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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Free Trade.

BY W. H. ARNOLD.

Tariff is defined as a schedule of duties payable to the Government on imported goods; and is of two kinds: *ad valorem* and specific, and its object twofold: for the purpose of revenue, and protection of home industries against foreign competition. *Ad valorem* duty is a tax based on the value of the goods; specific duty is based on the quantity of goods. Upon the former is built the protective tariff system, or protection in effect of foreign competition. That this system is not what its advocates claim for it, but opposed to the best interests of the country at large, and the laboring class in general, is what I shall attempt to prove in this essay. I shall commence by denouncing the system as, 1st, dishonest in principle; 2d, unjust in its discriminating in favor of a certain class, and as such opposed to the Constitution; 3d, tyrannical; 4th, as unprogressive and opposed to the best interests of the country; 5th, false and ineffective in its claimed results.

The word "tariff" is derived from the name of a small town, Tariffa, on the Straits of Gibraltar, from which pirate Mussulmans sailed out to meet passing vessels, and demanded of them a part of their cargoes before they would allow them to pass on their way in safety. This demand was made without a shadow of right or justice, and was nothing less than piracy, since it took that for which it gave no equivalent, with no authority, save that of might and force. This is simply what the system of protective tariff is to-day; and we still recognize in the custom-house officer who boards our vessel at New York, and other ports of entry, the ancient cruiser of Tariffa, with the difference that he is the officer of a Government noted for its love of liberty and justice, while the other had but his piratical greed to satisfy. It is thus dishonest in principle, because it takes from the importer without giving an equivalent in return. It is unjust, because it discriminates against the majority of the people in favor of a certain class, namely, the manufacturers. That the majority of the people of this country are engaged in agricultural pur-

suits is shown by the census of 1870, and that this large class of citizens are injured by the protective system will be shown by the fact that they are compelled to patronize the home manufacturer and pay him an enormous price for their plows, hoes, shovels, rakes,—in fact, almost everything they use. They are compelled to do this or do without: and are made to pay not only the price of the foreign-made goods, but the tariff duty in addition, which he adds to the price of his goods. The Government says to the farmer: "You shall not trade your barrel of flour for the Englishman's plow, but you must give the American manufacturer a barrel and a half for his plow, to encourage him to make more, to sell at the same price." When the farmer complains that the American manufacturer has been protected and encouraged for ten or fifteen years in this, and it is about time to remove the tariff, "Oh," it says, "he cannot compete with the foreigners! he will be ruined if they are permitted to compete with him; and you know the United States must have manufacturing at any cost."

Many things which must be either imported or done without if shut off by high tariff, cause great inconvenience, if not suffering, to the people, either by self-denial or the payment of exorbitant prices. Tariff cannot annihilate importation, but it can burden the people with enormous prices. It is an indirect tax upon the people, which, if levied directly, would tempt them to revolution. It is unjust, since it raises the prices of goods without raising the wages of labor in proportion. Suppose foreign blankets, worth \$3 per pair, and American blankets \$4.50, under the tariff, is it not clear that there is a profit over and above the price of the foreign blankets of \$1.50 which, no doubt, bring a profit also, that has to be paid by the American, or they must be done without. And who reaps the benefit of this? The goods are increased 50 per cent. in price. Does the manufacturer add 50 per cent. to the wages of the foreign laborer, and give it to his workmen? If so, what is the need of the tariff since it reduces the profit to the foreigners; and if it is just as good, surely he [the American] ought to be able to compete, at least in America, with the foreigner, since he saves the cost of transportation. But statistics show that the American laborer's wages are not raised in proportion to the prices of the goods he must use, and so he must suffer, while the manufacturer—who, from the eternal fitness of things, is a rich man—adds to his wealth.

The census of 1870 shows that but 3 per cent. of the American people are engaged in the manufacture of cotton, worsted and woolen goods, steel and iron. These industries were protected by a large tariff, and the result was that 97 per cent. of the people had to suffer, that 3 per cent. might get rich. Industries that cannot live without the

milk of protection, after having been fed on it for years, deserve to die, and that is just the trouble with our manufactories: they never get strong enough to compete with the foreigner. Either the doctrine of protection is false, or it is impossible for these "infant" manufactories to be anything else. Witness shipbuilding, as an example: first protected by a tariff, later by a foreign prohibition, and now so low that the United States, as a shipbuilding country, is hardly rateable. Protection robs the consumer to pay the seller, and leaves labor ever dependent on capital, since it takes from the one to add to the other. As an instance of the injustice of protection: in 1872, the Michigan Central R. R. Co. were laying steel rails at Detroit, at the rate of \$97 (duty paid in gold) per ton, while the Canada Southern R. R. Co. were laying the same kind of rails within half a mile of them at \$70 per ton. It may not be unjust for a Government to tax importation for the sake of revenue, if there is no better way of raising taxes, but it certainly is for them to tax in order that a certain class may be subsidized at the expense of a majority of the people. Another injustice is the fact that American goods are cheaper abroad than at home; certainly if we can compete with foreigners abroad, we can do so at home.

Protection is tyrannical, since it limits our rights to trade where we will, not even allowing us to buy our clothes abroad and bring them home in our trunks free of duty. Protection is unprogressive, and as such opposed to the best interests of our country and of the people. It is clearly demonstrable by the logic of facts that exports and imports mutually depend on each other, and the failure of the one necessitates the failure of the other. The statistics of our own and all other countries amply prove this fact. If high duties limit imports, exports must necessarily be reduced in proportion, because trade is not merely the bartering of the goods of our country for the bullion of another, but an exchange of goods between both. Keeping foreign goods from our market must also decrease foreign demand for ours, and with the falling off in demand abroad would come also the falling off in prices for our goods abroad, and a consequent increase of prices at home to meet the deficiency; hence protective tariff not only decreases our imports, exports and prices abroad, but raises our prices at home; for foreigners can only hope to buy of us so long as they can sell to us, and if their goods are made so costly by the tariff that we can buy for a trifle less, and save freight, at home, we do not care to buy their goods. The falling off in exports would necessarily cause a glut in our home markets, and a consequent falling off in their production, as well as cost of labor. The arrest of business under the protective tariff of 1824 and 1828 proves this.

Protective tariff limits foreign intercourse, without which no nation can thrive; for Roman greatness, as well as that of ancient Greece was due to the fact that their ports were open to the world. Ancient Athens, situated upon the barren peninsula of Attica, ranked among the richest cities in the world, from the fact of its vast imports, until it was a common saying that the productions which were found singly elsewhere were brought together at Athens. Commerce is the only means of keeping us posted in regard to discoveries, inventions, etc.; hence progress of the other portions of the world; and as free trade fosters commerce, it therefore furthers the progress of the world. Tariff being not for the general good is unwise, as well as opposed to the principles of our

Republic. It has a tendency to keep the cities crowded, to the neglect of the rural districts and the soil, wherein lies our chief wealth, and this to the detriment of morals and the promotion of crime. Any country injures itself that pays \$1 for an article that can be bought for 50 cts., simply to encourage an industry that never seems to thrive without governmental care.

As necessity is the mother of invention, so also is competition the life of trade; and as protection prevents competition, it kills trade, whose life it is. It has the tendency to unsettle the market, rendering prices uncertain and hazardous. The change in price of pig-iron since 1842 affords an example of its tendency to render prices unstable. That the doctrine is a false and pernicious one cannot be denied. It originated in the hostility of England to Holland, and after a thorough trial of two centuries has been gladly shaken off by the former, and will be by all who share in its delusion. According to the dispensations of Divine Providence, some countries possess advantages which others do not. That our country possesses superior advantages is generally conceded, and to think that free trade would injure the utilization of them were perfect folly; no legislation can effect the changing of the decrees of God so that Maine could raise cotton as advantageously to her people as Mississippi, or Louisiana raise wheat as profitably as Indiana. And what is true of States is equally true of nations. The vital essence of protection is that it considers the people only in the light of sellers, and not buyers as well. It aims to build up what it in reality tears down. If a century of protection has not been sufficient to build up our ship-building trade—and this in spite of the fact that our advantages are equal, if not superior, to those possessed by any country in the world—then surely no better argument of the inefficiency of protection is needed. But let us pass from this evil to its never-failing remedy, that system of justice of man to man, the God-like principle of equal rights and brotherly love, not only to our own countrymen but to our foreign brethren. Let us turn, then, to free trade, the grand solution of the knotty problem; and when we have discussed its merits, let him who can cry tariff.

As free trade is exactly the opposite of protective tariff, its workings and results must necessarily be the reverse; consequently, in the same proportion that the protective tariff is a curse, free trade is a blessing. It promotes and encourages universal trade, disseminating the productions of nations in such a manner as to benefit them all. To the countries of the North it gives the cotton, tea, coffee, spices, and fruits of the South, which in return receives the Northern cereals. It increases the exports and imports, and with the demand for goods comes also the demand for labor. Thus it gives employment to a greater number of people, who though they may receive less money as wages, are more blessed than under tariff, since its purchasing power is increased. Free trade simply removes the magnifying glass from the plea, revealing it as it actually is, while it gives the workman a greater variety of articles. John Bright says that under free trade, in England, the wages of skilled mechanics have increased 25 per cent., while hours of labor have been abridged and staple articles of food reduced in price. Under it, in four years, English paupers decreased 23 per cent. If this be true, as no doubt it is, from English statistics, why may not the same rule apply to America? It is also demonstrated by contemporaneous English history that the public morals of a

country have improved with its prosperity ever since the principle of free trade was adopted. It was the first of a long series of reforms in English legislation during the past quarter of a century, and was followed by improvement in all kinds of taxation until her revenue is now raised upon the smallest number of articles of luxury and to the relief of the largest number of the people. It has opened the way for growth of the liberal sentiments which have encouraged social, political and religious freedom. The extension of educational facilities, the disestablishment of the Irish Church Bill, liberalization of suffrage, are all reforms that never would have been realized, if the power of reform had not asserted itself in the derogation of the injustice of high tariff. Free trade is only withheld by the power of the wealthy monopolies that would be overturned, to the great benefit of the people of this country, were it in force.

That protection is necessary to prevent the destruction of our home manufactories by foreign competition is not true, since at no time when free trade existed in this country did imported goods amount to more than 10 per cent. of our home manufactured goods. This is amply proven by the statistics of those times, which space will not permit me to quote here, while under its beneficent influences the home productions increased wonderfully. No country has better facilities for manufacturing than the United States and few as good. Her immense plains for raising live-stock, for wool, hides, and tallow, etc.; her vast cotton fields, her large forests, her wonderful mineral resources, are such as to be unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, on the face of the globe. Why then can we not compete with foreign countries, not only in the product of the soil but in manufactured goods? The boldness of an assertion to the contrary is simply amazing. England, a free-trade country, is an example, having more wealth in proportion to her size than any other country in the world. France has had a reciprocal free-trade system since 1860, her duties being of one kind: specific, *i. e.*, duty proportionate to quantity.

The benefits of this partially free-trade system are shown by the fact that in fourteen years her revenue (which shows an increase in trade) increased from 9,689,360,000 francs to 13,810,000,000 francs, and she ranks to-day among the most flourishing nations. Under the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, which lasted ten years, the exchanges increased from \$21,691,000 to \$84,000,000, and diminished with its repeal or termination, in *one* year, to \$57,000,000. In 1860, 71 per cent. of American commerce was carried in American bottoms, which after thirteen years of protection was reduced in 1873 to 30 per cent., and at this time is even lower, although a prohibition against foreign bottoms is still in effect. It is useless to argue that this is because the United States does not protect her ship-building trade by subsidizing American lines; for statistics not only for this country, but for others, will not bear out the assertion.

These are simply a few instances where free trade has proved its beneficial effects, but many more might be cited in support of this system, based on justice and progress—whose chief requirement is equal rights to all—a system, the choice of the majority of the people, and has been so recorded on numerous occasions. The South, the East, the great and growing West and Northwest are alive to its benefits, and "*Vox populi vox Dei.*" It has sailed since exchanges between man and man first began, for three centu-

ries has battled victoriously with the fallacies of "Protection," and now with sails unfurled and anchor weighed is about to enter nobly, because conscious of its strength, into the harbor of universal adoption. We have shown that protection is a curse, because it kills competition, the life of trade. It increases the cost of manufactured goods, it does not increase wages in proportion to prices, it creates fictitious and exaggerated values, it enriches the home manufacturer by robbing the consumer, it drives off foreign production, it restricts the right of purchase, it is unjust, it is unprogressive, it does not operate for the general good, it is not in keeping with the spirit of the constitution, it benefits only the manufacturing interests to the detriment of all the others, it aids the rich and robs the poor, and is opposed to the best interests of our country.

Of free trade we have shown the opposite, for each of the evils mentioned it is an infallible remedy; it not only benefits nations but individuals alike, particularly the poor,—based on principles of justice and brotherly love, it benefits all alike. Scientific men, who have made a close study of political economy, agree almost unanimously that free trade is the true theory of prosperity to nations; and from the catalogue of the London library out of 77 eminent writers, of all nationalities—English, French, German, Italian, Prussian, etc.,—on political economy, 75 advocate the cause of free trade. Revenue tariff may at present be tolerated, yet it, and all like species, are, because tainted with the wrongs of protection, destined to give place to an income tax which will be just and universal in its application. All great reforms have met with opposition from the few who might be injured thereby; steamboats, railroads, and labor-saving machinery were opposed in turn, because they would ruin the stage-coach, sailing-vessel, and throw people out of employment; but the voice of civilization demands progress and perfection, and in the ultimate accession to this demand, which cannot be denied, will come the blessings of free trade, a fit sister and associate with personal liberty and free speech, the three Graces of liberty. It was Virginia's noble son, the illustrious Patrick Henry, who, keeping in mind his proverb, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past," said: "Fetter not commerce! Let her be free as the air. She will range the whole creation, and return on the four wings of heaven to bless the land with plenty."

"Home, Sweet Home!"

We may roam through this world to seek peace and delight,
Still 'tis but a vain object alluring the sight;
For, though pleasures may greet us where'er we may roam,
One bright thought still beams on our dear native home,
Home, sweet home.

In the immense number of words which comprise the English language,—derived, as it is, from the vernacular of many other countries,—doubtless, the common noun of four letters, *home*, contains and conveys the highest degree of expressive feelings to the mind and deepest of sensibility to the human heart. Some would have it that love is its peer; but this is occasionally found to be evanescent, and often grossly false, when the affection for home and country is invariable, perpetual, and preferable.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;

Extols the treasures of his frozen seas,
His long nights of revelry and ease.

The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave,

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam:
His first best country, ever is at home:
As different good by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

It is equally so with the savage Indians of our own country, whether half-starved or half-frozen in the snowy forests of the north, or roving aimlessly through the fragrant groves of the south, they see in their homes some attraction superior to the "elsewhere." And this attraction is of a two-fold character: one, the home of our nativity; the other the home of our family circle and its domestic surroundings, always brightening our pathway with ecstatic delights.

It is said of Benedict Arnold (the American traitor) that when an exile in Paris, he happened into a company of promiscuous nationalities, and the conversation chanced to turn about the national home of each member of the party. When Arnold was asked to tell his home, he replied with a heavy sigh, that he was the most unhappy man on earth—"A man without a country, without a home!"

When the mariner, whose destiny seems to be bent on exploring for regions undiscovered, after a long and fruitless voyage, shifts his pennant and sets his compass "homeward," what thrills of delight ring in the hearts of the storm-beaten crew as they hoist their sails and fill the air with that favorite song of the sea, "On the Deck of the Homeward Bound!" a song, oftentimes expressive of *far more* than a sailor's joy; for many a young landsman has been drifted and dashed about on the billows of misfortune by sailing out on a precipitant and ill-directed voyage; for him the "Homeward Bound" expresses the effect of a bitter experience, as he longs to see the home whence his departure doubtless made many a broken heart and caused the shedding of many a bitter tear.

The poor wearied soldier, who, after a long march and hard-fought battle, stretches himself by the camp-fire to rest his tottering limbs and emaciated frame, will, with his head on his knapsack, dose in a dreamy home and hopeful family. After the fall of Richmond, the close of our fratricidal war, the victorious army was ordered to Washington to be reviewed and disbanded. The American bands actually rent the air with the vociferous strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," and such national airs. The German bands tooted away an "Wacht am Rhine" until 'twas hard telling whether it was the Rhine or the Potomac that flowed through Washington. But when the shattered fragments of the Irish Brigade wheeled into line and struck up that soul-inspiring air, "Home, Sweet Home," it would seem as if Mark Anthony were again telling the Roman Senate, at the death of Brutus, that the pavement of the street shook with reverberation; while the few unbroken strings which survived on the golden harp of their perforated battle flag seemed to chirrup

"The harp that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,"

while he who writes this added with a tear:

Once happy home, where cheerful influence shed,
Sweet were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.

The commercial traveller, or business man, whose avocation necessitates a long absence from loved ones, will go into raptures at the very sight of a ticket for home. Who can be so devoid of self-interest that would not exercise the most extreme efforts to procure this superlative of all earthly possessions, a home, a domestic fireside, a family circle?

Where the worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss by seeing his household blest.

And still how strange it is that so many of the human family are homeless; many from necessity, it is true; but a far greater number from choice, allured by the glittering tinsel of living unencumbered, and enjoying the vapid fragrance of the May flowers of early life, not thinking that,

"Pleasures are like poppies spread:
You catch the stem, the flower is dead;
Or, like the snowflake in the river:
A moment seen, then lost forever."

It should be the earnest desire and sincere wish of every young man, especially those who read the SCHOLASTIC, to bestow a passing thought of consideration on these suggestions on their first entrance into the arena of life. Their highest aspirations should be to accumulate the means of investing in a home, no matter how humble; for it, none the less, is a planet, around which industry, energy, economy, sobriety, and solid comfort revolve as satellites,—the nursery of the finer qualities of nature's instinct. And although at the present these words may not appear to them quite as glowing as the orations of Cicero, or the erudition of Demosthenes, they may have the effect, if *well directed*, of causing them to procure for themselves that, without which life itself is but a blank encumbrance, a home, sweet home. T. D.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Tedesca, the American violinist, is giving concerts in Paris.

—Mr. Rajon is engaged on an etching of the portrait of Cardinal Newman.

—Arthur Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" is becoming very popular in England.

—The expenses of next week's operatic Festival in Cincinnati, are estimated at over \$35,000.

—The severity of the weather has interfered greatly with the success of the musical season in New Orleans.

—Theodore Thomas and his orchestra will give four concerts in Chicago next week. "The Damnation of Faust" will be given twice.

—Patti's performance of "Traviata" at Monte Carlo, recently, was a triumphant success. At the end of the fourth act, the whole audience rose and paid her an ovation.

—"Olivette" is in rehearsal in numerous cities and towns throughout the Middle and Western States. It will probably be followed by the same composer's "La Mascotte" and "Billee Taylor."

—Miss Louise D. Reynolds, a young American soprano, who has recently returned from studies in Milan, will make her *début* at the sixth annual concert of Mr. John Lavine, at Steinway Hall, New York, next Monday evening.

—It is rumored that a fund of over \$100,000 has been raised among the wealthy patrons of music in Boston, and that the money is to be used in defraying the expense of bringing over an orchestra from Europe. These musicians are to be established here as a permanent orchestra.

—Both Houses of Congress having passed the bill giving \$40,000 to the Bennington monument, it is calculated that the sums voted by Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York will bring the total up to \$90,000. It is proposed to spend \$100,000 upon the monument.

—Prof. Huxley, F. R. S., is said to have accepted the office of Inspector of Fisheries, vacant by the death of Mr. Frank Buckland. This appointment, as it demands his entire time, necessitates the resignation by Mr. Huxley of the post of Naturalist to the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom.

—The Librarian of Congress now owns the copy of the Bible presented by Dr. Thomas Wilson to George Washington. The copy is in three folio volumes, has the autograph of Washington, and contains the family record of the Herbert family, to whom it descended through Lord Halifax. It is in excellent preservation, and will probably find a home in the National Museum at Washington.

—The popular animal-painter, M. Eugene Joseph Verboeckhoven, died at Brussels a few days ago. He was born at Warneton, Belgium, in 1797. He was not only a painter of animals, but a sculptor, and produced a statue called "Meditation," which was much admired. He was a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and of the Orders of Leopold of Belgium, Michael of Bavaria, Christ of Portugal, and the Iron Cross of Italy. He was likewise a member of the Academies of Belgium, Antwerp, and St. Petersburg.

—It is a deplorable fact, recognized by all, that America is far from gaining the high position in the musical firmament that she bade fair to attain a few years ago, when there appeared every reason to suppose that before many years had elapsed she would be the equal of Germany and Italy, if not their superior, in art. Since that time, however, we have been gradually losing ground, until at present there are only a few of the most devoted adherents left to cluster around the drooping standard of true art. They are brave and faithful to the cause, yet even their almost superhuman endeavors fail to keep back the innovations and corrupting influences that have stealthily penetrated to the very core of their idolized art, there to undermine the already tottering fabric, and slowly but surely level its walls to the very dust. At present we mistake the dross and counterfeit for the real, and the corrupting strains of "burlesque" usurp the throne of art, and degrade the taste of the people. This burlesque mania has swept like a whirlwind over the land, spreading far and near its seeds of destruction, which have taken root and flourished. The clinging tendrils spreading themselves out in search of support have grasped the tree of true art and wound themselves in an intricate maze among its branches, until it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Let us declare war against the foul invader; let us grasp its treacherous branches, and, with strong hands, tear it from its hold and cast it into the depths of oblivion. Then we will once more nourish the legitimate offspring of art until it has gained strength and courage to stand forth boldly and definitely and assert its own claims. Thus, and only thus, can we rescue from utter destruction the standing of America as a musical nation.—*American Art Journal*.

Exchanges.

—The editors of *The Concordiensis*, Union College, N. Y., get out a lively college paper. It is a 16-page monthly, with a neat cover.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* for February contains seven fine specimens of artistic penwork. Six of these are from the hand of D. T. Ames, the senior editor of the *Journal*; the other, a fine piece of flourishing by Fielding Schofield, of Bryant, Stratton & Clark's Business College, Newark, N. J.

—*The Volante* for January, but lately received, is a somewhat livelier number than were its near predecessors. The account of the vaccination of the students, received on the same day with the Harvard *Echo* containing the

account of the small-pox ravages in Boston and Cambridge, sounds rather ominous in the light of the premonition that 1881 was to be a sickly and epidemic year.

—Benziger Brothers' *Catholic Book News at Home and Abroad* is always welcome to the lover of good books, and the fact that the Paris correspondence is now given in English will make it appreciated by a more extended circle of readers than formerly. The latest items of news concerning new publications in both Europe and America will be found here. We always take particular pleasure in the reviews and criticisms of "Oxonians." The *Catholic Book News* is published quarterly, at 50 cents a year, by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

—*The Berkeleyan* for January 31st put on a new corps of editors, and the green editors have issued the ripest number of *The Berkeleyan* we have seen in a long while. Although coming from Berkeley, the matter is not so idealistic either. The salutatory complains of the lack of interest in journalism at Berkeley; "not long since, it says, three papers were in full blast here, while now there is but one, and that a semi-monthly." The new editors have given the paper a general overhauling, and have re-arranged it in a much better style than formerly. The matter is excellent throughout—the sketch of "Helen Hunt Jackson" particularly so. This lady is the author of the interesting "Bits of Travel at Home," and, probably, of the "Saxe Holm Stories." The rather high-spiced "Quiddities" have, in the new arrangement, given place to "Collegiana," which seem to have just spice enough.

—*The American Art Journal* seems to approach a higher degree of excellence every year, and to gain popularity in proportion. The number for February gives a first-rate portrait of the young American prima-donna Miss Flora Leone Frost, a young lady whose career, though brief, has been a very brilliant one in musical circles. "Heine on Meyerbeer," "Character and Caricature in Art," by Prof. N. A. Wells, "Is England a Musical Nation?" by W. H. Neave, are the leading contributed articles of the number; the editorial articles are pungent, and, as usual, contain much information for lovers of good music and the arts. The Trade Review department shows up Engel, the traducer of the Chickering piano, in anything but an angelic light; and one Satter, a musician of some note, but of poor character, is "sat down" upon in such a way that he will have some trouble in straightening himself before the American public.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC states, on the authority of *The Cornell Review*, that the *Era* is endeavoring to become an illustrated paper. Now, see here, *Dame*, if you believe everything *The Cornell Review* states, you will make a great — well, mistake. There is another thing we would like you not to do, and that is to make such "nasty" puns. Don't! For heaven's sake, don't! Besides, you talk of our pitching into the *Sun*. Now, are you fully aware of the great danger involved in pitching into the *Sun*? We never have done that. We simply drew a few pictures for the amusement of our readers, and the idea of pitching into the *Sun* never entered our heads.—*Cornell Era*.

If the exchange editor of the *Era* didn't "pitch into" the *Sun* then we didn't make any puns, good or bad, puny or great—that is all. But he need not fear. The classic region of Ithaca will no more be devastated. The Punic wars are at an end; Rome and Carthage are at peace. Annabel has been led captive in hymeneal bonds by Scipio Æmilianus, and everything goes merry as the married belle.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for March is at hand, and, as usual, is filled with interesting matter on a variety of well-handled subjects. On the first page is a portrait of the famous Nun of Kenmare, with a brief biographical sketch of her life. "A French Parson on the Priest-Hunt" is a well-written article by the Rev. J. V. O'Connor, with some of whose assertions, however, we cannot agree; for instance, we do not admit that Americans accept without demur the views and judgments of foreign writers, not only on questions remote from our own experience, but also upon domestic problems. The whole article is a comprehensive view of the present situation of Church affairs in France. Mivart's "Lessons from Nature," by W. D., is one of the best articles in the present number. The other contents are as follows: A Diabolical Act; Outlines

of Geology, and Geological Notes of Ireland; Our Race in New Zealand; The Birthplace of St. Patrick; A Beautiful Figure; In the Service of France; What a Gallant Soldier says of his Race; Courting in the Olden days; The Irish Bar; The Burial of Moses; Have Hope; Catholicity is not a Recent Importation into America; A Shamrock from the Irish Shore; Ireland in the United States; The Pope on the Situation in Ireland; The Archbishop of Boston and his Clergy, Address; "The Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church"; Wendell Phillips on the Situation in Ireland; Clarence Mangan; Our Young Folks: Good Order in Everything, Passion Flowers and Snowdrops, Useful Knowledge, The Humorist, Talk with Our Readers, Events of the Month, Notices of Recent Publications, Obituary, The Crisis in Ireland.

—*The Catholic World* for March opens with a paper from General di Cesuola on "Obelisks, and the New York Obelisk," in which the learned writer gives some interesting details of these ancient Egyptian *tekken*. Our New York obelisk is one of a pair (the obelisks were constructed in pairs) with the London obelisk, and was erected at Heliopolis, before the temple of Tum, the Sun, by Thothmes III (eighteenth dynasty, about 1500 or 1600 B. C.) The pair was removed to Alexandria in the reign of Augustus, 22 B. C. They were known to European travellers by the name of Cleopatra's Needles, but an inscription discovered in 1877 shows they were erected in Alexandria eight years after the death of Cleopatra. The height of the New York obelisk is 68 ft. 11 in. Those at St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, the Porta del Popolo, and Monte Citorio, the four highest in Rome, are respectively 108 ft. 10 in., 82 ft. 9 in., 78 ft. 6 in., and 71 ft. 5 in. The one at London is 68 ft. 5½ in.,—that is, 5 in. less in height than the one in New York. There are sixteen obelisks in Italy, twelve of these being in Rome; Constantinople has two, one over 50 ft., the other more than 70 ft. in height; and England possesses four small ones besides the large one on the Thames embankment at London. General di Cesuola's article throws much light on these ancient monoliths and will be read with much gratification. The second article of this number of *The Catholic World* brings up in review Moore, Lover, Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," Richard Milliken, Francis Mahony ("Father Prout"), Dr. William Maginn, Baron Arthur Dawson, Rt. E. J. Geo. Ogle, Gerald Griffin, Prof. John P. Ingram, Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Dennis Florence McCarthy, William Allingham, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Lady Dufferin, and other Irish poets, and introduces to us "A New Irish Poet," Alfred Perceval Graves, whose productions have for some time graced the columns of *The Spectator*. Several of his poetic pieces are given. The author of this paper, Mr. Alfred Williams, seems to have lost sight of "The Belfast Man," whose productions have met with much favor from English reviewers. "Some Recent Views upon Mind," by Cornelius M. O'Leary, M. D., LL. D., is the heavy article of the number, and yet it is not in any way heavy reading for those who are philosophically inclined, for the Doctor writes in a very agreeable manner on abstrusive subjects. The paper is a review of "The Brain as an Organ of Mind," by H. Charlton Bastian, M. A., M. D., F. R. S., Prof. of Pathological Anatomy, etc., in University College, London. "The Religious Aspect of Heraldry" is an interesting article from the pen of Monsignor Seton. The Rev. Alfred Young contributes a metrical rendering of a portion of the work entitled "Revelations of Divine Love," made to a devout anchorite of Norwich in the days of King Edward III, and Mr. John Talbot Smith's serial, "A Woman of Culture," reaches its twelfth chapter, where "Mr. Quip finds his sphere." Mr. M. P. Thompson's article, "Petrarch Canon at Lombez," gives some interesting reminiscences of the great Italian poet, and those who like religious discussion are treated to the "Blunders of Dr. Ewer," by Rev. George M. Searle. "The Wraith of the Aichensee," an interesting tale of old Munich, founded on fact, is well told by Mr. William Seton. The first chapter of "The Life of Christ," by Rev. A. F. Hewit, brings us to the review of new publications, and the close of the March number of the solidest and best of all our American magazines, Catholic or non-Catholic, for such *The Catholic World* is, beyond doubt.

—*Brown's Phonographic Monthly* for December, which

has been on our desk for some time, is a magnificent number and will prove a treasure, if not a *vade mecum*, for such phonographic students as may be subscribers to the *Monthly*. This periodical has won golden opinions on both sides of the Atlantic, and the number before us contains high testimonials from *The Reporter's Magazine*, London, the *Coo-ee*, edited by Ralph de Christie, Melbourne, Australia, and from eminent men in the profession elsewhere. Fac-simile specimens of the phonography of twenty-five eminent men are given in the December number, and Mr. T. William Bell, a phonographer of the "phunny" kind, with a serious turn, receives a fore-and-aft raking from the guns of the *Monthly*. Nearly two full pages of the scribbling which Mr. Bell calls his "phonography" are given, and the man that deciphers it and gives a correct transcription is offered ten years subscription to the *Monthly*. Here is a chance for somebody. We regret to say that phonography, once a popular study at Notre Dame, has fallen into desuetude. This is to be regretted, for in no other business or profession is a man surer of employment and good pay than in phonography. One of Notre Dame's students in past years, Mr. Burritt Hinsdale, (by the way, we have not heard of or from him of late—where is he?) attained great proficiency as a phonographer; he practiced for some years in the Chicago courts, spent a vacation of some months at his *Alma Mater* here recruiting his health, afterwards held a position at a celebrated Water-Cure establishment in New York or Pennsylvania, and the last heard of him he was one of the official reporters at the Beecher trial. We hope the study of phonography will again obtain a footing here, and that Bros. Alban and Celestine will again bring up their men in martial array as of old. From the answers of the editor to a Canadian correspondent we learn that California is the only State that requires a test, which is to write at the rate of 140 words a minute for five consecutive minutes. In New York city, we are informed, reporters get \$2,500 a year salary and 10 cents a folio for transcripts. In the State, each county employs its own reporter, at various salaries, ranging from \$500 a year up, with 10 cents a folio, besides, for transcripts. In Pennsylvania, \$10 per diem is paid for actual service, and 15 cents a folio for transcripts. A correspondent writes: "I can assure you and the students of your college that *first class* stenographers, men of thought and ability, are wanted at remunerative salaries for responsible positions." This correspondent, Mr. Brown states, is occupying one of the fat positions to which he encourages other stenographers to aspire. He lately telegraphed Mr. B. for a man to fill a responsible position, as he knew he recommended only competent men; knowing none out of employment, they telegraphed to four stenographers, but found them all employed, though the day before two of them wanted positions. After vainly investing \$2 in advertising, the correspondent had at last to send to Washington for a man. This speaks well for stenography as a profession. Dr. E. B. Foote argued in a previous number of the *Monthly* that both hands should be trained, to meet the contingency of "writer's cramp," and states that Mr. J. J. McElhone, chief of the reportorial staff of the House of Representatives at Washington, where he has been for more than thirty consecutive years, trained his left hand to do the work when his right hand failed. "G. H. McC.," the witty "Shorthand-Tramp-and-Innocent-Abroad" correspondent, contributes a letter *sui generis* from Berlin. "Old Reporters and Reports in Washington," by L. A. Gobright, editor of *The Telephone*, is racy with anecdote. The article proving "Why the Letter K is K, and C is a Liar," shows up Mr. Magie's assumptions in favor of the A. P. and S. R. Associations' rule in a very unfavorable light, and K is conclusively proved to be proper for the sound of K, even though C should be retained for the sound of K in certain words. At another time we may speak of the *Monthly's* work in aid of the spelling reform.

—Nearly a month has elapsed since we received the January number of *The Vassar Miscellany*, but it is not because there was "nothing in it," like some periodicals we have met with, that we have not noticed it before. By no means. It is one of the best numbers of the *Miscellany*, and they are many, that we have seen, and we have made up our mind to say something about it before an-

other one comes. "Versatility or Profundity," the leading essay, is, to our thinking, more versatile than profound. This is not saying that we consider it lacking entirely the latter attribute. It is not shallow, and if the mine of thought is not worked to a great depth, yet there is that union of versatility with profundity in the production that makes the essay attractive. "There are shallow brooks," says the writer, "which rush down wooded mountain sides, and glide in sunny meadows. Now they gurgle, now they ripple, and with never-ceasing babble prate of all their doings and adventures. And there are deep pools in woodland nooks, brooding and silent, with not a ripple on the surface, but fathomless depth beneath. . . . Quickness of mental activity, the power of adaptation to circumstances, the tendency toward expression, are faculties which render the versatile superior, in those respects, to the profound mind. Moreover, they are characteristics which are pre-eminently desirable in the intercourse of man with man in social life. . . . But to what do we owe our progress in science, in government, and in religion? Did versatility discover steam-power? Does it keep our government in motion to-day? Did it paint the Sistine Madonna, or win the battle of Gettysburg? Our Livingstones and Mozarts live through the results of profundity. The concentration, and not the dissipation of energy, works the grandest results. It is the deep-searching mightiness of profundity, and not the attractive cleverness of versatility, which moves the world." We are almost inclined to doubt the truth of the latter sentence; versatile villainy seems to be more powerful to-day in moving the majority, than profound virtue. There is substance enough in the following sentence, from the second essay, "Shall we try to Re-mold our Individuality?" to "paint a moral or adorn a tale":

"There surely is nothing so beautiful as naturalness, if the nature be lovely. But if the nature be unlovely, the effort to create, at any sacrifice, a better nature, is much more beautiful than mere naturalness. What we cherish fondly in ourselves as a part of ourselves, by honest scrutiny, may be found to be but an outgrowth of that which we despise in our neighbor."

"Ober-Ammergau and its Inhabitants" is the essay of the present number of the *Miscellany*, and is as remarkable for sound judgment and good sense as for the simple elegance of its diction, which amply compensate for the abrupt turning of the periods. There are one or two remarks that are uncalled for by the facts, but of course early prejudices cannot always be laid aside like an overcoat or mantle. An item from the *Mercury*, which has been going the rounds of the college press lately, stated that three Vassar students stopping at a small inn last summer are said to have filled in the column of the register headed "Occupation" with the words "Looking for a husband," and we have but little doubt that the writer of the article in the *Miscellany*, on "Ober-Ammergau and its Inhabitants," is one of the three. She seems to be amiable and good-natured enough to enjoy such a joke with the greatest zest. Good-natured people enjoy a good joke better than others—and why shouldn't they? The writer concludes her impressions of the Passion Play by saying that a day spent in seeing it "is the only one of its kind in a lifetime, and the impressions, however varied, which it may make upon different persons, are never forgotten." "It seems a mistake," she says, "to call the Passion Play a remnant of the Middle Ages. It differs materially from the plays of that time. None of the mediæval rudeness remains. They do not make the Play Sunday a time for jollification and feasting, as their forefathers did. [Isn't this a mistake? Callous the heart that could be guilty of such an act, at such a time.—Ed. SCHOL.] Their performance is purely an act of worship; and the earnestness and solemnity which they impart to it are almost incredible. I cannot understand how anyone can brand it as sacrilegious. It would be deeply so were city theatres to undertake it, only for the dramatic end. But the purpose and incentives which have governed the actors, up to this day, and their manner of interpreting it, make it seem to me one of the most Christian acts in the world." When looking at the Passion Play as rendered in the true Catholic spirit by the simple and devout peasants of Ober-Ammergau, our traveller seems to have felt the truth of the first lines of the prologue:

"Wirf zum heiligen Staunen dich nieder,

Von Gottes Fluch gebeugtes Geschlecht!
Friede dir! Aus Sion Gnade wieder!"

And when the finale came, the surety that

"Nicht ewigt zürnt Er,

Der Beleidigte—ist sein Zürnen gleich gerecht."

"*De Temporibus et Moribus*" opens with a Fifth-Av. love-story of the Romeo and Juliet style, in which the Yale graduate, Romeo Montague, is shown up in a not very favorable light. Although possessing an abundance of Latin and Greek roots, his purse is sadly depleted by extravagance; his tailor's bill hasn't been paid for six months, and his cigar-bills are enormous. Juliet Capulet is rich, and Romeo falls in love with—her wealth, we suppose, for his father has refused another dollar to his scape-grace son. The course of love doesn't run smooth. Romeo, going to serenade Juliet, is taken by the police for a vagrant, put in prison, breaks jail after awhile, and hies him to Europe, where he marries a silly Italian girl. (The story doesn't say how he got there; but we suppose he worked his passage by pulling ropes and helping to scrub the decks.) Juliet is inconsolable, of course; but her heart is like an India-rubber ball, she soon recovers her serenity, and the story winds up by her marrying a foreign Count that doesn't count for much in his own country or out of it.

College Gossip.

—The cost of the Yale Navy last year was \$5,200. —*Racine Mercury*.

—An Oxford scholarship has been taken by an American graduate of Harvard, class of '80.—*University*.

—A general average of 75 per cent. is required by the University of Virginia for a degree.—*Mercury*.

—Brown has received a bequest of \$25,000 for the foundation of a professorship in Botany.—*University*.

—There is no foundation to the rumor that President Chadbourne is to withdraw his resignation.—*Athenæum*.

—The library at Dartmouth contains 60,000 volumes. Eleven hundred were received during the past year. —*University*.

—Our ancestors, the monkeys, were not so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.—*Vidette*.

—Experimental Philosophy—"Lend me a dollar, will you?" Natural Philosophy—"Can't do it; haven't a cent to spare."—*Brunonian*.

—In the fellowships at Johns Hopkins University there are graduates from thirty different colleges, Yale having the greatest number, seven.—*Ex*.

—"Princeton's new chapel is to cost between one and two thousand dollars."—Several *Exs*. And is to be completed in about that number of years.—*Princetonian*.

—Freshman A.—"The society whose motto is 'Festina Lente' is going to have its last meeting just before Lent." Freshman B.—"'Festina Lente'! What does that mean? Oh! I see! Lenten Festival!"—*Williams Athenæum*.

—They do it fine at Amherst. When they wish to pay off an old debt, they hire a Turkey (Tourgee) to lecture; and, as the students do not wish to be lectured to by such a personage, they fail to put in an appearance in the Hall. The consequence is, that instead of paying off the old debt, they contract a new one.

—A learned professor wishes us to deny the accuracy of Mother Shipton's prophecy upon actual experiment. After careful study and wise calculation he has found that the world is round and has no end at all.—*Ex*. No end at all! H'm! Where are the poles fixed? Or perhaps somebody has been out there and shovelled away the ends.

—The Johns Hopkins University begins its fifth academic year with 142 students; seventy-one being graduates, 52 matriculates and 19 special students. President Gorman, in his address, said that the institution aimed to be a society of scholars in which the oldest teachers were still students, and the youngest students were looking forward to literary and scientific careers.—*University*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, February 26, 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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—Catholics and non-Catholics have at last joined issues on the School Question. Both are now fully alive to the importance—yea, the vital necessity—of imbuing the youthful hearts with a love for religion and morality. Parents, too, plainly see what must be the inevitable consequences of a godless education to be inveigled into allowing its baneful influence to hold sway over their children's hearts. Like the distant roll of heavy thunder, the prognosticator of a storm, their voices are heard in unmistakable earnestness warning the advocates and supporters of the present school-system to prepare for the storm which has already partially commenced, but whose pent-up fury will ere long descend upon them in all its violence, unless they resolve to retrace the ruinous steps already taken. When such men as Richard Grant White, Rev. A. S. Kedzie and Dr. M. Lyman, all non-Catholics, come out and publicly condemn the present school system, it becomes evident that there's a defect in our public educational system somewhere: and when, moreover, these same gentlemen, especially Dr. Lyman, give their support to the steps which Catholics have already taken in the matter, nothing is clearer than that the loose screw is precisely where the Catholics have located it,—in the godlessness of the school-system.

Dr. Lyman, in a lengthy and erudite article on this question, in the *Advance*, a congregational newspaper, published in Chicago, in which he fully justifies the Catholic theory of churchly education for the young, says:

"Our public-school system is a splendid monument of self-sacrifice and of zeal for the improvement of mankind, and it should never be wholly abandoned. But it has far outgrown its legitimate sphere, and by misappropriating certain of the most important functions of the Church, it has well nigh paralyzed the influence of the Church in certain directions. The

time has come when our Protestant churches must resume the responsibilities which they have resigned, unless they are willing to remain passive spectators of the prosperous growth of indifference and scientific infidelity. By the side of every church should stand the parochial school-house. Then the unjust system of school taxation which now disgraces our civilization, would soon become a thing of the past. The morals of the pulpit would then find their way through the school-room into the community, instead of being, as now, forbidden to emerge among the Jews and Gentiles beyond the door of the church. Instead of the uniform drill which now compels all children everywhere to walk in the same ill-chosen rut, we should have in different localities different methods of instruction, with a corresponding richness of variety in the result. Instead of having the education of our children placed under the supervision of an irresponsible power emanating from the dregs of the populace, we should feel in our churches a revival of interest in the subject of education which would enlist the attention of the best men and women in the community. We should have better school-houses, for the taste and skill and wealth of our people would then have an opportunity for modifying the architecture of school-buildings. By limiting the demand for public schools, and by diminishing the money raised by taxation for their support, the temptations to official corruption would be proportionately diminished. The centres of population in our cities would tend to assume greater stability, for the church and the school-house together, surrounded by stately trees and well-kept grounds, would form a centre of gravitation far more permanent than anything that Protestant Christianity has yet produced. The Roman Catholic priest has always succeeded in securing ample room and permanent accommodations for his church, and his school, and his convent, in every one of our cities, while his wealthier Protestant brother is content with the space between two curbstones, at some narrow street corner, from which the first wave of advancing commerce too often washes him into obscurity. It is high time to ask which of these twain is the wiser."

Such are the views entertained by this learned gentleman, and such should be those of every fair-minded person. The answer as to who is the wiser, that Church which educates her own members, or the one which intrusts their education to the State, will be, "the former." The wisest course is the safest, and is, therefore, the one to be most scrupulously followed. If the present public school-system be followed for a hundred years, 1981 will find the majority of people atheists.

—Each annual recurrence of the anniversary of

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY is hailed with joy and patriotic enthusiasm by every one who inhales the fresh, pure air of this Land of Liberty.

George Washington! What a glorious and an immortal name! What recollections does not the mere mention of that loved name bring to the patriotic heart! It is identical with that of liberty. When we think of Washington we are carried back in imagination to the scenes enacted in the long and terrific struggle of liberty with tyranny. We hurry through the bloody and heart-rending scenes which, beginning with the repeal of the Stamp Act and terminating with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, made up the grand drama of the Revolution,—a drama in which Washington honorably, nobly, and patriotically took the principal part. The whole world was the audience in the performance of this drama; and when the curtain fell for the last time, at Yorktown, a shout of triumph, such as the world has never since heard, was raised by that vast audience—a shout which made the obstinate George III

tremble on his throne, and forced him to grant the Colonies their independence. It was then that Liberty drew her first free breath; for it was on that occasion that, after many a hard struggle, she succeeded in freeing herself from the accursed and loathsome embrace of that unrelenting and oppressive tyrant. But before this had been accomplished, the heart's blood of thousands of patriots had been poured out and had crimsoned the green earth. But they were patriots who, fired with the noble ambition of being free men, did not hesitate to sacrifice everything most dear to them to obtain that glorious object for which, during seven long years, they continued to shed their blood. At the head of these patriots stood

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

It was in commemoration of the birthday of this hero that we assembled in Washington Hall last Monday evening to witness the Entertainment given in honor of his memory. Appropriately, the Entertainment was complimentary to Very Rev. President Corby, who has devoted his life and energies to the grandest and noblest work in which man can be employed—the moral and intellectual training of youth. Appropriate, too, was the drama selected for the occasion; for in it were graphically depicted the scenes and incidents connected with the Swiss struggle for liberty and independence. William Tell was, in many respects, to the Swiss, in their struggle for freedom, what Washington was to the Americans. Both were inspired with the love of freedom; both would procure it at whatever cost. It was but right that Tell's memory should have been blended with that of Washington, and his patriotic efforts to free his country from the thralldom of Gessler the tyrant, be rehearsed on the eve of the anniversary of the birth of him who, long after Tell's soul had taken its flight heavenward, succeeded in freeing his country from the galling yoke of a foreign tyrant.

At seven o'clock every seat in Washington Hall, both in the galleries and below, had been taken; but as the stream of visitors continued to pour in, it became necessary to despatch a squad of students for chairs. These were placed in the aisles, and by the time every one was seated there remained scarce a square foot of unoccupied space in the Hall. It was the largest assemblage of people that we have ever seen in Washington Hall, save at the Commencement Exercises. There were over three hundred visitors from South Bend, Chicago, and other places, whose names we did not learn. Among those of our acquaintances whom we noticed were ex-Mayor Tong and wife, Hon. L. Hubbard and wife, Rev. J. Fallize, and Mr. Kellogg, of South Bend; Prof. Luigi Gregori and Miss Gregori, of Chicago; Rev. J. Oechtering, of Ft. Wayne; Rev. A. Oechtering, of Mishawaka; Mr. Kellers, of Keller, O.; Rev. J. Ford, D. D., Pittsburg, O.; Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind.; Rev. Father Shortis, Chaplain of St. Mary's. On the entrance of President Corby, the Band struck up a lively opening march, which they played admirably well. We had occasion to severely criticize the playing of the Band last week, this week we must give them that praise which they so well merited by their excellent playing on this occasion.

When the curtain had risen, Mr. Geo. F. Sugg appeared upon the boards with the Address Salutatory, containing sentiments which must have met with a hearty reciprocation on the part of our worthy President; for the address was a continued protestation of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded by the students of the

University. It was well written and well read. The deafening applause which greeted the conclusion of the address plainly demonstrated that Mr. Sugg's sentiments were those of every student in the Hall. Now came one of the entertaining features of the evening, a chorus by the Junior Vocal Music Class, entitled, "The Praise of God." We had been expecting something good from the Vocal Music Classes at this Entertainment, and we can most truthfully say that we were not disappointed. The singing of the Junior Class was exquisite, and we may say the same of the Choral Union, who, later in the evening, beautifully rendered the chorus, "Always Good Courage." We congratulate the members of the Junior Class and Choral Union, who already show remarkable proficiency for the very short time they have been under the able instruction of Prof. Baur.

Next followed the oration of the evening by Mr. F. W. Bloom, who had chosen for his subject no less a brilliant one than that of "Washington." He began by saying that all nations, ancient and modern, have honored their illustrious dead. The reason of this is, that there are no incentives to high intellectual and moral exertion more potent than the examples of the great. He then referred to the great men of Greece, Rome, France, and England, and said that though these nations may have had greater warriors, more renowned statesmen, more brilliant poets: no one can boast of such a man as Washington, whose character was unblemished, and who had combined in him every great and good quality, all of which he devoted to the service and benefit of his country. Mr. Bloom then spoke of Washington as a citizen, soldier, and statesman; mentioned the qualities which characterized him in these different spheres of action, and concluded by saying that it was the purity of Washington's private character which gave effulgence to his public virtues—which was the highest encomium that could be given him. Mr. Bloom's oration was a scholarly production, and was delivered in good style. It well merited the applause it received.

THE MUSIC.

We hardly know what to say of the playing of the University Orchestra, and can but heartily coincide with President Corby when, in making the closing remarks, he said that "William Tell" (Rossini), the overture rendered by them on the occasion, was the best music that, to his knowledge, had ever been played in Washington Hall. This overture is a very difficult one, the idea which the composer had in view being to imitate a thunder-storm. A soft sigh, like that produced by the wind before a storm, as if sad at the thought of its near approach, is the first strain in this grand overture. This sigh, at first so soft, low, and mournful, gradually grows louder and more plaintive; while now and then may be heard the distant rumble of thunder, which advances nearer and nearer until soon you imagine you hear the very rain-drops pattering. Suddenly comes a heavy crash; the winds howl, the rain falls in torrents; peal upon peal of deep thunder, each moment growing louder and more rapid, follow one another in quick succession: and the storm is upon us in all its fury. It were beyond our ability to describe the sensation which one experiences at this part of the overture, so we will not attempt it. It would require a musician to describe the overture properly, and we are none. The storm remains at its height for full five minutes, when it begins to diminish in violence: the winds grow weaker, the rain-drops fall not with such a heavy patter, greater

intervals come between the peals of thunder, and soon the storm has given place to that mournful sigh which, at first, heralded its advent, but which now tells of its departure—its death. We are sorry that a few rowdies managed to gain admission to the Hall, who, by their ungentlemanly deportment, such as talking, etc., during the rendition of this piece, were the cause of much annoyance to those who were endeavoring to catch the softest strains of the beautiful overture. We feel proud of the University Orchestra, and we have good reason to feel proud of it. We doubt if there be a university in this country which can produce an orchestra equal to that of the University Orchestra at Notre Dame.

Then followed the prologue, which was well delivered by Mr. W. J. McCarthy. Miss Gregori, of Chicago, then favored the audience with a piano solo, "Norma. Reminiscences, par Alfred Jaell, Op. 20," which she executed in a faultless, perfect manner. What we said concerning the noise during the playing of the Orchestra would bear repetition here. There was altogether too much noise to allow us to fully appreciate Miss Gregori's exquisite piano playing. Those who have no taste for good music should bear well in mind that there are others present who can appreciate it; they should respect the feelings of these, and remain quiet during the performance of any and every piece of music. Miss Gregori is certainly an excellent pianist, and we are sorry to think that she may be of the opinion that her efforts were unappreciated.

THE DRAMA.

In the mean time Prof. Lyons had not been idle on the stage, and soon the little bell sounded its warning note, which caused a death-like stillness throughout the vast audience; another tap from the bell, and the curtain rose: the main part of the evening's Entertainment had commenced. "William Tell," a drama in three acts, remodelled for the Thespian Association, was the play given, in which Messrs. G. E. Clarke, W. B. McGorrisk, W. H. Arnold, C. A. Tinley, D. Harrington, A. Zahm, M. J. McEniry, G. Tracy, J. Solon, H. O'Donnell, and E. A. Otis took the principal parts. Mr. Clarke, as "William Tell," the hero of the drama, was faithful to the character he assumed, and fully entered into the spirit of his part. We could not but admire the gentleman's acting when—bound in chains—he confronted and defied "Gessler," after kicking down the tyrant's cap, which was perched on a pole in a public square, and to which all who passed by were required to make obeisance. Pathetic was the scene between father and son when the alternative was given Tell: to shoot an apple from his son's head, or witness his death. We would like to speak more at length of Mr. Clarke's acting on this occasion, but our limited space does not permit it; suffice it to say, that, in our opinion, Mr. Clarke could not have been surpassed by any amateur in the filling of his rôle. "Gessler," personated by Mr. W. B. McGorrisk, was a part which we would think would have been very difficult for Mr. McGorrisk to act well; for all who are acquainted with the gentleman know that he must have done himself violence to have so well carried out the fierce, rough, and tyrannical character of "Gessler." "Henry" (Tell's father) was ably represented by Mr. W. H. Arnold. We know of none better able to act the part of an aged person than Mr. Arnold. "Albert" (Tell's son) found an able personator in Mr. Chas. Tinley, who acted the part of an affectionate son in a faultless man-

ner throughout the play. We have had occasion before to call attention to Mr. Tinley's fine acting, therefore we will content ourselves this time by saying that the young gentleman deserves the highest encomiums for his acting on this occasion. "Sarnum" (Gessler's Lieut.) was faithfully portrayed by Mr. D. A. Harrington. It is unnecessary to speak of the remaining characters individually, for we found nothing to criticize in the rendering of any of the rôles. We will, therefore, only mention the names of the young gentlemen, and the parts taken by each: "Melctal" (An old Man), A. Zahm; "Erin," J. McEniry; "Vernor," G. Tracy; "Furst," E. McGorrisk; "Pierre," J. Solon; "Theodore," T. F. Clarke; "Michael," D. Danahey; "Lutold," F. Dever; "Gerard," H. O'Donnell; "Strossi," M. Healy; and "Rudolph," E. A. Otis. These young gentlemen acquitted themselves of their respective parts admirably, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the play. At the end of the 3d Act, the University Orchestra favored us with the pretty overture, "La Cengrentola" (Rossini).

The concluding part of the evening's Entertainment was a farce, in two acts,—"The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve,"—the principal rôles in which were assumed by Messrs. W. J. McCarthy, D. Danahey, G. F. Sugg, M. J. McEniry, D. Harrington, F. Bloom, W. Arnold, T. F. Clarke, E. McGorrisk, E. A. Otis, H. B. Dulaney, and G. Tracy. The rôle of "Mr. Aspen," the nervous man, was very well taken by W. J. McCarthy, who shook like a man affected with a violent chill whenever the "Man of Nerve" invited him to the shooting gallery; "McShane," the man of nerve, and we might add, the man of "cheek," was so well and faithfully personated by D. Danahey that the audience was kept in constant roars of laughter. Few amateurs could have taken off the Irish character better. "Vivian," a country gentleman, found an able rural representative in the person of Mr. G. F. Sugg; while "Young Vivian," H. B. Dulaney, proved himself to be a regular "chip of the old block." "Dr. Oxide," E. McGorrisk, seemed to be a very skilful physician; but for some reason or other, he found himself impotent to quiet the nerves of "Aspen." D. Harrington, as "Mr. Clagget," was truly a jovial Boniface, and reflected much credit upon himself by his good acting. Mr. J. McEniry, as "Lord Lounge," was immense, and took his part to the satisfaction of everybody. The remaining characters,—"Biggs," T. F. Clarke; "Capt. Burnish," E. Otis; "Merton," M. Healy; "Brown," H. O'Donnell; "Bob," F. T. Dever; "Bailiffs," J. Solon and E. Sugg; "Topknot," G. Tracy; and the two English swells, "Lord Leech," W. Arnold, and "Lord Augustus," F. Bloom,—were well personated.

The closing remarks were made by Very Rev. President Corby, who complimented the actors, praised the musicians, and in the name of the audience, thanked them for the grand musical and dramatic Entertainment with which they had favored the audience.

In our opinion, the play was one of the best that we have witnessed in Washington Hall; some say it was the best ever given there; however this may be, the young gentlemen who took part have reason to feel proud of their efforts last Monday evening. Whatever encomiums may be bestowed upon the actors must reflect back with credit upon Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., under whose supervision and instruction the rehearsals were held, under whose management the Entertainment was given, and to whom, in no small degree, must be attributed its success.

Personal.

—John F. Dale, '74, is in business at Cincinnati, Ohio.
 —Bro. Francis was in Chicago last week buying goods for his undertaking business.
 —Mr. Metz, of Chicago, is here visiting his sons, Masters J. and H. Metz, Minim department.
 —Mrs. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, Ohio, is here visiting her son, Master G. Tourtillotte, of the Minim department.
 —Mrs. B. Zekind, of St. Joseph, Mich., was here during the week visiting her son, Master Bert Zekind, of the Prep department.

—Moses Livingston, of South Bend, called at the University last Thursday afternoon and took his friend, Rev. Father Maher, out on a cutter-ride.

—Rev. C. Kelly, C. S. C., President of the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., is here and is the guest of Very Rev. President Corby.

—Very Rev. Father L'Etoile left for Kalamazoo last Thursday morning, whence he will proceed to Fort Wayne and Lafayette, on business connected with Notre Dame.

—We are in receipt of a letter from J. F. Parks ('65-'66), of Australia, Miss., from which we take the liberty of publishing the following short extract:

"I look back with pleasure to the many happy days spent at Old Notre Dame, and wish to keep up the remembrance of these happy days by keeping my subscription to your valuable and interesting paper paid up."

Mr. Parks encloses his subscription for this year, and requests us not to place him on the list of delinquent subscribers. We are happy to state that in this connection the SCHOLASTIC finds it unnecessary to keep such a list; for, as a rule, our subscribers are very punctual in remitting their dues. Mr. Parks has certainly adopted the best and only means of keeping himself posted on affairs connected with his *Alma Mater*; we hope that each successive issue of the SCHOLASTIC may prove more interesting to him.

—Among our visitors during the past week were W. Condon, Oswego, N. Y.; H. Friedman, M. Monahan, M. Walsh, E. Reynolds, Mrs. J. Nelson, Chicago; J. B. Bourbonia and Miss M. Nadeau, St. Mary's Kan; R. Flerman and lady, Deadwood; D. T., W. E. Mack, Springfield, Ill.; J. H. Krome, Detroit, Mich.; E. J. Force and Chas. Kinkle, New York City, N. Y.; Miss M. Williams, Atlantic, Ia.; Miss J. Wolf, Milton, Mich.; Misses G. and S. Lyons, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Miss M. A. Wright, Belleville, Ont.; L. M. Heller, Napoleon, O.; J. H. Arnold, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—We find a very complimentary notice of Benjamin L. Euans, of —, in *The University*. Ben finished the medical course begun here at the University of Michigan. He was very popular while at Notre Dame, and was for some time Commodore of the Navy here. Before leaving the University of Michigan we believe he acted as assistant demonstrator of Anatomy. All the boys of —, and especially the members of the Boat Clubs, with whom Ben was so popular, will be glad to see such a high compliment as the following paid to him by *The University*:

"Ben L. Euans, '79, we are glad to hear, is considered a leading practitioner in Watseka, Ill. Those elements of industry and successful work which characterized him in his course here have been invested in his practice at W., and have now for him the high esteem and confidence of his community. Good for 'Ben.'"

The Notre Dame medics are being heard from with honorable distinction in all directions.

—The *Galesburg Press* has the following to say of Mr. A. M. Carpenter, the landscape architect, who drew up the plans for the laying out of the University grounds here last spring:

"Mr. A. N. Carpenter, landscape architect, left this morning for Iowa and will visit Springfield, in this State, before he returns. He has just completed, and will take with him plans and specifications, for a park and zoological gardens to be located southwest of Springfield and near the Lincoln monument. These plans are the most elaborate and artistic in their general arrangement of any we ever before examined, and place Mr. Carpenter in the front rank of landscape architects. The park includes twenty acres of ground and is owned by the citizens Railroad Company, under whose direction this park and

gardens are being laid out. The plans are on a grand scale. There are to be nine dens and burroughs for animals, an observatory, buffalo, deer and elk park, six small lakes, gymnasium, water-closets, porter's lodge, green-house, water-tanks, ape-house, summer-house, places for small birds, eagles and owls, fountains and flower department, walks, avenues, bridges, trees and shrubbery, now set out and to be put in according to the plans. The grade is established for all purposes throughout the park. The water system is excellent, and so arranged as to escape all impurities and be at all times pure. Economy is the rule of the whole arrangement. We have only attempted to give a faint outline of the magnitude of this park on the ground allotted it. It is magnificent, and reflects unmeasured credit on the architect, Prof. A. N. Carpenter.

Local Items.

—"Hippo."
 —"Oh, ho!"
 —What next?
 —"Poka-masa-area."
 —Who saw the apple?
 —The steam-house guests!
 —F. Watson is a schemer.
 —Nip and Tuck, so they say.
 —The ball "wint buzzin'" by.
 —Do you know "our cousin?"
 —Mercury at 0 Monday morning.
 —How did they like me, Frank?
 —Tuesday, of course, was a rec. day.
 —"We heard that joke before, Dan."
 —The Joliet man is also a "masher."
 —"Eh, Augusto?" "Yes, Adolpho."
 —The Osborn man spoiled the singing.
 —Excursions are the order of the day.
 —Rather "slushy" walking last Sunday.
 —Did you see Sam getting across the field?
 —Why did you not introduce the candy man?
 —"No, thank you, Captain: I have company."
 —The Band played well on Monday evening.
 —"Let us take a walk to the shooting gallery."
 —What does the Bloom-ing wild rose (Sug)gest?
 —"How do you get a high note, country cousins?"
 —The man from Maysville has discovered a cousin.
 —Barney, why did you not take them sleigh-riding?
 —Bro. Lawrence has our thanks for favors received.
 —The valentine and notations had the desired effect.
 —Why did not "D. Lexington" go through the window?
 —Mercury 5 degs. below 0 at 5:15 last Saturday morning.
 —"Stitz," where was your pillow? Pete, where was it?
 —"Three jolly sailor lads, and three jolly sailor 'lasses."
 —Oh, dear! I knew those apples would get the better of me.
 —The "Gambolier" desires to resume his old occupation.
 —Prof. Lyons has the thanks of the Staff for favors received.
 —Master Chas. Tinley was the thurifer at Vespers last Sunday.
 —Calisthenics was the order of the day with the Juniors.
 —A special meeting of the Sorins was held last Sunday evening.
 —The Columbians will give us something good on the 17th inst.
 —"Nick" was on the war-path last Saturday. Too much grammar.
 —A P. and J. Club has been formed in the Prep. department.

—The scientists took a grand sleigh-ride to South Bend last week.

—A party of Preps. excursionized to Mishawaka last Wednesday.

—The Minims have one of the finest departments at Notre Dame.

—Interest in the handball seems to have revived during the past week.

—From present indications, the opening of navigation will not be long delayed.

—Where was the red-light at Monday evening's Entertainment. Eh, Professor?

—Bro. Simon took a sleigh-load of Juniors to the St. Joe Farm last Wednesday.

—Logs of wood prove no preventative against detection in doing wrong. Eh, Sam?

—We are happy to state that Bro. Paul has fully recovered from his recent illness.

—Master J. Boose is fairly slaughtering the little rascals. Of late, he averages five a day.

—Prof. Lyons's Elocution Class has a larger attendance this session than for years past.

—All seemed well pleased with the singing of the Vocal Music Class at the Entertainment.

—The *Dexter Leader* comes to us every week dished up on the half-shell. Paper scarce, Mr. *Leader*?

—"The Spongers," a new club recently formed in the Junior department, has a membership of 22.

—There was altogether too much talking during the playing of the Orchestra last Monday evening.

—Several national airs were played in front and inside of the main University buildings last Tuesday morning.

—Rev. T. E. Walsh was presented with a collection of rare tropical plants, last Monday, by a number of friends.

—Rev. P. Kollop sung the 10-o'clock Mass last Sunday, at which Masters Cleary and Gordon were servers-in-chief.

—Our "Bond-Holder" was snowbound last Saturday; consequently, the *Times* was left in the General Office that day.

—We doubt if Washington's Birthday could have been more enthusiastically celebrated than it was at Notre Dame.

—The *Washingtonian* was quite indignant when informed that his vocal organs would not be sufficient for the 21st.

—Prof. Baur frequently favors the Vocal Classes with selections upon the piano, for which they wish to express their thanks.

—Capt. Cocke put the Cadets through the "tacs" last Tuesday morning. They are certainly profiting by their drilling exercises.

—The snow-plow had its hands full, so to speak, after last week's heavy snow-storm. The snow was fifteen inches deep on the level.

—The heaviest snow-storm which has visited this place, in our recollection, was that of last Friday week. Ten inches fell during the night.

—St. Patrick's Day will be enthusiastically celebrated throughout the States this year. Notre Dame, of course, will take a hand in the game.

—The Thespians maintained their time-honored reputation of being the leading dramatic Association at the University, last Monday evening.

—The "rowdies," who made Monday night hideous with their yelling, should not be permitted to enter the University grounds in future.

—"Mac" took advantage of his invitation to the steam-house, and was seen giving chase to a quadruped after receiving a polite invitation to leave.

—The Juniors are under obligations to Masters A. Browne and P. Hoffman for removing the banks of snow between the Church and their study-hall.

—We have our opinion of any person who will call for

two pieces of pie at the store, and then ask the store-keeper to take his pay in postage-stamps.

—Tuesday evening was enjoyably spent by all the students. Recreation in the study-halls, singing and dancing in the rotunda, were the principal amusements.

—The recent heavy snow-storm has compelled Prof. Unsworth to discontinue his "constitutionals," his resumption of which we announced in our last issue.

—The University buildings were swarmed with visitors last Saturday and Sunday. They took advantage of the excellent sleighing, many coming from a long distance.

—We noticed a crowd of visitors, most of them being of the female persuasion, in tow of Prof. J. A. Lyons, who kindly escorted them through the University buildings last Sunday afternoon.

—The real author of "The Little Dog's Tail" has been found, and "Billy" is now prepared to receive the congratulations of his friends upon the success of his first effort in composition.

—The Entertainment given at Notre Dame, last evening, in compliment to President Corby, was very pleasing to the large audience which assembled in Washington Hall.—*South Bend Daily Register*.

—A crowd of young rowdies, who were refused admission to Monday evening's Entertainment, retaliated by keeping up a continuous whistling and uproar outside during the entire evening.

—Prof. in Greek: "Now this word has three stems; you may take any one you wish. Mr. C., what stem do you prefer?" Yawning Fresh: "Well, I believe I will take a pipe stem." (Dust raises.)

—The late heavy snow storm seems to have been general throughout the whole Northwest. Trains are reported snow-bound in several places, and the mails, as a consequence, have been delayed.

—Had George Washington lived until last Tuesday he would have been 149 years old. Washington has been dead 82 years, yet his memory lives, and will live forever. He was 67 years old at the time of his death.

—The flowers in the Junior study-hall are beautiful. This is owing to the invigorating water supplied them by Master Ayers. He says that they take the cake. We would be inclined to believe that they took the water.

—To-morrow, Quinquagesima Sunday, opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion, *Missa Regia* will be sung. Vespers of the Chair of St. Peter at Antioch, p. 129; all as on p. 118. Next Wednesday, Ash-Wednesday, *Missa Parvulorum*.

—"I know a victim of tobacco," said a celebrated lecturer "who leaves Tanner in the shade. He hasn't eaten food for ten years." "How do you know he hasn't?" asked one of his auditors. "Because," replied the lecturer, "tobacco killed him in 1871."

—There is an old man named Gavazzi,
Some folks say that truly he's crazy;
He raves about Roman,
The Pope and his throne, an'
A cranky old chap is Gavazzi.

—Gavazzi, the apostate priest, and defamer of the Church—to which he once swore eternal allegiance,—lectured in South Bend last week. He says that he only needs money to convert Italy to the creed, at whose head he has placed himself. He got thirty dollars in South Bend. Every little helps. *Gav-azzi-rest*, Gavazzi.

—One of our corpulent friends, having taken a seat on the ice rather unexpectedly, was asked if he was trying to punctuate the ice. He replied that, although it was rather colon (cold on) the ice, he did not think it "comma-kle" (comical). Here some one *dashed* him over the head, and he now wears a "brace." "J. Willie" is responsible for this *puny* pun.

—One of our German students was lately given the following sentence to translate from English into German: "Prof. D— is walking on the Campus." Our friend, who had not looked at his lesson, hesitated for a moment, and began: "Der Brotefresser"—A roar from the class hindered us from hearing how he rendered the remaining

portion of the sentence. He has since been informed that "brotefresser" means *bread-eater*.

—As more than one of our friends are troubled with neuralgia, we give the following simple remedy, which is said to act like a charm in curing that painful disease: Boil a small handful of lobelia in a half-pint of water till the strength is out of the herb; then strain it off, and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible and spread over the affected parts. Change these cloths, when cold, until the pain has gone. If this fails to cure you, yours is a hopeless case.

—The first of the series of games for the handball championship was played between the Juniors and Apprentices, last Tuesday afternoon, on the handball alley of the latter. Game won by the Apprentices. The next game will take place on the Juniors' handball alley, next Sunday afternoon at halfpast three. We expect a close and interesting game. The Apprentices' team consists of Messrs. French, Thompson and Buckmeier; Messrs. Grever, Boose, and M. Devitt constitute the Junior team.

—We were very much amused in witnessing the prankish actions of Master H. Snee, Minim department, after Friday's great storm. A great drift, 3 feet high, had been formed on the east side of the Minims' recreation-hall, into which, from an adjacent fence, our friend Harry would plunge head foremost, on his emerging from which you would imagine that you saw a good-sized snow-ball walking away with itself. Harry seemed to like the sport, and repeated the feat several times, to the delight of his companions and the amusement of several lookers-on. There's not a little in knowing just when to stop. Harry was about to take another plunge when he felt something seize him by the coat-collar with a vice-like grip, and —, but we'll let the curtain drop, for we're not supposed to know anything of what occurred afterwards. Harry didn't make any more snow-bank dives that day. He says that he believes there's wisdom in knowing just when to "let up."

—If you desire to possess a graceful accomplishment, or wish to be able to converse in a fluent manner about drawing, or to amuse yourself in your spare hours, take Artistic Drawing. If you wish to set down clearly and permanently records, study drawing. If you wish to obtain quicker perceptions of the beauty of the natural world, and to preserve something like a true image of beautiful things that pass away, or which you must yourself leave, learn drawing. If you wish to be a judge of paintings and not put a ten-dollar chromo into a seventy-five dollar frame, acquire a fair knowledge of drawing which you can do here for ten dollars during the present session. Remember that it is much easier to learn to draw well than it is to learn to play well on any musical instrument. Do not fear that you may be unable to get on for want of special talent. It is indeed true that the persons who have peculiar talent for art draw instinctively and seem to progress without teaching, though never without toil. One of the most noted drawing teachers of the day affirmed that he had never met with a person who could not learn to draw. One hour's practice a day for five months will enable any student to draw faithfully whatever he wishes.

—For the past thirty-seven years it has been the patriotic custom at Notre Dame of observing with each recurring season in an appropriate manner the birthday of Washington. While the country at large seems to be growing indifferent to this important anniversary event Notre Dame has zealously kept up its observance, and the entertainments on these occasions, always of a high literary and musical character, have ever been among the notable and most enjoyable events in the University's history, to all associated therewith. The celebration of this anniversary for the present year occurred last evening in the old Washington Hall at Notre Dame, and was complimentary to Very Rev. Father Corby, President of the University, under the auspices of the Notre Dame Thespian Association. The Hall was completely filled with students and invited guests, many being present from South Bend and elsewhere. President Corby, Fathers Walsh, Granger, and others of the Faculty, occupied seats of honor fronting the stage. The exercises opened with a well-rendered march by the University Band, followed by the salutatory ad-

dress, read in a clear voice by Mr. George F. Sugg, and presented by him to President Corby. Following came a chorus, "The praise of God," by a large class of Juniors. Next an oration, "Washington," splendidly delivered by W. F. Bloom. The University Orchestra, under the efficient directorship of Prof. Paul, then rendered the grand overture to William Tell by Rossini. It was the gem of the evening and executed in a highly creditable manner. Its capital rendition drew forth rounds of hearty applause from the audience. Preceding the drama of William Tell, Mr. W. J. McCarthy recited the prologue in a graceful style. He is to be complimented upon a well-modulated voice and easy and appropriate gestures. Then followed the drama in three acts. It was put upon the boards in first-class shape, with fine scenery and costumes. All of the young gentlemen assuming the several characters did admirably, particularly Mr. George E. Clarke, as William Tell, Mr. W. B. McGorrisk, as Gessler, the tyrant, and Mr. C. A. Tinley as Albert Tell's son. Messrs. W. H. Arnold and A. Zahm made capital old men. Sarnum, Gessler's Lieut., performed his part finely. The others in minor characters did all that was required of them promptly and well. The play ran smoothly and was frequently applauded. Between the acts the Choral Union sang "Evening Silence," and the spectators were treated to an agreeable surprise in the form of a beautifully executed piano solo by the accomplished daughter of Signor Gregori, the renowned artist, who with her father is visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary's. At the close of the play the Orchestra rendered in fine style an overture from Rossini, and the Thespians wound up the evening's Entertainment with a two-act farce, re-written for the occasion, entitled "The Nervous Man and a Man of Nerve." Mr. W. J. McCarthy, as Mr. Aspen, the nervous man, and Mr. D. Danahey, as McShane, the man of nerve, proved themselves capital comedians, and entered into the business like old stagers. Others of the cast did equally as well, and the play made plenty of sport for the large audience of spectators, particularly the Minims and Juniors, who were packed like sardines in the gallery. They enjoyed the performance hugely. The whole Entertainment was under the immediate supervision of Prof. J. A. Lyons, who has no equal in this particular line of college work. Before the retiring march was played by the Band, Father Corby arose and thanked the students for the honor bestowed upon him, complimenting the young gentlemen for the improvement they had made in their literary and musical work during the past year as was evidenced by their Entertainment of the evening, which, he was certain, far exceeded any former entertainment of the kind given at Notre Dame. While the Band performed several patriotic airs, the large audience wended its way out of the Hall and homeward—*South-Bend Daily Tribune*

—According to the rites of the Catholic Church, the marriage banns of Mr. Alexis Coquillard and Miss Maude M. Perley were announced several Sundays ago in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. This morning the interesting ceremony took place in the beautiful and picturesque little Chapel of Loretto, attached to St. Mary's Academy. This Chapel stands in the rear of the Academy buildings, right on the high bluff of St. Joseph river, and between it and the Academy are the handsome pleasure-grounds which attract so much attention from visitors at the Commencements. A more beautiful and romantic site in summer cannot be imagined, and it is a picturesque spot at all times. In this quiet spot, as the silvery chimes from the tower of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart rang out the hour of eight o'clock, the high contracting parties stood before the altar in Loretto to hear the impressive ceremony which was to unite them for life. There were present besides Mrs. Piquette, of Detroit, sister of the bride, Miss Phelan, of Lancaster, Ohio, Mrs. Campeau and Miss Mattie Shirland, sister and niece of the groom, Mr. John Treanor, of this city, and others. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, assisted by Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier, of St. Mary's. It consisted of the full marriage service of the Catholic Church, and was very impressive. After congratulations, the newly-wedded pair, with friends, drove over to Mr. Coquillard's farm-residence, where the

relatives and a few very intimate friends are being entertained this afternoon. Mr. Coquillard, the happy groom, was almost as well known as one of the most confirmed bachelors, as he is known as one of our heaviest manufacturers and wealthiest citizens. He has resided in South Bend from boyhood, became one of its most solid citizens, financially, yet not even his most intimate associates ever accused him of being matrimonially inclined. Those with all others of his friends rejoice over the "change of heart" he experienced, and which has brought him a handsome and accomplished wife, and join with us in offering our congratulations. The bride has not a very extended acquaintance in this city, but is well-known at St. Mary's, where she has been a guest of the Institution for some time. She is a New-England lady with the wealth of accomplishments that the highest grade of education brings, and a breadth of intellect that has not failed to attract wherever she is known. Her parents are now residents of Little Rock, Arkansas, and two of her brothers are officers, one in the United States Army and the other in the Navy. Mr. and Mrs. Coquillard will make their home on his farm, which is so near the city that he can look after his wagon manufacturing and other interests as well as if he continued to live in the city.—*South-Bend Tribune*

Mrs. Coquillard is the sister of S. and P. Perley, '79; Coquillard was one of Notre Dame's first students. [Ed. SCHOLASTIC.]

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.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, A. A. Bodine, F. P. Byrne, T. E. Bourbonia, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, J. D. Delaney, D. E. English, B. Eaton, D. Danahey, L. Bourbonia, M. T. Falvey, W. P. Fishburn, F. J. Garrity, G. L. Godfroy, F. W. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Kory, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. J. McErlain, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, A. T. Moran, J. C. Newman, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. M. Osher, J. B. Zettler, A. Zahm, W. R. Young, A. Pimyotamah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, W. B. Ratterman, J. J. Redmond, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, L. W. Stitzel, W. Schofield, R. J. Seeberger, C. Schultheis, A. Thornton, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, F. Ward, J. T. Wiseheart, W. R. Walsh.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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Class Honors.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

H. Dunn, P. Hoffman, Jas. Gordon, A. Browne, A. Rohrback, L. Gibert, T. Williams, A. Gall, F. Wheatley, J. Farrell, W. E. Smith, F. Boone, T. Flynn, Jas. Courtney, C. Schneider, E. Cullinene, C. Brinkman, Geo. Schäfer, H. Rose, R. Fleming, M. Butler, J. M. Kelley, A. Jackson, W. Cavanagh, W. Cleary, J. Whelan, F. Fischel, W. Barron, H. Morse, A. Dennis, M. Block, D. Paul, L. Florman, N. Halthusen, Geo. Kipper, J. Solon, B. F. Smith, F. Bell, E. Taggart, H. Dulaney, W. Schofield, J. Welsh, L. Calligari, A. Pimyotamah, M. Falvey, F. W. Huddleston, T. Wiseheart, J. Larkin, J. Kindle.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, D. G. Taylor, J. S. Courtney, W. M. Olds, C. E. Droste, R. Costello, A. G. Molander, W. T. Berthelet, W. Thompson, J. H. Dwenger, J. Ruppe, F. B. Farrelly, M. E. Devitt, W. Rea, E. B. Bagard, A. B. Bender, C. Metz, J. L. Rose, D. L. McCawley, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. W. Kent, J. R. Bender, J. E. Chaves, W. J. Miller, H. J. Ackerman.

List of Excellence.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—H. Sells, C. Schneider, G. Kipper, C. Kollars, W. Barron; Grammar—J. Farrell, C. Schneider, W. Barron, A. Rohrback, J. H. Bennett, E. Gall, A. Flynn, W. Huddleston, J. O'Reilly, F. Krone; Geography and History—C. Kollars, F. Fischel, J. Maher, C. Perry, G. Kipper; Arithmetic—G. Kipper, H. Dunn, M. Block, Jas. Courtney, A. Rhorback, J. Farrell; Penmanship—C. Schneider, E. Gall, F. Krone; Algebra—J. Scanlan, E. Prenatt, R. Fleming; Latin—C. McDermott, R. Fleming, H. O'Donnell; Greek—N. Ewing, T. Quinn, W. Arnold, B. Casey.

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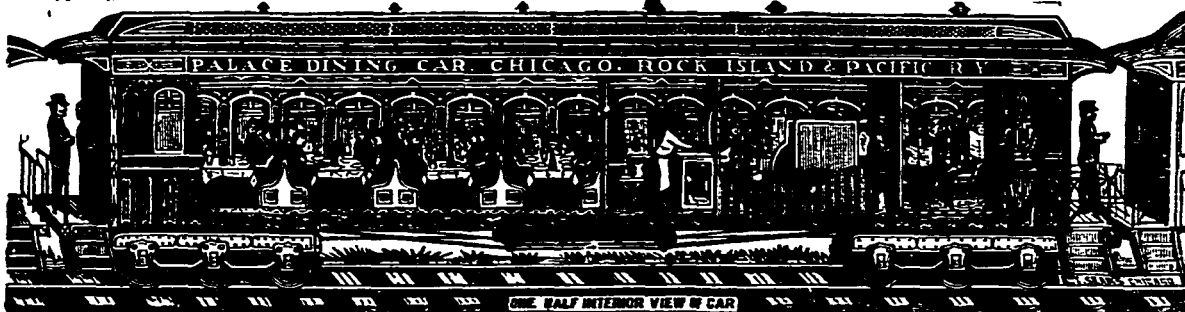
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

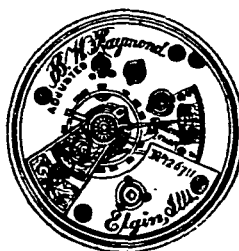
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 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 00 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.	2 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.
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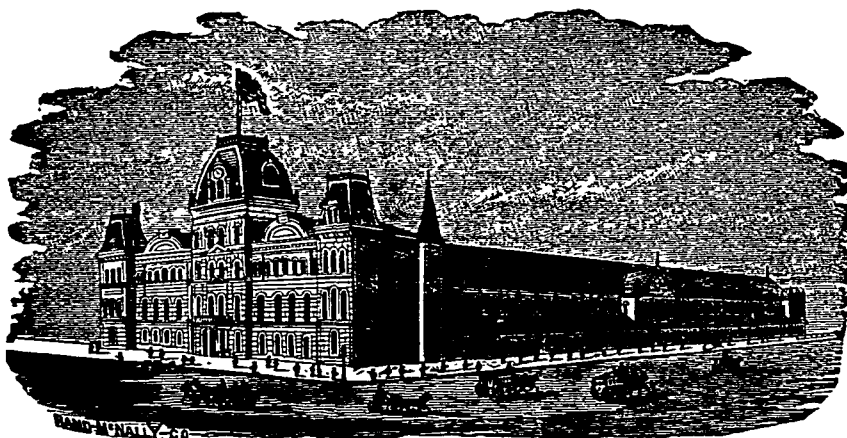
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

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.

0.93 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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