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The crimson sunset faded into gray; Upon a murmurous sea the twilight fell; The last warm breath of the delicious day Passed with a mute Farewell.

Above my head in the soft purple sky
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell," I thought. It is the earth's one speech,
All human voices the sad chorus swell;
Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard "Farewell!"

Farewell, farewell,"—from wave to wave 'tis tossed,
From wind to wind; earth has one tale to tell, 'tis
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

Celia Thaxter,—in October Atlantic.

A Story of the Morgue.

Translated from the German, for the Scholastic.

In the year 1867, so related the celebrated Jesuit Father C,—I happened to be at Paris, resting from my missionary labors in Central Africa, and in the mean time collecting for our schools and orphan asylums. It was on the evening of the 23rd December, about 10 o'clock. I was just finishing my Office when somebody knocked at my door. In came a gentleman neatly dressed, who, bowing respectfully, said to me: "Monseigneur l'Abbé, I beg your pardon for disturbing you at such a late hour; I come to call you to a dying man who wishes to see you instantly."

"Why do you not call your parish priest?" replied I, "for I am a perfect stranger here."

"The dying man wants to see you; of course I leave it to yourself, if you can refuse to go; we have no time to lose."

Without reflecting further upon such a strange call, I started at once. At the door, a splendid carriage was waiting for us. I was politely invited in; the door was locked, and my visitor disappeared. We went on in a speedy gallop. To my great surprise I now saw three other men in the carriage, so rough-looking that I tried to escape, but it was of no use. One of my companions carried a dagger, and the other two were armed with revolvers. They assured me that they would not do me any harm if I would remain still and consent to be blindfolded. Their strict and solemn silence during the long ride, which lasted almost two mortal hours, frightened me almost to death. Finally we arrived at our journey's end. I was led through a large building and passed many halls. One of my leaders then took the cravat from my eyes, and I was left locked up in a magnificent parlor. The splendid furniture showed the wealth of the owners. In vain did I look for a bed. Then I noticed a gentleman sitting in a costly fauteuil—he was one of the noblest looking gentlemen I ever met. He was of middle age, and did not exhibit the slightest sign of sickness. He arose, shook hands with me, and invited me to take a seat. I told him what I had been called for, and that there must be either a mistake or a mystification.

"Indeed, Rev. Father," replied he, with a bitter smile, "you have been called to a man condemned to death; though my health is good, I have but one hour to live, and I want you to prepare me for a happy death. In order that you may understand me well, know that I am a member of a Secret Society. I have been one of the heads of it, for they knew my high position and my influence in state affairs. During the twenty-eight years past I worked faithfully, but lately I was appointed to put to death a most esteemed Prelate. I positively declined, for my conscience did not allow me to comply. I was aware of the firmness of our constitutions, and I could expect but death. The inevitable sentence has fallen, and this very night I must die. When received into the Society, I should have sworn to take the sacred sentence has fallen, and this very night I must die. When received into the Society, I should have sworn to take the sacred

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THE SCHOLASTIC.

The scene of these events drifted for four more, for he had not finished his confession. They told him to be ready in twenty minutes, and left us.

He finished his confession, and as I had pronounced the consoling words of the Absolution, he kissed my hand and a flood of tears started from his eyes. I was more than sorry that I was unable to give him the Bread of Life, the Holy Communion. I gave him, however, a small particle of the Holy Cross, which he put on his breast and kissed. I inquired if I could do anything more for him. He requested me to see his virtuous wife, and his beloved daughter who had taken the veil among the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, to ask their prayers for his poor soul and to assure them that he died reconciled with God, whom he had so long neglected.

I promised to do so, but I begged him to write a few lines. He took my memorandum book and wrote the following letter to his wife:

"DEAREST CLOTILDE,—Having but a few moments to live, I beg your pardon for all the sufferings I have caused you. Give my love to your poor dear children. However, be consoled: I am well prepared for the terrible journey, and I am persuaded that I shall meet you all in eternal bliss.

"Yours faithfully,

THEODORE."  

As I was about to add a few consoling words, the assassins entered the room. I fell on my knees to intercede for him, begged them to spare the life of such a father, and not to stain their hands with his blood. They laughed, and one of the ruffians gave me a blow. They blindfolded me again and led me through many looms, till finally we came to a magnificent dining-room, illuminated by thousands of lights. The tables were most sumptuously set, and a crowd of elegant ladies and gentlemen were assembled. Some were taking refreshments, others were chatting together. The bandage was removed from my eyes and I was politely invited to take some refreshments, which I declined, for I wanted to say Mass that morning and it was past two o'clock already. They did not insist upon it. As I manifested my wish to depart, four gentlemen led me to the carriage, when the bandage was once more placed on my eyes. After a long, silent ride, I was taken out of the carriage; they made me sit down on a spot as cold as ice. "What was it? I do not know. Every moment I thought that I felt a dagger in my heart. I suffered a terrible agony for over an hour. As I did not hear anyone I untied my eyes and I found myself in the garden of a beautiful villa. It was about daybreak. I stepped towards the house; and before I could knock, a young woman opened the door. I apologized for such an early call, and I told her that I had been sent to visit a dying person and that I missed the road. She called her husband, and I inquired, "where I was. . . " Monsieur l'Abbé," said he, "you are about three leagues from Paris."

"Three leagues from Paris?... I did not know what to reply.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé, three leagues from Paris; if you wish to return you are welcome to go with me, as I drive there every morning." We arrived safe in the city, and I went home. There, for a long while, I did not know whether I was asleep or awake. I went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart and said Mass for the poor victim. After thanksgiving I went to the parlor and sent for the Superioress. On seeing my appearance, she asked me if I was ill. I did not answer, but related all that had happened, having been assured that the Sister would keep it a secret. Shedding a flood of tears, she told me that the daughter of the unfortunate man was in the very same Convent, and was one of the most edifying of its inmates; that she prayed every day for her father's conversion, and that she would be consoled to hear of it. However, I was not yet prepared to announce to her the terrible death of her beloved father.

At Christmas, while thinking over the fearful event, I was struck at seeing several death-notices in one of the newspapers. It was further announced that there were several corpses exposed in the Morgue (the place where corpses of unknown people are kept till recognized). I went there the next day, and how great was my astonishment when I found the corpse of the victim of Freemasonry and my relic of the Holy Cross. I examined the body, and found the wounds on the throat!

Next day I went as I had promised to the Convent of the Sacred Heart. A young Sister opened the door, and in a flood of tears she begged me to pray for her father.

"What happened to your poor father?"

"Alas! I have lost him forever, even if he would not have repented of his sins; he was a Freemason, and was murdered!"

There was now no doubt. I had met with the daughter of the unfortunate man, and I could not be silent any longer. "No," said I, "God has heard your prayer." I took my memorandum-book and showed her the letter written by the trembling hand of her father. She kissed it, fell on her knees and uttered a loud cry: "Thanks be to God, my father is saved!"

A. L.

Sunnyside Beveries.

STRAWS FLOAT ON THE SURFACE.

To-day I was reading in an old book, filled with those quaint sayings that have so many meanings, this novel sentence: "Great circumstances make great men, but little circumstances make men great." Now one who reflects at all cannot fail at some time in his life to inquire, in just what measure circumstances make or shape the course of man's prosperity or degradation; and the answer is not always satisfactory. We see idle men—straws—floating along on the surface, without a thought or a care as to whither they are going; and they seem to be happy, and we cannot doubt that they are—happy in the same sense that ignorance is sometimes bliss. We are prone to follow, or at least to wish to follow, all such examples. The love of toil is not innate. We are constitutionally lazy. God made us so, and for a wise purpose, the intent of which can only be seen in the application, through long years of patient labor and suffering.

Were labor a pleasure it would lose the greater part of its reward. God furnished the timber, iron and stone, but
He did not erect our habitations. He furnished the soil and the seed, but man must cultivate; and to insure the necessity of that cultivation He created the weeds and thistles, which required no cultivation, and ordained that they should overcome and smother out the seed if not eradicated; He gave us faculties, but He did not cultivate them: all pointing out the certain Divine command—Labor. But the idle man sees nothing of this; he only comprehends the fact that the world is very beautiful, and that God did a very wise thing in creating the shade for him to lie in. He never thinks that this must all be paid for, but educates himself in such sophistry as requires very little thought. He always keeps up his faith in circumstances—and is, whether he believe it or not, a fatalist. He will tell you that certain men were born to fill positions of honor and trust, and no amount of exertion can raise any other man to those places. He will show you how contentment is the true source of happiness, and a thousand other old maxims which he has perverted to justify the course he is pursuing. Now, the influence of circumstances in shaping our mental and moral growth is very slight. It depends upon the man himself. If he has the will and earnest determination to be a philosopher or mathematician, then all the circumstances that were ever combined cannot prevent him. He will rise above them, and come out from the conflict a stronger and greater man for having overcome them. If he have genius, then so much the better or the worse for him in proportion as he interprets and makes use of it. Many a man who might have been, and should have been, a brilliant light in the intellectual world, in the bitterness and humiliation of defeat can thank genius for his ruin. Genius, like circumstances, is only an aid when rightly used; and it is so often abused, and is altogether such an intangible and difficult thing to understand, that I would prefer the faculty of earnest, steady application to produce great results, to all the genius that was ever concentrated in the world.

It is easy for a straw to float on the surface; and it is deserving of no reward for so doing. Now, I might point out to the idle how he is ignoring, going against the express will of God; I might appeal to the highest possible motives for action, motives that transcend the bounds of earthly things and overlap the infinite, but in all probability he would fail to comprehend my meaning, and possibly doubt my sincerity. But this he can understand, and I appeal to the experience of the world, in all ages, for its truth, that unless you labor the world will despise you. You cannot avoid it, it is fixed, and perfectly immutable. Ambitious men will pass you by; honest men will shun you. The world has work to do, and they who are willing to do their own work and you will receive the reward that belongs to you, and never thank you for it. No, they will despise you rather for the indolent, useless creature that you are. A man who adds nothing to the great granary of the world is a beneficiary—a nuisance—and working men are justified in condemning him. Men do not work for the mere love of toil, it is not natural; but along the whole pathway of life are strewed the legitimate rewards of labor, and they alone are sufficient incentive. Here is where little circumstances make men great. The habit of labor is a little thing, but it must be acquired; and its acquisition renders its possessor the peer of the world's kings.

All students who intend embracing in after-life some profession ought to practice reading aloud. It is an exercise which combines a muscular effort with a mental one, and hence has a twofold advantage. It does not require a teacher, and may perhaps be better cultivated alone than under instruction. I say it may perhaps be better cultivated alone than under a teacher, because the person practicing the exercise will acquire a naturalness of tone from instinct more than from art; for if dependent on instruction, all he acquires comes to him from the rules and directions laid down by the master, while if left to himself it must be his own instincts which must guide him. The most that is required of the person who practices this exercise is that he should make a strong effort to understand fully the mind of the author, that he thoroughly master the sense of the subject read.

In order that a person may read aloud well, it is necessary that he not only understand the subject, but moreover that he should hear his own voice and that he should feel within him that he enunciates distinctly and clearly each and every syllable. Then he should endeavor to so modu-
late his voice as that it matters not what be the number of his auditors or what their distance from him, he may be heard by all of them. In this he must be taught by himself alone, and be made perfect by experience. He should feel that he is heard by all if he would read well. He should be able to say whether or not he is heard by the auditors in the farthest part of the room: if he is not able to tell whether he is heard or not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

The lungs are developed by reading aloud just as they are by singing. They are helped by loud reading, if properly done, because its effect is to induce every once in a while the drawing of a long breath, far oftener and far deeper than by reading without any enunciation. By these deep inhalations we cannot fail to develop the capacity of the lungs, and this development will be directly in proportion to their practice.

It is with imperfect and insufficient breathing that our respiration uniformly begins. One of the characteristics of this disease is that the breath becomes shorter and shorter, through the long, long weary months, down to the very close of life. Whatever will counteract this short breathing, whatever will tend to make us breathe deeper, cures to that extent. Let any person—we care not whom—make the experiment by reading a page of a book in a loud voice, and he will discover that in less than four or five minutes the tendency to take a long breath will show itself. A weak voice is developed and strengthened by reading aloud. It is made sonorous. Reading aloud is also very efficient in making the tones of the voice clear and distinct. It frees them from the hoarseness so annoying to auditors and which is exhibited by the unaccustomed reader before he has gone over a full page. By the time he has read a page the unaccustomed reader is forced to stop and hem and haw, to the disgust of his hearers.

When properly done, loud reading leads to great vocal power. It leads to this on the same principle that by exercise all muscles are strengthened. The voice-making organs are not exceptions to this rule, and consequently we find those who exercise them obtain great vocal power. And hence it is that in many cases the vocal power is diminished by total silence, just as the arm of the Hindoo devotee is at length paralyzed forever by its continued non-use. The general plan is to read aloud in a conversational tone, three times a day, for a few minutes at a time, to increase the time every day until a half an hour is thus spent three times every day. Continue then to read in this length of time until the desired object is accomplished.

C. M. R.

A Card.

I avail myself of this first opportunity to return my heartfelt thanks to the many friends who have sympathised with me in the loss the Congregation has sustained by the death of Rev. Father Lemonnier. Such touching testimonies of sorrowful hearts will long be cherished in mine as a most precious consolation.

E. Sorin, C. S. C.

—he is the best scholar who has learned to live well.

Memorial.

A Poem Read at the Annual Commencement, June 23, 1874.

By Harold V. Hales.

Old Class of '74! it is my will,
While yet we toil together up the hill,
To speak those words which like a silver chime
Re-echo in your hearts as well as mine;
To call up thoughts and fancies as they came
And flitted o'er our minds at Notre Dame;
To talk of facts, of reck'nings strong and short,
Of how they turned and twisted us about;
To tell of college life, and what we've done,
And leave a word, we parting, to each one.

Never forget how we all argued long,
And strove to conquer themes too deep and strong;
How from the mighty infinite so grand
We lost ourselves within a grain of sand;
How hard we tried to measure space sublime,
In both directions almost at one time;
And on the pinions of a simple soul,
Were borne from insubite to molecule;
Until monads and molecules combined,
Produced too great confusion in our mind;
Until in fact, we sifted things too small,
For our big minds to comprehend at all.

Never forget the old times, when we thought—
"We had the thing done fine," and then were caught;
How oft some rule, in sharp and quiet way,
We tried to break, and found it didn't pay.
Though many little failings on our part
Have caused some feelings not of proper sort;
Though sometimes by a word or careless thought,
We've acted otherwise than what we ought;
Yet, as one band we toiled up Learning's hill,
And, spite of all, we hung together still.
Through many years, with studies hard, our lot
Has happy been, while pressing to the top;
Through many years of earnestness and fun,
We've persevered, and now we've almost done.

Feelings of joy and sorrow very strong
O'ertake us as time quickly moves along;
Until we feel unable to express
Our thoughts in words, in writing much the less;
Wherefore I wish some stronger pen than mine
Could tell me how and where to put a line,
Wherefore I wish some stronger pen than mine
Could tell me how and where to put a line,
And represent in accents strong and true
The thoughts which I would fain convey to you.

Where'er kind treatment with instruction stands,
Together giv'n from ever willing hands;
'Twould seem most strange if one of us was loll'd
To thank the givers heartily for both;
So what I say comes now from out my heart,
That in it there existed once a spark
Which treatment kind has fanned into a flame
Of warmth and gratitude towards Notre Dame.
Here we have learned—Scientists I mean—
To study Nature's beauties, oft unseen,
Till o'er our minds, as if by magic wrought,
Which treatment kind has fanned into a flame
Of warmth and gratitude towards Notre Dame.
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Which treatment kind has fanned into a flame
Of warmth and gratitude towards Notre Dame.
Thus human hearts grow chill with years,
Thus human joys are dimmed with tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in Autumn leaves.

Ah! yes, man is taught a truly sad and salutary lesson by the great and almost desolating change which all nature undergoes at this season. In this change he truly "reads his fate," the fate of all men. And not only should he read his fate but he ought to read in the autumn leaves a sublime lesson.

The Autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither and die and pass away;
And mournfully my fancy weaves
Though pen cannot transcribe the lay.
Soon, soon alike the winter cloud
Will spread for them and us a shroud,
And blessed is he whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves.

May it be the lot of us all to gain profit by this lesson and to grow wise and better in contemplating the passing change of the seasons.

H. Q.

Trifles.

In our everyday life we meet many little things which we either entirely neglect, or only slightly notice. When we are asked the reason of this, we reply: They are only trifles—they amount to nothing. This is a very common and a very great mistake. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a trifle. Those things which we regard as such, though they appear insignificant in themselves, form part of a more important whole. Many a noble and beneficent deed has been actuated by a circumstance which we would regard as very trifling. Many a great invention, which has proven of incalculable value to mankind, has sprung from some cause which at the time of its discovery was looked at as a mere trifle. A little bolt or screw in the machinery of one of our large ocean steamers becomes loosened; what is it—a little bolt—a mere trifle. And yet that little screw, scarce noticed before, has stopped the ponderous engine, and rendered helpless the mammoth vessel.

In our observance of little things. It is an old and a true saying: "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." A great many of our wealthiest merchants, when asked how they have amassed such large fortunes, attribute it to their conformity with this simple rule. Young people, and especially students at college, often fall into this great error of regarding certain things as trifling, and therefore neglect them. They consider some matter in their lessons as trifling, and fail to give due attention to it. Very often those same points, which they neglect to fix in their minds, are the very principles of the more important matter which they wish to learn. Industry, perseverance, and a true respect for minor matters, is all that is required to make our success in life a certainty. Industry—a desire to work, to improve ourselves in every public or private life, should try to cultivate a habit of at least paying attention to it. Very often those same points, which they neglect to fix in their minds, are the very principles of the more important matter which they wish to learn. Industry, perseverance, and a true respect for minor matters, is all that is required to make our success in life a certainty.

There is not a month in the twelve which brings to our mind so many and such salutary reflections as does the month of November, closing as it does the autumnal season. The whole face of nature undergoes a complete change. The soft beauty of the landscape fades away; the verdure of the fields disappears; the leaves, seared and made yellow in October, are scattered far and near by the chilling blast, they fall away and decay. All these remind man that he too must shortly undergo a change; they remind him that the weakness and feebleness of old age. He too, like the leaves of autumn shall fall away and shall pass forgotten to the dreary tomb:

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields,
And whistles through the withered grass;
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chillier as they pass."
Death of Rev. Father Lemonnier.

It is in sadness and sorrow that we announce the death of Rev. Father Lemonnier. At half-past nine o'clock p. m., on Thursday, October 29th, after a long and weary illness, borne with entire resignation to the will of God, he quietly breathed forth his soul into the hands of its great Creator.

From a biographical notice in the Silver Jubilee we learn that Rev. Augustus Lemonnier was born in April, 1839, at Abulle, in France. His boyhood and early youth were passed amid the enjoyments of a happy home, and in preparing himself for college by the elementary studies pursued in the common schools. At the age of nineteen he entered the College of Pregeign, in the diocese of Mans. Here he spent seven years, during which time he completed the full collegiate course of that institution. On his departure from college, Father Lemonnier entered upon the study of Law, not having any idea at the time of studying for the sacred ministry. For one year he prosecuted his chosen study in the office of Mons. Houtin, and the year following in the office of Mons. Dubois, at Laval, France.

After two years' experience in a law office, Father Lemonnier began to look upon the world in a far different light from that in which other young men in similar circumstances usually view it, and after a few months of serious reflection, and consultation with judicious friends, he abandoned the bright prospects of distinction which then smiled upon him, and joined his brother and college classmates at the Theological Seminary at Mans, where he passed one year in the study of Philosophy. The death of his mother, about this time, removed the only obstacle to the execution of a project which he had entertained from the time of his determination to study for the ministry, namely, to enter the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in Paris. However, Father Sorin, his uncle, induced him to come to America, and, with this understanding, sent him to Rome, to study Theology in the Roman College.

While in Rome, Father Lemonnier entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, in October, 1860, being received by Rev. Father Donelle, then Procurator General of the Congregation. In 1861, Father Lemonnier was called to America, and arrived at Notre Dame in February of that year, where he completed his theological studies, and, after making his profession as a member of the Congregation, was ordained Priest on the 4th of November, 1863.

Soon after his ordination, Father Lemonnier was appointed Prefect of Discipline, in which office he continued until May, 1865, when he was appointed by the Provincial Chapter, which met at that time, Prefect of Religion. In July, 1866, he was appointed Vice-President and Director of Studies in the University, which position he occupied until 1872, when he was appointed President of the University, in which office he remained until his death.

Father Lemonnier not only displayed a great deal of natural energy in the discharge of his official duties, but also gave evidence of considerable ability of a literary character. His almost complete mastery of the English language within one year after his arrival at Notre Dame, showed a decided aptitude for languages; and several very fine dramatic productions, written amid the cares and annoyances of his office, give evidence of great literary talent. In addition to this, Father Lemonnier was always noted for the encouragement which he gave to the Fine Arts at Notre Dame. An amateur in painting, he did all in his power to promote a love for art among the students of the College. It was through his efforts that the monthly musical entertainments were established at the University, and to him are the different musical, literary and dramatic societies indebted for much of their success.

By his kindness he attached to himself a large circle of warm and devoted friends, who will receive with sorrow the sad announcement of his death.

The funeral service will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, at two o'clock, a full account of which will appear in our next number.

-Some of our readers may, perhaps, have noticed that while every other branch of study receives its due share of attention in our columns, Vocal Music seems to be neglected. There is enough said about the Choir—good, bad and indifferent—to show that all listen to the singing, but so far no one has yet favored us with a line about the means to be taken in order to have good singers. Besides, the church is not the only place in which to hear singing. If we had singing-classes, choral societies, etc., which could give us choruses, trios, duets and solos at all of our Exhibitions, concerts or soirees, it would stimulate the students to sing,—it would develop voices and improve the taste of our students, so that we might afterwards select the best voices only for the Choir. Students should consider it an honor and a privilege to be permitted to sing the praises of God at our public services, and an honor reserved for those who, by their conduct and ability, prove themselves worthy of sharing in the office of the angels.

Among three hundred students there should be at least two hundred good voices, one half of them soprano and alto. Of this number, from fifteen to twenty should be selected for the Choir. Then we could have music worthy of the place and the occasion,—then our Choir would become a means of aiding the Cecilia Society in carrying out its noble purpose of improving the church-music of this country.

But what is the real state of the case? Only a few are willing to take the trouble of learning to sing. Some of those who do take the trouble, when their voices have after much labor, been developed, either leave the Choir because they "see no fun in it," or have to be dismissed by the Director on account of bad conduct. Others there are who are mere drones in the hive; they sing only when they feel like it, and they generally manage not "to feel like it" when their voices are most needed. There are always noble exceptions to these cases, and they deserve...
the thanks of all persons here, but let them remember especially that what they are doing they do for God, who will reward them according to their intention.

A great deal of time and money is spent every year by students in learning elocution, and with but doubtful results. Who are our best readers? Generally they are those who can sing. If there were a free singing class, then there would be plenty of good readers.

But the great difficulty is that the students do not sing during their recreation time. They sometimes use their voices by loud shouting. This shows plenty of raw material, all we need is to bring it to the rules of time and harmony. There are many collections of students' songs published in this country. Students' songs are popular everywhere. If a party of Seniors would take the lead, they might form a society—organize a glee club—and give some public performances, or give open-air promenade concerts every fine day. They have the open air, and excellent promenades—all that is needed is the music. Let them sing the simplest music at first and advance gradually to the more difficult. It is quite certain that they would benefit themselves a great deal; they would strengthen their lungs, besides which they would create enjoyment for their companions. We feel confident that every one of our music teachers would be most willing to devote an hour each recreation day to teaching such clubs or societies. Let the clubs get up a rivalry—all the better—all parties would gain by it.

Singing affects our feelings, and these in turn exercise an influence upon our bodily health. Let us have more singing and the students will be happier and more contented. Besides this, singing will lessen the work of our instrumental teachers, and will aid their scholars, for it is a well known fact that singers learn instrumental music with far greater ease than those who do not sing. This fact is so well known to teachers that it needs no proof.

We hope to see vocal music receive the attention it deserves from all, not only the officers of the College, but the students and teachers. If it does, we will then report weekly the progress made therein.

—We call the attention of the Students to the fact that we have here at Notre Dame an excellent Class of Drawing, etc., and we would urge upon them the propriety of their attaching themselves to it. Lessons in Drawing are not compulsory here, but are left to the option of the parents and guardians of the Students. The importance of this study is becoming more and more evident every year, and we doubt not but that the period is not far distant when it will be necessary for all persons desirous of obtaining a thorough higher education to take lessons in drawing. Yet it is only of late years that drawing has come to be appreciated as an educational exercise in our schools. In former times and up to very late years, it has been always viewed as an accomplishment, which was attainable only by the favored few. Any child who showed an aptitude for drawing forms and figures was regarded as a prodigy. The fact that some children represented forms with any show of success has never, or at least has very rarely, been considered as an indication that others might be able to do the same.

And, in an educational course, drawing has been usually regarded as having no practical value. The end, and the only end, considered to be attained, was the mere ability to draw pictures. This was held in very slight estimation unless the pupil had the design of becoming an artist by profession. All of the many larger benefits which the pupil might draw from this exercise have been habitually overlooked and ignored.

To a general lack of knowledge concerning the principles and practice of drawing is this low estimate of its importance in a great part due. Very few persons, comparatively, have either the ability to draw or to decide whether a form made by another is correctly drawn or not. From a non-appreciation of the usefulness of the knowledge derived from the study and the practice of drawing, they are wanting in desire to inform themselves, and their position in the matter is that either of direct opposition or complete apathy.

And yet another reason—and a better reason—may be given for this opposition or apathy. Instruction in drawing, heretofore, has to a very great extent been limited to the copying of pictures, making the exercise to be one of simple imitation, and causing none of the higher faculties of the mind to be brought into action. The consequence naturally followed from this, that pupils in general had a great repugnance to the work, and their labors have been almost without fruit, so far as good results are concerned. The endless repetition of unmeaning lines have wearied young people. Copying pictures in which they take no interest, and which do not convey to their minds so much as a single thought, has disgusted them. When they have come to man's estate, and fill their places as parents or teachers, we can scarcely expect that they will be enthusiastic concerning lessons in drawing, or encourage the introduction of it into schools.

Nevertheless, in spite of ignorance, of hostility, and of apathy, it is overcoming all obstacles, and drawing is slowly yet most surely making its way into our schools. Men are being filled with the conviction that there are few studies of greater intrinsic value than drawing.

We then urge again all the students of the University to join the classes here in the College. They will not lose by it. We will, in some future issue, show the advantages to be derived from this useful study and exercise.

A Class of Dogma

A young man's course of studies in a Catholic college is not all that can be desired unless he receives a thorough and complete knowledge of his religion. The profane Sciences should be encouraged. They are useful for our worldly interests and should not be neglected; they should receive all the aid and encouragement possible. But religion is indispensable for the securing our most important interests, those of eternity—those interests which, if neglected, can never be attended to in the great hereafter,—those interests to which all earthly sciences should be subservient. Besides, if we were to look at things in a worldly point of view, a good knowledge of Christianity is requisite in order to form an accomplished gentleman. Students wear out their brains in becoming familiar with the history, rites and poetic absurdities of Paganism. We might venture to say that many of the Catholic youth educated at college can be found who are better acquainted with the follies of heathenism than with the Divine Religion which they
profess. And among non-Catholics the number of those who study only the rites of Paganism is much greater still.

Such a state of things should make one blush for shame. Young men should know the teachings of their faith,—know more than they learn from the ordinary lessons in Catechism, The knowledge of Theology ought not to be looked upon as exclusively the domain of the clergy, though of course they will always be the leaders therein. Laymen have at all times in the history of the Church had their honored representatives in the Ecclesiastical schools established throughout the world. Origen was already a distinguished teacher in the Church before he was forcibly ordained, nor did his elevation to Orders render his genius more penetrating or more brilliant. Even in our day we have some distinguished laymen who rank among the Church's defenders; and though their genius be not so great as Origen's, nor all their labors be in the same channel, yet they render to the Church great aid in battling with her enemies. Had we a greater number of such men today, the Church would have every reason to expect from them an abundant harvest of good. Were there numbers of such men in existence, we would not find the infidelity and the immorality which exist in France, Italy, and Germany. We would see the statesmen of Europe less given to Caisarism, and the Church would enjoy a comparative peace. A thorough knowledge of Dogmatic Theology,—of the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church,—is not out of the sphere of laymen. It is the right of a layman, as it is given to Caesarism, and the Church would enjoy a comparative peace. A thorough knowledge of Dogmatic Theology,—of the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church,—is not out of the sphere of laymen. It is the right of a layman, as it is the duty of a clergyman, to pursue his investigations in this department, subject only to the rules and limitations which the Church has laid down for all, be they priests or be they laymen.

The authorities of the University have for a long time recognized the want which all young men not destined for Holy Orders have labored under; namely, that they are unable, and more especially those in the Scientific Course, to obtain a knowledge of Christian Dogma except what they learn in the class of Catechism. Recognizing this, they have resolved to make use of the first occasion which may present itself for giving to the more advanced students an opportunity of following a solid course of Dogmatic Theology as the finishing touch to their studies. We rejoice to learn that steps are now being taken to establish a Class of Dogma for Catholic students, whether destined for the Church or not. We have little doubt but that it will be very acceptable news to the students of the higher classes, and that in a short time we may see our students going forth into the world with a conduct conformable to Catholic belief, and also with a sound and thorough knowledge of their religion, and the ability to defend it against any who may attack it, no matter what may be the knowledge or genius of their antagonists.

Personal.

—Thos. Millar has a fine law practice in Peru, Ind.
—Joseph Rumely is still at Laporte, Ind., in the foundry business.
—Bishop Dwenger left for Fort Wayne last Tuesday evening.
—Mrs. Judge Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, is on a visit at St. Mary's.
—We spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Dowling, of Laporte, last week.

—D. J. Wile is doing well in Laporte, Ind.,—reading law with Judge Osborne.
—M. T. Corby, of the Class of '05, is in business with P. L. Garrity in Chicago.
—Rev. Father Corby, so report goes, is doing splendidly in Watertown, Wisconsin.
—Mrs. Crane, of Watertown, was at the College and St. Mary's last Wednesday.
—Mrs. Newman, of Warsaw, Ind., paid a visit to Notre Dame and St. Mary's last week.
—Mr. Poole, of Burlington, Iowa, came over on a visit to see his friend Father Lemonnier.
—Jas. Howard, of the Class of '03, is one of the most prominent lawyers in Logansport, Indiana.
—Rev. Fathers Letourneau and O'Mahony were at the College last Sunday, attending the Diocesan Synod.
—Mrs. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, was on a visit at St. Mary's last week, where she has two daughters at school.
—Rev. Father Cooney is not expected from Texas before the coming Spring. He has plenty of missionary work on hand.
—Rev. Jacob Lauth has returned from Huntington, where he replaced the Rev. Pastor during the Spiritual Retreat last week.
—Edward M. Brown, of the Class of '05, is doing a fine business in Cleveland, Ohio. He is the most prominent of the young lawyers of Northern Ohio.
—Rev. Father Ford was unable to attend the Retreat because the new church which he is about to erect at St. Joseph's Farm requires all his attention.
—Mr. House, the organ-builder, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has here to make arrangements to move the organ into the new church. It will be remembered that it was Mr. House who made the organ for us some years ago.

Local Items.

—Cold!
—Silence!
—Bulletins!
—Trees bare.
—Sideburns plenty!
—They 're frescoing.
—All-Saints' to-morrow.
—Moonlight nights now.
—Hair-cutting is the rage.
—Horses busy hauling coal.
—All-Soul's Day on Monday.
—Father Frere's work is over.
—The Big Bell sounds grandly.
—Will you treat to toothpicks?
—Hard at work on the New Church.
—There are 12 hands in the Tailor Shop.
—Many visitors at the College on Sunday.
—15 Persons at work on the St. Jo. Farm.
—The bath-rooms are well used nowadays.
—Rain on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.
—There are 16 hands at work in the Shoe-shop.
—How about Christmas? Too early for a reply.
—Bro. Neal is making improvements in his shop.
—The Minims have a music-teacher of their own.
—The Juniors had a music-teacher of their own.
—The Juniors had a music-teacher of their own.
—We are happy to state that Mr. Coffey has returned.
—There is a German Class at the Manual Labor School.
—Music again from the Professed House, collegewide.
—Don't lean over so much when you read in the refectory.
—That baggage was removed from the Parlor—no one claims it.
—14 Readers have been appointed for the Senior Refectory.
—The organ will be removed to the new Church in December.
—New goods always on hand at Carpenter's, 103 Michigan street.
—A full and new supply of stationary, etc., etc., etc., at the Students' Office.
—An Exhibition for the Minims alone will be given by the Scientists shortly.
—Who can furnish us with a catalogue of the University for the years 1857 or 1858?
—It is rumored that the students of the Manual Labor School intend forming a Literary Society.
—Fr. Carrier, we learn, intends soon to send quite a number of new specimens to the Herbarium.
—Bro. Francis has a fine assortment of pictures etc., etc., for sale in the little store opposite the Post-Office.
—Wednesday next, Nov. 4, is Bulletin-day. Good notes will not be refused to those who deserve them.
—We noticed a number of new and fine mineralogical specimens in the Museum. Robt. Staley was the donor.
—Each Department was favored with the same lecture by Father Colovin last week. Let the members heed it.
—Mr. Buyse, of South Bend, is putting up the clock in the new Church. It will be an elegant and satisfactory Job.
—I have spared no pains or expense to make my store one of the most attractive places in the city. Call and see me.

E. C. CARPENTER. (184-1m)

—The astronomers set up to see the eclipse last Saturday night. What their experience was we do not know. We found it cloudy and went to bed.

—The Scholastic will be ready for delivery at the Students' Office, Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. There is no use of calling for it before that time.

—The play-hall at the Manual Labor School will be finished on Wednesday next, when there will be a grand house-warming. Bro. James has made a good job of it.

—Fr. Colovin spoke rather roughly of the Infirmary loafers in both Study-halls at the beginning of the past week. Look out boys! you needn't go to the Infirmary for a good time.

—"Set him up."—The South Bend Union says—"Blum, the eccentric, Punch-like Blum, advertises his place of business in the Notre Dame Scholastic as the "Students' Office."

—we hear it stated that the deserving student in the classical course who remains at the head of his class for five consecutive weeks will receive as a reward the privilege of giving the holiday privileage in the refectory.

—The Retreat of the Priests of the Diocese was in all respects very successfully carried out. The Rev. Clergy, we have no doubt, had better opportunities for passing a good Retreat than if they had come in the heat of the summer.

—The Register, of South Bend, has moved its office to the corner of Washington and Main Streets. Smith & Holloway, the stationers, have entered into partnership with the publishers, and will no doubt make the paper still more lively.

—You get along at a very fast gait in the work of building your Hall," said a student to one of the workmen at the Manual Labor School. "I should think we ought to, when we have Tom and Jerry here all the time," was the response.

—Bro. Francis de Sales, with three Brothers, will leave soon for La Salle, Ills. He will open St. Patrick's Academy there on the 16th of November. He will no doubt build up an excellent school. Success attend his labors! Fr. Simon succeeds him here as steward.

— Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley of Chicago was waited upon on the afternoon of the 24th, by the students of the College, who paid their respects to him. The Rt. Rev. Prelate addressed them a few remarks in his usual happy style. The Chicago boys had paid their respects to him some time before, and obtained a permission from him which was very acceptable to all the students.

—The Diocesan Synod opened Sunday morning, at 6½ o'clock, with a Solemn Pontifical High Mass, the Right Rev. Dr. Dwenger officiating. The Synod closed Tuesday evening.

—The play of the retreat of the插ests of the Diocese was in all respects very successful. The Rev. Clergy, we have no doubt, had better opportunities for passing a good Retreat than if they had come in the heat of the summer.

—The Choir are rehearsing Bergman's Mass, which they sang better than it was on occasion.

Would it not be well occasionally to procure the services of musical artists and give concerts in the Manual Labor School.
Sieg—which they sang also with much taste and expression—was formerly published in the "ATB M-VIUA." If it is not presuming too much, we would suggest that a room be set apart for the different works of art which Notre Dame possesses. At present they are too scattered, some in one place and some in another, that it is very difficult for visitors to see all conveniently. Very few have been able to see the pictures lately received from Rome, because the President will not let the pictures be opened until the Assembly of the Cacilia Society. If our Choir members could have heard them they would have a better idea of how much they appreciated them, and they would have a better conception and execution of his artistic idea as to the conception and execution of his artistic idea—was formerly published in the "AVS MARIA."

**Art Notes.**

—If it is not presuming too much, we would suggest that a room be set apart for the different works of art which Notre Dame possesses. At present they are too scattered, some in one place and some in another, that it is very difficult for visitors to see all conveniently. Very few have been able to see the pictures lately received from Rome, because the President will not let the pictures be opened until the Assembly of the Cacilia Society. If our Choir members could have heard them they would have a better idea of how much they appreciated them, and they would have a better conception and execution of his artistic idea—was formerly published in the "AVS MARIA."

**Art Notes at St. Mary's.**

—The last hardball of summer was found in the woods of St. Mary's a week ago. It has been immortalized in one of the autumn groups of berries and flowers now painting in the Academy.

—The vine hours have lost their lust and glory, but they survive all the changes of the season on the embroidery frames of the young artists in wool and silk.

—The grapes on the long sunny arbors, we hear, have been transferred, arbors and all, to the water-color blocks of some devoted students in the fine arts.

—Several of the designs upon the covers of the addresses prepared for us by the Father General, at St. Mary's, were of extraordinary beauty. They had the merit of originality as to design as well as the merit of most delicate and effective execution. It is plain to be seen that the attention shown to this beautiful art at St. Mary's is bearing fruit. Even the cover of the new volume of *Rosa Mystica* was embellished by a painting which was worthy of the subject; and a certain feast to which the *palms* and the *arrows* of a virgin martyr belonged, was marked by another design which deserves a notice in our column of items.

—Visitors at St. Mary's have seen some choice specimens of *Autographs*—or photographs from original drawings by the Italian masters. The value of these *autographs* to the art-student cannot be exaggerated. It is one thing to see an engraving of a masterpiece even if the engraving has been made by Raphael Morgagni (the prince of engravers), and an autograph from the picture itself. The delicately discriminating hand of the artist produces shades of thought which no one can copy but the sun. These *autographs*, however, have another advantage for the student. While photographs from the finished painting are more beautiful to the eye, the *autograph* from the original drawing of the master reveals his inmost secret as to the conception and execution of his artistic idea as to the conception and execution of his artistic idea—was formerly published in the "AVS MARIA."

We should like to see a portfolio of these *autographs* in every institution where drawing and painting is pursued as an art. They really give the art-student at home advantages which have hitherto been monopolized by the art-student abroad, as, day after day, he passes slowly along the bridge that spans the Arno at Florence. On both sides of this bridge are arranged what we should call *show-cases*; in which are displayed the original drawings of many of the great masters. These *autographs*, which are now to be found in all our great cities, have brought the treasures of the Italian *show-cases* to our very doors, to our very hands. We have only to stretch out our hands (with a moderate green-back in the palm) to secure them.

**Choral Notes.**

—In our last issue we accidentally omitted mentioning the portrait of St. Philip Neri which came with the other collections, to our very doors, to our very hands. We have only to stretch out our hands (with a moderate green-back in the palm) to secure them.

**Junior Department.**

—In our last issue we accidentally omitted mentioning the portrait of St. Philip Neri which came with the other collections, to our very doors, to our very hands. We have only to stretch out our hands (with a moderate green-back in the palm) to secure them.

**Music Notes.**

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**For the Week Ending Thursday, October 29.**


**Medical Class,—**F. Dubois, J. J. Gillen, J. Girard, A. Horne, E. J. McPharlin, J. Van Dusen.


**MINITM DEPARTMENT**—Eddie Raymond, Lee Frenze, Ralph Golen, Willie Van Pelt, Celly Clarke, John O'Meara, Willy Liney, Sylvester Bushey, Francis Carlin, Michael McCullachs, Samuel Goldsberry, Joseph Carrer, Celly Campa.

**List of Excellence.**

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**Out-Door Sports.**

- No boat-race—scrub or any other kind—on Wednesday last.
- The trapeze in the Senior yard is much used; there have been some good jumps made.
- A game of football was played, Oct. 24, in the Junior yard, for a barrel of apples. Hayes's side beat Best's and won the apples.
- What has become of all our flute-players? A couple of years ago we had quite a number of very good flute-players, now there are very few.
- On the 28th inst., a game was played between the Atlantics and the Juanitas, Oct. 20th, won the apples.
- The 7th regular meeting of the St. Altophilean Association was held on the 28th inst.
- The debate "Resolved, That War has a Greater Influence on Mankind than Literature," was argued with much ability by Messrs. Caren, Otto and McManus on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Kenny, Dechant and McFarland on the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative by the Vice-President.

**Society Notes.**

- "Zoll's Cyclopaedia" has been added to the Circulating Library.
- The Columbians are in excellent working order.
- The Philomatheans have much talent in their Society this year.
- A club whose object is to afford the members thereof plenty of amusement during the winter months was organized on the 20th inst. The officers for the year are Prof. Stace, President; F. E. Foxon, Vice-President; E. S. Monahan, Vice-President; G. W. Crumcycle, Secretary; T. J. Culliton, Treasurer; F. Morm; Censor; and E. L. Ayres, Marshal. We hope they will enjoy themselves.
- The St. Stanislus Philomathean Society held its first regular meeting on Friday, Oct. 23rd, 1874. The following officers were elected to serve for the coming term: **President**—Prof. J. A. Lyons; **Vice President**—H. Quan; **Treasurer**—J. Kelly; **Secretary**—C. Weity; **Vice Secretary**—J. Delvecchio; **Censor**—A. Koch; **Librarian**—J. Crumcycle; **Seargent-at-Arms**—W. Roche. Success to them!
- The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held its 9th regular meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 1874. At this meeting Prof. A. J. Stace, Dramatic Instructor of the Association, favored the members of the Association with a dramatic reading. After this, a few selections from the first number of the "Standard" were read by Mr. Meyer. The debate will come off at the next meeting.

**Our Box in the Hall.**

Seated in our Easy-Chair (not so very easy after all—there is no cushion on it) we begin this week to give extracts from the letters of such correspondents as drop their missives in The Scholastic Box in the hall, on the first floor of the College. The first letter we pick up is signed "X. Y. Z.," who, to judge from his letter, is of scientific proclivities. He says:

"It was truly an ingenious device of the Faculty to offer our Classic friends so acceptable an incentive as a little 'extra rec.' Certainly nothing would be more agreeable to them nor more likely to prove effectual. They well know that such an offer would not be accepted by the more studious Scientifics."

In conclusion, I hope that our ambiguous and non-mathematical friends will not consider the term elliptical as meaning something omitted; the fact of it is there is nothing omitted.

**Softball.**

The debate "Resolved, That War has a Greater Influence on Mankind than Literature," was argued with much ability by Messrs. Caren, Otto and McManus on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Kenny, Dechant and McFarland on the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative by the Vice-President.
SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

St. Mary’s Academy, Oct. 5, 1874.

The regular opening of the academic year took place, as advertised, on the first Monday of Sept. The usual celebration of the Mass of the Holy Ghost, in order to bring the blessings of heaven upon the labors of the year, was, however, deferred until the day following the Feast of the Nativity, when it was offered by Very Rev. Father Superior General, C. S. C., the members of the Faculty assisting with the pupils of the various classes.

At the Benediction of the same day, an impressive and valuable instruction was delivered by the Rev. Father P. P. Cooney, C. S. C.

The Literary Societies are reorganized, and already exhibit much talent and energy, while the dancing and calisthenic lessons promise to keep young blood from stagnation by application to mental employments.

Table of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 18, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Graduating Class.—Misses T. Reppetan, A. Lehman, M. Thompson, E. Cody, M. McKay, N. McFarlane, B. Turnbull, L. Henroten, R. Klar, A. Byrne, E. Quinlan.


2nd. Prep. Class.—Misses G. Hills, M. Malvey, L. Brownbridge, F. Reppean, A. Lehman, M. Raifton, M. Quinn.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 25.


2nd. Prep. Class.—Misses G. Hills, M. Malvey, L. Brownbridge, F. Reppean, A. Lehman, M. Raifton, M. Quinn.

LIST OF ARRIVALS UP TO OCTOBER 5, 1874.

Miss Rose Devoto, Cairo, Illinois.

Lily Dent, Washington, D. C.

Emily Haggerty, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Frances Dee, Chicago, Illinois.

Julia Dee, Chicago, Illinois.

Mary A. Pritchard, Galveston, Texas.

Sarah Lynne, Chicago, Illinois.

Julia Walker, Helena, Montana Territory.

Maggie Walker, Helena, Montana Territory.

Lizzie Arnold, Washington, D. C.

Mary Raflon, Chicago, Illinois.

Sophia Harris, New York, N. Y.

Amelia Harris, New York, N. Y.

Gertrude Gilbert, Chicago, Illinois.

Grace Hills, Waukegan, Illinois.

Anna Duncan, Joliet, Illinois.

Katie Joyon, Kinston, Iowa.

Ida Yettes, Grand Haven, Michigan.

Clara Yettes, Grand Haven, Michigan.

Mary Riley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Minnie Craven, Cheyenne River, Dakota Territory.

Katie Hudson, Livingston Co., Illinois.

Mary Daily, Livingston Co., Illinois.

Mary R. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio.

Angela Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio.

Mary Smith, Livingston Co., Illinois.

Mallida Thompson, Chicago, Illinois.

Eugenie Thompson, Chicago, Illinois.

Anne O’Connor, Chicago, Illinois.

Ella Richardson, Chicago, Illinois.

Cora Thayer, Chicago, Illinois.

Mary Dunbar, South Bend, Indiana.

Rosemary Spier, Peoria, Illinois.

Helen Kram, Toledo, Ohio.

Battle T. Parks, Washington, D. C.

Lizzie Kirchner, Detroit, Michigan.

Mary A. Schultesh, Detroit, Michigan.

Alice Pool, Byron, Illinois.

Annie Lloyd, Muskegon, Michigan.

Jeanette McGuire, Michigan.

Emma York, Byron, Illinois.

Edith Simpson, Winona, Minnesota.

Mary A. Roberts, Columbus, Ohio.

Maria Teresa Brady, Brown Co., Illinois.

Minnie Walsh, Chicago, Illinois.

Lizzie Walsh, Chicago, Illinois.

Addie Walsh, Chicago, Illinois.

Ellen O’Connor, Chicago, Illinois.

Minnie O’Connor, Chicago, Illinois.

Eleanor Dennehey, Chicago, Illinois.

Helen McFarlane, Chicago, Illinois.

Minnie McKay, Chicago, Illinois.

Sarah Hole, Havana, Illinois.

Rebecca Neuler, Havana, Illinois.

Mary Julius, Niles, Michigan.

Annie T. Clark, Columbus, Ohio.

Emma Long, Muskegon, Michigan.

Sarah Edes, San Jose, Illinois.

Ida Edes, San Jose, Illinois.

Ella Edes, San Jose, Illinois.

Sarah Cunningham, San Jose, Illinois.

Louisa Kelly, Havana, Illinois.

Minnie Quan, Chicago, Illinois.

Hope Russell, Ostokosh, Wisconsin.

Julia Roppelie, Detroit, Michigan.

Anelia Dilger, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Frannie Dilger, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Mary Hogan, Chicago, Illinois.

THE SCHOLASTIC.
THE SCHOLASTIC.

Miss Helen Foote, Burlington, Iowa.
" Jenny Keedy, South Bend, Indiana.
" Annie Smith, Chicago, Illinois.
" Annie Curtin, Hudson, Ohio.
" Rosa Dooly, New York, N.Y.
" Katie Greenleaf, Ottawa, Illinois.
" Loretta Ritchie, Pinckneyville.
" Lizzie Ritchie, Pinckneyville.
" Genevieve Walton, Apalachee, Michigan.
" Fannie Reppetan, Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Carlin, Chicago, Illinois.
" Fannie DeLong, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
" Helen Myhan, South Haven, Michigan.
" Mary Wicker, Chicago, Illinois.
" Josephine Locke, St. Louis, Missouri.
" Lydia Wyman, Canton, Illinois.
" Lizzie Bradford, Pontiac, Michigan.
" Jennie Corrigan, Chicago, Illinois.
" Laura Monnon, Chicago, Illinois.
" Lizzie Brownbridge, Decatur, Michigan.
" Flora Middleton, South Bend, Indiana.
" Laura Johnson, Elkhart, Indiana.
" Carrie Morgan, Centralia, Illinois.
" Effie McDougall, Chicago, Illinois.
" Helen Mann, Chicago, Illinois.
" Nettie Mann, Chicago, Illinois.
" Ida Morey, Chicago, Illinois.
" Kate Nicholson, Chicago, Illinois.
" Mamie Hutchinson, Chicago, Illinois.
" Lousia Hutchinson, Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Quill, Chicago, Illinois.
" Maggie Quill, Chicago, Illinois.
" Katie Pinkay, Green Bay, Wisconsin.
" Ada Peak, Green Bay, Wisconsin.
" Nellie McGrath, Chicago, Illinois.
" Annie McGrath, Chicago, Illinois.
" Maggie Poquette, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.
" Margaret Bell, Chicago, Illinois.
" Annie Lehman, Adrian, Michigan.
" Jennie Stough, Waterloo, Indiana.
" Bell Hildebrand, Cleveland, Ohio.
" Kate Kosinski, Kansas City, Missouri.
" Bridget Wilson, Trenton, New Jersey.
" Ellen Cody, Lasalle, Illinois.
" Livonia Mead, Ottawa, Illinois.
" Emma Bowman, Covington, Indiana.
" Minnie Siler, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
" Bessie Siler, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
" Ida Fisk, Lawrence, Michigan.
" Mary J. Bennett, Marshall, Michigan.
" Lizzie Schummert, Notre Dame, Indiana.
" Annie Schummert, Notre Dame, Indiana.
" Maggie Jackson, Detroit, Michigan.
" Daisee Green, Topeka, Kansas.
" Nellie McAuliffe, Chicago, Illinois.
" Julia Fanning, Syracuse, New York.
" Charlotte Woodard, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
" Pauline Gaynor, Escanaba, Michigan.
" Marion Faxon, Chicago, Illinois.
" Lizzie Vincent, South Bend, Indiana.
" Emma Dougherty, Washington, D.C.
" Jennie Stump, Big Rapids, Michigan.
" Rosa Canoli, Chicago, Illinois.
" Ella Sweeney, Martins Ferry, Ohio.
" Annie Sweeney, Martins Ferry, Ohio.
" Julia Nanning, St. Joseph, Missouri.
" Louise Henrotin, Chicago, Illinois.
" Zettie Meir, Ligonier, Indiana.
" Ella Quinlan, Cleveland, Ohio.
" Bell Turnbull, Muskegon, Michigan.
" Bell Wade, New Carlisle, Indiana.
" Abbie Gowey, Sioux City, Iowa.
" Mary Summers, Notre Dame, Indiana.
" Alice Callen, Lafayette, Indiana.
" Louise Timley, Chicago, Illinois.
" Jennie Krieh, Chicago, Illinois.
" Sarah Morane, Millburne, Illinois.
" Lizzie Morane, Millburne, Illinois.

" Amelia Koch, Cleveland, Ohio.
" Carrie Maigray, Chicago, Illinois.
" Ada Byrne, St. Louis, Missouri.

POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE!

M. LIVINGSTON & CO.,
91 Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.
We invite the attention of the public to our large stock of
FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
—and
FURNISHING GOODS,

Our stock is always large and carefully selected, and everything you want in our line will always be found on our shelves. Our Full DRESS SUITS show an amount of pains-taking scarcely ever seen in Ready-Made or Custom Work. The Prices are MUCH LESS than the same material would cost if made to measure. Money is scarce but CLOTHING is Cheap. If you don't believe it, drop in and see our goods and prices.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department
is in full blast. We have a full Stock of 'Clothes, Cassinores and Vestings,' and we turn out the best Fits. We sell for Cash, and our Prices are about One-Third Lower than any other house in the business.

HORTON & PALMER,
DEALERS IN
Pianos, Organs, Guitars, Stools, Covers, Strings,

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS,

AND ALL KINDS OF
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

Instruments tuned and repaired in the best manner and at the lowest prices.

No. 72 Washington street, South Bend, Indiana.

JAMES BONNEY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
COR. MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON STS.,
OVER CONROY'S DRUG STORE,
South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Bonney will be at his old stand at the College every Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. He has on hand photographs of the Professors of the University, members of the College Societies, etc., etc.,

Which he is prepared to furnish to all desiring!
Michigan Central Railroad

**Time Table.**

From and after May 4th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>Local Freight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>Three Rivers Accommodation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:42 a.m.</td>
<td>Atlantic Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:40 a.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:15 p.m.</td>
<td>Night Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:25 p.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:35 p.m.</td>
<td>Evening Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:50 p.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Atlantic Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:50 p.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:50 p.m.</td>
<td>Atlantic Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00 p.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15 p.m.</td>
<td>Night Express</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:30 p.m.</td>
<td>Mail</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

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**THE SCHOLASTIC.**

**BOOTS & SHOES.**

---

**TO THE STUDENTS!**

**BEFORE BUYING YOUR BOOTS AND SHOES,**

**WE INVITE**

**YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION**

**TO**

**OUR LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK, SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE**

**AND**

**SUPERIOR TO ANY EVER OFFERED IN THIS CITY.**

**WE FEEL WARRANTED IN SAYING**

**THAT**

**FROM OUR FACILITIES**

**AND**

**TWENTY YEARS EXPERIENCE**

**IN THE**

Boot and Shoe Business in South Bend,

We can offer greater inducements to buyers than other dealers.

We keep Honest Work, Clean Stock, Latest Styles, which we will sell at Low Prices.

We pledge ourselves to please all who may favor us with a call.

Respectfully,

**D. H. BAKER, & Bro.,**

100 Michigan Street,

South Bend, Indiana.

**L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.**

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

**GOING EAST.**

2:35 A.M. (No. 6), Night Express, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5:35 a.m.; Buffalo, 8:30 p.m.

10:38 A.M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 12:30 p.m.; Cleveland, 5:30 p.m.

12:27 A.M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5:30; Cleveland, 10:30 p.m.; Buffalo 3:30 a.m.

9:11 P.M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 3:00; Cleveland, 7:00; Buffalo, 1:30 p.m.

7:54 P.M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Toledo, 3:05 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:05 a.m.; Buffalo 11:00 a.m.

3:55 P.M. (No. 9), Local Freight.

**GOING WEST.**

3:20 A.M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4:15; Chicago 6:30 a.m.

1:50 A.M. (No. 5), Pacific Express, Arrives at Laporte, 5:40; Chicago, 8:00 a.m.

5:35 P.M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 2:00; Cleveland, 6:45; Chicago, 8:15 a.m.

4:51 P.M. (No. 11), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5:45; Chicago, 8:00.

1:00 A.M. (No. 11), Local Freight; Arrives at Laporte 8:55 a.m.; Chicago 11:10.

7:20 A.M. (No. 7), Local Freight.

Note: Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Super Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDONS, Freight Agent.

S. J. FOWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

---

**LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.**

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albaniun and Salem Crossing, as follows:

**GOING NORTH.**

**GOING SOUTH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:29 P.M.</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:45 A.M.</td>
<td>Freight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:23 P.M.</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:47 A.M.</td>
<td>Freight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:28 A.M.</td>
<td>Pass</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.**

Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line

Knoxville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. Except Saturday. + On Sunday runs to Springfield only 

10:45 a.m. | 11:15 a.m.

-- + --

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

+3:40 p.m. | 4:30 p.m.

+3:40 p.m. | +4:30 p.m.

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

---

**PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.**

**PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.**

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without change.

For and after May 24th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

**LEAVE.**

**ARRIVE.**

1st train leaves Chicago 9:00 a.m. Arrives at Niles 11:00 a.m.

2d train ... 11:15 a.m. Arrives at Niles 1:15 p.m.

3d train ... 1:30 p.m. Arrives at Niles 3:30 p.m.

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Maunfieald with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. MCCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.

H. N. CANIFP, Agent

W. F. CLELLAND, Agent.