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## The Origin of Ideas.

AN ESSAY—BY M. B. B.

Again, when we perceive an object a second time, and recognize it as the same object which was previously perceived, we manifest another idea, which could not have been acquired—that of identity. This idea, like that of similarity, could not have been conceived as a separate idea; for in that case it would either have grown out of the first conception of the object, or it would have been communicated to the mind after the first and previous to the second perception of the object, or, finally, it would have arisen from the idea of similarity, previously existing in the mind. It could not have grown out of the first conception of the object; for, identity being that quality in virtue of which anything, as an individual object, continues to be the same thing that it was previously; and as the external form and appearance of an object, by means of which we form a conception of it, may change without destroying the identity of the object, if our idea of identity grew out of our first conception of the object it would correspond with that conception, and as the second conception would be different from the first according to the change which has taken place in the object, that idea would not correspond with the second conception, and hence, we would not be able to identify the object or recognize it as the same which was previously perceived. Yet we know by experience that we can and do recognize objects in such circumstances. Therefore our idea, of identity must be independent of our conceptions, and could not have grown out of them.

Secondly, it could not have been communicated to the mind between the first and second conceptions of the object; for since it is independent of our conceptions of external objects it would require a separate act of conception to acquire it, and consequently could be acquired only by the aid of our idea of similarity, like other conceptions. But that our idea of similarity may be a legitimate standard by which to determine the correctness of our conceptions, the mind must necessarily recognize the identity of that idea with itself. Hence, to acquire the idea of identity by conception, we require the idea of identity itself as a necessary condition. Consequently, in the supposition that it was acquired, it would exist as an idea and not exist at the same time, which is impossible. Therefore it was not acquired by conception.

Finally, it could not arise from the idea of similarity; for, in this hypothesis, it is evident that the idea of identity could not pertain to the essence of the soul, since it did not exist in the soul prior to its production by the idea of similarity, and hence, a conception of the new idea would be necessary to render it an actual possession of the soul. But we have already seen that the idea of identity is involved in the process of conception. Hence, it follows that in the hypothesis of production from the idea of similarity the same contradiction of existence and non-existence at the same time would result. Therefore, the idea of identity does not

arise from that of similarity. Consequently, there being no source from which it could arise as an acquired idea, we must conclude that it is innate in the soul, and independent of experience.

Passing now to the second degree of knowledge (or cognition), we see more clearly the necessity of innate ideas. We have said that cognition is a knowledge not only of an object as an individual thing, but also of its several parts, qualities, and their mutual relations. This species of knowledge consists of many separate conceptions united into one act of knowing precisely by the affirmation of the relations which exist between them. Now, if, as we have seen, the existence of innate ideas must be admitted as a preliminary to the formation of a single concept, it is equally necessary to admit it as a preliminary to the formation of the several concepts which go to make up a cognition. This is so evident that it needs no proof. Moreover, the uniting of these separate concepts into one act of knowing, brings to light a distinct idea, which must have existed in the mind prior to the first act of cognition, and that is the idea of relation, or the natural correspondence or affinity of things. How, for instance, can I affirm that several objects of perception are related to one another as parts of the same whole, unless I have an idea of relation? I never think of affirming that a house, a dog, a chicken, etc., are parts of one and the same object, but I unhesitatingly declare that the walls, the doors, the roof, etc., are parts of a single object known as a house. Why do I refrain from an affirmation in the first case and not in the second? Because I see, I know, that in the first case there exists no natural affinity between the objects named; and in the second case I just as clearly see that there is such an affinity. Consequently, I must necessarily have an idea of relation prior to my first act of cognition. It might be shown, in the same way as for the idea of identity, that this idea of relation could not be an acquired idea, and hence that it is innate.

In the third degree, or intellection, our innate ideas are the only basis of all that is peculiar in this species of knowledge; for intellection being the result of that process of thought or reasoning by which the mind is enabled to infer with certainty the existence of a substance or essence, (which can never become the object of sense perception), from a perception of modifications or phenomena, that which is peculiar in intellection is the knowledge of substance or essence. Now as these can never fall under the senses, it follows that the mind can never conceive ideas of them through the senses; for the senses can furnish ideas only of those objects which are submitted to them. Hence, the mind must either look for its ideas of substance and essence in its own essence, or it must receive them directly from the Creator at a time subsequent to its creation. It cannot receive them directly from the Creator at a time subsequent to its creation; for in this hypothesis these ideas are either infused into the soul and thus made a part of its essence, or they are simply presented to the soul, and by it appropriated by an act of conception. They could not be infused into the

soul as essential elements, for the simple reason that the addition of such elements would change the nature of the soul, and that which was previously the image of God would cease to be such; or rather it would argue that the soul was not previously the image of God, since it did not represent two of His principal attributes. Finally, these ideas could not have been acquired by conception; for supposing it deprived of these ideas, which constitute the ideas of reality, it would have no idea of reality, and consequently could have no idea of the reality of its own existence nor of the idea of similarity, which is a necessary prerequisite of every conception, and hence it could not make the idea of similarity (of which it has no idea) the basis of a conception. Therefore, according to the hypothesis, it would be impossible to acquire ideas of substance and essence, or reality. But we know that we possess these ideas. Therefore they belong to the nature of the soul, and are innate.

We see, therefore, that it would be impossible to acquire knowledge in any of its three degrees without the pre-existence in the mind of at least some ideas which must have been coexistent with the mind itself, and therefore innate, since in any other supposition they could never become known to the mind. Now, since thought and reasoning are nothing else than the intellectual process by which cognition and intellection (so far as the mind is capable of intellection in its present state of existence) are acquired; and since these two species of knowledge would be impossible without innate ideas, it follows that thought and reasoning, as intellectual and intelligent operations, would likewise be impossible. Therefore, the proposition which we set out to prove is established, and the necessity of innate ideas is demonstrated by the intrinsic evidence of the fact. The same is supported by the testimony of divine revelation. Therefore, we are forced to admit the real existence of innate ideas.

The great difficulty of philosophers on this subject, arises, as we have said, from the fact that it is almost impossible to make the mind itself the object of an immediate study, and from the other fact that, in the order of our experience, a perception and conscious knowledge of external things precedes the distinct consciousness of primary principles. To explain the acquisition of knowledge, all philosophers are obliged to admit some inherent intellectual power in the soul; but they fail to go to the root of the matter and enquire into the nature of that power and the basis of its operations. Forgetting, moreover, the object of the soul's creation, and its necessary concomitants, and knowing that sense knowledge comes first in the order of experience, rejecting the ontological order and following only that of experience, they shirk the labor of thorough investigation and jump at the conclusion that, as our mental development and the acquisition of knowledge begins with the senses, all our ideas, whatever be their nature, must also come to us through the medium of the senses. Hence, they reject, in theory, the existence of any ideas prior to experience. They invent theories and modifica-

tions of theories in support of this over-hasty conclusion; but their explanations are not only inconclusive, but even unsatisfactory to themselves, as is evident from the constant change which is taking place in the views and explanations of those who reject innate ideas, and of those who show too great a willingness to compromise the matter, and, while maintaining innate ideas, yet explain away their reality by confounding them with the faculties or powers of the soul.

Permit us to give here a brief and general answer to the various theories of those who deny, explicitly or implicitly, the existence of innate ideas. Either we have innate ideas, or we have not; if we have not, then all our ideas are acquired. If acquired, they come to the mind through the intellect alone, or through the senses alone, or finally through the senses and intellect, acting together. They cannot come through the intellect alone; for, to acquire an idea, the prior existence of at least one other idea (that of similarity,) must be taken for granted, and hence must have existed prior to experience, or the presence in the mind of the first acquired idea. They cannot come from the senses alone; for the senses can furnish ideas only of those things which are the objects of sense perception; but phenomena or appearances alone are the objects of sense perception; hence, the senses cannot furnish ideas of reality, of substance, essence, and relations, which, nevertheless, we know exist in the mind. Therefore, all our ideas do not come from the senses. They cannot come from the senses and the intellect acting conjointly; for as the senses furnish the ideas of phenomena and nothing more, the duty of the intellect would be to supply the ideas of reality and of the relation between reality and phenomena. But we suppose that the intellect has not these ideas prior to experience or the actual acquisition of knowledge, and we have seen that the intellect cannot acquire them by its own independent effort without supposing the prior existence of another idea, nor through the senses, and as no being can communicate that which it does not itself possess and is incapable of acquiring, the intellect, in the supposed case, could not supply the ideas of reality and relation, and hence a knowledge of these would be impossible. But we know that we have this knowledge. Hence, these ideas are in the mind, and, not being acquired, must be there by nature, or innate.

It will be seen that in this essay we have not taken the extreme view of the doctrine of innate ideas, which would hold that all ideas, without exception, are innate, and that what are usually termed acquired ideas, by which is understood ideas of contingent things, are not really acquired, but simply special combinations of the ideas which are innate in the soul. There may, indeed, be some foundation for this view, but as that foundation (supposing it to exist) is not quite evident to us, we prefer the theory which admits that our ideas of contingent things and particular facts, are really acquired, while our ideas of necessary truths and the eternal, fundamental principles are innate in the soul. Hence, we have confined our defence of the doctrine of innate ideas within the limits of absolute truth and primary principles. We have pointed out some of those ideas which must be pre-supposed in the mind in order that the acquisition of knowledge may be possible: we might mention others, but it is not necessary to do so, since if we have established the necessity of some such ideas, yes, even of one, we have, by the very fact, justified our theory, and the enumeration of those ideas which are necessarily innate (in the present order of things) is a mere matter of detail.

It remains now for us, before entering upon a critical examination of the leading theories on this subject, to sum up our own theory in systematic order, both for the purpose of giving a clear view of the points which we defend, and also to

furnish the key to our subsequent criticism of the theories of others.

First, then, (1) We hold that the human soul is, and was at the moment of its creation, the image of God. (2) That, as such, it represents and then represented God as He is, and, consequently, that it represents and then represented all that is essential in God, since God is a simple essence and indivisible, and must be represented as He is or not at all. (3) That as all absolute truths and the first principles of all knowledge are essential in God, the soul, as His image, must bear in itself the representatives [ideas] of these essential truths and first principles, and that from the instant it became the image of God, or from its very creation. (4) That as the essence or nature of a being corresponds invariably and necessarily with the end or object of its being, and as the object of the soul's creation, or of its being, was to be the image of God, those ideas of essential truths and first principles, without which the soul would not, and could not, be the image of God, are essential in the soul, and are therefore properly and truly innate in the soul, just as the realities, which they represent, are essential in the nature of God Himself. (5) That it is these ideas which constitute the intelligence of the soul, and chiefly distinguishes it from the mere animal soul. (6) That that intellectual power, so much talked of and so little understood, by which we acquire a knowledge of external things, and attain to a consciousness of purely intellectual truth and principles of reason, that is, truths and principles which do not fall under the senses, is nothing else than that intelligence which depends for its existence upon the actual presence of these original ideas of essential truths and first principles. (7) That, therefore, without these original ideas, there would be no intelligence in the soul, and consequently it could never acquire a rational knowledge of external things, nor attain to a conscious knowledge of any intellectual truth whatever. In a word, our souls would be like those of the horse, the dog, and other animals, active, indeed, as every spiritual being is by nature, but void of intelligence and the power of reflex thought. Hence, we conclude and maintain that the soul has some ideas prior to all experience, and truly innate.

These points we have already established by arguments which to us appear unanswerable. Yet to enforce those arguments and place our system on a still more firm footing by showing the fallacy and untenableness of opposing systems, we will now proceed to examine the various theories which have been invented to explain the origin of ideas. In this enquiry we shall follow the chronological order, taking each system, whether for or against us, as it made its appearance in the order of time.

#### 1—PLATO'S THEORY.

Although the question concerning the origin of knowledge was agitated among philosophers and sages from time immemorial, Plato is usually considered the first who proposed a systematic theory of any real value. His theory is based upon the distinction of the two orders of knowledge, viz.: the experimental, or order of experience, and the rational. The object of the first species of knowledge is the contingent and variable; that of the second is the necessary and immutable. Rational knowledge is not derived through the senses, but through reason, which alone can perceive the immutable, or being. To explain the acquisition of rational knowledge, he maintains that there are in the reason certain fixed notions (ideas) which constitute the basis of all thought, and which existed in the soul prior to all experience of particular things. It is by these ideas that we judge (from conceptions of) the great variety of individual objects which we see here below, and which God formed after the model of these ideas, which Plato terms the eternal types or models of things. The

mind becomes conscious of these ideas in proportion as it perceives the copies of them in external objects which were made after their models.

Thus far the theory of Plato is sound, and his distinction between experimental and rational knowledge most valuable. But in his explanation of how the mind came to have these ideas, he supposes it to have existed prior to its union with the body, in which prior state of existence it possessed these ideas by an immediate intuition of the Deity, in whom is all reality, and its reawakened consciousness of them, in its present state of existence, is but the recollection of its former knowledge. This explanation, indeed, would account for the existence of these ideas, in the mind, prior to all experience in its present state of existence, but would not support the theory which holds that these ideas are really innate and essentially belonging to the soul, since they would be, after all, according to him, acquired ideas. So that all we can say of Plato is, that he rightly maintained the necessity of these primary ideas as preliminaries to the acquisition of knowledge by experience, but, in consequence of his unwarrantable assumption, of a prior state of existence for the soul, he failed to establish their existence as really innate—in a word, he spoiled a good theory by a poor defence. There can be no doubt, however, that had Plato been blessed with the knowledge of the soul and of the object and manner of its creation, which we possess through divine revelation, he would never have committed the blunder of supposing a prior state of existence, and would undoubtedly have maintained the doctrine of innate ideas as it is now understood. Indeed, many even now, notwithstanding the fallacy of his explanation, look upon him as the earliest defender of innate ideas, because he really announced the true theory when he claimed that rational ideas existed in the mind prior to experience, or that man is born into this life with these ideas; for, had he not been misled by imagination in supposing a prior state of existence of the soul, he would have been obliged to seek another explanation of these ideas, and, rejecting this prior state of existence, they cannot be explained except on the ground that they are innate. However, although Plato really did furnish the ground-work of the theory of innate ideas, we cannot properly class him among the actual defenders of that theory, since, according to his explanation, however fallacious it may be, it would be necessary to admit that they were originally acquired ideas.

#### 2—ARISTOTLE'S THEORY.

Aristotle, a pupil of Plato's, rejected the doctrine of his master on the origin of ideas, and taught, in opposition to it, that at man's birth into the world, his soul possessed no ideas whatever, but resembled a blank tablet on which nothing had yet been written. Hence, according to him, all our ideas and all our knowledge is acquired, experience being the source of both. To account for the acquisition of knowledge, Aristotle distinguishes two species of intellect, viz.: (1) The passive, or the simple receptivity of the mind, by which it is capable of being impressed or modified by external things. This species of intellect is allied with sensibility, and consequently with the body; it gives us a knowledge only of particulars. (We may remark here, by the way, that it can only furnish a knowledge of phenomena or appearances.) (2) The active intellect is the faculty which judges and reasons upon the data received in the passive intellect. It is by this faculty that we arrive at a knowledge of the universal and the necessary (that is, in modern times, reality and the absolutely true). According to Aristotle, this faculty, or the active intellect, does not naturally belong to man, but is the divine understanding itself, communicated specially to each individual.

It is quite evident that the admission of this last point in Aristotle's theory, would completely destroy the natural intelligence of the soul; for if the soul has not by nature the faculty of judging and reasoning, it cannot be by nature intelligent, since intelligence (the active intellect of Aristotle) is precisely the power of judging and reasoning. From this it would follow that the human soul is by nature nothing more than the mere animal soul. Rejecting, then, this communication of the divine understanding, as we must do, since it would destroy the distinctive character of the soul as a being intelligent by nature, the active intellect would be nothing more than the simple faculty, which we term activity; and rejecting, further, the existence of primary ideas in the soul, we necessarily run into the grossest sensism, which finds its legitimate expression in the theory of nominalism. That this would be the logical consequence of Aristotle's theory, divested of this inadmissible feature, is evident from the fact that, by that theory, a knowledge of reality would be utterly impossible; for, supposing the soul possessed only of the faculties of sensibility and activity, (passive and active intellect,) without any primary ideas, all our knowledge should necessarily be acquired by these two faculties. But, according to Aristotle, the active intellect merely judges and reasons upon the data received in the passive intellect. (We may ask, by the way, how the intellect does this?) Now the passive intellect receives these data only through the senses, and the senses can furnish only what they perceive. But we have already shown that the senses can perceive only phenomena or appearances. Hence, only phenomena or rather their representatives, can be received by the passive intellect, nor can the ideas of reality and relation be contained in these ideas of phenomena; for phenomena are less than reality, and the less cannot contain the greater. Whence, it follows, that the active intellect, reasoning upon these ideas, can discover in them only what they contain, and, therefore, the mind can never discover the ideas of reality, relation, etc., from its ideas of phenomena, and, consequently, can have no knowledge of reality. Hence those notions or ideas which we think we have of realities, are unreal—mere fancies, and the terms which we use to express these notions are mere empty sounds which have no corresponding reality. This is briefly the doctrine of nominalism, which destroys all reality, even that of our own existence. As, therefore, the reason, by which Aristotle sought to explain the acquisition of rational knowledge in accordance with his theory is unfounded and inadmissible, and as his theory, without that support, leads to the most absurd results, we are forced to reject it entirely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A Glance at the Literature of the Day.

The literature of our day takes a large range in which to develop itself. The subjects on which it treats are almost without number, and it endeavors to conform itself to the meanest and the greatest capacities, to the superficial and the profoundest minds, to the vulgar, and the highly polished tastes. But the taste of the public at large has been pampered to. It has been treated to dainty French dishes to such an extent that good, wholesome English beef will no longer be tolerated. As the French cook endeavors with each succeeding sun to prepare a new dish, so the writers of the present day make it their aim to produce something novel, something with which their readers are wholly unfamiliar. And in their endeavors they do not scruple to distort, to highly color or to exaggerate the incidents of ordinary life. They do not hesitate to utter the most audacious sentiments that a sensation may be produced. They know

that though a few good honest men may condemn, yet the public at large will make them the heroes of the hour. But it is only for the hour. The taste to which they pander must have something else that is new. The next day another wears the laurels which on the day before adorned their brows.

We all know that when man refuses good, solid food, and eats only of spiced and delicate dishes, that his body is not in a healthy condition. Does not this seeking after novelty in literature show also an unhealthy state of mind? But people whose intellectual tastes are vitiated, whose appetites are diseased, are much in the condition of one suffering from consumption. Though all persons else see plainly that the almost incurable disease has attacked him, yet he cannot be convinced of this truth until it is far too late to take the proper measures to combat it successfully. So it is with depraved intellectual tastes. They read trashy novels, false philosophy and indelicate publications of all kinds. They see no great harm in all these. It is only a slight cold, so to speak. But it is consumption, and sooner or later their minds are hopelessly enfeebled.

We do not mean to say that there is nothing really strong and healthy in our literature. Far from it. There are many good men who will not pander to bad taste and immorality. There are many authors who are far in advance of their age and who lend their aid in directing the thoughts of men in the right path. But the great mass of the people and writers, we are sorry to say, do not join hands with them.

Let us take a cursory view of our authors and then judge them by their respective merits. In philosophy and science we have Herbert Spencer, Lecky, Darwin, Huxley, and others. We might almost say that our philosophers and scientific men are divided into two schools the anti-Christian and the Catholic. To the former class belong the writers just mentioned,—to the latter belong Wiseman, Newton, Manning, Molloy, Father Hewitt and their Catholic fellow-laborers. To it also belong those Protestant writers who, seeing the errors of the anti-Christian school, endeavor to combat them. But to do this it is necessary for them to enter, for the time, the domain of Catholic reasoning. Outside of it they are powerless. But most Protestant writers side, it may be unconsciously, with the anti-Christian school. It is this fact that has forced Huxley to declare that their only enemy was the Catholic church; that as for the non-Catholics, they were merely their allies.

Not content with developing truths firmly established, or with the discoveries of other grand truths proceeding from those already known, the anti-Christian or infidel philosopher and naturalist, presents his opinion to the public. The public in their desire for novelty do not hesitate to applaud, though they may not altogether agree with him. Yet simply because he gives them something new, they prefer new errors to old truths.

As to our historians, it seems that most of them wished to corroborate the saying of De Maistre, that History in these days is a conspiracy against truth. They start out with some pet theory in philosophy or prejudiced views and endeavor to make the facts of history support them. Thus we see Bancroft endeavoring to make the history of the United States subservient to his German Philosophy, and Froude endeavors to make his facts agree with his prejudices towards Mary, Queen of Scots. Motley, one of our greatest historians, allows no opportunity to escape in which to present his own false views. Parkman, the elegant writer, is our fairest historian, but even he must give way occasionally for his slurs upon a religion he cannot understand.

In biography, as is to be expected, we have more fairness and honesty. We do not care to read the life of any man unless it is written by

his friend. Now we expect always that the author will speak in terms of praise of his friend. For this reason, as a general thing, most of our biographies are readable and good. But even here, such is the depraved taste of our people, authors must give us the sensational in place of the true. We see a writer, for the mere sake of creating a sensation and becoming the topic of the hour, publish disclosures of the life of a great poet, which, even were they true, should have been veiled in secrecy to the end of time. In no other age would a revelation, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe pretended to give of Lord Byron, have received the approbation of the general public.

Criticism flourishes to a greater extent than any of the other branches of literature. But this argues a decline in literature, for criticism is better cultivated when there is a dearth in the other departments. This is the experience of all ages. After the Augustan age the Rhetoricians flourished in Rome. After the age of Queen Anne, from Pope to Cowper, the Essayists and Critics had the whole field of literature to themselves. So now in an age when criticism is so extensively cultivated we can scarcely predict eternal renown for many of our writers. It seems to us unfortunate that the United States should give birth in her youth to a host of able critics as Tuckerman, Whipple and Lowell.

We have many pleasing and genial essayists, like Carlyle and Holmes and others. Ours is an age peculiarly favorable to this class of writers. The weekly and daily press have created a demand for writers of essays. But these writers are not always worthy of the name. In their endeavors to be witty,—in their efforts to tickle the public ear with novelties and originality, they have been led to say many things which are not of the purest morality. They make paradoxical statements for the sake of originality; impious statements for the sake of wit.

The humorists of the day are not without merit. But for the sake of a pun or witticism, may writers with impunity lampoon holy things? Does humor atone for insults to religion, as in the case of *Mark Twain*? Yet with all their merit, most of our humorists will pass away with the age. Lowell and Holmes and Saxe may be read in years to come, but we can hardly predict the same of others whose names are now familiar to all. There are some so-called humorists such as *Josh Billings*, the reason of whose popularity it is hard to understand. Does it not show a great vitiation in the public taste to see volumes whose only merit consists in badly spelled words, and second-hand wit read with such avidity?

We have some very good poets. Longfellow, William Morris and Bryant display in their works sound morality and a true poetic nature. They do not belong to the incomprehensible school of poetry. They do not depend upon the tricks of versification to make their productions "take" with the people. They do not feel that it is necessary for their verses to be obscure in order to be poetic. The same may be said of Whittier and Owen Meredith and some others. Owen Meredith's "Lucille" will be admired long after "The Princess" shall have sunk into the obscurity in which it should long since have been buried. But there is another school of poetry now rising in public favor which deserves lasting oblivion. We refer to that school of which Swinburne and Rossetti are the leaders. It is a sensuous pagan school, and it is pitiful to see such a genuine poet as William Morris—the greatest story-teller of the age—connected in a manner with it. The true poet must be spiritual. We want no carnal-minded, sensuous poets. They corrupt morality and paganize society. We want no poets whose fame depends upon their unintelligibility, like Browning, nor the glitter of their verses, like Tennyson, nor their mysticism, like Emerson and Walt Whitman. We want poets who teach a pure morality, and who please the mind by their genuine inspiration.

But the greatest blame must be laid at the doors of the novelists of the day. What one among them does not overdraw the ordinary events of a quiet life? Which one of them has taught us sound lessons in the matters of life? It is true that the virtuous always come out victorious at the close. But does not the author paint the villain in such a dress that the mind is almost forced to sympathize with him? The question was asked when Dickens died—who is now our greatest English novelist? Surely, neither Charles Reade, nor the Trollopes, nor Wilkie Collins, nor D'Israeli can lay claim to that honor. And now that Hawthorne is dead, what American is there who can claim to be his successor?

The age demands novelty, and the novelists write for the age. No crimes are too great for these writers to depict in their works; no incidents too impossible. Is it to be wondered at that society should become corrupt when the heroes of four-fifths of the popular novels are of illegitimate birth? Yet such is the fact.

With pleasure would we hail any novel by the reading of which we might improve our intellect and our morals. If such are not given us by living authors we should have recourse to the works of the great novelists of the past. But our faith in the world does not fail us. We believe that we are now in an age similar to that which preceded Cowper, when Tom Durfee amused the reading world of England. We trust that the day is not far distant when, wearying of the rank pastures of a corrupted literature, we shall seek again the pleasant fields which we have forsaken.

COSMAS AND DAMIAN.

### How the World was Created.

The exact mode by which this world was created is not rendered exactly clear in the first chapter of Genesis; but modern science furnishes a clear explanation of the process outlined in that work. Possibly, it may appear to the reader of the following account that the explanation furnished is somewhat analogous to the Hibernian's description of the process of manufacturing cannon, "taking a hole," etc. To such it should be stated that the manner in which the "space" was obtained is susceptible of as lucid an explanation as that given of what followed this initial performance:

"Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable nidus, or receptacle, for the generation of chaotic matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated; after which, the filament of fire being produced in the chaotic mass, by an idiosyncrasy, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place; suns would be shot from the central chaos; planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things the filament of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of light and heat. This filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to ramify, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various incunabula which nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first efforts of nature terminated in the production of vegetables, and that these, being abandoned to their own energies, by degrees detached themselves from the sources of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favor of aerial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, would become men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their hind feet; their tails would gradually rub off by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent language and the use of fire, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of society. In the meanwhile, the Fuci, and Algæ, with the Corallines and Madreporæ, would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

[The above is about as lucid and intelligible as ninety-nine-hundredths of the learned nonsense foisted on the public under the specious name of "science."]

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A SNOW-SQUALL on the 15th. All serene on the 16th.

WE hear with regret that Rev. Father Lemonnier was detained several days in Austin, Texas, by illness.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL left here on Friday for Cincinnati, to be present at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

SEVERAL men are energetically at work, cleaning up the College premises. This is as it should be—beauty joined with utility is always delightful.

THE evening lectures given since the commencement of the session in the Senior and Junior study halls, by Rev. Fathers Condon and Colovin, were terminated on the 14th inst.

WE have observed with pleasure, during the past week, that active preparations are being made for recommencing work on the new church. Success to the grand undertaking.

RT. REV. JOSEPH DWENGER was consecrated Bishop of Fort Wayne on Sunday, 14th, in the Cathedral in Cincinnati. We hope soon to have the pleasure of welcoming the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

WE are glad to notice that the College authorities believe in paint, and that they have reduced their belief to practice, by engaging Mr. Pine, of South Bend, to beautify several portions of the College halls. Mr. Pine is no ordinary painter—he is an *artist*, and whatever he touches bears the mark of a master's hand.

AFTER a trial of about two months, we feel not only justified, but happy, in pronouncing the Notre Dame and St. Mary's omnibus, driven by the trustworthy and obliging gentleman, Mr. P. Shickey, a "complete success." Mr. Shickey has now in his possession two fine teams. He attends the arrival and departure of all passenger trains on the L. S. & M. S. R.R. His 'bus is nicely fitted up, and his fine horses enable him to make the best time between the University, St. Mary's and South Bend. We unhesitatingly recommend him to all our friends.

REV. FATHER CALLIET, of St. Paul, Minn., made a short call at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, on Wednesday. The Rev. Father was on his way home from St. Louis, Mo., whither he had gone to assist at the consecration of the Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Louis. We were delighted to see Rev. Father Calliet, and regret he could not make a longer stay with us. But we cannot blame him for wishing to get back soon to his gem of a church in St. Paul, especially as he has a class of children preparing to make their First Communion next Ascension day. We hold him, however, to his promise to return and make us a longer visit next fall.

SERENADE.—The N. D. U. Cornet Band paid a compliment to this office on Wednesday afternoon in the shape of a first-class serenade. The Band was on its way to the residence of Mr. J. Chirhart, to partake of an oyster supper generously pro-

vided by this prince of farmers in Northern Indiana. The excellent music of the Band is but the just result of the earnest devotedness of Rev. Mr. Lilly, leader, and the industry of the young gentlemen under his direction. May their lives be as harmonious as the excellent piece to which they treated us, and may they ever have friends to appreciate them (substantially) as did Mr. Chirhart.

### The Accommodation Train.

We are glad to see that our favorite train is again on the M. S. & L. S. R.R., and accommodates the wayfarers between Elkhart and Chicago. The accommodation train going west leaves South Bend at 6:35 A.M., Cleveland time.

### China Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. McMahon, formerly of Chicago, celebrated, on Tuesday evening, the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Many friends from South Bend, Notre Dame and St. Mary's were present on the happy occasion, and the evening was spent most pleasantly. This estimable couple, surrounded by happy, intelligent and amiable children, and by friends comparatively few, but true and sincere, seemed to have entirely forgotten the heavy losses which they sustained by the Chicago fire, and enjoyed themselves in their quiet country residence as heartily as they would have done in a spacious mansion. May they still celebrate many anniversaries of their happy union, and at their golden wedding may they have the happiness of seeing many grandchildren, equally good and creditable to their parents as their own excellent children are to them.

### The "Philomathean Standard."

The second number of this neat and sprightly journal is on our table. The cover is the finest specimen of workmanship that we have seen on any College paper. The interior corresponds pretty well with the cover. The columns, in general, are neatly and legibly written, and even when the impress of Doctor McHugh's hand is seen in the bolder character of the chirography all is still legible and pleasing to the eye. The articles are worthy of being recorded in fine style and embalmed in such a fine cover. The *Smoke Phantom*, by Delta, is worthy of the first place it holds. The local notes are to the point,—especially about the ball-alley. Music receives the attention it merits. The historical department is taken up by an essay on the literary character of Julius Cæsar. The *Philopatrian Society* is announced. *Cheerfulness*, by C. A. B., shows the utter uselessness of putting a long face on over matters and things. Field sports fill up several columns. We clip *A Slight Explanation* from the columns, which sheweth the Whereupon to our How. Altogether, we think No. 2 an improvement on No. 1, and that is saying a good deal without puffing. The pages, we would observe, should be numbered.

### Card of Thanks.

We, the members of the Notre Dame University Cornet Band, tender our sincere thanks to our very worthy President, Bro. Camillus, which are due him, for the devotedness to the interests and welfare of our Society which he has manifested by enriching us with several new and excellent instruments. It is our most ardent desire that he shall ever command the respect and esteem of the future members of our Society as he now commands ours.

N. D. U. C. B.

GEO. DARR, Sec.



## Tables of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 5.—J. D. McCormack, M. Bastorache, O. Wing, B. Drake, H. Walker, W. Hughes, M. O'Day, J. B. Comer, J. McGlynn, P. T. White.

April 12.—T. H. Graham, P. O'Mahony, T. Dundon, J. McAlister, F. Leffingwell, J. Clarke, J. Dwyer, J. Zimmer, T. Ireland, T. Fitzpatrick.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 5.—E. Halpin, J. Charais, J. Rumely, D. Hogan, W. Canavan, J. Carr, W. Meyer, W. Dodge, C. Berdel, E. Milburn.

April 12.—E. Edwards, A. Schmidt, P. Reilly, M. Foote, J. Murphy, J. McHugh, A. Kline, F. McOskar, J. Juiff, L. McOskar.

D. A. C., Sec.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

April 6.—P. Gall, C. Faxon, D. Green, J. O'Meara, C. Beck, E. McMahon.

## Honorable Mentions.

### CLASSICAL COURSE.

Fourth Year (Seniors)—T. Ireland, M. Kceley, M. Mahoney, J. McHugh.

Third Year (Juniors)—M. Foote, E. B. Gambee, D. J. Hogan.

First Year (Freshmen)—W. Clarke, C. Dodge, L. Hayes, D. Maloney.

### SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year (Seniors)—N. S. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Third Year (Juniors)—T. Dundon, P. O'Connell, J. D. McCormack.

Second Year (Sophomores)—R. J. Curran, F. P. Leffingwell.

First Year (Freshmen)—T. J. Murphy, C. M. Proctor, J. H. Gillespie, J. M. Rourke.

### COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Second Year—P. Cochrane, J. Ireland, J. McFarland, H. Schnelker, O. Wing, J. Carr, C. Berdel, T. Philips, J. Wernert, J. Zimmer, W. Fletcher, J. Hogan, J. Noonan, C. Hutchings, E. Barry, H. Dehner, J. Smarr, L. Godefroy, F. Phalan, T. Watson, G. Madden, P. O'Mahony, M. Shiel, W. Dodge.

First Year—V. Bacca, D. Gahan, T. Finnegan, E. Asher, B. Drake, J. Devine, J. Howe, C. Harvey, J. Hoffman, T. Fitzpatrick, C. Hanna, E. Halpin, F. Hamilton, P. Logue, M. McCormack, T. Noel, W. Quinlan, M. Shiel, F. Donnelly.

### PREPARATORY COURSE.

Second Year—M. Foley, E. Sheehan, J. Langenderfer, E. Graves.

First Year—W. Ball, J. Caren, H. Heckert, L. Hibben, R. Hutchings, A. Klen, J. McGinniss, J. McMahon, R. Redmond, H. Shephard, W. Fitzgerald, W. Hughes, J. Warner, W. Canovan.

First Year (2nd Division)—F. Carlin, J. Cherlock, J. C. Birdsell, C. Campeau, J. Dore, E. Edwards, J. Graham, Jos. Juiff, J. Kauffman, R. Kelly, H. W. Long, W. Lucas, E. Milburn, W. Murphy, L. Munn, W. Morgan, D. O'Connell, W. Olhen, A. Mercer, A. Paquin, W. Quinlan, A. Schmidt, T. Stubbs, M. Fitzgerald, S. Valdez, Geo. Roulhac, J. Clarke, J. Dwyer, W. Delahanty, C. Ely, T. Gibbs, E. Malley, J. Malley, M. O'Day, P. O'Brien, J. O'Neil, R. Lewis, W. R. Wilcox.

### GERMAN.

A. Kleine, H. Walker, F. Anderson, P. Cooney, W. Nelson, G. Roulhac, E. Olwill, H. Hunt, F. Arantz, G. Crummey, C. St. Clair, J. Devine, H. Beckman, J. Carr, J. Bracken, A. Schmidt, J. McNally, H. Hoffman, F. Huck, A. Wile, S. Wile, W. Dodge, C. Beck, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, H. Schaller, L. Busch, I. Langendæfer, J. Crummey, F. Miller, C. Hodgson, J. Comer, T. Garrity, F. Lang.

### VIOLIN.

J. Staley, J. Kauffman, T. Ireland, J. Carr, G.

Roulhac, W. Quinlan, A. Klein, J. Noonan, E. Charais, W. Lucas, F. Miller, H. Waldorf, L. Godefroy, W. Kinzie, J. Lang.

### PENMANSHIP.

S. E. Dum, D. F. Gahan, E. M. Newton, V. McKinnon, P. O'Reilly, J. Marks, C. Campau, F. C. Anderson, R. D. Kelly, M. McCormack, F. Egan, E. S. Monohan, G. A. Duffy, H. Beckman, H. Hunt, W. T. Ball, J. E. Pumphery, E. Asher, E. A. Dougherty, E. Shea, J. McGinniss, E. Edwards, H. L. Dehner, H. Waldorf, E. W. Barry, W. Moon, O. A. Wing, G. H. Madden, J. T. Smarr, M. T. Sheil, H. N. Saylor, W. J. Hogan, P. O'Mahony, C. W. Hodgson, M. Roach, J. D. Waters, J. Carr, G. L. Riopelle, J. Poundston, J. McFarland, J. B. Comer, L. S. Hayes, F. Donnelly, T. J. Murphy, E. Roberts, E. Hughes, J. Hoffman, W. Nelson, J. Burnside, W. Beck, A. Dickerhoff, W. Morgan, E. Dougherty, J. Danz, O. Waterman, J. Porter, J. Bracken, J. Stubbs, E. J. Plummer, J. P. Devine, W. J. Quinlan, W. H. Kinzie, W. Canavan, G. H. Kurt, T. Stubbs, F. Phelan, E. Kaiser, R. Hutchings, B. Vogt, B. Hughes, J. A. McMahon, W. P. Breen, J. Quill, F. McOsker, W. Fletcher, L. McOsker, J. Spillard, J. Wuest, J. Rumely, F. McDonald, L. Hibben, T. Finnegan, P. Garrity, H. Schnelker, P. Godefroy, J. Wernert.

## A Slight Explanation.

In one of the last numbers of the SCHOLASTIC we notice with pleasure quite an earnest appeal to the St. Cecilia Society to come out in a play of some kind and save their glorious reputation from an ignominious fate at the hands of their Senior brothers. The SCHOLASTIC should recollect that there are three other branches in this Association besides the dramatic, and while the Thespians were preparing their beautiful plays, the St. Cecilians were steadily improving themselves in these other branches and fitting themselves for a more useful life than that of the stage. To show this we understand that they are shortly to have a "Moot Court," something peculiarly their own. However, the Cecilians have not entirely ignored the dramatic branch, and to prove it, they inform us that they will give their Fifteenth Annual Summer Entertainment sometime during May, at which time some suitable drama will be presented. Several plays have been suggested. If it may not seem pedantic on our part, we would suggest to them not to bring out on this occasion any of their heavy pieces, such as "King Richard the Third," or "The Pope's Brigade," as they are too heavy for the warm weather; but we would suggest "King Henry the Fourth," as they have an excellent "Falstaff" in the Association, or the "Upstart," as these will be far more enjoyable and much better appreciated by the audience than either of the aforesaid tragedies.

## The Philodemics.

MR. EDITOR: Some weeks have passed since the Philodemics sent you a report for publication. But I trust that this has not caused you or the many readers of the SCHOLASTIC to think that these few days of warm and pleasant weather have caused a laxity in that life and energy which have characterized the Association during the present year; but, rather, it is owing to the fact, that I did not deem it necessary that every meeting should have a report sent to be published in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC; and I trust that this, together with the fact that May is near at hand, when our meetings will be suspended, will be taken as a sufficient apology if, in preparing this report, I may seem to extend it beyond the usual length. The last meeting was an important and interesting one, and one that reflected credit upon not only those who took

part in the exercises of the evening, but also upon the Society and the members there assembled.

The meeting was called to order by our much-respected President, Professor Stace. The preliminary business gone through, next in order came the debate, and it is of this especially that I wish to speak. Question:

Resolved, That the Statesman is more beneficial to society than either the Warrior or the Poet.

The debate was opened in few but appropriate words by Mr. Carr, and the manner in which he defended the statesman, showed that it was a subject with which his readings had made him familiar. Though we have seen a great many debates during our connection with the Society, still, seldom if ever have we seen a debate opened more creditably. Mr. Carr was followed by Mr. Ireland, who ascended the rostrum and proceeded to develop the arguments of the negative. His speech was "short and sweet." Mr. Gambee then endeavored to shake some of the arguments of the negative and advance new ones. After he had occupied the stand for a few moments, during which time he certainly said enough for the arguments he advanced, then came Mr. Dehner, who showed us that it was a question upon which he had read, and though he failed to manifest that gift of language which often displays itself in the Society room, still he contributed very much to convince us of the beneficial influence exercised by the warrior and the poet. Having thus vindicated his side of the question, in a manner praiseworthy to himself, he resumed his seat to listen to the closing speech by Mr. Carr and lend applause to the decision of the "chair."

As we have said, the closing speech was by Mr. Carr, who, though he spoke with credit to himself and the Society at the beginning, seemed to have been stirred up by the eloquence of those who opposed him; so much so that he not only entered with philosophic accuracy into the nature and bearing of the arguments of the negative, but also spoke in a manner that elicited great applause and won the undivided attention of those assembled.

Next in the "natural order of things," came the reading of the "Owl." A long account of this paper is not here necessary, as it has been often spoken of in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. While some have praised and complimented it, others have shot at it, and one indeed seems to have entertained the thought of throwing "cold water" on it, but his good-nature caused him to take another, a second thought, and desist from doing anything that might cause it to have the chills, for it may be that he has had them himself and knows how to appreciate them.

After the reading of the "Owl," on motion, the meeting adjourned and hastened to the arms of Morpheus and "sweet repose."

I am, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully,

E. B. GAMBEE, Cor.; Sec. 3

## St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The thirty-third regular meeting of this Association was held April 10th.

After the usual preliminaries, Mark Foote arose and read the following articles from the "Philomathean Standard":

"Feudal System," by J. D. Hogan; "Music," C. Hutchings; "Smoke Phantom," C. Dodge; "Literary Character of Julius Cæsar," D. J. Hogan; "Base-Ball," S. E. Dum; "Cheerfulness," C. Berdel; and "Locals," McHugh and Foote.

After this, C. Dodge gave us the "Gladiators" in a spirited manner. C. Berdel followed with "Bernards" in his usual happy style. D. J. Wile came next in the "Blue and the Gray," which was excellently given, and was received with rounds of applause. M. Foote's "Bill and I" was very pathetic. F. Egan's "Patriotism" was loyal. W.

Dodge's "Reply" took very well. D. J. Hogan's "Afternoon's Play" showed action. C. Hutchings' "Harmony" contained much melody.

Two of the old members were present as visitors—Prof. J. F. Edwards and W. B. Clarke.

At the next meeting the Moot Court will be in session, at which the members expect not only a lively but a pleasant time.

D. J. HOGAN, *Cor Sec.*

### "Over-Work."

It is common, nowadays, when an eminent person dies to attribute his death to severe mental labor—congestion of the brain, produced by over-exertion of the mental faculties. After the catalogue of virtues for which the distinguished deceased was remarkable, has been enumerated and held up to our view for admiration, the notice invariably closes with the remark that the deceased was the victim of over-work, and then comes a long homily on the fatal effects of too much work, and concludes with a grave admonition to the living to be careful lest they meet their death from a similar cause.

To our mind, of all admonitions, there is not one the bulk of mankind stands less in need of, and at the same time follows more faithfully, than the warning not to over-work himself. How pleasant it is when we don't feel like working to offer as an excuse for negligence, or to quiet the still voice of conscience that upbraids us for our indolence, to exclaim that there is no use of killing ourselves,—we might as well take the world easy. The consequence is we imperceptibly contract the habit of taking everything easy and neglect our duties through fear of killing ourselves by performing them.

Although fear of killing ourselves may be a plausible excuse for neglecting our duty, and thereby gratify our natural indolence, yet it might be worth our while to examine if there is any real danger of coming to an untimely end by our work.

The real value of a man's life does not depend on the number of years he lives, but rather on the amount of good he performs. Hence it follows that a man who at the age of forty has performed as much as another double that age, has lived to all intents and purposes as long as his senior. We know that many die at an early age who were not remarkable for their industry; indeed it might be said that some die because they are too lazy to make an effort to live. Again, many live to a ripe old age whose lives have been of continued and uninterrupted labor, and this renders it questionable whether any one dies from the effects of too much labor.

But admitting that some die from the effects of over-work, industry is such a great virtue that even the shortening the span of life a few years is not a powerful argument against it. At best the longest life is so short,—life in general is so uncertain, and its duties and responsibilities are so great, that no sane person will censure a man for using all the faculties of his mind and body for the purpose of rendering that life a success. Do not observation and experience teach us that a strenuous, laborious life gives a man the same advantage as if he had been born ten or twenty years earlier? Do not the effects of industry give a man an opportunity to come forward and bring into full play all the powers of his mind just at the age when he possesses the vigor of youth and the strength of manhood to use them to the best advantage? How many, at a comparatively early age, acquire reputation that will last as long as civilization itself! Pitt died at the age of 47; Burns at 37; Byron at 36; Wolfe fell at 33; Balmes at 37, to whom his biographer applies the words of wisdom: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

Instead of censuring activity, we should be thankful for the example which teaches us how much can be accomplished by industry in a short time. But lest we might think that an early death is sure to be the fate of the industrious, we need but turn over the pages of history to dispel so foolish an idea. Sir Walter Scott died at the age of 61; Edward Burke, 66; Dr. Samuel Johnson, 75; Washington Irving, 76. If we turn to the lives of the Saints, it would appear that incessant labor was the sole promoter of a long life. But we think it is evident that a laborious life is by no means a short one.

SONO.

### Fame.

[From the "Philodemic Owl."]

Great military chieftains rise up, and by their skill, judgment and foresight cause the very earth to tremble; but their glory is temporal, and in a few generations they are lost to popular recollection, history alone preserving their names and handing them down to posterity. How very different with the great writers—poets, historians, philosophers, etc. In their own age they may be unknown to the world; their perfections are not revealed to the eyes of men until after death, when their productions are published and become the ornament of every household, to stand as monuments more lasting than marble, and preserve the fame of their author to the end of time. Behold Milton and Shakespeare: each succeeding generation chants louder and louder their praises, and still in their own time they were not much admired, and now, like the works of Homer, Virgil and others, they have found a prominent place in every library and in almost every cottage.

In our admiration of their works we lose sight of the men, and their personal history is involved in great obscurity. We are told that seven cities claimed the title of "birthplace of Homer," and even the century of his birth is a matter of dispute, some holding that it was 1184 B.C., while others place it five hundred years later, and say that he was born in 634 B.C., and in fact we are able to point out no circumstance in his life with anything like certainty; this led Wolf and others to deny that such a man as Homer ever existed; but though their arguments have been refuted very satisfactorily, still there is a doubt thrown upon the existence of Homer which it will take ages entirely to erase. With the history of the others we have mentioned we are more conversant, because they lived in ages when civilization and refinement were the characteristics of their nations; when history had taken form and shape, and the value of their productions became known before the people had forgotten them. But it is owing to and through them that the lives of great statesmen and generals are transmitted to posterity, which otherwise would be lost to future ages; and while they give to the world an account of the life of some man who was looked upon as great, they build for themselves a fame which will exist to the end of time. It is owing to this fact, no doubt, that the statesmen, generals, etc., who are known at all, are, as a rule, well known; while, on the contrary, the lives of great writers are involved in doubt and obscurity. A man's literary fame remains long after his merits as a warrior or a statesman have passed away; the one grows brighter and brighter with each succeeding generation, while the other grows dimmer and dimmer and finally sinks into obscurity. Homer is more famous to-day than he was two thousand years ago. Is this the case with Alexander? but why should it be thus? is it because as our institutions pass away the remembrance of us becomes lost? As long as the works of one's judgment, skill or strength remain, so long does the memory of the founder remain fresh in the minds of the

people; but as they fall under the irresistible hand of time the remembrance of the builder goes with them. Thus as a government passes into decay so does the remembrance of the founders of that government. Though the fame of a man of letters is to some extent in similar circumstances, still if it be founded upon the innate worth of his productions its foundation is by far more solid; for his work will be duplicated again and again, and given forth to the world to stand for all time, and thus his name will be caused to float gently down the stream of time. It is hardly to be supposed that we possess the original manuscript of any of the works of the great writers of antiquity; yet the fame of Homer, Virgil, Plato and others is just as great as it would be did we possess the manuscripts formed by their own hands.

On reading the history of letters among the Greeks and Romans, we are not a little surprised at the number of their writers who have sunk into oblivion through the decay of their works, which, had they been preserved, would have been of inestimable value to the historian in his investigations. But they have been lost; the "Alexandrian Library" is no more; it has perished, and with it, perhaps, some of the noblest monuments of ancient genius. Turn your attention for a moment to the Byzantine period of Greek literature, and do not be surprised on learning that there is scarcely a writer to be found in that whole period whose works have come down to us entire, nearly all being lost.

By the invention of printing a new impetus has been given to literary fame. Now thousands of copies of a work are printed and distributed among the people; so there is scarcely any danger nowadays of a production of worth and originality falling into decay; and as long as the works hold a high position, so long will their author be respected and praised. Fame, like man himself, is mutable. Upon examination we will find that the taste of no two ages is precisely the same; still it in principle remains unchanged. Thus have all succeeding ages vied with each other in exalting the name of Homer, while others have risen and enjoyed a high reputation, but for a short time.

Fame has been called, but not rightly, "the offspring of pride;" the desire of fame might be thus named, but fame itself cannot correctly be so called. It does not by any means depend upon our pride; and of the four great writers we have mentioned it has never been our lot to hear any one of them called proud or ambitious to gain a name, but on the contrary, they were men of humility, and ambitious to benefit their fellow-men.

Were it on pride that fame depended, why would we look with wonder and astonishment upon the pyramids, and ask ourselves the unanswerable question, "Who built these gigantic monuments of old?" These were built, no doubt, to mark the place where some mighty chieftain of pre-historic times vanquished an enemy, and who, to commemorate the event and hand down his fame to future ages, built one of these stupendous monuments, that, upon beholding it, the people might recall him, his fame, and the victory won. The stream of time flowed on, he was returned to the dust whence he came, and the remembrance of those things for which the pyramid was built was lost to popular recollection, and it is so even to this day. We are not able to say when, or in commemoration of what or of whom the pyramids were built,—they stand there solitary and alone. Not a word is left to tell us of their real importance. We conjecture however that they were built by vain men who saw themselves greater than they were, and, prompted by pride, they caused their subjects to build these immense structures, thinking that in after times they would stand as infallible proofs of their greatness.

It is strange, though true, that those writers who shine most brilliantly on the pages of literature

were men who were to a great extent unconscious of their genius; for, had they known it, they would have overrated their strength and "taken more than their shoulders could bear." One word more and we will dismiss this very important subject. Fame is honorable,—not to be bought and sold,—nor is it reserved for the proud, but for the benefactors of mankind; and to these men love to pay their debt of gratitude in singing their praises and raising higher their fame.

E. B. G.

### Base-Ball.

There were two nines. These nines were antagonists. The ball is a pretty little drop of softness, size of a goose egg, and five degrees harder than a rock. The two nines play against each other. It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more *chase* than chess.

There was an umpire. His position is a hard one. He sits on a box and yells "foul." His duty is severe.

Umpire said "play." It is the most radical play I know of, this base-ball. Sawing cord-wood is moonlight rambles beside base-ball. So the pitcher sent a ball towards me. It looked pretty coming, so I let it come. I hit it with a club, and hove it gently upward. Then I started to walk to the first base. The ball hit in the pitcher's hands, and somebody said he had caught a fly. Also, poor fly! I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat. I turned to see how he was making it, when a mule kicked me on the cheek. The man said it was the ball. It felt like a mule, and I reposed on the grass. The ball went on!

Pretty soon there were two more flies, and three of us flew out. Then the other nine came in and us nine went out. This was better. Just as I was standing on my dignity in the left field, a hot ball, as they call it, came skyrootching toward me. My captain yelled "take it."

I hastened gently forward to where the ball was aiming to descend. I have a good eye to measure distances, and I saw at a glance where the little aerolite was to light. I put up my hands. How sweetly the ball descended! Everybody looked; I felt something warm in my eye. "Muffin!" yelled ninety fellows. "Muffin be d—d. It's a cannon ball!" For three days I've had two pounds of raw beef on that eye, and yet it paineth.

Then I wanted to go home, but my gentle captain said "nay." So I nayed and stayed. Pretty soon it was strike. "To bat!" yelled the umpire. I went, but not all serene, as was my wont. The pitcher sent one hip high. It struck me in the gullet. "Foul!" yelled the umpire. He sent in the ball again. This time I took it square, and sent it down the right field, through a parlor window, a kerosene lamp, and tip up against the head of an infant who was quietly taking its nap in his or its mother's arms.

The game went on. I liked it. It is so much fun to run from base to base just in time to be put out, or to chase a ball three-quarters of a mile down hill, while all the spectators yell "Muffin!" "Go it!" "Home run!" "Go round a dozen times!" Base-ball is a sweet little game. When it came to my turn to bat again, I noticed everybody moved back about ten rods. The new umpire retreated twelve rods. He was timid. The pitcher sent 'em in hot. Hot balls in time of war are good. But I don't like 'em too hot for fun. After a while I got a fair clip at it, and you bet it went cutting the daisies down the right field. A fat man and a dog sat in the shade of an oak, enjoying the game. The ball broke one leg of the dog, and landed like a runaway engine in the corporosity of the fat man. He was taken home to die.

Then I went on a double-quick to the field and tried to stop a hot ball. It came toward me from

the bat at the rate of nine miles a minute. I put up my hands—the ball went singing on its way, with all the skin from my palms with it.

That was an eventful chap who first invented base-ball. It's such fun. I've played games, and this is the result:

Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things. One bunged eye—badly bunged. One broken little finger. One bump on the head. Nineteen lame backs. A sore jaw. One thumb dislocated. Three sprained ankles. Five swelled legs. One dislocated shoulder, from trying to throw a ball a thousand yards. Two hands raw from trying to stop hot balls. A lump the size of a hornet's nest on left hip, well back. A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dirt at the bases.

I have played two weeks, and don't think I like the game. I've looked over the scorer's book, and find that I have broken several bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows in adjoining houses, killed a baby, smashed a kerosene lamp, broken the leg of a dog, mortally injured the breadbasket of a spectator, knocked five other players out of time by slinging my bat, and knocked the waterfall from a school-ma'am who was standing twenty rods from the field a quiet looker-on.

### What I Know of Housekeeping.

Josephine—that's Mrs. O. Howe Green—which latter is myself—went to visit some of our cousins German, descendants from the high-low Dutch Knickerbockers, and left me alone in my—misery, home a h—wilderness—I was going to say howling, but then she took the baby with her.

At first I got along swimmingly; there were plenty of clean dishes, and lots "cooked up." When the dishes were soiled, I laid them aside and took clean ones—lots of 'em, you know; but a day of reckoning came—reckoning up the dirty dishes—and I reckon I reckoned some—some dishes when I came to count them. No use; there were the great unwashed, and at it I went.

"Did you scald your fingers?" you ask. Certainly, by all means, and I found it a "pretty hard scald" before I got those dishes washed, and that's the part of the job that made me indignant. But I got the job done at last, and after that I took them by small accumulations.

But cooking! Ah! that was the rock on which I split. I had no trouble about "raising bread"—I raised mine at the baker's at a dime a loaf. But I tired of baker's bread, and "longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Ah! I have it. Pancakes! Eureka! Pancakes! I made some. Forgetting the salt did make them taste queerly; but the worst trouble was no "Sally come up," or any other "come up" to them, except the one I undertook to swallow. Again my lucky star whispered, "Yeast!" That's it. I'll have some cakes for supper. On my way home to tea—no, it was cold water—at noon I bought a package of Prof. Hoister's Eureka Yeast Cakes, and put from "one-half to three"—come to think, I believe it was three and one-half cakes I put in. When I reached home at night they had "hoisted." I didn't forget salt this time, and I succeeded in making something that would go down as well as come up. Talking about "making a rise"—those pancakes did it.

Pancakes! Ugh! Take 'em away. I forget what I had for breakfast. Guess I forgot breakfast altogether. Dined on mush and molasses; for dessert, molasses and mush. Serious thoughts about what I should have for supper. Shortcakes! Shortcakes! Eureka, No 2. Why didn't I think of that before? Concluded to steer clear of yeast and use saleratus. Had a good time mixing the danged stuff. Tried an iron spoon, and other things "too numerous to mention." Finally, "got

my hand in"—after washing my hands and trimming my finger-nails—and "got the hang of it,"—after I got the mass to "hang," I dowsed in the "ingregencies."

That shortcake was *mixed* in two senses. You've probably seen a baker mix bread, but you never saw a "loafer" mix shortcakes. Well, that shortcake wasn't exactly a success, and it wasn't a failure in still another sense—it was mixed. I persevered, and as a shortcakist (ask Mr. Sumner what that is) I became a success, and I could exclaim with Daniel Webster, "I still live."

How I succeeded in other matters is like my first shortcake—it's *mixed*. Perhaps the young lady who "swept back the tresses of her golden hair" could beat me as a sweepist, but I think I could match that other young lady who "swept along the spacious hall"—I could beat her sweeping a door-step—I never swept the hall. And that reminds me of what Mrs. Green said when she returned—for she did return. She came just after I had "gone over" those infernal dishes again, and scalded my fingers for the ninety-ninth time.

After "saluting the bride" and kissing the baby, "Josephine, my dear," I asked, "how does it look here?"

"Looks like a pig sty."

My feelings went down faster than the famous August gold market.

"Dust all over everything—and just see that cobweb over the window, and right on the side street, too. What did you wash these dishes in—the ditch?"

"The dish-basin," I murmured. "The water was so blamed hot, I cooled it off." And I held up my blistered fingers.

"Well, don't blame the water, dear; please let me put a rag on your fingers," she said in her most saccharine tones; "I oughtn't to expect men should know how to keep house!"

And do you believe it?—she went right to work and washed all those dishes over again, and took the "clouds" all off them. And did it so quick, too, singing "Home again" all the time, and never scalded her delicate fingers.

Since then I have had a profound respect for the female—especially housekeepers.

O. HOWE GREEN.

### SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,  
April 16, 1872.

The latest object of special interest and admiration to the pupils is the new waterworks now being constructed in the picturesque glen east of the Academy by Mr. St. John, of South Bend. A turbine wheel, moved by the power of the rapid little stream, that brings the surplus waters of the lakes at Notre Dame through St. Mary's grounds into the St. Joseph river, will throw the water of that river into the reservoirs of the old and the new buildings at the rate of 2,800 barrels per day, thus affording great facilities for adding to the comfort of the pupils, and increased security against fire, for on every story of both buildings the water-pipes are so arranged that a section of hose may be attached and put in prompt service by any one at hand, the hose being kept in a box built in the wall near each faucet. The conduit pipes leading to the reservoirs extend through the front grounds of the Academy, and at suitable points additional fountains will be introduced; also artificial lakes and cascades, to add a new charm to the already beautiful surroundings of St. Mary's. The pupils, past and present, take much interest in the grand improvements now going on, and feel that they may justly pride themselves on being associated with the success and high reputation of St. Mary's Academy.

Respectfully,

STYLUS

## ARRIVALS.

Miss L. Harris,	Chicago, Illinois.
" E. Richardson,	Chicago, Illinois.
" A. Allen,	Chicago, Illinois.
" M. Brown,	St. Albans, Vermont.
" E. Crawford,	Dowagiac, Michigan.
" G. Walton,	Ypsilanti, Michigan.

## TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

April 15—Misses J. Millis, C. Woods, I. Logan, A. Lloyd, R. Devoto, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Leonard, L. Ritchie, E. Paxson, E. Dickerhoff, S. Addis.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, S. Ball, F. Butters, A. Piatt, D. Green, A. Woods, R. Spier, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses I. Wilder, M. Prince, M. Letourneau, E. Culver, J. Walker, A. Robson, M. Wicker, C. Craver, M. Brown.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, L. Sutherland, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, J. Walsh, B. Gaffney, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Kelly, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, N. Ball, G. Kellogg, A. Calvert.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, F. Taylor, L. Eutzler, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. Johnson, K. Casey, A. Monroe, S. Addis.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanara, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis, A. Tucker, L. Harris.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, R. Spier, M. Quan, N. Gross, K. McMahon.

Second French—Misses M. Cochran, M. Letourneau, L. West, J. and M. Kearney, K. Haymond, M. Wicker.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, A. Robson.

First German—Misses K. Brown, B. Schmidt, M. Dillon.

Second German—Misses C. Crevling, A. Rose, E. Howell, M. Gall.

Plain Sewing—Misses L. Duffield, V. Ball, A. Piatt, D. Green, C. Woods, R. Spier, A. Calvert, K. Casey, M. McNellis, B. Schmidt.

## TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

April 16—Misses B. Quan, A. Burney, K. Folmer, A. Rose, M. Walsh, A. Noel, M. Booth, M. Carlin, M. DeLong.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney, E. Richardson.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, L. Tinsley, J. Duffield, S. Honeyman, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, A. Gollhardt, L. Harrison, L. Wood, E. Horgan, L. McKinnon, F. Munn.

First Junior—Misses E. Lappin, D. Allen.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, A. Gollhardt, L. Wood.

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clarke, N. Gross, M. Quan, J. Kearney, E. Richardson, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, M. Quill, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon, A. Lynch, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, L. Wood, A. Burney.

QUERY.—What is the circumference of the waste of time?

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