

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Arts in Nature.

The *music* is the sighing of the breeze,
The brooklet's murmur, and the fountain's play;
The sparrow's chirping, and the dreamy lay
Of rustling leaflets in the wavy trees.—
The *painting* spreads from blue to purple seas;
O'er verdant meadows decked in bright array
With gorgeous flowers, variously gay
From colors rich, to humbler by degrees.—
The *statues* are the mountains and the hills
With craggy cliffs and tall-uprearing peaks:
And trees that mournful stand and seem
To guard the flowing of the mountain rills.—
Whilst all combined, a magic influence speaks
In utterance of the poet's sweetest dream.

BRUS.

Mirabeau the Man.

On the 9th of March, 1749, in the Chateau of Bignon, near Nemours, was ushered into the world the prince of modern French orators—Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, Marquis of Mirabeau. The family from which he sprung was originally from Florence. The Arrighetti had been driven into exile during the long and bloody struggles between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. They left in Italy the record of factious, turbulent aristocrats, and of fierce, fiery, quarrelsome partisans, and their hot blood cannot be said to have cooled under the burning sun of Southern France, where they had sought refuge.

Their race had already given birth to many men of eminence—generals as haughty and unmanageable as they were intrepid—magistrates of more than republican independence and more than princely arrogance—when last, but not least, it produced the redoubtable Gabriel Honoré de Mirabeau. These details may be of some use to us in endeavoring to decipher the character of the great tribune; they indicate what in him belongs to the race and what belongs to the man.

There are, we may say, two lives in that of Mirabeau. The one—a life of disorders of every kind and vices of every grade—of scandalous adventures and boiling, seething passions—of violence and unmasked licentiousness—of never-ending wretchedness and maddening trials—of imprisonment and exile—of bold exploits and feverish dreams—extends from 1769 to the convocation of the states general. The second life begins where the first terminates: it is his political career, brilliant with triumphs and glittering with audacity, eloquence, and genius—audacity without honesty, eloquence without conviction, and genius without virtue, though not without some of the trappings of dignity. It is of the first of these two lives that we shall en-

deavor to present a brief outline—to study Mirabeau the man, as the best means of arriving at an understanding of Mirabeau the tribune.

Terribly scarred by smallpox while yet in the cradle, he was so unprepossessing in appearance that his own father, describing him to an absent brother, writes: "Your nephew is as hideous as the nephew of Satan could be." Scarcely had the hopeful child grown into boyhood when he and his worthy sire found themselves at daggers drawn. The father, a man fully as violent and overbearing as the son promised to become, aimed at ruling his household like a pacha, and wished to find in every member thereof a Seid; but unfortunately for the realization of his desire, Master Gabriel Honoré failed to develop the slightest trace of vocation or inclination for such a rôle. If, then, to the violence of the father and independence of the child we add the harshness and cruelty of a stepmother, we should not be surprised to learn that Mirabeau's education, begun under the lash, was completed in the house of correction, to which his parents had consigned him under the name of Pierre Bussière.

This stormy course of study completed, Mirabeau enters the army, where he attracts attention by several more or less discreditable escapades—is imprisoned for a short time in the island of Rhe, then returns to civil life and begins to exercise over all those with whom he comes in contact that wonderful ascendancy or rather that species of fascination, which during his whole subsequent career no one seems to have been able to resist. Introduced at Versailles, in spite of his hideous face and unsavory record he yet carries everything before him. His father, never very favorable towards him, repeatedly alludes in his correspondence to what he terms Gabriel Honoré's terrible gift of familiarizing which breaks down every barrier of rank and places him at ease with every phase of greatness. A young heiress is besieged by the attentions of all the brilliant young nobles of Provence. Mirabeau, who, to use his own words, knows nothing that may not be conquered and very little that may not be attacked, has only to enter the lists, and "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—he soon communicates the intelligence of his success to a circle of admiring friends. Cut off by his fond father with an income of two thousand crowns a year, his magnificent tastes and lavish prodigalities soon involve him in difficulties from which he finds it impossible to extricate himself with honor. In vain does he implore the assistance of his father, protesting that if once relieved he will forever abandon a course "begun in thoughtlessness, continued through necessity, and completed through weakness"; the affectionate old gentleman, so far from being moved, is on the contrary the first to apply for and secure a judicial decree condemning his son to a quasi imprisonment on his small estate. Of course, for a man of the stamp of the future tribune, submission to

such a sentence was out of the question; and, in defiance of courts and judges and tribunals and prohibitions, Mirabeau soon found means to shake the French dust from his feet and take up his residence in Switzerland. Received with the utmost cordiality by a worthy nobleman, the Marquis de Monnier, he rewards his generous host's courtesy by taking a rather precipitate departure, but not alone; his sense of honor and decorum not proving sufficiently nice to stand in the way of an infraction of the Ninth Commandment. The worthy runaways first took up quarters at Amsterdam, where Mirabeau plunged into intellectual labor of all kinds, but more especially the kind compatible with a not unduly exalted standard of morality,—managing to eke out an humble subsistence for himself and paramour by an assiduous though disreputable toil of twelve hours every day. Relying too much on the protection which he had the right to expect from the Dutch laws, he neglected to keep the place of his retreat a secret, and as his creditors, the outraged Marquis de Monnier and the French authorities, had not forgotten him, no one will be surprised to learn that he awoke one fine morning to find himself a prisoner in the Bastille, where he was destined to consume four of the best years of his life. This was the turning point of his career. Captivity, which has been the means of reforming so many men, seems to have utterly perverted this one. Unable to commit debauchery, he wrote it. His private correspondence forms a volume as filthy as the Decameron, but disfigured by traces of vices and passions far blacker than any with which Boccaccio can be reproached.

But while thus giving a loose rein to all the odious, vicious and depraved instincts of human nature, he yet during these four long and dreary years afforded striking proofs that his great genius was fast maturing. The iron force of will and energy of character which he displayed, and the exhaustless fertility of resources which he brought into play in order to bring about his release, clearly show how great and irresistible were his powers of mind when urged on by some honorable aim. From the day on which the prison doors closed on him, the one idea uppermost in his mind is—how to effect his liberation. Letters and pamphlets and speeches and arguments are literally showered on the public from the prison cell; protestations of innocence or of remorse, lofty eloquence, biting sarcasm, passionate invectives—nothing is neglected which is likely to aid in bringing about the desired result. At first everything is against him; his wife and father, courts and judges, the ministry, public opinion, and the police; finally all range themselves on his side. His father, always most bitterly hostile to him, is the last to relent; but he too is finally triumphed over, and on the 13th of December, 1780, Mirabeau steps forth a free man. But it must not be imagined that the voluminous public correspondence already mentioned, in which he so ingeniously smooths over his delinquencies and so eloquently portrays his wrongs, or the private correspondence in which he pours out all the bitterness of his soul and all the corruption of his heart, were sufficient to absorb his whole and undivided attention during his incarceration. Translations, entire or partial, of nearly all the great poets and orators of antiquity and modern times—Homer, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Tasso, Tacitus, and Silius Italicus—a universal grammar—dramas and tragedies,—pamphlets addressed to the king and queen on the political situation—projects for the embellishment of Paris, which have since been all or nearly all realized—essays on every conceivable

subject from standing armies to cloistered nuns—not to speak of those prostitutions of genius, the songs and romances which were written for the support of his illegitimate offspring—in order, as he himself declares, that the child conceived and born in vice might receive nourishment from the portrayal of vicious scenes—such are the monuments that still remain to attest the prodigious mental activity of Mirabeau during these dreary years.

Restored to liberty at the age of thirty-one, he found himself under the ban of society. To reach once more the social position to which he was entitled by birth, he saw himself obliged to launch out immediately into two great efforts—the one, in order to secure a reversal of the decree pronounced six years before, condemning him to civil death; the other, to negotiate a reunion with his wife, the Countess de Mirabeau, who had obtained a legal separation from him during his imprisonment and exile, and who loudly proclaimed her resolution to procure an absolute divorce should he ever recover his liberty. Mirabeau plunged into the first case with his usual impetuosity, and conducted it throughout with wonderful energy and resistless eloquence, displaying at all times and under all circumstances if not the confidence of virtue at least the superiority of genius. It was another war of pamphlets, and once more Mirabeau swept everything before him. In the second case, his own father, with whom he had again contrived to quarrel, proved himself his evil genius. The suit was lost in spite of the almost superhuman efforts he put forth, and Mirabeau remained, as it were, outside the pale of society. The unhappy issue of this trial unquestionably exercised a very unfortunate influence on the whole of his subsequent career. He had made giant efforts to be readmitted to the duties and privileges of ordinary life, and his efforts had been disappointed: he therefore remained an irregular, waging a guerilla warfare on society, which could find no position for him. A son discarded by his father—a husband abandoned by his wife—a man of genius without regular or legitimate employment—an aristocrat without power—a prodigal without means—everything seemed to conspire to drive him towards the rôle of a Catiline, for which his nature had admirably fitted him. These legal contests were an admirable school of preparation for the great political struggles in which he was soon to be engaged. They were, we may say, mock-combats in which full exercise was given to the athlete's arm beneath whose blows the monarchy was to crumble. Six years had yet to elapse before the abilities of Mirabeau found a fitting sphere in which to display themselves, and these years were spent by him in excesses of all kinds—of labor as well as of debauchery. The excitement of battle and the emotions of pleasure seemed equally necessary to his existence. Like the free-lances of the Middle Ages, his restless energy, reckless audacity and insatiable passions were always at the disposal of the highest bidder. His eloquence, like their courage, was at the service of every cause—for a consideration. Like them, also, he sold his services only for the time being, and remaining in possession of his eloquence as they remained in possession of their courage, when the day's task was over he carried his genius elsewhere in quest of new employment and new remuneration. Memorable amongst all his mercenary struggles was his encounter with the notorious Beaumarchais, author of Figaro. It was Saladins' keen-edged Damascus blade pitted against King Richard's battle-axe. Figaro had grown old and dignified. Clear, cold, calm and precise, he showed himself

in this instance, as the French so well express it—"rather the man of his cause than the man of his talent." In short the worn-out, enervated old scandal-monger was fairly crushed beneath the furious invectives, biting sarcasms and scorching personalities of the dashing young scandal-breeder, Mirabeau.

But events in the world of state had in the mean time been hurrying on rapidly to a crisis. The signs foreboding a political tempest were already becoming ominous. "After us the deluge" summarized the policy of Louis XV, and the deluge which he foresaw, but failed to guard against, was fast approaching. Minister succeeded minister at the helm of state; Calonne, Brienne, Malesherbes, Turgot and Necker followed one another in rapid succession, but all found it impossible to steer the national bark between the Scylla of privilege on one side and the Charybdis of abuse on the other. Finally, when all other expedients had failed, as a last resort the convocation of the States General was decreed for the first time in two centuries, and with the meeting of the Constituent Assembly Mirabeau the man disappears from public notice to be succeeded on the stage of events by Mirabeau the Tribune.

W.

Dr. Newman at Home.

(From the London World.)

No two sets of ideas could be more dissimilar than those respectively suggested by the man John Henry Newman and the place Birmingham. And yet in Birmingham is Dr. Newman's home. There the late Cardinal Wiseman placed him in 1848, and there he still remains. An ugly red brick building, shaped in the most modern of modern styles, in a suburb full of other red-brick buildings, with a narrow strip of ground before it planted with dingy shrubs, standing back a little from the street, as if overshadowed by the neighboring bank and inn—such is the place where Dr. Newman's dwelling is fixed. For this he has exchanged those "spires of Oxford, domes and towers, gardens and groves," once—and, indeed, still—so dear to him, which he has never seen again, except, as a passing traveller, from the railway, since he left them at the bidding of conscience nearly thirty-one years ago.

Thirteen years ago a popular writer, among whose many merits accuracy of thought or statement cannot be reckoned, thought fit to accuse Dr. Newman by name of teaching that truth for its own sake was not, and, on the whole, ought not to be, a virtue with the Roman clergy. This accusation, going so far beyond the popular prejudice entertained against him, appeared to Dr. Newman to call solemnly for an answer. An answer was given in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, where, at the cost of no small suffering to a nature eminently sensitive and shrinking from publicity, the veil was lifted from forty-five years of his inner life in a narrative whose simple candor carried conviction even to theological opponents. Few books have so triumphantly accomplished their purpose as that remarkable work. It is not too much to say that a revolution in the popular estimate of the author was caused by it. Since its publication he has, in one way or another, been brought frequently before his countrymen; and widely as the vast majority of them differ from his religious opinions, there is probably no living man in whose unswerving rectitude they more entirely believe, or for whom they entertain a deeper reverence and respect.

Certainly that reverence and respect would not be di-

minished in the case of any one by a familiar knowledge of Dr. Newman's daily life. His warmest and most devoted friends are those with whom he lives, his dearest brothers as he calls them in the *Apologia*, the priests of the Birmingham Oratory; and it is curious and significant how each of them in his way reflects something of the tone and character of their illustrious superior—"The Father," as they commonly term him. Throughout the house, well-nigh everything speaks of him. In the "parlor" into which the visitor is shown hangs a print of Oxford, with the touching inscription underneath, "*Fili hominis putasse vivent ossa ista? Et dixi, Domine Deus tu nostri.*" The library is half furnished with his books; many of them once stood in his rooms at Oriel. In the church we have realized in some sort a type of architecture which he has himself described; not the scientific and masterly conception of a great whole with many parts, but something plain and inartificial, "an addition of chapel to chapel, and a wayward growth of cloister according to the occasion, with half-concealed shrines and unexpected recesses, with paintings upon the walls, as if by a second thought, with an absence of display and wild irregular beauty." Then there is the Oratory School, his own creation, in which, under his fostering care, the youths of some of the greatest Catholic families are trained in traditions of scholarship and conduct transplanted from the old national seats of education, but modified or transformed by his judgment, and impressed, if we may so speak, with his personality. And if we are privileged to penetrate to the room whence all this influence radiates, and where, fenced in by double windows from the noise and biting winds of the outer world, "The Father," lives—his bed in one corner of it, behind a little screen—we shall find him, as of old, busy among his books and papers, constant to "his work and to his labors until the evening," whose shades are now gathering around him. Who can guess at the literary treasures that chamber contains? It is significant of the simplicity of this great nature that when the "Dream of Gerontius"—the most vivid sketch of things beyond the veil that has been given to the world since Dante—was drawn from him by the death of a dear friend, it was so lightly valued by him that its rescue from the waste-paper basket, to which he was about to consign it, was due to an accident.

As Dr. Newman's days grow fewer they grow longer. He has ever been an early riser, and now, from five in the morning until an unknown hour at night, he is busily engaged in redeeming the time. His first two hours are given to devotion. Shortly after 7 he says his Mass—usually for some years past in the Chapel of the *Bona Mors*—in which the souls of the founders and Catholic benefactors of his old colleges at Oxford are always remembered. At about 8 o'clock he appears in the refectory, where he breakfasts in silence, after the custom of religious houses, attacking meanwhile the pile of correspondence which awaits him on the table. Then his own room receives him, and until 2.30 or 3 in the afternoon correspondence, study and the duties involved in the government of the house and school engross him. An hour or two in the afternoon is given to exercise, for he is still a great pedestrian; the community dinner is at 6 o'clock, and on days when his turn comes round "the Father" girds on the apron of service and waits upon his brethren, not himself sitting down until they are served. All eat in silence, only broken by the voice of the lector, who from the pulpit in the corner reads first a chapter from the Vulgate, then a chapter of the life of a saint, and lastly a

portion from some modern work of general interest. When dinner is over, questions in some department of theological science are proposed by him whose turn it is. Each in succession gives his opinion, ending with the usual formula, "But I speak under correction." Then the proposer sums up, and the fathers adjourn to a neighboring parlor where coffee is served and the pent-up flood of conversation bursts forth—the play of wit and fancy, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, the tender glances at the past, the keen remarks on the public events of the day, the shrewd, practical observations on their own domestic and personal concerns. In all which the Superior fully bears his part, as much at home here as among his graver pursuits, his clear musical voice interposing frequently to add the contribution of his *mitis sapientia* to the genial hour, which recalls to one the description given of the first oratory over which St. Philip Neri himself presided, "the school of Christian mirth." Perhaps the two things which most strike the visitor among these ecclesiastics are their thoroughly English tone, and the liberality, in the highest sense, of their views. Dr. Newman once remarked, "When I became a Catholic, I did not cease to be an Englishman," and it may be truly said of him, as Ampere said of Ozanam, that "he has a largeness of conception which teaches him to recognize sympathies outside the camp in which he is fighting"; or the words of another regarding that great man, "He is passionately enamored of the legitimate conquests of the modern mind; he loves liberty, and he has served it; he is intolerant of intolerance and just towards error."

So passes Dr. Newman's life in his Birmingham home, its tranquil course broken at rare intervals by visits to old and cherished friends, chiefly of his Oxford days, or by retirement to a tiny country house of the Oratorians, a few miles distant, at Rednal, round which is the little churchyard where they are buried. It is a pretty little spot, well away from the smoke and din of Birmingham; and here Dr. Newman will sometimes spend days in absolute seclusion, whether seeking rest from prolonged labor or unbroken time for more assiduous toil. It was here that the most closely reasoned of his works, the "Grammar of Assent," was composed; but the books with which the walls are lined bear evidence that lighter literature is not disregarded. Miss Austen, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, are favorite authors with the great theologian. Of modern English poets, Wordsworth, Southey and Crabbe are highly valued by him, and are constantly read. Music, again, has ever been a solace to him, and has been lovingly cultivated. Most educated men know the passage in the Oxford "University Sermons" in which "the mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions we know not whence," produced in us by the great masters of musical sound, are described in words of majestic eloquence which it would be hard to parallel. As might have been expected, the man who could write thus of music is himself no mean musician. A story is told—we know not with what truth—that on one occasion a Protestant Boanerges visiting Birmingham sent a pompous invitation to the great convert to dispute publicly with him in the town-hall, to which Dr. Newman replied that he had small skill in controversy, and must decline to enter the lists with so redoubtable a champion; but that his friends credited him with some power of playing the violin, and that he would be happy to meet his challenger at a trial of strength on the instrument.

Our sketch of Dr. Newman at home ought not to conclude without some mention of his gala-day—St. Philip Neri's Feast. Nothing is more striking about him than the sense of personal attachment which he bears to the Saint whose habit he wears and under whose shadow he lives. At first this devotion to a man whom he has never known; who has been dead, indeed, these three hundred years; who has left no image of himself in books, for he wrote none; whose life was spent in Rome, in a private station, and in the discharge of the ordinary duties of the sacerdotal calling—seems to the Protestant visitor fantastic and sentimental. But a little observation soon shows that it is one of the soberest realities of Dr. Newman's life. St. Philip is no stranger to him. The "old man of sweet aspect," "whose bright and beautiful character won him before he was a Catholic," is ever before a mind which dwells more among the unseen than the visible. And when St. Philip's Day comes round there is joy in Dr. Newman's house. A grand function in the church, at which the Saint's great disciple reads, not without pauses from strong emotion, Bacci's touching narrative of his patron's last days on earth; a Latin play in the school, in which the youthful actors have been personally trained by their great head; a modest and bright banquet in the refectory, in which "the Father" gathers around him the friends who have come, some of them from afar, to offer to him their annual greeting—these are the leading incidents of a day deeply enshrined in the memories of many:

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on; if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain.
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

History of the Organ.

The organ is incontestably the worthiest of all musical instruments. It is one of the grandest works on which human ingenuity has exhibited its skill, so that we may truly say it is the child of man's genius. In majesty of tone, in grandeur of effect, in power of attraction and expression, it is the noblest work of all that has been done in the department of music. This alone is sufficient reason to excite our curiosity and lead us to trace out its history. But, alas! here again we meet with the same difficulty which we find in investigating the origin of music itself: it cannot be ascertained to a certainty when man first began the labor of constructing the organ, that work which we now so much admire. Its early history is lost in the mist of ages.

The name "organ" comes from the Latin "*organum*," and Greek "*organon*." These expressions denote every instrument in the same sense as we accept it now in the phrase "organs of sense," for "instruments of sense." In another acceptance they are used in the ancient languages to signify also musical instruments in general, and among these again principally a certain class of wind instruments.

As said above, it were a vain attempt to trace out the date when the organ was first made; we may, however, if we proceed from the fact that the organ, the smallest as well as the largest, is based upon the principle that compressed air is forced into pipes by mechanic arrangements, and by its operation on the reeds, produces sound, be able to conclude that the time of the invention of the organ belongs to a very early period in the

history of the world. As all other inventions had the simplest beginnings, it seems natural that such also should be the case with the organ. In fact, the different arrangements in the work of an organ may be reduced in principle to the simple pipes or whistles which children make for their amusement, since these also are made to emit sounds by simply compressing air into the pipe by means of the mouth. It is very probable that the ancients connected several of these pipes in a row, and so formed the instrument of the ancients called the "Syrinx," or Pandean pipes, of which Virgil sings in his second Eclogue. Several pipes so arranged were placed on a "sound-board" (improperly so called) or pipe-board, which were operated not by the mouth but by artificial wind, which principle seems to be the foundation of the present organ.

In the Talmud we find the description of organs placed in the temple of Solomon, of which it is said that they gave such a powerful sound that the inhabitants of Sion could not hear their own words whilst the instrument was playing. The word *organum* also is found in several places in the Bible, as in Gen., iv, 21, and the text: "Jubal was the father of those playing on the harp and organ," shows sufficiently that organs were known already at this early period, though perhaps the word organ may not have been used to signify our instrument.

It is not known at what period any of the enlargements or improvements were made on it. The Romans and Greeks are said to have possessed water-organs. They received this name from the use of water-power in forcing the air into the pipes. Ctesibius is said to have invented the hydraulicon about the middle of the third century before Christ. According to Tertullian, Archimedes was considered its inventor. History tells us that Nero took particular delight in the organ. It is however very doubtful if organs then had much, if any, resemblance to ours and especially as the translation of the word *organum* into *organ* may not be altogether correct. Its use must however have been confined, since so very little concerning it has been handed down to us.

We find in the writings of the ancients that the pneumatic organ was in use. It has its name from the supplying of air to the pipes by means of a bellows. Saint Augustine and Cassiodorus allude to it; the latter comparing it to a tower, and especially emphasizing its powerful voice (*vox capiosissima*). St. Jerome also describes it, and according to him it had 15 pipes, 2 windbags of elephant's skin and 12 bellows to imitate, as he expresses it, the thunder. Pope Vitalian is said to have introduced organs into his churches about the year 670; but still this is only a supposition. The first certain account of the introduction of the organ was in the 8th century, when the Greek Emperor Constantine Copronymus sent one to Pepin in 755. We may conclude from this that Greece may be considered as the first home of organ-builders, which is confirmed by the fact that Charlemagne received a large organ from the Greek Emperor Constantine Michael. It imitated, as the records relate, with its pipes, filled with air by means of ox-hides, the rolling of the thunder, the tinkling of the lyre and the jingling of the cymbals. Charlemagne having devotional predilection for the ceremonies and the singing at the holy services, ordered several organs for different churches of his vast empire, to accompany the singing. We may remark here also that at this time the organ was principally confined to church services.

Germany also, from about the beginning of the 9th cen-

tury, began to build organs; and it is remarkable that this country produced the ablest of organ-builders. Organs were found in England as early as the 10th century, but still they were nearly all manufactured by foreign artists. Documents of Pope John the VIII still extant show that he asked of the Archbishop Anno of Freisingen for a German artist who was able to build and play the organ. This goes to show that the art of building organs was cultivated principally in Germany, and that it was there held in great celebrity. Even priests, monks and bishops took part in this art. Bishop Gerbert of Rheims, and later on Pope Sylvester, were organ-builders; while the German Augustinian monk, Philipp, and the Dominican Ulrich Engelbrecht, also excelled in it. The largest organs of this period were found in Magdeburg, Freisingen, Aix-la-Chapelle, etc. Their want was always felt, hence their general use in cathedral and conventual churches. A synod of the 13th century speaks of them as being already ordinarily found in the churches, and prescribed several regulations with regard to their use in church.

The organs of this period must have occupied a large place in the church, as may be seen from the account of an organ which Bishop Elfeg of Winchester, England, had erected in his Cathedral in 951. It had twenty-six bellows, twelve above and fourteen below, and four hundred pipes. It required two organists to play it, perhaps because it required considerable strength to press down the large and clumsy keys. The organs of the time, compared with ours, were very imperfect. They were rough in construction, and very limited in regard to their effect. The organs of the 12th century never had more than fifteen keys, which were very large and heavy. Neither could these be played with the fingers, but were struck by the hands. From this originated the expression in different languages, of "striking the organ," "*toucher l'orgue*," "*Die Orgel schlagen*," etc. It was used then only to give the intonation or to accompany a simple melody. Two organs therefore were generally in the church, a smaller one in the choir to sustain the singing of the priest, and a larger one over the inside entrance of the church, on a gallery, for the purpose of assisting the congregation in singing.

Registers were not known until the 16th century, so that all the pipes belonging to the same key were "speaking" as soon as the respective keys were pressed. The bellows also were very imperfect, so that often thirty or even forty were used for the purpose of pumping for one instrument alone.

The organ has been greatly perfected since the 13th and 14th centuries, and at the same time has become more complicated. The pedals were added to it in 1470, being the invention of a German, Bernard, a musician in Venice. The most flourishing period however of the organ begins with the 16th century, when it attained the greatest perfection under such able artists as Serassi of Bergamo, Callido of Venice, and Silberman brothers in Germany, who lived about the middle of the 18th century.

Although we now admire the wonderful work of the organ, and believe it to have advanced to its highest pitch with regard to clearness and perfection, still the spirit of invention of man does not stop here. It goes farther and seeks to combine in it all the imitations of other instruments, of the human voice, of the singing of birds, etc. so that the work heretofore done on the organ becomes richer, more elaborated and more accomplished every day.

The organ therefore can be very properly called *the queen of all musical instruments*.
M. P. F.

The Cynic.

The cynic, I think, is the most unpopular man found in any society. He is one that is never satisfied with himself nor with anyone else, and as a general rule is shunned by his fellows. We are all more or less cynically inclined at times, and I would advise all my classmates to closely examine themselves and see if such is their failing. If so, a reformation should be effected at any sacrifice. If you are of a snarling disposition in youth, inclined to find fault with everybody and everything, how will it be when you grow older? You will hardly become successful merchants, nor are you likely to succeed in any other calling. For illustration, allow me to relate the experience of one of our greatest generals, who had acquired the habit of finding fault and criticising the actions of others. Col. H. was a brave man, one of the bravest in the Mexican war and also in the late civil war. But he was a cynic. Praise a man in his presence, and he would surely say something disparaging to him. The result was that he had few friends among his fellow-officers, if any. When the late rebellion broke out he tried to get a commission, but failed. All who knew him in Mexico spoke of him as the bravest of the brave, but still they would not agree to take him on their staff. He was discouraged and disheartened. He went to Bull Run, and was a spectator of the battle there; afterwards, concluding to return home, he met an acquaintance in Washington, D. C., to whom he related his troubles. He said he did not blame anyone but himself, as it was his own fault-finding spirit that was the cause of his trouble. His friend, for we must call him such, asked him if he had seen President Lincoln. He answered in the negative; said that he had never spoken to the President, but had a great desire to do so. His friend remarked that he was on intimate terms with the President, and that he would try and get him an audience the next day. He managed to do so, and introduced him as Capt. H., the title by which he was generally known. He interrupted his friend as he uttered the word "Captain," remarking: "President, my friend here and the folks about Washington seem to labor under a mistake in regard to my rank. I was colonel in the Mexican war; and more than that, President, I am a darned site a better general than some you had at Bull Run." The President laughed heartily, remarking that that reminded him of a story. He related the story, and next day Col. H. received a commission in the United States Army. He rose to a generalship, did good work at Lookout Mountain and several other important battles, and it is said that he partly overcame the bad habit of fault-finding—not, however, without making a terrible effort. Take heed in time, classmates, that some of you do no not fare as bad or even worse than "the Colonel." You ask to whom I have reference. To those persons whose answers are similar to the following: "Mr. L. writes a good hand." "That's about all he can do." "Mr. M. gets his name on the roll of honor quite frequently." "So can any wooden man." "Prof. J. did not seem satisfied with your composition." "Certainly not; I am not one of his pets." "Mr. D. is a beautiful singer." "If that's singing, crying must be a very doleful thing!" "Mr. J. plays the position of short-stop well." "Yes, at table." No doubt some of you may pay me back by exclaiming with the poet:

"O would that God the gift might gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Or retort: "Physician, cure thyself." I acknowledge, boys, I am far from being perfect, but I am satisfied to join you in endeavoring to accustom ourselves to consider all our neighbors as brothers, to speak charitably of all persons, not to be envious at another's prosperity, but rather rejoice at it. For it is the maxim our Lord has taught us in those words: "Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them."
2D GRAMMAR, JR.

Scientific Notes.

—Facts are stupid things until brought in connection with some general law.—*Agassiz*.

—A very valuable mine of silver has recently been discovered at Harbor Island, Newfoundland, near the public wharf.

—The best way to make progress in natural history is by observation, and until class-books are so arranged as to promote this, little real knowledge of Nature can be gained.

—The greatest obstacle in the way of a universal teaching of the natural sciences is the almost general prejudice against them, and until that prejudice is broken down there never will be much done in the domain of Nature.

—Why cannot we have in the hands of our younger boys hand-books like Morse's First Book of Zoölogy and Mrs. Youmans' First Book of Botany? For these are what boys should study first, and not Human Physiology, as this would be to commence with the most complex body in Nature.

—A noted scientist says the great benefit which a scientific education bestows, whether as training or as knowledge, is dependent upon the extent to which the mind of the student is brought into immediate contact with facts—upon the degree to which he learns the habit of appealing directly to nature.

—The publishers of Apgar's Plant Analysis have sent us a copy of that valuable publication; it is a work calculated to do much good in assisting in the determination and classification of plants. For the latter it is well adapted, giving an easy and progressive way for doing it. We recommend it to all teachers of Botany as it will greatly assist them in their classes.

—Aniline colors are extensively used in tinting photographs and in water-color drawings. The *Scientific American* says that such pictures will soon fade out. The municipality of Antwerp have decided to abolish the fees heretofore charged for the sight of Reuben's great paintings in the Cathedral of that city, and are contemplating the removal of the "Descent from the Cross" to the City Museum for better preservation.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. William Winter is about to issue another volume of poems.

—John Burroughs' "Birds and Poets, With Other Papers," will be issued soon.

—Prof. Horsford is to write a treatise on bread, for the International Scientific Series.

—Sale's Koran is to be issued in the "Chandos Classics," at two English shillings, in cloth.

—Among the members of the committee for the proposed Beethoven monument at Vienna are Brahms, Hanslick, Jauner, and Richter.

—Mme. Christine Nilsson is using all her influence to reduce the pitch of the orchestra, wherever she sings, to the French normal diapason.

—A new bibliography of proverbs and polyglot proverbs collection is to be published in Vienna by M. C. Mayreder,

which aims to be the most comprehensive book on the subject yet out.

—An edition of the "Jericho Road" has been announced for publication in London. Our English cousins will now have an opportunity to attempt the solution of the enigma of its authorship.

—After "Le Roi de Lahore" is produced at the Grand opera, M. Massenet will begin the score of a three act libretto, "La Fille de Jephthé," by M. Louis Gallet, for the Opera Comique.

—Six rival English editions of "Helen's Babies" have been issued or announced by different publishers since December. This, says *The Athenæum*, is another proof of the need of an international copyright law.

—It is reported in Boston that Hurd & Houghton have purchased *The Literary World* (whose recent editor, S. R. Crocker, having become insane, has entered a lunatic asylum) and that H. E. Scudder will be its new editor.

—Mr. Charles Adams, the American tenor, who has been so successful in Germany, particularly in some of the Wagner operas, will return to this country in May. He will sing at the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston.

—Buloz, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was for a short time manager of the Comédie Française. He was one day reproached for making an actor play the day after his father's funeral. Buloz ingeniously replied: "Why, I gave him a part in a tragedy."

—John O'Keefe Murray has, we learn, in preparation a work of 600 pages on the literature of Ireland and distinguished Irish writers. Judging from the success of this young author's "Popular History of the United States," the forthcoming work will meet with a good reception.

—Mr. Jerome Hopkins' new sacred opera, "Samuel," will be given at the Academy of Music during the first week of May, for the benefit of the Orpheon fund. The orchestral vespers for three choirs, by the same composer, will be repeated in Trinity chapel on Easter Thursday evening.

—Mr. C. B. Coyley's new translation of the "Iliad of Homer" is about the twenty-fifth English version. Concerning it the London *Athenæum* remarks that readers of these translations "if they do not get Homer will get English verse. Mr. Coyley appears to have lost Homer and to have got something which is often not English and almost never verse."

—Miss M. A. Dawson, of Addison, Steuben County, N. Y., has published a volume entitled "Puzzles and Oddities," which contains a great deal of matter capable of affording amusement to children. It is printed by Russell Bros. of New York, and costs \$1.25. Teachers as well as parents will find the volume of much service to them in the education of little ones.

—A New York house has published an edition of Vennor's "Birds of Canada" in one volume, uniform with Audubon's "Birds of America." The author, Henry A. Vennor, of the Geological Survey of Canada, is a specialist in ornithology; and he has undertaken to do for the birds of Canada very nearly what Audubon did for those of the United States. The book is illustrated with thirty photographs of Canadian birds, by Notman, of Montreal.

—Hon. John M. Francis, of *The Troy (N. Y.) Times*, has received from Athens, Greece, an exact copy in marble of "The Penelope," by Leonidas Drosos, a native artist, who is recognized at home as a competent and courageous leader in the revival of classic sculpture. The original "Penelope" was lauded and greatly admired at the Vienna Exposition. It is now in the king's palace at Athens, and is owned by Queen Olga. The figure is said to be very fine.

—All Mr. Longfellow's friends living near him went to see him on the 27th ult., his 70th birthday; a sort of informal reception was held all day long in the handsome old house. Even people who scarcely knew the venerable poet ventured to present themselves, and were delighted by the gracious fashion in which they were received. Flowers were sent, and congratulatory letters too—some of these being in verse. It was a quiet day, but one full of brightness.

—The Royal Irish Academy is about to publish a series of autotype copies of Ogham inscriptions. The work will be edited by Dr. Samuel Ferguson. The first fasciculus will soon appear. The inscriptions being generally on both sides of a solid angle, cannot be photographed direct from the stones. The copies about to be published by the Academy are photographed from plastic matrices capable of being sufficiently flattened to present both faces of the sculptured *arris* in one plane.—*Boston Pilot*.

—A young Richmond artist, named Elder, who was lately commissioned to paint a portrait of Robert E. Lee for the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, has nearly finished a painting called *Custer's Last Charge*. A critic says of it: "Elder has caught by his magic touch all the elan of the headlong cavalry charge, and you stand spell-bound by his intense vividness and reality of the scene. I think as an artist of the Horace Vernet school, and as a painter of battle-scenes, that Elder stands ahead, and alone, in his profession."

—Sermons in the Irish language, by the Most Rev. Dr. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, in 1635, are now being translated and edited by the Very Rev. Ulick J. Canon Bourke, M. R. I. A., one of the greatest Irish scholars of the present day. The work will be ready by the 1st of April, and it will contain 500 pages. It has been undertaken at the special request of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Primate of all Ireland. It has also received the support of many of the Bishops of Ireland.—*Irish American*.

—Towards the end of the eighth century, stained glass was introduced as an ornament to church windows. Every succeeding Pope sought to surpass his predecessor in the decorations of the churches, in the variety and profusion of brilliantly colored glass, rich carved work or fresco representations of Scripture subjects; and to this custom may be attributed the preservation of the art during a period of comparative barbarism. Of the numerous list of Popes who occupied the Chair of St. Peter during the ninth and tenth centuries, there is not one in whose praise it is not recorded that he ornamented certain churches with mosaics and pictures. As to the eleventh century, we derive from the chronicles of the ancient churches abundant evidence of the practice at least of painting, however inferior may have been the merit of the execution; especially in the account of the celebrated convent of Monte Casino, and of the rebuilding of the Lateran palace in the twelfth century, which is particularly said to have been ornamented with pictures.

Books and Periodicals.

—The March number of *Church's Musical Visitor* has an excellent table of contents. In addition to the able editorial articles the "Feuilleton from Chicago," the "Normal Corner" and the many articles on musical subjects, the editors have given some four excellent specimens of music, vocal and instrumental. *Church's journal* is an entertaining and readable monthly.

—We have received the *American Agriculturist* for March, and having read most of its articles, we can recommend it now, more than ever, to the farmer and the general reader. Its contents are not only on farming and gardening, but on other subjects of the highest importance. The illustrations are so true to nature that the animals almost seem to breathe. Who would not be delighted at the first picture, representing "A Group of Lop-eared Rabbits"? Its "Hints about Work" are full of instruction. Sundry articles relating to the garden and the kitchen cannot but be of the highest importance to farmers and especially so to gardeners. The "Basket" is peculiarly rich and gives much information; "Sundry Humbugs" shows that the *Agriculturist* can be other than a mere agriculturist. He can take up the pen and flagellate the base vices of the country. We remember especially the article in the December number on those play-card societies. From page 91 to 107 the articles are excellent, and calculated to do much good in the way of practical farming. We hope that the *Agriculturist* will soon have a universal circulation, and trust that the day will come that no farmer will be without it.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 10, 1877.

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Entertainments.

It is the opinion of some who have either not sufficiently considered the subject, or have not had an opportunity of taking a practical view of it, that exhibitions, musical entertainments, debates and lectures, together with the time employed in their preparation, are no more than so much waste to the college student; or if looked upon as necessary recreation to relieve the tedium of college life, that they are an unhealthy form of recreation, and that if recreation is needed, the campus gives all that is required. Now this opinion is a mistake. The development of the intellect is always to be subservient not only to the religious and moral, but even to the social virtues. We may admire a gigantic intellect, just as we may admire a giant of physical strength. Both are sublime in their way, just as Mount Vesuvius is sublime in its way. We would like to take a look at Vesuvius, but we wouldn't care to take up our residence near the crater. So also with the gigantic intellect and the physical giant. We like to take a look at them, and then go and live as far away from them as possible. We want something more than mere intellect and something more than mere strength. We want our fellow-beings to be social; but a man who gives up his whole soul to intellectual culture is apt to become devoid of social virtue—in fact he runs great risk of becoming not only a pedant but a bore. It is hard for a student to realize that an act of mere courtesy to a passing stranger, which will probably be forgotten almost as soon as performed, is as noble in its kind (we do not say in its degree) as the solving of a difficult problem in science, which he will remember in triumph for years to come. Yet such is undoubtedly the case; so that the cultivation of the social virtues should go hand in hand with intellectual progress, and the intellect should be made to contribute its quota to social harmony. Now, independent of the great and real mental discipline and drilling consequent on the preparation of these enter-

tainments, and the æsthetic culture not only of those who take part therein, but of those also who assemble to witness them, they afford the chief means of attaining these desired social results of which the life of a student admits. Lessons of mutual co-operation and forbearance, of generous pleasure in the success of friends, and the union of sympathies on a subject of common interest, are taught and learned. In fact these days of exhibitions are the bright spots, the gala days, in the scholastic year, and are felt to be such by at least ninety-nine hundredths of the sojourners within the college walls. When we consider this, and then remember the mental discipline and culture attained by means of entertainments, we may plainly see the absurdity of those who declaim against the custom of giving them from time to time in Washington and Phelan Halls.

The Seventeenth.

Next Saturday will be the Feast of St. Patrick, the glorious Apostle of Ireland, and as it is celebrated with considerable enthusiasm at Notre Dame a few words in connection with the approaching holiday may not be out of place, especially as many of the students here are not of Irish descent.

There is much dispute concerning the country where St. Patrick first saw the light. It is said of Homer that seven cities contended for his birth, but nearly as many nations have contended for the honor of giving birth to St. Patrick. It is, however, a matter of little importance whether this honor should be enjoyed by either England, France, Scotland, or Wales; nor does it matter much in what year his birth occurred, or whether he was of noble birth or one of the people. These much disputed points may be left to the antiquarian or the student of history to solve; but for us it is sufficient to remember that centuries ago, before the North of Europe had been illumined by the light of Christianity, and England was yet ruled by pagan kings, there was a career begun which, it is acknowledged by all men, has been productive of those great and beneficent results felt in our day, and to be felt, perhaps, when time shall have changed the nations now ruling the destinies of the world. If Christian civilization is a blessed boon conferred by bountiful Heaven on the nations of earth, then, indeed, should our praise and honor be bestowed with no stint or halt upon the memory of that man who, forsaking the pleasures and comforts of his home, carried this blessing of Heaven to a people not yet possessing it. Granting that many of the popular legends concerning St. Patrick may be exaggerated, no one can deny the main facts of his life and apostolate, that he devoted his lifetime to the conversion of the Irish people, and that from youth to old age he watered the land with prayers and tears with an unerring confidence that his labors would not be in vain, but that great fruits would be consequent to his work. How that confidence of St. Patrick has been vindicated and his labors rewarded are matters of history which all men know. For centuries, more than a decade, through prosperity and through adversity, the sons of Ireland have clung to the principles taught by St. Patrick with a tenacity which has commanded the admiration of the world. Persecutions the most cruel have only made their faith the stronger. Hunted by a brutal soldiery and oppressed by laws whose injustice has cried to Heaven for vengeance, they remain to-day as sincere and loyal to the Church as on the day

when the last pagan on the island bent his neck to the sweet yoke of the Saviour; and this faith will still be treasured up by them when ages shall have passed.

The green isle was once independent, ruled by her own kings and for the best good of her people. Such she is no longer. She has been made the territorial appendage of an hereditary foe, and the Irishman has become an alien on his native soil and in the land of his forefathers. Gone now is her home government. Her society has changed, and war and revolution have devastated her fields and hills; her noble castles and abbeys, built far back in distant ages, have succumbed to the vandalism of the Saxon and the ravages of time; her children, deprived of education by brutal laws which decreed death to the priest or schoolmaster, were in the lapse of centuries dragged down from the high eminence of refinement and literary culture attained by their forefathers and forced into a state of direst poverty; but through all the terrible ordeals and degradation through which she has passed, Erin has still clung to the Faith brought her by St. Patrick. Rightly then do the Irish people and those descended of Irish stock offer up on St. Patrick's Day their thanksgivings to Heaven, their sincere homage to the intrepid missionary who fixed in their fathers' hearts this religion and bade it remain there forever.

But the seventeenth of March is not only the anniversary of a patron saint: it is more. It has become a national festival on which all the hopes of a people who love their native land with an ardor savoring of a passionate idolatry, make themselves known, and the aspirations of their patriotism are given full vent.

Recalling what Ireland has been under English misrule, her misery and neglect, and conceiving what his country might be capable of were justice done her, the Irishman cannot but exert himself on this day to make it known to the world. Reflecting on the greatness achieved by the exiles of those penal days when the swords of Irishmen flashed over the battle-fields of Europe and aided in giving victory to other nations, he is forced while admiring their chivalry to drop a tear as he recalls the fact that for Ireland they could not strike a blow. Enshrined, then, in religion and patriotism, St. Patrick's Day deserves to be honored, and that Irishman would be unworthy the name, nay, unworthy the name of *man*, whose bosom does not warm with the fires of love and affection on a day that was ever a beacon of hope to the children of Ireland in the dark days of her tribulation and woe.

And we, American Catholics who are not of Irish descent, we also should give our meed of honor to the great Apostle of Erin, for, under God, it is to the noble and self-sacrificing efforts of her priestly sons, exiles from the land of their birth, that we owe our return to the One Fold. These were they who ministered at our altars and attended the last hours of our sick and dying until we were in a condition to supply a native clergy, and who still form so large and devoted a portion of our American clergy and hierarchy. In our conversion to the faith we may be said to become, in a certain degree, Irish, for the words "Irish" and "Catholic" are used by our separated brethren to mean one and the same thing when English-speaking Catholics are designated. St. Patrick's Day is to us all, therefore, a national Catholic holiday; and we, enjoying here as we now do, after the lapse of centuries, the fruits of the labors of St. Patrick, are in duty bound to honor and revere the great Apostle of Ireland. His festival has now

been celebrated throughout Christendom for over 1400 years—in the early ages by the holy and learned monks and their disciples who evangelized Gaul, and Germany, and even Italy, and in these later times by the almost innumerable children of Ireland whom the tyranny of the penal laws and unjust legislation of England drove from their native land and scattered throughout almost every country on the face of the globe. That it may be so celebrated to the end of time must be the heartfelt wish of every Irishman and Catholic.

Our Obligations to Others.

In our intercourse with our associates perhaps the greatest injury that we can inflict, the one most insidiously destructive to happiness, is that of tacitly refusing to them the right to be kind to us. The right to be kind is the dearest of all to a noble heart, and can be infringed upon in various ways; as by not responding to courtesy, by attaching evil motives to the actions of others, and finally, by never cordially forgiving an injury.

"To err is human, to forgive divine,"

but to freely acknowledge that you stand in need of the forgiveness of your fellow-mortals is a virtue so rare that it has not yet been qualified. It was characteristic of the ages of faith, but is quite at war with the spirit of our present times; and yet, who is there among us that can raise his hand to heaven and declare that he has never willingly or unwillingly inflicted harm upon others either by bad example, bad counsel, or by neglect in imparting that which is good? Who is there standing without the need of forgiveness from his fellows; yes, in a special and particular and not in a general sense? A little child whose mother was a fashionable member of the Anglican Church, was joining in the service and came to the prayer, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." The Young-American dignity of the little lady was aroused, and, with a very unmistakable jerk of the head, she exclaimed in a startlingly distinct stage whisper, "I am not a miserable sinner." It was beneath her to acknowledge human weakness, for she was in possession of that dignity so common, that dignity which the possessor is bound to "support," because if left to itself it would perish at the first breath of opposition. She would compromise her "self-respect" by consenting to call herself a "miserable sinner." Pitiful self-respect! ignoring the fall of man!

This false dignity is at the foundation of the above-mentioned social plague. Those who are too proud to acknowledge a failing in themselves are too proud to forgive the failings of others, however humbly confessed; hence we hear young persons meeting the desire to make reparation on the part of one who has offended, with expressions like the following: "If he will own that much, you may be sure there is plenty more of which he does not speak;" hence, by admitting or by denying a fault, one is equally shut out from the pale of kindness. How many virtuous impulses have been crushed in this manner; how much good destroyed!

To bestow benefits, to cheer misfortune, to encourage others in the career of virtue, especially if this should cost a real sacrifice on the part of the benefactor, confers a most pure, because a most unselfish, happiness upon the human heart. Why then should we interpose barriers against the interchange of kindly offices?

Were there no other proof of the existence, and constant interference of evil powers in our affairs, the unnatural and circuitous means by which antipathies, detractions, slanders and misrepresentations are propagated would establish the fact beyond question; but we, alas! too frequently give the precedence to rumor, that bold-faced emissary of darkness, and force modest charity to be overruled in her claims, and to be ignominiously crowded into the background to await the final tribunal of justice before her cause can obtain a hearing.

To say, by either word or action, "I can forgive, but cannot forget," is a virtual contradiction. He who really forgives, at once forgets the injury cancelled.

The avaricious and puritanic, who confess to no such weakness as that of possessing a heart, may affect to scorn and despise the friendships contracted by youths during their university career; but go the world over and you will everywhere find men reverting to the associates of their school days, as dearer than those of any other period.

Youth is the time when friendships founded on virtue are particularly admirable. They partake of the buoyancy, freshness, and strength of that season. They are worthy to be cherished, and if the soul does not become sordid and cold in the allurements of worldly success or the oppression of adversity, such friendships at last will reveal their most exalted beauty in the land beyond vicissitudes and misunderstandings, where charity absorbs all other virtues, and integrity no longer stands in need of defence.

Personal.

—T. F. Gallagher, of '76, is reading law at Lynn, Mass.

—T. J. Murphy, of '75, is teaching school at Youngstown, Ohio.

—Florian Devoto, of '76, is living at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

—James Caren, of '76, is in the Surveyor's Office, Columbus, Ohio.

—R. J. Maas, of '76, is studying law at Montreal, Quebec Province, Canada.

—John J. Gillen, of '76, is studying Theology at Troy, New York, at the Provincial Seminary.

—James Brown, of '76, is managing his father's claims against the State, and resides at Brownsville, Texas.

—Philip Letourneau, of '66, paid us a visit on Monday. He is now in the real estate business in Detroit, and is doing well. His office is at 200 Pine St.

—Carl Ortmeyer, of '71, has resigned his position with Messrs. P. Hayden & Co., and has accepted another with Messrs. Ortmeyer, Lewis & Co., Nos. 16 and 18 State Street.

—Of Perley Bell, of '68, the *Terre Haute Express* says: "Pearley Bell, now in the recorder's office, will assume a position in the auditor's office on April 1st. Mr. Charles Finney returns to the deputy recordership."

—John D. McCormick, of '73, who enjoys a good law practice at Lancaster, Ohio, has been nominated for Mayor by the Democrats of that city. We congratulate the party on their excellent selection, one highly honorable to it. The SCHOLASTIC never dabbles in politics, but in connection with our chronicle of the nomination we cannot refrain from saying that we hope that John will be elected, for he is an able, honest, upright, good fellow.

—What becomes of the faculties of man when they are left in a shameful repose? They perish in degrading themselves. That divine fire of the intellect is quickly extinguished when unsustained by the necessary food of labor.—*Mgr. Angebault.*

Local Items.

—The Prefect of Studies reports that the Minims are doing remarkably well in their studies.

—Messrs. Widdecombe, Kauffman, and Healy formed an A No. 1 committee, as their work on Tuesday evening showed.

—The 19th annual meeting of the St. Cecilians, on Tuesday evening, was the longest ever known. It lasted five hours.

—Racket seems to be a favorite game with quite a number of the Juniors, although they seldom report or publish the result of the games.

—It seems that wonders will never cease. Just think of it: We have two *ventriloquists*—one in the Senior, the other in the Junior Department.

—Jas. Bell is acknowledged the crack shot of the nimrod team, having bagged more game during the hunting season than any of his fellow members.

—The Scientific Library acknowledges the present of the Geological Report of Ohio, from W. Dechant. All such donations to the Scientific department are very welcome.

—To-morrow Vespers are of St. Gregory I, Pope, Confessor and Doctor, with a Commemoration of the Sunday. See page 131 of the Vespers. The antiphons, hymn, etc., may be found on pages 48, 49 and 50.

—The 5th regular meeting of the Editors of the "St. Cecilia Standard" was held March 4th. Messrs. Sugg, Ohlman, Orsinger, Mosal, Moran, Cassidy, and Cavanaugh were admitted on condition that their essays met the approbation of the "Original Seven."

—The Juniors enjoyed themselves highly last Wednesday. It being too cold for out-door sports, the members of the dancing class concluded to have a dance, most of the other boys joining in, Masters Rotherf and Sievers furnishing the music. It would have cured a fit of ague or mumps to see our friends K. and R. dance "Old Dan Tucker."

—The 24th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held on the 4th. Declamations were delivered by C. McKinnon, G. Donnelly, T. Wagner, F. Rheinbolt, F. Phelan, J. Duffield, F. Lang, W. Taulby, R. Keenan, W. Nicholas, F. Pleins, A. B. Congar, A. Sievers, K. Scanlon, W. Jones, C. Peltier, E. Anderson, and J. Bell.

—The Boston *Pilot* has donned a bran new dress. Every type is fresh from the foundry and gives to the journal an appearance neat and tidy on every page. Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, the poet and patriot, has infused young and vigorous blood into the old veins, and gives his subscribers every Saturday as good a journal as any printed in America. The subscription price is \$2.65 postpaid. Send on your subscriptions.

—This day week will be St. Patrick's Day. An Entertainment will be given by the Columbians on the 16th. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated on the morning of the 17th, after which the members of the Faculty will call upon the President, Rev. Patrick J. Colovin, to pay their respects. If the weather be fine, there will, doubtless, a great many field-sports come off. Of course the Band will be out serenading.

—Last Friday we heard a heavy tramp, and, looking in the direction of the sound, we beheld the nimrods advancing at a double-quick with arms at a trail. "What's up?" we inquired, of the right guide, as soon as he came within hailing distance. "A flock of wild geese on the lake," he replied, as he hurried past. About an hour afterwards we saw them returning at a slow gait. Well, they hadn't their pieces reversed, but there was sorrow depicted on every countenance. The geese were sea-gulls.

—The 24th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place on the 2d inst. The following were appointed as a committee to adopt resolutions on the demise of their fellow-member, W. J. Roelle: A. J. Burger, M. Kauffman, and A. Widdecombe. W. Hake was elected to the office of Clerk of the Moot Court, and C. Faxon to that of 2d Librarian. Declamations were delivered by C. Walsh, O. Lindberg, A. Widdecombe, M. Kauffman, F. McGrath, J. Mosal, J. Phelan, F. Cavanaugh, G. Crawford, C. Hagan, and R. Golsen. An essay was read by W. Hake.

—We take occasion to call the attention of our readers to the best college paper in the United States—the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. To every friend of Notre Dame it should be a most welcome visitor. It is replete with local news, which the Editor, by some mysterious means, collects and arranges in a fascinating manner. Its every issue is really a reflection of Notre Dame during the preceding week. The present number comes to us laden with accounts of Washington's Birthday celebration that recall many faces and scenes connected with similar exhibitions years ago. Long live the SCHOLASTIC.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—On Tuesday evening, the 6th, was held the 3rd regular meeting of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society for the second session. The criticism on the previous meeting having been read by Mr. McEniry, the debate of the evening, "Resolved that the improvements and inventions in military affairs have been the means of saving human life," was proceeded with. Messrs. J. Cooney and E. Arnold defended the affirmative, and Mr. Jno. G. Ewing the negative. The President reserved his decision. At the close of the regular business, Rev. Father Colovin, by request, addressed the Society, and after the highly entertaining and instructive remarks which he delivered, the Society unanimously returned him a vote of thanks.

—The Junior Orchestra has been reorganized, and now we have two such organizations here: the University and the Junior. The following are the members: 1st violin, J. Rothert and Paul Schnurrer; 2d violin, W. Taulby and C. Peltier; flute, John English; clarinet, J. Burger; cornet, A. Sievers; cello, C. Orsinger; double-bass, M. Kauffman. Of course the music played by this orchestra is of the simplest kind, and not of the more difficult and classical order given by the University Orchestra. It has been formed for the purpose of giving the members a better taste for concerted music, to improve them in time, etc. It will not of course appear at our Entertainments, but is more for the social reunions of the Juniors themselves in their hall. It may be considered as a training school for the regular Orchestra.

—It may be of interest to the friends of Rev. Father Carrier to hear of his whereabouts. At present he is at Cincinnati, in St. Joseph's College, and his delight is, as ever, the study of Nature and her products. He has lately been making a collection of fossils in the States of Ohio and Kentucky, which when finished he will present to the Notre Dame Museum, in which he has always manifested the greatest interest. Every one knows what zeal Father Carrier ever displayed in the discharge of his duty as Curator of the Museum. Only look at the thousands of different objects which were stored up in the Museum through his solicitous care for its welfare; and, when far away, he still remembers it by favoring it with collections of shells, plants, fossils, etc. Father Carrier is a thorough Naturalist, and therefore his collections possess great value.

—The semi-annual banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place at Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, March 6th. We may well say that the table groaned under its weight of viands. It being Lent, all the faculty were not invited, the Revs. President and Vice-President being the only ones present. In about half an hour after the beginning of the banquet, Fr. Colovin made a few remarks, thanking the members of the Society for their Entertainment, after which he left. After the banquet, declamations were delivered by Messrs. Chas. Hagan, O. Lindberg, W. A. Widdecombe, J. Mosal, J. Perea and F. McGrath. After dancing for about two hours, the boys betook themselves to the dormitories, all well pleased with their banquet. The President of the St. Cecilians, Prof. J. A. Lyons, deserves much praise for the able manner in which he carried on the banquet.

—The following books have been added to the Lemonnier Circulating Library: Juvenal, Translated by Chas. Badham; Perseus, Translated by Sir W. Drummond; The Monthly Review, or Literary Journal, London, 50 vols., 1790-1806; Hale's United States, 2 vols.; Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Washington Irving, 2 vols.; Life of Samuel Johnson by James Boswell, with additions by Jno. Wilson Croker, 5 vols.; Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL. D., by Samuel Tyler, LL. D.; Speeches of Chatham, Burke & Ers-

kine. The Library Association returns thanks to Prof. L. G. Tong, LL. B., for a copy of Marsh's "Orators and Statesmen." To Mr. J. O'Keefe, C. S. C., for the following essays: "The Constitution of Man," by Combe; "Decision of Character," by Jno. Foster; "Philosophy of Sleep, and Anatomy of Drunkenness," by Macknish; "Influence of Literature upon Society," by Madame de Stael; "A Treatise on Self-Knowledge," by Jno. Mason. To Master C. Champlin for a volume of the "Chatter Box." To Mrs. M. Kauffman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for a donation of \$5.00.

—To-morrow is *Lætare Sunday*, so-called from the word *Lætare*, the first word of the *Introit* of the Mass. On this Sunday the dalmatics, and not the folded chasubles, are used. It is now the middle of Lent, and the Church calls upon her children to rest to-morrow from the fatigues of the fast, and to rejoice that the day of the Resurrection of our Lord is fast approaching. The *Introit* of the Mass begins with the words of Isaias, the prophet: "Rejoice with Jerusalem and be glad with her, all you that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all you that mourn with her." The Epistle is taken from the 4th chapter of St. Paul to the Galatians, and is—as are all the Epistles and Gospels—in keeping with the Feast. The Gospel is from St. John. In it we read of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. In the middle of the fast it is well to be reminded of the almighty power of God, who with five barley loaves and two fishes fed a vast multitude. *Lætare Sunday* will pass away, and the Church will again resume the marks of sorrow. Passion Sunday will come; then Palm Sunday, on which she will celebrate the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. On that day we commence the Holy Week of the year, when the ceremonies of the Church are the saddest, the grandest and the most significant of the year, and of which we may speak in a future number. In the mean time we would recommend our readers to procure the Complete Office of Holy Week, in Latin and English, published by the Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren St., New York. With this work they will be able to follow the ceremonies of the week and profit by them. Its cost is only 50 cts.

—The following is the cast of characters for the play of "Robert Emmet," to be given by the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club in Washington Hall, on Friday evening, March 16th, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, the patronal feast of Rev. President Colovin, and this year the 10th anniversary of his ordination:

Robert Emmet (the Irish Patriot)	P. Hagan
Darby O'Gaff } Springs of the Emerald Isle {	P. Hagan
O'Dougherty }	J. Lambin
Emmet (Robert's Father)	W. Arnold
O'Leary (an old Soldier)	D. Leary
Dowdall (Friend to Emmet)	W. McGorrisk
Kernan (a Traitor)	T. Quinn
Sergeant Topfall	J. Patterson
Corporal Thomas	E. Sugg
Lord Norbury	J. Fitzgerald
Baron George	J. Kinney
Baron Daly	G. Saylor
First Soldier	R. Calkins
Second Soldier	E. Davenport
Connor (Jailer)	J. Burke
McGrath	F. Schlink
O'Brian	V. Baca
Kelly	W. Dodge
Murphy	J. Proudhomme
O'Sullivan	G. Lonstorf

If time permits, the Columbians will also give an original farce in one act entitled "A Sudden Arrival." As usual, the Entertainment will be interspersed with music from the Orchestra and Cornet Band.

—Monday was Inauguration Day. Before its close, the Democratic students had not only become resigned to their defeat, but even evinced signs of content. This was made apparent in the evening. After supper, a young Republican leader among the boys was called upon to make a speech; and such a burst of universal, encouraging acclamation greeted the request that the young and unwilling orator was fairly lifted to his feet. He stated that it afforded him the utmost imaginable joy to make his stand "on this platform, to offer congratulations in the name of

the Republican party, in the name of the people, in the name of liberty itself." [Loud cheers.] He remarked that he did not rise to scoff at his opponents' defeat, but that he took his stand "disrobed of all feelings other than the feelings of an honest man,—[Applause]—believing that the dark and foreboding clouds of sectional bitterness, party-hatred, which for the past few months have darkened the name of American liberty—[Sighs]—have been dispelled [—], and that from the bursting and lowering clouds has stepped the snow-white angel, bearing the olive-branch of peace, proclaiming peace and good will to all mankind. [Joyful tears.] Therefore, I stand—I take my stand, to congratulate—to congratulate—" Here the speaker's voice faltered. He was evidently moved by the lachrymose attitude of his hearers. Suddenly changing from pathos to eloquence, he besought all in a loud voice "to proceed to the consummation of the glorious principles which the Republican party ever *extenuates*." Again he hesitated; he perceived that he had made a grand hit, but desired to improve upon it. He essayed to congratulate the Republicans, the Democrats, anybody—everybody; but his emotions overcame him: notwithstanding his repeated efforts to *make his stand*, he was unable to retain his hold upon the platform made slippery with the tears of sympathy extorted from his hearers. His was the eloquence of the heart, whose effects were not less perceptible in his listeners than upon himself. Republican spirit was there, and there exhibited. Telegraphic lightning was unloosed; and though Pomeroy and Storey's solicitations to publish the oration were disregarded, yet the beautiful sentiments clothed in such flowery language will undoubtedly be some day inscribed upon the tablets of our country's glory.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. Cooney, R. Calkins, J. Coleman, W. Dechant, J. Ewing, L. Evers, J. Fitzgerald, T. Garrity, T. Garso, A. Herzog, P. Hagan, J. Johnson, J. Krost, J. Kinney, J. Kuebel, F. Keller, W. Keily, J. Lambin, J. Larkin, H. Maguire, J. Montgomery, P. J. Mattimore, P. W. Mattimore, John Murphy, T. McGrath, J. McEniry, W. McGorrick, Carl Otto, J. O'Rourke, P. O'Leary, C. O'Donald, L. Proudhomme, J. Patterson, T. Quinn, E. Riopelle, M. Regan, P. Skabill, G. Saylor, T. Summers, F. Schlink, J. Silverthorn, G. Saxinger, P. Tumble, F. Vandervannet, H. Whitner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Anderson, A. Bergck, W. Brady, J. A. Burger, F. Carroll, Colly Clarke, G. Cassidy, F. Cavanaugh, J. Carrer, C. Colwell, Willie C. Champlin, F. Ewing, P. Frane, R. French, C. Faxon, F. Fischel, L. T. Garceau, J. P. Gibbons, B. D. Heeb, J. L. Healy, W. Hake, J. Ingwerson, M. Kauffman, O. Lindberg, F. Lang, J. Lumley, E. Moran, R. Mayer, J. McTague, T. Nelson, C. Orsinger, F. Pleins, E. Poor, F. Phelan, C. Peltier, R. Price, J. Rothert, F. Rheinboldt, S. Ryan, K. Scanlan, G. Sugg, A. Sievers, J. Sill, C. Van Mourick, C. F. Walsh, L. Wolf, M. Condon.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Coolbaugh, P. Heron, E. Carqueville, W. McDevitt, G. Lambin, G. Hadden, C. Reif, J. Scanlan, A. Coughlin, W. Cash, R. Pleins, G. Lowrey, H. Riopelle, A. Schnert, W. Coughlin, W. Carqueville, J. Inderrieden, Jos. Inderrieden, A. Rheinboldt, F. Carqueville, C. Long.

Class Honors.

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

FOR THE MONTH ENDING THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

SENIORS.—J. Proudhomme, L. Proudhomme, W. Arnold, W. McGorrick, F. Keller, J. Murphy, J. J. Murphy, T. Quinn, P. J. Mattimore, P. W. Mattimore.

JUNIORS.—O. Lindberg, F. Lang, K. Scanlan, F. Carroll, E. Pennington, C. Johnson, R. Johnson, A. Abrahams, B. D. Heeb, F. Pleins, A. Widdecombe, E. Poor, R. Mayer, J. Reynolds, J. Larkin, A. Burger, F. Ewing, F. Rheinboldt, J. Healy, F. Cavanaugh, T. Wagner, T. Nelson, F. Phelan, J. Boehm, J. Ingwerson, J. Carrer, L. Garceau, I. Rose, W. Hake, C. Peltier, J. Nelson, J. Perea, A. Sievers, J. Mungoven, J. McTague, C. Faxon, L.

Sievers, C. Van Mourick, C. Caldwell, R. Price, J. Stewart, C. Taylor.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

G. Lambin, P. Heron, P. Nelson, R. Pleins, E. Carqueville, Geo. Rhodius, J. Seeger, J. Scanlan, C. Reif, A. Coughlin, G. Lowrey, W. Coughlin, A. Rheinboldt, W. Carqueville, F. Carqueville, C. Kauffman, H. Kitz, J. Inderrieden, A. Schnert, Jos. Inderrieden.

NOTE.—By an oversight, the names of T. Nelson, P. Nelson, W. Coolbaugh, Geo. Lambin, Wm. McDevitt, F. Carqueville, and G. Ittenbach were omitted in the list of honorable mentions for Drawing last week.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FOR THE MONTH ENDING MARCH 1.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Philosophy—W. Breen; Latin—J. Coleman, W. Breen, J. Ewing, N. Mooney, W. Ball, P. Skabill, A. Widdecombe, J. McEniry; Greek—J. Coleman, H. Maguire, P. Skabill; English Literature—J. P. Quinn; Composition—M. Caldwell; Mechanics—J. Ewing; Astronomy—C. Otto, W. Ball, W. Dechant, J. Coleman; Calculus—W. Ball; Algebra—J. McEniry, J. P. Quinn; Geometry—J. Kenny, J. Larkin, P. W. Mattimore, F. Maas; Surveying—J. McEniry; Physics—C. Otto, J. Coleman; Chemistry—J. Coleman; Geology—J. Coleman, J. McEniry; Zoölogy—N. Mooney; Botany—H. Cassidy; Physiology—H. Maguire; Logic—L. Evers; Ancient History—G. Gross, J. Larkin, F. Hastings, F. Maas, J. Quinn.

FOR THE MONTH ENDING MARCH 8.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Grammar—T. Nelson, J. Mungoven, A. Abrahams, J. Johnson, E. Hynds, F. Keller, R. Johnson, C. Johnson, L. Sievers, J. Fitzgerald; Arithmetic—T. Carroll, E. Smith, G. Laurans, L. Sievers, R. Johnson, L. Garceau, F. Lang; Reading—L. Sievers, J. Kuebel, F. Keller, G. Saxinger, C. Wittenberger, L. Garceau, A. Abrahams, E. Anderson, A. Baca, L. Frazee, O. Lindberg, R. Keenan; Geography and History—A. Sievers, J. Kuebel, G. Cassidy, J. Larkin, A. Burger, L. Wolf, J. Ingwerson, L. Sievers, I. Rose; Algebra—M. Caldwell.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The snow-storm was ordered, so they say, on purpose to permit the artists to finish their snow-scenes.

—The study-hall has been artistically retouched and looks very attractive. The flower-stand in the bay-window is filled with flourishing plants.

—"Inauguration Day" comes only *once* in four years and therefore should be classed among the special national feast days. So argued the pupils, and thus obtained a holiday which all enjoyed as school-girls do enjoy an extra day's recreation. In the evening an impromptu entertainment was given which reflected credit on all concerned in getting it up. The songs and recitations were very patriotic and amusing.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Ritchie, A. Walsh, A. O'Connor, M. Julius, M. Cravens, M. Faxon, M. Brady, L. Johnson, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, L. Beall, M. Walsh, E. O'Neil, B. Spencer, J. Cooney, A. Henneberry, M. Spier, A. Reising, H. Russell, C. Boyce, J. Cronin, H. Hawkins, E. and M. Thompson, E. O'Connor, E. Rodinberger, S. Moran, M. O'Mahoney, M. Carroll, L. Weber, G. Kelly, C. Silverthorne, E. Pleins, D. Cavenor, E. Kirchner, K. Kelly, M. Dunn, E. Davenport, M. Smalley, S. Cash, M. Halligan, K. Martin, K. Gibbons, M. Usselman, E. Black, S. Rheinboldt, 100 *par excellence*. Misses H. Julius, P. Gaynor, M. O'Connor, L. Kelly, C. Morgan, E. Lange, H. Dryfoos, M. Schultheis, A. Cavenor, G. Breeze, E. McGrath, L. Tighe, A. Koch, M. Pomeroy, J. Bergert, G. Conklin, M. Coughlin, M. Hungerford, I. Cooke, N. Johnson, L. Brownbridge, L. Weier, C. Thaler, E. Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Kirchner and C. Correll, 100 *par excellence*. Misses M. Ewing, A. Morgan, L. Chilton, D. Gordon, A. McGrath, L. Walsh, M. Mulligan, L. Forrey, J. Kingsbury, M. Robertson, M. McFadden.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Mulligan, M. Lambin, L. Cox, L. Ellis, L. Vannamee, M. Cox, F. Fitz, M. Hackett, A. Williams, J. Butts, A. Getty and E. Wootten, 100 *par excellence*.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss L. Ritchie.
Promoted to the 3rd Class—Miss M. Smalley.
4TH CLASS—Misses C. Silverthorne, J. Cronin, L. Davenport, A. Williams and A. Getty.
5TH CLASS—Miss M. Spier, K. Gibbons and J. Butts.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Cullen and L. Kirchner.
4TH CLASS—Misses M. and E. Thompson and S. Moran.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Morgan and P. Gaynor.
3D CLASS—Misses E. Lange, A. Koch, M. O'Connor, D. Cavenor and M. Schultheis.

LATIN.

Misses Cravens, Rodenburger, Cooney, Carroll, Russell, and Hawkins.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Faxon, M. Julius, A. O'Connor, L. Weber, H. Julius, L. Kelley, L. and A. Kirchner, M. Schultheis, H. Dryfoos.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Harris, M. Usselman, D. Gordon, L. Walsh, A. Reissing, A. Rheinboldt, A. Koch, M. Spier, L. Johnson, S. Henneberry, C. Boyce, J. Cronin.

FRENCH CLASSES.

1ST CLASS—Misses L. Beall, P. Gaynor, E. and M. Thompson, A. McGrath, B. Wilson, A. Harris.

2D CLASS—Misses H. Russell, L. Rodenburger, J. Burgert, C. Silverthorne, N. McGrath, A. Walsh, J. Bennett.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Brady, A. Byrnes, M. Walsh.

4TH CLASS—Misses S. Moran, J. Cronin, L. Schwass, A. and M. Ewing, E. and M. Mulligan, A. Getty, A. Williams, J. Butts.

FANCY-WORK.

Misses M. Faxon, L. Kirchner, B. Siler, S. Cash, M. Schultheis, L. Weir, H. Hawkins, C. Silverthorne, L. Schwass, M. Halligan, H. Dryfoos, A. Koch, M. Usselman, N. McGrath, L. Tighe, L. Pleins, A. Wooden, C. Thaler, K. and J. Burgie, A. Harris, L. Johnson, K. Gibbons, L. Brownbridge, N. O'Meara, A. Peak, A. Morgan, A. and N. McGrath, J. Kingsbury, C. Correll, R. Cox, A. Williams, A. Getty, J. Butts.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses E. O'Connor, and B. Spencer. 2D Div.—D. Cavenor

2D CLASS—Misses A. Byrne and C. Morgan. 2D Div.—Misses L. Kirchner, M. Usselman, A. Kirchner, A. Reising and B. Wilson.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Bennett, A. Walsh, D. Gordon, M. Walsh, B. Siler, L. Walsh, S. Cash, H. O'Meara, J. Cronin. 2D Div.—Misses S. Rheinboldt, L. Weber, N. Johnson.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses O'Connor, B. Spencer, H. Julius, J. Nunning.

1ST CLASS—Miss B. Wilson. 2D Div.—Misses Cravens, C. Silverthorne, H. Hawkins.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Harris, M. Julius, L. Kirchner, A. Byrne, J. Cronin. 2D Div.—Misses A. Koch, L. O'Neil, M. Spier, C. Morgan.

3D CLASS—Misses G. Kelly, B. Siler, D. Cavenor, A. Henneberry, M. Usselman, M. Pleins. 2D Div.—Misses J. Burgert, D. Gordon, A. O'Connor.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Johnson, J. Bennett, E. Lange, A. Kirchner, A. McGrath, L. Walsh, E. Thompson, K. Burgie, M. Thompson, L. Forrey. 2D Div.—Misses A. Walsh, N. McGrath, A. Cullen, M. Schultheis.

5TH CLASS—Misses P. Gaynor, M. O'Connor, A. Morgan, H. Dryfoos, L. Weber, M. Walsh, A. Reising, H. O'Meara, J. Burgie, E. Forrey. 2D Div.—Misses G. Conklin, M. Robertson, A. Woodin, I. Cook, A. Cavenor, K. Martin, M. Getty, L. Wier.

6TH CLASS—Misses L. Beall, M. Brady, C. Correll, A. Ewing, S. Cash, L. Kelly, M. Ewing, N. Johnson, K. Gibbons, M. Mulligan. 2D Div.—Misses E. Davenport, M. Coughlin, N. Hackett, C. Vannamee, C. Boyce, M. Halligan, A. Peak.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Lambin, L. Cox, M. Davis, L. Tighe, E. Wright, N. Black.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Cox, E. Mulligan.

9TH CLASS—Misses L. Ellis and E. Wooten.

10TH CLASS—Misses M. McFadden, S. Rheinboldt.

EXERCISES.—B. Spencer, C. Silverthorne, B. Wilson, A. Harris, B. Siler, M. Usselman, A. O'Connor, J. Nunning, L. Weber, M. Pleins, J. Bennett, E. Lange, A. Byrnes, L. Kirchner, L. O'Neil, G. Kelly, A. Henneberry, E. Thompson, L. Johnson.

HARP—1ST CLASS—Miss E. O'Connor. 2D CLASS—Misses D. Cavenor and B. Wilson.

ORGAN—Misses M. Usselman and B. Spencer.

GUITAR—Miss A. Woodin.

PRIVATE HARMONY CLASSES—Misses J. Nunning, H. Julius, E. O'Connor, B. Spencer.

GENERAL HARMONY—Misses Morgan, Harris, D. Cavenor, B. Wilson, J. Cronin, A. Byrnes, L. Kirchner, H. Hawkins, L. Weber, E. Pleins.

THEORETICAL CLASSES—Misses G. Kelly, A. Kirchner, C. Silverthorne, B. Siler, M. O'Connor, E. Lange, M. Spier, D. Gordon, G. Gonklin, E. Forrey, A. Morgan, I. Cook, S. Cash, J. Burgert, K. Burgie, J. Burgie, C. Correll, N. Hackett, L. Ellis, C. Vannamee, A. Ewing, M. Ewing, A. Cavenor, A. Woodin, C. Boyce, M. Halligan, E. Davenport, L. Tighe, M. Coughlin, E. Wright, H. O'Meara, N. Johnson, L. Schwass, S. Rheinboldt, N. Black. These young ladies have the best notes for *strict attention* and progress. We hope to see more names hereafter. Theoretical knowledge goes far in the standing of class premiums at the end of the year.

Misses Cronin and Usselman deserve credit for playing the organ on Thursday morning, at the Mass for the pupils. More should join in the singing. It is not too soon for the practice of hymns to be sung during May

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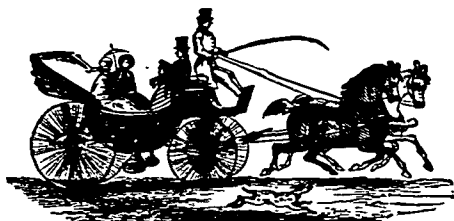
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High School or Acad. size, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 in shelf specimens				25	50	100
College size, 3 1/2 x 6 in., shelf specimens				500	100	300

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A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,

Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy,

Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science
Life Member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences
and of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Nigh Express
Lv. Chicago.....	5 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	11 00 "	6 30 "	7 40 "	11 15 "
" Niles	9 02 "	12 09 p.m.	8 20 "	8 55 "	12 35 "
" Jackson.....	2 08 p.m.	3 55 "	Express.	12 40 a.m.	4 52 "
Ar. Detroit	5 45 "	6 25 "	10 15 "	3 30 "	8 00 a.m.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	10 05 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 p.m.
" Jackson.....	0 40 "	12 32 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 42 a.m.
" Niles	3 45 p.m.	4 23 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 10 "	5 35 "	7 50 "	4 05 "	5 50 "
Ar. Chicago.....	7 30 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. South Bend—	8 15 a.m.	7 15 p.m.	\$9 00 a.m.	\$7 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	8 22 "	7 23 "	9 07 "	7 07 "
Ar. Niles—	9 00 "	8 00 "	9 40 "	7 40 "

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—	6 30 a.m.	4 20 p.m.	\$8 00 a.m.	\$5 00 p.m.
" Notre Dame—	7 07 "	4 56 "	8 32 "	5 32 "
Ar. South Bend—	7 15 "	5 05 "	8 40 "	5 40 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted
§Sunday only.

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10 07 a m, Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 4 55 p m;
Cleveland 9 45.

11 59 a m, Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives
at Toledo 5 10 p m; Cleveland 9 45 p m; Buffalo 4 00 a m.

9 10 p m, Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo
2 40 a m; Cleveland, 7 05 a m; Buffalo, 1 10 p m.

4 40 p m, Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 45 a m, Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 55 p m, Chicago
6 30 a m.

5 38 a m, Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 7; Chicago 9 a m

4 05 p m, Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50;

Chicago, 8 20 p m.

8 00 a m, Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a m; Chi-
cago 11 30 a m.

8 30 a m, Way Freight.

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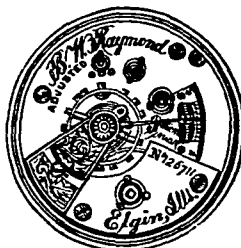
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Peoria Day Express	4 00 pm	9 30 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express	8 05 pm	9 30 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex	4 00 pm	12 30 pm
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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

DEC. 10, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh, Leave	11.30 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	2.00 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester, Leave	12.40 A.M.	10.15 "	3.14 "	7.45 "
Alliance, Leave	3.05 "	12.50 P.M.	5.55 "	11.00 "
Orrville, Leave	4.47 "	2.32 "	7.42 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield, Leave	6.50 "	4.40 "	9.55 "	3.11 "
Crestline, Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	10.30 "	3.50 "
Crestline, Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	10.35 P.M.
Forest, Leave	9.25 "	7.40 "	11.53 "
Lima, Leave	10.45 "	9.35 "	1.05 A.M.
Ft. Wayne, Leave	1.20 P.M.	12.10 A.M.	3.25 "
Plymouth, Leave	3.45 "	3.20 "	5.49 "
Chicago, Arrive	7.20 "	7.20 "	9.20 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago, Leave	10.40 P.M.	8.20 A.M.	5.35 P.M.
Plymouth, Leave	2.40 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "
Ft. Wayne, Leave	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.45 "
Lima, Leave	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.39 A.M.
Forest, Leave	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.50 "
Crestline, Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.20 "
Crestline, Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.30 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield, Leave	12.35 "	7.44 "	5.00 "	6.50 "
Orrville, Leave	2.32 "	9.38 "	6.58 "	9.15 "
Alliance, Leave	4.10 "	11.15 "	8.55 "	11.20 "
Rochester, Leave	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh, Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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