A Hundred Years to Come.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread you church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling Age, a fiery Youth,
And Childhood, with his brow of truth;
Of rich and poor, on land or sea,
Where will the countless millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And others' words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

The Study of the Natural Sciences.

It is a strange but an undeniable fact that the great majority of men walk on this rich and beautiful earth of ours, and live their more or less long lives, without making any considerable use of the wonderful and all but divine gifts with which Almighty God endowed them. Indeed we may say of them, in a physical sense, that "they have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not; they have understanding and do not comprehend." They seem to be—and may say of them, in a physical sense, that "they have eyes and see not; they have ears and hear not; they have understanding and do not comprehend." They seem to be—and are in fact—both deaf and blind—with regard to the objects of nature. Although all the created things on, under, and above the earth were made for their use and improvement, yet they disregard the merciful dispensations of Divine Providence, and are content to live almost as many blank forms whereon nothing is written, nothing is recorded, and which can receive no impression whatever. They are satisfied with the scantiest possible stock of information. Life under a thousand forms swarms all around them: who notices it? who is fully aware of the fact? Innumerable beauties appertaining to the inorganic world lie scattered, in the utmost profusion and diversity, in their daily path: who deigns to cast the most careless look at them? who takes the trouble of giving the most transient attention to them? All those objects are, for them (at least as far as they care for or know them), as if they were only the only sustenance of the "man" who inhabits it! Beyond that blue vault there is nothing. As to their blissful ignorance of systematic nomenclature, all hard minerals are "stones"; all liquid minerals, "water"; with regard to gas, they know no other than that which escapes from the mouth of a frothy speaker; all flowering plants are "flowers"; and all animals, from the caterpillar to the elephant, are "beasts." And here allow me, young gentle men, to place the fact of the stupendous and almost universal ignorance of "Physical Geography" and cognate sciences before you in a more direct and tangible manner. What, I would ask you, what did you know of the earth and of the heavenly bodies before you first studied geography, geology and astronomy? Of the Mineral Kingdom, before you studied mineralogy? Of the Vegetable Kingdom, of the laws of physics, of the composition of substances and the changes which they undergo, before you pursued the study of botany, chemistry and physics? Of the laws of dependence which bind together the variable quantities, and are themselves subject to change; what of the changes in some variable quantity, altering continually the value of another quantity dependent upon it; what of the method of finding out, from the differential of an algebraic expression, the expression itself, before you
knew anything about calculus, or variations, differential and integral calculus? You must admit that your notions about those different branches of the sciences (in which you are, in some of them at least, no longer tyros, but proficient scholars) were, at no very remote period of time, very few, and these perhaps erroneous and therefore useless. Now, take away your intellectual culture, your natural, and more than ordinary talents, and the special studies you made in those matters under the direction and with the aid of zealous masters, and you will have pretty accurately the actual state and mental culture of the 9999/10000 portion of mankind. We may truly say that those men act hardly more intelligently than a piece of mechanism—a watch, for instance, which once set in motion will perform its part without knowing the why and the wherefore; or, better still, a brute which is incapable of intellectual improvement or of direct observation. Their minds seem afflicted with a chronic disease, with a fatal paralysis which effectually prevents them from further advancement in scientific investigation, or even from inquiring into the commonest acts or phenomena of nature. Hardly noticing effects when they do occur, how could they trace them to their causes? Constantly inattentive to effects, profoundly ignorant of causes, they grope in intellectual darkness a thousand times thicker and more dismal than the physical one which covered Egypt in the time of Moses. Their dull and inactive brain furnishes just enough of vital force, of mental energy, to propel them onward in the discharge of the most ordinary and unintellectual drudgeries of service, not to say brutish, occupations of life; to enable their senses to perform the few parts which habit induces or nature suggests. These incomplete men, children in the fulness of years—children throughout life—children destined, fatally, as it were, never to reach the full growth and characteristics of manhood—half developed men—see to me to be buried deep in a kind of permanent sleep. They are kings who know none of the attributes of regal power; who ignore the existence of most of their subjects, and still less the nature and uses of those subjects; and, consequently, they never require of them the performance of any service. Indeed, they never fully realize the fact of their kingly station on the earth, and the obedience and service which all the bodies that exist upon it—organic and inorganic—ought and are willing to render. But it is obvious that those dependent creatures—all of them deprived of intelligence and some of them even of life—must be asked to perform what Nature's God intended them for, or else they will ever remain in their inactive state, and thus prove useless to man.

Whence is this strange and lamentable state? Simply from the fact that most men do not make use of their senses and intellectual faculties, I will put to the fullest extent, but scarcely to any degree at all. The whole of Nature is to them a grand enigma, a sealed book; the uses for which animals, plants and minerals were made, are, in general, so many riddles which the chosen few—scarcely one in a thousand, attempt to solve—the one in ten thousand successfully resolves. It even not unfrequently happens that the most common things are the least studied and known.

However, we must not be too sweeping in our assertion, and be unjust towards those blind men; we will readily concede that most of them know that wheat is good to make bread with; that rye yields bad whiskey; cooks pretty generally know that rhubarb makes excellent pies, and children very generally agree that they make "famous eating" (and I know many men who do not differ from children on this point). They know pretty well, too, that the potato is excellent for fattening men and... the grunting race! A sensitive lady will call the odor of the pink "nice"; that of the skunk-cabbage "horrid". The hunter delights in capturing the beaver, for he knows the value of its fur, but absolutely abominates the approach of that peculiarly scented animal which naturalists call *Mephitis Chinga*, but which vulgar people misname skunk. The song of the nightingale is a "joy forever"; the buzz of the mosquito is an eternal nuisance. How then have I not had to answer the following very clever questions: "Anyhow, what are the bed-bugs good for? and the snakes? and that other animal? and this weed?" etc., etc. Well, all these, and possibly a few more things, do people generally know, but beyond that, it is the region "marshy and swampy," where no light of intellectual fire ever penetrates—a true locus a non lucendo.

But where is the remedy? The close habit of observation, and the power of comparing; behold young gentlemen, the two great masters in the study of nature; behold the great, the inexhaustible mines of ever renewed pleasure and delights, and also the source of invaluable and abundant information. Let nature be no longer a sealed book, an *arcana* for such a large proportion of the rational creatures of God—the kings and lords of the inferior creations, both animate and inanimate. Let us roam freely and frequently over the three great kingdoms of created beings: the Animal, the Vegetable and Mineral kingdoms, let us carefully study all the objects with which we daily meet, and, with firm determination without pride, perfect confidence without rashness, let us ask of them the object of their existence and their uses, and let us study their habits. Let us try to rob them of their secrets, and turn them to man's advantage. Let us direct our investigations far and near. Such inquiries are not at all sacrilegious or impious; they are, on the contrary, perfectly conformable to the designs of Divine Providence, and recommended in several places of Holy Writ. Never rest satisfied with a sonorous knowledge. In the natural sciences, as in philosophy, a little learning leads away from God; much knowledge draws near to God. In other words, much science makes man truly humble and religious; little learning renders him proud and impious. Nor should we disdain to stoop to the lowest forms of creation; for there is nothing mean or low in nature, and it is an incontestable truth that the most beautiful objects or beings frequently assume the smallest, and, apparently, the humblest forms. Those who would suppose that the most admirable and interesting objects in nature assume large and bulky shape, are quite mistaken. This error of theirs arises, no doubt, from a deceptive view they take of form, or from the incomplete and therefore unsatisfactory, apprehensions they have of the different parts constituting such beings. In a large animal, in a tall flower, in a big rock, they plainly and readily see all their various organs and constituent parts, their uses, and the relations of those parts to each other in the same *individual*—whether animal, plant or rock. And the whole whole ensemble renders such a bulky individual very evidently wonderful and striking. But a small insect, a diminutive flower, a little stone (it may be a real gem) is, to those mole-eyed men, quite uninteresting, be-
cause its structure is not so evident; its beauty may even be partly hidden, and therefore cannot, at least in the first or superficial inspection, be as pleasing to the eye that is not trained by culture and assisted by the intellect, as a huge mass where all the parts are apparent. Indeed, we may safely assert, supported as we are by the observations of acute physiologists, that the lower (i.e., smaller) beings in creation display, in general, more wonders, more beauties and even more perfections than the higher forms. Furthermore, we venture to say—what might seem a paradox—that nature is never more complete, never more wonderful than when she appears least so, that is to say, in the smallest organized beings.

J. C. C.

Age of Pericles.

This was the time when the Greek Republics were in close rivalry one with another, and as a natural result all the pursuits of art and mechanics were practised with unceasing diligence in order to embellish the respective states. Intellectual development was the most striking characteristic of the age. It was the epoch of unsurpassed creative genius. Athens had then attained her greatest glory; and when we consider that she was the centre of the intellectual life of Greece—the home of art, literature and eloquence—queen of the Hellenic world—we cannot call this other than the brightest age of antiquity. Greece had then won for herself that reputation which, even to the present time, has ever placed her foremost among the nations while paganism cast its baneful shadow over the world. Pericles, the greatest statesman of olden times, reigned supreme in power over the public affairs at Athens. He was a man of taste, of education and talent, and under his protection assembled all the cultivated intellects of Greece. He did not see fit to set himself above the laws of his country, like a tyrant, but preferred rather as a simple citizen to rule the people through his wisdom and eloquence, and above all by the nobleness of his character. No man ever spent his life more highmindedly and with less of selfishness in the service of his country; and it is this fact, together with his noble exertions in raising the people of Athens to intelligence and good taste, that has caused Pericles to be regarded as the ablest of Greek statesmen. It was he more than any other who gave to the Athenians that intense love of poetry, literature and art, which remained to them when their military greatness was a thing of the past, and which were of more service to mankind than all their feats of war on land and sea. Book-learning was not what he wished to give his people; under the circumstances of the time, this was impossible. He therefore endeavored to arouse all the faculties of their minds, the aspirations of their souls, by giving to their everyday life that activity which banishes all sloth and incites to glorious deeds. Under his rule, temples of religion were erected or embellished, the statues in them being executed as finely as sculptor's art could chisel them, grand, beautiful, and calm as the ideas which gave them birth. Pictures were painted depicting the glories of the nation, and placed in public, that the people might know of the heroic actions attributed to the gods and the great events in Athenian history. The most eminent artists were the bosom friends of him who held complete sway over the Republic. Phidias, the sculptor, than whom there has never been a greater unless we except Michael Angelo, finished the crowning touches of art. The Parthenon and Odeon, although in ruins, stand, even to our day beautiful in their ruins, as monuments of his genius.

But the glory of his age rests not on art alone. Plays, written by poets whose genius was sublime, in which the great actions of the people's forefathers were told in majestic numbers, were performed at the expense of the state, in a large open building, before immense multitudes of the populace, not only giving to the audience great pleasure and creating in them a dislike for the coarse and bloody sports of other nations, but diverting their minds into deeper channels of thought, and preparing them to act wisely and patriotically in affairs of state.

Under Euripides, and the poets Eschylus and Sophocles, whose works were stamped with the seal of immortality, Greek literature reached its culminating height in the Attic drama. Aristophanes ventured his humor in the New Comedy, while history was rendered glorious by Herodotus and Thucydides. Other illustrious names, as Cimon, son of Miltiades and rival to Pericles, Aristides, Pausanias and Lysander, go to make illustrious the age of Pericles. With such men and under such circumstances, how can we wonder at the glory of Athens? She was free in her institutions, and her independence prompted the people to great deeds. The protection of their country, greed of conquest, and love of fame acted as a common incentive to works of merit. But whilst we admire their energy and strength of intellect, we must deplore the moral condition of the people. They entered without restraint into every social vice. Their principle was, 'Greatness in public affairs and depravity in private.' To a philosopher, these terms seem incompatible; and it may be of some assistance to remember that after the age of Pericles, when Athens was so richly endowed with intellectual culture and all the advantages of refinement, she fell from her proud position to the lowest moral degradation.

Latin Conversation.

Morrhoff, who lived in the seventeenth century, relates in an exceedingly curious chapter of his Polybiaster a story of a boy four years old who in his time was exhibited before the king of France, and who if he had happened to be born in our day would have realized a handsome profit for his enterprising manager. At the age of two years this poor child had been caught by some philosophers and pedants and taught nothing but Latin. So accurately had he learned to speak that language which he was able to correct blunders made purposely by those who thronged to see him. When, for instance, he was asked: "Odi bis a grandis f? he immediately corrected the phrase: "Quo ibi?" Again, on another occasion when a visitor said "Consensendo in equum," he interrupted him with "Consensendo in aequum.

It is related by Montaigne that his father, who was a somewhat eccentric personage, took it into his head that the ordinary methods of teaching Latin and Greek were wrong. He believed that the beating into them of all the difficult rules, exceptions, conjugations, declensions, genders, etc., on which all the years of childhood are spent, tends to break down the spirit of boys and render them unfit for active life. He determined then that his son should be well acquainted with the learned languages without all this hard work, and he hit upon this method of his acquiring a knowledge of them. Before the young Michael was
able to speak, he was placed under the charge of a German who was unable to speak a word of French but who was an able Latin school and an excellent conversationalist. With the German were two other attendants, less accomplished in Latin, but who, under all circumstances, obliged to speak in that language, and no other, to the child. His mother, his nurse, and all domestics who came in contact with him, were taught a little Latin, enough to carry on the jargon of the nursery. The plan was successful, and at the age of six years Montaigne knew absolutely nothing of the French language nor of the patois of Perigord, where he was born. They were as little known to him as Choctaw; but he was able to speak as good Latin as his schoolmaster, and this, as he exultingly says, without having studied any of the rules of grammar, without any whippings or cryings. And not only this, but he relates that some of the greatest scholars of his age, under whom he had studied, had told him that in his boyhood he had so complete a mastery of the Latin language that they feared to speak to him.

At one time in France the attention of learned men seems to have been directed to the question of the best means of acquiring a ready power and fluency of speaking in Latin. One writer proposed that a city be set apart by the king which should be inhabited only by people who could speak the Latin language. Thither all students might flock to attain this much-desired accomplishment. Morhoff, in the chapter we have above mentioned, with great gravity and authority, tells us that some of the greatest scholars of his age, under whom he had studied, had told him that in his boyhood he had so complete a mastery of the Latin language that they feared to speak to him.

These speculations of the learned Frenchmen proceeded on a wrong idea. They went upon the false assumption that the matter found in Latin literature was all for which the mind becomes more developed than it can be in boyhood, and though it should undoubtedly be begun at school yet its perfection is to be attained when the student has grown older. The schoolboy must become conversant with the form of books rather than the matter, and it does not follow that the shortest road to the mastery of the books is the best for them. The great work of studying the rules, of learning them by heart, their application of them to the various passages which occur in their reading, are the business of the boy at school, and these cannot be dispensed with though he were able to speak Latin fluently. It were a good thing were Latin conversation more practiced in this country than is now the case. We neglect it too much; but at the same time we ought not to forget that the object of it is entirely different from the study of grammar and philosophy, which are indispensable.

Then, we should remember that the science of language has widened its views and that the study of Latin simply as a language is beginning to lose ground. We are beginning to see that the study of literature is useful in as much as it develops character. By this study we see what is great and good in all who have preceded us; and from the works the age has left us we become able to think as they thought, to feel their aspirations and aim at their ideals. Simply learning to converse in the Latin tongue will not effect this. It is only the result of a thorough study of the rudiments of the language.

The Lake School of Poetry.

The name Lake School or Lakists was given by the Edinburgh Review about the beginning of the present century to "a certain brotherhood of poets" who then were said to haunt the Lakes of Cumberland, the chief representatives of which were Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey; but Wilson, Lamb and Lloyd were also included. They were erroneously considered to have formed a kind of poetic sect by adopting certain settled principles of style and composition; but it will appear that, as regards settled principles of style and composition, their writings leave no trace.

The name seems to have arisen from the fact that Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey resided near the aforesaid lakes, and, having become acquainted as neighbors, remained on intimate terms of friendship during their lives.

The first production of this so-called school, the "Lyrical Ballads," by Wordsworth, and the "Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge, appeared in 1798, none of which met with favor, for the Lyrical Ballads were severely criticised, and branded as a compound of literary eccentricities. It was not till long after that the mind of the public was awakened to the genius of the man. Wordsworth, considered by not a few the greatest poet of the age in which he lived, was entirely devoted to the art of poetry. It was indeed the object of all his thoughts, studies and observations. It was his sole aim to bring back poetry from that flighty pitch which it had attained, and thereby to excite a new feeling by simplifying and making it subservient to truth and nature. It was mainly for this purpose that he composed the famous Lyrical Ballads, to some of which indeed merit is due on account of the depth of thought and truthfulness of description which they display. There is perhaps no other poet whose works have flowed from a mind enlarged by his own personal experience and retrospective views. He was never weary of viewing with delight the rural scenery of the wild country where he lived. He has drawn therefrom, by close communication with natural phenomena, together with the peculiar elements of his own character, the materials which make up his poems, which poems characterise him as a deep-thinking and philosophical poet. In the words of Thomas Moore, he is "one of the very few original poets that his age (fertile as it is in rhymers—quales ego et Gluvienus) has had the glory of producing." His principal works are the "Lyrical Ballads," two volumes of poems published in 1807, "The Excursion," "Yarrow Revisited," and "The Book of Sonnets."

"His words have passed
Into man's common thought and week-day phrase;
This is the poet, and his verse will last.
Such was our Shakespeare, and such doth seem
One who redeemed our later gloomier days."

The chief productions of Coleridge are the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," both of which are universally acknowledged as unsurpassed in the language; but they are nothing more, however, than fragments, and only go to show what he was capable of producing. He was undoubtedly a man endowed with genius of the highest order, and would have raised himself far above his contem-
Moderation.

Moderation opposes a bar to violent desires and lawless passion. It exercises a double empire on the things of the soul and of the body, and governs our desires, our passions, and our virtues, at the same time that it directs our actions. Every step that the man of immoderate desires advances in the way of fortune only serves to remove him from the pure enjoyments of nature, and to place his desires one degree further from repose and satisfaction. Something, either unattainable in itself, or never to be attained, will always float before his imagination; he is ever about to realize his hopes of happiness, and never can come up to that measure of it which he incessantly pursues, and which he follows during the storms of night and the burning heat of day.

In the midst of this pursuit of phantoms, he stumbles on a greyish stone, which lies unregarded on his path;—it is his tomb. To endeavor to satisfy our desires by giving them all they ask for, is to act like the maniac who sought to extinguish a conflagration by heaping combustibles on its rising flames. There are ambitions less vast indeed than that unattainable glory which the warrior king whom success had infatuated, aspired after; but they are no less destructive of the happiness of man, because they engender the most fatal of all maladies—discontent.

It is a mistake to suppose that the same desires are not to be found in the mass of mankind. The stars of honored sages on its rising flames. There are ambitions less vast indeed than that unattainable glory which the warrior king whom success had infatuated, aspired after; but they are no less destructive of the happiness of man, because they engender the most fatal of all maladies—discontent.

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orders, which sparkle on privileged breasts, agitate the lowly by day and disturb their repose by night. Humility, which is generally supposed to reside in the lower classes, is not always to be found there, and the populace aim at very high places in a degree capable of surprising a thoughtful spirit. To possess all that is distinguished by valor, talents, or fortune—to inhabit a palace, to sit on a throne glittering with gold—what satisfaction! If happiness be found here below, it must surely be in those gorgeous abodes where all earth's joys come at the nod of their possessor. Such are the poor man's dreams; and uncontrolled imagination points out to him these distant gran-
duors which like Claude's landscapes seem all sunshine. He learns to murmur at Providence, which has destined him to live in obscurity, and feels a strong disrelish for that peaceful and secure mediocrity, where he would find his happiness did he only deign to seek it.

Our immoderate desires close our eyes to the limpid springs that bubble through our own meadows. Because some are richer, more elevated, or more envied, it does not follow that they are happier. The contrary is often the case. If we compare the two extreme grades of the social scale; if we weigh in the same balance the humble joys of the poor man and the sumptuous revels of the millionnaire, we will find that God has been as bountiful to the one as to the other. There are compensations in this life for all; and to raise wistful and envious eyes on high places is cons-

ommate folly. The oak which proudly rises on the moun-
tain's top is riven by the thunderbolt, while the humble plant vegetates in peace at the bottom of the valley. Happiness comes from within; it depends not on places or conditions; it is everywhere, or nowhere. The magnet turns not more invariably towards the north than the desires of all men to riches; and an immoderate desire for their posses-
sion is often attended with the saddest results. Human reason is a thin and light stuff, which the imagination easily tears in pieces: and whenever our hopes or fears extend beyond the limits of possibility, it is a veritable madness. Insidious and encroaching, the imagination watches its opportunity, and waves its fairy wand in the intervals of repose that necessarily follow labor. A more prosperous condition presents itself to the mind, and in the realms of thought our desires are gratified at finding a pasturage so well adapted to their tastes. At first these de-

sires are vague: but they subsequently assume form, and shape, and concentrate their force on one point. Insanity draws nigh. The imagination, which was at first merely imperious, becomes now despotic; our desires become real-

ties; madness seizes on the brain. Our mental orgies, like opium, lull us indeed to sweet dreams, but they transfer us from the sleep of reason to the death of the intellect.

The extravagant desires of the humbler classes are some-
times seen bursting forth like livid lightning on the ruins of their reason. In the asylums of madness there are kings whose royal standard is a rag, and whose crown is composed of straw. Every man who desires more than he has is really in want, since he is more concerned for what he has not, than for what he has; and he is poor in proportion as this foolish want is great.

The moderate man is a stranger to this restless solicitude.

"He who desires only what suffices," says Horace, "be-
holds without anxiety the sea agitated by tempests." Hor-
ace was not the only one of the pagans who acknowledged the danger of immoderate desires. "When I speak of the furies," says Eschines to the people of Athens, "think not
An allegory is the figurative representation in which the signs signify something besides their literal or direct meaning. Such is the definition we find in our ordinary textbooks. There is a difference between allegory and irony. This latter conveys a meaning directly contrary to the literal significations of the words, while in the allegory there is an agreement between the literal and the figurative sense, each of which is complete in itself. The allegory should be so constructed as to express its meaning clearly and strikingly; and the more clear and striking the meaning is, the better the allegory. All the fine arts have, to a certain degree, an allegorical character, because all the visible signs generally represent something higher—the ideal; but in the narrower sense of allegory, its object is to convey a meaning of a particular character by means of signs of an analogous import. The allegory moreover ought to represent an ensemble by which it is distinguished from the trope or metaphor or conventional system. The last differs from allegory also in this particular, that its character could not be understood if it had not previously been agreed upon. It is known as a symbol. The olive-branch is used to convey the idea of peace, yet if it had not been adopted as its sign it would be useless. So also the other symbols used by painters; as the temporal crown given to all saints of royal blood; the stigmata, or impression of the nails in the hands given to St. Francis Assisi and St. Catherine; the book of rules to distinguish the founders of a religious house; the keys symbolic of the power of St. Peter; the sword placed in the hand of St. Paul, typical of his death; the banner carried by our Lord, to denote His triumph in the Resurrection; and many others.

From what we have said it is evident that the allegory can take place in rhetoric, poetry, sculpture, painting and pantomime, but never in music or architecture, because these two arts are not capable of conveying the double meaning required by allegory in their representations. In poetry we have many and beautiful instances of its use. In English poetry we know of no more beautiful use of it than in the verses of Prior, almost too well known to quote:—

"Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play with prospering gales,
And fortune's favor fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar,"

But it is useless to cite examples. They may be found in the works of all poets from the time when the blind Homer chanted his immortal verse down to our own day.

Of allegory in painting and sculpture we have many and beautiful examples. Peace is often represented by two turtledoves sitting on their nest in a helmet or piece of ordnance. Guido in his representation of Fortune has given us an excellent example of it, and painters and sculptors have all, at times in their lives essayed their hands in representing to us some truth under its form. There has scarcely lived an artist who has not given us an allegorical representation of some idea or truth which he wished to bring more forcibly to the minds of men.

In rhetoric, allegory was much used by the ancients because of its fitness to express an elevated state of feelings, and at the same time to give the charm of novelty to ideas at once common and important. Addison remarks: "Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracts of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful." However, in painting and sculpture the ancients by no means made so much use of allegory as do the modern artists, because of their greater facility of expressing ideas by means of the images of their gods, who all more or less represented single ideas. Moderns, more especially non-Catholics, have no such copious stores of illustration, and are thus forced to express single ideas by means of allegory. What may be another reason for the prevalence of the use of allegory in modern times may be found in the fact that it is always more cultivated in the period of the decline of the arts, when the want of great and pure and simple conceptions of the beautiful is supplied by studied and ingenious inventions, so that it is not without the circumstance that the ancients were more exclusively conversant with simple ideas than the moderns, among whom the relations of society are much more complicated, and every branch of science, art and social life more fully developed.

Concentrated Effort.

The practice of one virtue, though it be of the highest order, does not tend towards the formation of a perfect character, and in the exercise of one faculty only, in its strongest attribute, a man cannot accomplish great results. In bending the mind to any mighty effort, all its powers must be called into requisition; not the imagination alone, or the man will be a dreamer; not the mechanical thought only, born of research, or he will be a plodder; but will, imagination, all the powers that constitute the mind, must be concentrated upon the object in contemplation.

Great things are seldom done by individual effort; single-handed, a man was never known to vanquish opposing armies; and though some have the fame in moral revolutions of contending alone with the powers that opposed them, yet they were assisted with hearts as brave as their own, who nevertheless deemed it most prudent to work in secret, and aid the leading spirit by private counsel, as daring as his endeavors. Concentrated effort is indispensable to the advancement of those schemes that have filled the world with astonishment. Look at our railroads—triumph of man's invention. You gaze one day from an elevation over a vast extent of grass land. A few hills, a few sparkling rivers intervene; yet as far as the eye can reach the smooth or rolling fields, bounded by the blue heavens, fill your sight. Another day, and there stands upon a small hillock a band of strong men—men of sinewy frames, firm muscles and enduring nerve. They say but little, the shovels and the pick speak for them, the firm hills divide at their approach as the turbulent waves of the Red Sea opened for the hosts of Israel. Silently and steadily the bands of men move onward, and by the ceaseless labor, concentrated labor, cleave the granite beds that ages have cemented, and cut a path out of the solid rock. A little time, and the gleaming tracks of iron girdle the long vista, and still away in the distance the men toll on, till miles on miles are encompassed, and the iron horse triumphantly
flies on the wings of steam to other lands. One man with the
strength of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, the in-
tellect of all the Caesars, would have been ages accomplishing
the task; yet what one man, every way superior to his
fellows could not possibly perform, one hundred men of les-
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fellows could not possibly perform, one hundred men of les-
soars in the strength of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, the in-
tellect of all the Caesars, would have been ages accomplishing
the task; yet what one man, every way superior to his
fellows could not possibly perform, one hundred men of les-
soars in the strength of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, the in-
tellect of all the Caesars, would have been ages accomplishing
the task; yet what one man, every way superior to his
fellows could not possibly perform, one hundred men of less
ordinary powers can do with the utmost ease.

So of our towns that spring up as it were in the night.
Forests are levelled, uncoth rocks shaped into comely en-
closures for the pasture of rich land; cornfields glitter in the
sunshine, gardens bloom on the slopes, dwelling
houses multiply, and ere long a city crowns the site; all is
done by concentrated effort, labor multiplied, yet made
less by numbers.

A great moral evil is felt in a community. Unjust rulers
lay the burden of heavy taxes upon the people. Singly, in-
dividuals lament, and feebly cry, "Crush the tyrant." But
the tyrant is yet secure.—Presently groups begin to gather
Puteaux, near Paris, in 1835. have been exhumed and con­
veyed to Catania, Sicily, Bellini's birth-place.
denfalls upon the bowed shoulders of the people, the ty­
ran is crushed, and the cry of "No unjust taxation" fills
the air.

Let us remember, then, concentrated effort will accom-
plish the mightiest results.

Art, Music and Literature.

The Boston Public Library has now reached 235,000
volumes, besides 65,500 in its seven suburban branches.

Gilmore has been playing an overture and polka by
Suppé, new to this country, with the remarkable title of
"Ten Daughters and No Husband."

The municipality of Baleme, will take the risk of an­
other series of the "Nibelungen" in 1877, besides paying
this year's deficiency, about $15,000.

The remains of Bellini, the composer, who died at
Puteaux, Paris, in 1835, have been exhumed and con­
voyed to Catania, Sicily. Bellini's birth-place.

The death of a renowned Guinici, a well-known Roman
poet and author, among whose more serious works were
eu on the various knightly and religious orders, a life of
Pius VII, etc.

Herr Ernst Lubeck, a celebrated pianist of 15 years ago,
has just died in a lunatic asylum after a painful period of
mental aberration extending over five years. Herr Lubeck
was a native of Holland.

There died in Paris, on the 2d inst, Baron Henri de
Silberton, aged 77. He was better known to the world as
Maximo, the famous clown of the Champs Elysees. He
had sunk for 20 years his noble name and title in the Jester's
motel.

Mr. Ruskin, who is now in Venice hard at work, has
been treated by the directors of the Academy with unusual
courtesy. Large pictures were taken down from the walls
and placed in a room where he could examine or sketch
from them at leisure.

Martin Farquhar Tupper arrived in New York lately,
and was immediately pounced upon by a number of expert
interviewers. One of them asked him what he thought of
Walt Whitman. "Plagiarist," bitterly responded the
great moralist and philosopher.

The monument of Karl Wilhelm, the composer of the
"Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled at Schmalhauen, Ger-
mans, on September 2d, the day of the Sedan-fest. The
name of Schneckenburger, the author of the words of
the song, is also mentioned on the monument.

The Society of Jesus edits six of the most able reviews extant: In Italy, Le Cisilia Cattolic; in France, La
Suites Religieuses; in Belgium, Collection de Precieux His-
toriques; in England, The Month; in Germany, Stimmen aus
Marie Louch; in Holland, Statien op Godsdienstig uitlegden-
chapgehly en leterekundig gebied.

Plays which are esteemed in this country indelicate find
plenty of fashionable patronage in England. Thus the
Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise went recently to see at the Criterion Theatre "The Great Divorce Case,"
which has been condemned as unclean by all the critics who have witnessed it in New York.

Several members of the Thomas Orchestra, Messrs.
Eller, Arnold, H. Kayser, Reuter, Schmitz, Rheineccius,
and Uthof, have formed themselves into an association called
the Mozart Club, and will give concerts of chamber music
during the coming winter. They number among them
some of the best soloists in the orchestra.

The Neue Zeitsschrift fur Musik states that some French
composers intend trying conclusions with Wagner upon
the mightiest results.
The lectures on literary topics, though they will not carry with them the novelty that graces a scientific lecture, because of the experiments, will nevertheless be interesting and agreeable, and will do much towards making the long winter days pass by with less of the tediousness which usually marks them.

The Use and Abuse of the Press.

Since the invention of printing, such vast influences have been exerted on the respective sides of right and wrong that to declare whether the Press has been a curse or a benefit would require much study on the part of anyone. The Press is the great teacher of the age, but the lessons inculcated by it are not always wholesome; on the contrary, they are often pregnant with that deadly poison which does great moral injury. Since its invention it has undoubtedly been productive of inestimable good in the diffusion of knowledge, in the propagation of the good and beautiful, by which the moral condition of mankind has been greatly ameliorated. Man has a natural avidity for knowledge, and through the instrumentality of the Press in satisfying man's desires, knowledge has become to some extent universal and must necessarily continue so. A knowledge of the sciences which prior to the era of the Press could only be acquired in an imperfect manner, is to-day as much the property of the man just learning to read as the man of letters.

The Press was the signal for the development of many of the sciences. The Press in a religious sense has, by presenting to man the beauties of virtue and the turpitude of crime, tended towards his happiness and self-purification. It has presented him the researches of wise and virtuous philosophers on the great Christian truths, which before could be alone heard from the lips of the Christian preacher, and which therefore he had but an imperfect acquaintance with. Through the Press all the great theories of science have been published to the world, and all men have been enabled to express their views on them; thus many brilliant ideas have been unfolded to the world which had otherwise lain in obscurity, but which now almost set the scientific world in commotion. "A newspaper as an adviser does not require to be sought, it comes to you without distracting your private affairs."

But in our day the Press becomes too often the tool of evil, and in such a character nothing can be productive of more baneful effects; in as much as the same idea reaches many at the same time, the corrupt Press renders a no feeble assistance to the undermining of the very foundations of social society; it aids in the work of the devil, and deals out the unseen poison with a far more lavish hand than we are aware of. The then resultant effects cannot be counteracted unless with the greatest difficulty.

It cannot be denied but that Indulgence, through the Press, has effected and still does effect results which we all deplore. The abuse of the Press is to-day widespread, and the evils resulting from this abuse are very great. Therefore the prohibition of the publication and distribution of obscene matter is a laudable enterprise, and one in which we are happy to see so many taking an active interest. Such literature has been productive of untold evils, therefore the good effects flowing from its prohibition will be proportionately greater. Let us earnestly hope that in future the work of reform will be exerted more strenuously on this portion of the Press, and that the noble work...
Bad Books and Bad Company.

It is an indubitable fact that like generally begets like, and hence the necessity, for young people particularly, to avoid the companionship of such as are in any way addicted to levity or vice; hence also the necessity of choosing virtuous companions in the daily walks of life, in order that their example may serve as a light to guide inexperienced footsteps over the beginning of the thorny road of life. Our young friends cannot be too particular in their choice of companions, for a slight mistake in this important, though lightly considered affair, may be productive of much woe and misery in this life, and of eternal ruin hereafter. When we speak of companions, we do not wish to be understood as speaking only of such persons as one meets with at present in society or in daily intercourse, but also of those who have gone before but who yet remain in their works. The remark once made by a statesman that if he “had the making of a nation’s ballads he cared not who made its laws” was not without significance; and those who are particularly in excluding from their companionship or coterie all but those whose unblemished character gives them a ready passport and recommendation thereto, but yet who admit books and papers of any and every kind, without let or scrutiny, show a great want of judgment and common sense. For the authors of books, papers, etc., are embodied in their works; and though the characteristics that were so palpably objectionable in the persons and manners of the authors themselves may not at once show in their productions, yet the cloven-foot is there, hid away beneath the tissue of fanciful drapery that meets the eye at first sight. So that one must have advanced somewhat, and become what the French term blasé, ere he is fully aware of danger, and not before curiosity has perhaps gained hold of the mind and warped the judgment. Curiosity! what will it not do to satiate itself! what dangers will it not encounter to satisfy its morbid cravings! And as one false step naturally leads to another, familiarity gradually changes horror into toleration, and toleration soon begets like.

So, to ensure safety, the only way is to be beforehand with danger, stop it at the very threshold, and carefully guard every avenue of ingress. When the devil cannot obtain a ready entrance himself into a stronghold, he often makes use of the expedient of throwing one of his little imps through the window to open the door for him, and these imps he finds at command in the productions of evil-minded authors. As an instance, it may be stated without fear of exaggeration that the charming but infamous works of the licentious Voltaire have been a perpetual curse to the land of his birth, entailing innumerable evils upon it—diffusing their subtle poison through the veins of the public mind, until they have corrupted youth, sapped the foundations of religion and morality, and have gradually drawn off their victims from all communication with the Fountain of Life. So likewise with many of the poets: tainted more or less on the score of morality, they leave impressions that may not at first be noticed, but which in time rust and canker into the very soul, ending often in a moral leprosy. So also with many of the numberless productions that teem every day from the press in the shape of Godless newspapers, novels, and romances; the authors, themselves devoid of religion, of morality, of every sense of right or duty, so engraft their spirit upon the minds of their readers as to make them in time as corrupt as themselves.

How many fathers and mothers there are who would not for the world have their children copy the traits or lead the life of the author of one or other of the books which they allow their children to read, and yet is it not reasonable to suppose that the effect will follow the cause?—that if children are allowed to read books from the pen of a satyr or a libertine they will themselves become sots or libertines?—that if they read infidel books they will become tainted with infidelity? Innumerable instances might be cited to prove that it is generally so, if common sense did not assure us of the fact at the very first glance.

When a person of judgment looks over a bookshelf in most of our book-stores and circulating libraries he cannot but feel pulsed at the immense amount of poison dealt out to our young people from it; it is, in fact, much the same as a shelf in a drugstore; for one good book that it contains there are perhaps ten full of the most deadly poison to the minds of youth. Well, you say, what can be done to remedy the evil,—it is general, and individual efforts will prove ineffectual to stop it. But, we answer, you must stop it, and at any cost. If your children will read, and must read, then give them sound and healthy reading, of which there is an abundance to be had. As you give them healthy food for their bodies and consider it your duty to keep poisons out of their reach, so do also with regard to their mental food. There should be first and second courses and dessert in your library as well as on your table; and as you would not for a moment think of allowing an insidious poison among the viands on your table, so also should you with even greater care see that none such is permitted to enter among the mental food in your library. To do so is not necessary to remove all entertaining works, or to stock your shelves with those of an ascetic nature, for this would be a distasteful extreme. No: there is abundance of wholesome and entertaining reading to be had, notwithstanding the very poor encouragement given those who cater to the public taste in such matters, as a glance at the catalogues or a visit to the establishments of our publishers will assure you; and although it is a lamentable fact that as yet we have not a popular Catholic History of many of the principal countries—France and Germany, for instance—in the English language, yet there is no end of entertaining and instructive matter in the way of history, biography, books of travel, poetry, romances with a good moral and religious bias, and fully as interesting when once acquainted with as any that are injurious in their tendency. If we go no further than the shelves of the circulating library here we will see what a little care will do in selecting works; look at the long and varied list of those issued by the many Catholic publishing houses, as well as a number of non-Catholic ones. No: if bad books are allowed in our family or public libraries there is really no excuse for it, and they should be destroyed at once to prevent the moral pestilence they will eventually create. Replace at once all such pernicious influences by those that will prove beneficial; apply gentle but effective remedies to the disease already engendered,
and trust to time and grace and cheerful endeavor to effect a radical cure.

When a youth enters college after some years of companionship with books of an evil tendency the effects produced upon his mind are plainly to be seen; his character when compared with that of those around him appears in a very unenviable light, and we believe the expulsions from college might in many instances be traced to this cause of unnumbered evils.

Personal.

—Homer C. Boardman (Commercial), '69, is dwelling at Lyons, Iowa.
—David Fitzgerald, (Commercial), '68, is prospering at Kildare, Wis.
—Rev. Father O’Flannigan, of South Chicago, came over on St. Edward’s Day.
—Sturgis R. Anson, (Commercial), '68, is doing business at Marshalltown, Iowa.
—Mrs. Judge Farren and Mrs. Geo. Rettig, of Peru, Ind., were at Notre Dame on the 18th.
—Messrs. R. Rheinboldt, G. Rieff, G. Zehler and C. Meyer, of Cincinnati, spent a short while with us this last week.
—Mr. Wm J. Knight and lady, and Mr. — Donnelly and lady, of Dubuque, Iowa, were at the Thespian Entertainment and remained at Notre Dame on a few days’ visit.
—Our esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Wilson, of Trenton, New Jersey, has been spending a few days at Notre Dame. Mr. Wilson’s first visit here was a number of years ago, and it has given him pleasure to note the many improvements that have been made here since then.

Local Items.

—The lecture course has commenced.
—The bars, etc., on the Campus are well patronized.
—The prefects’ race did not take place this year. Why not?
—The readers in the Junior Refectory are engaged on “Excelsior.”
—A Junior mournfully asks us “how about that bread and lasses?”
—All the stained-glass windows will soon be put up in the new church.
—Football still remains supreme in the way of sports among the Juniors.
—The first number of the “Philomathean Standard” will appear shortly.
—Quite a number of persons have laid away nuts, hickory and walnut, for the winter.
—Racing is very uncertain—uncertain as baseball. So we thought last Wednesday.
—There was a grand time among the Juniors last Wednesday, when the races, etc., took place.
—The members of the Academia will have a business-meeting, i. e., an oyster supper, about the first of November.
—Mrs. George Rhodus has made another donation of twenty-five dollars to the Circulating Library.
—We wanted one of the old crowing rooster kind.
—The “South Bend Herald” says:—“The best scratching however, was in favor of our mutual friend, J. A. Lyons, who, although the staunchest republican in Clay township, by a vote larger than the number cast for the candidate for the presidency,” was elected justice of the peace by an overwhelming majority.
—We congratulate J. A. and trust that like Andy Johnson, this is only the first step to his political advancement, even to the presidency.”

—The second, third and fourth regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatriotic Society were held Sept. 27th, Oct. 4th and 12th respectively. At these meetings the following delivered declamations: W. L. Taunby, J. Fox, J. English, R. Keenan, W. J. Donnelly, G. H. Donnelly, W. McPhelan, P. McCrea, C. Roos, A. B. Congor, E. B. Moran, J. Ingwerson, and W. M. Nicholas.
—Anyone wishing to procure fine cabinet specimens of minerals, shells, birds, etc., we recommend to patronize Prof. A. E. Fotte, whose advertisement appears in another column. He has the largest collection of Natural History in the country and sells his specimens, many of which are very rare and of great beauty, at an extremely low price. He has a large collection of magnificent amethysts, agates, quartz-crystals, shells, etc.

—The 3d and 4th regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathenian Association were held respectively Sept. 30 and Oct. 7th. Essays were read by Messrs. Wildedecke, Burger and Crawford. Declamations were delivered by Messrs. Kaufman, Ohlman, Clarke, Hagerty, D. Ryon, Sugree, Frazier, Lindberg, Meyer, Golen, Phelan, Cavanaugh, McAnally, Carroll, Knight, Sampson, T. Nelson, Healy, C. Haas, G. Larkin, Mosel, Oringer, and Hayes.
—The “St. Cecilia Philomathenian Standard” is a semi-monthly manuscript journal edited by a select number of the St. Cecilia Society. The officers elected at the 1st regular meeting, held Oct 12th, are as follows: Rev. P. J. Colvin, C. S. C. Director; Rev. P. C. Bigelow, C. S. C. Hon. Director and Critic; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; A. Burger, Vice-President; M. Kaufman, Secretary; W. Wildedecke, Cor. Secretary; W. Stehun and J. Haggerty, Censors.
—The field-sports postponed from St. Edward’s Day to the 18th inst. resulted as follows in the Minim Dept:’ First prize in throwing baseball was won by P. Nelson of Chicago; second, by W. L. Lamin of Chicago, third prize for sack-race, A. Schuhert of Chicago; second, E. Carqueville of Chicago. The prize for wheelbarrow-race, Wm. McDevitt, of St. Louis. Three-legged race, Presley Heron and P. Nelson of Chicago; footrace, J. Fendirrende; foot-race, blindfolded, John Scanlon; foot-ball, John Seeger.
—The members of the Academia will have a business-meeting, i. e., an oyster supper, about the first of November, to which all who write for the Scholastic will be invited. The Academia admits to its membership only the regular contributors to this paper. The officers for the current year are: Director (ex-officio), Rev. F. C. Bigelow; President, Wm. T. Ball, of Chicago; Vice-President, Wm. P. Green, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Secretary, John G. Ewing.
of Lancaster, Ohio; and Treasurer, Carl Otto, of Havanna, Ill.

—At the first regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which was held on Sunday, Oct. 16th, the semi-annual election of officers resulted as follows: Father, G. C. C. Dirr, Davenport, Iowa; V. S., Joseph Mooney, President; J. G. Ewing, Vice-President; P. J. Cooney, Secretary; T. H. Quinu, Treasurer. It is the earnest desire of the Rev. Director that all the Catholic students in the Seminary come to the meetings of this association, which has for its object the propagation of the faith and the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The field-sports which are annually held at Notre Dame on St. Edward's Day were postponed until Wednesday last on account of the weather. In the Seniors, Wm. T. Ball, of Chicago, won the first foot race; P. J. Cooney, of Cleveland, Ohio, the second; and W. McGorriak, of Des Moines, Iowa, the third. The three-legged race was won by W. Ball, of Chicago, and H. L. Leonard, of Davenport, Iowa. R. Calkins, of Toledo, won the blindfold race, in which there were many competitors. In Jumping, Logan D. Murphy, of Pickneyville, Ill., took the first prize, and John Lambie, of Chicago, the second. The best throw of a baseball was won by E. Sugg, of Chicago, Ill.

—The usual field-sports in the Junior Department on Oct. 16th, St. Edward's Day, were postponed on account of the weather. The 1st foot race was won by J. C. Colvin, of English, Columbus, Ohio; 2d prize was won by W. Keenan, Lindsey, Ontario. The 2d foot race was won by R. Mayer, Cleveland, O.; 3d prize was won by W. J. Davis, Massillon, Ohio. The 3d foot race was won by F. McRath, Chicago, Ill.; 2d prize won by E. J. Pennington, New Orleans. The 1st sack race was won by C. Oringer, Lassale, Ill.; 2d prize won by W. Shulon, St. Louis, Mo.—The 2d sack race was won by G. Poltier, Detroit, Mich.; 2d prize won by W. White, New Haven, Indiana. The three-legged race was won by J. L. Gran, Dubuque, Iowa, and Fred Cole, Chicago, Ill.; 2d prize won by W. Taulby, of St. Louis, Mo., and C. H. Kalamazoo, Mich.; 3d prize won by J. B. Streit, Sterling, Ill.; N. Van Nemen, J. Follen and W. Ohlman also made good throws. The last prize was free to all, and was ably contested for between Messrs. English, Shulon, Keenan, and Ohlman. Master English won it, being the 3d foot race won by him during the afternoon.

—On the evening of Thursday, the 19th, Rev. Fr. Zahn opened his course of scientific lectures by a discourse on the relation of the human soul to Nature. He defined the course of the evening, of the attention then manifested by the students in the different subjects, and stated that during the past summer much time and money had been expended to make the lectures of the College Prof. Emerich of High School. Indianapolis; Report of the Board of Education for 1875-76. From Master Frank Chardon; Grofutt's Trans-Continental Tourists' Guide, and several photographs of college societies.

—Quite an exciting game of football took place Oct. 17th on the Campus, for a barrel of apples. Mr. Kaufman acted as captain for one team and W. Ohlman for the other. Ohlman's team won after a struggle of two hours. The defeated party was, according to a Junior, eased his feelings in the following lines:

John Mossal, my Jo John,
You said that I would win,
And to deceive me in that way
I think was rather thin.
The apples were so nice and red.
In the following list are the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.

PREPARATORY COURSE.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Class Honors.

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

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 12.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.


SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.

The Feast of St. Edward was a happy day for all at St. Mary’s. The pupils, with skillful, willing hands, assisted in decorating the Exhibition Hall, and the graceful festoons of green leaves and autumn foliage gave it a very festive appearance. At three o’clock the hall was filled with an appreciative audience. As the report in last week’s Scholastic did not give the names of those who took part in the Minim and Junior plays we give them here.

The Perplexed Junior, presented by M. and A. Ewing, N. and A. McGrath, A. Kitchner, D. Hayes, E. Wight, and L. Chilton, entertained the audience with some rare Centennial operatic gems, interlarded with the highly interesting historical events which were supposed to have intimate connection with the said operatic gems. This sprightly entertainment was followed by an amusing representation of the Thirteen Original States by the thirteen Centennial Minim. Little E. Mulligan, the Grandmother of our Country, one of the F. F. V’s, was certainly the embodiment of Old Virginia dignity; Miss Rhoda, the Baby State, was personated by little E. Wooten; while little R. Cox gave the states of New Hampshire and Connecticut were amusingly personated by J. Ewing, E. Ew, and F. Fitz. M. Robertson eloquently declaimed the praises of New Jersey; J. Butts, A. Getty and A. Williams represented Georgia and the two Carolinas with much grace;
pious Maryland (V. Cox), clothed as a Child of Mary, spoke well. The intellectual "Mrs. Boston," of Massachusetts (N. Hackett), fully sustained her dignity as Hub of the universe; "Mrs. Knickerbocker Hudson" (E. Lambin) expatiated eloquently on the pedigree of her ancestors. "Plain Euth"Penn. (L. Ellis), deplored the effects of the Centennial on the Quaker youth of her beloved Pennsylvania and excited much sympathetic interest by the samples she showed when her feet kept time with the worldly music of the Centennial dance with which all the other States closed their Centennial programme. Judging by the laughter elicited during the performance of the Juniors and Minors we must pronounce their entertainment very amusing. A large number of visitors was present at the entertainment. Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. S. C., with many of the Rev. Fathers from Notre Dame honored the entertainment by their presence. Several Professors also were among the invited guests. Several ladies and gentlemen from Chicago and elsewhere were present. The closing remarks of Mr. Onahan, of Chicago, were highly complimentary.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment, the following young ladies are enrolled on the Tablet of Honor.

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Wearing of the Green.
St. Patrick's Day.
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MUSIC
appropriate to the year will be found in "American Tune Book," ($1.50) in "Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Tunes," Tourjee's Centennial Collection (40 cts), and in Sheet Music, Martha Washington Quadrilles, Centennial March, &c, &c.

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On and after Sunday, April 16, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST

2:40 a.m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9:50; Cleveland 2:40 p.m.; Buffalo 9:45.

10:30 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5:55 p.m.; Cleveland 10:10.

12:27 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5:50; Cleveland 10:30; Buffalo 4:08 a.m.

9:11 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5:30 a.m.; Cleveland 7:45 a.m.; Buffalo 10:00 a.m.; Chicago 11:30 a.m.; St. Paul 2:25 p.m.; Chicago 7:45 p.m., Buffalo 10:00 p.m.; Chicago 7:45 p.m.

7:00 p.m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST

2:41 a.m. Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:45 p.m; Chicago 6:45 a.m.

5:00 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 6:50 a.m.; Chicago 8:30 a.m.

1:54 a.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 6:50; Chicago, 8:50.

8:01 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9:01 a.m.; Chicago 11:30 a.m.; St. Paul 2:25 p.m.; Chicago 7:45 p.m., Buffalo 10:00 p.m.; Chicago 7:45 p.m.

8:55 a.m., Local Freight.

J. W. Cary, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Cleveland.

Charles Paine, Gen'l Supt.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,
Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side)

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

3 Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.

No. 2. No. 4. No. 6. No. 8.

Day Ex. Pac. Exp. Night Ex. Ex. 3&Sa

Lv. CHICAGO. 9 00 a.m. 5 15 p.m. 10 00 p.m.

Ar. Ft. Wayne. 9 10 a.m. 11 25 a.m. 6 15 a.m.

" Rochester. 1 04 a.m. 11 15 a.m. 5 54 a.m.

" Pittsburgh. 2 10 a.m. 12 15 a.m. 7 05 a.m.

Lv. Pittsburgh. 9 55 a.m. 1 10 p.m. 8 10 p.m.

Ar. Cresson. 7 40 a.m. 2 15 p.m. 9 30 a.m.

" Harrisburg. 11 20 a.m. 11 05 a.m. 9 30 a.m.

" Baltimore. 7 25 a.m. 6 50 a.m. 10 35 a.m.

" Washington. 9 07 a.m. 9 05 a.m.

" Philadelphia. 3 50 a.m. 3 10 a.m. 7 35 a.m.

" New York. 6 45 a.m. 6 50 a.m. 7 45 a.m.

" New Haven. 11 53 a.m. 10 40 a.m. 8 26 p.m.

" Hartford. 1 37 a.m. 11 11 a.m. 8 26 p.m.

" Providence. 5 10 a.m. 5 45 a.m. 7 4 a.m.

" Boston. 6 15 a.m. 4 50 a.m. 9 05 a.m.

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