fledged Prep. If Fred succeeds as admirably in the Prep as he did in the Minim department, we may safely predict that when June—the month of pinchbugs and crabs—arrives, he will have won for himself a record of which he may well feel proud.

—The *Adeste Fideles* was, we are informed, well sung by Masters Grever and Echlin at Midnight Mass. We had the pleasure of hearing them on New Year's Day, and we believe that, although they received no drilling at the hands of the vocal music teacher, very little improvement could have been made over their singing on this occasion.

—Those of the Minim department who remained here during the holidays spent the time most pleasantly. They wound up their amusements by taking a trip to the St. Joe farm—their favorite resort—where they had a most enjoyable time. They were accompanied on their trip by members of the Faculty, and by Messrs. Grever, Guthrie, A. Brown, Ruppe and O'Neill, of the Preparatory department.

—Forget not that

"Of all the passions which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
That which the heart with strongest bias rules
Is pride, that never-failing vice of fools."

—A gold-headed cane, valued at \$75, was presented to Very Rev. President Corby by Master J. H. Fendrick of the Junior Department on returning from his pleasant Christmas vacation. It bore the following inscription: W. Corby, C. S. C., from his little friend J. H. F. President Corby has been the recipient, during the holidays, of many flattering testimonials of the esteem and admiration entertained for him by the students of the University, but we doubt very much whether he was more pleased with all put together than with Master Fendrick's costly gift.

—There was a Tartarous looking individual among the masqueraders Friday night. He looked as if he had just been vomited forth from the infernal regions. We would like to know the name of the individual who said that he believed it was the "Corporal"—the "Corporal" was heard from last week, and is still in the land of the living. He's gone, 'tis true, but like Catiline he *will* return; and then we shudder when we think of the fate in store for those who said on the appearance of the diabolical-looking character, "Behold the Corporal's spirit!"

—The students of Notre Dame celebrated New Year's eve by a masquerade party in the rotunda of the University building. For the nonce the immense rotunda floor, and halls emptying into it, which heretofore have resounded only to the decorous footsteps of students, were given up to the heavy tread of kings and emperors, the antics of harlequins, the tender paces of lovelorn Italians and the representatives of Donnybrook, the Scotch Highlands, sunny France, Yankeedom, and every other part of the world. No gathering of students ever had a better time or felt happier when the new year dawned.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—Our friend John has not yet put in an appearance. We have been informed that he reasoned in this way: On Monday the Professors will merely assign lessons for Tuesday; on Tuesday class won't amount to anything, as it will take the boys a day or two to get settled down to study; Wednesday will be recreation day, consequently, no class; Thursday will be a holyday; Friday is an unlucky day, and not a safe one to travel. If I start on Saturday I will be obliged to stop at some station over Sunday, as no trains run on the Lord's day. I will leave on Monday morning, if I awake in time to make the train, and don't you forget it.

—Of the many deputations which waited on our Very Rev. President on New Year's Day, for the purpose of extending to him the compliments of the season, there was none, perhaps, which gave him more pleasure than that of the professed members of the Congregation, who, headed by venerable Brother Vincent,—now a nonogenarian,—met President Corby in the large College parlor. Bro. Vincent was spokesman, and, in a few words, presented the Very Rev. President with the congratulations of all present. President Corby responded in a very feeling manner and gave all present the assurance that their efforts to afford him a warm New Year's reception were successful, and gave him an immense amount of pleasure.

—Bro. Lawrence has always prided himself upon being a remarkably good marksman with the air-gun, and it

was a just pride; for we have often heard the bell ring and saw the "Belle" appear in response to the summons from his unerring aim—in other words, he could hit the bull's-eye more times in an hour than any other person in the Prep. department. In vain had he been looking for a rival, or for some one with whom he might be required to pull the trigger carefully, when last week he "met his match" in an unpretentious individual (as far as marksmanship is concerned), embodied in the personality of Master G. J. Woodson, of Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter., who, as Bro. Lawrence informs us, can hit the bulls-eye every time. In justice to Bro. Lawrence, it might be well for us to say that he does not feel a bit bad about his defeat, but rather rejoices in knowing that he has at last found one who can successfully cope with him in target-shooting. Now that all out-door sports have an embargo placed on them, various in-door amusements are resorted to, and among these target-shooting is not by any means an uninteresting one.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, sent his New Year's remembrance to the *Tribune* in the shape of a huge pyramidal cake, or series of cakes, frosted into one large cone, covered with confections. It looked for all the world like a mountain transported from Candy Land, which had been stormed by fairies who used bonbons for ammunition. This cake was surmounted with a tiny golden staff, bearing a white satin banner, with the legend "A Happy New Year." It was flanked by bottles of Bordeaux of the vintage of 1875, and California wines of 1878, and was guarded by the rich amber-colored Le-Grande Chartreuse. This is one of the richest wines of France, and was made centuries ago by the Carthusian priests, who have a monastery at Chartreuse. Accompanying the *doceur* was this characteristic advice from Father Sorin:

"The following Parisian etiquette must be strictly observed in disposing of the three accompanying articles: otherwise, nobody can say what might happen:

1. They form neither a meal nor a lunch; for in either, people eat and drink, and the disposition of the above is neither the one nor the other: it is a Parisian dessert.

2. This dessert is intended for twelve joyous guests, for whom the cake is divided into two parts, perfectly equal; one facing east for Bordeaux, and the other straight west, towards San Francisco. The company are thereby divided into two respectable bodies.

3. The eastern guests show first, in most elegant style, how to finish both cake and wine without eating or drinking, viz.: by carefully, and cautiously, and politely dipping the one into the other.

4. Ten minutes after the disappearance of both, the Chartreuse is poured out into twelve liquor glasses, and leisurely *degusted* to the last drop, each one looking at some one else inquiringly, trying to ascertain how he or she or they like it.

5. If the little Parisian dessert has given satisfaction, the party will show their appreciation in one same way, viz.: by returning basket and bottles to Notre Dame for another supply, twelve months hence; otherwise, the giver could not persuade himself that he has succeeded in pleasing his best friends."

Among others who were so happily remembered by the Very Rev. Father General are Hon. T. S. Stanfield, Ex-Mayor Miller, Mr. James Oliver, Mr. Clem. Studebaker and Judge Turner. All will follow out the happy conceit of the illustrious founder of Notre Dame, embodied above, and all wish him "Many happy returns of the day."

—*South-Bend Tribune.*

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.

Thos. Kavanagh, G. E. Clarke, W. B. McGorrick, Jas. Solon, Wm. H. Arnold, E. J. Taggart, L. E. Clements, E. A. Otis, H. S. O'Donnell, W. J. Browne, J. F. Browne, J. C. Newman, F. E. Kuhn, A. Zahm, C. Brehmer, W. J. McCarthy, W. J. Kelly, W. R. Young, J. McNamara, L. Mathers, Jno. O'Reilly, H. Simms, Daniel Ryan, D. Harrington, F. T. Dever, C. B. Vandusen, Wm. Johnson, Byron Eaton, Jas. Redmond, L. F. Callegari, J. B. Zettler, L. Le Bourgeois.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Brown, J. H. Bennett, J. M. Boose, Alfred Bodine, Moses Block, G. C. Castaneda, T. H. Cullinene, J. M. Courtney, F. J. Cantwell, G. W. De Haven, N. H. Ewing, A. J. Flynn, R. E. Fleming, E. Fischel, Fred. Fischel, L. P. Gibert, E. F. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, E. J. Gallagher, P. G. Hoffman, T. J. Hurley, J. M. Heffernan, J. L. Heffernan, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Krone, F. C. Kleine, C. C. Kollars, G. J. Haslam, F. X. Mattis, J. T. Maher, Frank M. Phillips, J. L. Morgan, E. A. Munce, C. J. McDermott, J. S. McGrath, F. J. McKinnon, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, D. G. Paul, Joe. Ruppe, Con. Schneiper, R. C. Simms, Geo. Schaeffer, E. A. Truschel, J. C. Worber, E. W. Wheatley, Guy Woodson, Thos. Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

F. M. Moroney, W. Taylor, C. E. Droste, E. A. Howard, W. T. Berthelet, J. Moroney, C. C. Echlin, J. A. Kelly, J. Courtney, C. Metz, H. Metz, J. Haslam, A. Van Mourick, J. H. Dwenger, J. Ruppe, M. E. Devitt, T. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, W. Rea, J. E. Chaves, J. W. Kent, H. J. Ackerman, E. B. Baggard, J. W. Frain, W. J. Miller.

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Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Pacific Fast Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Kansas and Colorado Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 8:25 a.m.	* 1:35 p.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 3:15 p.m.	* 7:55 a.m.
Mendota and Ottawa Express.....	* 4:35 p.m.	* 10:40 a.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 5:30 p.m.	* 8:55 a.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 6:15 p.m.	* 7:15 a.m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	* 9:30 p.m.	* 6:35 a.m.
Pacific Night Express for Omaha.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
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Oct. 24, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 20.

Going North.		STATIONS.		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.30 a.m.	4.20 p.m.	- -	- -	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
12.45 "	3.35 "	- -	- -	10.23 "	8.55 "
12.18 "	3.14 "	- -	- -	10.41 "	9.20 "
11.57 p.m.	2.53 "	- -	- -	11.00 "	9.47 "
11.27 "	2.23 "	- -	- -	11.35 "	10.33 "
10.54 "	1.30 "	- -	- -	12.27 p.m.	11.33 "
9.58 "	12.51 "	- -	- -	1.06 "	12.12 a.m.
9.35 "	12.10 "	- -	- -	1.45 "	12.40 "
9.08 "	11.50 a.m.	- -	- -	2.05 "	1.01 "
8.38 "	11.21 "	- -	- -	2.32 "	1.45 "
7.54 "	10.41 "	- -	- -	3.16 "	2.23 "
7.12 "	9.57 "	- -	- -	4.00 "	3.04 "
6.10 "	8.50 "	Lv. - Indianapolis,	- Ar.	5.00 "	4.00 "

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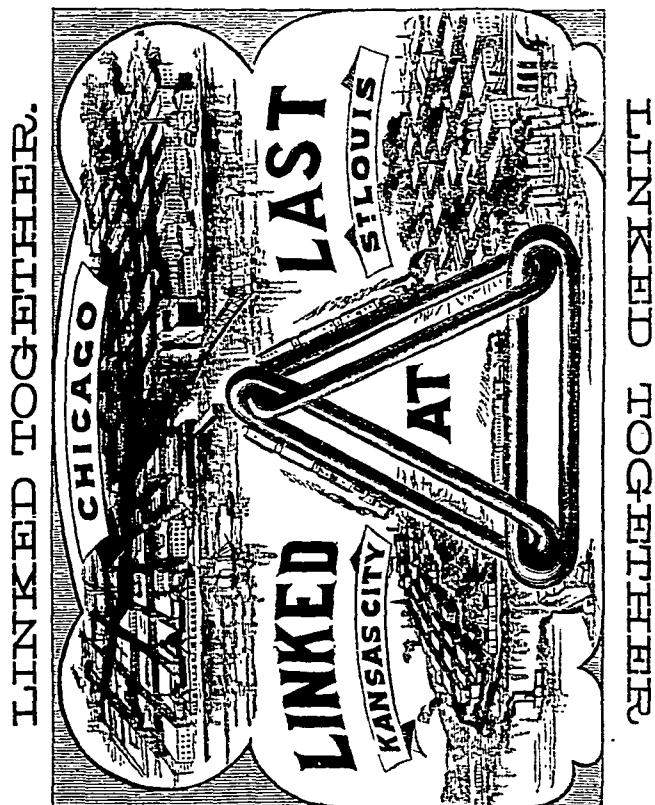
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Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND
MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS
FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Limit Ex.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	12.05 A.M.	9.15 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	7.30 P.M.
Rochester,.....	1.15 "	10.10 "	2.55 "
Alliance,.....	3.30 "	1.20 P.M.	5.35 "	10.25 P.M.
Orrville,.....	5.00 "	3.18 "	7.13 "
Mansfield,.....	6.55 "	5.40 "	9.20 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.25 "	6.15 "	9.45 "	1.40 A.M.
Crestlin..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	6.35 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	1.45 A.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	8.18 "	11.23 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.30 "	12.32 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.15 P.M.	12.08 A.M.	2.40 "	5.35 "
Plymouth,.....	3.46 "	2.50 "	4.55 "	7.16 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	8.00 "	9.40 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 8, Fast Line	No. 2, Morn. Ex.	No. 4, Atlan. Ex.	No. 6, N. Y. Ex.
Chicago..... LEAVE	9.40 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	3.30 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.50 A.M.	11.53 "	9.25 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.35 P.M.	12.15 A.M.	8.35 P.M.
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.36 "	2.38 "
Forest,.....	10.08 "	5.43 "	3.55 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	7.10 "	5.30 "	12.35 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.30 P.M.	6.40 A.M.	12.40 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	8.03 "	7.20 "	1.15 "
Orrville,.....	2.28 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	2.04 A.M.	2.10 "
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

Trains Nos. 3, 6, 5 and 4 run daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 8 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday

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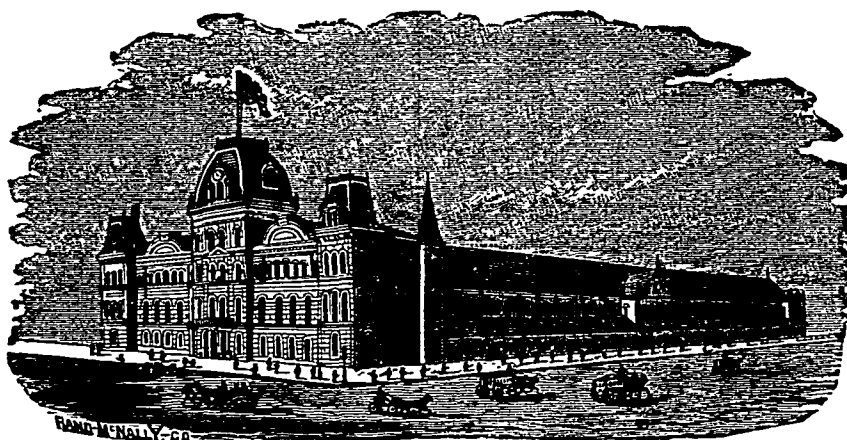
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m.; Buffalo 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 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 8.20 a. m.

9.03 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, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

	2	4	6	8	20
EASTWARD.	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "
Miller's....."	9 10 "	12 05 a.m.
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	12 32 "
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	9 20 "	2 35 "
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	9 50 "	10 50 . "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.

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