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354 HE SCHOLASTIC.
Thou greatest Bishop at St. Peter's throne,
Bent with the weight of honored years of toil.
Like a round tower standing grey, alone,
Upon thy native Erin's sacred soil:
This day which seals thy fifty glorious years
With holy benediction and loud praise,
Salutes thee, first among thy mitred peers.
Crowned with the laurel wreath of fruitful days.

O'Connell's complement, as he of thee,
Each unto each a gallant, fearless shield;
Lion of Judah, thou ; Liberator, he ;
Erin's pure heroes, born to never yield!
In the dark days when even patriot fire
Bore the base alloy of a helot fear,
Thy noble courage bade thy soul aspire,
And break for stainless Truth a stainless spear!

When Ireland's champion Liberty restored,
And raised to robust life the dying thrall,
Thou, in the Name of Him thy soul adored,
Freedom baptized against a final fall.
In genius twins, redeemed Erin leaned
Upon O'Connell and on thee, McHale,
And in a field which Hate's red hands had gleaned,
Freedom found food for gallant Innisfail!

Noble old man! thy steadfast fifty years,
Mitred with honor, yet with many woes,
Have seen Hope's sunshine follow bitter tears,
Though Erin's friends oft spoke like Erin's foes!
No parchment makes thy glory, nor hath man
A part in aught which doth to thee belong;
Thy title to our love hath ever ran
In battle for the Right ; in hating Wrong!

American Artists.

"American artists!" repeats some one, with a significant
raising of the eyebrows and a shrug of the shoulders!
Yes, gentle reader, American artists. And from this
already rich mine we intend to bring forth gems of ac-
knowledged value. These artists have not been the won-
der of a neighborhood or of a province merely. Neither,
when leaving the picturesque neighborhoods in which they
had the happiness to be born, have they been compelled
to take low seats among the artists of their time, or in the
drawing-rooms on either side of the water. They have
not been found boors in society any more than tyros in
the studio. Everywhere, in France, Germany, Italy,
Rome itself, they have been welcomed as bearing the
stamp of genius, and possessing that indefinable charm
which belongs to genius.

Some of these artists were born in cities; many more,
we believe, among the beautiful hills and valleys, towns
and villages, scattered over our country, so rich in
natural beauties. Some of these artists had learned fathers and learned mothers, and were, from infancy, conversant with the world of art and of letters. Others never saw a masterpiece until they earned this privilege by their own artistic labors; while for culture, they depended upon those primitive schools which have trained so many statesmen and generals, judges, lawyers and doctors, for eminence. We have never known one of these artists to come of a money-loving or worldly race, or from an ignoble one. Their surroundings may have been homely, rustic; their clothing homespun; but the family could trace itself back to honorable positions and to noble events. There might not have been a "library" in the house, or books enough to fill a very large bookcase, but what books there were were standard books and thoroughly read. Often, indeed, a vein of genius, poetical or artistic, was known to have run through the family of the father or mother, and they had their own triumphs on occasions that called for an exercise of these talents. A taste for good literature prevailed in these families; and there was a refinement of manners and of ideas inherent among them which needed no dancing-master to bring out, or any "full-dress party" to educate. The secret of this inherent refinement of manners and ideas was, in many cases, a profound veneration for learning and for works of genius, whether poetical or artistic. "A good education is better than a fortune!" was one of the axioms of certain neighborhoods, states, sections, in our still new country. A boy was supposed "equal to making his way in the world" if he had a clear head, sterling virtues, and a good education. To provide for this last, the energies of the father and mother were taxed early and late; while for the two first, they were indebted to a kind Providence and to good examples in the family. Spending-money, pocket-money, was scarce in those days. Very few could afford to smoke cigars; and those who did were generally branded as "not likely to amount to much." Industry was so much a habit that its opposite was supposed to belong only to the vulgar or the worthless. From such a soil sprang the artists who have given glory to America, even during the first centennial of her life, as an independent nation. Some have already won their laurel crown, and sleep under the turf, events which needed no dancing-master to bring out, or any "full-dress party" to educate. The secret of this inherent refinement of manners and ideas was, in many cases, a profound veneration for learning and for works of genius, whether poetical or artistic. "A good education is better than a fortune!" was one of the axioms of certain neighborhoods, states, sections, in our still new country. A boy was supposed "equal to making his way in the world" if he had a clear head, sterling virtues, and a good education. To provide for this last, the energies of the father and mother were taxed early and late; while for the two first, they were indebted to a kind Providence and to good examples in the family. Spending-money, pocket-money, was scarce in those days. Very few could afford to smoke cigars; and those who did were generally branded as "not likely to amount to much." Industry was so much a habit that its opposite was supposed to belong only to the vulgar or the worthless. From such a soil sprang the artists who have given glory to America, even during the first centennial of her life, as an independent nation. Some have already won their laurel crown, and sleep under the turf, which their memories will keep green for centuries to come. Others, by their gracious presence, still adorn the social life of our own land or of foreign lands, as well as our galleries, halls, and public squares by the creations of their genius. But all who have now won a name among men can be traced back to an origin honorable alike to their art and to themselves; an origin free from the lavish indulgence of the present day; free from the greed of gain, and exalted by a profound veneration for learning, even when not in actual possession of it.

In our series of artists we shall give facts in many cases personally known to us, where biographies have not been written. And yet, the poetic beauty of many of these lives will never be written by anyone. They belong to the sacred archives of families too delicate to display their treasures to the curious gaze of a crowd.

The Silk-Worm.

In the vast and wondrous creation which we see around us, there is perhaps no animal which at first sight would strike the beholder as of such little consequence or usefulness as the silk-worm. On perceiving it creeping and crawling upon the ground or clinging to some shrub, with no beauty to attract the eye, nor perceptible qualities to rivet attention, one would naturally exclaim: "Surely this animal is worthless in the creation! surely no benefit can ever accrue from this insignificant creature!" and yet the history of this seemingly insignificant creature is full of the most interesting and instructive facts. It is another proof of the great wisdom of that Supreme Being who created nothing without its proper sphere in this admirably arranged world of ours; it clearly shows us that the most humble of beings may be productive of the greatest good, and it proves that real merit will ultimately be discovered and valued at its true worth.

For ages the silk-worm and the tree upon which it feeds—the mulberry-tree—were totally ignored, or, if recognized at all, were passed by as so many unimportant atoms in the catalogue of created things. It required centuries to prove to man that by a certain expenditure, great care and perseverance, he could, through this caterpillar and the mulberry-tree whose leaves nourish it, establish a new and powerful branch of industry, which in its turn would call forth all the ingenuity of the machinist, give a new impetus to commerce, and afford employment and the means of subsistence to thousands. It took long years to teach man that this humble insect was destined to play a part far superior to what at first seemed allotted to it; and now, to prove that we have not over-estimated the importance of this wonderful little insect, let us notice its formation, both inside and out, and at the same time glance over some of the interesting facts contained in its history.

It is called silk-worm, but it is in reality a caterpillar; larger than the insect found luxuriating in fruit-gardens, but smaller than the pearl-blue caterpillar found preying upon our potato fields. In proper time, like all caterpillars, it is transformed into a butterfly, and its natural history corresponds to that of the whole species of caterpillar. The small head provided with two jaws may be found at one extremity of its long, round body. These jaws, as in all insects, move from side to side, and not up and down as in the case with most animals that surround us. The body is sectioned off into rings, and on the side of each of these rings can be seen the small, round orifices through which respiration is effected. The air passes through these apertures, and is conducted to the canals, which we will presently describe. The silk-worm is furnished with ten pairs of feet, rather a large number for such a small animal, but the five last pairs are destined to disappear, and are called false feet; the three first pairs are called the true feet, or scaly feet. The intestinal arrangement consists of the digestive tube, which extends from one extremity to the other; the stomodaeum, which is a very large cylindrical sac; the liver and kidneys, and then the very important organ which secretes the silky matter. As the animal grows, this tube is filled with a liquid which in passing through the spinnakers—placed near the mouth—drives in the air, and forms a thread. This thread is the material of the silk. Underneath the digestive tube is placed the nervous system, which is considered one of the most important parts in the organiza-

—Solitude and Society. It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.
tion of insects as well as animals, since it seems to be the animating power of the other organs and especially of the muscles. The latter are really the motive organs with the caterpillar, as with man himself, and are admirably organized; in fact the muscular system of this insect seems superior to that of man, at least in the number of its organs. In man we find 529 muscles; in the caterpillar we discover 1,047, besides the muscles of the head and feet, which give 1,118 more. In the caterpillar, as in most animals, are found blood and a species of heart, although it is deprived of both arteries and veins: hence the blood, instead of being conducted through arteries and veins, is diffused throughout the body and moistens every organ.

As it is not provided with lungs, it respires through the apertures before mentioned. These openings lead to a system of canals, which branch throughout the body, carrying everywhere the air so necessary to the existence of living beings. Thus far we have seen the caterpillar as found in its maturity: but by far the most interesting and instructive period in the life of this wonderful little insect is its growth and development. The many and varying changes, the astonishing metamorphoses and the several stages it passes through, have engaged the attention, elicited admiration and incited the study of naturalists for many years. When the caterpillar first emerges from the egg it is very small, being only the twentieth part of an inch; but it rapidly attains a size which, considering its diminutiveness at birth, is truly wonderful: for instance, man is only forty times heavier than the new-born infant; but the silk-worm, when it has been fully developed, is estimated to be about 72,000 times heavier than when it first came forth from the egg. To gain such an enormous weight it must lose no time; hence scarcely has the caterpillar come into existence than it begins to eat, and most diligently does it acquit itself of this duty. After some days have elapsed, this voracious appetite disappears; the worm becomes torpid, suspends itself from some twig by its hind feet, holding the forward part of the body a little inclined. According as the temperature varies, this state of rest lasts for 24, 36, or 48 hours; during this period the skin dries up, splits open behind the head, and immediately afterwards along the back. The caterpillar then comes forth with a new skin formed during this period of torpidity. For caterpillars in general, this remarkable term, during which they cast off the old and put on a new skin, is called moulting. For the silk-worm it is known by the name of its entire new being. Life seems to be extinct, and it appears no longer as a caterpillar; it is called a chrysalis. It has undergone a most curious change during its concealment; the head and feet are no longer visible, the color has been turned into a golden yellow, and it appears as an entirely new being. Life seems to be extinct, and it is only by the closest scrutiny that we can discern certain movements which tell us that vitality has not fled. Under this apparent stupor is reality concealed a most wonderful activity in all its parts, which finally ends in producing the most wonderful transformation it has yet passed through.

The last grand change takes place in fifteen or seventeen days according to the temperature.

The skin splits along the back; the last moulting occurs, but the animal which is now revealed is no longer either caterpillar or chrysalis: it is the beautiful little butterfly which we see flitting from flower to flower. It is needless to describe this little insect, which is so familiar even to the commonest observer of nature. We all know that hardly a trace of the caterpillar can be found in the butterfly. Where before there existed a body almost alike in every respect, we now discern three distinct parts: the head, the chest, and the belly. The hind feet have disappeared, but, as an equivalent, we now behold wings of which before there was not the least sign. The forefeet still remain; but they have become so slender and delicate that we would scarcely recognize them. We find the transformation in the interior as complete and wonderful: indeed so striking is it that we can hardly be led to believe that the charming little creature we see flitting about in the genial sunshine was once an ungracious worm crawling in the dust.

We have thus endeavored to sketch briefly the natural history of the silk-worm. Now let us glance over a few of the principal facts in its industrial career. Away back in the dim past, in the fabulous ages of the Celestial Empire, we find mention made in the Chinese annals of an industry connected with the silk-worm. To one of their emperors, Fo-Hi, who reigned about 3,400 years before our own era, is given the honor of first using silk in a musical instrument of his own construction: hence we conclude that China does the silk-worm and mulberry-tree belong; from China they began their march; for it appears they have always travelled side by side. All this time—5,395 years ago,—the Chinese knew nothing about raising the silk-worm or of winding the cocoon into skeins; though they are said to have spun a kind of floss from the wild caterpillar. It was not until several centuries had passed away—about 2,000 years before our era—that the manufacture of those beautiful tissues which have now become so common was first introduced, and we are not surprised to learn that it is
to the genius of a woman this discovery is attributed. To the efforts of Si-ling-Chi, an empress of China, is due the manufacture of those beautiful and costly fabrics; and so highly did her countrymen appreciate the benefit which she had conferred upon her country, that they gave her a place among their deities, and to this day worship her under the name of San-Thean; two words, which we are told, signify "the first who raised the silk-worm." For centuries did the Chinese jealously guard this important secret, which was the source of so much wealth to the empire; so anxious were they to prevent it from getting abroad, that death was the penalty pronounced against anyone found transporting the seed of the silk-worm or mulberry-tree beyond the limits of the empire. Hence, more than 2,000 years rolled by ere we knew from what source those rich and elegant tissues were manufactured. But it was impossible that a secret known to millions of men could be preserved forever. So, at length, through the ingenuity of a woman, were the precious seeds transplanted into another country. It is related that a princess of the empire, affixed to a king of Khokan, learned that the country which was to be her future home had neither the mulberry nor the silk worm. Thinking it impossible to do without the beautiful stuffs to which she had so long been accustomed, she resolved to do a little smuggling, and for this purpose neatly enclosed in her hair the seed of the mulberry and some eggs of the butterfly; thus concealed, eggs and seed eluded the vigilance of the officers and were transported to Khokan, where they prospered well. Thus began that journey which slowly but surely has since been extended to almost every civilized land. Two months of the Order of St. Basil delivered the seed to the Emperor Justinian in 552. In order to do this, they hollowed out their walking staffs, and thus conveyed the coveted seed from the heart of Asia. About the twelfth or thirteenth century, the silk-worm arrived in France, where, thanks to Louis XI, its culture soon flourished as an important branch of industry. Since then, the culture of the silk-worm and the manufacture of its cocoon have become general, and the beneficial results which have arisen from these branches of industry are almost invaluable.

CAMIL.

On Probabilities.

Some months ago, our journal document posted up in the post-office was thought to be fast reducing probabilities to certainties. Assertions were made that every month fewer failures were made in conjecture; and the weather of the day before was recorded as well as the estimate for the current day, so that the curious might compare notes. But how is it now? Why has the publication of the preceding day's weather been quite dropped? Has the present unprecedented season baffled all conjecture?

We ask not this in the spirit of malice. Far from it. We have the utmost respect for meteorology in general, and for the progress of modern science in particular. When "Old Probabilities" used to assure us that the Mississippi would rise at Vicksburg, we endeavored to gulp it down, notwithstanding that the Geography invariably states that it rises in Lake Itasca, some thousand miles or so further north, where a deer, with finely developed antlers, is perpetually drinking just at the spot where the river emerges from the Lake. If we knew anything about geography, we thought we knew that picture. We have seen it in several different geographies, got up by persons whose interests are diametrically opposite, and we have also seen it on fire-insurance show cards. We have had abundant evidence to establish it, and yet we were willing to give up Lake Itasca, with the drinking deer and all the other picturesque surroundings, at the mere word of Old Probabilities, so that no one can accuse us of malice prepense in the question we have ventured to ask.

Moreover, we have a great respect for almanacs. That interesting individual who appears to be cooling himself in the middle of the twelve signs of the zodiac, with his bowels dreadfully out of order, has always excited our unqualified admiration mingled with the sincerest sympathy. We always consult the almanac before undertaking any affair of importance. Last Thursday week it said: "March 6th," and we accordingly endeavored to march forth, although all our faith in almanacs could not support us very far through the masses of new-fallen snow with which our unbroken path was clogged. We have an equal respect for the days of the week. We not only humbly endeavor to keep holy the Sabbath, but we render even to the working days a sort of inferior and relative honor. We always have our oysters fried when it's Friday, and never think of taking them stewed unless it's stew-day. In fact, time and all its measurers, the weather with all its prognosticators, have always received due consideration at our hands. But this thing cannot last unless the weatherwise do or say something to redeem their character.

The clock in the steeple strikes one as being better protected now from the winds and weather, that used to occasion it so many perplexities in its former location. Lent always makes it fast. In fact, at this season of the year the sun either rises and sets a good deal later than he should do—never showing his nose until within a few minutes of seven, and yet hesitating to retire before half past six—or else the clock keeps fast better than those that regulate their meals by its striking.

As this article is a little discursive, perhaps I cannot better conclude than by summing up the evidence in favor of having something tangible to go on respecting the weather. If we must have probabilities, let us have some probability of their being probable. Let the man that gets them up desend more to practicalities, such as: "Put on overcoats about five p.m." "Be sure and not lend your umbrella this morning." "Take off your underclothing next week." "Get a new pair of gum boots," etc. etc. This would be really useful, and much more intelligible than "Increasing pressure on the Upper Lakes," or "Slight variation in temperature," etc.

Richard Wagner.

Prominent among the new things promised to those who attend the next Cincinnati May Musical Festival is Wagner's Lohengrin. This work has lately been performed in several of our large cities, and the critics are enthusiastic in its praises. It may perhaps be interesting, even to those who are not musically inclined, to know something of this, the greatest musical genius of our day; a man who has outlived the storm of abuse which is always heaped on those who, conscious of their genius, are not afraid to break
through the barriers of custom, and strike out new paths in science and art.

Richard Wagner was born May 10, 1813, in that Mecca of musicians, Leipzig. His genius first displayed itself in writing poetry; but at the age of 15 he was powerfully affected by hearing Beethoven's symphonies, and from that time music became his chief study. We will not attempt to give his early life, struggles and disappointments; it is the history of nearly all great men. Like a waif tossed on the angry billows of an unfeeling world, yet upheld by the beacon light of conscious genius—struggling against poverty, prejudice, envy, and his own proud and turbulent spirit, which led him to take a part in the revolutionary excitement of '49, and become a political exile, he finds himself to-day on the pinnacle of fame. Few great geniuses have lived to see their work crowned with the success which Wagner, now in his sixty-second year, enjoys. He is now the confidential friend of the King of Bavaria, who has already furnished him a large amount of money for the building of his opera-house in Bayreuth. This model music-hall is expected to be finished next year, and will be inaugurated with a Musical Festival such as the world has never before seen—orchestra, chorus, everything as near perfection as possible. The Tannhäuser, four operas, to be performed on four consecutive evenings, forming however one complete work, is to be given under his own direction. We will give in some future number an extract from the London Musical World, which, although written in a cynical view, will show in a condensed form the aims of this modern musical giant.

He has not neglected poetry, but writes all his own librettos, having thus a great advantage over other composers. As an author and critic, he also excels. Even painting, in his youth, he made a study, until the artist with whom he lodged died. We do not claim for him, however, the merit of being "jack-of-all-trades." As to posterity, his name will be ranked with Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and the other great masters.

His music was, at first, called the production of a madman wild, incoherent, without beauty or form. Very few critics could see any thing but noise and confusion in the only enabled to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of musical matters. By mere chance, in company with a few devotees of the art from Notre Dame, we heard the Thomas Orchestra last year. We enjoyed this pleasure through the birriers of custom, and strike out new paths in science and art.

Theodore Thomas, with his famous Orchestra, after educating the public taste, and preparing it to understand such elaborate compositions (which even European audiences could scarcely appreciate), has introduced Wagner's music into this country.

From personal experience we can say but little, being only enabled to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of musical matters. By mere chance, in company with a few devotees of the art from Notre Dame, we heard the Thomas Orchestra last year. We enjoyed this pleasure through the kindness of the late lamented Father Lemmonier, who, we sincerely hope, considers the music of the Thomas Orchestra now but as the music furnished us by the Indians the other evening in comparison with the angel choirs. The first piece was the overture to Wagner's Tannhäuser. The music of that matchless Orchestra produced such a bewildering sense of delight that we were unable to listen critically to the merits of the composition. Had we been told that all the numbers were by Beethoven, Liszt, Schu-
The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time at NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year ............................................ $1.00
Single copies (5 cts.) can be obtained at the Students' Office.

The subscription price of the Scholastic for the 2nd session of 6 months is fifty cents; besides which all new subscribers are requested to send ten cents for postage, making in all sixty cents.

Address: Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

—Next Wednesday we celebrate the Feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. That the celebration of the day here at Notre Dame will be, in every way, worthy of the illustrious Saint, we have no doubt. Mass will be celebrated in the morning, at which the panegyric will be preached. On Tuesday evening the Columbians will give an Entertainment, at which the Band, the Orchestra and the Gillespie Choral Union will assist. When we state this, all may understand that St. Patrick's Day will be worthily celebrated here.

—Sometimes about the year of our Lord three hundred and ninety-six, a youth scarce grown to manhood escaped from a cruel imprisonment in Ulster, in the North of Ireland. He was journeying towards the home of his boyhood, to that home where he had passed many happy years, when a vision which exercised a great influence over his whole life appeared to him. The words of the youth himself, describing this vision, are: "And then I saw in a vision during the night, a man coming from the West; his name was Victoricus, and he had with him many letters; he gave me one to read, and in the beginning of it was a voice from Ireland. I thought it to be the voice of those who inhabited near a wood called Fochat, adjoining the western sea; they appeared to cry out in one voice, saying: 'Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us.' With this I was feelingly touched, and could no longer read; I then awoke."

To go to them and walk amongst them was then the resolve of the holy youth, and all his studies and labors were with that end in view. And he did return to the then benighted people of that Island far away in the Atlantic Ocean, and he did walk with them. He taught them the blessed word of the Gospel, and preached to them of Christ; and he led them away from the dark paths of superstition in which they had blindly walked, to the safe and narrow road of salvation.

This happened years ago, and Patrick, the holy youth, was taken to heaven. But the cry of the faithful people of Ireland has since that time been ever the same: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." That cry has gone up to heaven from earth, and has been heard by the great Apostle, and he has walked with them and has preserved them from schism and heresy. It goes up to him at this day from the green valleys of Ireland and he still walks with them in spirit and keeps them strong in their devotion to Rome and the Church. And not only do the faithful people of Ireland raise this cry to Patrick in heaven. In the broad prairies of the western world, and from the newly settled spots amid the Rocky Mountains, the pleading voices of the sons of Erin are heard calling upon him: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." In the jungles of Africa, in the broad savannahs of South America, amid the gold-fields of Australia, in the far-distant isles of the Pacific Ocean, in the Indies, in China, in every spot where civilized man has yet penetrated, the descendants of those who first uttered the cry, call with outstretched arms: "Come to us, O holy youth, and walk amongst us." And he will not refuse that prayer. As in former times he brought their forefathers to Rome and Christianity, so will he now preserve them from all dangers of heresy and schism, and continue them in the Holy Catholic Church.

—On our first page we print a beautiful poem on the approaching Golden Jubilee of Archbishop McHale, of Tuam. In the year 1823 Dr. McHale was consecrated Bishop of Kildare, consequently this year he completes his fiftieth year in the episcopate. Nine years afterwards, in August 1834, he was elevated to the Archbishops of Tuam. The Irish people would be altogether wanting in that respect and love which is due to the great Archbishop, if they do not celebrate with every mark of joy the Jubilee of John of Tuam, who has done so much for them. There has not been a measure for the good of the people of Ireland proposed during the past fifty years to which he did not lend his influence and devote his talents. During those exciting times when the Repeal Association was in full action, the work done by him was immense, and was done with a vigor and spirit that entitled him to the gratitude of every Irish heart. He was that organized those monster meetings in the West of Ireland which gave such a strong impulse to the cause.

In 1851, when Lord John Russell had his miserable Titles Act passed, John McHale made, in Dublin, the best speech against it. Lord Russell thought to lessen the power for good of the Catholic Church in England and Ireland. He lived to see his act disregarded by such noble Prelates as John of Tuam, and to see it expunged by general consent from the statute-book. In 1858, the Archbishop was foremost to denounce the conspiracy by which the liberties of Ireland were to be trampled, and throughout his life he has worked in the same spirit for the benefit of his countrymen. He could not be awed by threats, nor softened by bribes. The interest of his Church and of his country were the objects ever of his ambition. Yet he has devoted himself to literature, and with success. The great poems of Homer and the sweet lyrics of Moore were translated by him into the Irish language. He has ever been desirous of giving to the world a knowledge of the noble language of his forefathers, and under his protection Irish literature is now made a special study at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, under the direction of Rev. Father Ulick J. Bourke. This year, then—the year of his Golden Jubilee—the people of Ireland will celebrate his name with every demonstration of joy, and show their deep love for so great and so good a man. He has worked and toiled for Ireland, and now in his old age Ireland will honor his silver hairs.

In America too, many of the generous sons of Ireland will celebrate his Golden Jubilee, for it was for their fathers and relatives that he worked, and the Irish-Americans are not ungrateful to those who have labored in the green Isle beyond the sea.
The writer of this article is not an Irishman, nor the son of an Irishman, but on an occasion of this kind he cannot but feel as an Irishman. All Americans, who enter the Catholic Church become Irish, if not in blood at least in spirit, and are drawn irresistibly to love and admire the great men of Ireland, and sympathize with the people of that land which has for years groaned under the subjection to tyrannical rule. Hence we enter into the spirit of the people of Ireland when they celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," and add our mite to the praises of the man who has so nobly earned them.

—We have been asked, by a number of young men to give our candid opinion respecting the merits of the various histories of England. We have examined, in other days, various histories, and have come to the conclusion that Lingard's History is still what it has heretofore been— the ablest history of that country which has yet been written.

Hume's History of England is, indeed, a most readable book. In purity and elegance of style it is comparable to any work on history extant. Gibbon has declared that he always closed Hume's volumes "with a mixed sensation of delight and despair," and the same may be said by most readers. Yet Hume's History of England is not what it should be. He was in politics a Tory, and his history was written in the interests of his party. In all facts with which religion is connected, he is inaccurate. Indeed in all his facts he is weak and untrustworthy. The time spent in the composition of his work, the little research he made as to the truth of the matter he relates his dislike of Christianity and religion, all go to show us his partiality. Besides, discoveries of documents have been made since the work of Hume was written, which have thrown new light upon many events related by him, and which give these events an entirely different coloring. Indeed many things related by him, have by the light of late discoveries, been shown to be wholly false.

The History of England by Lord Macaulay is, in truth, a magnificent work. His periods are the most brilliant in English literature; and his volumes have the fascination of the most sensational novels. His works will always be useful to students wishing to acquire a brilliant style. But Macaulay's History is not the book in which students will acquire a proper knowledge of English history. A brilliant period is what he most aims at; and for this everything else is sacrificed.

James Anthony Froude, the man so badly used up, during his late visit to the United States, by Father Burke and by Col. J. F. Meline, has written a most magnificent novel, called "A History of England." Col. Meline, in particular, showed up the pure lying of Mr. Froude concerning the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; while his statements concerning Ireland have been shown to be downright falsehoods by the eloquent Father Burke.

Lingard's History is left to us. The facts narrated by him have stood the most severe and searching investigation, and none of them have been proven false. He it was that first gave to Englishmen a truthful account of the character of Queen Elizabeth, and have shown to the world that there was another side from which to judge of the facts of history. Though his statements have been subjected to earnest discussion, the fame of the author has never been tarnished by falsehood. His honesty has been acknowledged even by those differing from him in politics and religion. In addition to the truth which characterizes his history, the literary merits of his work have ever received commendation. All his critics have given him unstinted praise for beauty of style.

For the reason, then, that in his History of England may be found a truthful account of the affairs of England, joined to beauty and purity of style, we recommend Lingard to the earnest attention of our students.

Art Notes.

—The Sanctuary Lamp at Notre Dame is the finest in the world.

—The members of the Drawing Classes are making great progress.

—Healy, the artist, was recently made a Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by the Pope.

—Signor Gregori will exhibit his portrait of Pio Nono in Chicago in a few days. The art critics will then have an opportunity of judging of the relative merits of this portrait and that of Healy.

—Couradu, the sculptor of the Antietam statue, is modelling for Mr. Batterton, owner of the Western, R. L., granite quarries, a group of five figures representing the "Landing of the Pilgrims," to be cut in granite bas-relief.

—When the pictures representing the Way of the Cross are finished, Notre Dame will boast of the finest in the United States. We described the first Station some time ago. Prof. Gregori is working on the others, but they will not be finished in less than a year from the present time.

—Titan's "Danaë" is now exhibiting in the Hotel de Ville at Angers. The sums received at the doors are to be devoted to the benefit of the poor of the town. The picture has been purchased from Prince Buoncompagni, of Bologna, by the Emperor of Russia, for 639,000 francs.

—The money from the sale of the great pictures contributed by French artists for the benefit of their brothers in Chicago, after the fire, still remains in the hands of the committee. It amounts to about $30,000, according to a communication from an American artist to the New York Times. "The artist sufferers either do not need it or do not care to profit by it now," and the committee are left in perplexity as to the final disposition of the fund. One suggestion is that a prominent French sculptor should be commissioned to execute for Chicago a bronze statue of Lafayette.

Musical Notes.

—The Band has a number of new airs in rehearsal.

—The Vocal Class is much larger this session than last.

—We saw a copy of the Orpheus, which is not on our list of exchanges, in the music room, and find it an excellent musical paper.

—The Vox Humana is not down on our list of exchanges, but we came across a copy of it in the music room. We were greatly pleased with it, and have the authority of our musicians that it is an entertaining Journal.

—F. W. Holmick, No. 278 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us a pretty little song entitled "Remember Deeds of Kindness." It is in the Key of C; the music is easy and pretty, and we have no doubt that it will become a popular song.
—Dwight’s Journal of Music, now in its thirty-fourth year, has been taken for many years at Notre Dame, and our musicians tell us that each number is anxiously waited for by them, and when received is read with pleasure. It is, indeed, an excellent musical journal.

—The organ voluntary played at the Offertory last Sunday was well calculated to become immensely popular with the younger portion of the hearers. It might be interesting to know from which of the great masters it was derived; perhaps Bach, Rink, Witt or Oberhofer.

—The Orchestra must have caught the spirit of the “Music of the Future,” as we hear they are rehearsing a Poésie Musical de Tannhäuser. Their young admirers would, perhaps, rather prefer the Music of the Past, when even Supply is considered hard to understand or appreciated—additional to the names of music pupils already mentioned as showing a love for the better style of music, we must give that of R. Gulloz. He labors with energy and perseverance to acquire a good method and correct taste, and we expect to see him become one of our finest violinists.


Braine’s Musical World, for February, 1875, has been received. It has entered upon its twelfth year greatly enlarged and improved. The articles in this number are “Ludwig von Beethoven,” “Opening of the New Opera House,” “The Little Music King,” “The Carnivals,” “Little Ross once more,” “Interludes,” and other entertaining essays and musical chit-chat. The music in the number is very good. The World is one of the best musical journals published.

—The Annual Convention of the American Cecilian Societies will be held in Dayton in August. The object of the meeting is the reformation of Catholic church music. This convention has the approval of a large number of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. The Cecilia, organ of the National Association, is published in that city, by J. Fischer & Bro. During the session of the convention several sacred concerts will be given in Emmanuel Church, under the direction of Professor John Singenberger.

—Church’s Musical Visitor for March is a model number. Among its literary contributors are W. S. B. Mathews, John Howard, D. C. Addison and other prominent musical writers. There are thirteen pages of music of superior excellence in this number, embracing a song, “Eily Ma-vourneen,” by Jules Benedict; the “Highland Girl Mazurka,” and “In Earnest Waltz.” One special feature this month is a full page illustration of the “Highland Girl,” a very pretty picture, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the journal. Editorial articles upon various topics, the usual departments of Reviews, Correspondence, Personal Notes, etc., complete a most admirable musical magazine. For a specimen copy of the Visitor, address, with stamp, John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. See also the advertisement in another column, where the terms of this excellent journal may be found.

—An edition of the prose works of Wordsworth will soon be printed.

—The March number of the Young Catholic is very interesting.

—A new quarterly, devoted to psychological matter, and called Mind, is announced in England.

—A complete edition of the poetical works of Sidney Dobell will be printed in London, towards the end of this month.


—La Peur du Pope is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Mgr. Guama of Paris. Mgr. Guama confutes with every amusing manner the absurd theories of these persons who, under the name of “saints of the socialists,” and who absurdly pretend to believe that the Papacy is the enemy of progress. Their number is doubtless great, and they are even more dan­gerous than the openly avowed enemies of the Church. Their blows are more covert, and therefore the more dangerous.

—We have not time to look over many college exchanges, and for that reason we have not been exchanging with most of the college journals. The college papers which we exchange are The College Magazine, The Que, The Salesianum, The Spectator, The Georgetown College Journal and The Niagara Index. We have spoken already of their relative merit, and as we “run” our paper to please ourselves, and suppose that the editors of these papers do the same, it is useless for us to make mention of them every week. We wish each and all of them every success, for they are very interesting papers.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS on the Jubilee, and Prayers Recommended to be said in the Station Churches. Baltimore; Kelly Piet & Co., No. 174 West Baltimore street.

This handy little work contains the Encyclical Letter of Pius XI., with the Prayers, the Pastoral Letter of Archbishop Bayley, a number of prayers and catechetical instructions on the Jubilee, and the method of gaining the indulgences. Besides the good which may be derived from it during this holy year, the little volume will be found very useful to those who are desirous of knowing the real nature of the Jubilee, its origin and history, the nature of indulgences etc. We can recommend the book to all our readers. The price is not given us by the publishers, but it cannot be more than twenty-five cents.

The Lower Orders of Vegetation.

The superficial observer, viewing the beauties of nature with which he is surrounded, if attracted at all, will only be by those objects that cannot possibly escape the attention of the most unobservant. We are all attracted by the beauty, odor, and color of the rosebud, unfolding its tinted leaves, moistened with the dew of heaven, a fountain of refreshment for the bee as well as a source of gratification for the s-o-nse of man. We see something grand and sublime in the giant tree towering on high, spreading its vast limits over the small herbs and plants of the field below, inviting us to its cool shade when the rays of the sun become almost intolerable. Our minds become so absorbed in contemplating these grand spectacles of nature, that we overlook a vast field of her domain, which is true in the world of plants. From pole to pole; from the mountains to the lowlands; from the moist and shady regions to the dry, and searing hot deserts, vegetation is seen in every form and variety. These plants constitute a grand world of its own, popularly known as mosses, lichens, fungi and algae, are confined by being propagated by spores not visible to the naked eye, and unlike true seeds in germinating from any part of their surface. These plants constitute a grand world of life, which is, indeed, a garden in the air; in fine, “the earth—dust of the heavens, the sea—water of the earth, man—image of the earth.” They are here for the refreshment of the bee, and for the nourishment of the earth, and we expect to see him become one of our finest violinists.

We have spoken already of the immense number of persons who, under the mask of Christianity, are the real enemies of the Church. We can recommend the book to all our readers. The price is not given us by the publishers, but it cannot be more than twenty-five cents.
their own: here nature is found as she really is—simple, unassuming: here her lover, wearied out in beholding her gaudy display, recreates his mind and at the same time stores it with useful knowledge, in examining "the silent and wonderful economy of that other world of minute or invisible vegetation, with which we are so mysteriously related, though we know it not." This seemingly insignificant race of the vegetable world was once the aristocracy of the botanical empire; but its glory has faded away before the kingly grandeur of nature's vast monuments.

The征服者 threw the first green mantle over the face of the earth coming from her watery grave, and the geologist tells us that one whole volume of her stony crust is filled with their history. How evident are the designs of the Most High! Everything in time, and for everything; crowned by all that is most useful, tends to the accomplishment of man's happiness. The immense forests formed by these plants during the carboniferous age of Geology have been reduced to a bituminous coal in the secret laboratory of Nature, amid the upplings and depressions of the earth's crust, and they are now sunk into the depths of the earth by the ponderous rock-press above them, and constitute the chief source of our domestic comfort and of nearly all our commercial greatness.

Our minds are baffled in attempting to form the remotest idea of the vast amount of vegetable matter, the seasons of successive growth and the immemorial ages which clogged away during the formation of the smallest strip of our coal-field. Their dominions are unnumbered; they have individual representatives in every part of the world: their construction is such as to adapt them to every possible situation; they form the sole embellishments of the bold Alpine peaks and the extensive moorlands; nor do such things as is the example. Pleasure is at the apex; everything else is ignored. Pleasure is at the apex. Go on; scale the giddy height, says the age. Alas, that man forgot to carpet the watery home of the finny tribes—sufficient to redeem them from the charge of insignificance. But, we are asked, what is the use of these microscopic plants? It is, unspiritually, the spirit of the age to seek everything and anything that will in the least promote the profit, convenience, or comfort of everyday life—everything else is ignored. Pleasure is at the apex. Go on; scale the giddy height, says the age. Alas, that man should thus reason!

The useful things of life, we admit, should not be undervalued: they are the first requisites, but they are by no means the most necessary things. Let it be remembered that when men live not by bread and the conveniences of external life alone, he forgets his claim to that higher existence. Nature is utilitarian: she does not recognize a materialistic exclusiveness—"use! and beauties are intermingled"; we are surrounded by all that is useful—and more too. If the man who seeks enjoyment was to expel from his prejudiced mind the false idea of usefulness, and examine for a moment the profusion of minute objects spread around him, which apparently have no influence upon his physical nature, and have no connection with his corporeal necessities, he would, I am sure, be convinced that "there is something exceedingly interesting in tracing Nature to her ultimate and simple forms," and would explain with Linnæus—"Nature appears greatest to me in her least productions." It is by the study of these plants that we are brought face to face with perfection; here we examine objects upon which are marked the image of their Creator; we are struck with awe at their beauty and symmetry; the last visible organism vanishing from our view with the same divine glory upon it, as the last star that glimmers out of space.

Local Items.

—Mump's the word.
—Who hid the bell?
—The days are getting longer.
—Our friend John has the "mumps."
—A bandage around the head is the style.

—Next Wednesday will be St. Patrick's Day.
—The males made good time on Tuesday last.
—Now and then we hear of an Indian war-dance.
—We expect to see many persons fishing on days of rec.
—Good sleighriding—the roads good, and the weather mild.
—A very large number of Juniors attend the Class of Calisthenics.
—Three teams took the St. Cecilians to the Farm on Tuesday last.
—A miner will be smoked out on the night before St. Patrick's day.
—"The White Horse of the Peppers" will prance next Tuesday evening.
—Prof. Lyons possesses a grand tableau of the St. Cecilians of other days.
—The cold weather not only freezes out chickens but even the fish are bennummed by it.
—Another lot of books was purchased for the Lemonier Circulating Library on Wednesday last.
—There was some very good singing done by the St. Cecilians while out sleighing on Tuesday last.
—The Exhibition will take place next Tuesday evening; we hope the Columbians will distinguish themselves.
—A number of friends call at our "den." We were pleased to see Rev. Father O'Mahoney on Monday last.
—We understand that the Band will play in front of the College and at other places on Wednesday morning next.
—Bro. Simon's nag travelled to the depot in South Bend and back to the College in just a half an hour. Very good time.
—Every day, nearly, there are crowds of persons taking advantage of the good sleighing and visiting Notre Dame. One worthy gentleman acted as our cicerone.
—The Columbians will play "The White Horse of the Peppers" and "The Smoked Miser." They began practising on Monday last, under the able supervision of Prof. T. F. O'Mahoney.
—We have received a poem entitled "A Lonely Death;" The writer did not send us his name, hence we cannot publish it. All persons wishing to have articles printed must give us their names.
—Some of the Minims are very good singers. Quite an interesting glee club could be formed among them, were some person to take hold of it and push things a little. More of them would do well to attend the Vocal Class.
—The Editor of this paper, in one half hour, on Tuesday last, caught some fourteen or fifteen fine rock bass, about eighteen or twenty.
—The Exhibition will take place next Tuesday evening; we hope the Columbians will distinguish themselves.
—A correspondent at Springfield, Ill., writes as follows: "In looking over your pages, I see nothing about St. Patrick's Day. I desist that you folk at Notre Dame sound the St. Cecilian together, even at the College, without all he had to do was to put his hands in the water and catch them. A companion caught at the same time some eighteen or twenty.

—This year, St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated, for two reasons. The first is because of its being the Feast of the Apostle of Ireland, and the second because it is the feast-day of the worthy President of the University, Rev. Patrick J. Colovin. We hope the Exhibition will be in every way worthy of the day celebrated.

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those who seated themselves at it. Bro. Matthew and the
other Brothers living at the farm did all in their power to
make the boys enjoy themselves; and the boys, recogniz­
ing the endeavors of the Brothers in that regard, did enjoy
themselves. Rev. Father Ford, with that rare tact which
distinguishes some men, entered into the enjoyment with
great relish. Before leaving, cheers were given for Father
Ford, Brother Matthew, and others. On the way home
the time passed merrily with songs and jokes. At nine
o'clock the sleighs arrived at the College; three cheers
were given for Prof. Lyons, and then all retired to bed, af­
ter a good afternoon's enjoyment.

The following is the programme of the Exhibition to be
brought on Tuesday evening, March 16:

**PART FIRST.**

"La Garda di Malleganu", N. D. U. C. Band
Overture—"Zampa"—(Hoffmann) Orchestra
Address to Rev. Father Colovin from the Columbians

**N. J. Mooney**

Song and Chorus—"The Barham that once
through Tara's Halls", Gillespie Choral Union
Address from the Seniors, T. J. Murphy
Song—"Killarney"—(Balfe) T. M. O'Leary
Address from the Juniors—D. J. O'Connnl
Song and Chorus—"The Last Rose of Summer"
Address from the Minims—Eddie Raymond
Irish Melody—N. D. U. C. Band

**PART SECOND.**

**THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.**
*A Comic Drama in Two Acts.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

Gerald Pepper—N. J. Mooney
Colonel Chesham—J. Soule
Hans Manfield—H. H. Hunt
Maurice Pepper—J. hủy
Darley Donaghtue—T. Cochrane
Arthur—J. Campbell
Porteveda—E. L. Ratigan
Phelim—G. C. Crummey
Dillon—T. Logans
Burgess—F. Cullon and J. Lyons
Rafferty—S. Marks

Music—"Pot-Pourri"—(Sappey) Orchestra

Incidental Remarks by Jeremiah O'Flaherty, Professor of Com­
parative Conchology in the University of Skibbereen.

Concluding with the Farce Entitled

**THE SMOKED MISER.**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE.**

Old Screw (The Miser)—G. Crummey
Old Nial (his Friend)—N. D. U. C. Band
Captain Dering—T. Logans
Goliat's Spiderump (The Miser's Man)—T. Callion
Giles Spoonth (a farmer)—J. Lyons
Theodore Butts (a Farmer)—S. Marks

Music—Quickstep—N. D. U. C. Band

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**Personal.**

—J. A. Taylor, of '38, is in Chicago, Ill.
—Rev. John Ford honored us with call on the 11th.
—George B. Collins, of '39, is practising law in Wau­
kegan, Ill.
—Dr. T. O'Sullivan, of Laporte, was at Notre Dame
last Monday.
—Rev. P. P. Cooney is to be the preacher on St. Patrick's
Day, in Monroe, Mich.
—Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., Sup. Gen., will leave
for the South in a few days.
—Rev. Father Flanagan, of South Chicago, was at Notre
Dame on Monday and Tuesday last. He is always welcome.
—John J. Fitzgibbon, of '09, responded to one of the
toasts at the supper given in Chicago, a few days ago, by
the Irish Literary Society.
—Dr. Gilmarltn of Detroit, who was Professor of Chem­
istry at Notre Dame some nine years ago, passed a few
hours here on Wednesday.

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**Obituary.**

—R. P. Miles Burns, who was here two years in the
Commercial Course, died on the 28th of February, 1875, in
Nashville, Tenn. Miles was here in the years 1863-4 and
1864-5, and by his numberless good, sterling qualities made
many friends. Always pleasant and agreeable, he was a
general favorite among the students, while by his excel­
lent conduct and application to study he enjoyed the res­
pect and affection of all the officers of the house. We
sympathize with the afflicted parents in their bereavement,
as will all the old students of '03, '04, and '05 when
they hear of his death. May he rest in peace.

—Mrs. Mary Lyons, the mother of Prof. J. A. Lyons,
was buried at Notre Dame on Friday morning, March
13th. Mrs. Lyons was in her ninetieth year and has been
a warm friend of Notre Dame for the past thirty years.
She was in every respect a most exemplary woman and a
good Christian. Some years ago, a neighbor began relat­
ing a slander of a citizen. There was nothing which Mrs.
Lyons disliked so much as uncharitableness; and, opening
the door, she requested the neighbor to leave, saying:
"No person talking uncharitably of others shall ever re­
main in my house." She has gone to her reward leaving
a good name behind her, and her son, the Professor, has
the sincere sympathy of his many friends. May she rest
in peace.

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**Society Notes.**

—The 49th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary
and Debating Club was held February 28th. At this meet­
ing Messrs. Soule, Oochrane and Ratigan read essays, and
Messes. Lyons, McNulty, Soule, Meyer and Campbell de­
liberated declamations.
—The 50th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary
and Debating Club was held March 6th, at which meeting
Messrs. O'Connell and Monahan were admitted as mem­
ers by a unanimous vote. The members are busily engaged
in preparing their parts in the coming Exhibition on the
17th last. The Society lost one of its most valuable mem­
ers in Mr. W. S. Meyer, who left for home last Monday.
—The 23rd regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philo­
patrican Society was held March 6th. Declaimations were
delivered by H. Quan, 0. Whipple, J. Roelle, J. Delvec­
er, J. French, L. Pillion and J. Crummy. Nathan Dry­
foos, George Lonstorff and F. Klein were admitted to
membership. After this, a lively discussion as to whether
obacco is injurious to health took place. It was decided
after long argument in the affirmative.

—The 27th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philo­
thean Society was held March 6th, 1873. At this meet­
ing, selections from the first number of the"Standard,"
Vol. V, were read. The following are the principal selec­

Masters O'Hara, Schmid and Arno delivered communications, and Master McIntyre read an essay. Master J. W. Connolly presented himself for membership, and after fulfilling the necessary conditions was unanimously elected.

--The fourth regular meeting of the second session of the Philological Association was held last Tuesday evening, Prof. Dalley presiding. The Debate of the evening, "Resolved, That the Discovery of America has been a Greater Benefit to Mankind than the Invention of Printing," was one of the most interesting of the Session. The disputants were: on the Affirmative, Messrs. Policy and Nye; Negative, Messrs. Shalih and Gillen. There were good arguments brought forward on both sides. One defect, which probably grew out of the nature of the question, was very apparent—that of drawing too general a conclusion from particular facts. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the President withheld his decision until the next meeting. Mr. Keeler delivered a declamation, and Mr. Caren read a well-written criticism on the last debate.

--The meetings of the various Literary Societies prove more than usually interesting of late. The members of St. Eunice's Literary Society have considered the lives of Eleanor of Castile and Margaret of France, consorts of Edward I, of England. Fluent and lucid narrations from these biographies were given by the Misses Marion Faxon, Ada Byrnes, Kate Spenser, and Lulu Neutroin.

--In St. Angela's Literary Society, the members are now engaged in tracing the royal dynasties of England from the Norman Conquest to the present time, and in the study of important events that have marked this period in history. Prompt and intelligent replies to interrogatories were given by several, but the Misses Hope Russell, Georgie Wells, and Minnie McGahey, distinguished themselves.

--On Sunday last, it being Latarde Sunday, the usual award of the Golden Rose, to the most exemplary scholar was made. A rose was given in each department, and those who had never lost their points for one year, who had always earned a place on the Table of Honor, and who had never been absent from the Academy during classes, were the competitors. In the Junior Department the following young ladies drew for the Rose: the Misses Margaret Walker, Julia Kearney, Loreto Ritchie, Anna Clarke, Helen Foote, Jennie Bennett, and Sophie Harris. The roses fell to Miss Julia Keeler, Miss Carrie Hughes, and Miss Helen Foote, as they were drawn from the hand of the Very Rev. Father General, amid the applause of her companions. In the Junior Department those who drew were Ellen Lappin and Abbie Goewey. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. In the Senior Department the following young ladies drew for the Rose: the Misses Margaret Walker, Julia Kearney, Loreto Ritchie, Anna Clarke, Helen Foote, Jennie Bennett, and Sophie Harris. The roses fell to Miss Julia Keeler, Miss Carrie Hughes, and Miss Helen Foote, as they were drawn from the hand of the Very Rev. Father General, amid the applause of her companions. In the Junior Department those who drew were Ellen Lappin and Abbie Goewey. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. The rose was won by the last named. Of the Minims, Carrie Hughes and Nettie Mann were entitled to draw. The rose was won by the last named.

--The altars for Latarde Sunday were very beautifully adorned with natural flowers. Without any excess as to the number of vases, nor any predominance of strong colors, they were still brilliant. The careful distribution of tints, so as to bring the white flowers where the light would naturally fall, with delicate gradations not lacking in contrasts, was exceedingly pretty. Many of the flowers were very choice, and the greenhouse produced some very beautiful roses for this happy joyful Sunday in Lent. St. Joseph's altar loses none of its freshness with the lapse of time. Natural flowers alone are the tribute of love to this Patriarch of Nazareth and of the Holy Family.

--A very lovely design in water-colors, entitled Miriam, has been finished the past week. There is a gleam of...
FULNESS is its charm, for how seldom do we see anyone really young in a picture? We remember seeing a few; but even the virgins of the mastiffs are often touched by the weight of years which the one thing original in this Miriam (if anything can be original nowadays) is the glory which comes from heaven and actually forms the halo around the youthful head.

MUSICAL NOTES.
—Thursday afternoon was spent very pleasantly in listening to the real foundation of musical education. Miss Kirchner played the exercises from "Bertine's Studies." Miss Graven showed marked improvement; Miss Morgan played the studies with splendorly; Miss Tinsley was firm to the real foundation of musical education. Miss Stimson selected one from the third book of "Fugues," the other the second. She has given to this subject that the whole affair was a "Perfect Success."—

TABLET OF HONOR.

For the Week ending March 7.

We anticipate a pleasant hour with the Fourth Class, and feel the failure or success an individual matter. We do not fail to be in time.

PROGRAMME.


COUNTRY COUSIN (A Drama), Mrs. Morton—Miss L. Kirchner; Neila—(daughter of Mrs. Morton's), A. Koch; Jennie—(Country Cousin), H. Peak. Duet, by L. Hutchinson and M. Redfield. Duet, by M. Redfield and S. Doherty, Maud.—(Dame of Judaism), Mrs. Johnson—L. Kirchner; Mrs. White—(Mrs. Johnson's daughter), A. Koch; May—(Mrs. White's daughter), H. Peak; Susan—(Servant girl), N. McGrath. Mother Matilda—(Superintendent of the school), M. Redfield; Bards, N. McGrath, D. Kraus, A. Koch, A. Goeway, etc.

Retiring March, "The Bell." The above is the programme of an impromptu entertainment. The dancing was original and aboriginal. The music was a highly finished style, for both the vocal and instrumental pieces were invariably finished on the highest attainable note. The musical Juniors named in the above programme immortalized themselves by executing several operatic favorites; of course we do not mean that said favorites were murder—only executed.

The rendition of the Drama of "Country Cousins" proved that the Juniors are real mellow-dramatists, i.e., ripe for fun. The acting in "Going to Boarding School" was more than natural, for some Juniors who might have gained some new ideas on the subject. The indulgent grandmother, the present mother, and the fickle little pupil, were models. This drama was certainly composed by a Classical Junior, hence the whole affair was Classical.
1ST JR. CLASS—Misses I. Mann, K. Hudson, M. Bell, C. Hughes, and E Simpson.

2ND JR. CLASS—Misses K. Goldsberry and T. Mier.

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For further particulars, address Rev. P. J. Colvin, C. S. C.

College Societies.

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T. Murphy, President; Henry C. Cassidy, Secretary.

The St. Aloysius Philomathian Society.

T. A. Dailey, Pres’t; J. J. Gillen, Rec. Sec’y; T. Ney, Cor. Sec’y.

The sodality of the Holy Angels.

D. J. O’Connell, Pres’t; H. W. Quinn, Sec’y.

The St. Cecilia Philosophical Association.

J. A. Lyons, Pres’t; R. Downey, Rec. Sec’y; J. P. McHugh, Cor. Sec’y.

The Thespian Association.

J. A. Lyons, Pres’t; H. R. Bailey, Rec. Sec’y; T. J. Murphy, Cor. Sec’y.

The Columbian Literary and Debating Club.

T. F. O’Mahony, Pres’t; Jas. Campbell, Rec. Sec’y; N. J. Mooney, Cor. Sec’y.

The Notre Dame Boating Club.

T. F. O’Mahony, Pres’t; J. J. Gillen, Sec’y.

The St. Stanislaus Philosophical Association.

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