Some Forgotten Poets and Poems.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

Few persons care to brush aside the dust of years to look once more upon the literary beauties which time rapidly conceals, if we do not constantly "dust them off," as the housewife dusts her parlor; yet are these persons none the less appreciative when others do the work for them. There is no danger that Chaucer will pass into oblivion, even though his works now have a species of musty flavor, which is not altogether agreeable to any save the genuine lover of the antique. He is being continually placed before the public in collections of poetry, in essays, lectures, and reviews; and one might as well affect an ignorance of Tennyson, or of Longfellow, as of Chaucer. But, almost within the limits of our own day and generation, poets and poems well worthy of a permanent place in literature, are utterly ignored.

There is the poetic work of the late George D. Prentice,—all of it good, in its way, and some of it of unusual excellence; but beyond the including of "The Closing Year," it seems strange that one so widely known and admired, as to possess a copy. We will not say that Mr. Bancroft, the author of such lines as these should not be forgotten:

"Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity?"

It is not widely known that the Hon. George Bancroft, the eminent historian of the United States, published a volume of verse, of which few libraries are so fortunate as to possess a copy. We will not say that Mr. Bancroft was unwise in leaving the charms of poetry to others; yet it seems strange that one so widely known and admired, could gain sufficient reputation as a poet to be liberally quoted in Griswold's "Male Poets of America," and, forty years later, the fact of his earlier work in literature be entirely forgotten.

Edward Coate Pinkney, who wrote many exquisite lyrics, is entirely forgotten, save by the makers of anthologies. His "A Health," and "Italy," are gems that entitle him to lasting recognition.

William Allen Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," is a successful lawyer in New York; yet, though he published his complete poems, he is not known as a poet.

John R. Thompson, whose delightful ballad, "Music in Camp," is the best thing of the kind ever written, is rarely mentioned in print.

Chas. G. Eastman, Chas. Penno Hoffman, George H. Baker, Epes Sargent, Henry T. Tuckerman, Alfred B. Street, Albert Pike, George Lunt, N. P. Willis, William Gilmore Simms, George P. Morris, Robert C. Sands, John G. G. Brainard, James Gates Percival, Charles Sprague, Richard H. Dana, Andrews Norton, John Pierpont, Washington Allston, and John Quincy Adams are poets, all of whom have written poetry worth reading, yet one never hears of, or sees, their poetry, save in the school readers and anthologies. In the case of the last named, one would certainly think that, as a President of the United States, his poems—and he wrote many of them—would not be permitted to share in the general oblivion. A diamond is a diamond, and commands the market price, whether it comes from the mines of Brazil, or of Golconda. Why should it not be so with verse? We push to the front Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow? Why? is it because they have written good verse? Partly, but not altogether. Bryant became famous through his "Thanatopsis," written at the age of eighteen years. He had made his mark, and held his vantage ground by keeping himself constantly before the public, which his wealth enabled him to do. Whittier has written few lines of genuine poetry, but he became notorious through his anti-slavery ballads; he, too, has kept himself conspicuously before the public. Longfellow, through his office of professor at Harvard University, commanded a wide and discriminating audience; and, if we except Poe's assaults, which were as remarkable for their bitterness as for any other feature, he has never been severely criticized. The lofty position he now enjoys is well deserved, since he, more, perhaps, than any other American, has contributed to the welfare of literature in this country.

Now, be it far from us to inveigh against the popular favor accorded Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant. What we do dislike is the neglect of so many of those who have enriched poetic literature, and the prominence accorded numerous trivial writers of the present day. The editors of magazines are deplorably at fault, in this matter. They give us, from month to month, the drivel of poetic aspirations, whose elegance of style in writing is vastly below their
ambition. "Up to the usual standard," is an expression which has grown to mean very little, and we cannot help thinking that it would be wiser, and more profitable, to present for the edification and entertainment of the people some of the excellent songs of our forgotten poets.

The directors of literary taste, among Protestants, may, in the light of their Illustrious poets, think they can well afford to neglect the treasures of the past: but Catholics cannot, in justice to themselves and others, indulge in such a practice. Yet this is just what they are doing. Some strong-minded young woman, with little knowledge of theology or versification, but much versatility, constructs a volume of pretty nothings, and forthwith the insipid rhymes are enclosed between covers, and broadcasted before an indiscriminate, but none the less admiring, public. A youth fresh from college, who has barely wet his lips at the Pierian spring, forthwith imagines himself a poet, and, for the want of something better to do, sits down and composes verses without reason and without rhyme. But he is at once immortalized by his friends, who make a book of his verses, and send copies to various literati, who, of course, "gratefully acknowledge" them. And this class of writers is continually appearing before the public; they can write with equal ease on "The Sunbeams," "The Flowing Rhine," any one of the Saints, or Jason and his Golden Fleece. No subject is too trilling—none too lofty—for their skilful manipulation. Their versatility and their industry are continually eclipsing each other.

But how many who wax enthusiastic over the work of such writers are familiar with the best productions of Catholic poets? How many own the volumes of John Savage, Thomas D'ArCY McGee, George H. Miles, Judge Arrington, Dr. Huntington, Rev. T. A. Butler, Miss Eliza Allan Starr,—aye, even of John Boyle O'Reilly and Maurice F. Cogan? How many are familiar with Richard Dalton Williams's "Dying Girl," Richard Henry Wilde's "My Life is like the Summer Rose," Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," Daniel Connolly's exquisite poems, or Charles Warren Stoddard's charming lyrics? The number is not large. The publisher of McKey's poems,—the publisher of "Prazer," ere I touched a razor, in the days of "Frazer," ere I touched a razor, how I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes; when in wine and wassail, we to thee were usual, of "Water-grass Hill," O renowned "F. P."—May "The Bells of Shandon" toll blithely and bland on the pleasant waters of thy memory.

"With trusting love, Maid of my soul, farewell!"

Yet such is the case. It is not so hard to believe that Mr. Dana wrote verses, since his love of poetry and his poetic taste are well known. It is possible that our ill-nature has affected our audience. We confess to a feeling of anger whenever we glance over the field of neglected poetry and attempt to solace ourselves, and at the same time confer a benefit upon our readers, we reproduce here two exquisite poems in memory of the Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout). The death of Father Prout called forth a great number of in memoriam tributes, among the best of them the following, which appeared in Saunders's News Letter so long ago that it is now as good as new:

FATHER PROUT.

In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of "Frazer," ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail, we to thee were usual,
Of "Water-grass Hill," O renowned "F. P."
May "The Bells of Shandon"
Toll blithely and bland on the pleasant waters of thy memory.

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dreams come o'er me)
Of those attic suppers, and those vanished men!
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As "the Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

"The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
Young Ireland " wreathed round its rebel sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of "the Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devises,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar;
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes
In the quiet cloister of Temple Bar;
So, where'er thou slepest, with a love that's deepest
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the "Bells of Shandon"
Shall sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.
This shorter, but equally fine poem appeared in Tom Hood's Fun, in the issue dated June 9, 1866:

**FATHER PROOT.**

Sad recollection
Of old affection
The music hushes...
Shandon bells, When, slowly kneeling, and death they're telling, Who flung around them
Such magic spells. Eum, Eum! The scholar's graces, and void thy place is Oh, Proot, of thee.
Death lays his hand on The bard of Shandon— Dark grow the waters Of the River Lee!

O chère étoile
Que de son voile
La nuit dérobe
A nonna—trop tot.
O cara filla,
Thy grave we spil on
This sad libation
Of tears, that flow.
Ye bells of Shandon
All o'er the sky
Be bushed, ye waters
Of the River Lee!

**Art, Music, and Literature.**

—Verdi is writing a new opera.
—A sixteen-year-old student, named Spinelli, of the College of Music, Naples, has produced in the theatre of the institution an operetta, entitled "I Guanti Gialli."
—A series of grand choral concerts are announced to be given at the Permanent Exhibition Hall, Philadelphia. Prof. J. W. Jost has been engaged to organize and conduct the choirs.
—The Harvard Musical Association will give its regular series of Symphony Concerts next season, on Thursday afternoons, at the Boston Museum. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will conduct.
—Prof. Lyons' "Household Library of Catholic Poets" will soon appear. The "proof" edition of this volume, price five dollars, will contain portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly.
—Remenyi recently broke, successively, three strings of his violin, and then the bridge of his instrument, while preparing to play a solo in St. Louis. The ill luck so demoralized him that he declined to continue the concert, and the money was refunded to the audience.
—We find the following item about the celebrated Roman artist Gregori in a late number of the Chicago Tribune: "Prof. Gregori will remain in the city to finish three portraits now on the easel, which will take until the 1st of June, after which he will do the figure-work in the new church at Winnetka, Ill., which will occupy about two months. He then goes to Notre Dame, Ind., to ornament the new college building at that place."
—A musical festival on a grand scale will be given at Lake Marmoos, Maine, in June next, under the direction of A. L. Torrens, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of Boston. The chorus will consist of 1,000 voices, selected from the choral societies throughout the State. The proposed band tournament, in which 100 State bands will participate at this popular resort, will take place on July 11th. Brown's Brigade Band of Boston has been secured by the Messrs. Colby for the season.
—Catholics have never been anxious to claim James Gordon Bennett, Sr. He was an Irishman, whose hand was against everything that bore the mark of virtue; yet, he was bred a Catholic, and died in the faith, and what little religion his son is blessed with is Catholic. But we may mention, with just pride that elegant writer, John K. G. Hassard, of the New York Tribune, who adorns everything he touches; Mr. Hassard is a Catholic, and has a pew in St. Stephen's Church, which, next to the Cathedrals, is the most fashionable Catholic church in New York. Hugh Hastings, of the Commercial Advertiser, is also a Catholic. John Gilmary Shea, editor of Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner*, is well known as one of the most learned Catholic men of letters in this country. T. B. Conney, managing editor of the New York Herald, is a Catholic, and ignorant Protestants accuse him of being a Jesuit. All of the newspapers of New York number more or less Catholics on their staff, even the Times, so bitter against "papists," employing not a few talented writers who belong to the faith.

—The Rev. Bernard J. O'Reilly, of New York, now in Europe preparing a work on art, writes to the New York *Sue* a very interesting account of the College and Art Schools of the Erera, at Milan. Formerly belonging to the Umiliati, they afterwards passed into the hands of the Jesuits, and on the suppression of that order became an Imperial Academy for Letters and Sciences, second only to that of Pavia, the great law-school of Northern Italy. Bonsaparte rifled the college of much of its literary treasures in 1797. In 1859 the departments of Letters and Science were transferred to an edifice near the Porta Nova, and the Brera College is now devoted exclusively to art. As an art school, it is second only to that of Rome, and its Conservatory of Music is the best in Italy. There are 15 schools: 2 of architecture, 1 of painting, 1 of sculpture, 1 of design, 1 of engraving, 1 of lithography, 1 of art, and one of Lombard history. The teaching staff is composed of 26 professors, with about 1,200 scholars.

**Scientific Notes.**

—The South Bend Electric Light Company are making arrangements to introduce the electric light in this city.
—The South Bend Tribune.
—A new system of heating is being introduced into the mills at Hooksett, N. H., consisting of water, which is made hot by the friction of two wheels, one stationary and the other revolving, both being surrounded by water. The water then being forced through pipes about the building, furnishes heat at about one-fourth the cost of coal, it is claimed.

—a case that demands scientific investigation: Robert Nelson is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and is 42 years of age. He came to this country some years ago, and settled in Lansing, Michigan, where he now resides. When a baby his mother was greatly troubled to put him to sleep, even when put under the influence of opiates. As he grew older this strange malady increased, so that sleep is unknown to him for periods of over four months. He retires at night the same as other people, rests well, but never closes his eyes or feels the least bit drowsy. He says: "When I go long periods without sleep, the only peculiar sensation I experience is that everything I look at seems distant and larger than it really is. A short man coming toward me would apparently be very tall. Before going to sleep I never felt different than anyone probably would on going to bed any night. I would dream little dreams, the same as most people do when restless and uneasy. Riding in the cold makes me drowsy, if anything does. In summer time, I can go long periods, and feel tip-top all the time. Last summer I did not sleep for four months, and I worked every day."

—the beverage popularly known as soda-water is so named because it was formerly made of bicarbonate of soda, or baking-soda; and in the East, bicarbonate of soda is still largely employed, the manufacturers claiming that no cheaper ingredient can be furnished that can so well serve...
if the matter at all. The gas falls falling to the so-called "histories,"—which contain nothing more

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,—"
and these failing—as of course they must—he pretends indifference,

"—whistling, as if unconcerned and gay,
Curries his nap, and looks another way."

Meantime the serious charges made against the Catholic Church are anything but made good, and yet he will not retract one iota from these same philosophies. He should do one thing or the other—either give good reason for making those charges, or retract what he cannot reasonably support. He only says, in a tantalizing way:

"The Scholastic has now slipped back to the statements made in our November number, and seems disposed to wrangle over them the rest of the summer."

We do not propose to wrangle over them the rest of the summer; we mean to drop the discussion with this issue. If he forgets the gravity of those charges—as it seems he does—we will refresh his memory by printing them anew.

Here are the principal ones:

The "Militant Church," as we read history, acquired political supremacy by perverting the truths of Christianity, and by incorporating into her system some of the distinctive features of paganism. She 'reared the mighty structure' of her vast political empire, not 'despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors,' but with their aid. Through all her history she has been, as policy dictated, the sovereign mistress or the fawning parasite of royalty. It is true that when kings opposed her ambitious schemes she sought to enlist the sympathies of the people; it is equally true that when the people grew restless under their heavy yoke, tyranny and the papacy made common cause. Treachery, assassination and massacre became sacred when used to advance her ends. She cherished learning while she could make subject to herself; but when means of force failed, she 'reared the mighty structure' of her vast political empire, not 'despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors,' but with their aid. Through her history she has been, as policy dictated, the sovereign mistress or the fawning parasite of royalty.

For the dead Shepherd of the Valley, we have good reasons for supposing that the quotations are forgeries, although the description was written for some other purpose. It may answer a purpose, but it does not at all strengthen our opponent's side of the question. He is beginning to lose his equability of temper—a bad sign—but he neither retracts nor supports his original assertions, and this is the matter at all. The gas falls falling to the so-called "histories,"—which contain nothing more

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The Notre Dame Scholastic.
after we find a young man who had received a very liberal education, who 'had made great proficiency in his studies at Magdeburg, Eisenach, and Erfurt,' and who, nevertheless, did not know what a Bible was, simply because he had never had one in his room, and decorating them with flowers or drapery, he would resent it as an insult or consider such a person a fool. And yet this is the fact; the Bible was unknown in those days!" The eminent Protestant historian Menzel (History of Germany, vol. ii, p. 233) expressly says that "before the time of Luther the Bible had already been translated and printed in both High and Low Dutch"; and Sackendorf, the biographer, and a great admirer of Luther, states ("Commentaries on Lutheranism," Book I, sec. 51) that there were fifteen editions of the Bible, to perform the work of German, published at Wittenberg, in 1470, 1483, and 1490; one, thirteen years before Luther was born, another in the year of his birth, and a third seven years afterwards. Look at these three years; two years are to us—simply memorials of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints. The editor of the Courier accuses the Church of assassination. No charge could be more false. The Pope, Bishops, and Priests would not be able to pass a law pronouncing sentence of death even against a criminal, and so rigid is this law that no Catholic ecclesiastical is allowed—for instance, in extraordinary circumstances permitted by the Church, which it is stated that criminals were condemned to death, in any circumstances, by an ecclesiastical tribunal, it is a falsehood; no such condemnations have been, are, or can be, uttered by Catholic ecclesiastics, after any circumstances. This is the fact; lying historians may assert what they please to the contrary. Had we space we could show up some of the many unblushing falsehoods in regard to the Papacy in the sixteenth century; they are glaringly false; are they, when the light of truth is thrown upon them, that a conscientious Protestant would blush for shame at the fantastic frenzy that gave them birth. In those days "Bigotry, with well dissembled fears, / His eyes shut fast, his finger in his ears," would listen to nothing that was reasonable or just. But the bigotry that would believe anything, no matter how horrible, of a Catholic, or of the Church, is fast dying out, and should be always classed with the things that are persecuted like the Jews, and the Catholic Church was always the friend of this persecuted race. We will give some quotations that show the spirit of the Church:

"Neander, the German Protestant historian," says the London Register, "of the Church, after describing the persecution which the Jews suffered in the middle of the thirteenth century, says that: 'The most influential men of the Church persecuted against such un-Christian fanaticism. When the Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, was running up the spirit of the nation to embark in the second Crusade, and issued for this purpose, in the year 1146, his letter to the Germans (Rast Franks), at the same time warned them against the influence of those enthusiasts who strove to inflame the fanaticism of the people. He declined against the false zeal without knowledge, which impelled them to murder the Jews, a people who ought not even to be banished from the country. ... In particular, it was a ruling principle with the Pope, after the example of their predecessor, Gregory the Great, to protect the Jews in the rights which had been conceded to them. When the banished Popes of the twelfth century returned to Rome, the Jews in their holiday garments went forth with the rest in procession to meet them, bearing before them the Cross, and in the year 1199, published an ordinance against oppression. As such as the unblushing falsehoods in regard to the Inquisition in the middle ages; so glaringly false are they, some of the many unblushing falsehoods in regard to the Church. The editor of the Courier does the picture of his father, mother, brother, sister, or sweetheart,—and, if anyone called him a idolator for kissing their photograph, or keeping their pictures in his room, and decorating them with flowers or drapery, he would resent it as an insult or consider such a person a fool. And yet this is the fact; the Bible was unknown in those days!"
He says—Of all European Sovereigns, the Popes, with some exceptions, have pursued the most humane policy towards the Jews. In Italy, and even in Rome, they have been more rarely molestated than in other countries. They have long inhabited in Rome separate quarters of the city; but this might have been originally a measure at least as much of kindness as a pretext—a remonstrance against what, then and there, was an absolute persecution. (History of the Jews, Vol. p. 300. London, 1829.) And the not least important, and more philosophic historians, Hallam says that the Jews were "protected by the laws of the church as well as, in general, by temporal princes." (Middle Ages, Vol. ii., p. 463.)

Dr. Honinghaus, a convert from Protestantism in Germany, wrote a book in which he quotes eighteen hundred and forty authorities against Protestantism, and in favor—directly or indirectly—of the Catholic Church. We might quote many pointed extracts, but space does not permit, and we will take but four short ones. "In scarcely a single instance," says the Rev. Mr. Nightingale, author of the "Religions of all Nations" (page 60), "has a cause concerning them (Catholics) been fairly stated, or has the channels of history not been grossly, not to say wickedly, occupied by any attempt at false vindication of Mary, acknowledged."—Fynes, I Blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write, seems to have been originally a measure at least as much of kindness as the natural effect of men seeing constantly before their eyes a score or two of sects, all calling themselves Christians, all tolerated by the law, and each openly declaring that all the rest were false. The natural, the necessary effect of this is, that men will believe that none of them have the truth on their side; and, of course, that the thing is false altogether, and invented say those who dispute about it...

"Whether the Catholic be the true religion or not, we have not now to inquire; but while its long continuance, and in so many nations too, was a strong presumptive proof of its good moral effects upon the people, the disagreement among the Protestants was, and is, a presumptive proof, not less strong, of the truth.

If there be forty persons who and whose fathers, up to this day, have entertained a certain belief; and if thirty-nine have not now to inquire; but while its long continuance, and in so many nations too, was a strong presumptive proof of its good moral effects upon the people, the disagreement among the Protestants was, and is, a presumptive proof, not less strong, of the truth.

If thirty-nine begin—aye, and instantly begin—their thirty-nine new beliefs, and each differing from each other, present us with an impossibility; what, then, are we to think of the honor of Protestantism while I write, seems to have been originally a measure at least as much of kindness as the natural effect of men seeing constantly before their eyes a score or two of sects, all calling themselves Christians, all tolerated by the law, and each openly declaring that all the rest were false? The natural, the necessary effect of this is, that men will believe that none of them have the truth on their side; and, of course, that the thing is false altogether, and invented say those who dispute about it...

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The ugly gong
Plith on the agony
Of ding, dong, dong!
Of ding dong, ding dong,
Dong, dong, dong, dong.
Of the wheezing and the sneezing ding-a-dong!

—O. C. N. Y. F. Pruss.

No ball-room glaze in ours, at Notre Dame.

—The New York Times is to be congratulated that its editorial board boasts at least one member who understands the true purpose of colleges, as evidenced by an article which appeared in the columns of that paper soon after Prof. Carter's election to the Presidency of Williams. The other great New York dailies, with the exception of the Tribune, seem to regard the main interest of college life as centered in athletic sports, and devote column after column to reports of these, with an apparent utter forgetfulness of the possible educational aim of such institutions. In fact, "college" is rarely to be found mentioned, unless coupled with some ball match or boat race, and woe to the one that can boast no "records." Oblivion is its sentence, is the judgment of a certain class—unless, by good fortune, it manages to pick a quarrel with its faculty, or conduct a little scientific bazing; in which case the editors of these journals, as in duty bound, join in wringing their hands over the total depravity of student life in general, and start a hue-and-cry against this college in particular, even in which we decline to decide in other cases?"
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 Fourth or 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.

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.

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.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—More than once have we called the attention of our fellow-students to the necessity and propriety,—nay, the duty,—of their taking part in the singing during Divine Service and the other ecclesiastical offices in which hymns and other chants are employed. That attention has been given our remarks on the subject is manifest from the remarkably excellent singing by the majority of the students at Mass and Vespers on Sundays and holidays of obligation.

That we are not the only college paper deeming it a duty to impress upon students the importance of this form of religious worship, is evident from the frequent recurrences made to it by many of our college exchanges. As this, the highest form of prayer, is made use of more frequently during the beautiful month of May than any other month of the ecclesiastical year, we think it not out of place to say a few more words on the same subject, and on music in general.

The origin of this "divine art" on earth, can be traced to the Garden of Paradise. Our first parents were, no doubt, accustomed, in their original innocence, to sing the praises of their Creator, the many-colored and bright-plumed birds of Paradise warbling an accompaniment. We know full well that from the very earliest times, singing was a characteristic feature of divine worship. The Sacred Scriptures, speaking of Jubal, the seventh descendant of Adam, says: "He was the father of them that played upon the harp and organ"; from which we may infer that he gained celebrity by being a skilful musician; and it also shows that he was the first who followed music as a profession. Many Scriptural passages bearing on the same subject might be adduced to show the general knowledge of the art in primitive times, and its high position in religious worship: but we deem them unnecessary. Where
can we find more tender sentiments of true piety than those found in the psalms of the holy King David? In olden times the people were allowed to sing these psalms in private; but the ministers of the Lord were appointed to sing them at least twice every day with instrumental accompaniment. Trumpets were reserved exclusively for the priests, while the Levites and inferior clergy were supplied with a variety of other instruments, invented by David, to support and accompany the voices.

Ireland has often, and not without reason, been styled the "Land of Song." True it is that other nations, Germany especially, can point with pride to many shining lights in this branch of the fine arts; but long before the period to which other nations can trace their civilization, Ireland seems to have cultivated music with a singular devotion, and rewarded its princes with princely ranks and hereditary fortunes. When Ireland became Christianized, her passionate fondness for music suffered no diminution in its intensity, but became more lofty, holier, and more majestic. In the age which ensued, sacred music received great attention from the Irish Church. Bishops and abbots were wont to unbend their minds to the tones of the harp; and ecclesiastical chant was among the preparatory employments that which she, in her wisdom, deems the beat, or dignity. Such was the condition of music in an asylum in Ireland, and in no country could the kindred harp; and ecclesiastical chant was among the preparatory instruments, and then ordered the harpers to be executed. But these violent measures did not destroy the sacrifice to its enjoyment. The English at once wished to employ themselves to all necessities.

Queen Elizabeth employed measures still more effectual to prevent the "dangerous intercourse"; going so far as to order his marshal in Ireland to imprison all the harpers. Queen Elizabeth employed measures still more effectual to prevent the "dangerous intercourse"; going so far as to order his marshal in Ireland to imprison all the harpers. Queen Elizabeth employed measures still more effectual to prevent the "dangerous intercourse"; going so far as to order his marshal in Ireland to imprison all the harpers. Queen Elizabeth employed measures still more effectual to prevent the "dangerous intercourse"; going so far as to order his marshal in Ireland to imprison all the harpers.

The Catholic Church has been at all times the zealous patroness of the arts and sciences. To the ingenuity of her ecclesiastics we owe the germ and fundamental principle of music. But it is not for the mere purpose of promoting the art, or of diffusing civilization, that the Church employs music in her religious observances. She always employs that which she, in her wisdom, deems the best, highest, and most holy. Hence it is that during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, or on any solemn occasion, many of the prayers and canticles sung to the accompaniment of the majestic organ. The psalms sung at Vespers are indeed grand. Speaking of their excellency, Hooker says:

"The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the psalms do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written. The ancients when they spoke of the Book of Psalms, used to fall into large discourses, showing how this part above the rest doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all things heavenly, an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspires with the due consideration thereof an habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels, both for receipt and for delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for us to know which the psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heretic magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of Grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident unto the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy, at all times ready to be found. Herein it is, that we vow to make the psalms especially familiar unto all. This is the very cause why we iterate the psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we allure the people together with their minister, and not the minister alone, to read them as other parts of Scripture he doeth."

And Donne, comparing them to manna, says:

"As manna tasted to every man like that he liked best, so do the psalms minister instruction and satisfaction to every man, in every emergency and occasion. David was not only a clear prophet of Christ Himself, but a prophet of every particular Christian; he foretells what I, what any shall do, and suffer, and say. And as the whole Book of Psalms is (as the spouse speaks of the name of Christ) an ointment poured out upon all sorts of sores, a cærocloth that supplies all bruises, a balm that searcheth all wounds; so are there some certain psalms that are imperial psalms, that command over all affections, and spread themselves over all occasions, Catholic, universal psalms, that apply themselves to all necessities."

With what attention, reverence, and devotion, then, should we raise our voices when singing the praises of the Creator, so beautifully expressed in the psalms? No less should be our attention when—as we now do every evening, we sing some beautiful hymn in honor of her whom we have been taught from infancy to call the Queen of Heaven. There are, perhaps, no hymns more beautiful or sublime than those which the Church employs in singing the praises of her whom God chose to be His Mother. Here at Notre Dame, we, in compliance with the desire of the Church, sing the ancient Gregorian chant, which is grave, majestic, and well calculated to inspire the purest sentiments of religion. Being sung in unison, the words of praise are distinctly conveyed to the understanding, thereby obtaining the rational end of all sacred music.

Let all, then, during this month, make renewed efforts to render the singing in church in the most devotional and effective manner possible.

—[Some time ago we announced that these columns were open to all subscribers, for the discussion or presentation of their views on any subject pertaining to collegiate affairs. We, therefore, this week give place to the following communication handed us for publication.]

We have always taken much more pleasure in diluting on the many good qualities of the students of Notre Dame than in calling attention to the comparatively small number of faults. We, therefore, may hope to be excused for censuring, in a friendly way, in the present number of the SCHOLASTIC the spirit which seems to be rapidly spread.
ing among the different departments, and which everyone, who is anxious to see the proper standard of manliness and self-respect kept up among the students, would like to see disappear. We allude to the constant handering after extra privileges shown by a numerous and rapidly increasing class. When the privilege solicited is in the form of a petition to delay the hour of retiring, and thus increase the number of working hours in the study-hall, everyone is well pleased to see it granted; but, unfortunately, we have reason to know that for one petition of this nature submitted to the College authorities there are at least a dozen, which, if we were asked our opinion, we would be obliged to condemn as selfish, unmanly and contemptible.

Among the many favors which, in our judgment, are asked for, and, by some means or other, obtained much too frequently, we will content ourselves for the present with mentioning extra lunches. No matter how trivial the occasion, or silly the pretext, it is becoming customary of late to ask for, or rather to expect, an extra lunch. If the privilege is once granted, it immediately becomes an established custom to be demanded as a right on all subsequent occasions of a like nature. No one would be very much surprised to see this spirit manifested by Minims, but we acknowledge that our sense of propriety is seriously shocked when we see it shared by well-grown Juniors, and even Seniors, who twist alleged mustaches with unremitting assiduity.

The University of Notre Dame does more, and puts itself to greater trouble and expense, to please and accommodate its students, than any other institution of which we have any knowledge. Hence, out of pure indulgence, the authorities have allowed the extra-lunching system to creep in. But if things keep on in the direction which they have taken of late, there must inevitably come a time when it will have become a nuisance too great to be patiently tolerated. And if we judge the system by the selfish, childish spirit to which, in our opinion, it is calculated to lead, all right-minded students, we know, will agree with us in saying: It was none too soon to put an end to it. When the only avenue to a boy's head or heart seems to lie through his stomach, or, in other words, when boys must be coaxed by extra lunches to see their own interests, or expect extra lunches whenever they imagine that they have conferred a favor or done a service, however trifiing, it is becoming customary of late to ask for, or rather to expect, an extra lunch. If the privilege is once granted, it immediately becomes an established custom to be demanded as a right on all subsequent occasions of a like nature. No one would be very much surprised to see this spirit manifested by Minims, but we acknowledge that our sense of propriety is seriously shocked when we see it shared by well-grown Juniors, and even Seniors, who twist alleged mustaches with unremitting assiduity.

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Another objection which we have to urge against the undue prominence into which lunches are forcing themselves, is that they seem to prevent anything like public spirit from showing itself, or making itself felt. We have at present, and for many years past have had, at Notre Dame many excellent societies of every kind—religious, literary, dramatic, scientific, etc.—besides boat-clubs, military companies, baseball nines, football teams, and other organizations too numerous to mention. Which of these societies of past years has left behind it a single memorial of its existence? We look over the grounds, but see not a single tree planted, not a single monument, however unpretending, erected; we go through the buildings, but discover not a solitary offering in the chapel, not a solitary picture added to the society-rooms—if we except the groups which the President of the Cellicans annually hangs up (at his own expense, if we are not misinformed). All these societies have had funds, and some of them quite handsome sums; but the balance in the treasury at the close of the scholastic year was invariably devoted to a banquet—a big blow-out, as it was termed; and after a few hours of feasting, the society disbanded, and prepared to go down to posterity "untouched, unembarrassed, and unsung."

One of our most prosperous organizations, from a financial standpoint, has always been the Boat Club. Yet the boat-house is every year becoming a greater eye-sore; the boats can scarcely stand the strain of an hour's pulling without taking in water enough to swamp them. And what does the Club do to mend matters? It may, perhaps, invest a few dollars in purchasing oars or tar, but at least nine-tenths of the money collected has invariably been sunk in a feast or picnic, during the month of June. Will the Club have the same story to tell this year? We trust not; but history has been so constantly repeating itself on this point of late years, that we cannot bring ourselves to hope for much improvement.

We look to the religious associations for something better, and we find the same picture presented to our view. Both confraternities have a large membership at present, and have had the same for many years. We trust, or rather we know, that they have done their mission of good among the students. But what mark of zeal have their
members, during the last forty years, left behind them by which they might be remembered? It was rumored some weeks ago that a new departure was about to be inaugurated, and that an oyster lunch on the 8th of December would henceforth not be the only evidence of life amongst the sodalities. They were to present a lamp to the new college-chapel of St. Thomas, which would go down to future generations of sodalists as a monument of their zeal, and a standing exhortation to them to "go and do likewise." A few evenings ago, we happened to attend a meeting of one of the Confraternities, and the treasurer's report announced a grand total of one whole dollar collected for this purpose. We do not know what the other Confraternity is doing in this matter, but are apprehensive that its exertions will lead to results no more satisfactory. And yet, were the Directors of these two societies merely to whisper the word, "Banquet," or "Picnic," the necessary funds would, we are convinced, be subscribed on very short notice.

But we have said enough, or perhaps too much, already on this point. We repeat that we are not opposed to lunches, banquets, picnics, etc., and we are well pleased that the students in general, and the societies in particular, should occasionally allow themselves such little celebrations; but we do strongly condemn the spirit, or rather lack of spirit, to which the constant bantering after this particular form of pleasure has, in our opinion, given rise; and we hate to see ourselves forced to think that feasting is the only evidence of life which our different organizations are willing to give.

Personal.

—A Rock, '80, is keeping books for a firm in Lincoln, Ill.
—Mr. George McNulty, '72, is practicing law at Alton, Ill.
—D. Coddington, '79, is in the grain business at Lincoln, Ill.
—T. O'Neill, '71, is doing a thriving hotel business at Chicago, Ill.
—F. Groenewald, '80, is in business with his father at Toledo, Ohio.
—F. Scheid, '80, is attending to his father's manufacturing interest in Chicago.
—John Simms (Prep.), '79, is working on his father's farm near Springfield, Ill.
—Standard Wise, '73, is head book-keeper in a wholesale establishment, Alton, Ill.
—Mr. George Burbridge, '74, was elected alderman at the late election in the city of Alton, Ill.
—Captains E. Stretch and C. Roach, the former of '65, and the latter of '65, are two of the best seamen on the lakes.
—Rev. Father Kröhl, '84, is attired to this Father's manufacturing interest in Chicago.

—to-night.

—Stonewall consisted.
—Grand weather for vegetation.
—J. Willis becomes a bicyclist.
—Philopatarians next Tuesday evening.
—Bro. Thomas "set 'em up" last Sunday.
—Will that organ ever be repaired, Professor?
—President Corby was in Chicago Monday last.
—Even the students of mathematics cipher vacation.
—Guy Woodson will soon be able to resume his studies.
—Vice-President Walsh lectured in South Bend Sunday evening.
—Rettig has joined the Bicycle Club of the Senior department.
—A boy's temper is like an egg—it is not good until it is broken.
—the trees have put forth their leaves— their spring garlands.
—"I know it's not right; but these new shoes do hurt my feet so!"
—D. C. avers that the "Library affair" was a bad one on "J. Willie."
—Few society meetings now in consequence of the May devotions.
—Judge not from appearances. Pale-looking butter is often very strong.
—Ask Prof. Lyons when the first number of the New Era will be ready.
—Ask "Stonewall" to give you the history of the "Gunpowder Plot."
—Never argue with a buzz-saw or a hornet. They are liable to get the best of you.
—Master Jas. Devitt has the thanks of the Junior department for a new football.
—The thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade, at 1:30 p.m. Sunday afternoon.
—A soirée will take place this evening, at which we hope to hear music from the Junior Orchestra.
—"If somebody will please tell me what I have to be thankful for, I'll hire a hat!"—Our Friend John.
—To-morrow, 4th Sunday after Easter, Misses de Angelis will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor not Bishop.
—Experience is a dear teacher; consequently, you should let others take lessons of her, and watch the result.
—When one of our sportsmen returns from a day's hunt, you can "see his little game" by looking in the pouch.
E. Fischel had the 2d best; W. Mahon, C. Rose, and course with the "old" gentleman. —that's how I practice."

...ing in an easy victory for the former, by a score of 19 to 7.

...ance may cease, as he desires to have no further inter­

...self, a sufficient amount of nutricious aliment; and

...press. It is edited by Eliot Ryder, and is being published

...a la a la Rohrbach will be strikingly ex­

...est in Bible History, than which we have never seen finer. He has also given three

...Anubis, in penmanship.

...of esteem.

...ess of the Sons and conduct in the Minim department last week.

... proficient at selecting a member to represent them at the Commence­

...tions of an editor, next Tuesday evening. Hope that it

...40-dollar coat doesn't make one cent's worth of diffe­

...A forty-dollar coat doesn't make one cent's worth of diffe­

...and H. Metz and C. Campau, light-bearers.

...and L. Young deserve special mention for impiovement

...s above, engendering them for publication. We can't print such stuff—at least, "Not Yet!"

..."Not Yet!" is the title of an alleged poem sent us for publication. We can't print such stuff—at least, "Not Yet!"

..."Which of those two professors do you like best, John?" "Well, when I'm with either of them, I like the other best."

...J. Willie" has procured several scalpels, preparatory to

...Joseph has acquired, like wealth, or any other blessing.

...Academy is much regretted by all. It is hoped that he

...A military tactics a la Rohrbach will be strikingly ex­

...The exercises will be literary, musical, and dramatic.

...of students of music. "Should think I did!" he replied;

...The Household Library of Catholic Poets is now in

...days ago one of our rising young students, be­

......The runum ber is at Godfrey, Senior department, had

...the "Frog Opera?"

...A young lady with fire in her voice and a lack of sleep in her eye, says there is a cow on Michigan street, ornamented with a bell, which is a regular sleep-killer, and will be missing some fine morning.—South-Bend Tribune.

...of the Officers of the Senior Archconfrater­

...Mr. McGrorrisk, having received the majority of the votes, was declared elected.

...and L. Young deserve special mention for improvement

...was the first intimation he received of the affair.

...—Very Rev. Father General has given the Minims a

...tions of an editor, next Tuesday evening. Hope that it

...The Household Library of Catholic Poets is now in press. It is edited by Ellery Ryder, and is being published by Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Ind. This first edition will consist of only 250 copies, and these will be sold to none but subscribers. Price $5.00 per copy. The work contains critical and biographical notes, and portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly.—Catholic Union.

...a Horrid cold,

...And this accounts for what would cause

...For when a neighbor kinds them.

..."Did Java pleasant time?" he said,

...A meeting of the Officers of the Senior Archconfrater­

...A forty-dollar coat doesn't make one cent's worth of diffe­

...The exercises will be literary, musical, and dramatic.

...A young lady with fire in her voice and a lack of sleep in her eye, says there is a cow on Michigan street, ornamented with a bell, which is a regular sleep-killer, and will be missing some fine morning.—South-Bend Tribune.

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..."Did Java pleasant time?" he said,

...A woman with fire in her voice and a lack of sleep in her eye, says there is a cow on Michigan street, ornamented with a bell, which is a regular sleep-killer, and will be missing some fine morning.—South-Bend Tribune.

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account of the burning of the old college buildings, on April 23, 1879. The sixty-nine old illusions are precious, and the sight of the old buildings brings back occurrences very pleasant to think over. May prosperity ever be with Notre Dame and its officers and students is our fervent prayer!—The Daily Tribune.

The Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company have arranged to light their yard also by electric light during the short days next fall and winter, so as to run ten and eleven hours a day. The light to be displayed subsequent to one of these electric plants will be sufficiently powerful to light the Lake Shore depot grounds, also.—South-Bend Tribune.

We like pluck and energy, so we chronicle the above. Some time ago we wrote something that was well-meant in regard to South Bend improvements, and it was taken with such a bad grace—that we have been told—that we will try to avoid treasuring on sensitive corals for the future.

—At the 30th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philo-

mathean Association, held May 10, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. D. B. Hudlow, L. C. S., for the pleasure and instruction which he afforded them by his lecture on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The members hope to have the pleasure of hearing the Rev. gentle-
man. When he arrived at college, he found a very rare and valuable portrait of Napoleon, which may be seen in St. Cecilia Hall. Public readers for the week are as follows: W. Grav, W. Cleary, J. Scanlan, A. Hinto, J. C. McEvoy, C. Tiley, F. Grever, J. Burns, A. Coghill, R. Fleming.

—We dropped into the Academy of Music Thursday morning, where we were entertained with a duet by Prof. Paul and Master Friedman, Junior department, the former playing the violin, and the latter the piano accompaniment. We also listened to a well-executed piano solo by Master FJorman of the same department. Among the members of the Minims department who have marked proficiency in this branch of the fine arts may be mentioned Masters G. C. Echlin, San Francisco, Cal.; S. Lyons, Chicago; J. Haslam, Cincinnati, 0.; and W. Hanavin, Columbus, O.

—The issue of the Notre Dame Scholastic for April 23d was accompanied by a memorial supplement, commemorat-

ing the sad disaster of two years ago. In the light of the present with the fame of the rebuilt Notre Dame for evermore, that of its predecessor, it seems a misfortune to call the burning of the old building a disaster, and a false view of things to look on it in the light of a calamity.

The supplement sheet is beautifully illustrated with pictures that tell the tale of ruin and subsequent resurrection more eloquently and pathetically than the accompanying verbal descriptions. We do not wish to repeat too often, we will have nothing to say about the general merit of the Scholastic—College Message.

—The Minims' highly-prized Kilkenny cat has taken leave. Some think it's owing to that Prep.'s "Catastrophe," which appeared in these columns some time ago, at which, they say, Kilkenny Tom took umbrage, and resolved to seek more congenial climes. Others, with a shadow more of truth, assert that could it not be that Master Friedman's whereabouts would be soon ascertained.

—Nine months ago, when Rev. Father L'Etoerneaa re-

turned from one of their tall factory chimneys, and will be sufficiently powerful to light the Lake Shore depot grounds, also.—South-Bend Tribune.

We have pluck and energy, so we chronicle the above. Some time ago we wrote something that was well-meant in regard to South Bend improvements, and it was taken with such a bad grace—that we have been told—that we will try to avoid treasuring on sensitive corals for the future.

—We were kindly invited by Very Rev. Father L'Etoerneaa, last Sunday, to try a beautiful instrument in the shape of a grand organ, which he purchased, last year, from Clough & Warren, of Detroit. It is built in imitation of the stately pipe organs, and contains seventeen stops. Were it not for the absence of the pedals, one would be led to believe that it was in reality a miniature pipe organ, so clear, loud, sweet and powerful is its tone. Our very limited knowledge of the management of such an organ, is sufficient to do the hidden musical powers of the fine instrument; but we were fully satisfied that, for its compass, it stands unrivalled. Clough & Warren constitute a reliable firm; and should we, or any of our readers, need a first-class organ, Clough & Warren can furnish it at the most reasonable rates.

—The Salt Lake Daily Tribune contains a spicy account of the Commencement Exercises of the Sacred Heart Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at Ogden. The Tribune's correspondent is mistaken in saying that the Academy is "a branch of the celebrated Notre Dame College, located at South Bend, Ind." It is not a branch of Notre Dame University, nor connected with it in any way. The Tribune says that the Academy, under the management of Sister Francis, is a grand success. The programme was a long one; which, the Tribune says, was successfully carried out. A few more academies like the Sacred Heart Academy, located in the very hot-bed of Mormonism, would perhaps soon destroy that loutsome cancer of polygamy which threatens the moral life of our grand republic.

—Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame, Indiana, announces that Eust Ryder's "Household Library of Catholic Poets" is nearly ready. A special proof edition of this work will be issued to the extent of only 250 copies, and this will be sold to subscribers only, at five dollars each. Mr. Ryder did well in securing Prof. Lyons as a publisher, for the "Household Library of Catholic Poets" is a rare book, it is not likely to be long before the subscription list is entirely filled out.

—Nine months ago, when Rev. Father L'Etoerneaa re-

moved from Mount St. Vincent to St. Joseph's, across the lake, he took a ring-dove with him; but when the Father returned a few weeks ago to the Mount, the dove was left behind. The bird, however, missed his former master, and would not be comforted. He brooded and pined, until it was thought he would die, so a few days ago they let him out of his cage to do as he would—stray off and get lost, probably—so it was supposed he would go home sooner did he find himself free than away he flew, across the lake, to the old home he had quitted nine months before, and now he is as happy as a dove can be. When Prof. Ryder read the story, it made him laugh. Coughlin & Warren constitute a reliable firm; our readers should communicate with him as soon as possible in order to secure a copy.—Catholic Columbian.

T he Columbus is not astray. Prof. Lyons is going to give us a sumptuous volume, in every way in keeping with the importance of the subject matter. We are glad to note that 145 copies of the special edition have been actually subscribed for. As this is a rare chance to obtain a rare book, it is not likely to be long before the subscription list is entirely filled out.

—The Lilly Orchestra, composed of members of the
Junior department, invited their friends to a gathering in Washington Hall last week. Those who were fortunate enough to be present were much delighted with the whole entertainment. The musical part of the programme was exceptionally good. Among the guests was Rev. President Corby, who congratulated the orchestra on their proficiency. He also congratulated Bro. Leopold, the indefatigable leader of the organization, through whose untiring efforts the Orchestra has been brought to its present high degree of perfection.

Mr. John, John, D. F. Florman, G. C. Fisher and Quinn, the managers of the soirée, may feel proud of the manner in which the entertainment was conducted. To sum up, the music was excellent, the figures of the German were well led, the menu, under the direction of Marshall, all that could be desired.

—Our friend John sends us the following: We never were a great admirer of rings, save one, "annulum matrimonii," especially since we read the elaborate definition of the term, as given by a distinguished contributor in a recent number of the Scholastic. But we are willing to plead guilty to having a suspicion with what we conceive to be a ring, in good working order, and with a good object in view, between our horticulturist and the College students to diversify the bill of fare on the repastary tables. Last year we noticed the arrival of several large boxes of apple, and to swallow the college orchards, which are already over 50 acres, we have bought some great bales which contained several thousand Concord grapes imported from Mich.; so that to all appearance Mr. Daly seems intent upon increasing the college orchards, which are already over 50 acres.

On the evening of the 6th inst., we attended a rehearsal of the Junior Orchestra, and though Bro. Leopold C. S. C., its able director, said that we would surely be disappointed if we had come to hear good music, we must say that we were not only not disappointed, but pleased beyond measure with the fine playing on that occasion. Indeed we have often been at a loss to know why it is that the Junior Orchestra has not taken part in any of the many soirées that have occurred here during the year. Assuredly it is not that they cannot play well enough, for they play very well. Their failure to appear in public must, therefore, be attributed to an unexplained modesty. But now that their merit has been discovered, we trust that they will not be wanting in their proficiency. The following is the list of those who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.

---

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
CROWNED WITH STARS,
An Exquisite Volume of Poems in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven.

BY
Eleanor C. Donnelly.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Pittsburgh, Ft.Wayne & Chicago
AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880.
TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTH WEST.

GOING WEST.

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Trains Nos. 3, 6, 7 and 8 run daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 8 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday. Through tickets for sale at all principal office tickets at the lowest current rates.

F. B. MEYER, C. P. & T. A.
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, 7.35 a.m.

**GOING WEST.**

- 2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m.; Chicago 6 a.m.
- 5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a.m.; Chicago 8.30 a.m.
- 0.93 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.
- 1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 1.12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.32 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.
- 4.50 p.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. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l Manager.
CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.