

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

Number 23.

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Volume VIII.

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Facts Versus Fancy.

BY J. M. J. G.

IV.

While Peter's strong hand held the cimitar back,
Which, like a dread comet, rushed mad on its track,
And blazed, horrid portent of Fate, through the skies,
Gleaming down upon nations untold destinies.
The empire of Charlemagne grew in its might,
Great Rome's ancient power wedded to Christian light;
The crown of the Cæsars encircled the brow
Of a genius whose splendor disdained not to bow
To the Fisherman's mandate, whose heavenly claim
A king may obey without peril or shame.
In honoring Peter, great Cæsar grew strong,
And neither inflicted nor suffered a wrong.
The king was the body, the Pope was the soul,
While the Spirit of God informed the vast whole:
The Church and the State knew their limits and power,
And each was to each a strong buckler and tower.
O happiest Age in the annals of Time,
When humble obedience made monarchs sublime!
Thy glory yet lives, though thy spirit is dead,
Which gave to each nation its consecrate head,
And thus hedged authority from every ill
Engendered by man's ever whimsical will.
Civil rulers might differ and point a sharp word,—
With the logic of war at the edge of a sword,—
Might reason with phalanx, might argue with force,
And civilization's stream stay in its course;
But high over kingdoms and monarchs stood
The Chief Judge of Christendom with Holy Rood;
He spoke, and the Angel of Peace spread his wings
O'er the passions of courts and the councils of kings;
Then the wild trumpet-blast of the demon of hate,
Which had braided in the ears of each passion-lashed state,
Died away, until echoes harmonious swell
To soothe men disturbed by the discords of hell.
Come forth, ye revilers of Peter, and say
In the blaze of the light of this civilized day,
Can ye touch with your sceptical finger that hour
When Rome was the slave of ambition or power?
When you and your fautors were crawling on face
To gain from the tyrant a smile or a place;
When you sang every song that a sycophant sings
For the crumbs that are cast from the table of kings;
When ye haunted the prosperous halls of "my lord,"
And shadowed his greatness, to gain but a word;
When manhood and honor were cast to the wind,
And a buckle, or ribbon, or star struck ye blind;
When, to gain from a monarch a look or a nod,
Ye were ready to barter religion and God;
When ye founded your pedigree on a king's crust,
And grew high and noble by serving his lust;
When your wealth was a lasting reproach to a knave,

And your title the badge of a helot and slave;—
While ye were thus acting, O infamy's heirs,
Rome taught kings that God's right was higher than theirs.
And now ye turn 'round with your matricide knife,
And stab the kind bosom that gave you your life!
Out on ye, bell-wethers of Europe's riff-raff,
Ye mountebank antickers around the gilt Calf!
Old Rousseau was right when he swore that the schools
Of sceptics was Nature's last refuge for fools.
If the first of a flock of sheep fall down a steep,
Though death's at the bottom the others will leap;
Damn your soul with a calumny 'gainst the Church hurled,
And your name will be quoted throughout the wide world;
A lie against man has a seven-leagued flight,
But a lie against God flashes quicker than light;
So pigmies, ambitious of suffrage and fame,
Kill their souls with a lie for the sake of a name.
And if History rebuke them, both Gentile and Jew,
They carve out their chronicle, modern and new,
Where facts are made lie, like the witness of old,
Who accused Truth Incarnate for Pharisee gold;
Refute them completely; remove their false stain,—
Bah! the creatures are at their vile lying again;
The devils themselves laugh with glee at the sight,
Of donkeys kicking dust up to dim the sun's light,
Human malice compels them to admire, till, at last
They grow troubled with envy to find hell surpassed.

William Collins.

William Collins, a lyric poet of the first rank, was born at Chichester, on Christmas Day, 1720. He was educated at Winchester School, and Queen's College and Magdalen's College, Oxford. His first production, "Persian Eclogues," published in 1742, were written by him at Winchester. He then set out for London, where he arrived in 1744, "a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket." He now published proposals for a History of the Revival of Literature, planned several tragedies, and sketched many works that never saw the light. Collins' greatest fault was irresolution; and the urgent and frequent call of necessity destroyed his schemes, and allowed him to follow no settled purpose. In 1747 he brought out his Odes, and though they were excellent productions, they were entirely neglected, and Millar, the publisher, lost much by them. Collins sank under this disappointment, and became indolent and dissipated. "The fair promise of his youth, his ardor and ambition, melted away under this baneful and depressing influence." In 1748, on the death of Thomson, whom he knew and loved, he composed an Ode to his memory, that is justly considered to be one of the finest lyrical productions in the English language. He also began an Ode addressed to Home, on the Superstitions of the Highlands. Collins always loved

to dwell on such dim and visionary objects, and his compliments to Tasso might well be applied to himself:

"Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

In 1749, Collins received a legacy of £3,000 from his uncle, Colonel Martin, who had before befriended him. He now paid Millar the money that he lost by the Odes, and flung the remaining copies into the fire. His irregular life, combining with mortification and disappointment, had, by this time, unsettled his mind; and to avert the calamity he felt was impending, he travelled for some time in France, hoping to receive benefit from the change of scene. But he returned only to enter that sad mansion, a lunatic asylum; from which he retired to the home of his sister at Chichester. He died at Chichester, in the year 1757, at the age of thirty-six. "His troubled and melancholy career affords one of the most touching examples of accomplished youth and genius linked to personal humiliation and calamity" that throws its lights and shadows on our literary annals. All Collins' works are imbued with a fine ethereal fancy and purity of taste; and though they are small in number and amount, they are rich in vivid imagery and beautiful description. The Odes On the Passions, To Evening, To the Brave, To Mercy, and On the Death of Thomson, will never be forgotten. Collins himself thought but little of his Persian Eclogues, as he thought they were not expressive enough of Asiatic manners and customs. Langhorn considers them to be the best of English pastoral poetry. He says that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they have no equal in anything of the pastoral kind in the language. They have not the occasional obscurity and remoteness of expression that in part pervade the Odes; and they charm one by their figurative language and descriptions, the simplicity and beauty of their dialogues and sentiments, and their musical versification. His Odes, although at their first appearance they were utterly neglected, have in the course of a single generation been acknowledged to be among the best productions of the kind in the language. "Silently and imperceptibly they are risen by their own buoyancy; and their power was felt by every reader who had any true poetic feeling." The popularity of the Odes seems to be on the increase, but the want of human interest and action in Collins' poems prevent their being generally read. The Ode on the Passions, and the Ode to Evening, are the finest of his lyric works. The former is but a gallery of fine allegorical paintings, and the poetical diction is as rich as the conception. "No poet has made more use of metaphors and personifications." Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, gives a fine summing up of Collins' literary merits; he says "that he partook of the credulity and enthusiasm of Tasso, the magic wildness of Shakspeare, the sublimity of Milton and the pathos of Ossian." FAIRFIELD.

Thoughts Suggested by Washington's Birthday.

The birthday of George W. is always a pleasanter day for a public holiday than the Fourth of July, on which latter festival it is generally too hot for real enjoyment. Our late recurrence of this anniversary was eminently satisfactory. The beautiful mild weather, after several weeks of unprecedented cold—the good sleighing,

whose end rapidly approaching, as was evident, gave an additional zest to its enjoyment—the anticipation of the return of Spring at no very distant epoch—all combined to make a pleasant feeling predominate. The usual entertainment at Notre Dame was postponed till the evening of the following day. One more competent than I will doubtless give a full account of what was done and suffered then and there. Let it be mine to mention what was omitted. And first and foremost, why was there nothing—absolutely nothing—said about the cherry-tree and the little hatchet? I strained my auditory nerves while McLaughlin was orating, expecting every moment to hear something of the bark—some allusion to chopping—some intimation at least that G. W. never told a lie; but none came. When that little fellow from Lafayette came out alone and unprotected, I said to myself: "Now we shall have it,—they always leave this anecdote to boys of his age; it tells better, you know!" But no! No trammels of earth were permitted to hamper his climbing propensities. He scaled the dome of the College at once, and remained upon the summit of that giddy pinnacle during the whole of his brief but brilliant career. Then four gentlemen in blankets appeared, to execute what they were pleased to call a "Stacian Drama," probably from the circumstance that they never remained stationary. The "Squeal to the Prince of Portage Prairie," however, was a very appropriate title for it, the squeals being distinctly and painfully audible throughout. As Indians, their ingenuity surpasses that of the Indians themselves,—but this is not what I was going to say. At the first sight of them, a new gleam of hope was enkindled in my gentle bosom. They all had little hatchets. Would they not now do something or say something worthy of G. W.? Would not the elder Washington himself come in and bless them! Alas! disappointment's vampire wing again flapped rudely against the sweet delusion, blotting it from the convolutions of my surging brain. One more chance! "Cherry Bounce!" Surely that is the same kind of tree, and there must be something in it. Vain—worse than vain—stale and unprofitable the thought! It was in fact the final expression of their evident resolution to bounce the cherry-tree story altogether. But can we stand this? Can we sleep after it? Can we suffer so venerable, so pathetic, so instructive an anecdote to sink into oblivion? Methinks I see the majestic cherry-tree, with its trunk of three-foot diameter, lying on the ground, severed by a single blow of the little hatchet, while the youthful hero stands proudly by, surveying the work that his athletic early training and innate robustiousness have enabled him successfully to accomplish. Then comes in the astonished and delighted father, to whose query as to how so large a tree could have been laid low without any appearance of chips whatever, George makes his celebrated answer: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." To whom again the parent: "Son, if thou hadst not kindly informed me that thou couldst not tell a lie, I should never have believed this; but seeing it is as it is, why, go on, young man, in thy noble course, and thou wilt assuredly become one of the greatest rail-splitters of the age." And there was joy that evening in the Washington plantation, and jorums of rum were served out to the negroes, for neither Abolition nor Baxter's Law then prevailed, and everybody was happy, and the little hatchet was placed in the family archives at Mount Vernon, and the stump of the cherry-tree still remains, a warning to all, to no one a pattern.

Such is the beautiful anecdote, to omit which was the hellish design of the Thespian Society on the late occasion. But I have unmasked their villainy, and if I have convinced one faithful heart that the hammer of Thor is not dearer to the Scandinavian than is the little hatchet of Washington to the true American, whether naturalized or unnaturalized, my labor has not been in vain.

SLIDER DAM.

A Bad Habit.

There is a habit very common even among men who pretend to good breeding, which is deserving of the keenest rebuke,—I mean the habit of saying unnecessary and disagreeable things. Were your enemy or mine to tell us we are idiots or fools, our first impulse would be—and not without reason—to knock him down. Then why do we suffer a similar insult from the lips of one whom we regard as a friend? The only possible answer, in keeping with our reputation as men, is, that he did not mean it. It was only his careless way of speaking,—a facetious remark, which means just the reverse. Facetious, indeed! that is all very well, but what right has any man to call you a fool when he means to praise you? Is our language so barren that it necessitates the employment of the same word for two contradictory terms? If so, let us multiply our vocabulary, and the sooner the better. There is not where the trouble rests: it is in ourselves, who suffer either friend or foe to address us in the language of opprobrium; and it is in those whose defective breeding permits them to make use of such epithets. In view of this, I cannot help admiring the Western code, which makes it a capital offence for one man to call his brother a thief or a pirate, or a fool, or any other derogatory title, and the sentence is instantly carried into effect by means of a revolver, or long knife, in the hands of the injured man. Let us fancy that rule introduced into the University regulations, and contemplate the awful result of its salutary operations. For the first few days there would be an average, at the very least, of one funeral an hour. The undertaker would be the busiest man in the country. But those who remained would have advanced one step nearer the high level of the true gentleman, and have learned upon compulsion what the ordinary experience of a whole lifetime would have failed to inculcate. And let me assure you, candid reader, that there are multitudes of great, ignorant, important, overbearing, self-made fellows—who are not gentlemen, and never will be unless treated to some such sanguinary discipline as that which I suggested. Obtuseness of sensibility and an inflexible self-will are the prominent features of their characters. Whatever they have to say is said without any regard for the delicacy of their auditors—constrained witnesses of their vulgarity; whatever they have to do is done in the same autocratic, offensive manner; and yet such men will wonder,—and deprecate the fact that they are not popular. Popular! they ought to be horsewhipped every day.

What a contrast is the true gentleman! No danger of mistaking the one for the other. The lion is seldom confounded with the bear. The real gentleman is always courteous, always kind, even though he suffer for it, always attentive, always considerate. He never takes advantage of your personal friendship to say disagreeable things,—to pierce every delicate fibre of your being with the barbed shafts of a malignant wit. He never hastens

to acquaint you with an unpleasant truth. the hearing of which you would wish to defer, and which you would hear, least of all from him you value as a friend. He never adopts the facetious pleasantry of calling you an ignoramus, an impostor, a fool, emphasizing each pet name with an oath—which is the common practice of the present day. He never presumes upon friendship to degrade you in your own estimation, to such an extent as to cause you, afterwards to wonder how you forebore kicking him into the middle of the street. He remembers that you are endowed, like the rest of the human family, with a certain amount of pride—call it vanity if you will—and he has tact sufficient to avoid those disagreeable observations which he knows will wound you. Nowhere is the true gentleman displayed to better advantage; and it is from that delicate, subtle instinct which teaches him caution in the use of language that we derive our definition of the term—gentleman. But there are unpleasant truths which we must hear, and who so fit to break them to us as a friend who loves us. When necessity commands, when duty renders it imperative, the true gentleman hesitates not, but with all the skill of the experienced surgeon, tenderly binds up the wound which he was compelled to make in order to save life. Such cases seldom happen; for our enemies, and not less vigilant imprudent friends, are always alert to hasten with the first tidings of misfortune—"to be in at the death"—as the English say. It is perhaps, as well for us that our enemies should be the first to tell us of our failings, for it is an unpleasant duty to impose upon a friend, the old adage: "We seldom forgive those who destroy our air-castles," is not altogether devoid of truth. It is adage which grows out of our intense love of self, and unless that be totally eradicated, we cannot seriously take the proverb to task.

T. A. D.

The Vatican.

It has been asked us "Why is St. Peter's at Rome called the Vatican?" In answer to the question, we give the following reply: First, as to the etymology of the word Vatican: *Vaticanus* comes from *vaticinatio*, to prophesy, to make divinations, from *vates* a seer, a prophet, a soothsayer; second, as to the application of the word Vatican, a certain class, or order of pagan priests, among the old Romans, under the name of *aurispices*, or *auspices*, had established themselves, and erected an "*oraculum*" or temple, in the early days of the Roman Republic, on the then western outskirts of the city, and at the foot of one of the primitive seven mountains or hills of Rome, the "*Janiculum*." Then those priests delivered their *oracula*, or divinations, from the inspection of the entrails of animals killed in sacrifice, or from the flight of birds. However, the little mound or hillock where they dwelt took the name of *collis*, or *Mons Vaticanus*, which constituted under Aurelian, and afterward, the twelfth mountain of Rome. How providentially fit it was that the infallible voice of Christ's Vicar on earth should be heard in a place built on the very ruins of a pagan temple, served by most fallible priests, who uttered naught but false oracles,—the devil's answers to foolish inquiries of a benighted and heathenish people.

Third. As to the origin of the Christian Vatican.

When, in Rome, the Church emerged from the Catacombs the faithful, under the lead of the noble Emperor Constantine, and the great Pope St. Sylvester, began

ⁱn earnestness to convert the temples that had served to devilish purposes into holy temples of the Living God, so, as was remarked before, on the very spot where the "*aurispices*" had delivered their false oracles, Constantine built a church, where St. Peter, in the persons of his successors, should to the end of the world proclaim, *infallibly*, God's holy and eternal truths to the whole human kind. The Constantian Basilica of the Vatican, dedicated to St. Peter, was built by Pope St. Symmacus, and stood unchanged until 1513, when the great Pope Julius II directed Bramante, a famous architect, to tear down the old Basilica and build in its stead an edifice worthy of Rome and of the whole Catholic world.

The genius of Bramante, added to that of Michael Angelo, produced the eighth wonder of the world: the Church of St. Peter, and the Palace of the Vatican.

Great Men.

Every star and planet that rises above the horizon emits its particular portion of light while tracing out its narrow path through heaven's starry dome, then sets. So every man that is born into existence dispenses a certain amount of good among his fellow-men, and then declines again into the night whence he arose.

As the stars are of different magnitudes according as they emit a greater or less amount of light, so men enjoy a greater or less degree of fame according as their deeds appear more or less brilliant in the estimation of their fellow-men.

Those whose career have been most brilliant, are called great men; yet, are all men whose exertions have produced great effects worthy the appellation great? In its better sense the term is almost synonymous with good, yet it is goodness combined with superiority of power, with magnanimity still, how often is the term applied to the vilest of the vile, to those whose careers, if it were possible, have been sublimely infamous! Some men are called great for the amount of good they have done, others for the amount of injury.

To become famed or great in the estimation of mankind, seems to be a passion inherent in the human heart. The passion is indeed sometimes so great as to deaden every sense of right or justice; it often seems to matter little to the ambitious man what the tendency of his works upon his fellow-beings may be, either at present or in the future, if he can only enjoy an extraordinary popularity. This passion is so highly developed in some keen, restless intellects that they would much rather enjoy the trumpeted fame of a notorious burglar or confidence man, than the good name and happy tranquillity of mind enjoyed by an honest peasant.

The disposition to employ our talents and abilities for the purpose of bettering the condition of mankind is truly a praiseworthy motive, but is it this magnanimous spirit which prompts the majority of men to so arduously engage their faculties in the accomplishment of some great designs: or is it rather the vanity of appearing great in the eyes of others? Though some, perhaps, many are actuated by the former motive, we need not hesitate to say that the majority are actuated by the latter. Yet why should man thus seek for renown? No man who seeks for popularity ever enjoys anything like the degree sought for—

"With fame in just proportion envy grows,

The man that makes himself a name, makes foes."

Of those who have accomplished anything worthy the gratitude of their fellow-men, how few were recognized as great during the time of their existence? They have lived as great men only in the minds and estimation of future generations, whose dark path through life has been made more luminous by the light emitted from the intellects of their illustrious predecessors.

The true glory of great men is like the light emitted by the more remote fixed stars, which shine for ages before their light is perceptible to us; and whose light, were they, like man, to pass away, we should enjoy for centuries after they were destroyed.

T. H. G.

Reading.

At the present time, when nearly everybody reads, and there is a such a large number of books, we should try to form a taste for reading. Reading, though generally very profitable, has, like everything else, its dark side; for it is sometimes very injurious, and a great many poor wretches have been ruined on account of reading bad books.

Reading is injurious when we read for mere pastime, and have no particular object in view,—either to increase our knowledge, or further any other end that would be of benefit to ourselves; and it is also injurious when we read even good books without paying heed to what they are or what they contain.

We should, therefore, be careful in selecting reading matter, and always choose books containing the most knowledge,—such as books of travel, biographies, select poetical works, and all such works as are at the same time interesting and instructive. We should also read works on science, because they tend to increase our practical information, and are generally entertaining; and because from perusing them we learn a great many things that will be useful to us hereafter.

Another thing about reading is the manner in which we read. We should pay great attention to what is contained in the book; and if it be well written, we should also pay particular attention to the style, and thereby cultivate a good style for ourselves. If there is any passage in the work which strikes our attention as being particularly good, we should make note of it immediately, and have it for future reference. After we have read a book, we should endeavor to recollect the substance of what is contained in it, and see whether or not we have derived any benefit from its perusal. It is well for several persons to read a book together, and afterwards converse about the subject matter, as in this way they will derive more benefit than otherwise.

It would be a good thing if all, especially young persons, were more careful in their selection of reading matter, and would read only such books as contain knowledge, teach virtue, and are well written, because there are a great many books which, under a fine form, contain a great deal of wickedness. We should, therefore, be very careful to read only such books as will increase our wisdom and our worth, and make us learned and honorable men. If we do this we shall never repent of it hereafter.

MACK

"I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth," says William Hazlitt; "I hate to see a load of handboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them."

Society Notes.

—The 45th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club was held Feb. 7th. At this meeting, Messrs. Ratigan, Soule and McNulty were unanimously elected members. The semi-annual election then took place, which resulted as follows: Director, Rev. P. J. Colovin; President, Prof. T. F. O'Mahony; Vice-President, N. J. Mooney; Rec. Secretary, J. Campbell; Cor. Secretary, E. L. Ratigan; Treasurer, H. H. Hunt; Censor, J. E. Marks; Sergeant-at-arms, T. C. Logan.

—At the 46th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Society the following subject was debated: "Which is the More Important Source of National Prosperity, Agriculture or Commerce?" The following were the debaters: affirmative, H. H. Hunt and J. E. Marks; negative, G. Crummey and W. S. Meyer. The President, after hearing the arguments, decided in favor of the affirmative. The meeting then adjourned.

Musical Notes.

—The Orchestra is composed of the following pieces: 4 first violins, 4 second violins, 1 viola, 1 violincello, 1 contrabass, 1 flute, 1 clarionette, 1 cornet, 2 French horns, and 1 trombone,—making 17 in all. We understand that four or five more pieces will be added in a short while.

—Father Frère will soon commence practicing his singers for Holy Week.

—Prof. Paul deserves great praise for the interest which he takes in the Vocal Class.

—The "Unknown," the singing-club of which we did not know the name, is progressing nicely.

—The Overture of "A Day in Vienna" and a *pot pourri*, both by Suppé, were played by the Orchestra on Tuesday night. We learn that everybody is delighted with the Orchestra this year.

—The air of the German song played by the Band at the Exhibition was well rendered.

—"Remember Deeds of Kindness" is the title of a simple little song, with a chorus, just published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Scientific Notes.

—Two French *savans* have presented to the French Academy the result of their experiments upon a flame produced by the mixture of sulphur of carbon and binoxide of nitrogen. The light produced by it is so bright as to quite eclipse the sun. By the help of it, photographers will be able to do their work at any hour of the day or night, and in any condition of the atmosphere.

—Prof. Purser believes that the moon in revolving around the earth, and drawing the tides behind her, causes the latter to act as a break on the revolution of the globe, and he considers that it may be mathematically shown that this action is slowly but surely checking the earth's speed of rotation, so that the days and nights are gradually lengthening. In a thousand million years or so they may become each a month long.

—The work on the St. Gothard Tunnel is advancing slowly. At the beginning of November over ten thousand feet had been completed, and there yet remained over fifty thousand feet to be opened.

—The uses of the pine leaf or needle are most varied

and ingenious. This vegetable product is now woven into a coarse flannel, said to possess curative properties. It is also used instead of hair in upholstery. A medicinal oil is extracted from it, and from the refuse a lighting-gas may be made, or it may be pressed into bricks for fuel.

—The delicate chemical balance has lately been added to the list of surveyors' instruments, and by its means the number of acres in an irregularly-shaped surface may be computed in an extremely simple and yet minutely correct manner. Its mode of application is as follows: The plan of the desired territory having been first measured and reduced by scale to paper, is then cut out and carefully weighed. A portion of the same paper—that is, paper of the same weight and thickness, is then cut to a size that will represent one acre, and its weight recorded. It is evident, therefore, that by dividing the weight of the paper that represents, in outline, the whole section surveyed, by the weight of that which represents one acre, we will have, as a quotient, the number of acres and fraction of an acre in the whole. It is said that this way of measuring surfaces gives less trouble, less calculation, and less liability to error, than any other easy method.

—The King of Siam has written a most cordial letter to the President of the English Royal Astronomical Society, inviting the astronomers of England to his realm to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 5th of April next.

—Quito, as computed from various observations taken between the years 1745 and 1870, is approaching sea-level at the rate of 240 feet in 125 years.

—The whistle blown from Cape Foucher, during foggy weather, is distinctly heard at the distance of seventeen miles in calm weather; six to ten in stormy weather; twenty-nine with a favorable wind; six to ten with contrary winds. In the history of the range of sound, it is a well-known fact that the cannonade of Waterloo was heard at Creil, a distance of one hundred and twenty-one miles from the field of battle.

—An accurate analysis of certain Chinese and Japanese bronzes, disclosing the presence of lead, in some cases as high as twenty per cent., has enabled M. Mooire to produce a bronze resembling the finest productions of China and Japan.

—The following quaint astronomical communication is taken from a series of old English letters published in the *Academy*:

"17th Oct., 1723.

"This morning Dr. Halley, King's Professor of Astronomy, gave y^e Lord Chancellor an account of y^e Blazing Star y^e hath appeared sev^l evenings past. It rises at 7, & is discernible in some measure by y^e naked eye, but by y^e help of Telescopes, they can Discern y^e Star in y^e Middle of what appears like a Blaze."

—The tomb of Augustus at Rome is to be used for a theatre. The ex-Emperor retains his private box.

—A chap from the western part of the State went to bed at one of the hotels the other night, and blew out his gas instead of turning it off. The gas rushed out, the room was close, and in about half an hour the smell became so strong the stranger got out of bed, opened the door, and shouted for the clerk. The clerk came up and demanded to know what was up. "I never stopped in Detroit over night before," replied the stranger, "and I don't know but this smell is all right, but it 'pears to me as if something had busted somewhere."

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Address: Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.

—In our last number, we took occasion to say a word or two in reference to the disgusting picture of Père Hyacinthe in the *Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiology*; this week we wish to speak of another article in the *Annual*, which attacks the confessional.

It is hard nowadays to argue any question with our dissenting brethren. Take, for instance, the confessional as a subject. You prove the doctrine by the Fathers of the Church, and they tell you that they do not believe in tradition; you show it by the Scriptures, and they tell you that that is where they differ from the Scriptures. You are forced to prove, to the generality of Protestants, that the Bible is inspired before you can hold any argument with them; for as soon as they are beaten with the Scriptures they cease to believe in them. It is true they profess great love for the book, they take it as their rule of faith, it must be read by their children and all that, but the generality of non-Catholics do not have that deep veneration for the Bible that Catholics have. This is the truth, no matter how many times it may be denied.

Hence we scarcely know how to make a reply to the slurs of the *Annual* upon the confessional. If we mistake not, most of the readers of the publications of Mr. Wells, the Editor, belong to that large class of people who take the Bible to be a very good book, but by no means an inspired one. The only thing that we can do, then, is to show that there is nothing in the confession of sins which is degrading to man, as a writer in the *Annual* asserts, but that it is eminently adapted to meet a great want in man's nature.

We are not surprised when we hear that persons who have committed great crimes make public confession of them. Why? Because it is natural for the mind of man to seek for relief by manifesting its guilt to others. Often when persons are condemned to death for murder they will seek some one to whom to confess their crime. The novelists make use of the remorse which goads to desperation the unhappy perpetrators of crimes; and the relief which they seek for, they endeavor to obtain through a confession of their sins to another. Now if persons desire so ardently to confess heinous crimes to persons who have no power to do them good, simply because their nature demands it of them, in what is the confessional degrading to man if it affords him an opportunity to make this confession? And we should recollect that when he makes this confession in the Sacrament, he knows that some good can be done him; that the most heinous of crimes can be forgiven, and

that his conscience, eased of the load which bore so heavily upon it, may be completely calmed, and encouraged to a better life.

Besides, the Sacrament though it does not debase man renders him humble. Sin, no matter of what kind, is human pride rising up against God. Man knows the consequence of his sin, yet he commits it against God. What leads him to act in this manner but pride? And what is there more in accordance with justice than that the sinner should confess in humility, to another, the fact that he has outraged and insulted God on His Eternal Throne? When any person here is insulted publicly, he is not content to receive a secret satisfaction: it also must be public. So long, then, as you believe that there is a God, you must admit the justice of confession of sins. As you sinned against God in the presence of man, you must confess your sin to God in the presence of man.

—The obligation of Catholic parents subscribing for good Catholic papers becomes apparent when we pick up such papers as the *Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiology*, and other journals of the kind. It might happen that, in monthlies, eleven of the numbers have nothing injurious to morals or contrary to faith, and the twelfth one has; of weekly papers, three each month may be entirely unobjectionable, and the fourth contain poison enough to destroy the souls of all who read it. Just precisely what month in the year, or week in the month, the numbers will be printed, no one knows—it comes in time into the Catholic family, and it works its influence for evil upon the minds of the children. Papers in which there are false statements and innuendos against the Church and her teachings are sent broadcast over the land. Papers of which the morals are of a doubtful character are displayed for sale in every newsdealer's window. Many persons innocently enough subscribe for them, and take them home for their families to read. The parents see nothing harmful in them at first, and afterwards when attacks are made on their religion they think it enough to tell their children not to believe what has been asserted. But the paper does its work, and the child's mind is ruined. When the child has become ungovernable, they wonder why he will not attend his religious duties. But they need not wonder that such a thing happens. It was the paper for which they subscribed that did it, and the parent is responsible.

What all persons should do is to aid the Catholic press. Children and young men should be educated up by their parents, and by those in charge of them, to read Catholic papers, and be so taught, that when they are grown up will be well educated in their religion. Newspapers are great teachers, and Catholic newspapers have a great field for labor. They have their share to do in teaching truth, and right well do most of the Catholic papers do it. But they must be supported, in order that they may extend their usefulness; and parents owe them the duty of neglecting the ordinary secular papers in order to patronize these the papers of their own faith.

We were led to make these remarks because we learn that it is intended to start a reading-room here for the use of the students. We do not know what will be the fee required of all wishing to frequent it, but we suppose and hope that it will be moderate, so as to induce all to make use of the papers. We expect to see in the course of a month or so all the many Catholic papers, together with *Brownson* and our monthlies, on the tables of the room. Besides, a

few English and Irish papers would not be out of place there.

—At the present time, when the whole world is agitated with the questions raised by Gladstone, it is well for us to see what the Popes have taught with regard to the rights of the Holy See. A few days ago we came across the declaration of Pius VI, of venerable memory, in a letter to the Catholic Bishops of Ireland. After referring to the calumnies of the detractors of the Church, "that the Catholic Church is by no means compatible with the safety of kings and republics, because the Roman Pontiff, being the Father and Master of all Catholics, and invested with such great authority that he can free the subjects of other kingdoms from their oath of allegiance to kings and princes," and thus cause disturbances and injure the public tranquillity of kingdoms, he goes on to say: "The See of Rome never taught that faith is not to be kept with the heterodox:—that an oath to kings, separated from the Catholic Communion, can be violated:—that it is lawful for the Bishop of Rome to invade their temporal rights and dominions. We, too, consider an attempt or design against the life of kings and princes, even under the pretext of religion, as a *horrid and deplorable crime*."

After showing what was the doctrine taught by the Apostles and practised by the early Christians, viz.: "Be ye subject to every creature for God's sake, whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors, as sent by him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of the good; for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may silence the ignorance of evil men," he says: "The Bishops of Rome, successors of Peter, have not ceased to inculcate this doctrine, especially to missionaries, lest any illwill should be excited against the professors of the Catholic faith, in the minds of those who are enemies of the Christian name. We pass over the illustrious proofs of this fact, preserved in the records of ancient Roman Pontiffs, of which yourselves are not ignorant. We think proper, notwithstanding, to remind you of a late admonition of the most wise Pope Benedict XIV, who in his regulations for the English missions, which are likewise applicable to you, speaks thus:—'The Vicars Apostolic are to take diligent care that the missionaries behave on all occasions with integrity and decorum, and thus become good modes to others; and particularly that they be always ready to celebrate the sacred offices, to communicate proper instructions to the people, and to comfort the sick with their assistance; that they, by all means, avoid public assemblies of idle men, and taverns The Vicars themselves are particularly charged to punish in such manner as they can, but severely, all those who do not speak of the public Government with respect.' He then shows how the Catholics have ever obeyed their rulers, and concludes, after quoting the words of St. Augustine: "Let those who say that the doctrine of Christ is hostile to the Republic, produce an army of such soldiers as the doctrine of Christ has required; let them furnish such inhabitants of provinces, such servants, such kings, such judges, finally such payers of debts and collectors of the revenue, as the doctrine of Christ enjoins; and then they may dare to assert that it is inimical to the republic: rather let them not hesitate to acknowledge that it is, when practised, of great advantage to the republic."

—The late European papers announce the death of Dom Prosper Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes. After a glorious

record of forty years' labor in the Benedictine Order, he has departed this life to receive his reward from the God for whom he labored.

Dom Gueranger was born in Mans, in 1806, and was in the 69th year of his age. From his youth he was destined for the priesthood, but did not enter the Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes until the year 1830. He produced his *Notice sur l'Abbaye de Solesmes*, in 1839, and his *Liturgical Institutions* in 1842. In his liturgical work he gives a faithful and lucid history of the Liturgy from the Apostolic times down to our own day. He had a fixed purpose in view when writing not only his "Liturgical Institutions" but also his "Liturgical Year." Both works were intended not only as historical but also polemical. It was his object to attack Gallicanism and to defend the rights and prerogatives of the See of Rome. And he performed his task well, in spite of great opposition from the Gallican clergy. He took up the cause in the *Univers*, and in each issue he showed up, with terrible sarcasm and biting wit, the indifference of Gallicanism. By means of his writings, the Gallican Liturgy was driven from the churches, and the Roman Liturgy, instead of being neglected and despised by the French clergy, was introduced into all the churches, Paris, the stronghold of Gallicanism giving way a little over a year ago.

During the sitting of the Vatican Council his pen was busy, and the course of the *Univers* was directed by him. Everyone recollects the bold course taken by that paper, and its influence was felt in every part of France, and not alone in France, but throughout the world. It, under his able management, was the great champion of papal rights and papal infallibility.

Dom Gueranger has written other books besides those above mentioned and the articles in the *Univers*. M. Girard having assailed his "Liturgical Institutions," the illustrious Abbot published a reply which was followed by a cutting sequel, in which, with extraordinary ability, he defended the course which he had taken in his great work. In 1850, he published a work entitled "The Immaculate Conception," and in 1853, he wrote the charming "Life of St. Cecilia." In 1862, he penned an "Essay on the Origin, the Signification and the Privileges of the Medal or Cross of St. Benedict," and in 1869, an "Essay on Contemporary Naturalism."

The knowledge of his death will be sad news to the many Ultramontanes or Catholics throughout the world. He was the leader of the hosts of France, in their struggle with Gallicanism and infidelity, and well may the Catholics of that nation regret his death. His name was the pride of the Benedictines who followed faithfully his celebrated dictum: "The ancient Benedictines may have been Gallians—the new ones will certainly be Ultramontanes."

The Exhibition.

Without exception, everybody, we believe, was pleased with the Exhibition given in Washington-Hall, last Tuesday night, by the members of the Thespian Association. The Entertainment was given in honor of Washington's Birthday, but took place on the 23rd in order that the students might have an occasion to rest themselves on Wednesday morning, and thus lose none of their usual study hours.

Washington-Hall was festooned with evengreens, which gave a charming appearance to the old Hall, in which so

many Thespians, Cecilians, Columbians, and Philopatrians, in days gone by, have entertained delighted audiences.

On the entrance of Very Rev. Father General and other invited guests, the Band struck up a lively quickstep in a manner which does credit to the young gentlemen who form this organization. The Band is well organized this year, and has in it some capital players. At other times during the evening it gave us some choice selections.

The Orchestra, although there have been some changes in its *personnel*, played with its usual spirit and taste. To judge from the hearty applause which was given to it, the Orchestra is fast becoming a favorite with Notre Dame audiences. And this fact does honor both to the musicians and to the audiences. The music played by the orchestral performers is very difficult and classical. All persons know how intolerable classical music is when played badly, and hence in order to receive the frequent applause it did, argues that it executed it well, and thus reflects honor on the players. At the same time it shows that the taste of the audience is becoming refined and educated.

The Gillespie Choral Union gave us but one chorus, "Hark! Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre," which was well rendered. Our vocalists are improving greatly, and under the vigilant care and excellent training of Prof. Paul will be able to give us much good singing between this time and next June. Later on in the evening, one of the members, Thos. M. O'Leary, sang a solo, "Angel so Fair." Mr. O'Leary had been suffering from a severe cold for several days before the Exhibition, and something of a hoarseness was still in his voice, yet he sang with good effect and expression.

The oration of the day was delivered by Mr. E. J. McLaughlin, who accomplished his task in a very pleasing manner. The composition of the oration was very good, his delivery graceful, and his voice of proper strength, which enabled all in the hall to hear him with ease. The declamation of Jos. P. McHugh, later in the evening, was middling.

The Drama acted was "The Brigand," remodelled for the occasion. The *rôles* were all well filled. Mr. Staley, as Massaroni, played with spirit; Prince Bianchi (J. J. Gillen) entered fully into his *rôle*, while Mr. McLaughlin (Nicolo) made an excellent old man; Albert (T. J. Murphy) pleased all by the rendition of his part, while Theodore (J. E. Kelly) kept the audience in good humor by his coolness and devotion to art when in the greatest danger. The other characters, Pietro (J. G. Ewing), Octavio (W. Ball), Count Carrafa (E. J. Graves), Fabio (T. H. Grier), Rubaldo (B. Euans), Spoleto (J. F. Rudge), Carlotti (C. M. Proctor) and Yager (H. C. Cassidy), were acted with spirit and ease. The Drama was well received by the audience, who testified their appreciation by frequent rounds of applause.

The Grand Modoc War-Dance by the materialized spirits of Captain Jack, and other Modoc Braves, was received with shouts of laughter. It was a good take-off on the Indian war-dances of the week before.

Then the Entertainment was concluded by the farce "Cherry Bounce." All the parts were well rendered by the actors. Mr. McLaughlin, (Mr. Oldrents), Mr. Staley (Gregory Homespun), kept the audience in continual laughter; while B. Euans, (Gammon), T. Grier, (Spinnage), E. J. Graves, (Old Homespun) and F. Devoto (the Doctor's boy) made the laughter uproarious. After a few remarks from Rev. Father Colovin, the audience left the Hall, well

pleased with the display of talent to which they had been treated.

Too much praise cannot be given to Prof. J. A. Lyons, who had charge of the Exhibition. It is generally the case that the person who superintends an Exhibition does not get his proper credit. If those having parts act well, the instructor gets no credit for it,—it is given entirely to the actors; if the Exhibition is a failure, the blame is laid wholly on the shoulders of the director. This is not right. Give honor and credit to whom honor and credit are due. The credit of a good Exhibition is due to the actors and to the director equally. Take smart and able students and a poor director, and there is failure. Take poor players and an able director, and failure will also follow. But let able players have an able director and success is assured. Hence, although we give the young men their full share of credit for their exertions, we wish it understood that the same amount we give to Prof. Lyons for his labors in their behalf.

Personal.

[We will give each week a great number of Personals, for the purpose of letting the old students know the whereabouts of their former comrades.]

- Joe Shanks, of '72, is in Milwaukee, Wis.
- Abraham Michaels, of '53, is in St. Louis, Mo.
- J. Nash, of '71, is now living in Milwaukee, Wis.
- Alanson Stephens, of '57, is in Kansas, doing well.
- Oliver Tong, of '74, was at the College on the 23rd.
- William W. Wilson, of '52, is now in New York city.
- Charles B. Smith, of '55, is in New Mexico, practising law.
- We were pleased to see Bro. Emmanuel at the Exhibition.
- Bayless Goldsberry, of '57, is still living in Indianapolis, Ind.
- Charles Williamson, of '54, is now living in San Francisco, Cal.
- Rev. Father Flanagan, of South Chicago, was with us on the 22nd.
- W. J. Graham, of '67, is in the publishing business in Ottawa, Ill.
- Rev. Father Benoit V. G., was at the Exhibition on Tuesday night.
- Mrs. and the Miss Sherlands were at the Thespians' Entertainment.
- Rev. Father Provincial returned from Milwaukee last Saturday night.
- Richard Maher, of '74, is doing a flourishing business in Watertown, Wis.
- Frank Murphy and lady, of South Bend, were at the Exhibition on the 23d.
- Hon. Claude Riopelle, of '61, now in Detroit, we learn has a large law practice.
- Charlie Campau, of '73, and Oliver Tong, of '74, are occasional callers at the College.
- Mrs. Charles Walsh, and T. Walsh her son, Mr. Clarke of Chicago, and Mr. W. Hake of Grand Rapids, Mich., were at the Thespians' Exhibition.
- We were pleased to see our friend Mr. Dowling, of Laporte, at the Thespians' Exhibition.
- Rev. John G. Ehrenstrasser, of Grand Rapids, was at the Exhibition given by the Thespians on Tuesday night.
- Rev. D. Tighe, of '70, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of '57, and Rev. W. O'Reilly, of '60, were at the Exhibition on Tuesday night.
- James O'Brien, graduate of '59, has a successful prac-

tice in the legal profession in Caledonia, Houston Co., Minn.

—Dr. James J. Creswell is in the practice of dentistry in Galena, Ill. He is an old student of Notre Dame, having entered here in '56.

—The lecture delivered by Rev. Father O'Mahoney, C. S. C., at Valparaiso, several weeks ago, is highly praised by the Porter County papers. It was on Pope Pius IX, and one of the papers devoted a column and a half to a synopsis of it. Father O'Mahoney was present at the Exhibition on the 23rd.

—A supper was given by the members of the South Bend Bar on the 22nd. From the report in the *South Bend Union* we clip the following: "After Judge Stanfield closed, Mr. L. G. Tong was called upon and responded by reading a witty and excellent poem, abounding with personal hits and legal humor. Its length precludes publication."

—Mr. Lucius J. Elliott, of the firm of Blake, Elliott & Co., proprietors of the Badger State Woolen Mills, Racine, Wis., was here this week visiting friends at the University. Mr. Elliott is a talented and agreeable young gentleman, and his visit was a source of real pleasure to his friends here, who will always be delighted to see him whenever he can make it convenient to call.

—We regret that the state of the weather was such as to prevent Rev. Father Ford from attending the Exhibition on the 23d. We would have been delighted to have heard him speak on the occasion and we hope that on St. Patrick's Day the weather will be such as to allow freetravel between the St. Joseph's Convent and Notre Dame. Father F. is in excellent health and very sprightly for one of his age. Every day he may be seen recreating himself with long walks in the neighborhood of St. Joseph's, and this though he is now over the age usually allotted to man.

Local Items.

- How do you like "Cherry Bounce"?
- Conference last Wednesday morning.
- "Ugh! Ugh! I be scar-faced-Charlie."
- Mibs is the game the boys are at now.
- When will the reading-room be opened?
- Preserve your SCHOLASTICS for binding.
- One thousand is the number we circulate.
- There was a ghost in the vicinity last week.
- Patronize those who advertise in the SCHOLASTIC.
- There was plenty of fun at the Exhibition on the 23rd.
- The light-weight champion of America is in the Juniors.
- Another addition to the Lemmonier Circulating Library soon.
- We were unavoidably late last week with the SCHOLASTIC.
- The lightning on Tuesday evening was a sign that Spring is coming.
- The snow has about disappeared. Last Sunday there was good sleighing.
- There was a pretty good audience, last Tuesday considering the bad weather.
- We again call attention to the Catholic Publication Society's advertisement.
- There will be more improvements made in the St. Cecilia's room next week.
- Owing to mistake, the turkey-dinner took place on Tuesday instead of Monday.
- Subscriptions for the SCHOLASTIC come in every week. Have your friends taken it.
- The pipes, etc., at the steam-house were cleaned out last Monday. The steam just filled the air.
- As the snow clears away, happy visions of the delicate footed Spring come stealing over the senses.

—The little volume on "Dante and the Divina Commedia," for sale at the Office, is very interesting.

—Large additions to the Circulating Library have been made during the past few weeks. Subscribe to it.

—But *one* Dime Novel was found among the students the other day. This speaks well for the Students.

—Under the rule of the College, whenever recreation is given on any class-day in the week, there will be class on Wednesday morning.

—The Philopatrians are on the war-path. They will certainly carry off the Prince of Portage Prairie, next Spring if Eustace does not interfere.

—It was fun to see the boys go to the Play-Hall from the refectory last Tuesday afternoon. There was ice and water everywhere, and none was fit to drink.

—We are happy to be informed that most of the students are giving themselves to serious reading. This is one of the fruits of the Circulating Library.

—A large portion of the Juniors, with their great and brave chief, *Ki-an-ici-ect-am-ing*, better known as *Pulaski*, gave a war-dance on the ball-alley of the Junior Yard.

—The article on "The Oyster," written for the SCHOLASTIC, is going the rounds of the Catholic Press; so also is "Hail! Pius;" some of the "Essays on Elocution" and other articles. Every issue of the SCHOLASTIC furnishes some clippings for the Catholic papers. The SCHOLASTIC is appreciated, and we hope to make each issue of it more interesting.

—All persons desiring to make bargains in books should call on Eastman & Bartlett, No. 132 South Clark st., Chicago, Ill. Mr. Bartlett, who has charge of the book-department, is a perfect gentleman; and, as books can be purchased of this firm for less money than they can at any house in Chicago, we recommend all our friends to give them a call.

—The design of title-page of the new cover in which the AVE MARIA of this week appears, is the work of Mr. E. Forbes, 15 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Forbes is an excellent engraver and designer, and has done his work in beautiful and artistic manner. We feel assured that the many readers of the AVE MARIA will feel thankful to him for his handsome work.

—The following books have been added to the Lemmonier Circulating Library: Moral Tales, (Edgeworth); Uncle Tom's Cabin, (Stowe); The Nesbits, (Uncle Paul); Newman's Reply to Gladstone; Lovers' Works, 3 vols.; British Poets, Chaucer, 6 vols.; Spenser, 5 vols.; Milton, 3 vols.; Churchill, 2 vols.; Butler, 2 vols.; Cowper, 3 vols.; Burns, 3 vols.; Prior, 2 vols.; Pope, 3 vols.; Swift, 3 vols.; Dryden, 5 vols.; Young, 2 vols.; Thompson, 2 vols.; Wyatt, Survey, Collins, Falconer, Akenside, Beattie, Parnell, Shakespeare, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine from 1867 to '73.

—It was hot. There were the steam-pipes steaming away and the perspiration rolled down our friend John's cheeks, and then he declared he wouldn't stand it any longer. He raised the window and as he stood enjoying the cool breezes, his hand slipped, and down came the window. Now the window-sash falling is nothing unusual, if you haven't got your finger caught. But such a thing gives it all the importance in the world. Such was our friend John's case, and he roared for help, and squirmed around as though he were on the rack. And he says that if ever a man labors under a temptation to say rough words it's under just such circumstances.

—Our friend John is somewhat of an equestrian. The other day he went to a farmer hereabouts, to get a horse, to ride to town. The farmer gave him one which never had a rider on his back before. To look big, our friend John insisted upon having a pair of spurs strapped on his boots. Everything went on very well until it occurred to him that the horse might go a little faster; so he prodded the beast with his spurs. Up went the horse into the air, giving John a good shaking, when his feet came to the ground. To hold on, he brought his two feet in under the horse, and then there was another jump. Again the spurs were brought under and then there was a succession

of jumps by the horse, while John held on to the mane, prodding the poor horse with his spurs, until at last, after turning three somersaults in the air, our friend John was landed into a hedge-fence. Crawling out as best he could, he beheld the horse on a canter homewards, and now he says horse-back-riding doesn't agree with him.

—Our friend John went into the compositors' room saying that it was "nothing to set type." He was handed the following from *Rowell*: "An Iowa man has invented a two-barrelled shot-gun, and the face of the small boy, who didn't know it was loaded, is fairly radiant with a hideous leer of satisfaction." The result of his attempt is the following:

AN io ɛmnu hɛs ˈnæɪəd rɪˈoʊ bɑːrəl sɪn
 ʃɛn? ʌ ˈpɪˌæjæʃni ˈɛs ɛˈlɪbni ˈoʊ ɪn ɛm ˈkuoʊ
 ɪt ˈlɒpəl ɪs ˈfɛɪr? ˈtʃɑːd.ʊnɪ ˈɪθ ˈɪyɔʊms ˈeɪ ˈg
 ˈstʊːɪʃ ˈvɛɪʃən?

Literature.

—THE CATHOLIC WORLD; A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science. March, 1875. New York: The Catholic Publication House. Terms, \$5.00 per year.

The March number of the *Catholic World* is, if anything, better than usual. It opens with an excellent article on Freemasonry, which we recommend to the especial attention of young men. The serial story entitled "Are You My Wife" is continued. "The Colonization of New South Wales" is concluded, and Mrs. Craven's beautiful story, "The Veil Withdrawn," will be finished in the next number. The philosophical article is "A Bit of Modern Thought on Matter." "Turning from Darwin to St. Thomas Aquinas," is a beautiful poem. The short story is called "The Blind Student." "The Future of the Russian Church" is ably treated. "Burke and the Revolution," "Robert Cavalier de La Salle," and "The Log Chapel on the Rappahannock," are excellent reading for students in history. We again call the attention of all to this able journal, and recommend them to subscribe for it.

—THE CATHOLIC RECORD; A Miscellany of Catholic Knowledge and General Literature. February, 1875. Philadelphia: Hardy & Mahony. Terms, \$2.50 per annum.

The February number of the *Record* is very good. "The Temporal Power of the Popes" is the first article; it treats the subject in fine style. "This Mrs. James," by Mrs. Warde, is a very entertaining story. Dr. Moriarty contributes "The Starry Heavens," and the eighth of his "Letters to a Protestant Friend." "The Legend of the Madonna's Veil," is charmingly told, while "The Jubilee," is well explained in an article under that heading. "Ellen Mayland," is a very pretty tale. The poetry of the number is very good, especially that of Eleanor C. Donnelly. The subscription price of the *Record* is very low which enables all desirous of excellent reading to obtain it at a moderate price.

—Mrs. Laidlaw, of Brighton, England, is translating the "Speeches of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX." We hope they will be reprinted in America.

—A new Catholic Magazine has appeared in Milwaukee, Wis.

—Wm. Morris, the sweetest of modern poets, is engaged in translating the "Æneid" in rhymed fourteen-syllable metre.

—The Catholic Publication Society announces as in press a "Life of St. John the Evangelist," "Be not Hasty in Judging," and a "Manual of the Blessed Sacrament."

—The Author of "Laughing Dick Cranstone," etc., will begin in the April number of the *Catholic World*, a new serial story.

—THE VATICAN DECREES in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 8vo., pp. 179. 50 cents.

The pamphlet of Mr. Gladstone has caused many excellent treatises to be written on the Infallibility of the Popes. His pamphlet although intended to produce harm to the Church by causing schism, has had the contrary effect. There are many men who do not rightly understand what is meant by Infallibility, and who, heretofore, since they never read Catholic books, were unable to be rightly informed concerning it. The pamphlet of Mr. Gladstone made the way open by which information could reach these men; for, causing a great sensation by the startling charges which it made, newspaper men became anxious to give their readers, not only the views of Gladstone, but those of such men as Dr. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Mgr. Capel, and other Catholics. The consequence is, that many persons who have heretofore been in the dark are enabled to see what is really meant by Papal Infallibility.

The reply of Archbishop Manning to the assertions of Gladstone is in every way worthy of the man. From the opening page to the last, everything is made as clear as could be desired; in a calm, dignified manner, in every way worthy of a Bishop of the Church, he answers all the passionate and even insolent attacks of a man mortified and stung to fury by defeat. We have not the space to take up his arguments chapter by chapter, nor indeed to give a general outline of the book. Besides, to do so, would not give our readers a sufficient idea of it. It should be read wholly and entirely, and not in piecemeal. Procure a copy of the book, and you will believe as we do.

—THE BLESSED VIRGIN, AND THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

We have received, from the Rev. translator, a copy of this excellent work, which first appeared in the pages of the *Aze Miria*. All Catholics who are lovers of literature should be rejoiced at this translation, which gives us such an insight into the true spirit of Dante's immortal poem. The philological and literary comments of the *Divina Commedia* are, in this work, almost entirely neglected, but compensation for this is made by the successful endeavor of the author to fathom its main thought and to enter into the spirit in which the illustrious poet of Italy wrote his poem. We are sorry that the name of the publisher does not appear on the title-page, and that the price is not given. We will learn in a few days from whom the volume may be purchased, and make it known to our readers, that they may procure copies of this excellent work. The students, however, can procure copies at the Students' Office; price, 30 cts.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Armstrong, V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Berringer, J. Brown, F. Bearss, T. Cochrane, J. Caren, J. Cullen, G. Crummey, H. Cassidy, J. Claffey, T. Carroll, M. Clarke, W. Canavan, F. Devoto, R. Doherty, B. Evans, J. Ewing, M. Foley, C. Favey, F. Farrell, J. Flaherty, P. Guilloz, E. Graves, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Gault, G. Hoyt, C. Hess, A. Hess, H. Hunt, J. Handley, J. Hogan, H. Hoffman, W. Hughes, J. Kennedy, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, M. Keeler, J. Kelly, G. Kelly, F. Keller, T. Logan, A. Lenstorf, J. Larkin, P. Lawrence, J. Lyons, J. Logsdon, M. McCormack, G. McNulty, E. McParlin, R. Maas, E. Maas, F. Montgomery, W. McGavin, J. Mathews, E. Monohan, J. Mc-

Mannus, Peter Mattimore, Patrick Mattimore, E. Moran, A. Mohan, W. Meyer, J. Ney, A. O'Brien, T. O'Leary, C. Otto, F. O'Brien, C. Proctor, T. Pugh, G. Roulhac, W. Ryan, E. L. Ratigan, J. Rudge, M. Ragan, P. Skahill, F. Schlink, W. Schultheis, P. Shaul, E. Siebert, W. Stout, J. Verment, C. Walters, R. White, J. Whalen, A. Wisner, C. Welty.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Bergck, G. Budd, A. Burger, J. W. Connolly, J. Crummev, E. Courtney, J. Dore, J. Delyecchio, R. Downey, L. Evers, F. E. Foxen, J. French, F. Frazee, W. Edwards, J. T. Foley, G. Gross, J. Griffith, J. Golsen, E. Gramling, F. Hoffman, C. Hake, H. H. Harvey, M. Kramer, J. P. Kurtz, H. Kory, A. Leitelt, F. Rosa, T. Quinn, E. Stark, J. Leitelt, C. E. Leonhardt, J. Lynch, P. McBride, R. McGrath, H. McGuire, J. Minton, M. J. Murphy, D. Nelson, J. Nelson, C. Ottoway, C. R. Post, H. W. Quan, J. A. Smith, W. Smith, T. J. Solon, T. Summers, C. J. Whipple, J. E. Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Francis Carlin, Walter Cunningham, Edward Raymond, Ralph Golsen, Colly Clarke, John O'Meara, Francis McGrath, Lee J. Frazee, Samuel Goldsberry, William Lindsey, Eddie J. Dubois, William Cash, Francis Campan, Henry Ordway, John Duffield, Hugh Colton, Charles Bushey, Colly Campan, Albert Bushey, Harley McDonald.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25.
COLLEGIATE COURSE.

SENIOR CLASS—T. H. Grier, T. J. Murphy, C. Walters, J. Hogan, E. J. McLaughlin.

JUNIOR CLASS—E. Graves, F. Devoto, E. S. Monohan, T. F. Gallagher, J. Caren, J. J. Gillen.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—H. Cassidy, B. Euans, J. Brown, T. Hansard, G. Crummev.

FRESHMAN CLASS—A. Mooney, J. Ewing, E. Ratigan, E. McPharlin, M. Keeler, M. Foley, J. Rudge, J. Kopf, T. J. Culliton, J. Handley, T. McNamara, J. Mathews, R. Maas, J. Ney, J. Soule, G. McNulty, C. Otto, C. Welty, H. H. Hunt, J. Lyons, J. Cullen, Wm. Ball.

MINIM DEPARTMENT—Edward Raymond, Michael McAniff, Otto Lindberg, Francis Carlin, Lee J. Frazee, Robert Haley, Walter Cunningham, John Duffield, Hugh Colton, William Van Pett, William Lindsey, Harley McDonald, Henry Ordway, Louis Goldsmith, Charles Bushey, Sylvester Bushey.

List of Excellence.

[The Students mentioned in this list are those who have been at the head of the Classes named during five consecutive weeks, and whose conduct has been at least satisfactory.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FOURTH JR. GRAMMAR—E. Stichtenoth and H. Webber.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ADDITIONAL ARRIVALS.

Miss D. Cavenor,..... Winseller, Iowa.

Miss A. Mahony,..... Lake Forest, Ill.

Miss K. Morris,..... Jackson, Mich.

—Mrs. Walsh, of Chicago, has been passing a few days at St. Mary's.

—Miss Emma Kirwin, a graduate of 1870, is a visitor at the Academy.

—Miss Emily Plamondon, a former pupil, and graduate in music, is here on a visit.

—Many thanks to Hon. D. D. Pratt, of Indiana, for the fifty volumes of Scientific and Congressional Reports so generously donated to St. Mary's Academy Library.

—On Washington's Birthday, the young ladies of the Senior Department gave an Entertainment in the Study-hall. The Star-spangled Banner was beautifully sung by the Vocal Class. The Introductory Address, was given by a very diminutive figure, with the command of a strong voice. A composition by one of the graduates was then read, and Miss Lizzie Arnold appeared, to amuse, and at the same time, to give a most novel construction to American History. Miss E. Quinlan, and R. Spier, played just before

the presentation of four tableaux, of which the Blessed Virgin was the subject. The names of the young ladies who took part in this set of tableaux were as follows: Miss L. Henrotin, K. Joyce, E. Botsford, J. Kearney, B. Spencer, K. Spencer, M. Riley, L. Ritchie, E. York. During the preparation, a Quartette was sung by the Misses E. Haggerty, E. O'Conner, E. Dougherty, and H. Foote; and at the termination, Miss B. Spencer played a beautiful Instrumental piece. Five tableaux from the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary succeeded. The young ladies who assumed characters are as follows: the Misses M. Walker, L. Henrotin, K. and B. Spencer, D. Green, A. St. Clair, A. Lloyd, J. Kearney, M. Faxon, A. Smith, M. Wicker, S. Harris, C. West, and A. Byrne. After music, etc., the final tableau, *Mater Dolorosa*, was given, with the singing of the *Stabat Mater* behind the scenes. The young ladies who composed the picture, were the Misses H. Foote, L. Henrotin, M. Walker, A. Curtin, A. Lloyd, L. Ritchie, B. and K. Spencer, L. Kavenagh, M. Riley, E. York. Very Rev. Father General praised the Entertainment.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Belle Wade has finished some small shells very beautifully in water-colors. They are drawn with accuracy, and the pearly tints are given with exquisite purity and delicacy. Miss Wade seems to be particularly happy in the use of water-color tints. We have seen several things from her brush remarkable for the qualities named above.

—Miss Amelia Koch has been promoted from the fifth to the fourth class in pencil-drawing. Miss Katie Morris has entered the list for artistic honors in the Drawing Department, taking place, of course, in the fifth class.

—The Tableaux on the evening of the 22nd were worthy of mention in the Art Notes. The last one in the series, illustrating the relation of the Blessed Virgin to Wisdom, or to all learning and all science, was particularly happy. The five tableaux illustrating the holy life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary were of great beauty as to conception and were acted with true feeling. The *Mater Dolorosa*, was rendered still more touching by the simple chant of the *Stabat Mater* during its representation.

As these mystical subjects, treated according to the spirit of mystical art, passed before our eyes; as we saw them performed by young girls who are supposed to have very little relish for religious subjects; saw them performed, not as mere representations but as mystical events, with a charm of expression that was really wonderful; we could not but think how much tableaux, rightly conducted, can do to improve not only the artistic sense, but the religious sense. We should be glad to see Tableaux made a part of the artistic training of every school, as they are in the Roman College, so as to develop the æsthetic capacities, which, in this country, lie dormant in too many instances through an entire life. It is the lack of this æsthetic sense on the one hand, and the possession of it on the other, which makes the indescribable difference between the old European countries and our own. It pervades the air of those regions that have once been penetrated by the true spirit of art; and instead of belonging only to the more highly favored circles of society, as among ourselves, is the heritage of rich and poor alike.

Tableaux, we repeat, may be made a means of æsthetic culture among us, where pictures are so few, and often so inferior; especially under their æsthetic aspect. But, in order to do this, no pains should be spared in securing for them all those technical helps with which the Art-student is necessarily acquainted.

The arrangement of light, and shadows, in a tableaux, are of as much importance as in a picture, and should be governed by the very same laws. The Greek fire, which, properly speaking, belongs only to the drama, and only to certain sensational forms even of that, is really an innovation. But since the American taste has overruled, in this instance, the laws of the "tableaux vivant," let us do the next best thing in our power. All the lamps or gas jets should be placed higher than the head of any actor in the tableau, and always to one side, towards the front of the stage. By these lights the group should be arranged. If the "Greek fire" must be used after this, in compassion for all the ideas of art in the rising generations let it be

given, not only from one side, but at a sufficient height to increase only, not to destroy, all the previous effects of light and shadow!

When the Greek fire alone is used, it should be placed a little higher, if possible, than the head of any of the actors.

By a reasonable attention to this simple rule of light and shadow, the effect of the most charming mystical tableaux will be increased to a degree hardly appreciable until it has been tried. Let us have more tableaux, then!

TABLET OF HONOR.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 21.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled:

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Walker, A. Curtin, L. Ritchie, A. Lloyd, J. Kearney, A. Smith.

1ST SR. CLASS—Misses G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, H. Foote, E. Donnelly, K. Joyce, L. Arnold, J. Stimson, A. St. Clair.

2ND SR. CLASS—Misses A. O'Connor, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, L. Wyman, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, J. Bennett, M. Faxon, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, B. Wade, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, M. Brady, L. Johnson.

3RD SR. CLASS—Misses L. Kelley, S. Harris, M. Walsh, K. Hutchinson, M. Quill, R. Neteler, P. Gaynor, A. Byrnes, M. Roberts, B. Spencer, K. Spencer, K. Greenleaf, E. Mann, M. Poquette, M. O'Mahony, A. Duncan, S. Hole, M. Shiel, M. Carlin, K. Casey, T. Gaynor.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses M. and E. Thompson, C. Morgan, S. Moran, M. Hutchinson, H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, M. McKay, N. McFarlane, S. Cunningham.

2ND PREP. CLASS—Misses J. Riopelle, E. Edes, S. Reising, E. Botsford, L. Gustine, L. Ryan, G. Wells, F. Wells, L. Johnson.

3RD PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Maigrey, L. Brownbridge, L. Bosch, M. Railton, G. Hills, L. Schwass, S. Swalley.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ENGLISH LESSONS.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Haggerty, A. Lloyd, J. Locke, J. Kearney, R. Green, A. Smith.

1ST SR. CLASS—Misses G. Walton, A. Clarke, J. Fanning, H. Foote, M. Riley, K. Joyce, J. Stimson.

2ND SR. CLASS—Misses A. O'Connor, M. Daley, A. Walsh, L. Ritchie, L. Wyman, J. McGuire, E. York, A. Dilger, F. Dilger, J. Bennette, M. Faxon, E. Dougherty, J. Nunning, M. Julius, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, M. Brady.

3RD SR. CLASS—L. Kelley, S. Harris, R. Neteler, P. Gaynor, L. Henrotin, A. Byrnes, B. and K. Spencer, M. Bryson, B. Wilson, K. Greenleaf, M. Poquette, A. Duncan, S. Hole, M. O'Connor, M. Carlin, M. Shiel, P. Gaynor, M. O'Mahony, I. Fisk.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses E. O'Connor, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, C. Morgan, S. Moran, M. Hutchinson, H. Parks, S. Edes, I. Edes, M. Pritchard, M. McKay, A. McFarlane, D. Cavenor, A. Pool, E. Lange, A. Cullen, B. Golsen.

2ND PREP. CLASS—Misses J. Riopelle, E. Edes, E. Botsford, J. Brown, H. Peak, A. Allen, L. Gustine, L. Ryan, G. and F. Wells, L. Johnson.

3RD PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Maigrey, L. Brownbridge, M. Railton, L. Bosch.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses I. Yates, C. Yates, L. Kirchner, A. Goewey, A. Ewing, N. Mann, L. Walsh, N. McGrath, M. Hoffman, E. Lappin, C. Orr.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses A. Peak, I. Mann, K. Hudson, A. McGrath, M. Bell, M. Hughes, C. Hughes, M. Derby, E. Simpson.

2ND JR. CLASS—Misses R. Goldsberry, Y. Mier, and L. Schurrer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Wilson, A. Harris, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, M. Cravens, M. Ewing, A. Pool, E. Lange, A. Cullen, M. Schultheis, M. and B. Siler, B. Golsen, M. Reynolds, H. Peak, J. Brown, L. Kirchner, N. McGrath, I. and C. Yates, A. Goewey, M. Hogan, L. Hutchinson, H. Kraus, L. Walsh, M. Hoffman, A. Koch, E. Lappin, M. Redfield, C. Orr, K. Hudson, M. Bell, M. Derby.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Ewing, N. Mann, I. Mann, C. and M. Hughes, R. Goldsberry, Y. Mier, L. and A. Schurrer.

A Memory.

We knelt in the quiet chapel,
The zepthers moved gently through,
And the wings of all were laden
With fragrance of morning dew.

And one of them bore a fragment
Of delicate thistle bloom,
Which, pure as the wings that bore it
Floated silently through the room.

It glanced from its airy shelter,
On the kneeling forms below,
Then floated softly downward,
Like a pure white flake of snow.

But the odor of prayer ascending,
Like incense before the throne,
Sent it upward again, and the zepthers
Bore it to realms unknown.

O, was it a white-winged angel,
Sent down from the realms above,
Under that guise to carry
To heaven, sweet pleadings of love

Unseen and unheard are those angels,
God's love for His creatures provides:
Gladly they bear to His presenee
Sweet words: but naught else besides.

Lovingly patient, they tarry,
Awaiting the contrite tone,
Then slowly, and sadly ascending
With tears they approach the throne.

With tears tell the dismal story,
Of an unrepented heart,
Of a heart sin-stained and weary,
Forgetting the "better part."

But this white-winged spirit floated
Through the hazy upper air,
With a speed which showed no sorrow,
Only loving, grateful prayer.

L. B.

—Plain sauce—An interview with a Saratoga hotel clerk
—A strong-minded woman will always be speaker of the house.

—Many "play the knave" without ever going to a card-table.

—Reticence may not be considered sound sense, but it is good sense.

—How unjust it is to accuse a bald-headed man of putting on false hair.

—How to make good puffs—Send the publisher fifty cents a line for them.

—The financial pressure is loosening. Even the days are not so "short" as they were.

—An editor may not be religious, but he generally has an umbrella which keeps lent.

—The charity that begins at home [and ends there] isn't the kind that "covers a multitude of sins."

—A spread-eagle orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had fled a mile."

—Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.

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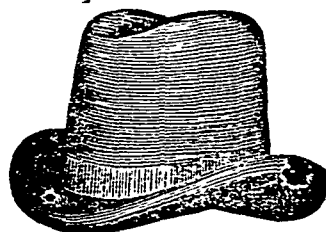
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\$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE "Scholastic" is the title of a neat little paper published every week, except in vacation, at the University of Notre Dame. The chief object of this paper is to keep the parents and friends of our Students informed on the various subjects of study and discipline at this University and at St. Mary's Academy, and of the progress of their sons and daughters in these two institutions. For this purpose, regular weekly reports are given, consisting of the names of those who deserve, by their excellent conduct, to be recorded on the Roll of Honor, and who by their perseverance and industry deserve special commendation from their various professors and teachers. Other reports, relative to the arrangement of classes, the promotion of the more talented and energetic students, etc., also find place in this paper, and keep parents and friends accurately informed on all that concerns their children.

The paper also opens a field for aspiring young writers, who might otherwise, through timidity, allow their talents in this respect to remain inactive; while many articles of an instructive and literary character, from writers of mature mind and ability, render "THE SCHOLASTIC" a valuable publication for all who desire variety and utility in their reading. "THE SCHOLASTIC" consists of sixteen wide two-column pages, ten of which will be occupied with reading matter and the remainder with advertisements.

Notice to Advertisers:

The Publishers will receive a limited number of Advertisements for "THE SCHOLASTIC," and have arranged upon the following list of prices:

One Page,	(per month,)	\$10 00
One Column	"	6 00
Half Column,	"	4 00
One-Third Column,	"	2 50
One-Eighth Column,	"	1 50

Address,

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Dec. 1, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.20; Cleveland, 2.45 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.12	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 11.57 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50
11.57	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.11	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
8.00	P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 P. M.
5.44	P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.18	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.30 A. M.
5.24	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15 Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.31	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10. P. M.
5.44	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 6.35; Chicago, 9
8.00	A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
9.15	A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.
W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R.

Depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman sts. Ticket-office, Grand Pacific Hotel.

TRAINS.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express,	10.13 a m	3.30 p m
Peru Accommodation,	5.00 p m	9.30 a m
Night Express	10.30 p m	6.15 a m

Michigan Central Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Taking effect December 27th, 1874.

Going East.

Trains.	Leave Chicago.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Detroit
Mail	5 00 a m	9 02 a m	5 45 p m
Day Express	8 30 a m	11 47 a m	6 30 p m
Accommodation	3 35 p m	7 35 p m	8 45 a m
Atlantic Express	5 15 p m	8 55 p m	3 50 a m
Night Express	9 p m	12 45 p m	8 00 a m

Going West.

Trains	Leave Detroit.	Leave Niles.	Arrive at Chicago.
Mail	7 00 a m	4 05 p m	8 05 p m
Day Express	10 20 a m	5 20 p m	9 00 p m
Accommodation	1 50 p m	6 30 a m	10 35 a m
Evening Express	5 40 p m	2 30 a m	6 30 a m
Pacific Express	10 00 p m	5 00 a m	8 30 a m

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leave South Bend—8 a m, 3 p m, 6.30 p m, *9 a m, *7 p m.
Arrive at Niles—8.45 a m, 3.55 p m, 7.10 p m, *9.40 a m, *7.40 p m.
Leave Niles—3.30 a m, 9.20 a m, 5.10 p m, *8 a m, *5 p m.
Arrive at South Bend—7.15 a m, 10 a m, 5.55 p m, *8.40 a m, *5.40 p m

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Going East, via Niles.

Depart—8.07 a m, 6.38 p m, *9.07 a m, *7.07 p m.
Arrive—7.07 a m, 9.42 a m, 5.46 p m, *8.32 a m, *5.32 p m

Going West, via Niles.

Depart—3.10 p m. Arrive—9.42 a m.

Trains marked thus * † run Sunday only.

C. D. WHITCOMB, General Ticket Agent, Detroit, Mich.
FRANK E. SNOW, Gen. Western Passenger Agent, Detroit, Mich.
S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend, Ind.
R. CELESTINE, Ticket Agent, Notre Dame, Ind.
H. C. WENTWORTH, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.
W. B. STRONG, General Superintendent, Chicago.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:40 a.m.	*8:10 p.m.
Kansas City and Denver Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*12:30 p.m.	*2:50 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*12:30 p.m.	*2:50 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation	*4:30 p.m.	*9:20 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:45 p.m.	†7:30 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	†9:45 p.m.	†7:30 a.m.
* Except Sunday. † Except Saturday. ‡ Daily. § Except Monday		
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.		

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL

DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a.m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a.m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p.m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.
D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.
W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

*Second day.