Tariff is defined as a schedule of duties payable to the Government on imported goods; and is of two kinds: ad valorem and specific, and its object twofold: for the purpose of revenue, and protection of home industries against foreign competition. Ad valorem duty is a tax based on the value of the goods; specific duty is based on the quantity of goods. Upon the former is built the protective tariff system, or protection in effect of foreign competition. That this system is not what its advocates claim for it, but opposed to the best interests of the country at large, and the laboring class in general, is what I shall attempt to prove in this essay. I shall commence by denouncing the system as, 1st, dishonest in principle; 2d, unjust in its discrimination in favor of a certain class, and as such opposed to the Constitution; 3d, tyrannical; 4th, as unprogressive and opposed to the best interests of the country; 5th, false and ineffective in its claimed results.

The word "tariff" is derived from the name of a small town, Tariffa, on the Straits of Gibraltar, from which pirate Musulmans sailed out to meet passing vessels, and demanded of them a part of their cargoes before they would allow them to pass on their way in safety. This demand was made without a shadow of right or justice, and was nothing less than piracy, since it took that for which they use. They are compelled to do this or do without: and are made to pay not only the price of the foreign-made goods, but the tariff duty in addition, which he adds to the price of his goods. The Government says to the farmer: "You shall not trade your barrel of flour for the Englishman's plow, but you must give the American manufacturer a barrel and a half for his plow, to encourage him to make more, to sell at the same price." When the farmer complains that the American manufacturer has been protected and encouraged for ten or fifteen years in this, and it is about time to remove the tariff, "Oh," it says, "he cannot compete with the foreigners! he will be ruined if they are permitted to compete with him; and you know the United States must have manufactures at any cost."

Many things which must be either imported or done without if shut off by high tariff, cause great inconvenience, if not suffering, to the people, either by self-denial or the payment of exorbitant prices. Tariff cannot annihilate importation, but it can burden the people with enormous prices. It is an indirect tax upon the people, which, if levied directly, would tempt them to revolution. It is unjust, since it raises the prices of goods without raising the wages of labor in proportion. Suppose foreign blankets, worth $3 per pair, and American blankets $4.50, under the tariff, is it not clear that there is a profit over and above the price of the foreign blankets of $1.50 which, no doubt, bring a profit also, that has to be paid by the American, or they must be done without. And who reaps the benefit of this? The goods are increased 50 per cent. in price. Does the manufacturer add 50 per cent, to the wages of the foreign laborer, and give it to his workmen? If so, what is the need of the tariff since it reduces the profit to the foreigners; and if it is just as good, surely he [the American] ought to be able to compete, at least in America, with the foreigner, since he saves the cost of transportation. But statistics show that the American laborer's wages are not raised in proportion to the prices of the goods he must use, and so he must suffer, while the manufacturer—who, from the eternal fitness of things, is a rich man—adds to his wealth.

The census of 1870 shows that but 3 per cent. of the American people are engaged in the manufacture of cotton, worsted and woolen goods, steel and iron. These industries were protected by a large tariff, and the result was that 97 per cent. of the people had to suffer, that 3 per cent. might get rich. Industries that cannot live without the
milk of protection, after having been fed on it for years, deserve to die, and that is just the trouble with our manufacturers: they never get strong enough to compete with the foreigner. Either the doctrine of protection is false, or it is impossible for these "infant" manufactories to be anything else. Witness shipbuilding, as an example: first protected by a tariff, later by a foreign prohibition, and now so low that the United States, as a shipbuilding country, is hardly rateable. Protection robs the consumer to pay the seller, and leaves labor ever dependent on capital, since it takes from the one to add to the other. As an instance of the injustice of protection: In 1872, the Michigan Central R. R. Co. were laying steel rails at Detroit, at the rate of $97 (duty paid in gold) per ton, while the Canada Southern R. R. Co. were laying the same kind of rails within half a mile of them at $70 per ton. It may not be unjust for a Government to tax importation for the sake of revenue, if there is no better way of raising taxes, but it certainly is for them to tax in order that a certain class may be subsidized at the expense of a majority of the people. Another injustice is the fact that American goods are cheaper abroad than at home; certainly if we can compete with foreigners abroad, we can do so at home.

Protection is tyrannical, since it limits our rights to trade where we will, not even allowing us to buy our clothes abroad and bring them home in our trunks free of duty. Protection is unprogressive, and as such opposed to the best interests of our country and of the people. It is clearly demonstrable by the logic of facts that exports and imports mutually depend on each other, and the failure of the one necessitates the failure of the other. The statistics of our own and all other countries amply prove this fact. If high duties limit imports, exports must necessarily be reduced in proportion, because trade is not merely the bartering of the goods of our country for the bullion of another, but an exchange of goods between both. Keeping foreign goods from our market must also decrease foreign demand for ours, and with the falling off in demand abroad would come also the falling off in prices for our goods abroad, and a consequent increase of prices at home to meet the deficiency; hence protective tariff not only decreases our imports, exports and prices abroad, but raises our prices at home; for foreigners can only hope to buy of us so long as they can sell to us, and if their goods are made so costly by the tariff that we can buy for a trifle less, and save freight, at home, we do not care to buy their goods. The falling off in exports would, necessarily cause a glut in our home markets, and a consequent falling off in their production, as well as cost of labor. The arrest of business under the protective tariff of 1824 and 1828 proves this.

Protective tariff limits foreign intercourse, without which no nation can thrive; for Roman greatness, as well as that of ancient Greece was due to the fact that their ports were open to the world. Ancient Athens, situated upon the barren peninsula of Attica, ranked among the richest cities in the world, from the fact of its vast imports, until it was a common saying that the productions which were found singly elsewhere were brought together at Athens. Commerce is the only means of keeping us posted in regard to discoveries, inventions, etc.; hence progress of the other portions of the world; and as free trade fosters commerce, it therefore furthers the progress of the world. Tariff being not for the general good is unwise, as well as opposed to the principles of our Republic. It has a tendency to keep the cities crowded, to the neglect of the rural districts and the soil, wherein lies our chief wealth, and this to the detriment of morals and the promotion of crime. Any country injures itself that pays $1 for an article that can be bought for 50 cts., simply to encourage an industry that never seems to thrive without governmental care.

As necessity is the mother of invention, so also is competition the life of trade; and as protection prevents competition, it kills trade, whose life it is. It has the tendency to unsettle the market, rendering prices uncertain and hazardous. The change in price of pig-iron since 1842 affords an example of its tendency to render prices unstable. That the doctrine is a false and pernicious one cannot be denied. It originated in the hostility of England to Holland, and after a thorough trial of two centuries has been gladly shaken off by the former, and will be by all who share in its delusion. According to the dispensations of Divine Providence, some countries possess advantages which others do not. That our country possesses superior advantages is generally conceded, and to think that free trade would injure the utilization of them were perfectly folly; no legislation can effect the changing of the decrees of God so that Maine could raise cotton as advantageously to her people as Mississippi, or Louisiana raise wheat as profitably as Indiana. What is true of States is equally true of nations. The vital essence of protection is that it considers the people only in the light of sellers, and not buyers as well. It aims to build up what it in reality tears down. If a century of protection has not been sufficient to build up our ship-building trade—and this in spite of the fact that our advantages are equal, if not superior, to those possessed by any country in the world—then surely no better argument of the inefficiency of protection is needed. But let us pass from this evil to its never-failing remedy, that system of justice of man to man, the Godlike principle of equal rights and brotherly love, not only to our own countrymen but to our foreign brethren. Let us turn, then, to free trade, the grand solution of the knotty problem; and when we have discussed its merits, let him who can cry tariff.

As free trade is exactly the opposite of protective tariff, its workings and results must necessarily be the reverse; consequently, in the same proportion that the protective tariff is a curse, free trade is a blessing. It promotes and encourages universal trade, disseminating the productions of nations in such a manner as to benefit them all. To the countries of the North it gives the cotton, tea, coffee, spices, and fruits of the South, which in return receives the Northern cereals. It increases the exports and imports, and with the demand for goods comes also the demand for labor. Thus it gives employment to a greater number of people, who though they may receive less money as wages, are more blessed than under tariff, since its purchasing power is increased. Free trade simply removes the magnifying glass from the plea, revealing it as it actually is, while it gives the workman a greater variety of articles. John Bright says that under free trade, in England, the wages of skilled mechanics have increased 25 per cent., while hours of labor have been abridged and staple articles of food reduced in price. Under it, in four years, English paupers decreased 23 per cent. If this be true, as no doubt it is, from English statistics, why may not the same rule apply to America? It is also demonstrated by contemporaneous English history that the public morals of a
country have improved with its prosperity ever since the principle of free trade was adopted. It was the first of a long series of reforms in English legislation during the past quarter of a century, and was followed by improvement in all kinds of taxation until her revenue is now raised upon the smallest number of articles of luxury and to the relief of the largest number of the people. It has opened the way for growth of the liberal sentiments which have encouraged social, political and religious freedom. The extension of educational facilities, the disestablishment of the Irish Church Bill, liberalization of suffrage, are all reforms that never would have been realized, if the power of reform had not asserted itself in the derogation of the injustice of high tariff. Free trade is only withheld by the power of the wealthy monopolies that would be overturned, to the great benefit of the people of this country, were it in force.

That protection is necessary to prevent the destruction of our home manufactories by foreign competition is not true, since at no time when free trade existed in this country did imported goods amount to more than 10 per cent. of our home manufactured goods. This is amply proven by the statistics of those times, which space will not permit me to quote here, while under its beneficent influences the home productions increased wonderfully. No country has better facilities for manufacturing than the United States and few as good. Her immense plains for raising livestock, for wool, hides, and tallow, etc.; her vast cotton fields, her large forests, her wonderful mineral resources, are such as to be unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, on the face of the globe. Why then can we not compete with foreign countries, not only in the product of the soil but in manufactured goods? The boldness of an assertion to the contrary is simply amazing. England, a free-trade country, is an example, having more wealth in proportion to her size than any other country in the world. France has had a reciprocal free-trade system since 1860, her duties being of one kind: specific, i.e., duty proportionate to quantity.

The benefits of this partially free-trade system are shown by the fact that in fourteen years her revenue (which shows an increase in trade) increased from 9,699,800,000 francs to 13,510,000,000 francs, and she ranks to-day among the most flourishing nations. Under the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, which lasted ten years, the exchanges increased from $21,931,000 to $564,000,000, and diminished with its repeal or termination, in one year, to $277,000,000. In 1860, 71 per cent. of American commerce was carried in American bottoms, which after thirteen years of protection was reduced in 1872 to 30 per cent., and at this time is even lower, although a prohibitive tax which will be just and universal in its application.

Of free trade we have shown the opposite, for each of the evils mentioned it is an infallible remedy; it not only benefits nations but individuals alike, particularly the poor,—based on principles of justice and brotherly love, it benefits all alike. Scientific men, who have made a close study of political economy, agree almost unanimously that free trade is the true theory of prosperity to nations; and from the catalogue of the London library out of 77 eminent writers, of all nationalities—English, French, German, Italian, Prussian, etc.—on political economy, 75 advocate the cause of free trade. Revenue tariff may at present be tolerated, yet if it, and all like species, are, because tainted with the wrongs of protection, destined to give place to an income tax which will be just and universal in its application. All great reforms have met with opposition from the few who might be injured thereby; steamboats, railroads, and labor-saving machinery were opposed in turn, because they would ruin the stage-coach, sailing-vessel, and throw people out of employment; but the voice of civilization demands progress and perfection, and in the ultimate accession to this demand, which cannot be denied, will come the blessings of free trade, a fit sister and associate with personal liberty and free speech, the three Graces of liberty. It was Virginia's noble son, the illustrious Patrick Henry, who, keeping in mind his proverb, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past," said: "Fetter not commerce! Let her be free as the air. She will range the whole creation, and return on the four wings of heaven to bless the land with plenty."

"Home, Sweet Home!"

We may roam through this world to seek peace and delight, Still 'tis but a vain object alluring the sight; For, though pleasures may greet us wherever we may roam, One bright thought still beams on our dear native home, Home, sweet home.

In the immense number of words which comprise the English language,—derived, as it is, from the vernacular of many other countries,—doubtless, the common noun of four letters, home, contains and conveys the highest degree of expressive feelings to the mind and deepest of sensibility to the human heart. Some would have it that love is its peer; but this is occasionally found to be evanescent, and often grossly false, when the affection for home and country is variable, perpetual, and preferable.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Barks in the glare, or stoms the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast wherever we roam;
His first best country, ever is at home:
As different - good by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

It is equally so with the savage Indians of our own country, whether half-starved or half-frozen in the snowy forests of the north, or roaming aimlessly through the fragrant groves of the south, they see in their homes some attraction superior to the "elsewhere." And this attraction is of a two-fold character: one, the home of our nativity; the other the home of our family circle and its domestic surroundings, always brightening our pathway with ecstatic delights.

It is said of Benedict Arnold (the American traitor) that when an exile in Paris, he happened into a company of promiscuous nationalities, and the conversation chanced to turn about the national home of each member of the party. When Arnold was asked to tell his home, he replied with a heavy sigh, that he was the most unhappy man on earth—"A man without a country, without a home!"

When the mariner, whose destiny seems to be bent on exploring for regions undiscovered, after a long and fruitless voyage, shifts his pennant and sets his compass "home-ward," what thrilling delight ring in the hearts of the storm-beaten crew as they hoist their sails and fill the air with that favorite song of the sea, "On the Deck of the Homeward Bound!" a song, oftentimes expressive of far more than a sailor's joy; for many a young landman has been drifted and dashed about on the billows of misfortune by sailing out on a precipitant and ill-directed voyage; for him the "Homeward Bound" expresses the effect of a bitter experience, as he longs to see the home whence his departure doubtless made many a broken heart and caused the shedding of many a bitter tear.

The poor wearied soldier, who, after a long march and hard-fought battle, stretches himself by the camp-fire to rest his tottering limbs and emaciated frame, will, with his head on his knapsack, dose in a dreamy home and hopeful family. After the fall of Richmond, the close of our fratricidal war, the victorious army was ordered to Washington to be reviewed and disbanded. The American bands actually rent the air with the vociferous strains of "Wacht am Rhine" until 'twas hard telling whether it was the Rhine or the Potomac that flowed through Washington. But when the shattered fragments of the Irish Brigade wheeled into line and struck up that soul-inspiring air, "Home, Sweet Home," it would seem as if Mark Anthony were again telling the Roman Senate, at the death of Brutus, that the pavement of the street shook under the weight of his feet; and, without which life itself is but a blank encumbrance, a home, sweet home.

Once happy home, where cheerful influence shed,
Sweet were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.

The commercial traveller, or business man, whose avocation necessitates a long absence from loved ones, will go into raptures at the very sight of a ticket for home. Who can be so devoid of self-interest that would not exercise the most extreme efforts to procure this superlative of all earthly possessions, a home, a domestic fireside, a family circle?

Where the worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss by seeing his household blast,
And still how strange it is that so many of the human family are homeless; many from necessity, it is true; but a far greater number from choice, allured by the glittering tinsel of living unencumbered, and enjoying the vaporing fragrance of the May flowers of early life, not thinking that,

"Pleasures are like poppies spread:
You catch the stem, the flower is dead;
Or, like the snowflake in the river:
A moment seen, then lost forever."

It should be the earnest desire and sincere wish of every young man, especially those who read the Scholastic, to bestow a passing thought of consideration on these suggestions on their first entrance into the arena of life. Their highest aspirations should be to accumulate the means of investing in a home, no matter how humble; for it, none the less, is a planet, around which industry, energy, economy, sobriety, and solid comfort revolve as satellites,—the nursery of the finer qualities of nature's instinct. And although at the present these words may not appear to them quite as glowing as the orations of Cicero, or the erudition of Damaenches, they may have the effect, if well directed, of causing them to procure for themselves that, without which life itself is but a blank encumbrance, a home, sweet home.

T. D.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Tedeschi, the American violinist, is giving concerts in Paris.
—Mr. Rajon is engaged on an etching of the portrait of Cardinal Newman.
—Arthur Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" is becoming very popular in England.
—The expenses of next week's operatic Festival in Cincinnati, are estimated at over $55,000.
—The severity of the weather has interfered greatly with the success of the musical season in New Orleans.
—Theodore Thomas and his orchestra will give four concerts in Chicago next week. "The Damnation of Faust" will be given twice.
—Patti's performance of ''Traviata" at Monte Carlo, recently, was a triumphant success. At the end of the fourth act, the whole audience rose and paid her an ovation.
—"Olivette" is in rehearsal in numerous cities and towns throughout the Middle and Western States. It will probably be followed by the same composer's "La Massacre" and "Billee Taylor."
—Miss Louise D. Reynolds, a young American soprano, who has recently returned from studies in Milan, will make her début at the sixth annual concert of Mr. John Levine, at Steinway Hall, New York, next Monday evening.
—It is rumored that a fund of over $100,000 has been raised among the wealthy patrons of music in Boston, and that the money is to be used in defraying the expense of bringing over an orchestra from Europe. These musicians are to be established here as a permanent orchestra.
—Both Houses of Congress having passed the bill giving $40,000 to the Bennington monument, it is calculated that the sums voted by Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York will bring the total up to $90,000. It is proposed to spend $100,000 upon the monument.

—Prof. Huxley, F. R. S., is said to have accepted the office of Inspector of Fisheries, vacant by the death of Mr. Frad tockland. This appointment, which it demands his entire time, necessitates the resignation by Mr. Huxley of the post of Naturalist to the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom.

—The Librarian of Congress now owns the copy of the Bible translated by Mr. Thomas Wilson to George Wasing­ton. The copy is in three folio volumes, has the auto­graph of Washington, and contains the family record of the Herbert family, to whom it descended through Lord Halifax. It is in excellent preservation, and will prob­ably find a home in the National Museum at Washington.

—The popular animal painter, M. Eugene Joseph Ver­boechhoven, died at Brussels a few days ago. He was born at Warnetom, Belgium, in 1797. He was not only a painter of animals, but a sculptor, and produced a statue, called "Meditation," which was much admired. He was a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and of the Orders of Leopold of Belgium, Michael of Bavaria, Christ of Portu­gal, and the Iron Cross of Italy. He was likewise a mem­ber of the Academies of Belgium, Antwerp, and St. Peters­burg.

—It is a deplorable fact, recognized by all, that America is far from gaining the high position in the musical instrument that she bade fair to attain a few years ago, when every nation to supress these many years had elapsed she would be the equal of Ger­many and Italy, if not superior, in art. Since that time, however, we have been gradually losing ground, until at present there are only a few of the most devoted adherents left to cluster around the drooping standard of true art. They are brave and faithful to the cause, yet even their most superhuman endeavors fail to keep back the innovations and corrupting influences that have stealthily penetrated to the very core of their idolized art, there to undermine the already tottering fabric, and slowly but surely level its walls to the very dust. At present we must face the cross and counterfeit for the real, and the cor­rupting strains of "burlesque" a scour the throne of art, and degrade the taste of the people. This burlesque mania has swept like a whirlwind over the land, spreading far and near its seeds of destruction, which have taken root and hold. Bungling, tending spreading itself out in search of support have grasped the tree of true art and wound themselves in an intricate maze among its branches, until it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. We hereby declare that we will not and do not fear. The classic Sun

—The editors of The Concordiensis, Union College, N. Y., get out a lively college paper. It is a 16-page monthly, with the editor in chief.

—The Penman's Art Journal for February contains seven fine specimens of artistic penwork. Six of these are the handiwork of Miss Florence Jackson "particularly so. This lady is the author of the interesting "Bits of Travel at Home," and, probably, of the "Saxe Holm Stories." The other high-spiced "quid­dities" have, in the new arrangement, given place to "Col­legia," which seem to have more appeal.

—The American Art Journal seems to approach a higher degree of excellence every year, and to gain popularity in proportion. The number for February gives a first-rate portrait of the young American prima-donna Miss Flora Leone Froat, a young lady whose career, though brief, has been a very brilliant one in musical circles.

—Mr. A. Wells, "Is England a Musical Nation?" by W. H. Bok, are the leading contributed articles of the number; the editorial articles are pungent, and, as usual, contain much information for lovers of good music and the arts. The Trade Review department shows up Engle, the tra­ducer of the Chickering pianos, in anything but an angelic light; and one Sutter, a musician of some note, but of poor character, is "sat down" upon in such a way that he will have some trouble in straightening himself before the American public.

—The Boston Daily Scholar states, on the authority of The Cornell Review, that the Era is endeavoring to become an illustrated paper. Now, see here, Dame, if you believe every­thing. The Cornell Review states that the Era did not and do not fear. The classic Sun

—The Notre Dame Scholastic states, on the authority of The Cornell Review, that the Era is endeavoring to become an illustrated paper. Now, see here, Dame, if you believe every­thing. The Cornell Review states that the Era did not and do not fear. The classic Sun

—Donahoe's Magazine in March is at hand, and, as usual, is filled with interesting matter on a variety of well­handled subjects. On the first page is a portrait of the famous Nun of Kenmare, with a brief biographical sketch of her life. "A French Parson on the Coast-Hunt" is a well written article by the Rev. J. V. O'Conor, with some of whose assertions, however, we cannot agree; for inst­ance, we do not admit that Americans accept without demur the views and judgments of foreign writers, nor ask questions remote from our own interests, and those also upon domestic problems. The whole article is a comprehensive view of the present situation of Church af­fairs in France. Mivart's "Lessons from Nature," by W. D., is one of the best articles in the present number. The other contents are as follows: A Diaboliical Act; Out­
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of Geology, and Geological Notes of Ireland; Our Race in New Zealand; The Birthplace of St. Patrick; A Beautiful Figure; In the Service of France; What a Gallant Soldier says of his Race; Courting in the Olden days; The Irish Fire; The Burial of Moses; Have Hope; Loyalty bore a Recent Importation into America; A Shamrock from the Irish Shore; Ireland in the United States; The Pope on the Situation in Ireland; The Archbishop of Boston and his Clergy. Address: "The Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church"; Wendell Phillips on the Situation in Ireland; Clarence Mangan; Our Young Folks: Good Order in Everything, Passion Flowers and Snowdrops, Useful Bernards, Waiting from the Bustle. Table of the Month, Notices of Recent Publications, Obligatory, The Orisi in Ireland.

—The Catholic World for March opens with a paper from General de Cassolis on "Obelisks, and the New York Obelisk," in which the learned writer gives some erudite

has been on our desk for some time, is a magnificent num-

ber and will prove a treasure, if not a vade mecum, for

such phonographic students as may be subscribers to the

Monthly. This periodical has won golden opinions on

many occasions. The number before us contains high testimonials from The Reporter's Magazine, Lon-
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phy" are given, and the man that deciphereth and gives a correct transcription is offered ten years subscription

to the Monthly. Here is a challenge for some boy. We

regret to say that phonography, once a popular study at

Notre Dame, has fallen into desuetude. This is to be re-
gretted, for in no other business or profession is a man surer of employment and good pay than in phonography.

one of Notre Dame's students the number before us con-

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...
other one comes. "Versatility or Profundity," the leading essay, is, to our thinking, more versatile than profound. This is not saying that we consider it lacking entirely the latter quality; it is not, but it is not shallow. If the mind of thought is not worked to a great depth, yet there is that union of versatility with profundity in the production that makes the essay attractive. There are shallow benches. "Shall we try to find the words "rushing a wooden mountain sides, and glide in sunny meadows. Now they gurgled, now they ripple, and with never-ceasing babble of all their doings and adventures. And there are deep brooks, brooding and silent, where not a ripple on the surface, but fathomless depth beneath. . . . 

...Quickness of mental activity, the power of adaptation to circumstances, the tendency toward expression, are faculties which render the versatile superior in these respects, to the profound mind. Moreover, they are characteristics which are pre-eminently desirable in the intercourse of man with man in social life. . . . But to what do we owe our progress in science, in government, and in religion? Did versatility discover steam-power? Does it keep our government in motion to-day? Did it paint the Sistine Madonna, or win the battle of Gettysburg? Our Livingstones and Mozarts live through the results of profound analysis; and the concentration of energy, works the grandest results. It is the deep-searching mightiness of profundity, and not the attractive clearness of versatility, which moves the world.

We are almost inclined to doubt the truth of the latter sentence; for versatile villainy seems to be more powerful to-day in moving the majority, than profound virtue. There is substance enough in the following sentence, from the second essay: Shall we try to render our Individuality "to paint a moral or adorn a tale":

"There surely is nothing so beautiful as naturalness, if the nature be lovely. But if the nature be unlovely, the effort to create beauty is often a deeper, more profound, more majestic affair than mere naturalness. What we cherish fondly in ourselves as a part of ourselves, by honest scrutiny, may be found to be not a little odious, at which we despair in our neighbor!" Ober-Ammergau and its Inhabitants is the essay of the present number of the Miscellany, and is as remarkable for sound judgment and good sense as for the simple elegance of its diction, which amply compensate for the abrupt turning of the periods. There are one or two remarks that need a note of caution, but the truth of the latter sentence; for versatile villainy seems to be more powerful to-day in moving the majority, than profound virtue. There is substance enough in the following sentence, from the second essay: Shall we try to render our Individuality "to paint a moral or adorn a tale":

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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 Fourteenth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have herebefore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

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

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early applications should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

—Catholics and non-Catholics have at last joined issues on the School Question. Both are now fully alive to the importance—yea, the vital necessity—of imbuing the youthful hearts with a love for religion and morality. Parents, too, plainly see what must be the inevitable consequences of a godless education to be inveigled into allowing its baneful influence to hold sway over their children's hearts. Like the distant roll of heavy thunder, the prophetic note of a storm, their voices are heard in unmistakable warning. Like the distant roll of heavy thunder, the prophetic note of a storm, their voices are heard in unmistakable warning. Soon the cloud of low flying smoke will ere long descend upon them in all its violence, unless they resolve to retrace the ruinous steps already taken.

When such men as Richard Grant White, Rev. A. S. Kedzie and Dr. M. Lyman, all non-Catholics, come out and publicly condemn the present school system, it becomes evident that there's a defect in our public educational system somewhere: and when, moreover, these same gentlemen, especially Dr. Lyman, give their support to the steps which Catholics have already taken in the matter, nothing is clearer than that the loose screw is precisely where the Catholics have located it,—in the godlessness of the school-system.

Dr. Lyman, in a lengthy and erudite article on this question, in the Advance, a congregational newspaper, published in Chicago, in which he fully justifies the Catholic theory of churchly education for the young, says:

"Our public-school system is a splendid monument of self-sacrifice and of zeal for the improvement of mankind, and it should never be wholly abandoned upon that account. But it has far outgrown its legitimate sphere, and by misappropriating certain of the most important functions of the Church, it has well nigh paralyzed the influence of the Church in certain directions. The

Such are the views entertained by this learned gentleman, and such should be those of every fair-minded person. The answer as to who is the wisest, that Church which educates her own members, or the one which intrusts their education to the State, will be, "the former." The wisest course is the safest, and is, therefore, the one to be most scrupulously followed. If the present public school-system be followed for a hundred years, 1891 will find the majority of people atheists.

—Each annual recurrence of the anniversary of the BIRTHDAY OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY is hailed with joy and patriotic enthusiasm by every one who inhales the fresh, pure air of this Land of Liberty.

George Washington! What a glorious and an immortal name! What recollections does not the mere mention of that loved name bring to the patriotic heart! It is identical with that of liberty. When we think of Washington we are carried back in imagination to the scenes enacted in the long and terrific struggle of liberty with tyranny. We hurry through the bloody and heart-rending scenes which, beginning with the repeal of the Stamp Act and terminating with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, made up the grand drama of the Revolution—a drama in which Washington honorably, nobly, and patriotically took the principal part. The whole world was the audience in the performance of this drama; and when the curtain fell for the last time, at Yorktown, a shout of triumph, such as the world has never since heard, was raised by that vast audience—a shout which made the obstinate George III
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tremble on his throne, and forced him to grant the Colonies their independence. It was then that Liberty drew her first free breath; for it was on that occasion that, after many a hard struggle, she succeeded in freeing herself from the accursed and loathsome embrace of that unrelenting and oppressive tyrant. But before this had been accomplished, the hearts of thousands of patriots had been poured out and had crimsoned the green earth. But they were patriots who, fired with the noble ambition of being free men, did not hesitate to sacrifice everything most dear to them to obtain that glorious object for which, during seven long years, they continued to shed their blood. At the head of these patriots stood

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

It was in commemoration of the birthday of this hero that we assembled in Washington Hall last Monday evening to witness the Entertainment given in honor of his memory. Appropriately, the Entertainment was complimentary to Very Rev. President Corby, who has devoted his life and energies to the grandest and noblest work in which man can be employed—the moral and intellectual training of youth. Appropriate, too, was the drama selected for the occasion; for in it were graphically depicted the scenes and incidents connected with the Swiss struggle for liberty and independence. William Tell was, in many respects, to the Swiss, in their struggle for freedom, what Washington was to the Americans. Both were inspired with the love of freedom; both would procure it at whatever cost. It was but right that Tell's memory should have been blended with that of Washington, and his patriotic efforts to free his country from the thraldom of Gessler the tyrant, be rehearsed on the eve of the anniversary of the birth of him who, long after Tell's soul had taken its flight heavenward, succeeded in freeing his country from the galling yoke of a foreign tyrant.

At seven o'clock every seat in Washington Hall, both in the galleries and below, had been taken; but as the stream of visitors continued to pour in, it became necessary to despatch a squad of students for chairs. These were placed in the aisles, and by the time every one was seated there remained scarce a square foot of unoccupied space in the Hall. It was the largest assemblage of people that we have ever seen in Washington Hall, save at the Commencement Exercises. There were over three hundred visitors from South Bend, Chicago, and other places, whose names we did not learn. Among those of our acquaintances whom we noticed were ex-Mayor Tong and his wife, Hon. L. Hubbard and wife, Rev. J. Fallize, and Mr. Kellogg, of South Bend; Prof. Luigi Gregori and Miss Gregori, of Chicago; Rev. J. Oechtering, of Ft. Wayne; Rev. A. Oechtering, of Mishawaka; Mr. Kellers, of Keller, O.; Rev. J. Ford, D. D., Pittsburg, O.; Mr. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind.; Rev. Father Shortis, Chaplain of St. Mary's. On the entrance of President Corby, the Band struck up a lively opening march, which they played admirably well. We had occasion to severely criticize the playing of the Band last week, this week we must give them that praise which they so well merit by their excellent playing on this occasion.

When the curtain had risen, Mr. Geo. F. Sugg appeared upon the boards with the Address Salutatory, containing sentiments which must have met with a hearty reciprocation on the part of our worthy President; for the address was a continued protestation of the esteem and affection with which he is regarded by the students of the University. It was well written and well read. The deafening applause which greeted the conclusion of the address plainly demonstrated that Mr. Sugg's sentiments were those of every student in the Hall. Now came one of the entertaining features of the evening, a chorus by the Junior Vocal Music Class, entitled, "The Praise of God." We had been expecting something good from the Vocal Music Classes at this Entertainment, and we can most truly say that we were not disappointed. The singing of the Junior Class was exquisite, and we may say the same of the Choral Union, who, later in the evening, beautifully rendered the chorus, "Always Good Courage." We congratulate the members of the Junior Class and Choral Union, who already show remarkable proficiency for the very short time they have been under the able instruction of Prof. Baur.

Next followed the oration of the evening by Mr. P. W. Bloom, who had chosen for his subject no less a brilliant one than that of "Washington." He began by saying that all nations, ancient and modern, have honored their illustrious dead. The reason of this is, that there are no incentives to high intellectual and moral exertion more potent than the examples of the great. He then referred to the great men of Greece, Rome, France, and England, and said that though these nations may have had greater warriors, more renowned statesmen, more brilliant poets: no one can boast of such a man as Washington, whose character was unblemished, and who had combined in him every great and good quality, all of which he devoted to the service and benefit of his country. Mr. Bloom then spoke of Washington as a citizen, soldier, and statesman; mentioned the qualities which characterized him in these different spheres of action, and concluded by saying that it was the purity of Washington's private character which gave effulgence to his public virtues—which was the highest encomium that could be given him. Mr. Bloom's oration was a scholarly production, and was delivered in good style. It well merited the applause it received.

THE MUSIC.

We hardly know what to say of the playing of the University Orchestra, and can but heartily coincide with President Corby when, in making the closing remarks, he said that "William Tell" (Rossini), the overture rendered by them on the occasion, was the best music that, to his knowledge, had ever been played in Washington Hall. This overture is a very difficult one, the idea which the composer had in view being to imitate a thunder-storm. A soft sigh, like that produced by the wind before a storm, as if sad at the thought of its near approach, is the first strain in this grand overture. This sigh, at first so soft, low, and mournful, gradually grows louder and more plaintive; while now and then may be heard the distant rumble of thunder, which advances nearer and nearer until soon you imagine you hear the very rain-drops patter. Suddenly comes a heavy crash; the winds howl, the rain falls in torrents; peal upon peal of deep thunder, each moment growing louder and more rapid, follow one another in quick succession: and the storm is upon us in all its fury. It were beyond our ability to describe the sensation which one experiences at this part of the overture, so we will not attempt it. It would require a musician to describe the overture properly, and we are none. The storm remains at its height for full five minutes, when it begins to diminish in violence: the winds grow weaker, the rain-drops fall not with such a heavy patter, greater
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intervals come between the peals of thunder, and soon the storm has given place to that mournful sigh which, at first, heralded its advent, but which now tells of its departure—its death. We are sorry that a few rowdies managed to gain admission to the Hall, who, by their ungentlemanly deportment, such as talking, etc., during the rendition of this piece, were the cause of much annoyance to those who were endeavoring to catch the softest strains of the beautiful overture. We feel proud of the University Orchestra, and we have good reason to feel proud of it. We doubt if others present who can appreciate it; they should re­

cerned the noise during the playing of the Orchestra would bear repetition here. There was altogether too much noise to allow us to fully appreciate Miss Gregori's exquisite piano playing. Those who have no taste for music should bear well in mind that there are others present who can appreciate it; they should re­

pect the feelings of these, and remain quiet during the performance of any and every piece of music. Miss Gregori is certainly an excellent pianist, and we are sorry to think that she may be of the opinion that her efforts were unappreciated.

THE DRAMA.

In the mean time Prof. Lyons had not been idle on the stage, and soon the little bell sounded its warning note, which caused a death-like stillness throughout the vast audience; another tap from the bell, and the curtain rose: "William Tell," a drama in three acts, remod­

delled for the Thespian Association, was the play given, in which Misses E. McGorrisk, E. A. Otis, H. B. Dulaney, and G. Tracy. The University Orchestra favored us with the pretty overture, "La Cenerentola" (Rossini). The concluding part of the evening's Entertainment was a farce, in two acts,—"The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve,"—the principal roles in which were assumed by Messrs. W. J. McCarthy, D. Danahay, G. F. Sugg, J. M. Mc­

Enery, D. Harrington, F. Bloom, W. Arnold, T. F. Clarke, E. McGorrisk, E. A. Otis, H. B. Dulaney, and G. Tracy. The rôle of "Aspen," the nervous man, was very well taken by W. J. McCarthy, who shook like a man affected with a violent chill whenever the "Man of Nerve" invited him to the shooting gallery: "McShane," the man of nerve, and we might add, the man of "chick," was so well and faithfully personated by D. Danahay that the audience was kept in constant roars of laughter. Few amateurs could have taken off the Irish character better. "Vivian," a country gentleman, found an able rural representative in the person of Mr. G. F. Sugg; while "Young Vivian," H. B. Dulaney, proved himself to be a regular "chip of the old block." "Dr. Oxide," E. McGorrisk, seemed to be a very skilful physician; but for some reason or other, he found himself impotent to quiet the nerves of "Aspen." D. Harrington, as "Mr. Cloggott," was truly a jovial Boniface, and reflected much credit upon himself by his good act­

ing. Mr. J. McEnery, as "Lord Lounge," was immense, and took his part's acting satisfactorily. The remaining characters,—"Biggs," T. F. Clarke; "Capt. Bur­


The closing remarks were made by Very Rev. Presi­

dent Corby, who complimented the actors, praised the musi­

icians, and in the name of the audience, thanked them for the grand musical and dramatic Entertainment with which they had favored the audience.

In our opinion, the play was one of the best that we have witnessed in Washington Hall; some say it was the best ever given there; however this may be, the young gentlemen who took part have reason to feel proud of their efforts last Monday evening. Whatever encomiums may be bestowed upon the actors must reflect back with credit upon Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., under whose super­

vision and instruction the rehearsals were held, under whose management the Entertainment was given, and to whom, in no small degree, must be attributed its success.
Personal.

—John F. Dale, '74, is in business at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Bro. Francis was in Chicago last week buying goods for his undertaking business.

Mr. Mee, of Chicago, is here visiting his sons, Masters J. and H. Mee, Minim department.

—Mrs. Tourtillo, of Toledo, Ohio, is here visiting her son, Master G. Tourtillo, of the Minim department.

—Mrs. B. Zekind, of St. Joseph, Mich., was here during the week visiting her son, Master Bert Zekind, of the Prep department.

—Moses Livingston, of South Bend, called at the University last Thursday afternoon and took his friend, Rev. Father Maher, out on a cuter-ride.

—Rev. C. Kelly, C. S. C., President of the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., is here and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kelly.

—Very Rev. Father L’Eh Pierre left for Kalamazoo last Thursday morning, whence he will proceed to Fort Wayne and Lafayette, on business connected with Notre Dame.

—We are in receipt of a letter from J. F. Parks ('65-'66), of Australia, Miss., from which we take the liberty of publishing the following short extract:

"I took up with pleasure the many happy days spent at Old Notre Dame, and wish to keep up the remembrance of these happy days by keeping my subscription to your valuable and interesting paper paid up."

Mr. Parks encloses his subscription for this year, and requests us not to place him on the list of delinquent subscribers. We are happy to state in this connection the Scholastic finds it unnecessary to keep such a list; for, as a rule, our subscription lists are kept up by remitting their dues. Mr. Parks has certainly adopted the best and only means of keeping himself posted on affairs connected with his Alma Mater; we hope that each successive issue of the Scholastic may prove more interesting to him.


—We find a very complimentary notice of Benjamin L. Evans, of —, in The University. Ben finished the medical course begun here at the University of Michigan. He was very popular while at Notre Dame, and was for some time Commodore of the Navy here. Before leaving the University of Michigan we believe he acted as assistant demonstrator of Anatomy. All the boys of —, and especially the members of the Boat Clubs, with whom Ben was so popular, will be glad to see such a high compliment as the following paid to him by The University:

"Ben L. Evans, ’79, we are glad to hear, is considered a leading practitioner in Watseka, Ill. Those elements of industry and successful work which characterized him in his course here have been invested in his practice at W., and now have for him the high esteem and confidence of his community. Good for ‘Ben’!"

The Notre Dame medics are being heard from with honorable distinction in all directions.

—The Galosburg Press has the following to say of Mr. A. M. Carpenter, the landscape architect, who drew up the plans for the laying out of the University grounds here last spring:

"Mr. A. M. Carpenter, landscape architect, left this morning for Iowa and will visit Springfield, in this State, before he returns. He has just completed, and will take with him plans and specifications, for a park and zoological gardens to be located southwest of Springfield and near the Lincoln monument. These plans are the most elaborate and artistic in their general arrangement of any we ever before examined, and place Mr. Carpenter in the front rank of landscape architects. The park includes twenty acres of ground and is owned by the citizens Railroad Company, under whose direction this park and gardens are being laid out. The plans are on a grand scale. There are to be nine dens and burroughs for animals, an observatory, buffalo, deer and elk park, six small lakes, gymnasium, water-closet, porter’s lodge, green-house, water-tanks, apothecary, summer-house, places for small birds, eagles and owls, fountains and flower department, walks, avenues, bridges, trees and shrubbery, now set out and to be put in according to the plans. The grade is established for all purposes throughout the park. The water system is excellent, and so arranged as to escape all impurities and be at all times pure. Economy is the rule of the whole arrangement. We have only attempted to give a faint outline of the magnitude of this park on the ground allotted it. It is magnificent, and reflects unmeasured credit on the architect, Prof. A. N. Carpenter."

Local Items.

—"Hippo."
—"Oh, ho!"
—What next?
—"Poka-mass-area."
—Who saw the apple?
—The steam-house guests!
—F. Watson is a schemer.
—Nip and Tuck, so they say.
—The ball "wint buzzin'" by.
—Do you know "our cousin?"
—Mercury at 0 Monday morning.
—How did they like me, Frank?
—Tuesday, of course, was a rec. day.
—We heard that joke before, Dan.
—The Joliet man is also a "masher."
—"Eh, Augusto?" "Yes, Adolpho."
—The Osborn man spoiled the singing.
—Excursions are the order of the day.
—Rather "slushy" walking last Sunday.
—Did you see Sam getting across the field?
—Why did you not introduce the candy man?
—"No, thank you, Captain: I have company."
—The Band played well on Monday evening.
—"Let us take a walk to the shooting gallery."
—What does the Bloom-ing wild rose (Suglgest)?
—"How do you get a high note, country cousins?"
—The man from Maysville has discovered a cousin.
—Barney, why did you not take them sleigh-riding?
—Bro. Lawrence has our thanks for favors received.
—The valentine and notations had the desired effect.
—Why did not "D. Lexington" go through the window?
—Mercury 5 degs. below 0 at 5:15 last Saturday morning;
—"Stutz," where was your pillow? Pete, where was it?
—"Three jolly sailor lads, and three jolly sailor lasses."
—Oh, dear! I knew those apples would get the better of me.

—The "Gambolier" desires to resume his old occupation.
—Prof. Lyons has the thanks of the Staff for favors received.
—Master Chas. Tinley was the thurifer at Vespers last Sunday.
—Calisthenics was the order of the day with the Juniors.
—A special meeting of the Sorins was held last Sunday evening.
—The Columbians will give us something good on the 17th inst.
—"Nick" was on the war-path last Saturday. Too much grammar.
—A P. and J. Club has been formed in the Prep department.
—The scientists took a grand sleigh-ride to South Bend last week.

—A party of Preps, excursionized to Mishawaka last Wednesday.

—The Minims have one of the finest departments at Notre Dame.

—Interest in the handball seems to have revived during the past week.

—From present indications, the opening of navigation will not be long delayed.

—There was the red-light at Monday evening's Entertainment. Eh, Professor?

—Bro. Simon took a sleigh-load of Juniors to the St. Joe Farm last Wednesday.

—Logs of wood prove no preventative against detection in doing wrong. Eh, Sam?

—We are happy to state that Bro. Paul has fully recovered from his recent illness.

—Master J. Boose is fairly slaughtering the little rascals. Of late, he averages five a day.

—Prof. Lyons's Elecution Class has a larger attendance this session than for years past.

—All seemed well pleased with the singing of the Vocal Music Class at the Entertainment.

—Capt. Cocke put the Cadets through the "tacs" last Tuesday morning.

—Several national airs were played in front and inside of the main University buildings last Tuesday morning.

—Rev. T. E. Walsh was presented with a collection of rare tropical plants, last Monday, by a number of friends.

—Rev. P. Kollop sung the 10-o'clock Mass last Sunday, at which Masters Cleary and Gordon were servers-in-chief.

—Our "Bond-Holder" was snowbound last Saturday; consequently, the "Times" was left in the General Office that day.

—We doubt if Washington's Birthday could have been more enthusiastically celebrated than it was at Notre Dame.

—The Washingtonian was quite indignant when informed that his vocal organs would not be sufficient for the 21st.

—Prof. Baur frequently favors the Vocal Classes with his "wagnerian" moments during the course of their drilling exercises.

—The snow-plow had its hands full, so to speak; after last week's heavy snow-storm, the snow was fifteen inches deep on the lawn.

—The heaviest snow-storm which has visited this place, in our recollection, was that of last Friday week. Ten inches fell during the night.

—St. Patrick's Day will be enthusiastically celebrated in South Bend.

—The heaviest snow-storm which has ever visited this place, was last Saturday and Sunday. They took advantage of the excellent sleighing, many coming from a long distance.

—We noticed a crowd of visitors, most of them being of the female persuasion, in tow of Prof. J. A. Lyons, who kindly escorted them through the University buildings last Saturday afternoon.

—The real author of "The Little Dog's Tail" has been found, and "Billy" is now prepared to receive the congratulations of his friends upon the success of his first effort in composition.

—The entertainment given at Notre Dame, last evening, in compliment to President Corby, was very pleasing to the large audience which assembled in Washington Hall.

—There was altogether too much talking during the address delivered at Monday evening's Entertainment.

—A crowd of young rowdies, who were refused admission to Monday evening's entertainment, retaliated by keeping up a continuous whistling and uproar outside during the entire evening.

—Prof. in Greek: "Now this word has three stems; you may take any one you wish. Mr. C, what stem do you prefer?" Yawning Freshman: "Well, I believe I will take a potato stem." (Dust raises.)

—The late heavy snow storms seem to have been general throughout the whole Northwest. Trains are reported snow-bound in several places, and the mails, as a consequence, have been delayed.

—Had George Washington lived until last Tuesday he would have been 149 years old. Washington has been dead 82 years, yet his memory lives, and will live forever. He was 67 years old at the time of his death.

—The flowers in the Junior study-hall are beautiful. This is owing to the invigorating water supplied them by Master Ayers. He says that they take the cake. We would be inclined to believe that they took the water.

—To-morrow, Quinquagesima Sunday, opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion, Missa Regia will be sung. Vesper of the Chair of St. Peter at Antioch, p. 129: all as on p. 118. Next Wednesday, Ash-Wednesday, Missa Parevorum.

—"I know a victim of tobacco," said a celebrated lecturer who leaves Tanner in the shade. He hasn't eaten food for ten years. "How do you know he hasn't?" asked one of his auditors. "Because," replied the lecturer, "tobacco killed him in 187h!"

—There is an old man named Gavazzi. Some folks say that truly he's crazy; he raves about Roman, The Pope and his throne, an' a cranky old chap is Gavazzi.

—Gavazzi, the apostate priest, and defamer of the Church—to which he once swore eternal allegiance,—lectured in South Bend last week. He says that he only needs money to convert Italy to the creed, at whose head he has placed himself. He got thirty dollars in South Bend. Every little helps. Gavazzi-red, Gavazzi.

—One of our corpulent friends, having taken a seat on the ice rather unexpectedly, was asked if he was trying to punctuate the ice. He replied that, although he was rather cold on the ice, he did not think it "comma-kle" (comical). Here some one dashed him over the head, and he now wears a "brass". "J. Willie" is responsible for this puny pun.

—One of our German students was lately given the following sentence to translate from English into German: "Prof. D—is walking on the Campus." Our friend, who had not looked at his lesson, hesitated for a moment, and began: "Der Brotefresser"—A roar from the class hindered us from hearing how he rendered the remaining
portion of the sentence. He has since been informed that "brotefresser" means "bread-eater."

—As more than one of our friends are troubled with neuralgia, we give the following simple remedy, which is said to be like "the soothing balm of Gilead"—Boln a small handful of lobelia in a half-pint of water till the strength is out of the herb; then strain it off, and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as best possible, and spread over the affected parts. Cover these cloths, when cold, until the pain has gone. If this fails to cure you, yours is a hopeless case.

—The first of the series of games for the handball championship was played between the Juniors and Appren­tices, on the handball alley of the University. Game won by the Apprentices. The next game will take place on the Juniors' handball alley, next Sunday afternoon at half past three. We expect a close and interesting game. The Apprentices' team consists of Messrs. French, Thompson, and Buckmeier; Messrs. Grever, Bose, and M. Devitt constitute the Junior team.

—We were very much amused in witnessing the prankish actions of Master H. Snee, Minim department, after Friday's great storm. A great drift, 3 feet high, had been formed on the east side of the Minims' recreation-hall, which, from an adjacent fence, our friend Harry would plunge head foremost, on his emerging from which you would imagine that you saw a good-sized snow-ball walking along with itself. Harry seemed to like the sport, and repeated the feat several times, to the delight of his com­panions and the amusement of several lookers-on. There's not a little in knowing just when to stop. Harry was utterly unconscious of any thing that occurred afterwards. Harry didn't make any attempt to stop at any that day. He says that he believes there's wisdom in knowing just when to "let up."

—If you desire to possess a graceful accomplishment, or wish to be able to converse in a fluent manner about drawing, or to amuse yourself in your spare hours, take Artistic Drawing. If you wish to set down clearly and permanently records, study drawing. If you wish to obtain quicker perceptions of the beauty of the natural world, and to preserve something like a true image of beautiful things that pass away, or which you must yourself leave, learn drawing. If you wish to be a judge of paintings and not put a ten-dollar chromo into a seventy-five dollar frame, acquire a fair knowledge of drawing which you can do here for ten dollars during the present session. Remember that it is much easier to learn how well than it is to learn how well on your own with­out a tutor. Do not fear that you may be unable to get on for want of special talent. It is indeed true that the persons who have peculiar talent for art draw instinctively and seem to progress without teaching, though never without toil. One of the most noted draw­ing teachers of the day affirmed that he had never met with a person who could not learn to draw. One hour's practice a day for five months will enable any student to draw faithfully whatever he wishes.

—For the past thirty-seven years it has been the pa­triotic custom at Notre Dame of observing with each re­curring season in an appropriate manner the birthday of Washington. "While the country at large seems to be growing indifferent to this important anniversary, Notre Dame has zealously kept up its observance, and the entertainments on these occasions, always of a high liter­ary and musical character, have ever been among the no­table and most enjoyable events in the University's his­tory, to all associated therewith. The celebration of this anniversary for the present year occurred last evening in the old Washington Hall at Notre Dame, and was compliment­ary to Very Rev. Father Corby, President of the Uni­versity, by the University Band, followed by the salutatory ad­dress, read in a clear voice by Mr. George F. Sugg, and presented by him to President Corby. Following came a chorus, "The praise of God," by a large class of Juniors. Next an oration, "Washington," splendidly delivered by W. F. Bloom. The University Orchestra, under the effi­cient directorship of Prof. Paul, then rendered the grand overture to William Tell by Rossini. It was the gem of the evening and executed in a high class manner.

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—Next an oration, "Washington," splendidly delivered by W. F. Bloom. The University Orchestra, under the effi­cient directorship of Prof. Paul, then rendered the grand overture to William Tell by Rossini. It was the gem of the evening and executed in a high class manner.

—According to the rites of the Catholic Church, the marriage banns of Mr. Alexia Coquillard and Miss Maude M. Feirley were announced several Sundays ago in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame. This morning the interesting ceremony took place in the beautiful and picturesque little Chapel of Loretto, attached to St. Mary's Academy. This Chapel stands in the rear of the Academy buildings, right on the high bluff of St. Joseph river, and between it and the Academy are the handsome pleasure-grounds which attract so much attention from visitors at the Comencements. A more beau­tiful and romantic site in summer cannot be imagined, and in winter, with its field of snow, it is a picturesque spot at all times. In spot of the Choir, we find the allervy chimes from the tower of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart rang out the hour of eight o'clock, the high contracting parties stood before the altar in Loretto to hear the impressive ceremony which was to unite them for life. There were present besides Mrs. Piquette, of Detroit, sister of the bride, Miss Phelan, of Lancaster, Ohio, Mrs. Campeau and Miss Mattie Shier, of the same city, and others. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, assisted by Rev. Fathers Shortis and Smaulier, of St. Mary's. It consisted of the full marriage service of the Catholic Church, and was performed by the University Band, followed by the salutatory ad­
relatives and a few very intimate friends are being entertained this afternoon. Mr. Coquillard, the happy groom, was almost as well known as one of the most confirmed bachelors, as he is known as one of our wealthiest manufacturers and wealthiest citizens. He has resided in South Bend from boyhood, but came one of its most solid citizens, financially, yet not even his most intimate associates ever accused him of being materially inclined. Those with all of his friends rejoice over the "change of heart" he has experienced, and which has brought him a handsome and accomplished wife, and join with us in offering our congratulations. The bride has not a very extended acquaintance in this city, but is well known in St. Mary's, where she has been a guest of the Institution for some time. She is a New England lady with the wealth of accomplishments that the highest grade of education brings, and a breadth of intellect that has not failed to attract. Wherever she is known, her parents are now residents of Little Rock, Arkansas, and two of her brothers are officers, one in the United States Army and the other in the Navy. Mr. and Mrs. Coquillard will make their home on his farm, which is so near the city that he can look after his wagons manufacturing and other interests as well as if he continued to live in the city—South Bend Tribune.

Mrs. Coquillard is the sister of S. and P. Perley, '79; Coquillard was one of Notre Dame's first students.

[Ed. Scholastic.]

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


FRESHMAN DEPARTMENT.


Class Honors.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.


MINING DEPARTMENT.


List of Excellence.

[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.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.


Church Organs at Low Prices.

Pipes only, of improved construction, and the best material.

SECOND HAND ORGANS FOR SALE.

One with two banks of keys and Pedals, 21 stops, 18 feet high (Gothic case), 9 ft. wide, and 8 deep. This is a good organ, and is offered very low.

Church Organ Pedal Attachment for any style of Piano. Send ready to put on. Are detachable. Circumfer free. Address.

T. H. KNOLLIN,

No. 6 W. FAYETTE ST.,

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

SECOND HAND ORGANS
Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

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**Niles and South Bend Division.**

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**Sunday excepted.**

Henry C. Wentworth, Gen'l Manager, Detroit, Mich.
Geo. N. Durfee, Asst. Gen'l Manager, South Bend, Ind.

**THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL.**

FOR 1881.

CONTENTS.


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LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.
2.25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.
Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.
11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.
9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.
12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m., Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.;
Buffalo, 4 a.m.
6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST.
2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.
5.08 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.30 a.m., Chicago 8.30 a.m.
0.03 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.
1.16 a.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 a.m.; Chesterton, 2.52 a.m.; Chicago, 4.40 a.m.
4.50 a.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

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W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Chicago.
J. C. KAFF, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Cleveland.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l. Manager.
CHARLES Paine, Gen'l. Sup't.