St. Patrick's Day.

FROM "PRELUDES," BY MAURICE F. ESAN.

Is there a land in all the great round earth
In which thy name's unknown, O gracious Saint?
Thy people praise thee; wild, strong, March winds faint
Beneath the burden of a pious mirth
In mem'ry of thee. Where's the sad complaint
Of yesterday? To-day our preachers paint
Thy glory, Truth-bearer. Hope takes new birth;
Old tales of Ireland light the dullest heart.
Greater than Israel have they people been;
Greater than Moses, gracious Patrick, thou:
For greater sorrow have no people seen,
And so resigned did no people bow
Unto God's will, which, changing all Spring's green,
Leads them to Spring through Fall and Winter now.

Lamennais.

In the biographical history of modern times there is recorded no character so opposite as that of Hugues Felicité Robert de Lamennais—the subject of our sketch—born in St. Malo, on the 19th of June, 1772.

As a native of Brittany, Lamennais possessed a glowing faith, a deep energy, and an unprejudiced disposition. His family were of noble lineage, and his father a very wealthy ship-owner. In his early years, however, young Lamennais was doomed to experience the vicissitudes of misfortune, which were consequent on the demise of his mother, and also from the condition to which his father was reduced, on account of the capture of his ships by the Spanish, and the failure of a forced loan. Unti1 he was about twelve years old young Hugues Felicité was governed by his elder brother, at which time he fell to the care of an uncle, under whose guardianship he was compelled to study, and to spend the most of the day reading in the library. By this close application to study, he soon became conversant with many of the ancient authors, such as Livy, Tacitus, Horace, Homer, etc., and became quite an admirer of Rousseau. About this time he began to evince inclinations to a religious life, and loved to carry on disputes of points of religion, ardently desiring, at the same time, to peruse all kinds of works which treated of religion, hetrodox as well as orthodox.

On attaining his sixteenth year he and his brother fixed their residence at La Chenal, and here he gave himself to the reception of a systematic course of studies, and soon became a thorough scholar in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, as well as master of several modern languages. He stored his mind with the love of the ancient historians, and Fathers of the Church, and ridiculed the flimsy and seemingly subtle arguments of modern thinkers. But notwithstanding the maturity of his mind, and the knowledge he already acquired, he did not make his First Communion before he attained his twenty-second year, at which time he also chose the ecclesiastical state. He hesitated, however, and doubted for a long time before he took this important step. But, alas! It seems that the influence of persuasion and worldly motives bore too much influence in his choice, and that it did not proceed from wholly self taste, or from a good intention.

From the life of this man a lesson of wisdom may be learned, namely, what a lamentable thing it is for a person to intrude himself into the holy ministry of God, influenced by the motives of worldly honors. In 1811 he received the tonsure. Lamennais was what may be truly styled, a self-made man; and as Renau says, "he had no known master; no institution can claim any part of his renown. His profoundly marked character of race, and his ecclesiastical education, Brittany and the Seminary can claim; these alone it was that formed him."

Lamennais began very early to write, and at the age of twenty-five he translated a work on asceticism, in which he displayed a keen discernment and a forcible diction, which characterize his subsequent productions. In 1839 he published his, "Reflections on the State of the Church," in which he boldly and openly attacked religious neutrality, and exposed the tenets of the philosophical materialism rampant at the time. No sooner had the latter work appeared than it was destroyed by the public officers.

Lamennais now began to attract attention as one of the leading men of the time. He was closely watched by the leaders of the public party, as his caustic arguments and pungent invectives were well adapted to disclosing their secret designs. The next work which appeared was the "Tradition of the Church on the Installation of Bishops," in which he disproved the Gallican principle of the right of lay investiture, namely, that the election is valid without papal approbation.

In 1814 he moved to Paris, after having spent some time as teacher in the Seminary of St. Malo, founded by his brother. While in Paris, he led a quiet and sequestered life. But when the house of the Bourbons regained the supremacy, he hailed it as a glorious event, decried the tyranny of Napoleon, declaring that "to study the life and character of such a man in the institutions founded by him, was to sound the black depths of crime, and to seek the measure of human perversity."

But now as the affairs of the State seemed every day to assume a more turbulent character, he thought it more prudent to leave the country for a while, and so he betook himself to the small Isle of Guernsey, where he passed under the pseudonyme of Patrick Robertson. Here he watched the movement of public events, but not yet thinking it safe to return to his own country, he made a tour to London, where he taught school and employed his time in reading and writing.

During the year 1815 young Lamennais returned to
Paris and entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he seems to have remained but for a short time, after which he took up quarters in the Seminary of the Feuillantines, where he passed nearly four years. While in this seminary he seemed to have given up his liking for public affairs, and to be wholly given to his spiritual duties. France was still in a very precarious condition, and the cries for restoration were, "Long live the king! Down with the tyrant!"

In 1816 Lamennais received the dignity of the priesthood, and about one year afterwards appeared his first religious production, *Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*. This work was the fruit of long and diligent study, and on its first appearance spread over all Europe. It attacked the ruling principles of society at the time, and refuted the scientific doctrines of materialism. Of Lamennais the great Lacordaire said: "This young priest found himself invested with the powers of Bousset." It was his aim to bring society back to the state it was in under Charlemagne, or to engraft anew the remnants of the principles of Hildebrand; and hence he followed up the designs of De Rond, De Maistre, and Chateaubriand. He became associated with Chateaubriand, Villiére and others in the publication of a journal called the *Conservatore*, the object of which was to weaken the power of certain political associations, and to defend the ecclesiastical authority.

As a defender of monarchical institutions, Lamennais defended the prerogatives of the throne, and thereby more easily secured protection to the Church, and fixed more securely the Catholic authority. It was not long, however, before a rupture took place between him and Villiére; for in 1790 he deserted the party with whom he was allied, and by means of a journal called *Drapeau Blanc*, and afterwards by means of *Memorial Catholique*, he endeavored to bring the ministry of Villiére into disrepute.

It was about this time that marks of that duplicity of character, which afterwards so strongly appeared in all his writings, began to appear by the publication of the first volume of his *Essai*, in which were foreshadowed many false and dangerous tendencies. In the second volume of this same publication his principles became more apparent. In it he rejected the Cartesian doctrine of individual reason, and in its place substituted the principle of the universal consent of mankind, as the *fundamental principle* of all true belief, and endeavored to make this theory the foundation of an alliance between reason and faith. He also maintained that revelation was not the only means of knowing supernatural truths, but said that there was a sort of a pre-established harmony between human reason and faith, and that therefore the universal belief of mankind was a sufficient ground for the doctrines of faith.

In the last volumes of this work he gave his researches on the universal traditions of mankind, which he compiled from records of different peoples, and sought to maintain that Catholicity alone possessed this two-fold principle of universality, in respect to tradition of revealed truths. In this work is shown a vast amount of erudition and diligent research, which show to good advantage the great powers of his mind, though, for the most part, his arguments are not wholly complete.

This work was vehemently attacked by the professors of the Sorbonne, and many other great writers of the time, who showed to what fatal consequences the doctrines contained therein would lead, if rigorously maintained. Lamennais replied to the objections made by those men against his work, and in order to show how much they were at fault, he made a journey to Rome, to lay before His Holiness the work which he considered so savagely attacked; but he was received coldly by the College of Cardinals, although Leo XII had as yet a favorable opinion of him, and, as rumor has it, offered him the Cardinal's Cap, which Lamennais declined.

This singular individual, now began to feel the opposition of his opponents more severely than at first; but he did not, however, succumb. In fact, both parties became more determined in their opposition in calumny, and in their attacks on one another. Lamennais, however, still adhered to royalty, as his bulwark and support against democracy and public fanaticism, as he was pleased to term the principles of the opposite party.

In 1835, another work entitled, "Religion Considered in its Bearings to the Civil and Ecclesiastical Orders," came from Lamennais' pen, in which he ridiculed the grant of 1689, containing the secured liberties of the Gallican Church, and endeavored to prove that the only solution of the political problem which so greatly disturbed the State at the time, was a papal theocracy. In this production there still lurks those two opposing principles, which he had broached in a former work. The leaders of the anti-royalists at last became exasperated at Lamennais' attack, and through their influence he was arrested and condemned, after a long and able defence by Berrery.

About this time a strong opposition arose between Lamennais and the Bishops of France, who thought he was carrying his doctrines too far, and if they said nothing before this, they now thought it time to oppose his subversive theories of political and religious liberty.

In 1831 this champion of royalty started another journal called *L'Avenir* (The Future), of which the motto was *Dieu et Lebet, le Pape et le Peuple*. In this he was assisted by many young men who wrote for him, and endeavored to spread its doctrines. Among these assistants may be named Lacordaire and Montelambert. As the motto indicates, the gist of the publication was quite extensive. It asserted that the declaration of 1689 was antagonistic to the Church, and demanded freedom of the press, freedom of education and freedom of conscience. Soon, however, on account of the condition of the times, it was suspended and Lamennais, Montelambert, and Lacordaire repaired to Rome in order to have the *L'Avenir* receive the Papal approbation. But the Pope, refusing to grant them an audience, they returned home poorly repaid for their long and toilsome journey. Before they reached home, however, Lamennais received an encyclical from Gregory XVI, in which the doctrines of the *L'Avenir* were openly condemned. Upon the reception of this document Montelambert and Lacordaire severed their connection with the journal, and submitted themselves, as also did Lamennais, to the authority of Rome. Lamennais being now deserted on all sides, still continued to wave his controversial pen. He retired into a quiet villa, where he could have more time for meditation; and during this retirement he composed in the short space of one week his *Paroles d'un Orygant* (The Sentiments of a Believer.) He did not appear, however, until 1834, and from the day of its publication may be dated Lamennais' final separation from the Catholic Church. In this strange work is embodied the distinguishing marks of his character as a writer and as a man. It combines the deepest passion, piety and simplicity. At one time a person would think...
it was the production of a cloistered monk, at another, that of Bobespierre or Danton. It spread rapidly throughout Europe, and in the Papal condemnation is called a book small in size, but great in perversity.

After the publication of the aforesaid work, Lamennais somewhat abated his political spirit, and wrote a pamphlet *Affares de Rome*, in which he seems to lament his severance from the Church. After this appeared many other small essays from his pen, one of which he called *Le pays et le Gouvernement* for which he was imprisoned for a year.

About this time Lamennais became one of the leaders of the Republican party, and took an active part in the revolution of '48; he was elected by a large majority a member of the assembly to be convened at Paris. He projected a constitution, which he proposed to the assembly, but it was rejected, as it was too conservative for such an assembly. When the Coup d'état of 1821 was passed he retired from the political field, buried himself in silence, and passed his time in study. He soon began to decline in health, and many persons sought admittance in order to bring about his reconciliation with Rome, but he would receive no one, except a few of his nearest friends. He died shortly after, on the 21st of February, 1854. His funeral was attended by a great concourse of people, but his obsequies presented a gloomy aspect, by reason of none of the sacerdotal rites of burial being performed; and, up to the present day, I believe there is not even a stone to mark his last resting-place.

Thus passed from this world on to the broad shores of eternity one of the greatest agitators of modern times. His life was a failure. His theories were too idealistic, and these he sought to make the basis of practical institutions. He was at first one of the greatest and ablest defenders of the Papacy, and afterwards he sought to raze it to its very foundation. The sarcasm and irony of his enemies affected him but little; but the recollection of his failure in life caused him great melancholy, especially in his latter days. Had he devoted his talents to some good purpose, he might have ranked as one of the brightest ornaments of the Catholic Church as well as one of the greatest statesmen of modern times; as it is, he can only be reckoned among the number of modern revolutionists.

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**Patriotism.**

"Is there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land?"

Patriotism is a disinterested love of country—a love in which there is no alloy of ambition or self-aggrandizement, a love that makes our country’s interests our own, that causes us to rejoice in her joy, and to mourn in her affliction. The true patriot leaves no effort untried, no action undone, whereby his country may be honored and respected by other nations; he delights to see her institutions strengthened and her customs perpetuated, and never feels so happy as when engaged in her service, or in the promotion of her interest. For her he will renounce home and friends, happiness and ease, and will always give her the preference to everything else—God and religion alone excepted.

It now may be asked, perhaps, whence comes this love of country? Why does man always cling with his whole heart and soul of to that place where he first saw the light of day—where he first experienced feelings of pleasure and perhaps, of pain? Do not other climes appear as agreeable, and other skies as blue as those of his own native land? Is it because country contains one’s relatives and friends, or because native land is but another name for social affections? No: it cannot be this; for the most friendless person living loves the land that gave him birth, and under whose bright sun he first learned to love beauty, goodness and truth. This country he prefers to all others, and from it his soul’s allegiance cannot be alienated.

Hence a man may live for the greater part of his life in a country that in beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, and richness of natural productions far surpasses his own, yet to his mind no comparison between them ever occurs. He loves his own land the best of all.

It was thus the children of Israel felt when they complained that they could not sing the songs of Sion in a strange land. And though placed in the delightful plains, under the pleasant shades of the cedars of Lebanon, still they wept by the waters of Babylon, when they thought on thee, O Sion! It is the actions of a nation’s heroes that spur on men to noble and generous deeds, assisting and keeping alive a spirit of patriotism, of heroism, of disinterestedness, that in whomsoever find, be he king or peasant, charms the admiration of all. Is it not deeds of valor that cause us to be mindful of a Washington, a Wallace, an O’Connell, a Lafayette, an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Caesar, and a host of others? Is it not such men—men who have done good for their country, either in a religious or a political point of view, that every nation on the face of the globe honors to-day? Does not England honor Wellington because he gained for her the famous battle of Waterloo? Does not France honor her Charlemagne, her King Louis XIV, her “Maid of Orleans,” and others? Does not America honor her Washington? does not Germany honor her Cottier of great and good men? and does not Ireland honor her St. Patrick, her St. Lawrence O’Toole, Roderick O’Conner, Brian Borough, her Malachy, her Grattan, and others? Is this reasonable? I should think it is perfectly so.

In Tyrol the name of Andrew Hoefel is still a household word. William Tell is said by some to be a myth, but it would require a good deal to persuade the people of Switzerland that such is the case; and it is thus that Thomas Francis Meagher describes the honor in which this singular personage is held. “By the soft blue waters of the Lake of Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell; over its blue waters, as they gimmer in the July sun, on the anniversary of his revolt and victory, come the boats of the allied Cantons; at their prows, hang the banners of the Republic; as they near the shore the maidens of Lucerne sing the hymns of their old poetic land; when the shore is reached, the glad Te Deum bursts forth, and heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, flung bleeding on the rocks of Uri.”

It is with nations as with individuals; those who claim our respect are those who hold as their dearest interest the welfare of their country. It is on this account that Poland, though conquered and enslaved, has our most cordial respect and sympathies; while for Russia, though great, victorious and tyrannical, we care but little, if anything at all. I doubt if there was ever a people that have shown such an unaltering devotion to country and conscience as the Irish. They have certainly done as Wolsey conjured Cromwell to do. For God, country, and truth, they have
them a love of country, a lore of everything noble and gen-
certainly profit by their example; we can learn from
etc., may be proud of these model patriots, and all of us
lost courage, nor for a moment entertained the idea of
their ancestors the heroes of Valley-Porge, of York Town,
freedom and independence. Those, then, who have for
abandoning the grand object for which they struggled—
poorly provided for, as to food, clothing, and pay, and
though almost continually engaged in active service, never
up arms at so imminent a risk of defeat; yet they took
country could induce those gallant sons of America to take
that nothing short of a most ardent love of freedom and
iciplined troops, oppose themselves to the army of the then
renounce their religion, nevertheless they refused to do so,
people were offered peace and plenty, if they would but
up under trials and sorrows that seemed to far surpass the
strength of human nature itself. And though this generous
were offered peace and plenty, if they would but
renounce their religion, nevertheless they refused to do so,
and thus never have they proved recreant to the faith or
the land of their forefathers; so that in reading the annals
of those times of persecution and wholesale slaughter, though
we may, perhaps, sometimes weep, yet we have
seldom reason to blush. In fine, if we trace the history of
Ireland, from the battle of Clontarf, when this nation drove
the Danes from her shores, and when three generations of
Ireland, from the battle of Clontarf, when this nation drove
the Danes from her shores, and when three generations of
the kingly house of Borough lay dead upon the field, until
in our own day, when the three heroes of Manchester gave
testimony of their love for their "dear old Innisfail," by
in our own day, when the three heroes of Manchester gave
testimony of their love for their "dear old Innisfail," by
their well remembered shout of "God save Ireland!" we
shall find a patriotism so exalted, so sublime, that in vain
may we search the records of other nations for anything
to surpass it, or, perhaps, to equal it.

But, may it not be said, that we, who have the honor to
claim for our country such a title as "the land of the free
and the home of the brave" have no occasion to go across
the dark blue seas in order to seek for examples of true pa-
troism,—patriotism so duly admired by all. There is
a great deal of truth in this; for when we consider the outlook
of this country at the opening of the "Revolutionary War"
—when we look at a mere handful of ill-equipped, undis-
ciplined troops, oppose themselves to the army of the then
most powerful nation in Europe, we are firmly convinced
that nothing short of a most ardent love of freedom and
country could induce those gallant sons of America to take
arms at so imminent a risk of defeat; yet they took
them up, and fought most manfully in the long and bloody
struggle that followed, and which finally resulted in the
Independence of the United States. These soldiers, though
poorly provided for, as to food, clothing, and pay, and
though almost continually engaged in active service, never
lost courage, nor for a moment entertained the idea of
abandoning the grand object for which they struggled—
freedom and independence. Those, then, who have for
their ancestors the heroes of Valley-Forge, of York Town,
e., may be proud of these model patriots, and all of us
can certainly profit by their example; we can learn from
them a love of country, a love of everything noble and gen-
erous, and by the sons of America following in their foot-
steps we shall never want brave hearts and strong arms to
defend America's laws, and to battle for her rights.

M. J. D.

Rural Happiness.

It is a well established fact that the country is the most
pleasant abode of man. Here it is that he finds himself in
almost constant communion with nature, the beauties of
which not unfrequently enrapture his heart. He is un-
disturbed by the tumults and uproars of city life, and in no
way a slave to that petty tyrant, Fashion, who makes fops
and fools of many that would have the world think they
are something more than they really are,—Fashion, that
forms and festeres hollow friendships and alliances; that
makes happiness depend on the cut of a coat, or the length
of the moustache; that throws all true gentility into a slav-
ish comformity to fixed rules, which often look absurd and
ridiculous, not to say, unnatural.

In the country, a person is free from the many vices and
bad habits with which a person residing in the city is ever
surrounded,—vices that can thrive only in the midst of
multitudes, and under the guise of trade, fashion, politics,
or such things as appear fair without, but which in reality
sap the very foundations of morality and virtue.

Why is it that people, worn out with the toils and mis-
ceries of city life, betake themselves to the country every
year, to seek in the quietness of nature that for which they
would have sought in vain amidst the customary restraints
of city life? It is because the country, insomuch as it is
agreeable to their physical constitution, affords them those
means of enjoyment, which they could not find elsewhere.

The pleasure which a person finds in roving the fields
and climbing the hillsides is the most effective, because
the most lasting. How agreeable must be the change,
from the hot, and too often dirty streets, to the open fields
of a charming country—fields covered with blooming
clover, and the thousand and one different kinds of flow-
er that grow no where else. How invigorating is the
fresh balmy air, wafted from the green meadows and the
silver-capped hillsides! How sweet it is to rove in the
beautiful and enchanting shady dells, or in the gay and
silent groves! What can excel all these places, these rural
objects in beauty or appearance? Nothing is want-
ing to them, either in form, function, or constitution.
Nothing is left to chance or accident. The flowers that
bedeck the fields have every shape and color, from the
chalcited cup of the pure white lily of the valley, to the
dep deep colored "Dahlia" or delicate rose. Who, in fact, could
not be happy among so agreeable surroundings?

And to the lover of study, what are the advantages ac-
cruing from country life? He is away from the noise and
bustle of the city, which most assuredly are great impedi-
ments to a student's progress. He is in peace and quiet-
ness, and the train of his ideas is never interrupted. He is
perfectly contented. He delights in pondering over his
books under the deep shade of some towering oak, or by
the side of some purling stream that wounders on to the
mighty deep. These are the bright, happy days of his
youth;—these are the days that he will ever hold in fond
remembrance; and in after life, when it is perhaps his fate
to be confined by business to the limits of a city, he will
recall with pleasure the many, many pleasant days of
his youth, and especially those that it was his good fortune
to spend in the country.
Among the various pastimes of rural life, I will mention those only that, for the most part, take place on the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Imagine some large old-fashioned country house, with an old man whose locks are silvered by age, standing in the doorway, welcoming his children and grandchildren, as they come together to celebrate the natal day of the immortal Washington. In a short time everything is in readiness for the feast. Mine-pies, and such things as are always relished by country folks, abound. All gather around the table, richly laden with everything sweet and delicious, and the aged man himself, with bowed head, asks the blessing of God upon the gifts of His bounty. After this, all set to work with a will to do justice to the good things before them; good natural jokes are indulged in by the young folks, while their elders more serious, relate the tales of bygone days. The healths of the old are drunk; toasts are next in order, and everything passes off quietly and pleasantly. This done, all go to different parts of the house and engage in various games of a lively, nature. Thus the day passes; and as the day is passed, so is the evening. Everything done in simplicity—in that true and engaging way of doing things which are altogether wanting in a city. The evening over, all, pleased and happy, prepare to retire to their respective homes; and after the parting words are spoken the day is ended. Is this the good nature and feeling that pervades the minds of city folks after a night of revelry and apparent pleasure? No: for although the pleasure which the city affords may be of a very agreeable nature, still there is always, or for the most part, something which the city affords may be of a very agreeable nature, still there is always, or for the most part, something connected with them that renders them injurious, not dangerous. Such then is the difference between country and city life; in the one, people enjoy life as God desires them to enjoy it; in the other, at least for the most part, as He does not desire them. It is true the country people may not be as polished or refined as those in the cities, but they are better men in the true sense of the word. Give me the country for my home, let me be where I can bethine look up to and adore Nature's God in peace, quietness and contentment.

P. R.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A bronze equestrian statue of Napoleon III is to be erected at Milan.

—Smirkins looked at the painting of a pig, and pleasantly asked: "Whom is that pigment for?"

—the St. Louis Art Museum now building, is to cost $200,000. An ample endowment has been guaranteed.

—Prof. Palmer's new translation of the Koran will appear about Easter, in the series of "Sacred Books of the East."

—The statues of Pro-Robert of Paris take decidedly the lead; they are the favorites, and promise fairly to outrun the once famous Munich statues.

—Joseph E. Temple has given $30,000 to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, the interest to be expended for pictures, prizes, and ordinary expenses.

—Dr. McGlynn's "Pictorial Lives of the Saints" is the most popular book that has been published in years. The demand is continually increasing as it becomes known.

—There are 1,700 female authors in France. About 1,000 writers out of 1,700 write novels or stories for the young, while 300 are poets, and 130 devote themselves to educational works.
A. Kahn, O. S. B. This classic collection costs only $1.90.

—"L'Appressamento della Morte." (The Approach of Death), a poem by Giacomo Leopardi, which, although well-known to be in existence, has hitherto baffled all the researchers of the Italian literature, has finally been found by the poet's friend, Prospera Viana. Leopardi is esteemed by his countrymen the greatest poet that Italy has produced since Tasso's time.

—A literary curiosity has just been published at Amsterdam. It consists of three short stories, possessing the peculiarity that in each of them only one vowel is employed; in the first a, in the second e, and in the third o, according to which the stories are entitled "A Saga," "E Logenende," "O Sprook." In the Dutch language only we discover such a feat is possible.

—The latest attractions of Berlin are the Pergamus marbles, which have just been brought from Asia Minor. A Prussian artist, it appears, found traces of sculpture in certain old walls near Pergamus which the Turks had plastered with mud and lime. He informed his Government of the fact, and they, after due investigation, purchased the walls for about $10,000.

—A monument to the memory of Chopin has been erected at Varsovia. It consists of a niche of white marble, in which is placed a bust of the composer, of the same material. Beneath is this inscription: "Erected to the memory of Frederick Chopin, by his compatriots. He was born at Wolga-Zelazowa, the 2d of March, 1809, and died in Paris, the 17th of October, 1849."

—The great book-binder of modern times, recently died at Paris. He worked only for the very first amateurs, and his finest bindings in mosaic compartments of colored morocco cost enormous prices: 1,000 f., 2,000 f., and 3,000 f. He did not turn out more than a hundred bindings a year; he did his gilding himself, and was aided in his work by only two assistants and a woman.

Scientific Notes.

—Meechum is not petrified "sea-foss," as its name implies, but is a composition of silica, magnesia, and water.

—A telegram from Bern, Switzerland, dated Feb. 29th, stated that the work of piercing Mount St. Gotthard was satisfactorily completed at 9 o'clock that morning.

—Leo XIII has lately given a private audience to the well-known African explorer, Dr. Pellegrino Metteucci of Bologna, who together with Prince Paolo Borghese, is about to start on a new expedition.

—A factory has been opened at the Petroleum Iron Works, Titusville, Pa., that a barrel of petroleum will generate heat sufficient for making a ton of iron, while a ton and a quarter of coal would be required for the same result.

—Mr. David Matthews, the builder of the first locomotive ever constructed in this country, now lives in San Francisco. This engine was called "The Best Friend of Charleston," and was built at the West Point Foundry Works.

—Capt. R. F. Burton is now in Egypt, and is about to proceed, with a surveying party, to the gold mines which are known to be near the shores of the Gulf of Akaba. His visit is stated to be connected with a scheme for working the mines.

—A Russian explorer, Poliaikow by name, has lately returned from an exploration of the Grotto of Kungur (a mountain of the Ural chain), and of Mount Araiat. After diligent researches he has found no trace whatever of the so-called "diluvial" man.

—A movement is on foot to erect a Roman Catholic Cathedral on the Thames embankment at a cost of a million and a quarter of dollars. Cardinal Manning is Chairman of the Committee, the Duke of Norfolk Vice-Chairman, and the Marquises of Bute and Ripon, Secretaries.

—It is announced that the Dutch are intent upon a third Arctic expedition with their tiny sailing schooner "Willem Barents," on the strength of a curious Dutch proverb which says that "three is ship right." A citizen of Amsterdam has already offered to defray one-fifth of the expenses.

—In a letter to a Berlin journal, Dr. Siemens, the eminent telegraph engineer, contends that he was the first to divide the electric light into useful fractions for illumination. In proof of this he refers to his electric illuminations of the Imperial Arcades of Berlia, which was achieved long before Mr. Edison's experiments.

—Mrs. Maria Hopkins, of San Francisco, has a Japanese exotic called the baby plant. It is of the genus lily, four feet in height, and blossoms semi-annually. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals of a handsome brown and yellow cover. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny figure, which bears a resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched, and the eyes distinctly marked. The owner paid $300 for the plant.

—About two years since, in the Island of Melos, near the spot where, over half a century ago, was found the famous statue of Venus, three more statues were discovered, evidently belonging to the golden era of Greek art. They were purchased by the Museum of Athens, but until quite recently remained unnoticed in their boxes in the cellars of the Museum. The boxes having finally been opened, the statues were pronounced most important acquisitions, the largest of them being a masterpiece. Although broken in several fragments, it can be easily repaired. It represents Neptune naked to the waist, his lower limbs being covered by a mantle, the folds of which are so perfectly executed. Beside him is a dolphin; and the god apparently carried the traditional trident in his right hand, the only part of the statue that has not been found. It is claimed that this Neptune will be the gem of the Museum. The Government, in the interest of the discovery, has reserved to itself the right of excavation in the locality where the three statues were found.

—A Russian explorer, Poliakoiv by name, has lately returned from an exploration of the Grotto of Kungur (a mountain of the Ural chain), and of Mount Araiat. After diligent researches he has found no trace whatever of the so-called "diluvial" man.

Exchanges.

—We give the King's College Record (it's a wonder it did not take the title of Journal, with which so many college editorial boards seem so (asciatted) a cordial welcome, and comply with its wish for an exchange. The Record is published monthly by the undergraduates of King's College, Windsor, N. S., and in general appearance resembles the authority of our college paper.

—Now, that The College Mercury puts in a regular appearance, we suppose we will be better able to keep an even temperature in our scriptorium, scissorium, or whatever it may be called. The last number of the Mercury has an apology for any dryness—i. e. absence of say—that the paper might show, as one halt the editorial staff were laid off. The editor seems to think that the last number of the Mercury has an apology for any dryness—i. e. absence of say—that the paper might show, as one halt the editorial staff were laid off. The editor seems to think that the last number of the College Mercury is one of the best that we have seen.

—We have received from the Rev. J. C. Drumgoole a copy of The Homless Child, a very neat paper published monthly in the interests of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, in New York, for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children. The Homless Child is handsomely illustrated, and the price of subscription is only 25 cents a year. We had, of course, heard before of the noble charity, and the self-sacrificing devotedness begotten of that charity, of Rev. Father Drumgoole, who has, not inaptly, been termed a second St. Vincent de Paul; but we must confess that a perusal of his paper and a recapitulation in our minds of the circulars of what the St. Joseph's Union has done, and is doing, for the succor of those poor human waifs, the homeless children, took us by surprise and elicited increased admiration. God has evidently blessed this labor in a favorable manner, and, except for the want of funds, it would be a success, only on the last Great Day, when the secrets of hearts will be revealed. Those who subscribe to The Homless Child by paying 25 cents a year, become members of the St. Joseph's Union, and sharers in the merits and many spiritual privi-
The Penman's Art Journal, published monthly by D. T. Ames and B. F. Kelley at 205 Broadway, New York, for the very low price of $1 a year, is undoubtedly the handsomest and most amiable periodical of the kind that the language can boast of. We have no hesitation in saying that the numbers for December, January and February, now lying before us, are well worth an entire year's subscription. As an example of a practical nature, the Penman's Art Journal contains articles from several of the leading penmen and commercial teachers of the country, among whom we may mention the names of Prof. J. W. Payson, H. Russell, B. F. Kelley, Gillis H. Burnett, L. D. Smith, H. C. Spencer, and a number of others, together with carefully edited minor articles and notes of great interest to penmen and commercial students. Even to students in the best commercial colleges, The Penman's Art Journal will be found of such assistance as to place it beyond price in the estimation of those who are acquainted with it. The writing-lessons and other matters of interest and finely illustrated, thus making them available for self-instruction and for the further advancement of those who wish to practice outside of the class-room. The pen-sketches by that prince of artist penmen, D. T. Ames, give fine models to those who have time and taste for such work. As for instance, one of the most striking and instructive mistake that we ever met with was a case where the word "Eighty" was inserted, thus making it appear as a receipt for "eighty-three hundred" instead of three hundred dollars. This forgery was detected through the penmanship, by the publishers of The Penman's Art Journal, and the proprietor of the bank was called into court to examine the bond. In conclusion, we heartily commend this excellent paper to all students, but especially to those in the Commercial Department, and advise them to form clubs at once to send on their subscriptions. Address Penman's Art Journal, 205 Broadway, New York.

We had set out with the intention of noticing from time to time those of our college exchanges, or such articles in them, as we thought meritorious, but we regret to say that our good resolutions have, in a measure, failed us. The tendency of our age and of our modern education is not to produce men of noble and generous culture, but men who are mere specialists; men who are incapable of sound judgment, save in their own narrow sphere and depart from the hand of God. "The trouble is not with science, but with scientists; not with Christianity, but with Christians." The tendency of our age and of our modern education is to produce men of noble and generous culture, but men who are mere specialists; men who are incapable of sound judgment, save in their own narrow sphere and department. As a consequence, we find theologians ignoring science, and scientists despising theology. Religious teachers apply their standards to science, and scientists, in turn, insist upon seeing God with their eyes, hearing Him with their ears, and measuring spiritual things with material instruments. Beyond the domain of their own favorite science they see nothing but ignorance, superstition, and imposture." Just here, we feel like calling attention to some of the principal causes of this distortion of things that are really important, and the education of those who are to produce men of noble and generous culture. The fact that the three books from which it is compiled went through twenty-seven editions (85,000 copies) in less than nine years. Although not a prayer-book of the ordinary kind, it contains prayers for morning and evening, devotions for Mass, for Confession, Vespers for Sundays and solemn days, devotions before and after Holy Communion, etc., besides which are several Litanies. There are also special prayers from no less than fifty holy souls, canonized saints, or others, who died in the odor of sanctity. The book is well printed and bound, and we have no doubt that it will meet with an extensive circulation among devout souls.

The Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Venerated in the Spirit of the Church and of her Saints: A Manual of Devotion, Especially Intended for the Members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the Congregation of the Third Order of St. Francis, known as the Franciscan Friars, or Carmelites. By Rev. Father Pius, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery at Niagara Falls, Canada.

This manual as the preface imports, is designed to give an opportunity to all wearing the Brown Scapular, to be found in Canada, to become acquainted with the numerous and important privileges attached to it; and as "the glory or merit of the children is also the glory or merit of their mother, every spiritual gain of a member of the Confraternity is a victory of the Blessed Virgin." In addition to what may be found in this little work, profitable and instructive to the laity, the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the Congregation of the Third Order of St. Francis, known as the Franciscan Friars, or Carmelites, have granted a number of indulgences to the members of the Confraternity. This manual will, then, be found useful to all good Christians, young and old, clergy and laity, and seems to supply a want long felt, a full instruction on that devotion so dear to the hearts of all good Christians, and of the Our Lady of Mount Carmel. There is, however, so serious a fault to be found with this new publication; the Church is decided to step in and take care that all the books are correct, and of the Our Lady of Mount Carmel. There is, however, a serious fault to be found with this new publication; the English is not corrected, and in many places extremely poor. The matter of the work, however, is very much good. The little volume is nicely gotten up, and sold by Fr. Pustet, Barclay St., New York, for the small sum of fifty cents.

The Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel: A Manual for the Use of Members of the Confraternity of the Scapular and the Third Order of St. Francis, near the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, and Father Pius, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery at Niagara Falls, Canada.

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The Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 13, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

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Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, $1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them, and in such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

Hon. A. Anderson, of South Bend, delivered a lecture on the evening of the 5th inst., before the Law and Commercial Departments, of the University, on the subject of "Bills and Notes." Mr. Anderson announced at the commencement of his lecture, that the subject which he was about to treat was one of extreme dryness—perhaps the driest of all the dry matter included in the term "Law," but the ready humor which was, now and then, mingled with the study of the subject, and the explanation of the various terms and principles, entirely expelled that fatigue, which, in spite of effort, is often produced by the study of a subject which is not a matter of great importance. We will leave samples of "The Penman's Art Journal" to the Professor of Penmanship in the Commercial Department, who, we know, will take pleasure in giving any particulars that may be desired.

If physical exercise is necessary for the preservation of health and strength, so also is the proper distribution of time equally necessary for the improvement of the mind, advancement in studies, etc.; for if time is not properly distributed by young men while in college, there is ten chances to one that their improvement is slow, that their lessons are badly prepared, and that the amount of knowledge they have acquired at the end of any one scholastic year is but small—very small, perhaps, when compared to that which those have acquired who had a time for doing everything, and everything in its proper time.

It is not unfrequently that students are heard to complain of having too much to do—too many classes to prepare for; and all this arises from want of a method in study. The time that should be given to the preparation of one class to-day is given to another; to-morrow it is again changed, and so on, without any regard to order; so that no matter how much time those self-same individuals may have, it is all the same; they will go to class with unprepared lessons; they will come therefrom without learning much, if anything, and all this from a want of having their time so arranged that so much of it could be devoted to the preparation of one class, so much to the preparation of another, according to the nature of each.

Again, other students may be found who will study half a dozen different branches in the short space of an hour or so, instead of confining themselves to one until it is suf-
Americans as a rule love holidays. There is no country in the world which has so many legal holidays as the United States. There are Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving Day,—all days on which the people are bid to observe as holyly almost as the Sabbath. We doubt whether any nation in the world can be found which can show as large a number of state feast-days. It is true, in Catholic countries there are many religious feast days, but these are not feasts recognized by the law of the land. In the United States, then, more anniversaries and more holidays are celebrated than in any other country in the world.

Americans celebrate the Fourth of July, because of the Independence of the United States; they celebrate the twenty-second of February, inasmuch as that day is the anniversary of the birth of him who led their troops to victory; Thanksgiving day is the one on which they particularly return thanks to God for His favors; and on Decoration day, sorrow for the loved ones lost in the war is manifested.

One would think that with the great number of feasts which we now have, to augment this number would be foolishness. But not so. There is still one day which should be honored by Catholics in all parts of the world, and by Irish and American Catholics in an especial manner—and that day is St. Patrick's Day.

As the day, honored and revered by the Irish people, the American, whether Catholic or Protestant, should celebrate it, because the people of the down-trodden Isle have, from the daws of Independence to this day, been faithful in their love for the young Republic, and have materially aided her by their labors. In truth, what will the United States, in a few years, be, if not a new Ireland? Americans, then, to their long list of feasts should add that of St. Patrick's Day, that feast so dear to every Irish heart.

But this day should be honored not by Irish and by Americans alone. All the nations of the earth have been benefited by St. Patrick. When England reflects that to the Irish priests it now owes its numerous conversions, its learned hierarchy, and devoted clergy, that nation, persecutor, as she is, should celebrate the feast-day of him who first brought Christianity to the West of Europe. France, that nation so favored by God and so neglectful of His favors, owes to the spiritual children of St. Patrick a debt which she can never pay. On every battle-field of Europe, in which the French armies have taken part, the Irishman has bled in the cause of France. Germany, too, owes a debt of gratitude to the Emerald Isle. Irish saints planted the faith along the Rhine, and Irish monks introduced monasticism among the mountains and forests of Fatherland. In a word, all nations owe a debt of gratitude to Ireland's Patron Saint.

Among the spiritual children of this glorious Saint of God has the faith been ever kept with a constancy known among no other people. They have been a nation of missionaries spreading the truths of the Gospel throughout the world. Wherever the foot of the European has trod, there may the Irishman be found,—among the peaks of the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Rocky Mountains, on the far off isles of the Pacific, on the savannas of South America, and in the jungles of Africa—there may the Irishman be found, the civilizer of man and the bearer of Gospel truths.

With every Irishman, then, can the Catholics of all countries exclaim on the seventeenth of March "Eamh Go Bragh!"


PARIS, Feb. 19th, 1880.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I received this noon your beautiful letter of the 4th inst. with the fine cards of your famous exhibition. What a pity, indeed, the Professors of the University are so slow in constructing the international Telephone you speak of, between Notre Dame and our little village here! I would have been so glad, so eager, and so proud to listen to every word of that brilliant soiree. But, of course, I take it for granted, that it was an unprecedented treat at Notre Dame. I do not wonder in the least, at the public rapture of the audience, no more than I do at Father Walsh's unfeigned and loud praises upon every semi-annual examination, and that of your former companions, now among the Juniors. All this shows one thing only, viz.: that you met with fair appreciative and cultivated critics, who did you justice. Your praise especially consists in the efforts you had made to deserve such encomiums.

You seem to be somewhat surprised at my apparent long silence. I was on the point of formulating the same reproach; but what is quite natural to your youthful class would be preposterous in a man whose travels would have carried him seven times around the globe at the equator. Our correspondence is a little longer in time and farther in space, than it was last October; but some of your charming little messages may have been delayed on the road, to my great regret, while one or another of my cumbersome packages may have fallen heavy on the ground, long ere it reached its destination. However, to forget you is impossible. The following words of the Gospel, read at Mass this morning, would be my condemnation: "Lord have pity on me, for my daughter is sick." I do not suffer much at present, but enjoy a great deal on your account; and your mothers, I am sure, could say the same.

You wish me to say when I intend to go home. I think I...
Personal.

—J. H. Kennan, (commercial), '67, is conducting a large clothing establishment for a New York firm in Dubuque, Iowa.

—James H. Knight, of '77, is studying for the priesthood at Georgetown College, D. C.

—Henry Dehner, of '75, is Justice of the Peace, in Cascade, Iowa, and by all accounts is doing well.

—Among the visitors for the past week were, Mr. Tourtiolte and Mr. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Hen­nock, Laporte, Ind.

—F. W. Kavanagh, who attended class here in '78, is in the law office of J. H. Shields, Dubuque, Iowa, where he intends to prepare himself for that profession.

—J. Deugher (Law), of '79 and who worked on the gallant monument of the 23rd of April, last, is one of the most prominent lawyers of Rockwell, Iowa, and is talked of as a candidate for city Attorney at the next elections.


—We are glad to learn that Mr. John English, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio, who has been very low with congestion of the lungs, is gradually recovering his health. Mr. English is an old student of Notre Dame, and paid us a visit on the opening of the second session.

—Rev. M. P. Noll, the popular and energetic rector of St. Vincent's Church, Elkart, Ind., paid a visit to Notre Dame during the week. We were much pleased to learn that he had lately secured for his already extensive museum a beautiful steel-plate engraving of one of the "old masters."

—Rev. Christopher Kelly, C. S. C., will deliver a lecture on St. Patrick's Day, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Springfield, Ill., the proceeds of which, we believe, are to go to the support of the schools of the parishes. The Rev. lecturer's theme, will of course, be the Catholic and Irish history that will be sung.

—Some of the grand old trees in front of the College had so been removed this week, on account of their too close proximity to the main building.

—The genial and deservedly popular chaplain of the St. Joseph's Farm, paid a flying visit to the College on Wednesday last, and was, useless to say, warmly greeted by his hosts of friends and well-wishers. No one will be surprised to learn that before his return to his mission he had left a liberal donation in the hands of the treasurer for the Irish relief fund.

—The general and deservedly popular chaplain of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, New Orleans, La., and Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the South, celebrated his Silver Jubilee, or the 25th anniversary of his ordination.

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—A magnificent stereoscopic exhibition of Views local and foreign, under the auspices of the societies of the Junior Department, was given last Thursday evening in Science Hall, by Rev. Father Zahn.

—The 25th regular meeting of the Phiopatrian Society was held on the eve of the seventeenth, as we could not obtain the whole of it from the President of the Association, by whom the Entertainment is to be given, at the time of going to press.

—The Juniors have got the start of the Seniors in the organizing of their Baseball Clubs.

—Some important repairs have lately been made on the refectory of the Professed House.

—Two of the Seniors make their début this week,—they appear for the first time in print.

—"I shall dwell no longer on this point," said the pro­fessor, as he sat down on an upturned carpet-tuck.

—The Chapel of the Portia cata is at present undergoing repairs. We believe it is also to be somewhat enlarged.

—It was not "wood-man spare the tree," but tree spare the wood-man, on last Thursday morning—we don't wish to go further.

—A large number of Juniors, accompanied by Bro. Law­rence, took a long walk through the surrounding country on the eve of the seventeenth. They are at present busily preparing themselves, and we have no doubt that their acting will come up to, if not surpass, that done by their predecessors on similar occasions.

—Last Sunday, being Leinare Sunday, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Rev. L. J. L'Etoile, of C. S. C., being celebrant. At this Mass Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., delivered a most instructive discourse on the difficult subject of "Reason and Faith."

—We give in this week's issue of the Scholastic a portion of the programme of the Entertainment to be given at Notre Dame on the eve of the seventeenth; as we could not obtain the whole of it from the President of the Association, by whom the Entertainment is to be given, at the time of going to press.

—The 21st regular meeting of the Philopatrian Society
was held March 7th. At this meeting Masters Hierb and Pomy were elected members. Readings were given by Prof. M. A. Baasen, R. O'Connor, L. Coghlin, A. Coghlin, W. Sturt, H. Davitt, and P. O'Neill. Rev. W. Kelly, S. Dering, F. Becker, P. Fletcher, H. Flotte, J. Larkin, and W. Cleary.

—At a meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, held Sunday evening, March 7th, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected members: W. G. Clarke, D. Danahy, J. Solon, W. Ryan, J. Noonan, D. Harrington, F. Brennan, M. Falvey, K. and C. Johnson, F. Zein, W. Riordan, J. O'C. Kelly, J. McNamara, J. A. McNally, and J. D. McMae.

The 16th regular meeting of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary was held last Sunday evening, March 7th, at which Very Rev. Father Granger, the beloved Director of the Association, was present. He gave an entertaining instruction on the "Guardian Angels;" and promised to assist the Society in replacing their library which was totally destroyed by the fire last April. Servers for to-morrow were appointed.

—The man that reads aloud in company, without being asked, may well be considered one of the greatest bores on the face of the earth, in the waters under the earth, or any where else; but he that will thrust himself in upon his lips, at his busiest moment, and almost pester the life out of him by his dry and nonsensical gibberish, is not one of the greatest bores on the face of the earth, or under the earth, but the greatest.

—The beautiflul play of the "Corsican Brothers" will be brought on the boards of Washington Hall on the eve of the 17th, and will be complimentary to Rev. Patrick W. Condon, C S C, the beloved Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame: 

—The 16th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Tuesday evening, March 4th, at which Prof. J. F. Edwards is the efficient President, and under whose guidance we may expect something good, very good.

—The Active Baseball Club of the Junior Department took place last Wednesday, resulting in one of the most pleasant afternoons in the season, and having only a few hours at their disposal, the class was certain of success. The afternoon was pleasant, but not anything too warm. The director of the party, knowing well the haunts of the wild flowers around Notre Dame, took a bee-line for the expected flower-beds, and the reward of his efforts was the finding of two favorites—the essexamine rhomboides and hepatica triloba. The former occupied the attention of the class for nearly an hour. But it was thoroughly examined and nothing was left unexplained—all the parts were minutely described. For the study of the minute parts of the flower, a simple microscope was used. One who has ever taken part in any of these botanical excursions will understand their attendant enjoyment. Every spot where flowers grow has connected with it a history—something in reference to the classes of Botany of former years. In one place, the very log of wood where Mr. N. Mooney tasted for the first time a piece of January boughs, is preserved to aid the murmur of the brooklet, and the very spot where Dr. O'Grady of New Jersey, practiced his first lessons of Anatomy, by the dissection of some frogs, snakes, toads, etc. Again, we come to the place where Mr. B. Evans, now Dr. Evans, of Waseca, Ill., determined his first flower, in company with H. L. Dehner, B. L., both of '76; in this place C. Oito, W. Ball, N. Mooney, and H. Cassidy received the first practical hints in the analysis of flowers; and we might go on for an indefinite length. The first flower being determined, the class walked towards the St. Joe River—a river that presents as beautiful scenes as may be found anywhere. But soon the word was given to start and no expense in search for other flowers as the class started and soon Mr. R. Anderson returned with a fully open hepatica triloba. The class now returned to the College, after enjoying a most pleasant afternoon in searching for those tiny creatures—wild flowers.

—The following is the programme of the Entertain- ment to be given by the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, in Washington Hall, Tuesday evening, March the 16th, in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint, and Complimentary to Rev. Patrick W. Condon, Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame:

THE CORISCAN BROTHERS:

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

 Передняя стена.

M. Louis del Franchi.  [Twin Brothers]  ...  George Donnelly
M. Patricio del Franchi.  ...  Harry Simms
Signor Salvio del Franchi (Father of the Twins)  ...  Albert Zehm
M. de Chatane Reynard (Farisian Rend)  ...  Charles Bagan
M. Alfred Meynard.  ...  James Dunley
Le Baron Montgiron.  ...  William Connelly
Le Baron Martin.  ...  Thomas Conlan
M. Beauchamp.  ...  Frank Bell
M. de Veau.  ...  Frank Reeves
M. Favrolles.  ...  Sydney Smith
M. de Mathis.  ...  Sydney Smith
Jules de Lesparre (A Young Count)  ...  Hector Dunley
Anatore Sanielu (Judge).  ...  William Hathen
Grille.  ...  Frank Cleave.
Sancho.  ...  Frank Cleave.
 domus.  ...  Robert O'Brien.
Tomaso (Coachman)  ...  Jacob Rietz
Mattes.  ...  Charles Garren.
Colonna.  ...  Charles Garren.
Dusen, F. Bell, G. Pike; Arithmetic—R. Fleming, H. J. De-
laney, J. H. Dwenger, W. Ryan. F. C. Sheid, C. Schneider, C.
Mourick, W. V. O'Malley, J. A. Kel-
ley, J. H. Dwenger, H. J. Ackerman, E. N. O'Donnell, E. C.
Campan, E. L. Oatman, J. E. Johnson.

List of Excellence.

[The names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

The name of A. Burmeister was inadvertently omitted from the List of Excellence, for Arithmetic, last week.

Visitors: Mrs. Cleary, Miss Cleary, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Law, New York City; Miss Lyons, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mr. Howard, Mrs. Uhle, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Esgel, Goshen, Ind.; Mr. R. A. Buck, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Work, Mrs. Johnson, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Ball, Lafayette; Mr. C. D. Burdine, Ludington, Mich.

—A reception on Wednesday evening was given by the First Seniors. The Graduates were received. Time passed very agreeably. Some beautiful instrumental pieces were rendered on the piano, and harmonious voices blended in sweet song. In the course of the evening, the essays prepared for the occasion were read: "Epistolary Correspondence," by the First Seniors, read by Miss Cavender, and "Criticism, Industry and Utility," by the Graduates, read by Miss Ewing.

—The reading at the regular meeting of the Christian

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Art Society embraced an account of French and English artists from the sixteenth century, up to the present. Instead of the mottoes, or literary items given by the members of the literary societies, short selections were read.

"Little Titan's Palette," by M. T. Preston, was the choice of this meeting.

At the regular Academic reunion the reading was "St. Thomas of Aquinas"—"S. L. E." in the Ave Maria—by Miss Walls, "Der Lesehe in Florus," read by Miss Salomon; "La rencontre du Soudil," (Extracts du Boulevard de Montmartre), by Miss I Semmes; and "Extracts from Rev. G. Donogh's account of a visit to Bavaria in 1871," by Miss McGrath. The Rev. Chaplain read, Father Ziehl gave the benediction and respecting St. Thomas.

A very generous donation to the "Statu Fund" has been received from Mrs. D. W. Fisk, of Helena, Montana, Graduate of the Conservatory of Music, of the Class of '74. We give a reproduction from her beautiful letter: "Your letter is so beautifully clear and concise, that I read it with as much ease if it had been written in English. I enjoyed it very much, and even read it aloud, that I might again hear the familiar tones of the beautiful language I was accustomed to hear during the entire time of my stay in Europe. I hope to be soon able to visit St. Mary's, and then tell you all about my trip, and how greatly I enjoyed those eight months spent in Europe. . . . . We enclose a small donation to Our Blessed Lady's statue, and only wish the amount were ten times as great; for my heart would dictate all that, and more too, when anything is connected with dear St. Mary's, and its numerous good and holy enterprises, all tending to the glory of God, and the honor of His Immaculate Mother."

**Roll of Honor.**

**SEMIL-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COURSE.**

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE


**Michigan Central Railway.**

**Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Train</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Pacific Express</th>
<th>Atlantic Express</th>
<th>Night Express</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>L. V. Detroit</strong></td>
<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>9:00 a.m.</td>
<td>4:00 p.m.</td>
<td>5:15 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mich. City</strong></td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>4:45</td>
<td>7:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Kalamazoo</strong></td>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>9:50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jackson</strong></td>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>5:45</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>11:50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ar. Detroit</strong></td>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>11:55</td>
<td>3:55</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Tablet of Honor.**

FOR POLITEZINESS, RANINESS, ORDER, AMBITION, AND CORRECT DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


**Junior Department.**


**St. Mary's Academy.**

(One Mile West of Notre Dame.)

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GOING EAST.

3 35 a.m. Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 30; Cleveland 2 30 p.m.; Buffalo 6 15 p.m.; Chicago 10 15 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.
1 21 22 p.m. Special New York Express, over All Line; arrives at Toledo 8 40 p.m.; Cleveland 10 40 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.
1 23 24 p.m. Atlantic Express, over All Line; arrives at Toledo 8 40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a.m.; Buffalo, 11 30 p.m.
4 50 and 4 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

3 43 a.m. Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 6 35 a.m., Chicago 9 60 a.m.
8 40 p.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 30 a.m., Chicago 9 30 a.m.
6 50 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40 a.m., Chicago 8 p.m.
8 02 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a.m.; Chicago, 11 30 a.m.
6 30 a.m. and 8 03 a.m., Way Freight.

F. C. REES, Ticket Agt., South Bend.
J. W. CANBY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Terre Haute.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 1</th>
<th>No. 3</th>
<th>No. 5</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fast Ex.</td>
<td>Pac Ex.</td>
<td>Night Ex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>11.45 P.M.</td>
<td>9.00 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>12.58 A.M.</td>
<td>10.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>11:20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orrville</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>2:35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>4:40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline, Arrive</td>
<td>7:20</td>
<td>5:15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 4</th>
<th>No. 6</th>
<th>No. 8</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Night Ex.</td>
<td>Fast Ex.</td>
<td>Atlantic Ex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>9:15 P.M.</td>
<td>8:30 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>2:45 A.M.</td>
<td>11:48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima</td>
<td>2:40</td>
<td>4:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest, Arrive</td>
<td>10:05</td>
<td>5:37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline, Arrive</td>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>6:55</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 7</th>
<th>No. 9</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>9:40 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>12:05 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:15 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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