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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Will I?

O'er the sparkling, glittering ocean
Evening's ruddy beams now glow,
And murmuring waves in fairy motion.
Dance like children to and fro.

And now the vaulted heaven's ceiling
Shines with glory rich and rare:
Night o'er earth is softly stealing,
Hiding beauty's treasures there.

Thus, thus in days of gladness,
We never think on woe,
Till soon, alas! comes sadness
To quench the sunny glow.

And will I, on joys so fleeting,
Fix my longing eye of love?
Or for this world, so often cheating,
Resign the one above?

F. L. O'R.

Notes on the Hebrew Language and Literature.

BY A. M. KIRSCH.

II.

In the preceding paper the position of the Hebrew language among the Semitic languages was determined, and we found that it does not occupy the first, but rather an intermediate place in this family; however, from its first appearance in literature, it stands as perfect as it ever was in subsequent ages, so much so that we may regard Moses the purest, as he was the earliest, writer in the Hebrew language. When we compare the Hebrew with the Arabian, we find that the former had attained, even as early as the time of Moses, an external development which the latter only reached at the time of Mahommed—a fact accounted for by the complete separation of the Arabian tribes in the deserts from the influence of the culture and progress of other nations.

To explain the fact of the great culture of mosaic Hebrew as compared with Arabian, we must keep in mind the two following considerations: first, the Canaanites, or Phœnicians, were a highly-cultivated people, whose language had already passed through a good portion of its development before the immigration of Israel into Egypt; and secondly,

because the oldest documents of the language of the Israelites—the Pentateuch and the book of Josuah—are, very likely, not preserved in their first expression. It is a fact to be observed in the development of languages, that the texts of books which enter largely into the life of a people take the expression of every historical period of development of that people, and are, as it were, translated into the expression of each period. Take, for example, the old English and compare it with the English of the present, and the truth of my argument is at once apparent. The Hebrew of the Pentateuch and the book of Josuah is written in the language of the time of David or Salomon.

It is true that the oldest and the more recent books of the Hebrew Bible show a marked difference, but the difference is slight when compared with the comparatively long period of time through which it has passed. Some have explained this fact by saying that the Semitic languages are not so subject to change as other languages; but this is, in general, intrinsically incorrect, and externally contradicted by the sudden change and decay of the Phœnician and Punic branches of the same family. We can understand that the circumscribed existence of the Jews, separated as they were from intercourse with the civilized and progressive world, may, to some extent, though not satisfactorily, account for the preservation of the primitive form and expression of their language. We must not overlook the fact that the Pentateuch, like the Koran, exercised a lasting influence on the mental life of the people; and just as the expression of the Koran exercised an influence on the subsequent literature of the Arabs, so the Pentateuch was regarded by the Jews as something sacred. They scrupulously preserved the old expressions of Moses, just as at present the style of the old translation of the English Bible is retained, in spite of the more polished style of the English of the present day.

Moreover, the more recent books written during the period subsequent to the time of exile bear the characters of Aramaic influence; and if the more ancient books do not present these characters, it is a sign that they have remained unchanged since the period of exile.

The absolute age of the style of the Hebrew books of the Old Testament can be fixed by comparison with profane writings. It is true, we have no other books of the Jews dating from the era

before the coming of Christ than those of the Bible; but we have some of the writings of the Moabites and Phœnicians, who, as has been already remarked, spoke also the Hebrew language. The oldest profane inscription of the Moabites extant is on a pillar of triumph erected to King Mesa, and dates back to the 9th century before Christ. When the text of this is compared to the style of the book of Judges, the books of Samuel, the poetical books, and the writings of the old prophets, it appears to be more recent than they. Since the time of the first kings these books, therefore, have remained unchanged, because the Moabite King Mesa is mentioned in the 4th Book of Kings, chap. 3, verse 4. The book of Moses and that of Josuah show even more ancient archaistic characters and peculiarities, and therefore their intact preservation of diction dates back to a more remote period. The same comparison may be made between the later books of the Old Testament, such as Ezechiel, Daniel, Chronicles, Esra, Nehemias, Esther, and the Phœnician inscriptions of the third century before Christ.

We may conclude that the Old Testament books are preserved, if not exactly in the original diction, at least in one that differs but little from the original.

Since the writing of the last books of the Old Testament Hebrew has become a dead language and was only used in Liturgy and by the Doctors of the Law. And this fact is a great guarantee for the preservation of the original versions of the primitive text. When the Jews had lost their independence as a nation, and had been led into the Babylonian captivity, they were, in a measure, forced to adopt the more cultivated language of their conquerors. This was not difficult for them, since the Babylonian or Aramaic was the original language of Abram, and was a sister-language to the Hebrew, as we have shown above. The Jews, however, did not lose entirely their own language; for, among themselves and in their synagogues, it was always used; and even after their return to Palestine it was employed by the writers of the post-captivity period.

We can very easily understand how the Hebrew language was gradually replaced by the Aramaic of Babylon, when we reflect that the young generation, subsequent to the Babylonian captivity, had learned to converse in Aramaic. Besides, Palestine had become a Babylonian province, and the Babylonian government corresponded with their Semitic subjects in Aramaic, and all official documents were written in that language. Thus we see that the Hebrew became simply a written language, and that the Babylonian or Chaldaic was used in social intercourse. It is true that the Chaldaic of Palestine received Hebrew coloring, but, all in all, the original language of Abram became again the language of his descendants.

From this language, therefore, are taken all those expressions in the New Testament that have remained untranslated: Math., xxvii, 46, Ἦλι, Ἦλι, λαμὰ σαβαζθαῖ; Mark, iv, 41, ταλιθά ζωῆμι; and vii, 34, ἔσφαθα; John, xiv, 13, γαββαθα; Acts of Apostles, Ἀζειδάμαχ; ix, 36, Ταῖθα; Rom., viii, 15, ἀθθα; 1st Corinthians, xvi, 22, μαρὰν ἀθθα.

This language the Jews themselves called *lashon meeber hanahar*, and in the New Testament is always called ἡ ἑβραϊκὴ διάλεκτος.

We come, therefore, to the conclusion that the Jews have preserved the Old Testament, since the third century before Christ, in a dead language, and this is, as everyone will agree, a great guarantee for the preservation of the original text.

My next paper will contain some interesting notes on the Chaldean language, after which I will return to the prose and poetical literature of the Hebrew language.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Quo Virtus, Quo Ferat Error."

Magnificum numquid factum generare putatis
Dum teritur tempus longis spatiumque diei
Ludis. Sint animi. Majus reprehenditur æquo.
Quo capitis pacto "Studium" vox denotat istud?
Est secus; insidias vereor; dent abdita cordis
Verum consilium; quæ sunt exempla Priorum?
Num doctas cum codicibus portare putabant
Voces, nec minima specie de rebus agendis
Attonitis stabant animis, dum Spiritus afflet
Ingenio lumen, tardumque accendat acumen?
Felices cerebri! species bona! ludere fas est!
Nonne prius vigilans pinguem discindit arator
Vomere agrum, radiis ut sol fervore calescat
Intima, nec primi voluit mandare laboris
Commoda naturæ, pendit, sejungit et addit,
Et trepidante manu, facie sua semina lætus
Tandem spargit humo tenditque ad sidera visus.
Sic fortes operam pueri dent! præparet ipse
Quisque sibi primus: præmitur mens obruta somno:
Torpor iners cadat ex animo, moveatur acumen;
Gaudebunt merita pueri mercede laborum.
Dux opus est vigilans, animos resque ordine ducans,
Qui stimulo mentes fodicet vel flectat habenis;
Sed non hinc sequitur sese submittere duro:
Partitus labor est juste; jam quisque facessat.
Non dux suscipiat quæ pars peragenda notata
Est pueris, isti nec tædia longa magistri.
Si princeps solium mutet sedesque colonus
Occupet, et varient partes quarum unus et alter
Impos erit: geme, tristis ager; geme, debile sceptrum.
At solus quid dux poterit si mentibus absunt
Corporibus pueri quamvis atque auribus adstant?
Ut brevius dicam: solers stat mutua sudor.
Incassum labor est, non mel tibi dulce parabhunt
Agmen apum, loca des illis, si tempore fausto
Neglectæ; vobis brevis est occasio, transit,
"Fronte capillata, tamen est post calva *Madoña*."
Quid sequitur? mentis levitas, inscitia magna.
"Est modus in rebus"—

NOVITIUS.

"GREEK? Do I understand Greek?" said a jolly German. "Vell, I shoost can schmile. Vy, ven I vas a leetle boy I always swim in dot greek inshtead of dot riffer."

The French Revolution.

T. EWING STEELE, '84.

In this great world of ours "there is a Hand that guides;" that exalts the lowly, and casts down the proud; that has written the letters of doom on the palace walls of kings, and brought home to every thinking man this truth, consoling and sublime—*The justice of God endures forever!* To all men are given certain rights, heaven-born and indestructible—rights that, violated by any man, will be avenged by Him from whom they came. Therefore, when a few of the *noblesse* for centuries have trampled under foot the most sacred rights of many million men, we may be prepared to see a great social convulsion that will sweep away the landmarks of the centuries gone by, overthrowing the good and bad together, but leading through weary years of transition, to a better people and a happier day. It is of such an uprising we would speak—a convulsion that, centuries ago, shook sunny France to its foundations; accomplishing so much, yet seeming to fail so entirely; brightened by so much of heroism, darkened by so much of shame—that wonderful event, by historians briefly styled, *The French Revolution*. In 1755, Lord Chesterfield, having travelled, with observing eyes, over much of France, in a private letter to England, said:

"In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in Government, now exist and daily increase in France."

Louis XV himself, a voluptuary—but by no means a fool—was accustomed to say that the monarchy would not survive him; and though he could have never dreamt of the sweeping changes that were so soon to come, yet it will give us some idea of the *Zeitgeist*, or general public feeling of that day, when he could so clearly see the tempest brewing against whose house it was to break. In this connection, even at the risk of being prolix, we must briefly consider the political condition of France at the accession of Louis XVI, surnamed the Long-Desired.

We find, in looking back over the history of France, that there were always kings at Paris. At one time their power was only nominal, and they were derisively called *Faineants*, or Do-Nothings. But after the accession (perhaps legally usurpation) of Pepin, the king became a power in the land. Under the feudal system all sovereignty was divided between the king or chief, and a number of sub-chiefs that governed a large number of vassals with absolute power, but were themselves subject to the king. For several centuries the power of the king over the *noblesse* varied with the possessor of the throne. Strong in Philip Augustus and Louis XI, it was reduced to a nullity in Henry of Valois. His successor, Henry the Great, aided by Tully, restored the power of the throne which, shortly after, was made absolute by Cardinal Richelieu, Prime-Minister of Louis XIII. Accordingly, we find that from the death of Richelieu to the accession of Louis XVI, some one hun-

dred and fifty years, the king was the sole political authority and feudal owner of all France* The *noblesse* thus deprived of their pristine power, became at once servile to the king and oppressive to the people.

But the absolutism of the monarch, however secure from the nobility, was menaced from the accession of Louis XV by a terrible force, a new factor in French politics known as the people. For on the death of Louis XIV, a regency became necessary for the boy-king that succeeded him; and, as usual, the contest for supremacy was prolonged and bitter. Clergy and nobility fighting against each other and among themselves, awoke the attention of the people. Their unreasoning one-man loyalty had now no object for enthusiasm; the nobility were hated and the higher clergy, at least, distrusted. All at once, with their electric enthusiasm and unanimity, they began to study ethics and politics. Voltaire was still alive; Jean Jacques Rousseau was promulgating his *Contrat Social*, asserting the Rights of Man. If Rousseau was wrong, he was at least nearer right than the *Grand Monarque*. One thing, at least, the people were quick to learn: that God never made twenty-five million people for the benefit of one man or five hundred men.

Meanwhile, the one-man power (which included an aristocracy to whom the bones of the plundered people were given to pick clean), odious at home, was disgraced abroad. Amid general gloom, Louis XV—once called "the well-beloved"—stricken by loathsome sickness, passed away. As poor Louis breathed his last, the dauphin and dauphiness heard a sound as if of thunder, then the rush of many feet, and the whole court was paying joyful homage to the king and queen. Sinking upon their knees, they could only exclaim: "God guide us! God protect us! We are too young to reign!"

"Too young to reign?" Alas! O hapless Louis; and thou, daughter of the lion-hearted woman-king, if you are "too young to reign," God pity you, indeed! For it is fated, not without blame on the part of both, that you two, "too young to reign," shall ne'er grow old in learning how.

With the accession of Louis XVI began, at least for the *Bourgeois*, an era of gladness and of hope. Louis XV, with his court of shame, had passed away. In the *Œil de bœuf* now reigned a young and virtuous king, sincerely anxious for his people's good; a queen, young, generous, and beautiful, well worthy of a nation's chivalrous love. At Paris and Versailles alike all men were talking of the rights of man. The newspapers were full of it; drawing-rooms, cafés, and theatres, all rang with the engrossing theme. The golden age was to reign again on earth. From out of his long banishment Voltaire returned—returned 'mid *vivats* such as France alone can give. Young noblemen, says Carlyle, disguised themselves as waiters, but to closelier see his face. All Paris—bright capital

* Louis XIV spoke only the truth as he and his day knew it, when he said: *L'état c'est moi*—"I am the State."

of the world—made his return a city's holiday. At the theatre, the great house shook and rocked with the applause, and the crafty sage, already dozed with opium, but narrowly escaped suffocation beneath the myriad flowers showered upon him. For his long life had been a tireless warfare on all sacred things upon which authority must rest; and in the new religion of thinking France, the "gospel" of Jean Jacques, there could be no higher reason than the free will of man.

And now (1775), from over the Atlantic, comes the clash of arms—the "gospel" of Jean Jacques is striking root. "All men are created free and equal;" "All authority rests upon the consent of the governed"—maxims not unworthy of Rousseau. Deane, and Franklin, come to Paris, asking assistance for the struggling cause. The new force in French politics, the *Zeitgeist*, is very potent now. From her empty treasury France brings forth the sinews of war; ships are fitted out, and a small fleet commissioned. What an alliance! Age with youth, despotism with democracy, Catholicity with Puritanism, hopelessness with self-confidence and faith! Volunteers are not wanting—among others, the Marquis de Lafayette, destined to serve brilliantly in the war for trans-Atlantic freedom, and returning to become the hero of his day. France was looking outward, not only to America, but even across the channel. Anglo-mania fast became a national craze. The Duke of Orleans, afterwards the Phillip Egalité of the Revolution, rapidly introduced the prevailing English customs, which were as rapidly adopted by the nation at large. Nor did all this spring from any love of England or her fashions, but rather from respect for the free traditions—often crushed but ever-living—that glorify her constitution.

So ten years of hope and speculation passed away, and so a hundred more might have succeeded, and rose-colored theories, for want of any test, have been rose-colored theories still. The world, as we all know, is divided into two great parties: the radicals and the conservatives, the lovers of change and the lovers of existing things. And who of us, however we may talk, is not a conservative at heart? The lover of change may become a revolutionist, and as such will be distrusted by all well-ordered men. Habit rules us all; and while a philosopher has his dinner and a cigar, and is allowed to say what he pleases at home or abroad, he will be in no haste to lead a revolution. The *saying* we are free is nearly as good as the freedom. So *vivats* and *fête*-days and statues will amuse the philosopher if he only has plenty to eat. But the trouble in 1775 with a few philosophers and some 25,000,000 people who were not philosophers was this: they had nothing to eat. Rose-colored theories are often less to the purpose than a few loaves of black bread.

And yet to look at the France of that day, as represented by the eminently *respectable* people, there seemed no freer, happier land on earth. A virtuous court, a philosophic minister, the rights of man proclaimed from every corner, the happiness of the queen dependant on her reception at the

opera, what more could a patriot desire? Unfortunately, there still remained in France that indefinite, vaguely-dreaded, very unrespectable power known as the masses. Masses! and masses of what? Alas! they were masses of men—men who could hunger and thirst, not only for bread and for drink, but for justice and love; with wives and children for whom, I suppose, they had love; with cimmerician darkness of despair and unbelief all about them; caring little for *Contrat Social* or the sensitiveness of the queen, only feeling their life was wretched and hopeless from the beginning to the end.

It is our purpose, further on, to seek the causes of their destitution; suffice it here to say it did exist, as we, thank God, can never realize. They were serfs, owning no more their miserable bodies than the land they tilled. Work, work, work, men and women, for sixteen or eighteen hours a day; their lives and labor absolutely subject to some Noble despot or his steward! With all their spirit starved and beaten out of them; with liberation too hopeless to be dreamt of; religion, that should have been the morning star in their black-cloud-covered life, was sadly dimmed. Many churchmen were also their feudal lords, and so seriously oppressed them that the result is felt in the relations between clergy and people to this day. Abroad was endless cruelty and oppression; at home, but hunger, cold, and unspeakable degradation. But men, unfortunately, must have something to eat, or they will die; and to dying, at least by starvation, even a French serf has objection. Accordingly, Jacques Bonhomme would sometimes rise in his despair, crying in his mad way for justice and for bread. In all their oppression was still one hope of relief. Higher even than the great *noblesse* was the all-powerful, perhaps all-merciful, king. Accordingly, in 1775, a large number of peasants, with swelling hearts and empty stomachs, marched to Versailles. As far as we can learn, there was no disorder on the route. The king appeared, read their wretched position, and for answer, two of them were hanged on a gallows forty feet high.

So that hungry crowd, assured by the minister of Finance that the scarcity in grain was only "fictitious," went whimpering back to their miserable hovels, a spectacle to the world; and all of them, despite the scarcity of grain being only "fictitious," with empty stomachs and heavy hearts. Much reason, indeed, for both! And yet no thinking man who saw that crowd but would have wondered if the day would never come when they would rise and speak more plainly in the only language understood by kings.

"Frightful men, or rather frightful wild animals, clad in *jupes* of coarse woolen, with large girdle of leather studded with copper nails, of gigantic size, heightened by high wooden-clogs; rising on tip-toe to see the fight, rubbing their sides with their elbows; their faces haggard, and covered with their long, greasy hair; the upper part of the visage waxing pale, the lower distorting itself into the attempt at a cruel laugh, and a sort of ferocious impatience. And these people pay the *taille*! And you want further to take their salt from them! And do you know what it is you are stripping barer—or, as you call it, governing? What by the

spurt of your pen in its cold dastard indifference you will fancy you can starve always with impunity; always till the catastrophe come! Ah, madam, such government by blindman-buff stumbling along too far will end in the general overturn."*

And how were they thus reduced to so degrading a condition? Legally enough, we dare say, if feudalism be legality. The land they could never own, and their labor and the fruits of their labor were all taken from them by taxes of the king and feudal exactions of the *noblesse*. Both were frightful in extent. As to the former, it is only necessary to remind the reader of the endless extravagance of Louis XIV; his wars half a century long, his generous encouragement of arts and letters and his wasteful prodigality towards his various mistresses. At one time, we remember he had anticipated the taxes for seven years! The government of Louis XV bore no lighter on the people, and that of Louis XVI, though well-intentioned, found the treasury empty, and was forced to wring every possible farthing from the now beggared people to support the necessary offices of the court, to say nothing of the government proper—army, navy, etc.,—whose expenses were, of course, enormous. But far worse than the taxes of the king were the feudal exactions of the *noblesse*. This class, as we have seen, during the two centuries preceding the Revolution, had been very subservient to the king and oppressive to the people; drawing their support from offices at court and feudal exactions—or their money-equivalents—from the people. Among the latter was the oppressive *Corvée*, by which was meant a large number of days (notably at harvest time) which the peasant was obliged to devote to his feudal lord. In England this was compounded by the moderate reape tax as early as the twelfth century, but in France it was still in force at the close of the eighteenth. The people, then, were in a deplorable condition; their faith was leaving them—to them the world was a huge lie—and they needed but unity to rise Attila-like and devastate the land.

And now, in 1777, the philosophy of Rousseau began to have meaning: Its followers began to see that the golden age was not so easily restored—a feeling of unrest and disquiet prevailed; and in the mean time the financial difficulties of the court were paving, step by step, the way to Revolution. Louis XVI, we have stated, found his national treasury empty. Yielding to popular clamor, in 1776, he made Controller of the Finances, M. Turgot; an advocate of the new philosophy, thought to be a religious skeptic and described by Thiers as "a virtuous and simple man of steady character and dull parts." Charmed with his honesty and projects of reform, Louis often declared, "there are none but Turgot and I have the people's good at heart." But his projects of reform were found to mean the taxation of the clergy and *noblesse* (privileged orders, taxing but untaxed); the influence against him became too great, and in May,

1777, Louis was forced to write his dismissal. To him succeeded Necker, a Genevese banker of real financial ability. For five years he managed to keep off the crash of actual ruin; in the mean time providing for the assistance of America; but he too, after a few years could only repeat the advice of Turgot, that the privileged orders should be taxed. The Parliaments combined against him, and, to the deep sorrow of the French people, he too retired.

He, in turn, was succeeded by Calonne, one of the most interesting figures of his day. He was evidently superficial, but all-confident in his own genius for overcoming obstacles. What financial system he had, was a mere compilation from those of Turgot and Necker. He had, however, considerable backing among the leading capitalists, and was, moreover, gifted with matchless audacity and power of persuasion. His great idea was to avert the crash and gain a temporary credit by professing great confidence in the financial resources of the nation. He accordingly restored to the *ciel de bœuf* the useless offices abolished by Turgot and Necker and thus became a universal favorite, with the queen and court. But mere audacity cannot long support a nation on nothing a year; *ex nihilo, nihil fit*—the people were literally drained. Calonne clearly saw, as had his two predecessors, that the privileged orders must be taxed; for the better accomplishing of which he summoned a Convention of the Notables. Philosophism hailed this step with rapture; a minister, it thought, is now to become responsible.

On the convention of the Notables, Calonne found the feeling very bitter against him. He was summoned, accused and cross-examined; but passed cool and triumphant through the ordeal. Triumphant, in one sense alone! His propositions, said the Notables, were well enough; but the man, to them, was hateful. In one word, the privileged orders were in no hurry to tax themselves.*

Sunday morning, the king was overborne, and consented to Calonne's dismissal. From Paris he proceeded to London; thence, a few years later, to Vienna and Berlin (once nearly drowned in the Rhine), but doomed to never re-enter the political arena of his native France. To succeed Calonne, Louis chose from among the Notables Monseigneur de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. The Archbishop, at best, was a man of meagre talents, with office-seeking propensities; a man with a terrible habit of putting machinery in motion which he knew not how to stop. Through his delay, the good nature of the Notables at the dismissal of Calonne was turned to little account. Their consent for the repeal of the *Corvée* was, indeed, obtained, but little else accomplished.

And now began a famous contest between the

* An amusing cartoon circulated at this time represented a rustic calling his barn-yard fowls together, and saying: "My dear chickens, I have summoned you in order to ask your advice as to what sauce I shall eat you with." "But," said a chicken, stepping from the crowd, "We don't want to be eaten." Rustic: "You wander from the point!"

* Memoirs of the Elder Mirabeau.

king and the Parlement of Paris.* About the 1st of July, 1787, the king proposed 2 edicts, respectively known as the "Land" and "Timber" Tax. Through all July the Parlement talked and talked, but refused to register. The Government was being placed in a ridiculous position; and accordingly, Brienne advised the king to hold a *Lit de Justice*, that is, to formally order the registering the edicts. From this order, under the absolutism of France, there could be no appeal. Accordingly, one day, amid all the heat and dust of a July afternoon, the Parlement rolled out to see the king; the Bed of Justice was held, and they returned to Paris. The next day they not only refused to register, but pronounced all the acts of the day before, null and void. Brienne replied by banishing the Parlement to the town of Troyes. But, unfortunately, neither Brienne nor his master could long get along without money. Compromise was made with the Parlement, and in September it returned to Paris.

On the 20th of the same month was held a most remarkable session. The king was present in person to present an edict providing for a successive loan. No one, however, was certain as to the nature of the meeting. When the king had concluded his address a deep and sorrowful silence prevailed—interrupted by the Duke of Orleans. This famous man already mentioned, was a prince of the blood royal, with an income of fifteen million francs. At one time great things were hoped of him; but the loss of the admiralship destroyed all his ambition. At this time (1787) he was a man of about forty years of age, life-weary, unloving and unloved, with unworthy fires now smouldering in the ashes of his misspent life. It was he who now rose, and, turning, asked the king if this assembly was a *Lit de Justice* or a free consultation? "It is a *Séance Royale*," answered the king. But now the greatest excitement prevailed; inflammatory speeches were made, and on the morrow the Duke of Orleans, Freteau, Sabatier, and D'Espremeint were banished.

And so the weary contest dragged on and on. The court was losing ground. The philosophers and all Frenchmen in that day (who ever read a book or went to the theatre were philosophers) were advancing from theory to practice. Among the signs of the time were the now freely circulated journals, sparing no person or institution in their virulence. But even at this period and later, say both Thiers and Carlyle, the revolution could easily have been averted. Perhaps, but for how long? Is there not a more dreadful revolution preparing all over the continent of Europe to-day?

But the king's prelate-minister, with all the firmness, and none of the ability, of Richelieu, prepared a *coup d'état*, destined to end in pitiful failure. The gist of the plan was this: edicts

* It may not be unnecessary to state before going further that the Parlements of France in nowise corresponded to the British Legislature. The Parlement of Paris, for example, was, first of all a court: and incidentally allowed to participate in legislation by registering the edicts of the king.

were secretly to be printed and scattered over France, through which, one fine morning, some six supreme courts would supplant the Parlements, including that of Paris, and all resistance to the throne be thus taken away.

But what will not man, aided by woman, accomplish! The royal printers who were "setting up" the edicts were locked together in one large room, where they ate and slept; but one of the printers, wrapping a proof about a stick, rounded it with some clay, handed him through the window by his wife, to whom it was returned. The Parlements were thus forewarned, and the people banded together. The new courts had not a single case; the Parlements continued to be the great law courts of the kingdom, and Archbishop Brienne was forced to retire. That good prelate, however, had secured the red hat for himself, and any number of offices for his family, and so retired gaily enough.

Among other acts of the good Archbishop was the promise to France of States-General. This was a great National Legislature composed, like the British Parliament, of the three estates, clergy, nobility, and people. It could only meet, however, at the summons of the king, and, as a mere matter-of-fact, had not been in session for more than a hundred and fifty years. This was now the hope of France; the great panacea, said the philosophers, for all political evils. The meeting of Calonne's Notables (the first since those of Richelieu, in 1626) had naturally suggested the States-General. And now, after a brief struggle, Calonne had gone, Brienne was soon to follow, and the people's favorite, the Genevese Necker, once more in power (1788). Public credit was at once restored, and steps taken towards the election of States-General.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Exchanges.

—We have received from Mr. Boardman, managing editor of *The Badger*, a postal stating that it was by an oversight of the mailing clerk the last four numbers of *The Badger* had not been sent us, and asking pardon for the carelessness. We have also received copies of the paper containing the "scathing rebuke," and a card from President Bascom thanking the editor of *The Badger* for his "valorous defense,"—thanks that are well deserved. It is now our turn to apologize to President Bascom and the editor of *The Badger* for the hasty, and after reading the article a second time we cheerfully acknowledge *unjust*, criticism of President Bascom's review in *The Dial*.

—The *Cornell Daily Sun* gives us the benefit of a two column-leader in which we are treated to such dainty morsels as "bigoted intolerance," "asinine trash," "Romish bigotry and intolerance," etc., etc., for presuming to call Luther's character in question. The *Sun* winds up its tirade of refined abuse with an allusion to "independent thought," of which it shows so little, and the privilege of which it would altogether deny to others. Beautiful consistency! But it was always

thus; Ignorance and Fanaticism, with their attendant, Intolerance, have always gone hand in hand. Like the thief crying "Stop thief," those who are most intolerant themselves are loudest in the cry of intolerance against others. After breaking a pen on Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's poetry "*In Re Martin Luther*," the *Sun* clips a few sentences from Mr. Bailly's essay on "Intolerance" and proceeds (1) to question the "claims of the Roman Church regarding its right to popular education," and (2) the claims of other "churches" to the same rights. The quotation from Mr. Bailly's essay is as follows:

"What has been the custom of the Catholic Church? She has always made use of persuasive methods without any material coercion. She never persecuted, but, on the contrary, she has been more or less persecuted at all times. In vain do her enemies object that some Christian princes, actuated by excessive zeal, employed severe and even barbarous means to convert infidels. This was never approved of by the Church, who, on more than one occasion, protested against the abuses of a blind zeal."

Mr. Bailly's assertions can be proved true beyond the possibility of a doubt. We would not say as much for those of his critic.

Starting out with Luther, the *Sun* critic, after a dozen lines that contain more abuse than argument, takes as his subject for Education a paragraph that never once mentions education and has not even the remotest allusion to it. This surely looks like Logic rambling in quest of a subject and praying God not to find it. Taking it for granted that the Roman Catholic Church is now "under the same cloud of superstition which enveloped it in the mediæval age," the brilliant logician of the *Sun* goes on to say:

"If Protestants ever get control of our schools and colleges, their energies will be directed not to a calm search for truth for its own sake, but to sustaining and inculcating their own ideas of truth. The intolerance which would result from Protestant control of education would differ only in degree from Romish intolerance; it would be milder, but scarcely less prejudicial to independent thought."

We are not sure that Protestant educators are willing to swallow this pill of the Cornell editor's concocting; but that is their business, not ours. What the writer would have is evidently an education without any Christian training at all, and no Christian principle. Now, that is going decidedly too far. If man were all body and no soul, like the brute, the soulless, godless training desired by the *Sun* editor might suffice; but as it is, the soul cannot be neglected in an education worthy of the name. Exceptions can be pointed to in which men without a special Christian training are good, moral men, but these exceptions only prove the rule. Tom Paine and Voltaire in the past, like Ingersoll to-day, scouted the idea of a soul, a God, or a hereafter, but Tom Paine and Voltaire died, and we have seen them in their last hours belie their boasted philosophy. Tom Paine died a miserable coward, cursing, groaning, praying, and blaspheming by turns,—died in agonies that the soulless brute knows nothing of. Voltaire died a still more horrible death, if that were possible, on the very day that, twenty-five years before, he asserted that he should have done away with God—

died cursing the infidel companions that refused to admit the priest, cursing himself, and cursing God for having abandoned him. Are these the Godless ideals after which the Cornell editor would have young men educated? It would seem so, from his proscription of all Christian education. Because there are sham Christians, Christians unworthy the name, is no reason why all Christianity should be proscribed. And, moreover, the vituperative language used towards us by the Cornell editor—language that would disgrace the so-called Dark Ages—doesn't give us a very high notion of his paganism, either. The darkness surrounding him would overshadow the darkest of the dark ages. In the midst of light he will not see, but persistently shuts his eyes while opening his mouth to denounce that of which he knows nothing, and which he is too bigoted to examine. The writer in the *Sun* says that the Papal Church "is under the same cloud of superstition that enveloped it in the mediæval age." Cardinal Newman tells us that "the mediæval schools recognized philosophy as a science of sciences, which *included, located, connected and used all kinds and modes of knowledge*; they enlarged the sphere and application of logic; and they added civil law, natural history and medicine to the curriculum. They opened their doors to the laity as well as clergy, and to foreigners as well as natives." *Free Schools* were established throughout Christendom in 1215 by Pope Innocent III. In France alone during the mediæval ages there were no less than 200 schools and colleges. In the last years of the reign of Henry III the students at Oxford alone, as Anthony Wood, a Protestant historian, informs us, numbered 30,000. Every monastery was a school, a college or a university, and many of these in Ireland alone, which long before the above period was the resort of students from all parts of Europe, numbered each as many 10,000 students. In the Middle Ages Italy took the lead with her universities. Those at Rome and Bologna were famous. Padua, Naples, Pavia, Pisa, and Perugia also had their universities. The University of Bologna became under Werner the great Law School of Christendom. Students from all parts of Europe crowded its halls, and besides the Italian there were sometimes as many as 10,000 foreign students at Bologna. Padua had at one time 18,000 students. England had her Oxford and Cambridge. Besides the celebrated Universities of Salamanca, Valladolid, and Alcala, Spain had twenty-four colleges of more or less celebrity.

But enough for the present. The editor of the *Sun* asserts that here at Notre Dame, "under the direct supervision of the papal church, in one of the foremost of the Roman Catholic colleges of the country," a large part of the instruction consists "in teaching the forms of the Church and the lives of the saints,"—that history, philosophy and science are "studied through the colored glasses of Roman superstition." "*Superstition*" forsooth! If he thinks so, let him try his history, logic and rhetoric against ours, and, with the disadvantages he speaks of, see what the result will be.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 15, 1883.

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 SEVENTEENTH 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Our Staff.

T. EWING STEELE, '84.	W. H. BAILEY, '84.
JNO. A. MCINTYRE, '84.	ELMER A. OTIS, '84.
JAMES A. SOLON, '84.	C. A. TINLEY, '84.
C. F. PORTER, '85.	

—Last week we noticed the new improvements made in that favorite and widely-circulated magazine which is published at Notre Dame, *The "Ave Maria."* We would again call attention to it, and urge the students to subscribe for it. It is professedly a religious journal, and the only one of its kind in the English language being "devoted to the honor of the Mother of God." This fact alone would commend it to the patronage of every Christian. But besides this it possesses a literary value well above the ordinary run of weeklies published in this country. Among its contributors are some of the best writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Such writers as Henry Lasserre, Father Edmund, C. P., Father Russell, S. J., John Gilmary Shea, Nugent Robinson, Lady Fullerton, Kathleen O'Meara, Eliza Allen Starr, Charles Warren Stoddard, Maurice F. Egan, Mrs. Dorsey, Miss Donnelly, and others that might be mentioned, are persons of no ordinary ability, and hold a high rank among the writers of our times. The editorial notes and miscellany are always entertaining and instructive. Altogether, the articles, essays, stories, poems, etc., that appear each week in *The "Ave Maria,"* make it a periodical that well deserves the patronage of every Christian reader. There is also a *Youth's Department* which affords agreeable reading for children. In a word, *The "Ave Maria"* happily combines excellence, variety and

cheapness, as a result of which it has subscribers all over the world.

The Academy.

A very interesting circle was held last Thursday evening. Rev. President Walsh and members of the Faculty were present, and were greatly interested in the proceedings. Mr. William Bailey defended the thesis—"The Spirituality of the Human Soul," against Messrs. F. W. Gallagher and E. A. Otis, who appeared as the champions of materialism. The proofs presented by Mr. W. H. Bailey to demonstrate the simplicity of the soul and the impossibility of identifying it with the body were 1st, the testimony of common sense, and the universal consent of all mankind; 2d, the self-consciousness of our personality, and the moral power which we feel invincibly guiding us to the right; this argument established the unity of the soul, and hence its immateriality. The third argument was taken from a comparison between bodily properties and mental qualities; material substance being compound and divisible, changeable and capable of being removed, and deprived of activity, while the mental qualities imply unity, liberty and identity. The fourth proof was based on the influence of the human will over the body.

After showing that the soul is simple, he went on to show that the soul is spiritual. Taking the definition of a spirit given by St. Thomas—"a simple substance, both intellectual and rational, which is independent of any natural subject as regards its being and essential operations; that is to say, intelligence and will,"—he proceeded to establish the nature of the intelligence and will by this principle, adopted by the Schoolmen as an axiom—*Operatio sequitur esse*, and by the constitutive qualities of rational ideas that are absolute, necessary and universal. From which he deduced this general prosyllogism—A substance whose properties are essentially opposed to matter cannot be natural. Now, the properties of the human soul are essentially opposed to those of matter, therefore the human soul cannot be material. But an immaterial substance which is in itself independent of a material condition is a spirit. Now, the human soul is by itself independent of any material condition; therefore the human soul is spiritual.

The thesis was well and ably defended.

Facts and Fancies.

One night last week, while trying to get a peep at the comet, now in the heavens, we were, more forcibly than ever before, reminded of the beauty of the milky-way. Astronomers call it the Galaxy, but we prefer to retain the name by which it has been known to us from infancy, and one which we received in connection with several legends by no means forgotten. The milky-way is the grandest, most sublime feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the heavens and, according to observations made by the best astronomers,

emits light from no less than 18,000,000 of suns. These are fixed at various distances, too remote to be more than little understood. So great are these distances that the diameter of the earth's orbit when compared to them is but a point, and their periods of light transit vary from ten to thousands of years. Time and space in some instances are, or seem to be, of little or no consequence to telescopic observers. Sir William Herschel claims to have fathomed the milky-way as far back as would require over 300,000 years for the transit of its light. It may be presumptuous for us to object to this statement of Sir William, but, personally, we are not inclined to accept it. If his telescope enabled him to perform such feats, why, it must surely have been powerful enough to resolve the nebulae of stars comparatively much nearer, which it failed to do.

* * *

It is, perhaps, one of my own peculiar opinions,—and I care not the less for those who do not feel disposed to agree with me in the position I take—that the oft-repeated saying “It is all for the best” is one of the most detestable phrases in the English language. Even though so distinguished a person as “Deacon” G—— argues in favor of this expression it does not change our idea of it; we hold it in the same estimation. When adversity hovers around you, is it all for the best that it come upon you? Yet, I dare say you will find individuals in every community who have the bare-facedness to console you with these words. I am sorry to be compelled to group the estimable “Deacon” among the persons who make this indiscriminate assertion. If this or that person, they say, had not met with a certain mishap, if his house had not been destroyed, he could never have accumulated the wealth which it is his good fortune to now possess. Who could accept such erroneous fallacy? Perchance some terrible affliction befall you, and in your sorrow you hear from the lips of some sympathizing person, “Maybe it is all for the best.” Perhaps it is; but we fail utterly in seeing a spark of truth, and still less consolation, in this saying.

* * *

Since the day of America's national calamity, when the temple of freedom was shaken to its foundation, the South has not, practically, had all the privileges enjoyed by the North. Her statesmen—though surely not for want of ability—have not enjoyed the privilege of holding the highest offices of State. But, and it affords us real pleasure to say it, all ill feelings have vanished and the first of these high honors has been bestowed on one of Kentucky's noblest sons. Joyful news, indeed, was it for us to hear of his election to the speakership of the present congress, not only because we consider it a most substantial proof that the North is once more with the South, or coming, as we do, from the city whose representative Mr. Carlisle is, mayhap we allowed our feelings to carry us away. No, but we earnestly believe in the theories which he entertains in regard to certain issues which are sure to benefit our country. We “believe ultimately when the United States shake off the tram-

mels of their protective system, they will become the greatest manufacturing country in the world.” It may, and perhaps will require years to gain this point of progress, but it will and must undoubtedly follow if the protective system be abolished. Representatives from Kentucky have, for eighteen years in all, occupied the speaker's chair. For time of service and conscientious fulfilment of duties, no State in the Union can compare with Kentucky. She points with pride to Henry Clay, who presided over six different congresses. We hear our grandfathers speak of him with praise and glory not unequal to that given the Romans of old. They heard his clarion voice, as he arose on the senate floor with all the majesty of a true statesman, defending the constitution with the eloquence and cogency which caused his compeers to listen in rapture to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. Kentucky people, with reason, feel proud of the present occupant of the speaker's chair. He is a man of great ability, undoubted integrity, upright honesty, and will no doubt prove himself another star in the firmament of the political world for the present and future generations to admire.

CHAWLEY.

De Re.

“Such labored nothings in so strange a style
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.”
—Pope.

“—For the advancement of his race
Is wiser than his time.”

—Mackay.

With much pleasure we read the condescending reply to our last article; and the gentlemanly and forbearing way in which the writer received our well-meant reflections speaks more in his praise than could our weak words. But we would suggest that rather our article than the writer thereof was “his [own] peculiar concern.” However, thanks are his due for pointing out the imperfections of our style and his kind suggestions as to our personal failings; but be it here understood that, if our writing be submitted to his comment, we by no means ask nor desire him to act as our preceptor of morals.

He, moreover, charges us with inconsistency. Very likely he is right. But if he styles us inconsistent, we would beg leave to remark that in some passages of his own work there appears what to us seems as great a fault—the absence of everything requiring consistency.

As to whether or not we ever attended a camp-meeting, it scarcely seems necessary to inform the gentleman. However, if he wrote the description for the benefit of those who have not, we most humbly crave his pardon for mistaking it for a ghostly attempt at wit or humor.

We were somewhat surprised to hear him blame us for “weakening our assertions as soon as they were made.” If we showed a consideration for his feelings, he should rather thank us. And if he found the article “unintelligible,” we would advise him to read it again; if he can then find nothing intelligible, to give it up. Our deceased father

used to say, "Aim high and you'll hit something;" and if we aimed too high for the gentleman's comprehension, he should, at all events, be slow in charging us with sarcasm.

We would acknowledge the compliment paid in saying our "sole object was to fill a column and a half of the *SCHOLASTIC*"—compliment it must be, for in so doing we certainly followed his own excellent example.

In closing, we would say that, although the scholar and gentleman might have forbore reflecting on our ignorance, it is probably characteristic of the scholar to seek out the personal failings of his fellow-beings. And we would further say that we agree with the gentleman when he asserts that "the author's choice of subjects is peculiarly his own concern;" and upon this principle we acted when choosing to comment upon his effusion. Besides, we somehow got the idea that in laying before the public such gigantic principles, the author voluntarily exposed himself to the comment of him (or perhaps her) who chooses to criticise.

SUPERFICIAL.

Personal.

—Carl Otto, '77, is one of the leading lawyers of St. Louis.

—H. W. Achoff (Com'l), '70, has his office in the Custom House, Chicago.

—W. P. Fletcher (Com'l), '70, is a prosperous business merchant in St. Louis.

—David J. Brown (Com'l), of '71, is an energetic insurance agent in Chicago.

—Timothy Scanlan (Prep.), '66, is an active reporter on the *Inter Ocean*, Chicago.

—E. W. Grout (Com'l), '81, is engaged in a flourishing business at Denver, Col.

—Rhey Boyd, of '81, is one of the leading members of the Bar in Paducah, Ky.

—Rev. Morris F. Burke, '66, is the popular and efficient pastor of St. Mary's Church, Joliet, Ill.

—John A. O'Reilly is doing well in business in La Crosse, Wis. He will visit Notre Dame during the holidays.

—George Rhodius (Com'l), '80, is engaged with the firm of Schellhaus & Co., Indianapolis. George is active and energetic and meeting with great success.

—Dr. M. Gunn, the distinguished physician of Chicago, was called during the week to attend Very Rev. Father Sorin. We are glad to learn that the eminent doctor pronounces that there is no danger in the case of Father General, and that, with care and rest, a perfect recovery will be reached in a short time.

—We had the pleasure, one day this week, of grasping the hand of Mr. John G. Ewing, of '77, one of the bright particular stars of the *SCHOLASTIC* in ye olden time, as the back volumes abundantly testify. Mr. Ewing doesn't say anything

about himself or his business, but we learn from other sources that he stands very high in the practice of law, and has been honored with official positions of trust and emolument by his fellow-citizens.

Local Items.

—Monte-zum-a!

—Big snow storm yesterday.

—"How many copies did you say"?

—Where are our Temperance societies?

—"Jeff." is now sole agent for "Jackson's Best."

—Our friend John is wrestling with the *Lusiad*.

—Hand-ball is the favorite game of the Juniors.

—"Standing room only" in the Junior study-hall.

—Please send contributions—*written on one side only*.

—"Wouldn't those two like to go to the varine?"

—The *SCHOLASTIC* will be issued on Wednesday next week.

—From present indications there will be no skating during the holidays.

—The Orpheonics' entertainment has been postponed until next session.

—The St. Cecilians are going to surpass themselves at the coming exhibition.

—The St. Cecilians will give their entertainment on the evening of Monday, the 17th.

—A trip to the Farm seems to have the same gloomy effect on a parcel of boys as a Pennsylvania or Wisconsin pun.

—One of the Scientific Graduates is at work on an essay entitled "Before Breakfast." He says he hates *long* essays.

—Bro. Celestine's Telegraphy Class is largely attended. He has already turned out many good "lightning slingers."

—Some bright Logician pretends that it is when a man is full that he finds the most complete and adequate idea of hell.

—A good time will be had by those remaining here during the holidays. Amusements of every kind will be in order.

—Benefit of our postal facilities. The South Bend daily papers now reach us as soon as the *New York Sun* of the same date!

—The Vocal Classes are numerous and attended by Minims, Juniors and Seniors. The rehearsals are said to be spirited and entertaining.

—We were mistaken in announcing last week that "classes will continue up to the evening of the 20th." There will be "rec" on the 20th!

—Signor Gregori has commenced work on the new painting in the Columbus series. The subject is, "The Departure from the Port of Palos."

—"Springer" and "Fendy," in consequence of having removed the "protective tariff" from their upper lips, have needlessly exposed themselves to bronchial attacks.

—We are informed that the Junior Archconfraternity held a very interesting meeting last week. As we have received no report we are unable to give a fitting notice.

—Father Kirsch, has the thanks of the Curator of the Museum for a collection of Roman, French and German coins, and Father Stoffel for a model of the Cathedral of Cologne.

—The Officers of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. have kindly provided a special train for the students westward bound for the holidays. It will leave South Bend at 7.40 a. m., on Thursday. Special tickets will be sold for this train only.

—The reading-room for the "Princes" is rapidly assuming a beautiful appearance. Kind friends have manifested their interest in various substantial ways, and, ere long, the room will be the coziest and most inviting spot at Notre Dame.

—Two new and beautiful pictures have recently been placed in the Juniors' study-hall; one is a handsome picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the gift of Bro. Albert; the other is a painting of the Crucifixion. The Juniors thank the generous donor.

—"The Dude" will not appear this season, owing, it is said, to the changes lately made in the society for which it was written. It is also said that for reasons, best known to himself, the author burned both his own manuscript and the rôles copied from it.

—Our friend John is responsible for the following outrageous "goak":

BOOK AGENT: "Well, Mademoiselle, will you take the 'Life of Macaulay?'"

CUSTOMER: "Take the life of Macaulay! Of course not; he never did me any harm!"

—"That frisky *burro* has taken out his papers, sure enough," our friend John was heard to sweetly murmur the other morning, as he slowly raised himself from the frozen earth, where he was but a moment before deposited by the f. b., that so innocently stood by his side, looking at the frozen clover in the distance.

—SCENE IN A PREPARATORY CLASS-ROOM—
Prof.: Do you know where the greatest paradox is found? A solemn stillness, broken only by the Professor—"Does no one answer?" Another quiet till the Prof. says, "*A bed.*" (Intelligent Prep.) "May I wake him, Professor?"—Fortunately the bell rang, and the Professor breathed freer in the cool morning air.

—On last Thursday, the Band boys secured the best band wagon in South Bend and took a ride to St. Joseph's Farm. They were accompanied by Rev. Vice-President Toohey, Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Kirsch. Of course, the instruments were brought along, and music was not wanting to add to the pleasures of the day. Needless to say, they were hospitably received by the

good inmates at the Farm, and, all in all, a most enjoyable time was had.

—The revolving turkey made some amusement for the boys of the "North Side," last Wednesday afternoon, but its eccentric inventor was soon exhausted by the too great excitement and exertion. The first bounded heavenward, but soon returned to the earth with such force that the truthful (?) John tells us that a piece of the novel flying-machine, as large as a pin's head, could not be found with the aid of strong magnifying glasses. 'Tis needless to add that we believe him.

—The regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held last Saturday evening, President Walsh in the chair. Among the visitors present were Fathers Fitte, Kirsch and Stoffel. C. A. Tinley read a well-written and carefully-prepared paper on "Martin Luther": J. E. Farrell treated, in an able and interesting manner, the subject of "Indulgences." Both were well received by the society. James Solon and T. Fenlon, were appointed to read papers at the next meeting.

—Our genial weather-prophet states that "we will have a very mild winter, and he advises those of a speculative turn of mind to invest their cash in *ice* and *cough medicine*. He says that muskrats were in no hurry building their houses this fall, the ground-hog did not dig his hole deep, and that chicken gizzards presage a green Christmas. The corn-husks are light and thin. Mallard ducks are thinly feathered, and the goose breast-bone is very delicate. Codfish hides are not thick, and—the prevailing wind for the next three months will be South-East by South." N. B.—Late reports assure us that our weather-prophet is inclined to "take it all back."

—One of the most interesting Moot Courts of the series was held before Judge Hoynes on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last to try one Anderson on indictment for murder. The defense attempted to show insanity. The attorneys for the state were Messrs. Fitzgerald and Johnston; for defense, Messrs. Callaghan and Geiser; witnesses for prosecution were Messrs. Conway, Burke and Callan; for defense, Kolars and Wilson, Anderson being represented by H. Steis. The case was a difficult one, the examination of witnesses close and thorough, and, from the evidence brought forth, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter and sentenced the prisoner to 21 years' imprisonment.

—On the evening of the 8th inst., the Junior members of the Archconfraternity enjoyed a very pleasant time in their reception-rooms. Games and various amusements were participated in, after which refreshments were served. Those who by their exemplary conduct had merited good notes this year drew for two prizes presented by Prof. Edwards. The first, an elegantly-bound volume of Goffine's Instructions on the Epistles and Gospels, was drawn by W. Schott; the second, a handsome portrait of Pope Pius IX, was drawn by Carlyle Mason. The members wish to express their thanks to Rev. Father Walsh and

Prof. Edwards for the many kindnesses shown the society.

—Last Saturday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was celebrated with great solemnity. At the early Mass, the members of the Junior Archconfraternity received Holy Communion in a body. At ten o'clock, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kirsch and Fitte as deacon and subdeacon. A sermon appropriate to the festival was preached by Father Stoffel. The ceremonies were carried out with great splendor and exactness, under the direction of Mr. M. Regan, C. S. C. The altar boys deserve great credit for their attention to the many details in their work in the Sanctuary, which add not a little to the impressiveness of the ceremonies attendant upon the Holy Sacrifice.

—Last Thursday, the Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary, some 40 in number, accompanied by several members of the Faculty, enjoyed an excursion to St. Joe Farm. The beauty of the finest of our Indian summer's days added not a little to the pleasure of the trip; the usual accompaniments of song and merry laughter were the features of the ride out. When the Farm was at length reached, it was saluted with a hearty cheer, which re-echoed in the surrounding woods. Games, sports, walks, and such like things were indulged in until they were called to the sumptuous dinner which the good Sisters had prepared; to say it was relished is saying but little. On the whole, the day was a most enjoyable one for the Sanctuary boys of '83, and will be long remembered by them.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, Baca, Banigan, Bowers, Burns, Brosseau, Barron, Buchanan, Becerra, Bailey, J. Burke, V. Burke, F. Burke, Browne, Croxton, W. Cavanaugh, Combe, J. Carroll, Coll, Carbajal, Callan, Cass, Cartier, Jos. Cusack, Jno. Cusack, Crawford, Creel, Conway, A. Coghlin, Callaghan, Connell, D. Cavanaugh, De Groot, DeWolf, Donohue, Dolan, Delaney, A. Dennis, Eisenhauer, Ewing, Fishel, Fogarty, Foster, Farrell, Gooley, Gonser, Gandrup, Goulding, Gonzalez, Guthrie, Geiser, Gutierrez, Gray, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Howard, Hopkins, Hellebush, Hetz, Johnston, L. Kavanaugh, Kimmel, Kolars, Kleiber, Lucas, Larkin, McErlaine, Mahon, McKinnery, Mathers, Marques, C. Muddock, Mitten-dorf, McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Jno. McCabe, Newman, Ed. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Connell, Ott, O'Kane, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Quinlan, Rudge, Ryan, Rogers, Reach, Ramsay, Shea, Scholfield, Spencer, Saviers, Solon, E. Smith, G. Smith, Snoke, Tinley, Teasdale, F. Uranga, J. Uranga, Warner, Wilson, Whalen, Zähle.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Akins, Arnold, Anchondo, Arkins, Berthelet, Barela, Brown, Baur, Benner, Breen, A. Chirhart, E. Chirhart, J. Courtney, Curtis, Chaves, Coleman, Cartier, G. Crilly, Cleary, Clarke, Costigan, Cassilly, C. Combe, Dorenberg, Dexter, J. Devine, Eisenhauer, Finckh, Fehr, Fendrich, Fierro, H. Foote, Gerlach, Gimbel, Grothaus, Grünsfeld, Hagenbarth, Hemisbaugh, E. A. Howard, E. J. Howard, A. Howard, W. Henry, Hilliard, Halligan, P. Hagen, Holbrook, Houck, Holman, Hagerty, P. Johnson, King, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, G. Lewis, Loescher, Lake, Mulkern, Monschein, Mullane, Miller, Menig, Mason, J.

McGordon, McDonnell, Marcott, C. Metz, Murphy, Mug, E. McCabe, S. O'Brien, P. O'Donnell, C. Porter, E. Porter, Perley, Pohl, Quill, Regan, Rothschild, Rogers, L. Scheuerman, M. Scheuerman, Schott, Schaefer, J. Smith, Saunders, T. Taylor, D. Taylor, Tarrant, Trepanier, A. Warner, J. Warner, Wile, Wagoner, Wright, Wabraushek, Waixel, Weber, Whitman, Weiler, Williamson, Yrisarri.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Amoretti, Adams, Bailey, Boos, Butterfield, Crawford, Curtis, Cole, E. Costigan, Cummings, W. Devine, Ernest, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, Garrity, Grünsfeld, W. Henry, Harris, Johns, Krause, Keefe, La Tourette, Landenwich, Löwenstein, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Loya, F. McGuire, McPhee, E. McGrath, McVeigh, Morrison, A. Mullen, Moya, Meehan, Manzanares, Murphy, F. Nester, M. O'Kane, O'Connor, Otis, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, R. Papin, V. Papin, Paden, Quiggle, Quill, Stange, Soku, Steele, L. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, W. Tomlinson, C. Tomlinson, Uranga, West, Wright, Weston, L. Young, C. Young, A. Nester.

Class Honors.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Grothaus, Mulkern, Gerlach, Mullane, S. O'Brien, Reynolds, McDonnell, Wilson, Monschein, Fogarty, Pour, O'Connell, G. O'Brien, W. Cartier, Dexter, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, J. Burke, J. McNamara, L. Kavanaugh, Hagerty.

List of Excellence.

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

PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

Reading and Orthography—Messrs. O'Rourke, Ramsay, C. Foster, Weber, Cleary, Rogers, Monschein, Rothschild, Houlihan, Muhler, Mullane, Houck, Hellebush, Nadeau, Deaderick, Jos. Shea, Frain, Weiler, Breen; Grammar—Messrs. E. Porter, W. Henry, Yrisarri, Gerlach, McDonnell, Hagenbarth, Ott, Mahon, G. O'Brien, J. McNamara, C. Foster, De Wolf, F. Combe, W. Murphy, Mullane, Waixel, Weber, Johnston, Houck, Sedberry, Clarke, Cleary,* De Groot, Hyde; Geography—Messrs. Hopkins, Menig, Mullane, F. Brown, Rogers, King, Hagerty, Holman, G. O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. Cartier, E. Benner, Ruppe; United States History—Messrs. Muhler, Rogers, G. Lewis, Crilly, Borgschulze, Mullane, Houck, Barclay, Weber, Johnson, Harris, G. O'Brien, O'Rourke, Cartier; Penmanship—Messrs. Moya, Schott, G. Lewis; Arithmetic—Messrs. Mahon, De Wolf, Marcotte, Menig, Rogers, Johnson, Willson, Taylor, Baur, Hetz, Cartier, Burns, Hyde, Gimbel; Book-Keeping—Messrs. Cass, Lake, W. Cartier, Dexter, Williamson; Algebra—Messrs. G. Costigan, Burns; Latin—Messrs. Jas. Heffernan, Reach, Hagenbarth, Sedberry, Rhodus; Christian Doctrine—Messrs. Yrisarri, T. Taylor, Ruppe, Breen, A. Warner.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar—Masters Welch, R. Papin, Ewing, F. Nester, Thomas, Morrison, Schmitz, O'Kane, C. Lindsey, McVeigh; Arithmetic—Masters Schmitz, Stange, F. Nester, W. Prindiville, Ewing, Spencer, Delaplane, W. Welch, E. Thomas, Rebori, B. Lindsey, M. O'Kane, Devereux, C. Lindsey, F. Coad, Ackerman, J. McGrath, Morrison; Penmanship—Masters West, M. O'Kane, Otis, Studebaker, Morrison, Thomas, Schmitz, B. O'Kane, W. Tomlinson, Costigan, Crotty, Fitzgerald, L. Scherrer, Dirksmeyer, Dungan, Brown, Amoretti, Cole, O'Connor, Quiggle, E. Scherrer, McGill.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The badge for good deportment in the Minim department was won by Jessie English.

—In the Society of St. Agnes, Miss Edith Dodge deserves special mention for the clear and complete *résumé* of the reading given by her at the last meeting.

—The Minims affectionately acknowledge a delightful gift received by them from Mother Superior on her return from the East. "Captain Kidd's Castle."

—The "princesses" are rehearsing "St. Mary's Minims," and they hope to be able to demonstrate the vastness and profundity of their curriculum before they open the Christmas holidays.

—On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a religious reception took place in the Chapel of Loreto, the Habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross being conferred by Very Rev. Father General.

—At the regular Academic reunion Miss Johnson read the beautiful selection "Incompleteness," from Miss Proctor's poems; and Miss Fendrich gave a fine extract from Chocarne's "Inner Life of Father Lacordaire."

—On Saturday, the 8th inst., the Children of Mary held their annual election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Miss Keenan; Vice-President, Miss Dunne; Secretary, Miss Bruhn; Treasurer, Miss Reilly; Librarian, Miss Sheekey; Sacristan, Miss Adderly.

—The badge for politeness in the Junior department was drawn for by the Misses M. Ducey, Dillon, Keyes, Sheekey, C. Ducey, I. Allen, Bailey, Dodge, Fehr, E. Jackson, Richmond, H. Jackson, Regan, Schmidt, Snowhook, Chaves, Barth, S. Jackson, Lord, Roddin, Turpie, English, Murphy, McEwen, Papin, and Cummings. It was won by Miss Keyes.

—Monday, being the commemoration of the miraculous translation of the holy House of Nazareth from Palestine, through Dalmatia, across the Adriatic Sea to its present position, forty miles from Rome; and as the Chapel of Loreto at St. Mary's is a *fac-simile*, enriched with all the spiritual privileges belonging to the original, the day was appropriately kept. Masses were offered from half-past five o'clock till eight, the six o'clock Mass, said by Father L'Etourneau, being for the Children of Mary. The Rev. celebrant gave a beautiful instruction explanatory of the reasons why the feast was instituted. Directly after Mass, the members of the Society partook of the time-honored Pilgrim's breakfast in the "Floral Conservatory" attached to the pastoral residence.

—On the 18th inst., the pupils will present an entertainment, complimentary to Very Rev. E. Sorin,

Superior-General, C. S. C. The following is the PROGRAMME:

March Heroique, No. 7.....Schubert
Misses M. Beal, E. Neu.
Prologue.....Miss L. St. Clair
Song.....Miss J. Reilly

"THE NEW ARTS."

(Written by the Very Rev. Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross for the benefit of the Pupils.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Madame Affable.....Miss Anna Murphy
Miss Eastlake.....Miss M. Munger
Mrs. Fairbanks.....Miss Udall
Miss Holmes.....Miss Lilian St. Clair
" McPherson.....Miss Wilson
" Rosecommon.....Miss Agnes English
" Clark.....Miss Clara Ginz
" May.....Miss Anna Heckard
" Faraday.....Miss S. St. Clair
" Everett.....Miss Mary Cummings
" Copeland.....Miss Gage
" Carson.....Miss Addie Babcock
" Grundy.....Miss E. Hetz
" Fish.....Miss Mary Kearsey
" Dalma.....Miss E. Hale
" Zoby.....Miss M. Reynolds
" Carloman.....Miss Minnie Fisk
Ladies of the Reception—Misses Fendrich, Todd, Johnson, Beal, C. Carney, M. Priestman, L. Priestman, Hart, Billings, Neu.

ACT 1ST, SCENE 1ST.

Chromatique Galop.....Liszt
Miss M. Cummings.
ACT 2D, SCENE 1ST.

Scherzo.....Moskowski
Miss J. Reilly.

TABLEAU—OUR LADY OF PROTECTION.

Tarentelle, Opus 61.....Heller
Miss Laura Fendrich.

LA TREILLE DU ROI.

Opéra Comique en un Acte.

Prologue.....E. Call

Dramatis Personæ.

Marie Stuart.....	M. Bruhn
Marie Lecksinska, Reine de France.....	Jennie Duffield
La Marquise d'Apreville, vieille gouvernante, B. Gove	
Dame d'honneur	G. Ashton
Louise de Breteuil	M. Bruhn
Clotilde de Souvré	Etta Call
Ursule de Valencay	L. Sheekey
Agnes de Brevannes	L. Van Horn
Elvire d'Ecquevilly	B. Morrison
Felicie de Burthe	M. Papin
Marg. de Beaumont	A. Malbœuf
Blanche de Boucher	W. Moshier
Marie Provenchere	F. Castanedo
Eugenie de Namplès	C. Richmond

TABLEAU ARRANGÉ PAR PROF. L. GREGORI.

Habit.

"Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

Upon our entrance into this world, God has entrusted us not only with the decision of our own destiny, by conferring upon us liberty of will, but He has likewise imparted to us a momentous responsibility in the influence which we must necessarily exert over others.

No one, possessed of ordinary intelligence, can live quite independent of others. Not the wealth

of a Vanderbilt, the genius of a Longfellow, or the acquirements of the most learned and accomplished will exempt one from being more or less swayed by the example, the opinions, and the advice of others.

We are to draw others through the dense mist of years, either upward to "Our Father's house of many mansions," or we are to drag them downward to the impenetrable gloom of eternal darkness. Nor is this opposed to the freedom we have received as the very first element of our mental constitution, since it remains with us to decide what example we shall give, and to what influence we shall yield; for example and influence are next to all-powerful.

Upon glancing over the above statement, the thoughtless may ask, with an incredulous smile, "By what means do we possess this power?" The answer must come spontaneously from every reflecting mind: "By the power of habit; by the example our customary actions present to others." One may be great or lowly, rich or poor, learned or unlearned; condition changes not the law; his actions, trifling though they may appear, exert a power for good or evil—blind ourselves to the fact as we may.

Perhaps those who wield the greatest influence may be persons who, to the superficial observer, appear weak and insignificant. They may be invalids who know not one moment free from suffering, yet who endure these marks of God's inscrutable designs with meekness and patient resignation. They accustom themselves to bear with cheerfulness the trials to which they are subjected, and this gradually weaves into their lives that habitual resignation which forms the most charming trait of their character. If we become accustomed to the trials which are necessarily interwoven with the web of our existence, and love them because they are imparted by God, our Father—who is of all loving parents, the only one quite sure not to err—we shall certainly acquire that rare grace which enables us to bear, with humble patience, the petty hardships which daily await us.

On the other hand, if we give way to the weak inclination of complaint, at even trifling occurrences contrary to our wishes, we shall soon forge for ourselves an iron chain of the most disagreeable of habits. We may walk amid flowers, but we will find ourselves encompassed by thorns—that is to say, our customary method of finding whatever is unpleasant in our surroundings will take the very brightness out of the sunshine, and the sweet odors in the air will be turned to poison by the breath of discontent.

How different when the habit of always looking on the bright side of life has been once established! Then will our hearts sing with the gifted author-ess of "Songs in the Night":

"Moralists would fain persuade us
Kindly hearts are few and rare:
I can never learn the lesson,
For I find them everywhere."

Habit has formed a golden chain by which we

are led into the boundless field of joy-inspiring usefulness. Charity is our guide. Simple and child-like is she, yet, withal, grand and awe-inspiring; for in her beauty, heaven with all its ineffable glories is reflected.

How easy it is to express our determination to cultivate good habits! Alas! is the facility as great when we are called upon to put our resolutions into practice? We fear not; yet we must not let the difficulty discourage us. "Heaven is taken by violence, and the violent carry it away." By continually aspiring to what is better than we achieved yesterday, we shall at length succeed in moulding our minds into the form most pleasing to our Heavenly Father, to whom all our actions, even the most unattractive, out of childlike gratitude, should be dedicated.

Our every movement is eagerly observed by two invisible companions. One is robed in spotless white, and the smile of God rests unceasingly upon his countenance. The other is clad in the sombre hues of despair, and, were we permitted to behold that face as it is, our hearts would wither away, and from fright, cease pulsations.

If we repose our trust in the guidance of our good angel, we shall become habituated to walk without difficulty in the path of rectitude, and our very foot-prints shall form, as we pass along, a pathway of light that others, fearful and wavering souls, shall behold in the darkness of life, and, "seeing, shall take heart again;" thus our good habits will lead others to that celestial land, desired, it is true, by all, yet to which so few arrive.

M. MUNGER.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Ashton, Adderly, A. Allen, A. Babcock, C. Babcock, Bruhn, Beal, Black, Call, Cummings, Campbell, Carney, Dunn, Duffield, Dowling, L. English, B. English, Evarts, Fendrich, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, Fisk, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Ginz, Gove, Gavan, Heneberry, Heckard, Hunt, Hale, Hart, Horn, Holt, B. Haney, Hetz, Johnson, Keenan, Kearns, Kearney, Keating, King, Legnard, Lintner, Leahigh, Munger, Mooney, Mohl, M. Murphy, McCarthy, Neu, O'Connell, M. Priestman, L. Priestman, Papin, Quill, Reilly, Rosing, Ryan, Russell, Reynolds, Ramsey, L. St. Clair, S. St. Clair, C. Sheridan, Sheekey, Scully, Sear, Spotwood, Stackerl, Todd, Tynan, Udall, Vandebogart, Wilson. *2d Tablet*—Misses Billings, Danforth, P. Ewing, Gage, Kearsy, A. Murphy, R. Platte, Steele, Williams, Weckler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses I. Allen, Bailey, Barth, I. Cummings, Chaves, Dillon, Dodge, M. Ducey, Durlacher, A. English, Fehr, B. Halsey, H. Jackson, S. Jackson, E. Jackson, Keyes, C. Lord, Morrison, McEwen, M. Murphy, W. Moshier, Metz, Naylor, M. Papin, Richmond, Regan, Roddin, A. Shephard, Schmidt, E. Sheekey, Snowhook, Turpie, Van Horn, Wolvin. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Allen, Duffield, C. Ducey, Eidred, T. Haney, Lucas, Malbœuf, Scott.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chapin, Ducey, English, Lindsey, L. Johns, V. Johns, Murray, G. Papin, Paul, M. Reynolds, Schmauss, Van Fleet.

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The Scholastic Annual

FOR 1884.

NINTH YEAR

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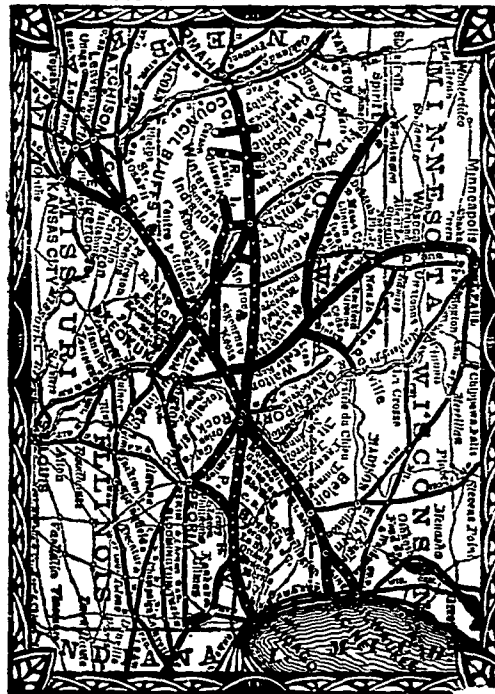
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 18, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m., Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m. Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m. Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

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A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

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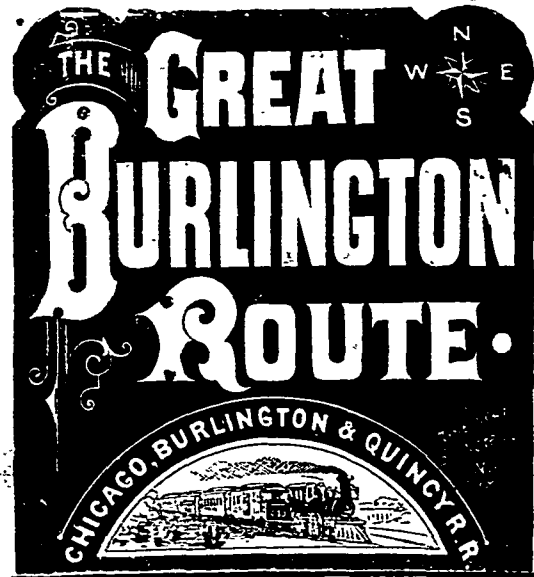
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