

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Elkhart Lake.

BY MINNIE BELLE.

Elkhart Lake, made famous by the celebrated landscape painters Harrison and Swartz, is the gem of Wisconsin scenery. Its beauty is of the picturesque and romantic, rather than the grand and sublime. It covers about eight or ten hundred acres, and is pleasingly diversified by bays, which coquettishly wind around projecting bluffs beneath whose shades the crystal water slumbers so pure and clear that white-sand and gravel of the lake-bottom can be plainly seen at a depth of twenty or thirty feet. All the brilliant colors of the rainbow are reflected on the smooth and sparkling surface of the water. Looking from the elevated veranda of the "Swiss Cottage," the scene is beautiful beyond description. The hills that surround the lake are verdant with pine, spruce, maple, basswood, red and white cedar; large fields of golden grain now and then peep through forest vistas; steamboats, row-boats and white-winged boats ply up and down; a tent, white and fair, amid the green foliage of the banks; the blue, curling smoke of the Indian encampment, just across the narrowest turn of the lake: these and other beauties, which our pen cannot describe, afford to the eye, as it feasts upon the varying charms of nature, a grander picture than on canvas ere was seen.

I.

One day we fled with willing feet
From far-spent summer's ceaseless heat,
To find some cool and calm retreat,
Where lazy thought might rest the brain,
And ease wash out the labor stain.
And so a score did undertake
To hide away at Elkhart Lake;—
Found the "Swiss Cottage" on its banks,
And took possession with their thanks.
How passed the days remembrance tells,
Sweet as the sound of marriage bells;
The song of bird in woodland glen,
The search for lilies in the fen;
The awkward dip of rustic's oar,
Who ne'er had pulled a stroke before;
The idle anglers holding out
The baited lines to lure the trout;
The sail-boats beating up the bay;
Soft hints of meadows sweet with hay.
High banks that rise, thick fringed between,
The wood and wave, forever green;
A farm-lawn just beyond the way,
Alive with youngsters at croquet,—
All these in pictured landscape lie,
Framed in pale hues of air and sky;

And weary eyes forget their tears
To look, and hope of coming years.

II.

So lapsed the day—the night, how rare,
No pen but golden may declare.
We lengthened out the evening hours,
For wider range of social powers,
Until the glint of waning moon
Shone on the waters all too soon;
Then sleep and silence held their sway
Till night was turned again to day.

III.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,—
Go to Wisconsin woods and lakes! No tear
Will dim the sweet look of nature here.

The Influence of Painting.

BY AMBROSE J. HERTZOG.

The fine arts, says an ancient writer, "are the children of genius"; nature is their model, and taste their children, and I may add with truth that they not only render him who cultivates them with success illustrious, but also the city in which he was born, and even the country to which he belongs. Thus it is with painting, an art which, when compared with others, is more extensive in the range of subjects it is capable of treating and more various in the modes in which it affords pleasure.

That painting has had a great share in increasing the civilization and refinement of society, no one can doubt. One has only to glance over the pages of history and consider the rise and progress of the human family, and he will see what an important part it has played in aiding the minds of men to study the beauty and grandeur of nature, and consequently, as it were, in leading men step by step to know that omnipotent God who alone could have bestowed on nature those manifold charms, those entrancing beauties, which so eloquently speak to the human soul and compel man to acknowledge through the existing beauty and harmony of nature, the infinite power and wisdom of the Creator. Painting dates back to the early days of civilization. With the dawn of refinement it sprang into existence, and thus it is that with the advancement of painting we can easily trace that of civilization. But it may be asked: In what manner has painting materially contributed to enlighten man?

In olden times the art of painting was one of the most powerful and at the same time one of the most pleasing means of conveying instruction, for we must bear in mind that printing was then unknown. There was, there-

fore, no other means, oral teaching excepted, of spreading abroad the numerous facts which the mind of man had collected—no means of making man acquainted with the Bible, the word of God, and the acts of illustrious men. It is true there were some manuscripts in circulation, but they were only in the possession of the wealthy class. The poor and middle class, excluded from the society of the opulent, were thrown upon their own resources for acquiring knowledge, and were it not for painting they would in all probability have remained in comparative ignorance. Painting was their book; from it they read the word of God, and acquired their knowledge of historical facts. It was the custom in early days, as it is at present, to exhibit paintings in public places, to which all could have access; and we read from ancient authors that thousands could be daily seen studying, if I may use the expression, the paintings of Bible scenes in the churches, and elsewhere, which conveyed to their minds an indelible impression of the subjects which they represented. Thus we see that painting served as a history to mankind, made men acquainted with religion, and hence contributed to their enlightenment; for religion is in itself a civilizer, since it teaches man how to know, to love, and to serve God.

Painting, whose model is nature, may be considered as an educator, since it portrays and lays before us all that is calculated to excite within us the admiration of the sublime and beautiful. Education is not confined exclusively to books. There is another species of practical education which refines and polishes the tastes of man, and which tends to infuse into his heart those sentiments of appreciative admiration, to which reference has just been made. Where can we find objects more adapted, more capable of drawing out and developing the appreciation of the sublime and beautiful than in nature, whose temple is the universe? Beauty surrounds us on all sides. It blooms in the innumerable flowers of spring; it sports in the spreading branches of the trees and in the verdant shrubs of the valley. It inhabits the inmost recesses of both earth and sea, and shines forth in resplendent colors from the various metals of mother earth. Beauty does not display itself only in the minor natural objects which everywhere meet the view; for the boundless oceans, the towering mountains, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all bear upon them the impress of the sublime and the beautiful.

If we turn our thoughts in another direction, namely to the relation painting bears to architecture, it can be well said that as trees without foliage are devoid of beauty, so architecture without painting is devoid of grandeur. To illustrate this, we have only to compare the architecture of ancient times with that of modern. The former astonishes us by its towering pinnacles and expansive bulk, while the latter adds to these qualities a certain polish, grace and dignity, which forcibly proclaim the effects of painting. It is sufficient, for example, to mention St. Peter's at Rome, St. Sophia's at Constantinople, and St. Paul's at London, to prove that we are largely indebted to painting for these three masterpieces of modern architecture. It is a fact which cannot be doubted that as people progress in their style of architecture they are growing more enlightened and cultivating nobler conceptions of grandeur; and as the masterpieces of modern architecture receive their polish from painting, it is safe to conclude that painting is a strong means of promoting civilization.

Yes, painting is a civilizer and refiner; it produces so profound an impression on the mind, it imparts a feeling

so sublime and so exalted, that it compels man, as it were, not only to appreciate what is beautiful and sublime, but also to turn his heart towards that omnipotent God who created nature to serve as a model of all painting.

The Turkish Barber.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

Those persons labor under a very false impression who imagine that the barber of the remote East resembles in the slightest degree the tonsorial artist whom we meet in the cities of America or Western Europe. The Turkish barber, for instance, unlike the Parisian craftsman, never harangues you on the subject of universal suffrage or the rights of man; he never dabbles in politics, like the Chicago artist; neither is he a poet, musician or intriguer like the immortal "Barber of Seville." On the contrary, he is an eminently staid, grave, monotonous, dignified and taciturn sort of personage, who attends strictly to business and never bothers himself or his customers about anything else. But you must enter into one of the Constantinople *cafés* if you wish to cultivate a closer acquaintance with him. This seems at first rather a strange place to look for a barber, does it not? And yet it would be a very difficult matter to find one elsewhere. The Turkish barber has no establishment of his own, with a pole painted red, white and blue for a trade-mark. However, it would be perhaps better to say that his shop is the *café* itself, for he can not only flourish the razor but likewise dispense the creature comforts, and do a great many other useful things besides. He can bleed, pull teeth, apply leeches, administer poultices, and we prefer not to be obliged to state what wonders the pills which he concocts can perform. But to dwell at greater length on the multiplicity of his duties or the versatility of his talent would lead us too far from the *café*, which we were on the point of entering a few minutes ago, and to which it is now high time to return.

Nothing can be simpler than the manner in which a Turkish *café*, or barber-shop, if you prefer the term, is furnished. A wooden sofa covered with mats for the accommodation of strangers, as the average Turk prefers to squat on his heels (please excuse the term) on the floor; in the back part of the apartment a low platform spread with carpets or cushions for visitors of rank; in one corner a small furnace for heating coffee and sherbets at any hour of the day or night; in the centre a small fountain; for floor, the bare earth, covered here and there with mats; bare walls and ceilings, generally adorned with mouldings or pictures, of which the less said the better; at the door, a few small wooden stools for the benefit of those who prefer the open air; such constitutes the whole luxury of the thousand-and-one establishments to which the people of Constantinople resort to smoke their pipes and submit their faces, or heads, as the case may be, to the manipulations of the man of lather.

You enter, let us suppose, a complete stranger. The first ceremony is, of course, to take off your shoes, after which you take a seat on the sofa. Whether you are in a hurry or not, you are supposed to proceed no further before receiving from the waiter in attendance a *tchibouk*, or long pipe, and a cup of coffee. After inhaling a few mouthfuls of smoke, swallowing a few sips of coffee, and saluting the company—or, at all events, the venerable

individual whom you see stretched on the platform at the other end of the room, and whose dignity is so overpowering that you would be inclined to take him for a pasha at least, did you not know that he is merely the proprietor of the establishment—you are ready to face the dread ordeal which you know awaits you at the barber's hands.

At the mere sight of the formidable-looking individual who draws near, your courage begins to abandon you. Most certainly his appearance is far from being attractive, and the manner in which he rubs his razor on a large strap which dangles from his belt makes you think of a butcher sharpening his knife. But, *per contra*, look at the face of the individual whom he has just finished shaving; did you ever see a job better done? Can you discover the least trace of beard, or the most trifling scratch? They were right, you think, in boasting of the skill of Eastern barbers. But, first, it may be well to let you know how they manage to obtain such success; you will then be better able to judge whether the end justifies the means or not.

From the moment that you solicit the attention of a Turkish barber, there must be a tacit agreement that your head ceases to belong to you so long as the operation—I was on the point of saying the execution—lasts. Your head is for the time being his property; he may raise it or lower it, turn it to right or to left, and you need not think of protesting or complaining; when you took your seat in his chair you abdicated all your rights over yourself. Your pleasure or pain is no concern of his; it is with your beard that he has to do; between it and him it is war to the knife. He squeezes your cheeks; he pinches your nose and lips; he pulls your mustache, provided you have anything of the kind; he slams your head against the wall, or presses it between his knees; he pushes it from side to side, like a block; he draws every muscle of your face out of place; he stretches your skin like the covering of a drum. No matter how many angles or cavities there may be, he explores them all thoroughly; the blood may be on the point of bubbling out, but he scrapes away till nothing is left but the roots. Then when his hand is wearied with its exertions—a thing which, it is of course unnecessary to state, takes place only long after your patience has been exhausted—he wipes his razor on his fingers, surveys the scene with a look of triumph, and proceeds to work at your ears, wishing you meanwhile all sorts of prosperity. The only blessing for which you long after such an experience is, I can assure you, to be allowed to take breath for a few minutes. Finally, after he has almost plucked your ears out, he brings you a small looking-glass—to let you see, no doubt, that your head is still in the right place; then, of fering you a lighted pipe and a cup of delicious coffee, he salutes you for the last time, receives his fee, and passes on to another victim. You scarcely find the picture charming, and yet your experience is, comparatively speaking, mere child's play. What would you say if, like the Armenians, Jews, and some classes of Turks, you had to have your head shaved as well as your face?

An iron ring is fixed in the ceiling, and from this ring is suspended a tin vessel, shaped like a funnel, from which a stream of lukewarm water falls like a shower-bath on the head on which the barber is about to experiment. From the head the water trickles down into a tin basin, which the sufferer himself is obliged to hold. But before falling into this basin it must of course pass over his ears, neck and face. Woe to him if he should venture to open his eyes or mouth; the mixture of soap and water which the

tormentor is rubbing into his head is not a whit more beneficial to the sight than agreeable to the taste. The victim must content himself with breathing through his nose during the whole time consumed by the three successive soapings necessary to soften the hair and skin of the head. These latherings completed, the scraping, of which you already have some idea, begins, and when all is over, the patient's head is rubbed with perfumed oil, which gives it additional smoothness and polish.

As to the sentiments with which the poor victim's mind must meanwhile be filled, it is probable that words could give them but feeble expression. A few years ago, the *New York Sun* published what purported to be a synopsis of the comments made by prominent stalwart Republicans in regard to a certain bill which had failed to give them satisfaction. Zach Chandler's remarks were, as nearly as we can remember, in the following strain: — — — — — this — — — — — bill to — — — — —! Amend by substituting "barber" in the place of "bill" and an idea will be conveyed of the vigorous language likely to be indulged in by the average American if subjected to a similar ordeal.

Fables.

BY PAUL F. SCHNURRER.

A fable is a short allegorical composition, and is akin to the parable. An allegory is a rhetorical figure by which a description of one thing is given under the image of another. All allegorical compositions are of a very difficult nature, and very few now extant are worthy to be considered successful efforts. These few are the parables in the Old and the New Testament, the fables of Æsop, of whom a sketch was published in a previous issue of *THE SCHOLASTIC*, and a few English writings, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," Spenser's "Faery Queene," etc.

Those short allegorical compositions found in the Old and the New Testament are termed parables; when found in the works of profane writers, they are styled fables. The parables of the New Testament are of unrivalled beauty; and among fables those of Æsop reign supreme. The fable was very popular among Oriental nations. Under this form of speech, more or less developed, the earliest knowledge of the East has been handed down to us. In times later on, when neither kings, princes nor mobs would listen to truth or reason, recourse to this style of speech was often found useful. It was the off-hand, ready-made weapon of men who understood how to blend presence of mind with readiness of wit; who saw their opportunity and knew how to make use of it. To this class belonged Æsop, who, as we have seen in the sketch of his life, never seems to have been at a loss for answers at once shrewd, witty and appropriate. The oldest fable, or parable, as it should properly be called, which has been handed down to us, is that of "The trees and the bramble," spoken by Joatham to the Israelites, in the ninth chapter of the book of Judges, verses 8 to 16. It was, we know, entirely successful in bringing about the desired result. So also did the parable of Nathan, "The ewe-lamb," addressed to David, produce the wished-for effect upon the king, who had fallen into a grievous sin. The parable will be found in the Second Book of Kings, chapter xii, verses 1 to 5. But best of all parables are those of our Lord, which are given in

the New Testament; they are, or should be, well known, therefore I think it unnecessary to comment upon them here. But while speaking of the fables, it may not be out of place to relate a few of the many striking instances in which they were the means of bringing about important results.

Demades, a famous Grecian orator, and successful rival of Demosthenes, was once addressing the Athenians on a subject of great importance. In vain did he endeavor to fix the minds of his hearers upon the subject he was speaking of, till at last he made use of the fable of "Ceres, the eel, and the swallow." Before he related the fable, the Athenians seemed indifferent to his discourse, laughed and talked among themselves, looking on at their children at play, and in many other ways showing their want of concern in the subject of his discourse. After a short pause, however, Demades spoke as follows: "Ceres (the goddess of grain and of tillage) was one day journeying in company with an eel and a swallow." At this there was marked attention, and every ear was strained to catch the orator's words. "The party, coming to a river," continued he, "the eel swam across; the swallow flew over —," Then Demades resumed his harangue where he had broken it off, but the assembly raised a cry: "And Ceres! And Ceres!" shouted they, "what did Ceres do?" Why the goddess was, and indeed is now," rejoined Demades, "mightily offended that people should have their ears open to any sort of foolish thing, and shut against words of truth and wisdom."

On a certain occasion the inhabitants of Himera, a city of Sicily, were warned by Stesichorus, a poet who flourished about 600 B. C., against the encroachments of Phalaris, a tyrant of Agrigentum, by the mere recital of the fable, "The horse and the stag." Pisistratus and the Athenians were given a timely lesson by the fable of "The frogs and Jupiter." When Æsop introduced "The fox and the hedgehog" the Samians were brought to their senses just as they were upon the point of putting to death one who had fattened upon the public treasury. Cyrus, king of Persia, once sent the Ionians, a people of Asia Minor, an invitation to join him; but they rejected the proposal. After his success, however, they sent him ambassadors, offering him terms. The indignant conqueror's answer was nothing else than the fable of "The fisherman piping." As the Athenians were on the point of betraying the orator Demosthenes into the hands of Philip of Macedon, he warned them by the story of "The wolves and the sheep." Thus he made them understand that in giving up the public orators they surrendered the very watchdogs of the state. On another occasion, as he was speaking on an important public affair, the populace would not consent to lend him an ear, whereupon he made them ashamed of their frivolity by commencing the fable of "The ass's shadow." In this simple way he brought them to a sense of their duty and an acknowledgment of their frivolity. By telling the story of "The belly and the members," Agrippa, a Roman general, quelled an insurrection.

After such instances will anyone be so audacious as to deny that fables have been highly useful, and have taken a prominent part in the government of the world? The popularity of the Æsopian fables among the Athenians soon became unbounded. In the works of the best Greek authors they are continually referred to. During his monotonous prison hours, Socrates turned some of them into

verse; Demetrius Phalereus and others did the same. Very many years afterwards they were presented anew by Babrius in Greek choriambics, and by Phædrus in Latin iambs. The manuscript of the Babrian fables had disappeared for a long time, and was supposed to be entirely lost, but in 1844 it was discovered in a monastery on Mount Athos. Soon after this valuable manuscript was purchased for the British Museum, and in 1846 the Fables were published, with critical notes. Twenty years ago the Greek text was translated into English verse, and published. One of the books printed by Caxton in Westminster Abbey was "The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope." The charming poetical version of La Fontaine's fables appeared for the first time in the year 1668. Subsequently two English editions made their appearance: one by L'Es-trange, in 1694, of the vigor of which there can be no doubt, and the other by Croxall, in 1727, which contains much quaint humor, but are of unequal merit, lengthy at times, and somewhat wearisome. John Gay, the friend of Pope, is the best writer of fables in English.

Sometimes we see as many as *six* versions of the same fable, but this can easily be accounted for. Phædrus, Babrius, and the authors of the older and later versions, made many alterations, and sometimes even inserted fables of their own. In some editions of the fables, as we see them now, we find *morals*, or *applications*, attached to many of them. In the days of yore, fables were usually spoken, and each was supposed to convey its respective *moral* along with it, suitable to the occasion which called it forth. But in later times, when the fables were written or printed, as the case might be, the moral was attached to the less intelligible ones, the others being so striking, and withal so simple and so clear, that the moral is seen at a glance. This printed *moral* is usually brief, and in a proverbial form.

Socialism in America.

It is not often that we find in American newspapers so candid an acknowledgment of the good influence of the Catholic Church in favor of society and liberty as we do in the following extract from the *San Francisco Argonaut* of a recent date. The many utterances of the editor are worthy of the great-hearted American public for whom he speaks. Whenever there is danger ahead, the assurance comes to every good citizen that the great power of the Catholic Church is on the side of liberty, order and good government; so it ever was, and so it ever will be:

"The Americans are a people hard to arouse; they are slow to anger; but when they do feel called upon to hunt these miserable miscreants (the Socialists) to their holes, they will avenge with fierce and bloody resolve this mad attempt to steal away a nation's liberty in order that they may riot in unearned beer and bread. In this conflict, Catholic Irishmen will be one of America's best allies; for whatever may be said of our most vexatious and ever-political Irish fellow-citizens, they are at least loyal to the country of their adoption. When they forswear allegiance to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, they do it with no mental reserve. They are fully American at the baptism of their first declaration of intention to become citizens; there is no lingering memory of regret at the severance of political ties from the land of their birth. Their hatred of England assumes the shape of patriotism to America; and whatever faults they have, it is not among

them that they transplant their political conspiracies to the soil of their adoption. Sometimes we fear, and sometimes for party purposes we affect to fear, that in the religious faith of the Irish Catholic he admits a spiritual allegiance to Rome that does, or may disturb his allegiance to our Government. Sometimes we fear, or for party purposes we affect to fear, that the free common schools and the free press are not able to cope with the Church in teaching our adopted youth in their catechism of liberty. Sometimes we think, or when warmed by the passions of a heated party conflict we affect to think, that Catholics are dangerous to our free institutions. And yet it is within the possibilities of the future that the Roman Catholic Church in America will be one of the most powerful bulwarks behind which liberty and social order will fight for its preservation and defence. It is within the possibilities of the future that this fixed institution, which dates back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when the cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre; this institution, the lines of whose Popes crowned Pepin and Napoleon, and, passing the age of fable, shed its lustre upon Venice; that confronted Attila the barbarian; that accompanied the Saxon to Britain, the Frank to Gaul; that lived when Grecian eloquence flourished at Antioch, when idols were worshipped in the temple of Mecca—it is, we say, within the possibility of its accomplishments that in its own interest, and long before the travelling New Zealander shall be called upon to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge. It shall, in alliance with American patriotism, be called upon to throw the protective mantle of its great power over the fainting, wounded, bleeding form of American liberty. So long as the Roman Church is our ally here to-day, against its own apostate members, and so long as it throws its influence and its power in defence of property, social order, and good government, we may afford at least to accord to it a position of honor in the battle-line, and speak well of it till our danger is passed. Catholic clergy and Catholic laymen are doing us good service in this time of our peril, and we are not ashamed to admit that we are grateful for it."

Judge Turner in Vindication of Notre Dame.

In the *Chicago Tribune* of Friday, May 16, is contained a reply by our good friend, the Hon. T. G. Turner, to an anonymous correspondent of the *Tribune* who had seen fit to raise his voice against Notre Dame in this her hour of need. Judge Turner's unsolicited and manly vindication of his old and venerated friend, Very Rev. Father Sorin, is only what we might expect from his fine heart and liberal mind, and from his intimate knowledge of Notre Dame. He knows that Father Sorin and the institution which he has founded are worthy of the generous response which has come up from every part of the land from the friends of education and the moral instruction of youth. The following extracts from Judge Turner's article are especially to the point:

"The assault of your correspondent in this morning's *Tribune* upon the University of Notre Dame, near our city, and its worthy founder, Father Sorin, needs no notice here where the great school and the noble teacher are best known, the one as a benefaction of far more than local significance, the other as a lover of his race, irrespective of nationality or theology, and as a gentleman of many kindly

graces. His statements may do harm, however, where the means of detecting falsehood are not at hand.

"Notre Dame is truly a Catholic institution, as I believe many other notable institutions of learning have been and presently are, but nothing can be further from the truth than that it was established for the purpose of 'making converts to Catholicism from among its Protestants students,' and this is not done 'under the pretense of furthering the cause of education,' nor any other pretense. Notre Dame is not a theological school, nor does it seek exclusively, or mainly, or in any partial sense, to benefit Catholicism. Its curriculum is liberal and elevating, its processes conformable to the progressive tendencies of the day, and its results gratifying to enlightened minds. Self-righteous bigotry alone disputes its superiority or laments over its success.

"The statement that the University is antagonistic to other modes or institutions of learning because not professedly Catholic is not only false but preposterous. A personal, long, and quite intimate acquaintance with the officers and faculty of Notre Dame enables me to state positively that many Protestant colleges might learn of them a lesson of liberality and tolerance in this regard.

"But the fling at—nay the libel upon—Father Sorin is the most reprehensible part of the letter. Into the solitude of an American forest, nearly forty years ago, came the then young priest, and laid the foundation of an institution of learning whose fame and benefits have become world-wide. No labors, no sacrifices have been spared in overcoming the discouragements through which the road to success lay. Faithful and truthful at the first and at the last, the venerable Father now occupies a post of great responsibility and high honor, while he enjoys the respect, the esteem, nay, the love of those who have known him long and intimately; this without reference to religious belief or sectarian proclivities. Next to his God he has given his allegiance to his dear Notre Dame; and now in the hour of her direst need, by the exercise of his native modesty, he gives his denial to your correspondent's statements by not 'asking pecuniary aid of Protestants' as such, but of persons whose generosity is not blinded by bigotry, however religiously disposed. I am not, sir, nor have I ever been, nor do I expect to be a Catholic, but I am a friend of honesty and truth. I am, also, yours truly,

"T. G. TURNER."

A Timely Warning.

The destruction, by fire, of the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Indiana, suggests the great danger that threatens from the same source other institutions similarly situated. A great many of our seminaries, colleges, convents and academies, are located at a distance from towns, and are beyond the reach of the ordinary means of extinguishing a fire. And in case of a conflagration it is simply impossible to save the property. The public is authoritatively informed that there occurred by the burning of Notre Dame the complete annihilation, in a few hours, of the fruits of thirty-seven years of hard labor—an immense bed of ashes and debris burying a quarter of a million of dollars, with a multitude of treasure which gold itself can never replace. The total amount of insurance on the property destroyed was only forty-five thousand dollars. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained, but it broke out in the roof, and spread with great rapidity, burning the University building, the Infirmary, Old Men's Home, Music Hall, and Minims' Hall, these latter separate structures. Here, it appears, there was nothing like any adequate means to extinguish a fire and no exertions would then save the splendid and valuable property from destruction. Every possible effort was made by the inmates, neighbors, and citizens of South Bend, but all without avail, because the means for putting out a fire were wanting, and here, the question suggests itself: How many of our great benevolent and educational institutions are there in a similarly

unprotected condition? There are undoubtedly many, in which, if a fire broke out, there is nothing to do but let them burn. They are constantly exposed to the risk of a great calamity, which may befall them at any time and when least expected, as did that of Notre Dame. An efficacious means adopted by some—as at Nazareth Female Academy, near Bardstown, Nelson county, Ky.—is to have great iron tanks placed on the roof, constantly filled with water. With hose and pipes properly attached, this supply of water can be immediately applied to any part of the building, and a fire may be extinguished before it gets under headway. At Notre Dame the trouble was that the fire, starting immediately under the roof, was beyond the reach of any stream that could be brought to bear on it in time. With an ample supply of water on the roof, in tanks filled by natural or artificial means, and pipes attached ready for use, the chances of burning, even after a fire breaks out, are very much diminished, as any part of the building may be flooded.

The amount of insurance on the Notre Dame property seems, under the circumstances, to have been too small, and the thought suggests itself whether such is not the case with other Catholic institutions similarly situated. Fire insurance is an expensive item, it is true, but it would seem to be economy where there are no adequate precautions against fire. The deplorable calamity of the burning of Notre Dame may serve as a warning to other of our large Catholic establishments remote from the ordinary means of extinguishing a fire. Such institutions should adopt means of their own to speedily extinguish an incipient conflagration.—*Catholic Advocate, Louisville, Ky.*

The above calls attention to a grave duty devolving on every one having charge of public institutions, especially colleges and academies. It is well to state in this connection that one of the chief considerations in the construction of the new college building, whose foundations are now started, is protection from fire. It will be fire-proof so far as mechanical skill can make it so. The mansard roof which is blamed for burning the old building will be seen here no more, and the same decree has gone out against pitch and gravel roofs. Only slate will be found on the roof. The public should also know that the old building *was* amply protected from fire, except on the roof, where it was thought fire could never come, and where it is not even now known how fire did come. There were two large tanks of water kept constantly filled in the upper stories, while two Babcock protectors were also in constant readiness. The trouble was that the fire was on the roof, from which communication was almost immediately cut off by the burning stairway. What is needed here, and at every other similar institution, is some simple means of throwing a stream of water from the ground over the top of the highest building at a moment's notice. A steam-engine will never satisfy this requirement, for it is liable to be out of repair, or the person who knows how to use it may be absent, or a dozen other reasons may make it unavailable. Some system of hydraulic pressure such as the Holly may be the best in some localities, or a local stand-pipe, ten feet higher than the highest building, might be kept constantly filled with water. The latter would be expensive, and besides it would be necessary to take means to keep it from freezing solid in the winter.

For us here, undoubtedly the best, cheapest and simplest thing to do would be to enter into a contract with the city and have water mains laid connecting the college grounds with the stand-pipe. Then, with a sufficient supply of hose kept constantly in readiness, a fire could always be extinguished almost as soon as discovered—any one could screw on the hose, turn on the water and direct the stream upon the flames.

The additional advantage of the hose for keeping the gardens and college grounds fresh and green, and water supplied in every room, though of importance from an æsthetic or economic point of view, is of course of minor consideration. The water might also be conveyed by a

smaller main to St. Mary's Academy and the expense to both institutions thus materially lessened.

As a farther fire protection, the SCHOLASTIC would also suggest that gas pipes be laid down at the same time from South Bend. The water mains and gas pipes are now laid on this side of the river as far as the old church corner in Lowell, and they could be put down on the fine graded street from that point to the college grounds, and from here to St. Mary's, with less expense and more surety than would attend any other means of fire protection that we know of.

Scientific Notes.

—It is said that the presence of certain plants in a room will effectually keep out flies. A writer says that during a residence of three years in town the sitting-room was kept free from flies by two boxes of geraniums and calceolarias in the windows, which were no sooner removed than the flies flocked into the room. Here the question might be raised, if such plants, or plants in general, are noxious to flies, may they not also be injurious to the human system?

—Perhaps no scientific achievement during the present century has been deemed more marvellous than the discovery of the outermost member (so far as is known) of the sun's family of planets. In many respects, apart from the great difficulty of the mathematical problem involved, the discovery appealed strongly to the imagination. A planet seventeen hundred millions of miles from the sun had been discovered in March, 1781, by a mere accident, though the accident was not likely to occur to any one but to an astronomer constantly studying the star-depths. Engaged in such observations, but with no idea of enlarging the known domain of the sun, Sir W. Herahel perceived the distant planet Uranus. His experienced eye at once recognized the fact that the stranger was not a fixed star. He judged it to be a comet. It was not until several weeks had elapsed that the newly-discovery body was proved to be a planet, travelling nearly twice as far away from the sun as Saturn, the remotest planet before known. A century only had elapsed since the theory of gravitation had been established. Yet it was at once perceived how greatly this theory had increased the power of the astronomer to deal with planetary motions. Before a year had passed more was known about the motions of Uranus than had been learned about the motion of any of the planets during 2,000 years preceding the time of Copernicus. It was possible to calculate in advance the position of the newly-discovered planet, to calculate retrogressively the path along which it had been travelling, unseen and unsuspected during the century preceeding its discovery. and now observations which many might have judged to be of little value, came in most usefully. Astronomers, since the discovery of the telescope had formed catalogues of the places of many hundred stars invisible to the naked eye. Search among the observations by which such catalogues had been formed revealed the fact that Uranus had been seen and catalogued as a fixed star 21 several times! Flamsteed had seen it five times, each time recording it as a star of the sixth magnitude, so that five of Flamsteed's stars had to be cancelled from his lists. Lemonnier had actually seen Uranus 12 times, and only escaped the honor of discovering the planet (as such) through the most marvellous carelessness, his astronomical papers being, as Arago said "a very picture of chaos." Bradley saw Uranus three times, Mayer saw the planet once only. It was from the study of the movements of Uranus as thus seen, combined with the planet's progress after its discovery, that mathematicians first began to suspect the existence of some unknown disturbing body. The observations preceeding the discovery of the planet range over an interval of 90 years and a few months, the earliest observation used being one made by Flamsteed on Dec. 23, 1690. There is something very strange in the thought that science was able to deal with the motions of a planet for nearly a century before the planet was known. Astronomy calculated in the

first place where the planet had been during that time; and then, from records made by departed observers, who had had no suspicion of the real nature of the body they were observing, astronomy, corrected her calculations, and deduced more rigorously the true nature of the new planet's motions.—R. A. PROCTOR.

Art, Music and Literature.

—The Society formed in Dublin two years ago to cultivate the Irish language has numerous members. Schools for instruction in it have been established in Berlin, Leipzig, and Copenhagen, and in Paris lectures have been lately given upon its grammar.

—M. Herold is the new Prefect of the Seine; and when he recently took possession of his office he discovered in the garret an old picture, very dusty. It is of a girl, representing the Republic. She is clothed in white; round her waist is a scarf in tri-color, and at her feet is a lion. The signature is "Gerome, 1848."

—Among the forthcoming pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition will be a powerful work by Keely Hallswelle, A. R. S. A., entitled, "Waiting for the Blessing." The scene represents some groups of Italian peasantry, seated on a wall, under a brilliant sunlight effect, awaiting with expectant faces the appearance of Pius IX.

—The Archbishop of Rheims has celebrated a grand Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of M. Millet, the celebrated architect who was conducting the work of restoring the cathedral, and died from a zeal for work beyond his strength. Amongst those present was M. Ruprich-Robert, Inspector-General of Historic Monuments, who has taken M. Millet's place as architect of the cathedral.

—Among the contributors to the coming Salon in Paris is the American artist, Henry Bacon, who has been rapidly rising in favor of late. The Paris correspondent of the London *Standard* says the picture to be exhibited this year is likely to make a hit. "It represents a burial at sea, conducted on board one of the transatlantic packets. It is painted with scrupulous attention to detail, and there is a touch of nature in it that stamps it as a work of art of the highest class."

—We take pleasure in announcing that Lord Beaconsfield has placed Mr. Frederick Martin on the civil list for a pension of a £100 a year, in recognition of service he has rendered by compiling the "Statesman's Year-Book," which he has now issued for sixteen years. Lord Beaconsfield lately mentioned the "Year-Book" in the House of Lords in terms of warm praise. Mr. Martin is also favorably known as the biographer of Clare and the historian of Lloyd's, and every one will feel that his pension has been well earned.—*Athenæum*.

—Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) the celebrated painter of "The Roll Call," will exhibit two pictures at the Academy—"Listed for the Connaught Rangers" and "The Remnant of an Army." The first is an Irish scene studied near the West Coast. Two Kerry boys have taken the Queen's shilling, and are marching off with the English redcoats across a lonely glen in the hills—with manly spirit, but without bravado, and not without a touch of pathetic sadness and regret. Mrs. Butler's second picture is simpler in material, but far more tragic in meaning, illustrating, as it does, the most terrible disaster which has ever befallen English arms. In 1843 when England last invaded Afghanistan, a force of 16,000 men under General Elphinstone's command was defeated and massacred in the passes, some sixty miles from Jellelabad, where an English garrison was besieged by the Afghans. One man—literally one man—survived the slaughter and made his way, starving and wounded to the walls of the city, from which an anxious look-out had been kept day and night for some tidings of the army. The unhappy fugitive was Dr. Brydon, the English Surgeon of a native regiment. The artist has chosen the moment of his arrival within hail of friends. The intense expression of his face has almost more in it of despair than of hope—for nature seems failing at the moment of rescue. It is, in fact, on record that the man fainted and that the gallant little pony died on reaching

the gate. Nevertheless the hero of this awful tragedy lived to serve in 1857 during the mutiny, and died in India some four years ago.

Books and Periodicals.

THE LIFE OF MRS. ELIZA A. SETON, Foundress and First Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. By the Rev. C. I. White, D. D. Third Revised Edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. Price by mail, \$1.10.

This excellent book, which contains not only an interesting biography of one of the most remarkable women of her day, but also an authentic sketch of a religious order which has given thousands of heroines of charity to the world, must be an acceptable work to the ladies of America, be they Catholics or non-Catholics. To the Catholic heart the memory of Mother Seton, the Foundress and first Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, will ever be held especially dear, and the copious extracts given here from her writings will tend to give a clearer insight of her beautiful character and raise her still higher in their esteem. Apart from the subject matter of the book, the fact that the whole has been arranged by, and from the pen of such a master of English as the Rev. Dr. White must give it a wide celebrity. These facts mentioned, words of commendation from us would be superfluous. A steel portrait of Mother Seton and several engravings embellish the book.

Donahoe's Magazine for June comes to hand filled as usual with a variety of interesting matter. The table of contents is as follows:

Biographical Sketch of the Poet Moore, (Illustrated); Irish Emigration for 1878; British Rule in Afghanistan; Step Inside, Gentlemen, step into the Chinese Show; A Tribute to the Memory of a Patriot Poet: Sentiments of Leading Irish Nationalists; Diphtheria and Kerosene Oil; Nano Nagle, the Foundress of the Presentation Nuns; The Bar Life of O'Connell; The Wonderful Organization of the Church; Rev. Bully O'Cucumber; Terrible Calamity in Hungary; Feudalism and Brehonism; The Centenary of Moore in Dublin; Farming in the West; Woman's Tongue as a Drink Cure; The Heart of O'Neill (poetry); The Tudor Dynasty; Cardinal Newman on Ireland One Hundred Years Hence; The Jasper Monumental Association; The Irish Land Question; Julia Marron, a tale of Irish Peasant life; Useful Knowledge; The Humorist; Chat with our lady readers; Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters; Our Young Folks; A Talk with our Readers; Obituary of Priests, Sisters, etc; Events of the Month; Notices of Recent Publications.

—The June number of the *Catholic World* opens with another instalment of Dr. Parsons' magnificent translation of Dante's *Purgatorio*. "Some Specimen Educators," a lively, gossipy article, follows, introducing us to Monsignor Capel, the Rev. Archdeacon Denison, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Fawcett, and other leaders of life and thought in England. The very opposite views of these gentlemen on the vexed subject of education make a most interesting and useful article. "Specimens of Modern Swedish Poetry" opens up to the general reader quite an unknown region in the realm of literature. The strongest chapter that has yet been written of "Pearl" appears this month. "The Protestant War against Christianity" is a general review of recent Protestant literature. "English Men of Letters" is a lively scamper through Mr. Morley's recent volumes. The useful series on "Plain Chant" is concluded; the philosophical series on the "Realities" continued. "The Black Age" is a short and pleasant excursion into a very remote period—the tenth century. "A Knight's Wooing" is a strong story illustrative of life in modern Russia, and is peculiarly timely just now. "Science and Sentiment" is one of those bright polemical articles in which the *Catholic World* excels. "Old Irish Churches" is another excursion into a very remote past. In "Current Events" a new department is opened, wherein leading questions of the day are briefly treated in a style characteristic of the *Catholic World*. With correspondence, poems, and an unusually interesting and important array of book notices the number is completed.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 24, 1879.

It is Holy Ground.

We have lately seen a statement to the effect that steps have been taken looking to the canonization of Fathers Lallemant and Brebœuf, the martyred missionaries. This has reminded us that we are here living on historic, nay, holy ground. Not more than a mile from Notre Dame, now more than two hundred years ago Father Marquette crossed Portage Prairie from the Kankakee, and embarked on the St. Joseph on that last sad voyage a little before his death. Perhaps on this very spot, La Salle wandered about the woods seeking to return to his companions on the St. Joseph River, on that night of which Parkman makes mention when the bold discoverer lost his way in the forest.

After a time we have indications, more or less obscure, of the presence of the indefatigable French missionaries. It is believed that the venerable Allouez sojourned here for a time, and many missionaries of whom no record remains undoubtedly spent a part of their time on these grounds, reclaiming the rude barbarians. Down the river a few miles, near the site of the old battle-ground, on a bluff overlooking the valley and the river, stands a huge wooden cross marking the resting-place of one of these saintly missionaries, who gave up his life for the red man. The labor was not unblessed, and "St. Mary of the Lakes," the title given Notre Dame by the early missionaries, became the centre of a Christian wilderness, extending over a large part of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. The baptismal registers of these early churches are still preserved at Notre Dame; and southwest of here, between St. Mary's and South Bend, a memorial cross has been erected to commemorate the ancient burial-ground of the Christian Indians. The bodies of two of the latest of those early evangelists, Father Petit and Father Deseille, now rest in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Father Petit died here alone at the altar of his log church, where he had dragged himself to partake of the divine banquet ere his departure. The venerable Father Neyron, still living here, but then pastor at New Albany, on the Ohio River, was sent for to prepare Father Petit for death, and started immediately, on horseback, but before he had traversed the length of the State, Father Petit lay already three weeks dead. Father Deseille died beyond the Mississippi, where he had followed his "dear Indians," who were removed from here by the Government. His body was afterwards brought back by Father Sorin, and now rests beside that of Father Petit, his predecessor, and also that of his successor, Father Cointet, C. S. C., who, except Father Sorin himself, was the last of those Indian missionaries.

It is little wonder, therefore, that when Father Badin, "the proto-priest of America," first came amongst these Christian Indians and found himself on the banks of the St. Joseph River, and by the twin lakes of St. Joseph and St. Mary, he should have felt inspired to secure the beau-

tiful and sacred spot "as the site of a future Catholic college," as he said.

It would seem, indeed, when we strive to gather up the scattered threads of our local history, that Notre Dame was pointed out from the beginning by the hand of God for great things, and it behooves us to guard well and foster the sacred inheritance which has been left us; it has descended to us from the saints. From the November morning, now nearly forty years ago, when Father Sorin first looked upon the snow covered landscape—an emblem of virginal purity, as it seemed to him—even to the present hour, there have been earnest souls who have looked upon this ground as the consecrated abode of religion and learning.

And now that our beloved home has been as it were purified by fire, may all possible imperfections be burned away with the old, and every heart be chastened anew for the great work which Heaven seems to have had in store even from the beginning for OUR LADY'S COLLEGE.

Description of the New College Building.

Below we give, according to promise, a detailed description of the principal features of the new building, as furnished us by the architect. We trust we shall be able soon to give in the SCHOLASTIC an engraving of the edifice, which in connection with this account will enable our readers to form a correct idea of the NEW NOTRE DAME.

The style of architecture is modern Gothic, presenting a frontage of 224 feet by 155 in depth, somewhat cruciform in shape, or like the letter E, with an extended centre. [A projection will in time be added on each side, which will make the total frontage about 320 feet, as stated last week.]

Height, 3 stories and basement.

Height of dome to pedestal of statue, 170 feet.

Height of dome above building, 80 feet.

A rotunda in centre of main building—at intersection of corridors extending from front to rear, north and south, and from Senior to Junior Study-Hall east and west—30 feet diameter in clear.

4 niches for statues in rotunda.

Corridors 16 feet in width, well lighted.

STUDY HALLS.

Located in the east and west wings as heretofore, on principal floor, 41x77 feet, 15 feet in height—lighted from three sides. Entrance from corridor, also outside entrance from south end.

CLASS ROOMS—22 IN NUMBER.

12 are located on the same floor as study-halls, and immediately adjoining them. Average dimensions, 16x26. Commercial class-room, adjoining study-hall—20x44, a south room, lighted by 5 large windows on south front.

Principal entrance, south, facing main avenue as in old College, from a large and handsome porch approached by an extra large and inviting flight of steps. At right of entrance President's and Vice-President's rooms, 2 rooms for visiting Prelates, and 1 visitors' waiting room. Left of entrance, looking out on front, is the main parlor, 40x42 ft., with a front and side bay window, which correspond with bay windows in Bishops' and President's rooms on opposite sides of entrance.

In the rear of main parlor is a smaller parlor with octagonal front, connecting parlor with toilet room. And on

opposite side of hall is large main staircase ascending in an octagon niche, well lighted from windows in outside walls.

In the hall, on each side of rotunda, a large staircase for accommodation of students, extending from basement to third floor, flanked with brick walls and lighted directly from the outside. Three flights of spacious stairs extend from basement to third floor, all placed in most convenient part of building, where best protected from fire, and with outlet on each floor. 2 closet-towers in rear, about 15 feet from main building, with stairways, are intended also as fire escapes. Towers are three stories above basement, well lighted and ventilated.

Floors above, divided similarly to those below, contain class-rooms, dormitories, and private rooms. Dormitories located above study-halls, with entrance from corridor, and exit if necessary through a fire-escape tower located at either side of building.

3d story, front of building, chapel, 40x122, and accommodating fully 800 persons.

Rotunda in centre of main building, terminating in a handsome dome, is lighted on all sides from above, and ventilates the building. Height of rotunda from principal floor to top, about 130 feet. Building throughout will be constructed of the most substantial material. Heavy walls of brick masonry on the outside, and also walls of corridors, principal division walls, and walls of all the stairways will be also of heavy masonry.

The dome, resting on heavy walls extending from ground to summit, is not only a self-supporting structure, but also a great stay to building if such were needed, which is not the case, as all parts will be solidly constructed throughout. This rotunda, surmounted as it is by the fine dome, is perhaps the handsomest and finest feature of its kind that can be seen in any educational institution in this or any other country.

The trimming and ornamentation of the exterior will be fine cut stone and galvanized iron, and all the roofs and cornices, which will be substantially fire-proof, will be covered with slate.

Apparatus for heating and ventilation are of the latest and most approved character, and embrace all the latest improvements.

All the sanitary appointments have also engaged the special attention of the architect in drawing up his plans.

Such is an outline of the building, which will be more fully described by many a student in his essays and in his letters home from here during the coming college year. Convenience of access and movement, safety, ventilation, light, room, and quietness for study, have chiefly engaged the attention of the authorities and the architect in planning this building, and we believe that success has crowned their deliberations.

It may be well to state that the architect, Mr. Edbrooke, was one of the competitors for the building of the Court House in Chicago, his plan being one of those considered so excellent by the commissioners that it was, with others, retained by them for examination and comparison for the space of three months. At the same time the critics of the Chicago press were high in their praise of its excellence. Mr. Edbrooke is also the architect of the new State House at Indianapolis, and has planned several other of the finest edifices in the country. The New Notre Dame is thus fortunate in having one of the first architects of the country, and we feel confident that the building going up here will not be the least noteworthy monument of his genius.

Will not our friends now be proud to lend their speedy aid towards the completion of such a home of science, art, literature and Christian education? Whoever has profited by the good that Notre Dame has done, and whoever hopes to profit by what she shall yet do, will, we feel assured, now give a helping hand in the noble work.

What Notre Dame has Done in Thirty-Five Years.

In the Chicago *Tribune* have lately appeared one or two letters seeming to call in question the propriety of expressing sympathy and offering aid to Notre Dame at the present time. Judge Turner's reply to one of these letters will be found in another column. The following, in answer to another, appeared in Wednesday's *Tribune*:

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*.

SOUTH BEND, May 19.—An unaccountable spirit of bitterness seems to manifest itself in a few instances in opposition to the generous sympathy shown towards Notre Dame in her affliction. Were the letter of "William Francis" in yesterday's *Tribune* an indication of any general feeling towards the University, we might well ask, What have those Fathers and Brothers done to merit these words of rebuke? The true animus of such an attack, however, undoubtedly comes from the fact that the sympathy for Notre Dame is so widespread and so genuine. Notre Dame has won the love of the people in the last third of a century, and now the expression of that love moves irresistibly through all classes of society, bringing to her aid and sympathy to sustain her at this time of trial. It is at such a time that envy shows itself most malignant. Granted that the institution has enemies, it is a most ungenerous foe that seeks the moment when his enemy is down to strike his nerveless blow.

"What has Notre Dame done for the past forty years?" Chicago is not the place to ask such a question, but Chicago is the place to answer it. No city in the nation knows so well what Notre Dame has done as does Chicago, for they have grown up together from the untamed wilds of Nature, and Chicago has at all times availed herself largely of advantages she fancied Notre Dame presented for the education of youth,—as many as one hundred students being present at one time from that city. But "it has produced no scholar, and no book has come forth under its patronage." Shall we then reckon up the colleges and universities of the country, and wherever we find one that has produced no scholar, no book, of which literature and oratory are boastful, cast that aside as unworthy of the name? What college west of the Alleghanies has produced this scholar or this book that literature and oratory laud so highly? Who, pray, are the scholars, and what are the books, of even so renowned an institution as the University of Michigan? And yet who will dare say that that great University has not been doing noble work during the past forty years? Have the numberless colleges of the West been doing nothing because an Agassiz or a Newman has not yet come forth from any of them?

It is not so long since the famous question was asked: "Who reads an American book?" Was the taunt a just one? And yet Yale and Harvard then counted their years not by the ten, as do our Western Institutions, but by the hundred. But is the test a good one in any case? Is the work of the educator to produce scholars and to make

books? Some of the world's most famous scholars owed little to the schools, and the only good books are the work of men of genius, whether seated in professors' chairs or starving in garrets. Notre Dame has produced her fair share of books, periodicals, writers, orators, and scientists, but she has done something far better than all this. In the thirty-five years that have passed since she received her charter from the Legislature of Indiana, she has sent forth an army of young men as highly moral and intelligent as any institution can boast in the same time and with the same advantages. The good people of Chicago, hundreds of whom were educated here, are themselves the best illustration of this truth. It is the crowning honor due this now stricken institution that she has successfully striven to purify and guide the heart as well as to develop the intellect of her students. In a late interview, the Hon. J. H. Smart, Superintendent of Public Instruction for this State, is reported to have uttered these admirable sentiments on the subject of education:

"Then an education means a good deal more than the mere acquisition of information?"

"Yes, sir. Our best teachers understand very well that taking out a child's brains and stuffing the vacuum with a few books is not education. As has been well said, if you train a man's body only, you make a magnificent brute; if you train his body and his mind, you make a magnificent scoundrel; and if you train his body, his mind and his heart, you have a magnificent specimen of manhood. Right education will make manly men and womanly women."

Prof. Smart's doctrine is that which is believed in at Notre Dame, and not the godless system now advocated in France, of which our critic seems so enamored.

How long, by the way, does this correspondent think that this "old school" method, as he calls it, has been in existence? The privilege of establishing universities was granted to the Catholics of France in the year 1875, but four years ago. For nearly one hundred years before that, only the State schools could grant degrees. Now, this despotic French Government, in the name of liberty, proposes not only to take away the right to confer degrees from the Catholic universities, but even to forbid Catholics the right to be instructed by their own teachers, and this in defiance of the fact that the public examinations have shown the Catholic schools superior to the State schools. No wonder the British and American press, secular as well as Catholic, has so generally spoken out against the despotic character of the proposed restrictions on education in France. Such legislation would not be considered for a moment either in this country or in England, and yet envious fault-finders affect to praise that in France of which they would be ashamed in their own country. In this educational contest in France, tyranny is on the side of the State Schools and liberty on the side of religion. In America, thank God, liberty is on the side of both education and religion, where we trust it will ever remain.

As for Notre Dame, she has struggled, without endowment or any aid but the patronage of an appreciative public, and thus risen from a condition of absolute poverty thirty-five years ago, when one little student entered her doors in the wilderness, until the present time. If the people have found her deficient in her mission as an educator, they have been strangely silent in all these years on the subject. They have, on the contrary, by every means by which human thought can be expressed, shown their hearty approval of the conscientious care which has here been bestowed upon the education of the youth committed

to her charge. And the success of this University is the direct result of this approval of the people. Notre Dame has been true to her students, and her students have in turn been true to her. That, under Heaven, is the secret of her prosperity. Her cause is the cause of liberal and Christian education; and, so long as there are parents who believe in the Christian education of their children, so long will Notre Dame prosper, all detraction to the contrary notwithstanding.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

The Lemonnier Circulating Library.

It is only by degrees that we come to realize the full extent of our loss, as one treasure after another which was slowly gathered year by year is now missed, and a strange sense of want and vacancy comes over us, like to the feeling which oppresses the mind after the death or continued absence of a well-loved friend. There was no more prized acquisition of the college, none more valued by the studious scholar and the lover of fine literature, than the Lemonnier Library, endeared as it was by the sweet memory of its founder.

So well appreciated was this library by the friends of Notre Dame everywhere, that scarcely a week passed without the presentation of one or more volumes, and often whole sets of the most elegant and valuable books. Another source of increase was a small but continuous fund arising from the annual fee of membership. Among the books in the library were copies of the standard cyclopedias, and complete sets of the principal English and American periodicals: *Blackwood*, the *Edinburg*, the *Atlantic*, the *Catholic World* and others being complete from the first number. All the standard poets, historians, essayists, biographers, travellers, philosophers, orators, and the best writers of fiction, were represented upon the shelves of this library and in the hands of its readers.

What grief, then, is it to look over the broken remains of this elegant collection!—Parts of a prized set of books looking up as it were affectionately to you, as old friends, but their mates dust and ashes!

Professor Edwards is making strenuous efforts to restore the lost library; with him it is a labor of filial love to the memory of Father Lemonnier, who originally founded the library, and to whom it has since been dedicated as a monument. We are glad to say that already the friends of the library are manifesting their interest in its restoration. The Rev. Editor of the *Ave Maria* has the honor of laying the corner stone, so to say, of the new library by contributing his complete set of the *Dublin Review*, a most rare and precious gift. W. J. Onahan, Esq., of Chicago, sends one hundred volumes of choice literature, worth perhaps too hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Flynn, the elegant book-binder of Kalamazoo, Mich., sends a complete set of *Scribner's Magazine*, bound by himself. Other books have already come in from thoughtful friends. Prof. Edwards has obtained duplicates of the burned numbers of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, so that this fine journal will be again complete. We feel confident from what has already been done, that as soon as the friends of the library learn that its restoration has begun they will come forward gladly and assist in making it what it was for years, and what it was intended to be by its founder, Father Lemonnier, a healthful fountain of literary inspiration to the students of Notre Dame. Prof. Edwards will thankfully acknowledge contributions to the library.

Local Items.

✓ —Watt. Smith (Commercial, of '66) is night clerk in the *Tribune* office, Chicago.

—Alex Rietz writes to his friend Joseph G. that he is anxious for studies to be resumed. In fact he says he is "college-sick."

—Frank Hastings of '77 is now in Chicago engaged in the Bank of the Union Trust Co., Corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets.

✓ —The *Figaro* comes out this week in compliment to the Entertainment given by the young ladies of St. Mary's for the benefit of Notre Dame.

—Wm. Arnold of Washington, D. C., writes that he will return in September and bring with him a number of books for the Lemonnier Library.

—The *Catholic Herald*, of New York, for this week, contains an eloquent passage from a sermon by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., on the immutability of the Church.

—The St. Joseph's Catholic Benevolent Society will give their annual festival in Price's Hall on Wednesday evening, June 4th. A pleasant time may be anticipated.

—Mayor Black, Prof. M. A. J. Baasen and other gentlemen of Milwaukee have called a meeting of friends of Notre Dame to devise means to assist in rebuilding the University.

—Delighted to hear that it (the SCHOLASTIC) will continue. We should have missed its interesting weekly visits. We beg pardon for the premature announcement of its suspension.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—Two fine fur caps were found after the fire. The owners will do well to make immediate application for them, giving, at the same time, such a description as will ensure that no mistake is made.

—A summer play-room for the Minims is going up to-day (Wednesday), while the rafters on *their* college building are also set in position to-day. Fortunate Minims! it is sometimes good to be a little fellow.

—Although, comparatively, but few of the Seniors and Juniors remained here after the fire, yet it is thought there are enough to justify the publication of a Roll of Honor, which will, accordingly, be commenced in our next issue.

—Special care is taken to provide good ventilation in the new College building. It will also be far better lighted. Indeed, in these two respects, ventilation and light, the new College will in an especial manner show its great superiority to the old.

✓ —On Saturday, Our Lady's day, the ground for the new walls was broken. May she watch over the rising structure, hasten its progress, inspire the zeal of the builders and guard every one of her children from every danger that may threaten them.

—On Monday, the 19th inst., the first stone was laid in the foundations of the new building, and since then every one is as busy bringing material to the new, and placing it in position, as they were before in removing the material from the old foundations.

—E. J. M. will pardon the delay of his beautiful pieces. We are returning as fast as possible to the "paths of literature" we trod before the fire. Our friends will bear with us a little, and not forbear to send on their sweet fancies. The SCHOLASTIC will receive them gladly.

—This stanza from Prof. Dailey's poem seems to us most happy:

The sculptured Virgin mutely blessed
The lurid flames that scorched her brow,
As holy martyrs erst did bow
Beneath the torture's final test.

✓ Seldom is a fitting thought more fittingly expressed.

✓ —Mr. Martin O'Brien, some years ago a student at Notre Dame, and now residing in Kansas, sends \$5 as a contribution for the re-erection of the College. If all the old students and friends followed his example Notre Dame would soon be released from her present straitened circumstances.

—Our absent boat crews will perhaps take a half-melancholy interest in the announcement that the seventh annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur

Oarsmen, Collegiate and Amateur races, open to the world, will take place on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., on July 9th, 10th, and 11th.

—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, according to promise, comes to us this week with an original cartoon—and a most opportune one, showing the escape of an Indian Chief and his family from Fort Robinson. The poor Indian is at length, it may be, to have a word on his side in American literature.

✓ —The unique collection of books, pamphlets, breviaries, autographs, etc., souvenirs of the pioneer Bishops and priests of the United States, which were preserved in the Lemonnier Library, are all lost. The almost complete album of original portraits of American Prelates is among the few articles saved.

✓ —A large force of men are advancing work on the new Minim Department with great rapidity. The joists are all in for the floors, and the rafters are in position. This building will be completely finished before the walls of the main College are half up. The room which it will furnish will be a great relief to the present narrow quarters.

—Vol 1. No 10 of the *New York Catholic* is at hand. This elegant journal still continues the promise of success which its good management and its fine literary character so well deserve, and which we heartily wish it. The present number contains the South Bend *Tribune's* account of the destruction of our University, with illustrations of the building before and after the fire.

✓ —The concert given in Good's Opera House by the young ladies of Saint Mary's Academy for the benefit of Notre Dame was a fine musical treat, and appreciated as such by an intelligent and highly pleased audience. The harp solos by Mrs. Fitzgerald, songs by Miss Devoto, and piano playing by the little prodigy, Miss Geiser, were of particular excellence, and drew rapturous encores from the audience.

—On Saturday, the 17th inst. the last fragment of broken wall, the east wall of the Music Hall, was pulled down without accident. God be thanked, from the moment the College took fire until the last stone was moved from the foundation, no serious injury has happened to any one. The ground is now cleared of everything and the work on the new building goes forward, to terminate also let us trust with a like protection from harm.

—Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* of May 24 contains a well-written notice of the burning of Notre Dame, accompanied by a striking illustration. How the engraver succeeded in uniting the old Church, and the surroundings of twenty years since, with the lately destroyed College building, and yet produced so satisfactory a picture we can hardly understand. It is a case in which the imagination of the artist has happily supplied the absence of actual knowledge. We understand that the engraved plate has been sent for.

✓ —Among the many precious works of art destroyed in the College Chapel by the late fire was the solid silver ostensorium, two and a half feet high, elegantly chased and embossed, which was a gift to Rev. Father Carrier from the ex-Empress Eugenie. All that remains of this once beautiful object are a few lumps of molten metal found in the ruins. Two very valuable oil-paintings were also consumed by the flames. One was the *Ecce Homo*, painted by the celebrated Carmelite nun of Le Mans, France, who saw our Divine Lord in a vision. The other was a *Mater Dolorosa*.

—Some of the friends of Notre Dame who in times past have taken a somewhat pardonable pride in seeing her cope in majesty and beauty of surroundings with some of the finest of the institutions of this and other countries raised at enormous expense to the State and tax-payer, together with liberal endowments—some of these friends have lately said: "We want to see a fine building erected at Notre Dame to replace the imposing structure that was burned. Put up a fine building and we will contribute liberally to its erection, otherwise we shall keep our money." It would seem that the authorities here, notwithstanding the terrible losses they have suffered by the late fire, have taken the advice, and intend to erect a college building that their patrons will be proud of.

—Our scientists of Notre Dame especially lament the

loss of the Herbarium, which embraced a large collection of New Zealand plants, collected by the learned missionary Rev. S. Barthos, and a very complete collection of European plants gathered together by M. Cauvin, for many years President of the French Institute. M. Cauvin and his talented wife, also an excellent botanist, spent upwards of twenty years in making this collection, and most of the specimens were verified in their own handwriting. Rev. Father Haviland's large collection of American and English Catholic newspapers and magazines, recently donated, was entirely burned. When removing the *debris*, last week, the charred remains of whole files were found, the print still legible.

—W. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago, has the heartfelt thanks of the Lemonnier Library Association for the following generous gift: Universal History, with Charts, Maps, etc., 18 vols.; History of Modern Europe, 6 vols.; Biographical Dictionary, 12 vols.; Works of Tacitus, Dublin, 1794, 4 vols.; Polehampton's Gallery of Arts, etc., 6 vols.; British Classics, including "The Tatler," "The Rambler," "The Spectator," etc., 9 vols.; Encyclopedia of Natural History, 3 vols.; Lingard's History of England, half calf, 13 vols.; Homer's Iliad, Bryant, 2 vols.; Public Libraries, of the U. S., 2 parts, bound in 1 volume; Robertson's Life of Charles V., 3 vols.; Universal Gazetteer, 1 vol.; Miscellanea Curiosa, very rare, 3 vols.; National Portrait Gallery, 2 vols.; British Poets, 17 vols. These books are all well bound, many of them handsome volumes. They include several rare editions. The value of the gift may be computed at \$250.

—Our readers will understand something of the extent of the foundations now made bare for the new building, and already partly laid in stone and cement, when we inform them that if the new foundation were only set back far enough, the old College foundations would be entirely enclosed on all sides, leaving a large space on every side between the outside of the old walls and the inside of the new. That is, the old College, large as it was, might be dropped inside the new and leave plenty of room to play hand-ball between them all around. The new building is not so many stories high, but the stories are each more lofty, and from the ground to the Gothic peak of the new roof will be about as high as from the ground to the top of the old mansard.

—The gravelling and grading last summer of the splendid avenue which leads from Notre Dame to the city, seems in the light of its present usefulness almost providential. The road bed is as hard and as smooth as a board, and the heaviest loads of material for the new building come over it as easy as if the wheels rolled on the steel rails of the Lake Shore or Michigan Central. It is well the avenue was graded and gravelled, for another reason. If it had not been done before the fire it would hardly be done for ten years to come, and we should be pained to see poor teams as of old dragging their loads through the dreary waste of sand that once stretched all along that otherwise splendid avenue. Very Rev. Father Corby may well be congratulated for the enterprise which pushed this improvement to a successful conclusion last fall, and we may all be thankful that the work was done in time for the new building. No more valuable work, considering the outlay, was ever done at Notre Dame.

—The concert given at the Opera House, South Bend, on Tuesday evening last, to aid in re-erecting the College buildings, is pronounced by the *critiques* of the South Bend papers a most *recherché* affair. The concert was given by some of the young ladies of St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of Mrs. Clara Semmes Fitzgerald, who has been stopping at the Academy with a childhood friend of hers, Mother Angela, and who generously volunteered her services for the concert in aid of the burned College. The programme of the concert was highly classical—made up of choice selections from the compositions of Liszt, Meyerbeer, Flotow, Centmeri, Schumann, Berignani Randegger, Bochs, and others—and called for the highest talent and excellent culture to do it justice. The training of the pupils at St. Mary's showed to great advantage; even in the most difficult passages they seemed perfectly at ease, calling forth spontaneous bursts of applause from the appreciative audience and meriting frequent *encôres*. The South Bend papers containing a report of the concert

did not reach us until late Wednesday evening, and as Thursday was a holyday and the SCHOLASTIC goes to press on Friday we had to forego publication of the reports this week. We hope to give them in full in our next issue.

Letters, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 12th, 1879.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER SORIN:—It was with sorrow and deep regret I learned that your grand centre of religion and education was laid in ruins by a disastrous fire. The result of your great labors and zeal for the benefit of generations to come having thus been swept away in a few brief hours, I hasten to add my mite for its reconstruction. I have this day sent to your address a post-office order; I only wish I was able to send you ten times as much, but I congratulate myself with the thought that if every Catholic would do the same there is no doubt that Notre Dame would emerge from its present ruins and tower heavenward more majestically than before. With God's help I hope that it will, because we should all take a lively interest in its construction, and especially those that shared its hospitality, as I had the good fortune to last August when I paid a visit to St. Mary's to witness my daughter's reception in taking the veil—one of the happiest events of my life.

And now, Very Rev. dear Father, I will close by praying God to bless your undertaking and restore Notre Dame to its former glory. I remain your friend,

JAMES COLEMAN,

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 13, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER CORBY:—It is with deep regret and almost inconsolable grief that I learn of the destruction of beloved Notre Dame. The many happy days I spent within her holy precincts are treasured in my memory, and the manifold blessings and favors, the incalculable benefits she has conferred on me can never be adequately expressed or repaid. Words fail to convey the depth of emotion I feel. After Seneca I repeat, "*Cura leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*"

But our loss is not irreparable, and what we may consider our greatest evils are often blessings in disguise. God chasteneth whom He loveth.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And have we not found this jewel? When Notre Dame, shaking off the ashes of her funeral pyre, shall rise proudly and more fair, again dispensing her blessings as of yore, what more resplendent jewel shall bedeck her brow than the loving and grateful support of her many children? To them has she given that moral and intellectual life which raises man nearer to the fountain-head of all wisdom and perfection. Ah! if love, veneration and gratitude could be measured and expressed in money, we her children would not remain such heavy debtors to Notre Dame.

Accept then, dear Father, the sincere sympathy of our family, and what little we may be able to contribute.

With kindest wishes for yourself, good Father Granger, and my many other dear friends, and with an unceasing solicitude for the welfare of dear *Alma Mater*, I remain,

Ever yours in gratitude, ROBT W. STALEY.

WASHINGTON, ST. SOUTH BEND, May 19, 1879.

VERY REV. FATHER CORBY, President Notre Dame University:—When my family came to reside, temporarily, in the handsome city of South Bend, our sole object was to place our children for instruction at the famed St. Mary's Academy and the favored University of Notre Dame. You can readily imagine, then, our deep regret at the destruction of your beautiful College, and we cordially unite with your many friends in hoping that it will soon rise again in even greater grandeur, to gladden the noble heart of its illustrious founder, the venerable Father Sorin, to whom the grand young Western country especially is so greatly indebted for bringing to our very doors, as it were, Institutions of learning and culture where strict morality is instilled into our youth with paternal kindness, charity extended without discrimination, and the love of God exemplified without sectarian bigotry. I can only say, with a

good friend of yours at South Bend, as we returned from the fire—I am not so sorry for the burning of the College, as I am that I am not able to give the institution my check for fifty thousand dollars. I am certain that the same gentleman has done his duty, however, and with a similar feeling I enclose herewith my donation of twenty-five dollars (\$25). With best wishes to all,

Most sincerely your friend, etc.,

PATRICK GIBBONS.

LAFAYETTE, IND., May 21, 1879.

VERY REV. W. CORBY, C. S. C.:

DEAR FRIEND:—To help in rebuilding the University, enclosed please find order for \$50.

REV. M. M. HALLINAN, D. D.

The following beautiful letter is the first one from Paris, after the receipt of the sad news of the burning of Notre Dame; it is from the Assistant-General, Rev. F. Lecoq, one of the most pious and talented members of the Congregation, and a devoted friend of his Superior.

CONG. OF THE HOLY CROSS, MOTHER HOUSE, PARIS,
May 8, 1879.

MY VERY REV FATHER:—An American journal has just brought us the melancholy news of the burning of the University of Notre Dame. What an immense disaster for our Congregation! In presence of the overwhelming sorrow now crushing down your soul, and of the tears running from your eyes upon those sad ruins, our hearts turn and fly towards you, and hasten to say that we all feel most profoundly the stroke that has fallen upon you so suddenly. Our sentiments are unanimously the same towards a beloved Father now so terribly stricken in the work of his love, the result of his life's exertions. Before so great a catastrophe we can only bow down our heads, in submission to God, repeating after the holy man Job: *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit: sicut Domino placuit, ita factum est. Sit Nomen Domini benedictum.*

I should grieve you, nay insult you, were I to suppose even for a moment that your soul could fall into despondency even in this unprecedented affliction. A feeling which is not Christian, and still less religious, discouragement, we know, cannot find room in your heart, especially in sight of the beautiful Church standing untouched. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has preserved her blessed Sanctuary, and her precious image rises there before your eyes to comfort you and cheer you in your noble task of restoration and resurrection. How many such disasters: how many Basilicas, in Rome especially, were destroyed by fire, and only showed in a brighter light the courage and greatness of soul of the Supreme Pontiff who raised them more glorious from their bed of ashes. The New World itself has had an abundance of such admirable restorations from ruins.

If the New World, owing to the crisis through which it is now passing, offers you but little resources, France, our noble France, regardless of her numberless works of charity and national trials, will know how to find in the inexhaustible treasure of her devoted charity means to repair your ruins.

Forgive me, Very Rev. Father, the effusion of my filial affection, in which all your children share, and deign to accept our sentiments of respectful and tender attachment in J. M. J.

—Sympathy with the sufferers from the fire took a practical turn in the following donation from Mr. Flynn, the bookbinder, whose gift we understand is worth about \$50:

KALAMAZOO, MICH., May 9th, 1879.

PROF. JAMES F. EDWARDS:

Dear Sir:—In view of the sad calamity of the burning of the University of Notre Dame, with its beautiful and extensive Libraries, I take leave most respectfully to offer you a small token of my sympathy in presenting you with a set of *Scribner's Magazine*, 15 vols. I hope you may accept it, not so much for its worth as in acknowledgment of the feelings which prompt the action, and which would be much more extensive were my ability such as to afford it.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD P. FLYNN.

Comments of the Press on the Fire.

[From the "College Message," published at St. Vincent's College Cape Girardeau, Mo.]

OUR SYMPATHY.

To the Rev. faculty and professors of what was once the "Catholic pride of the West," Notre Dame College, we extend our sincere and heartfelt expressions of condolence. The terrible alarm of fire, that struck terror and grief into the hearts of the students, and has since sent a thrill of commiseration throughout the length and breadth of the land, has not failed to find a responsive echo in our own heart. Certain it is that we the more sincerely deplored this great calamity, since the sacred structure was identified with Catholic interests in the West, and one of the leading Catholic seats of learning in America. We trust that its numerous friends and patrons far and wide will not hesitate a moment in rushing to the rescue, and enable the pristine glory of Notre Dame to flash again with even a more glorious splendor, and afford those, whose labors are well-known, whose beneficial influence is everywhere felt, an opportunity to work again in the cause of Religion and truth. We hope, before long, to hear of the new Notre Dame rising, phoenix-like, from the ashes, and once more take her place among the first institutions of the land.

[From the "Weekly Visitor," of Providence, R. I.]

Father Sorin has published an appeal in behalf of Notre Dame University. He expresses the utmost confidence in the generosity of the friends of the institution to enable him to have Notre Dame rebuilt at once, and more beautifully and more splendidly than ever. We wish the new undertaking all possible success. It was hard to see the labor of a lifetime swept away in a few hours; and though the loss was heavy and the blow severe, the words of sympathy and encouragement sent him from all parts of the country give evidence of a hold upon the people's hearts that must be truly gratifying in his affliction.

[From the Spanish of the "Revista Catolica," Las Vegas, New Mexico, May 17.]

We give a few words more in regard to the destructive fire which, as mentioned in our last number, reduced to ashes one of the most beautiful monuments of Christian civilization in the United States, the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana. The fire, which happened on the 23d of April, was discovered at 10 o'clock a. m., about the centre of the roof, and the flames rushed with such velocity to the other parts of the edifice that all hopes of saving it and its contents proved vain. The grand statue of the Blessed Virgin, which crowned the dome, soon fell, resting on the roof until it in turn succumbed to the flames and fell with a crash, carrying the fire into the interior of the devoted building. About mid-day, nothing but heaps of ruins remained of the University of Notre Dame and four contiguous buildings—namely, the Music Hall, the Infirmary, the Old Mens' Home, and the Minims Play Hall. The Church, the office of the *Ave Maria*, and the Exhibition Hall, with other smaller buildings to the west of the University happily escaped. We learn from the same periodical, the *Ave Maria*, that the loss could not be estimated, but it was immense, the edifice not being insured for more than a fourth part. Some valuable paintings, a part of the rich library, and the greater part of the scientific instruments were saved; but the vast museum, the principal musical instruments, and various collections of minerals and other curiosities were lost with the buildings. The origin of the fire was accidental, the various and strange rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. The courses of studies have been suspended until next September, at which time we hope other magnificent University buildings will be erected, supplied with all the necessary means for continuing the glorious work commenced under the auspices of the Blessed Virgin.

Other letters of interest have been received as we go to press, which must be reserved for next week.

Minim Department.

ROLL OF HONOR.

J. M. Courtney, H. C. Snee, W. A. Coghlin, C. Perry, J. Chaves, G. Woodson, I. Williams, N. P. Nelson, W. V. O'Malley, L. Young, C. Young, P. S. Fitzgerald, H. Kitz, A. Chirhart, E. Howard, H. Bachmann, C. Long, G. Tourtillotte, F. Parsons, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, J. McGrath, C. Welty, C. Perry.

CLASS HONORS.

W. Coghlin, G. J. Rhodius, H. Snee, N. Nelson, G. Tourtillotte, J. M. Courtney, F. Parsons, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, G. Woodson, J. J. Gordon, C. Long, A. Coghlin, W. Rea, J. S. Courtney, E. Howard, C. Welty, J. McGrath, I. Williams, F. Mattes, C. Perry, H. Bachmann, A. Chirhart.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The competition for the medal in Domestic Economy is lively.

—The programme for St. Angela's Feast will be published next week.

—On Ascension Day several of the pupils made their First Holy Communion.

—The devotion for the month of Mary will be closed by a grand and beautiful procession.

—The pupils at St. Mary's anticipate great enjoyment at their annual picnic to St. Joseph's.

—The Art pupils and Botany Classes are taking advantage of this delightful weather to increase their stock of sketches and botanical specimens.

—The great number of musical rehearsals in the Vocal and Instrumental Departments shows that the musicians are preparing some grand programmes.

—On last Sunday evening Misses Ryan, Chilton, and Claffey read very beautiful selections from Aubrey de Vere and C. McGee. Miss Geiser read a German selection, and Miss "Celestine Lemonty, L'Ange Pie IX," by M'lle Zenaïde Fleuriot.

—Visitors to the Academy during the week: Mrs. Barkley, Laporte, Ind.; Miss Hutchins, Clayton, Mich.; Mrs. J. M. Chandler, Mishawaka, Ind.; E. L. Coleman, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. Pampel, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. N. Baker, Mrs. M. Ashbrook, Buchanan, Mich.; Mr. C. Haslett, Mr. W. Haslett, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. L. D. Cortright, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.; Miss A. A. Hickox, South Bend, Ind.; Aljarata R. Halle, Lawndale, Chicago; Mrs. H. Arlington, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. Ward, Mrs. M. A. Ward, Lebanon, Pa.; John H. Krick, Robert Krick, Miss Rebecca Krick, South Bend, Ind.; Miss Eva Rollins Halle, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss A. Adams, Lawrence, Mass.

Roll of Honor.

ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Hope Russell, Ida Fisk, Sarah Moran, Louisa Kelly.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Teresa Killelea, Ellen McGrath, Clara Silverthorn, Eleanor Keenan, Sarah Hambleton, Zoé Papin, Annie Maloney, Annie Woodin, Rebecca Neteler, Mary Birch.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Philomena Wolford, Adella Gordon, Mary Sullivan, Emma Shaw, Catharine Danaher, Angela Ewing, Annie Cavenor, Annie Ryan, Catharine Ward, Alice Farrell, Mary Plattenburg, Harriet Buck, Catharine Hackett, Elizabeth Walsh, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Schwass, Catharine Lloyd, Grace Glasser.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Henrietta Rosing, Angela Dillon, Alicia Donelan, Pauline Hills, Anna Cortright, Agnes Joyce, Martha Wagoner, Catharine Hoadley, Annie McGrath, Catharine Claffey, Lucie Chilton, Adella Geiser, Ellena Thomas, Louisa Neu, Annie Jones, Mary Usselman, Josephine Mitchell, Ella Mulligan, Mary Mulligan.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Julia Barnes, Mary Mullen, Mary Feehan, Marie Dallas, Mary Fitzgerald, Minna Loeber, Ina Capelle, Kathleen Wells, Mary English, Caroline Gall, Della McKerie, Ollie Williams, Margaret Piersol.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Teresa Zahm, Lillie Lan-

caster, Margaret Cleghorn, Mary Hake, Mary Campbell, Annie Orr, Charlotte Van Namee, Johanna Baroux, Edith Botsford.

2D Div.—Misses Bridget Kelly, Mabel Hamilton, Ellen Kinzie, Annie Loescher, Sarah Purdy, Effie Pearson, Ida Torrents.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses Sabina Semmes, Matilda Kildaire, Maud Casey, Julia Wells, Hattie Arlington, Celestine Lemontey, Angela Watson.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Elise Lavoie, Ada Clarke, Minnie Fisk, Elise Papin, Elizabeth Consadine, Jessie Pampel, Mary Chirhart.

2D JR. CLASS—Miss Manuelita Chaves.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN LATIN.

Misses Iorantha Semmes and Pauline Hills.

FRENCH COMPOSITION.

1ST CLASS—Misses Eleanor Keenan, Clara Silverthorn, Ellen McGrath, Annie McGrath.

2D Div.—Misses Henrietta Rosing, Ellen Galen, Marie Dallas, Elise Lavoie, Celestine Lemontey.

2D CLASS—Misses Iorantha Semmes, Zoé Papin, Grace Glasser, Ella Mulligan.

2D Div.—Misses Angela Ewing, Martha Wagoner, Mary Casey, Emma Shaw, Lucie Chilton, Mary Birch, Mary Mulligan.

3D CLASS—Misses Louisa Neu, 100; Mary Brown, Annie Maloney, Annie Cavenor, Annie Cortright, Mary Campbell, Nellie Kinzie, Julia Butts, Linda Fox.

4TH CLASS—Misses Philomena Wolford, Ollie Williams, Mary Feehan, Johanna Baroux, Annie Ryan, Mary Sullivan, Mary English, Catharine Wells, Anne Orr, Ada Clarke, Elise Dallas, Sophie Papin, Margaret Cleghorn.

2D Div.—Misses Sabina Semmes, Josephine Mitchell, Ellen Hackett.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Adelaide Geiser, Adelaide Kirchner, Rebecca Neteler, Caroline Gall, Mary Usselman, Annie Loescher.

2D CLASS—Misses Adella Gordon, Elizabeth Walsh, Martha Pampel, Elizabeth Schwass.

3D CLASS—Misses Ina Capelle, Minna Loeber, Alice Farrell, Catharine Claffey, Catharine Hackett, Charlotte Van Namee.

4TH CLASS—Misses Alice Donelan, Catharine Hoadley, Martha Pampel, Catharine Ward, Mary Fitzgerald, Agnes Joyce, Annie Woodin, Mabel Hamilton, Maud Casey, Edith Botsford, Matilda Kildaire.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

3D CLASS—Misses Mary Sullivan, Mary English, Julia Butts, Catharine Campbell, Iorantha Semmes, Mary Taggart, Sophie Papin, Angela Ewing, Minna Loeber, Sarah Purdy, Maud Casey, Ellen Mulligan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses Teresa Killelea, Marie Dallas, Anna Cortright, Angela Dillon, Mary Campbell, Ellena Thomas, Laura French, Elizabeth Schwass.

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Elizabeth Kirchner, Emma Lange.

2D CLASS—Misses Harriet Buck, Sarah Hambleton, Rebecca Neteler, Agnes Joyce, Sarah Moran, Hope Russell.

GENERAL DRAWING CLASS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Teresa Zahm, Josephine Mitchell, Martha Pampel, Catharine Hackett, Catharine Danaher, Ollie Williams, Martha Wagoner, Mary Fitzgerald, Bridget Kelly, Lucie Chilton, Elizabeth Walsh, Mary English, Caroline Gall, Annie Jones, Ellen Kinzie, Mabel Hamilton, Ida Torrent.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Laura French, Catharine Campbell, Catharine Claffey, Annie McGrath, Maud Casey, Agnes McKinnis, Linda Fox, Mary Lyons, Annie Orr, Johanna Baroux, Charlotte, Van Namee, Julia Wells, Margaret Cleghorn, Mary Chirhart, Jessie Campbell, Sophie Papin, Ella Mulligan, Mary Garrity, Elise Dallas, Ada Clarke, Bridget Haney, Teresa Haney, Manuelita Chaves, Elizabeth Consadine, Elise Papin, Genevieve McGrath, Blanche Garrity, Mary Feehan, Mary Paquette, Matilda Kildaire, Lillie Lancaster, Annie Leydon, Angela Watson, Lorena Walsh, Minnie Cox, Celestine Lemontey.

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

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Hope Russell, Ida Fisk, Sarah Moran, Louisa Kelly, Ellen McGrath, Clara Silverthorn, Rebecca Neteler, Annie Maloney, Teresa Killelea, Zoé Papin, Adella Gordon, Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Alice Farrell, Mary Brown, Elizabeth Schwass, Catharine Danaher, Annie Ryan, Catharine Ward, Mary Sullivan, Philomena Wolford, Annie Cavenor, Iorantha Semmes, Elizabeth Kirchner, Mary Usselman, Lucie Chilton, Henrietta Rosing, Adella Geiser, Angela Dillon, Alicia Donelan, Anna Cortright, Annie Jones, Ellena Thomas, Agnes Joyce, Josephine Mitchell, Martha Wagoner, Pauline Hills, Julia Barnes, Mary Mullen, Ina Capelle, Kathleen Wells, Mary Eng-

lish, Mary Fitzgerald, Ollie Williams, Martha Pampel, Mary Taggart, Teresa Zahm, Mary Campbell, Mabel Hamilton, Bridget Kelly, Sarah Purdy, Edith Botsford, Effie Pearson, Effie Attwood, *par excellence*. Misses Mary Birch, Emma Lange, Catharine Hackett, Elizabeth Walsh, Mary Plattenburg, Emma Shaw, Catharine Lloyd, Grace Glasser, Harriet Buck, Louisa Neu, Catharine Hoadley, Minna Loeber, Caroline Gall, Catharine Martin, Mary Tam, Mary Hake, Ida Torrents, Annie Loescher.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Angela Ewing, Annie McGrath, Marie Dallas, Linda Fox, Agnes McKinnis, Johanna Baroux, Annie Orr, Ellen Hackett, Lillie Lancaster, Angela Watson, Maud Casey, Sophie Papin, Sabina Semmes, Celestine Lemontey, Hattie Arlington, Elise Lavoie, Mary Chirhart, Mary Paquette, Elizabeth Consadine, Isabella Scott, Manuelita Chaves, *par excellence*. Misses Mary Mulligan, Ellen Mulligan, Catharine Claffey, Mary Feehan, Laura French, Margaret Cleghorn, Charlotte Van Namee, Catharine Campbell, Julia Butts, Annie Leydon, Mary Cox, Julia Wells, Mary Lyons, Elise Dallas, Ellen Lloyd, Marie McN. Garrity, Matilda Kildaire, Ada Clarke, Jessie Pampel, Minnie Fisk, Blanche Garrity, Jane McGrath, Martha Zimmerman, Isabella Hackett, Mary Fitzgerald, Elise Papin.

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

NOV. 10, 1878.

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.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.53 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Atlan. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.55 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.05 "
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.15 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.45 "	4.55 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday

THIS IS THE ONLY LINE

That runs the celebrated PULLMAN PALACE CARS from Chicago to Baltimore, Washington City, Philadelphia and New York without change. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices at the lowest current rates,

F. R. MYERS, G. P. & T. A.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 10, 1878, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p. m.; Buffalo 8 05 p. m.

11 05 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p. m.; Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

12 16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p. m., Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo 4 a. m.

9 12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p. m.

4 50 and 4 p. m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5 05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a. m., Chicago 8 20 a. m.

4 50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40, Chicago 8 p. m.

8 03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a. m.; Chicago, 11 30 a. m.

7 30 and 8 03 a. m., Way Freight.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago
RAILWAY.

Time Table, in Effect MAY 1, 1879.

Going North.		STATIONS		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.40 a. m.	3.20 p. m.	- - - Michigan City, - - -	9.35 a. m.	8.05 p. m.	
12.55 "	2.30 "	- - - La Porte, - - -	10.25 "	8.55 "	
12.28 "	2.08 "	- - - Stillwell, - - -	10.45 "	9.20 "	
12.07 "	1.44 "	- - - Walkerton, - - -	11.10 "	9.47 "	
11.27 p. m.	1.07 "	- - - Plymouth, - - -	11.47 "	10.33 "	
10.31 "	12.10 "	- - - Rochester, - - -	12.40 p. m.	11.32 "	
9.55 "	11.26 a. m.	- - - Denver, - - -	1.17 "	12.12 a. m.	
9.25 "	10.47 "	- - - Peru, - - -	2.00 "	12.40 "	
9.03 "	10.26 "	- - - Bunker Hill, - - -	2.22 "	1.01 "	
8.33 "	9.56 "	- - - Kokomo Junction, - - -	3.00 "	1.35 "	
7.52 "	9.13 "	- - - Tipton, - - -	3.33 "	2.16 "	
7.10 "	8.30 "	- - - Noblesville, - - -	4.25 "	3.02 "	
6.10 "	7.25 "	- - - Indianapolis, - - -	5.25 "	4.00 "	
		- - - Cincinnati, - - -	10.00 "	8.15 "	
		- - - Louisville, - - -	10.45 "	8.20 "	
		- - - Saint Louis, - - -	7.30 a. m.	5.00 p. m.	

PERU & INDIANAPOLIS EXPRESS.

Leave Peru 6.10 a. m. - - - Arrive Indianapolis 9.35 a. m.

" " 9.00 " " " " 12.00 noon.

RETURNING

Leave Indianapolis 12.25 p. m., - - - Arrive Peru 3.50 p. m.

" " 11.10 " " " " 2.55 a. m.

WOODRUFF'S SLEEPING AND PARLOR COACHES

Through to Indianapolis!

Allowing Passengers the privilege of remaining in Car until a Late Breakfast Hour.

Births \$1.25. Chairs 50 and 25 cents, according to distance.

V. T. MALLOTT,
Gen'l Manger, Indianapolis.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL,
Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO
KANSAS CITY AND DENVER SHORT LINES.

Union Depot, West side, near Madison street bridge; Ticket offices at Depot and 122 Randolph street.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Kansas City and Denver Express via Jack-		
sonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line.....	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via		
Main Line.....	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Peoria Day Express.....	3 40 pm	9 00 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.....	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paduch Railroad Express.....	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex.....	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Joliet Accommodation.....	9 20 am	5 00 pm
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen. Manager. J. CHARLTON, Gen. Pass. Agt.		

W. S. GOLSEN.

D. R. MULLINS.

GOLSEN & MULLINS,

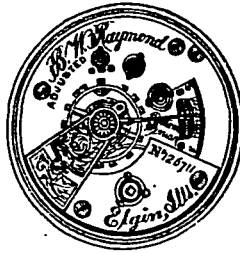
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NATIVE AND IMPORTED WINES.**FINEST IMPORTED CIGARS.****N. E. Cor. LaSalle & Monroe Sts.**

HENRY STYLES, MANAGER.

Chicago.

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Watches, Clocks,

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JEWELRY.

All Kinds of Engraving Done.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

The Scholastic Almanac**For 1879.**

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

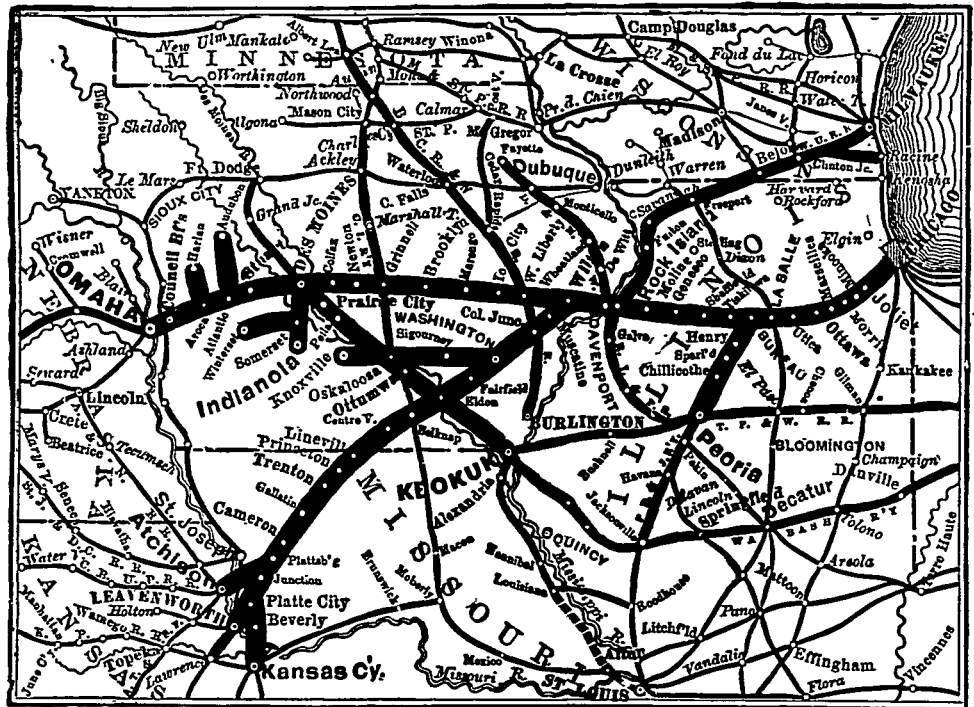
Address,
J. A. LYONS,
Notre Dame, Ind**JAMES BONNEY,**

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Corner Michigan and Washington Sts.,

SOUTH BEND, - - IND.**PATRICK SHICKEY,**

PROPRIETOR OF THE

**NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S
BUS LINE.**For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and
St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors
of both Institutions.**P. SHICKEY.****A MAN****WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY
EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE****CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R.****IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST!**

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, and Des Moines, (the capital of Iowa) with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Belknap, Centerville, Princeton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth and Atchison; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonport, Independent, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Des Moines, to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Audubon and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad which owns, controls and operates a through line between Chicago and Kansas.

This Company own and control their Sleeping Cars, which are inferior to none, and give you a double berth, between Chicago and Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, or Atchison for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; and a section for Five Dollars, while all other lines charge between the same points, Three Dollars for a double berth, and Six Dollars for a section.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining and Restaurant Cars that accompany all through Express Trains. You get an entire meal, as good as is served in any first-class hotel, for seventy-five cents; or you can order what you like, and pay for what you get.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes, (and the enormous passenger business of this line warranting it,) we are pleased to announce that this Company runs its **PALACE SLEEPING CARS** for Sleeping purposes, and its **PALACE DINING CARS** for Eating purposes. One other great feature of

our **Palace Cars** is a **SMOKING SALOON** where you can enjoy your "Havana" at all hours of the day. Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Leavenworth and Atchison, connections being made in Union depots.

THE PRINCIPAL R. R. CONNECTIONS OF THIS GREAT THROUGH LINE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

At **CHICAGO**, with all diverging lines for the East and South.

At **ENGLEWOOD**, with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. Rds.

At **WASHINGTON HEIGHTS**, with Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis R. R.

At **LA SALLE**, with Illinois Central R. R.

At **PEORIA**, with P. P. & J. P. L. & D.; I. B. & W.; Ill. Midland; and T. P. & W. Railroads.

At **ROCK ISLAND**, with Western Union R. R. and Rock Island & Peoria Railroads.

At **DAVENPORT**, with the Davenport & North-Western R. R.

At **WEST LIBERTY**, with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At **GRINNELL**, with Central R. R. of Iowa.

At **DES MOINES**, with D. M. & Ft. Dodge R. R.

At **COUNCIL BLUFFS**, with Union Pacific R. R.

At **OMAHA**, with B. & Mo. R. R. (in Neb.)

At **COLUMBUS JUNCTION**, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At **OTTUMWA**, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern C., B. & Q. R. Rds.

At **KEOKUK**, with Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw; Wabash, and St. Louis, Keokuk & N.-W. R. Rds.

At **BEVERLY**, with Kan. City, St. J. & C. B. R. R.

At **ATCHISON**, with Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Atchison & Neb. and Cen. Br. Union Pacific R. Rds.

At **LEAVENWORTH**, with K. P. and K. Cen. R. Rds.

PALACE CARS are run through to **PEORIA, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, ATCHISON and LEAVENWORTH.**

Tickets via this Line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada.

For information not obtainable at your home ticket office, address,

A. KIMBALL,

Gen'l Superintendent.

E. ST. JOHN,Gen'l Tkt. and Pass'gr Agt.,
Chicago, Ill.