

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Place of Benediction.

[Tradition tells us that after the entombment of our Divine Lord, and while His Soul was on Its way to limbo, where the captive Saints of the Old Law awaited His coming, It passed over the earth, and gave a special Benediction to all those places where in future times His temples—whether lofty or lowly—were to be built. The following lines were suggested by hearing this beautiful tradition mentioned in an eloquent sermon, delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Maine, at the dedication of the magnificent Church of St. Ignatius, recently erected in San Francisco, Cal.]

Love's dread sacrifice was ended—
And the mangled Form Divine
Lay, in silent rest extended,
Deep within Its rocky shrine.
But His Soul, with love unsated,
Passed from out Its tomb of clay,
(E'en while earth, adoring, waited
For the radiant Easter Day.)
On Its glorious pathway speeding
Where the faithful, prisoned band,
Longing for His gracious leading,
Dwelt in dark Purgation Land.
On that path, His glances tender
Lingered o'er the ransomed earth
Gleaming in the wondrous splendor
Of a new baptismal birth—
Gleaming with the matchless glory
Of a Mystic Dew of Blood,
That on vales and mountains hoary,
Shone, in bright redeeming flood.
And His look, benign, caressing,
Gave His fairest beams of grace,
Gave His choicest balm of blessing
To each consecrated place:
Mountains high, or valleys lowly,
Where should be his homes of prayer,
Whence should rise His dwellings holy,
Rudely formed, or builded fair—
From the countless temples hidden
Far within the spacious East,
Where Love's eldest sons were bidden
To His wondrous Nuptial Feast,
To the walls where Mercy wages
Loving warfare in the West.
Where its voice, through later ages,
Sweetly calls the favored guest—
From Religion's stateliest tower,
From the vast and mighty dome
Where the sway of world-wide power
Dwelleth in its fadeless Rome.
To the rudest forest altar,

To the lowliest wayside shrine,
Where the Faith that cannot falter
Bows before the Land Divine—
Onward yet Love's journey wendeth
O'er the mount, the wood, the lea,
Till that mystic path extendeth
E'en beyond the sunset sea,
Till His fond, prophetic glances,
Bright with benediction, lay
On the city of St. Francis,
Throned beside her shining Bay.
Then His look, with halo tender,
Crowned each future home of prayer.
Crowned each shrine of stately splendor,
To be proudly builded there.

Downward through the sounding ages
Speed the ringing steps of Time—
And upon the deathless pages
Angels trace the deeds sublime,
By Loyola's sons repeated,
Till, within the golden West,
Lo! a Temple shines completed,
Builded by their labors blest,
While, with music grandly swelling,
Passed the pomp of holy rite,
Fondly to His chosen dwelling
Came the Lord of Love and Light.
Came to give His "Clean Oblation"
To the stainless Altar-Stone,
Came to claim heart-adoration,
From His Mystic Prison Throne.
Came to seal the benediction
Given while His Body lay,
Victim of man's dereliction,
In Its tomb of rocky clay.
And by angel voice repeated,
Ancient warnings here resound—
Hail the House of God, completed!
Bow! for "this is holy ground!"
Banish thoughts of earthly leaven!
Doff thy shoon of worldly care!
Thou art at the Gate of Heaven!
Thou art in the home of prayer!
Lo! the Lord is here! Adore Him!
In His sight with homage thrill.
Lo! the Lord is here! Before Him
Earthly tumult—"Peace! be still!"

MARIE in the Catholic Sentinel.

—Nature labors always for its own interest, to please and to establish itself; but grace labors only for God's sake, and watches incessantly over the motions of the heart, to preserve it from sin, and to enable it to seek only its establishment in Jesus Christ.

Literature, Its Power and Province.

Reading matter of whatever kind—be it good or bad, refined or coarse, elevating or degrading in its nature—is classed under the general head of literature. There are, however, two grand divisions of literature which present themselves before our mind, and these are denominated the grave and the light. That a literary work be light, does not presuppose the fact that it is intrinsically evil; nor, on the other hand, that because a given book is classed under the head of grave literature, should we conclude the volume to be *ipso facto*—harmless.

Newspapers, novels, poems, etc., rank as light literature; while works on art, on biographical, historical and scientific subjects belong to what may be styled grave or serious literature. Books teaching false art, false history, false philosophy, and false science are generally written in a grave and serious manner; the authors thereof sometimes laboring under the false impression that they were doing nothing more than teaching truth to men; yet these same books will poison and have poisoned the minds of their votaries, and have led many to the very brink of destruction and ruin. Hence, it is not because a work claims serious attention as regards its subject matter, that it can be read with safety. The world is filled with these same books—books that are a curse to society and a scandal to a civilized community. Again, if such books as we have enumerated above were of no evil influence, then it might be also said with equal force of reasoning, that bad newspapers, novels, etc., are good and harmless inasmuch as they are classed under the head of light literature; but this we all know not to be the case. Hence we may infer, that it is not because the reading matter of any publication is heavy or light that the work itself must be discarded, and *vice versa*.

We now see what literature is, and of what it is composed. We see that light literature may be harmless, and, that grave and serious literature may contain the poison of the serpent or the sting of the wasp; and furthermore, that as far as their names are concerned they offer no guarantee whatever for their destroying, or moralizing influence. Now, if we take into consideration the fact that the youth of our land must read something, and that this reading is to the mind what food is to the body, I think all will conclude with me that the reading matter presented our children, our youth, should be wholesome and good; for if bad food will soon reduce the body to a low and enfeebled state, so will bad reading leave its work upon the mind, and bring the whole individual person to a sad and gloomy state of existence. For when we consider man a fallen prey to the storms and winds of a corrupted nature, we cannot help censuring in the most severe terms a literature whose primary object is to vitiate the mind of the young and unsuspecting, to harden their hearts against everything noble, generous, good, and true, and bring them to a state of self-abasement, which can be more easily imagined than described.

It is the duty, then, of good and loving parents to provide their children with wholesome reading matter—matter that will not corrupt their minds, nor tarnish the purity of their innocent souls. And for this purpose they should select the lives of great and good men, stories of a refining and interesting nature, historical and traditional sketches; in a word, everything that is good, and nothing that is bad. We have now in this country excellent books and peri-

odicals, Catholic newspapers, illustrated weeklies, and monthlies, etc.,—all sold at a very low price, and consequently there is no need of the dime-novel series, or of other similar productions, that are incapable of working good, but very capable of working evil.

Histories, when they are faithful statements of the past, and works on art, science, religion, etc., are the bread and meat, so to speak, of the mind and heart. They give a noble direction to the thoughts; they teach us to curb our unruly passions, and, and to look with care to the spiritual good of our soul—which is eternal in its effect—and not to the temporary and seeming good of the body, which after a few years will be consigned to a cold and silent grave as an unsightly object.

It is quite remarkable that those young persons of both sexes who love to study and to improve in their classes at school will seldom become downright novel readers; for in this they have acquired a serious turn of mind—a sound judgment, and a power of reasoning that will seldom, if ever, allow them to be duped by the trashy and nonsensical matter which the yellow-covered books contain. But, perhaps, it may be said that all novels are not bad in themselves; this, it must be remembered, I do not say; I only say that novels for the most part produce bad effects, and as such should be avoided. But suppose I say that they are the sweetmeats, the confectionary-stores of the mind—and this they can but be at best; now all know that sweetmeats and confectionaries cannot be indulged in to too great an extent, otherwise, disease will be shortly brought about, and death will soon terminate a life of misery and pain.

But, as I alluded to before, it is not the novel or attractive story that is the only dangerous kind of literature. There are books, and plenty of them, too, claiming to be scientific, that teach what is directly opposed to morals, and virtuous principles. There are poems and novels which present scenes that would cause any good person to shudder, were they actually to behold them in real life. This is a good test. If you would despise a person who would violate all or any of the Ten Commandments, you should, on the same principle, *burn* the book that strives to make you admire the hero or heroine who sets decency and civility at defiance, and whose life is represented as full of deeds opposed to the known laws of order and justice. For the same reason, periodicals, devoted to portraying events of actual life, which are immoral, should not be read. Familiarity with vice has a bad effect. It is too true, that vice is a monster of so hideous a mien, that to be hated needs but to be seen; but, viewed too often, we become familiar with its face. We first endure, then pity, then embrace it. We may be said to view vice when we are in the habit of reading those publications in which the transactions of vicious people are registered, even to be condemned; therefore, we should avoid reading at random. Advertising almanacs, and such like publications, may do great harm by poisoning the mind. The *facts* bear us out in our assertion. On the other hand, by the contemplation of circumstances, in which *virtue* plays the principal part, where noble and refined actions are enlarged upon, and honest, upright men and women are brought to mind, the understanding is won over to virtue. The reader's soul becomes assimilated to the hero's, and partakes of the noble qualities he possessed. If, in my little attempt at an essay, I made it somewhat clear how intimately

the sympathies of the reader become interwoven with those of the author, I think that in showing the power of literature I have at the same time also proved its legitimate province.

E. CROUCH.

Reflections.

Often on a summer's day, when I desired to give myself up to serious thoughts and calm reflections, have I wandered off into the woods, where, perchance, in some secluded dell, or under the shade of some stately oak, I would permit my mind to recall again the incidents of my boyhood days. There, secluded from everything, as it were, of a distractive nature, I would indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings. To my mind would spring up the distant shadows of departed time, which have gradually faded almost into oblivion.

I remember on one occasion looking through my half-closed eyes, I imagined I saw "a dusky savage roaming through the woods and wilds in quest of prey." At another time, I would think I saw into that mysterious realm above, and beheld the grandeur of each and every one of God's numberless works. The tiny brook, murmuring on its way to a mighty world of waters, and rippling at my feet; the birds and insects sporting about, regardless of my presence, would complete this scene, the influence of which is so strong as to make resistance to it an impossibility, and under which influence reflecting beings like ourselves sink into a sort of melancholy reverie.

To mortals like ourselves eternity is incomprehensible, though, through serious reflection we can catch a faint idea of it. God speaks, and a human life answers His awful summons. In heaven dwell angels and saints who, while here on earth, led virtuous and holy lives, and performed heroic deeds of humanity and charity; and we, reflecting on them and their works, are incited to do likewise.

Through the gloomy corridors of Hades's room shrieking fiends, and the reverberating echoes that come to us from out those murky depths are the wails of endless woe. The human heart is a great ocean into which pour, in ceaseless swell, those rivers of reflections and recollections, which the harmony or discord of life produces. And what heart is there that has not its own reflections?

A thought, which fills my soul with sweetest music, just now presents itself to my imagination, and causes me to reflect. 'Tis evening, and the coming night has cast its shadowy twilight over the face of the earth, and nature seems to mourn the dying day. In the dim twilight I see a home which was wont to be filled with the laughter and glee of childhood; but now sadness and silence reign there. The curtains are drawn; and slippered feet are moving about a cradled form, o'er which is slowly creeping the dim shadows of death. The tearful face of a grief-stricken mother, the unseen forms of waiting angels, and the happy smiles of the dying infant make up this scene of death. In a moment the scene has changed, and I now find myself standing on pearly walks of the New Jerusalem. Its jewelled gates are ajar, and through them, as the angelic train is ushering in the spirit of the mother's dead babe, I catch a glimpse of that place which the Apostle says man cannot describe.

Our minds are more or less constantly occupied with such thoughts or reflections; and we are potent to make

them sweet and harmonious, or bitter and discordant. When about to take our passage across the dark river of death, our souls will be filled with reflections like these; for, 'tis then that all the deeds of our past life will be brought to our minds in a vivid manner. They will come to us at the shadowy dawn, or at the brilliant noonday, or when the dusky twilight is stealing over the weary soul with its shadows grey. When the day of life is fading into the gloom of death's mysterious night, when the gilt-edged love-dreams of youth have been exchanged for the more serious thoughts of manhood—then it is that we begin to reflect upon the past, and feel as though we would again be the bright and innocent child of four summers.

The cup of life is bitter or sweet, as we deserve. If of this cup we would have more of the sweet and less of the bitter, let us "so live that when our summons comes to join the innumerable caravan, which wends its way to that mysterious abode, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, we go not like the galley-slave scourged at night to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach our grave like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

S.

Solitary Wasps and Bees.

The name of Social Wasps and Bees has been applied to those interesting members of the order of insects termed by entomologists *hymenoptera*, who, living in communities, accomplish by their united efforts and division of labor the beautiful results exhibited in the comb of the hive-bee and the nest of the common wasp. There are, however, others belonging to the same division of the order, who do not congregate in large numbers, nor dwell in communities, but whose labors in providing a sure place of protection for their young, are begun and carried through in each case, by one and the same individual, and hence these derive the appellation of Solitary Wasps and Bees.

It is remarkable that amongst these creatures it is invariably the mother who constructs the nest, and prepares and stores up the food required by the young grub when it leaves the egg. The male takes no part in the building of the nursery; neither are there any neuters or workers, as amongst the hive-bees, to attend exclusively to the comforts of the family. Of these solitary wasps and bees I shall notice principally those which are common in this country, and which have received the names of Masons, Miners, Carpenters, Upholsterers, and Rose-leaf Cutters, according to their various habits in the arrangement of their nests.

One variety of the mason-wasp selects a brick wall as the locality for her building operations, in commencing which, she may frequently be seen busily employed in digging into it with her powerful mandibles, and removing in them at each excavation a piece about the size of a mustard-seed. In doing this, she is most careful not to drop about these fragments, or scatter them on the ground at the foot of the wall, thereby discovering her whereabouts to the parasitic enemies of her race, but carries them off successively to some distant place of concealment. Having completed her excavation to something less than an inch in depth, which usually takes her about two days to accomplish, she lines it with clay, which she brings some distance between her legs; and having deposited two eggs in it, and stored up with them a supply of spiders and caterpillars for the nourish-

ment of the young grub when hatched, she carefully closes up the nest with a thick coating of clay, and the business of her life is accomplished.

Another variety selects a hard and compact sand-bank exposed to the heat of the sun, and bores into it a tubular gallery, forming at the mouth of the burrow a sort of out-work or tower with the sand she removes from the interior, by moistening with saliva, and kneading it into pellets for building purposes. In this gallery she makes the cells for her eggs, and rolls up in each the food required. The tower, which in shape and size corresponds to the body of the insect, is apparently erected for the purpose of sheltering the little architect during her labors, and perhaps also as a protection to the young from the violent heat of the sun, and from the inroads of their implacable enemy, the ichneumon-fly, although, in some instances, the wasp destroys it after closing up the nest. The food provided by the mason-wasp consists always of green caterpillars, which she arranges in a spiral column, and in such a manner that, although still alive, they have not the power of moving. When the grub is hatched, it devours the store of nourishment, forms a cocoon, becomes a chrysalis, and, after the usual transformation, leaves the nest a perfect wasp. In South America, these sand mason-wasps construct a pouch-shaped nest, two inches in length, and attached either to the branch of a tree or some other prominent object, and stock it with a peculiar sort of spider, closing it up when the eggs are deposited. While occupied in building their nests, which they sometimes place about the windows and doors of houses, they make a loud humming sound, varying their tone according to the different parts of the work they are engaged in.

The mason-bee employs a variety of materials in the formation of her nest, although the principle of its construction is similar to that of the wasp; the food stored up in it is pollen and honey, instead of caterpillars. It may sometimes be found in the cement between two bricks; in some cases, sand, or earth and chalk mixed; in others, wood and earth together being employed in building it. A cake of dry mud, apparently thrown against the wall, may be frequently met with, which, with on closer inspection, will be seen to contain more stony particles than are usually found in common road mud, and to have a circular hole on the side. This will prove to be the entrance to a mason-bee's nest, and will lead to a cell about an inch in depth, and thimble-shaped. Two or more of these cells are contained in one nest, according to the space between the bricks. They appear to be composed of the mortar from the wall, but the external covering, or lump of mud, is evidently formed by little pellets of sand, collected grain by grain, and glued together with saliva, as in the case of the wasp, a few stony particles intermingled. These busy masons have often, while at their labors, attracted the notice of naturalists, and their proceedings having been closely watched, the quarry, as it were, from which their supplies of sand and earth are derived, has been discovered, and themselves traced from thence to their building site. It has been noticed that at the sand-bank, the approach of a spectator caused them no alarm, nor did it interfere in the least, with their work of kneading and glueing up the pellets, which they quietly pursued as if no stranger were near. Not so, however, when followed to their nests, for there they would show fear, and evince the utmost unwillingness to enter, as if feeling that by so doing, they were betraying to the foe the stronghold they were erecting for

the future protection of their family. They would fly round and round, making wide circuits, and apparently endeavoring to lead the supposed enemy off the scent, thus showing plainly how strong, even in these little creatures, is the maternal instinct of providing a safe refuge for their young, implanted in them by a beneficent Creator.

The French entomologist, Réaumur, mentions a variety of mason-bee, which, having selected a natural cavity in some stone, forms in it a nest of garden mould, moistened with her glutinous saliva, closing with care the aperture by means of the same material, after the deposition of the eggs, and the honey and pollen requisite for the nourishment of the grub. In the sand-bank, which serves as a quarry to the mason-bee, may sometimes be found very small holes, into each of which a little bee, not much larger than a house-fly, may be seen passing. This is the mining-bee, which digs a smooth circular gallery, not much wider than the diameter of her own body. This terminates in a chamber of the shape of a thimble, much larger than the entrance to the gallery, and nearly at right angles to it. The earth which has been excavated from the gallery, has been observed to be heaped at the opening, and to be afterwards used to close it against the depredations of the ichneumon and other enemies.

Another of these solitary workers is the carpenter-bee, so called from her nest being built in wood only—posts, palings, and decayed woodwork being selected by her for the purpose. We must not suppose, however, that she will take up her abode where *actual* decay or dry-rot are established, for these she carefully avoids, and only seeks such a measure of them as will soften the wood and diminish the labor of her task. Her first employment is to chisel out of the wood with her jaws, the space requisite for her nest, and in doing this she is fully as careful as the mason-wasp, in removing all trace of the fragments, although she does not appear to carry them to so great a distance. After the chiselling process is completed, she makes the sides as smooth as possible, and then divides the nest, by means of partitions of clay, into cells, each containing its egg and store of pollen. When the work is completed, the artificer closes the entrance with clay, thus keeping out all parasites, who might place their eggs by the side of her own, and thus endanger the life of her offspring.

The violet carpenter-bee, well-known to French naturalists, has been seen to bore in an upright piece of wood, a perpendicular tunnel of twelve or fifteen inches in length, and half an inch in breadth. This is entered through an oblique passage about an inch long, and is divided into cells in a peculiar manner. The bee collects the sawdust, if we may so term it, which she gnaws out of the wood during the chiselling process, into a little heap at a short distance from the excavation, and having deposited her egg, and covered it with pollen and honey to the height of about an inch, she proceeds to make a ceiling of the dust in a most curious manner, which also serves as the flooring of her next cell. She fixes to the wall of her tunnel a ring of chips from her store heap, glued together, and within this she cements another smaller one, until the circular plate forming the division or ceiling is completed, when it will be about the thickness of a silver dollar, and very hard, showing the concentric circles, as does a transverse section from the trunk of a tree. She thus perfects ten or twelve cells, and closes the entrance in a similar way. As the egg in the lowest cell, is, of course, the first laid, and will, consequently be the first hatched, it stands to

reason that some other mode of egress will be required for it than the opening at the top, as this insect will arrive at maturity before the others are ready to quit their cells. Now, although the jaws of the young bee would be strong enough to bore away through the rings of sawdust, they could not gnaw through the outer wood, and therefore the mother provides for this by making a lateral passage under the lower cells, by which her elder nurselings can make their escape, when needful, from their prison home without injury to the rest of the family. Carpenter-wasps also exist, who form similarly constructed and divided nests in timber; but their work is far coarser and rougher than that of the bees, and the provision stored up consists of gnats and flies, instead of honey and pollen.

The upholsterer-bee next claims our attention. One species of it is termed the poppy-bee, from the fact that she chooses the bright petals of the dazzling scarlet poppy for the lining of her cells. Her nest is a hole about three inches deep, increasing in breadth as it descends, somewhat in the shape of a flask. The little laborer, having smoothed and polished the interior of her chamber, next proceeds to collect the brilliant lining with which she intends to embellish it. This she effects by cutting off small oval pieces from the petals or the poppy, taking them up between her legs, and carrying them to the nest. At the lower part of it she places three or four pieces in thickness, and never less than two around the sides. If the piece should be larger than she requires, she neatly nips off the excess, fitting it exactly, and taking away the cuttings. Having thus arranged her tapestry, which she extends beyond the entrance of her nest, she fills it with pollen and honey, lays her egg, and folds down over it the scarlet drape from above, filling in the top with earth.

Another well-known upholsterer is the rose-leaf cutter bee. A French naturalist tells us that a gardener having met with some of the wonderfully beautiful nests made by these insects, believed them to be the work of a magician, who had placed them in the garden with some evil intent, and sent them to his master, asking what could be done to exorcise the malignant spirit! This industrious little upholsterer first bores a cylindrical hole in some beaten path, or occasionally in a wall of decaying wood, and in this she forms from the cuttings of leaves, neatly folded together, several thimble-shaped cells, the end of each one being placed in the mouth of that immediately below it. For this purpose she prefers the rose leaf, although she occasionally employs that of the birch or mountain ash. In order to accomplish the necessary feat of cutting the leaf, she fixes herself upon its outer edge, keeping the margin between her legs, and, beginning near the stalk, she with great rapidity cuts out, by means of her mandibles, a circular piece. When this becomes nearly detached, and she feels that her weight might tear it away, she balances herself on her wings until she has completed the incision. She then flies off to her nest with her cut piece, and fits it into its place with marvellous exactitude, using no glutinous matter, but merely trusting to the natural bend of the leaf to keep it in position. It is supposed that about ten or twelve pieces are used by the bee for one cell, and one side of each piece is always formed by the serrated edge of the leaf, which is invariably placed outermost. She makes use of several layers of leaves, and never places the joinings opposite to each other, but so arranges the pieces that the centre of one comes upon the margin of the other, thereby adding considerable strength to the junctions. Her cells are stored with

pollen and honey, principally collected from the thistle, and of a beautiful rose-color. In each she deposits one egg, closing in the opening with three pieces of leaf, all cut with such regularity that no compasses, however skilfully guided, could describe a more perfect circle; and in this way she fills her nest, exhibiting the greatest perseverance and industry in restoring it to order, should any interruption or derangement occur during the work.

With such mathematical exactitude, do these little creatures execute the work which an Almighty Creator has ordained for them to accomplish!

Art, Music and Literature.

—One of the finest amateur banjo players in New York is the daughter of Ex-Secretary McCulloch.

—Prior to becoming an opera manager, Col. Mapleson played the violoncello in the orchestra in Italy.

—It is expected that over fifty bands will participate in a band tournament to be held at Pittsburg, May 17-18.

—The Philadelphia Musical Association has voted \$250 to the Irish Relief Fund, and a similar amount in aid of the sufferers in Silesia.

—A book on "The Theatres of Paris," by J. Brander Matthews, is in press by Charles Scribner's Sons. It will have a number of illustrations.

—There is being written for a New York theatre an operatic extravaganza entitled "Enoch Arden," libretto by Mr. W. P. Laidman, music by Mr. Max Maretzek.

—Many of the most prominent ladies of Cincinnati have joined a society just formed in that city for the purpose of suppressing operatic and theatrical performances on Sunday evenings.

—A Dubuque, Iowa, paper in a review of Remenyi's recent concert there says: "He imitated the cat, or rather two cats; the canary bird, the chicken, a dying pig and a man getting a tooth pulled."

—According to the *Atlant Constitution*: "Campanini had 'syncopé' in St. Louis," and adds: "they do have the funniest names for mixed drinks, in these Western towns. Anything to be an American."

—A Kansas city critic has discovered that Miss Emma Abbott drinks beef-tea between the acts, is fond of fried oysters, and goes to clairvoyants to have her fortune told. She does one foolish thing at least.

—At the farewell concert of Wilhelmj, in San Francisco, he was presented with a box containing a gold cup, a gold shield on which was a violin handsomely engraved and enamelled, and a certificate of stock worth \$2,000.

—Joseph Hoover, 628 Arch St., Philadelphia, offers for sale a splendid chromo-lithograph of Pope Leo XIII. The likeness is a good one, and is well suited as a premium picture. The price is \$25 per hundred. Size, 28x24 inches.

—It is related of Blind Tom that when at his home in Georgia he remains alone with his pianoforte, in a building apart from all others, and plays day and night, with brief intermissions. He plays at these times almost like a madman.

—In addition to eminent talent the services of Mdme. Calista Huntley-Hiccioli and Mdme. Rivé-King have been secured for the annual concert of Miss Abby Noyes, which is to be given at Boston Music Hall, April 2d. It will be a brilliant musical event.

—The fifth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince-Consort" is promised for March. This volume completes the work relating the Prince's life during 1860, and to the time of his death in 1861. It will be supplied with three portraits and a copious index.

—During the reign of Louis XIV, the sun and moon were so well represented at the French Opera that, as St. Evremond informs us, the Ambassador of Guinea, assisting at one of its performances, leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared and religiously saluted them.

—Sir Julius Benedict has lately resigned the conductorship of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, a position which he has held for thirteen years. The resignation does not take formal effect till the close of the present season. Meanwhile, it is understood, Sig. Randegger will fulfil the duties of conductor.

—In our judgment, to teach well it is necessary that the teacher should have sung well, as mere theory will not suffice any more in music than in other arts; practice must be joined to precept, and to tell a beginner how he or she ought to give emission to a note is quite useless, except the professor can give an illustration of his doctrine.—*Parisian*.

—In 1873 the Corporation of London erected, on the exact spot where Peter worked as a carpenter while in England, a large board bearing the words, "Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, Czar of all the Russias, afterwards Peter the Great." It is curious that the Russians should not have erected some more enduring monument on the spot in memory of their greatest, and, with all his crimes, most revered monarch.

—An attempt was made last summer to reproduce, from the original Latin manuscript of Thomas à Kempis, the treatise of which he is the reputed author—"De Imitatione Christi," preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels. But the minute Gothic handwriting has grown so dim in parts, through age and the number of hands that have turned its leaves, as to puzzle the operations of photography, and the effort is a failure.

—A well-known French geographer, M. E. Levasseur, has invented a geographical game of great interest. It is played on a terrestrial globe, eighteen flags being used to correspond with the principal powers, ranging from China down to Holland. Counts of the gains and losses are graded, London counting thirty, Paris twenty, etc. There are 232 spherical rectangles on the globe into which the play may move. It is said to be both amusing and instructive.

—Sweden and Norway are beginning to pay attention to the condition of their fortresses. The national system of defence has reference mainly to attacks by sea, and great stress is laid upon the necessity of fortifying Christiana. Works are greatly needed at Drobach, which is situated in the narrowest part of the estuary of the Skager Rack. A system of forts could be established there which would prevent any fleet from attempting a direct movement upon the capital.

Scientific Notes.

—Prof. Muskelyne, of the mineral department of the British Museum, has examined Mr. Hannay's artificial diamonds, and pronounces them a success from a scientific standpoint.

—The observatory for which James Lick left a fund is to be built soon, a site having been selected on Mount Hamilton, fifty miles from San Francisco, and 5,000 feet above the sea level.

—A widow, who lives in a secluded part of Michigan, talks very imperfectly by reason of having lost her palate, and her two daughters, aged 8 and 12, can only speak the strange language they have learned of her, though their vocal organs are perfect.

—The singular phenomenon has been frequently observed in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, Baden, Bavaria, and elsewhere in Europe, in the course of the current winter, that it has been generally warmer in the elevated districts, on the hills and mountains than in the plains and valleys.

—The *Scientific American* goes into details about "The Antiquity of the Spoon." Pshaw! it dates away back to the time that Cain and Seth went courting, and the race has never died out since. Isn't that so,—? Well, we won't mention names.—*Western Watchman*.

—The Vesuvius railway promises to be soon an accomplished fact. A portion of the rails are already laid, and a number of workmen are daily engaged upon the work.

The railway starts from a point situated to the west of the observatory, on that side of the cone which is least seldom subject to streams of lava.

—Mr. Edison says he has perfected his plans for the station he is about to erect in New York. He has decided to strengthen the building with heavy iron pillars and cross beams, as the upper lofts will be called on to support an extraordinary weight, that of 560 dynamo machines. The location is not as yet ascertained.

—The Japanese have now a completely organized Geological Survey, with a full staff of native surveyors, under an American chief, Mr. B. S. Lyman. The first Report of Progress of this survey, for 1878 and 1879, has just been published, and contains some accurate and valuable information on the mineral wealth of the country.

—Some years ago a topaz was brought to England from Ceylon and added to the collection of Mr. Maxwell-Stuart, whose name has been given to it. After remaining in his possession some time, it was cut and polished, the work occupying about twenty-eight days. This Maxwell-Stuart topaz is now regarded as the largest cut precious stone in existence.

—In a paper lately communicated to *La Nature*, M. Flammarion shows reason for supposing that probably a planet exterior to Neptune, has been the determining cause of the orbit of the comet of 1862 (which has been surely determined), and describes its course around the sun about the distance of the aphelion of this comet, and of the classical stream of meteors, in the month of August.—*Scientific American*.

—Sidney Lanier has been lecturing on the "Doctors of Shakspeare's Time." Mr. Lanier finds that music was regarded as physic, a true remedial agent, as were aloes and cassia, and other drugs. In "Pericles," for instance, the physician Cermion actually calls in the service of music to bring Thaisa back from a fainting fit. Dr. John Hall, who, in 1607, married Shakspeare's youngest daughter, Susannah, possibly was the model from which Cermion was made. This Dr. Hall was the son of the man.

—The cocoons of the *Alianthus* spinner have been successfully unravelled, and are now being fabricated in France like raw silk. This new kind of silk is of a pretty cream color (blonde), and has been wrought out into charming fabrics. The worm of the *Alianthus* spinner was imported about twelve years ago into France, and may now be considered perfectly domesticated there. It is living in the open field, on the Japanese *Alianthus* tree, so remarkable for its rapid growth, and is well adapted to be planted on otherwise productive soil. The cultivation of this new silk requires neither trouble nor expense—All that is to be done, is to collect the cocoons which hang from the little branches of the trees.

Exchanges.

—The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is a regular weekly visitor to our table. The *Telegraph* is a well edited paper, and, to our mind, is constantly improving. Its editorials are well written, and present a freshness and an originality that some of our Catholic weeklies would do well to imitate. The *Catholic Telegraph* certainly deserves a wide circulation. Rev. J. F. Callaghan, D. D., is still the efficient editor.

—*Golden Days* for Boys and Girls is the title of an illustrated weekly which has found its way to our table. This new visitor is published by James Elverson, S. W. Corner of Eighth and Locust Sts., Philadelphia, and is intended to furnish good wholesome reading for the youth of our land. The paper is handsomely gotten up, and presents a neat appearance. Its subscription price is \$3 per annum; \$1.50 per six months; or \$1 per four months, all payable in advance.

—The *Guardian Angel*, An Eight-page Illustrated Monthly for Little Catholics, published by F. Gillin, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most charming children's paper we know of, and no family should be without it. It inspires love and obedience towards parents, in-

stills principles of virtue and morality into the minds of youth, and in many other ways assists parents in the proper bringing up of their children. The number before us is a good one; well filled with choice poetry, stories, and short biographical sketches that cannot fail to be interesting to those for whom they are intended. The price of the monthly is but fifty cents a year, or five copies, one year, \$2; and so on, proportionately.

—Among our exchanges this week is a stranger, entitled *The New England Catholic Herald*, published in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and edited by Mr. Henry O'Meara. We hail its advent with pleasure, and gladly comply with the request to exchange. Now that the country is flooded with a literature, that tends to degrade and demoralize society, it is encouraging to see the number of good Catholic papers increasing, which, after all, are one of the greatest barriers to the dissemination of filthy trash. We hope, then, that this new publication will meet with a liberal support from Catholics, especially those of the New England States, in whose interests it seems to be gotten up. The subscription price is two dollars a year.

—*The Catholic World* for April is before us; and an excellent number it is—replete with solid and instructive articles on questions of vital importance to Catholics, and to those who wish to hear a little that is true and good. The subscription to this excellent magazine has reduced with the present number. Hereafter its price is 35 cents a single copy, or \$4 per year. At this reasonable price we think all, who would wish to have coming to their homes a magazine that cannot be surpassed, if equalled, by anything of the kind in America, can afford to subscribe for the *Catholic World* and assist a work so good and beneficial in its results. The contents of the present number are as follows: I, Introductory; II, Genesis of the Catholic Church; III, The Prodigal at his Best (Epigram); IV, Dante's Purgatorio (Poem); V, My Raid into Mexico; VI, The New Christianity; VII, The Agony on the Cross (Poem); VIII, Mary Stanley; IX, Easter Morning (Poem); X, Follette; XI, On Dives in Hell (Epigram); XII, The Religious Struggle in Ireland within the Century; XIII, A Song in Town (Poem); XIV, American Principles and American Catholics; XV, The Monroe Doctrine; XVI, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Crooks, and *Harper's Weekly*; XVII, Golden (Poem); XVIII, New Publications.

—We have received the March number of the *Hamilton School Magazine*, published at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ontario, and although we have had time to give but a cursory glance through its pages, yet we can safely say that the present number is superior to any we have seen thus far. The first article, "Canadian Schools Fifty Years Ago," is well written, and gives a very interesting account of the condition in which these schools were then, and points out the many disadvantages that people had to undergo in order to acquire even an elementary education. A large portion of this valuable little magazine is devoted to questions in mathematics, chemistry, English, etc., each of which is properly answered in succeeding numbers. This is a very interesting feature of the magazine, and we are sure some of our young mathematicians would find pleasure in trying to solve some of the examples proposed. Many of these problems, especially the algebraic ones, are rather difficult and somewhat complicated, especially for young students; however, those who have gone through a good course ought to be able to decipher some of them at least, and for such we believe they are principally intended. There are a few other articles which we had not time to read. Altogether, the *School Magazine* is an interesting publication, and should, no doubt, be a welcome visitor to teachers, students, and all those interested in the cause of education. The subscription price is one dollar a year; single copies, fifteen cents.

—We have received during the past week the following college exchanges: *The Cornell Review*, *The Williams Athenæum*, *The Beacon*, *The Archangel*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *College Message*, *K. M. I. News*, *The Mountain Echo*, *The Chronicle*, *The Harvard Echo*, *The Portfolio*, *College Courier*, *The College Mercury*, *The Brunonian*, *Niagara Index*, *The Berkeleyan*, *The Euclean*, *College Journal*, and others.

New Publications.

—We have received from Joseph Hoover, publisher of fine chromos, etc., 628 Arch Street, Philadelphia, a splendid new chromo-lithograph of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. This is an excellent likeness of our saintly Pontiff, and to our mind forms a most suitable and appreciative premium picture. In fact, we know of no premium that would be so acceptable to students as this. The lithograph is 28x-24 inches, and when framed makes a picture suitable to the drawing-room, parlor or private chamber. The price, too, is so low, that teachers in parochial schools and colleges will save a good deal, and, at the same time satisfy the pupils by introducing this well-executed portrait as a premium. The lithographs are sold at the exceedingly low price of \$25 per hundred, so that there is no excuse whatever as regards the price. The likeness, too, is good, very good; in fact, the best we have seen yet. Once more we recommend it as a suitable present or premium picture, and can safely say that as one or the other it will give entire satisfaction.

—We acknowledge the receipt of "Outlines of Determinative Mineralogy." By C. Gilbert Wheeler, Professor in the University of Chicago.

College Gossip.

—May not the Freshmen in Trigonometry be considered angle-worms as well as book-worms?—*Harvard Echo*.

—The Catholic Church has in this country no less than 687 seminaries, colleges, and academies, besides 2246 parochial schools.

—Harvard will not be able to get through the year without running into debt. The number of students is less this year than last, and the expenses are greater.—*Princetonian*.

—Rutger's boating interests seem to be away down, as sufficient money is not forthcoming with which to redeem the only boat from the factory, where it has been sent for repairs.

—Student under examination in physics:—"What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."—*The Portfolio*.

—The names of twenty-nine ladies appeared in the list of candidates who passed the matriculation examination at the London University in January. Seventeen passed in the first division and five in the second division.—*Harvard Echo*.

—A tutor tried to scare a small boy with the following declaration: "Boy, you've been smoking. You can't fool me, I've got a nose like a dog!" The small boy protested against the first part of his declaration, but entirely agreed with him in the last part.—*College Mercury*.

—The *Queen's College Journal* begins to fear the possibility of the co-education wave sweeping into Canada, and is showing up some of the principal opinions running counter to it in the United States and elsewhere. Among the authorities quoted are the *Trinity Tablet* of Trinity, the *Nassau Lit.*, of Princeton, the *London World*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, and the *Acta Columbiana*.

—"For lack of funds William and Mary College will soon be closed." A paragraph to this effect appeared in a certain paper last fall, and since then poor William and Mary have continued to travel back and forth in every college paper throughout the land. They have just reached the *Berkeleyan*. It is about time the college was shut up, or else the papers discontinue to publish the statement as news.—*The Brunonian*.

—The *Amherst Student* and the *SCHOLASTIC* continue to enjoy themselves in an unsocial way. The latter shows the better knowledge in the controversy, the former takes refuge in irony. The *Student* informs us that twenty men are training for the nine, and "run a fast half-mile a day." We respectfully suggest that instead of having twenty men run a half-mile, they set one man to running ten miles, and so produce at least one good ball player.—*The Brunonian*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 27, 1880.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

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Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

The services of Holy Week, when carried out according to the *Ceremonial* of the Church, are in themselves of a very impressive nature, and cannot fail to fill the minds of those present with thoughts on the goodness of God, His love of man, and of the Divine institution of the Church—that holy and ever kind Mother who seeks nothing but the spiritual and temporal advancement of her children.

The Church of God is beautiful in her ceremonies, in her doctrines, and in the noble example she sets before all—an example of forbearance, love, and charity. She teaches men to love and respect one another, to live together in the bonds of brotherly love, to be good and faithful citizens, and never to compromise their own honor, or the reputation of their neighbor, for worldly gain. If they become poor through circumstances, or are poor by birth, she reminds them that our Lord Himself was poor, and, as the Scripture says had not where to lay His head, and that it is but the poor in spirit that can possess the kingdom of God.

In her teachings, and in the example she lays before the world, the Church shows conclusively that she is other than a human institution. She bears the stamp of the Divinity upon her brow, and she wears this same stamp as becomes one whose very nature it is to follow in the footsteps of her most faithful Spouse, Christ Himself. As an independent and perfect society, the Church has her festivals, her feasts, etc., all of which she pays careful attention to, and enforces their observance upon those who have been admitted, as members, and those who have grown up within her bosom, and whose laws, by this very fact, they are bound to observe. Hence it is, that the holy season of Lent has been instituted by the Church as a preparation for the rightful celebration of the most solemn festival of the

ecclesiastical year,—Easter Sunday—the triumphal Resurrection of our Divine Lord over sin and death. The week immediately preceding Easter Sunday is termed Holy Week, and for this week the Church has appointed special ceremonies, commemorative of the Passion and Death of our Divine Lord. These ceremonies, as we before remarked, are of a most imposing nature; indeed, they are both sublime and grand, and cannot fail to impress on the mind of the most hard-hearted of God's creatures all that a loving Saviour underwent in order to open heaven to man, and to make an adequate atonement for his transgression to His heavenly Father.

At Notre Dame, the ceremonies of Holy Week are carried out in strict conformity to the *Ceremonial*, and consequently all present take a special interest in them, and recall to their minds the deep and impenetrable mystery of the Redemption, which they so beautifully represent. Never, then, does the Church allow a phase in the life of our Lord, pass without commemorating it in an especial manner. Those, of course, who differ from us in religious belief cannot see the object, end, or aim of one half of the actions of the Catholic Church; and not unfrequently charge her with superstition, and a thousand-and-one other epithets, whose import, are for the most part, but poorly understood—if understood at all. They ridicule, forsooth! the workings of the Spouse of Christ—that Church with whom He promised to abide until the consummation of ages. But, let such who are prone to mock and laugh at every thing religious, beware. If God has established a Church for the guidance of mankind unto salvation, then we are bound to hear the voice of that Church; if He has not established such a Church, but left every one to do the best he can for himself, in regard to the individual worship of God, then the words of Christ are false, carry with them no meaning, and consequently they could not be the words of a God. This is precisely how the matter stands; let people, then, be careful what they say about that institution which claims to be both Apostolic and Divine.

During the past week, then, there were carried out in full at Notre Dame the services of Holy Week. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday the ceremonies were very impressive; and on Maundy Thursday the ceremony of divesting the altars of their ornaments, etc., reminded us of the sad state of affairs at the time our Lord was about to pay the penalty of the sins of man by the ignominious death of the cross.

To-morrow, Easter Sunday, the celebration at Notre Dame will be of an imposing nature. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated at ten o'clock, a. m. and in the evening Solemn Vespers will be sung.

If there is any virtue that a man should strive to possess, it is the virtue of charity; for if we take away charity from a man—if we divest him of this most precious mantle, we have left but a poor specimen of humanity—a man in appearance, in so far as his exterior is concerned, but possessing none of those grand and ennobling qualities that should be found in the heart of every Christian.

How can a man lay claim to be a follower of Christ, and at the same time be without a spark of love or charity for his fellow-man? The idea is preposterous, and nothing else; it is opposed to every law, both human and divine, to every principle of morality and virtue.

We have men in this world of ours—and many of them, too,—that seem to be kept alive by a spirit of devilry, by a spirit of rancor—finding, or striving to find fault, everywhere, and with everything, telling stories, speaking ill of everyone—in a word, a source of continual annoyance to their fellow-mortals—those poor creatures who have the misfortune, and, perhaps, the sad fate of having to come in daily contact with those would-be props of society.

The world is, in fact, full of such men; we find them everywhere, and can be easily distinguished by the mantle of feigned or pretended piety, or of some other appreciated disposition or habit, with which they strive to clothe all their devilish actions. Would that the world were rid of such men! would, too, that society were not so often duped by their well-laid schemes, and their underhand workings!

But we suppose man was made to suffer and to die; and, after all, if we bear patiently with the trials and crosses and misfortunes of this unhappy, but more ungrateful world, the possession of God will be our reward in the next.

That the country is at present flooded with novels of a most pernicious nature is a fact which no observant person may deny. That the country would not be flooded with them if they were not encouraged is another fact too evident to need proof. How, then, in the face of these two facts, can we account for this morbid curiosity on the part of so many members of the community?

The majority of novel-readers tell us that they peruse those works simply to acquire style in writing; but all are well aware that to read immoral works for the purpose of forming a person's style, is a very lame excuse. Writings that dress vice in the garb of dignity, or in any manner palliates or conceals its natural hideousness, can answer no other purpose than to weaken the influence of virtue and promote the cause of dishonesty and crime. Writings that attempt such a purpose, are so many efforts to counteract and destroy whatever is salutary in religion, government, and laws.

Those writers who would demoralize the lower orders of society, by persuading them that the institutions of religion and law, which protects every man in the possession of his own, are unsanctioned by the dictates of natural justice or the promptings of sound reason, are the most mischievous pests of literature. They would render the noblest of arts—that of printing—subservient to the destruction of sound morals and social happiness. The works of such writers, no matter what talents they may display, or how fashionable soever may be their name, ought not to be purchased by any virtuous person. Nay, more, to afford praise to genius, when it is perverted, or to wit, when it is misemployed, is censurable—for, in any shape to encourage wickedness is to partake of its guilt. If society suffers by the dissemination of vicious principles, it is a poor apology for the promoters thereof to allege that they do so, not from approbation of the principles, but from the admiration of the dress in which they appear, as if poison were the less deadly because it is offered in a golden cup.

—We write our mercies in the dust; but our afflictions we engrave in marble. Our memories serve us but too well to remember the latter; but we are strangely forgetful of the former.

The Late Father Champeau, C. S. C.

On the seventeenth inst., news reached Notre Dame that the Rev. Louis Dominic Champeau, C. S. C., so well and favorably known to most of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, had slept the sleep of death, and was buried on the first of March, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris. This sad intelligence was keenly felt by all—even by those who knew nothing about the good Father, save what they heard from others; and hence we must say that Notre Dame mourned for the loss of a good and holy soul—a man who sought God in everything, making Him the beginning and end of all his actions.

We take the following obituary notice of Father Champeau, from the columns of *L'Univers*:

Neuilly-sur-Seine has lately experienced a great affliction. Its Christian families had the sorrowful duty yesterday of consigning to their last resting place the earthly remains of Rev. Father Louis Dominic Champeau, First Assistant-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and President of the College of Our Lady of Holy Cross at Neuilly, who fell asleep in the peace of the Lord on Saturday last, at the age of sixty-two years. It may also be said that this good priest sleeps surrounded with the affectionate regret of his religious brethren, of his dear pupils, and of all the families who had entrusted to his ripe wisdom and great knowledge the education of their children.

Rev. Father Champeau was successively a college President at Mans, Nevers, and Orleans. Afterwards he came to Paris to establish in the *Quartier des Ternes* the noble Institution of Holy Cross, which he afterwards transformed into a college, and removed to Neuilly-sur-Seine, a situation delightful in every respect. In the difficult position which he occupied, he invariably displayed the dignity of the priest, the consummate prudence of the skilful administrator, and the ripe wisdom of the Christian teacher. In him, zeal and prudence were harmoniously blended, and this union gave his authority a charm which words cannot describe.

All Christian hearts will be the more inclined to share the grief of the religious families of Neuilly-sur-Seine, of which we are but the feeble echo, when they learn that the last great act of Father Champeau's life, was to receive into his college the Christian Brothers, who had been expelled by the radical administration, which reigns at Neuilly as well as at Paris. And while the three hundred students continued their studies without interruption, Rev. Father Champeau managed to make sufficient room in his establishment to allow the Brothers to give instructions daily to more than three hundred children, until the generosity of the friends of religious education can open for them the admirable free school of which they have been put in charge.

After a life of such devotedness, God will certainly receive into his bosom a just man, who, like Rev. Father Champeau, lived only for the glory of His name. *Requiescat in pace.*

—It is sweet for friends to bear their burdens mutually, and to be able to say to one another, give me what is wanting to me, and I will give you in return what you require; when I am weak, you will give me a helping hand; and when I see you ready to fall, I will hold out mine to you.

—Charles Sainte Foi.

Personal.

—F. Hellman (Commercial), '78, is book-keeping for his father at Galena, Ill.

—Douglas Ryan (Commercial), '77, is in business with his father at Dubuque, Iowa.

—P. F. McCullough, '76, is engaged in business in Minnesota, and, by all accounts, is doing well.

—G. B. Saylor (Commercial), '77, is now one of the firm of Saylor Bros., Manufacturers, 1331 Popular street, St. Louis, Mo.

—A. Crunkelton (Commercial), '72, is now engaged in the farming business at Sherman, Texas, where, we hear, he is doing well.

—Benjamin D. Heeb (Commercial), '77, is clerking for the largest dry-good firm of James Levi & Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

—Among the visitors at Notre Dame for the past week were Mrs. E. C. Copeland, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Berkley, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Snee, Chicago, Ill.

—N. S. Mitchel, '72, whose card may be found in another column, paid a flying visit to his *Alma Mater* during the past week. Many of his old friends were glad to see him, and hope to see him visit Notre Dame soon again.

✓ —First-Lieutenant Geo. M. Wheeler, Captain of Engineers, U. S. Army, has the thanks of Very Rev. W. Corby, President of the University, for a copy of his "Topographical Atlas," containing the U. S. geographical explanations and surveys west of the one hundredth meridian.

—M. M. McCormack (Commercial), '74, in renewing his subscription to the SCHOLASTIC says: "The SCHOLASTIC gives me more pleasure than any other paper I take. I am always anxious to see it, and consider the personal column a special favorite." This shows that Mike takes a lively interest in his *Alma Mater*, and of course, like all good sound thinking students, never fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC. He is still with the firm of Rankin & Co., Jobbers & Manufacturers of Clothing, Nashville, Tennessee.

Local Items.

—Easter eggs!

—Bulletins will be made out next Wednesday.

—The work in the various shops is quite brisk at present.

—The Class of Bible-History (Junior Department), is doing well.

—Competitions next week will be in the Course of Modern Languages.

—The singing of the Office of Holy Week was all that could be desired.

—The next overture for the Orchestra will be "The Poet and Peasant."

—Notre Dame is now connected with the telephone Exchange, South Bend, Ind.

—The Band is now rehearsing *Il Trovatore* and "Grand March," in Faust.

—It is near time, we believe, that the Boat Club should be thinking of reorganizing.

—The ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out according to the *Ceremonial*, as usual.

—We believe the Philopatrians will be the next that will occupy the stage of Washington Hall.

—What about the Senior Baseball nines this year? We expect soon to receive an account from them.

—The Class of Botany was out on last Sunday, and reports vegetation in the same state as a few weeks ago.

—The *Mandatum*, or washing of the feet, took place last Thursday, at two o'clock. Quite a number of persons were present.

—Last Thursday, being a holiday, the regular meeting of the Faculty took place on the preceding Tuesday. Time and place as usual.

—The hymn *Gloria laus*, etc., was beautifully sung on Palm Sunday by Masters F. Grever, J. Larkin, P. Nelson, J. Guthrie, and C. Echlin.

—The weather is still in an unsettled state. March is bound to support the truth of the old saying in regard to its coming in and going out.

—The beautiful flower garden that used to grace the entrance to the old College is being removed. We are, it is said, to have a green lawn in its place.

—The St. Cecilian's Society-room, is being beautified more and more every day. The President of this most flourishing Society does not neglect his business.

—The singing of the Lamentations on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings was very effective. The Lamentations sung by the choir in four parts were admirably rendered.

—Lent is now drawing to a close. We don't know whether many will mourn for its sad departure; but if we don't know many, we know some that would like to see it go before it came.

—Next week some of the Fathers at Notre Dame will be on their way to France to attend to business connected with the Congregation of Holy Cross. They will be absent for about two months.

—The Columbians desire us to give public expression of their thanks to the ever-accommodating Prof. J. A. Lyons, for the kind interest manifested by him in their Association on the occasion of their late Exhibition.

—The chromo-lithograph of Pope Leo XIII lately sent to us by the publisher, Joseph Hoover, 628 Arch St., Philadelphia, is admired by all who see it, and pronounced a good likeness of our saintly Sovereign Pontiff.

—The *South-Bend Register* of the 18th inst., contained a long and interesting account of Vice-President Walsh's "Eulogy on St. Patrick," delivered the previous evening, at St. Patrick's Church, in the above named city.

—Some very fine kites might be seen sailing over the campus and the College buildings on the recreation days of the past few weeks. This seems to be at present a favorite sport among some of the Juniors and Minims.

—An extra Competition took place this week in the sixth Greek Class, and a premium awarded to the student who obtained the highest average for duties during the last two weeks. The winner was Francis A. Quinn, of Tolona, Ill.

—Freshie to Prep: "Say, boy, how many beans make five?" Prep—"Are you talking figuratively or hyperbolically?" "Hyperbolically, of course," answered stately Freshie. "Oh that accounts for it, then!" replied our young shaver.

—Rev. P. W. Condon visited the College of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., last week, and reports all well at this institution, except our esteemed friend Rev. T. Carroll, the Vice-President and Director of Studies, who, we are sorry to hear, is very ill.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons, the beloved President of the St. Cecilian Philomathean Association, was, on the 19th inst.—the occasion of his patronal festival,—made the recipient, by the members of the above Association, of a handsome present in the form of a hat-rack, valued at \$21.

—If the person, who had the audacity to purloin a photo from an album in "Island No. 10," regards health as a blessing, and wishes to retain the same, our advice to him would be to immediately return this photo, and in future make himself scarce around these premises.

—Services began on Thursday and Friday mornings at 10 o'clock. Everything was done in strict accordance with the *Ceremonial*. On Saturday they began at 8 o'clock, as the reading of the Prophecies, the blessing of the Paschal Candle, etc., take considerable time. The students, however, attended only the Mass.

—We have received a letter from —, Wisconsin, informing us that, as far as his knowledge goes, "J. E." has no friends in that State; hence we must infer that "J. E." has enemies there as 'he that is not with him is against him.' God bless us! it's a terrible world. Who would be a local editor, even for a single day!

—The 9th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of

the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary was held March 21st. Master C. McDermott told about the "Office of Holy Week," T. Weitzel read an essay on "The Sign of the Cross," and T. O'Neill gave a very nice and instructive sketch of the "Life of St. Patrick."

—Our weather prophet is ill at ease these times. He cannot tell what's the matter with "that wind." One day it's here, and the next day it's there, and the day after it's no place at all. Perhaps it's that curious comet now attracting the attention of astronomers that's causing the mischief of having no "ruling wind" at present.

—Our friend John sometimes imagines that he's awful smart. Just listen to what he said to cousin Mike the other day: "Say, Mike, when does a horse chew the best?" Mike commenced to think, and finally said: "Well, I suppose—well, when he—I give it up!" "When he has not a bit in his mouth" chuckled our apt little Johnny.

—We were glad to hear that the feast-day of Prof. J. A. Lyons was not let pass without appropriate celebration by the members of the St. Cecilian and St. Stanislaus Pailopatrian Societies, whose kind President Professor Lyons is. His young admirers tendered their congratulations to him, and hoped that he would see many and many returns of his patronal festival. We wish him the same, as likewise, do no doubt, all his other friends at Notre Dame.

—"Two things you'll not fret at if you're a wise man,—the thing you can't help and the thing which you can." "Well, supposing I can't help anything, what then?" "Do as they do in France." Our friend did not understand this answer, and went around asking every one he met what they do in France. John, we would advise you to be on the lookout for those sharpers, who take special pleasure in playing tricks upon the innocent.

—The 17th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Saturday evening, March 20th. Masters A. Schmückie and F. Mattes, G. Van Mourick and G. Knight, sung duets. Master C. Echlin, sung "I'm Wandering in distant Lands." Declamations were delivered by Masters T. Van Mourick, C. Droste, J. Dwenger, H. Sae, A. Campau, G. Woodson, F. Farrelly. Masters Howard and Hanavin read some comic selections.

—The sumptuous banquet tendered the Columbian Dramatic Club last Sunday evening by Very Rev. President Corby, was one of the most enjoyable reunions the students have had this year. All the delicacies of the season were furnished. Speeches were made by Father Condon, Prof. Edwards and Mr. T. W. Simms. Before retiring, a vote of thanks was given by the Columbians to Fathers Corby and Condon for favors received in connection with their late Entertainment.

—The ceremonies of Holy Thursday were very imposing. After Solemn High Mass a procession was formed, which moved slowly around the Church until it came to the repository, or place prepared for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. This repository was handsomely fitted up, and manifested considerable taste and artistic skill. On Friday, immediately before the Mass of the Presanctified, the Blessed Sacrament was taken back to the high altar in the same manner as it was brought thither, the choir singing hymns appropriate to the occasion.

—The monthly bulletins will be made out on Wednesday next at 8 a. m. sharp. The plan of offering premiums to secure a full attendance has been tried, and found unsatisfactory. Various other expedients have been suggested, and we hope that the right method will eventually be discovered. The latest proposition, and the one which seems to meet with most favor, is, that a boy boxed up within four boards, on each of which the news is placarded, be engaged to promenade around the College grounds on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning. Whether the plan be adopted or not, we trust that all will make it a point to avoid giving unnecessary annoyance by being prompt.

—Our friend John turns his hand to poetry. Here is one of his effusions on "Spring."

Now, gentle spring on scented wing
Doth visit Mother Earth,
To vivify our mundane sphere,
And give all things new birth.
She bounding comes o'er hill and dale,

Her locks bedewed with rain,
And choirs of woodland songsters gay
Melodious in her train.
She sweetly decks the spangled mead
Where Minims sport and play,
Beneath the genial sunshine of
The charming king of day.

—We have heard from good authority that Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., will, before leaving Paris, procure for the Art Department here, a fine assortment of artistic designs in the various branches of drawing. This assortment will probably consist of specimens of fruits and flowers, the human figure, modern and ancient landscapes, animals, and ornamental work for decorating purposes, copies from the works of the great masters, etc. The students of the Drawing Class will be happy to hear the above news, as the fire consumed nearly all the old collection of models. The closing of the recent Exposition in Paris has filled the city with the choicest designs to be had at a low figure.

—The exquisite finish of the woodwork in the large parlor, private rooms, and spacious halls of the College reflects great credit on the boss carpenter, and shows plainly that he is a man of taste, and knows how to beautify anything he takes hold of. Our numerous patrons and visitors are amongst the cultured and refined portion of our Western population, and, no doubt, would not wish to see such fine work as the above injured by a bad finish on the part of the painters and grainers. The painting and graining on the old college was something which was admired by all, and could not be excelled. It is, then, absolutely necessary that whoever has charge of the work should see that none but first-class workmen be engaged, and that this portion of the work be done in a proper manner.

—Amongst the collegiate weeklies received by us, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC deserves special mention. Although, of course, exhibiting at times that freshness of style which only years of practice can surmount, in other respects, the literary characteristics of this modest weekly would not discredit older heads and more practiced pens. Its contents are varied, instructive and interesting. What is most noteworthy is the self-control and urbanity of tone in which its discussions are conducted. And these are qualifications in which not only youthful disputants, but even publicists of some standing, who have not been regularly educated for their calling, are most likely to be deficient. The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC possesses a more than merely local interest, and deserves general encouragement and support.—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly*.

—We wonder what will the man with the spirit of George Washington in him say to the following, which we clip from the *South-Bend Herald*: Of all the blunders that the corn on farmer, and some others, make with trees, none is so common or so hurtful, as the practice of cutting off the lower limbs. All about the country nothing is more common than to see mutilated trees on almost every farm—big limbs cut off near the body of the tree, and of course rotting to the heart. This is a great sin against nature, the very limbs necessary to protect the tree against wind and sun, and just where they are most needed, are ruthlessly cut away. But the greatest injury is the rotting that always takes place when a big limb is sawed off; too big to heal over, it must rot, and, being kept moist by the growing tree, is in the right condition to rot, and being on the body the rotting goes to the heart and hurts the whole tree. It is common all over the country to see large orchards mutilated in this way. We often see holes in trees where big limbs have been cut away that squirrels and even raccoons can crawl in. Perhaps the only reason these trimmers would give is, that lower limbs were easier got at, and some would say they wanted to raise a crop under the trees.

—"PRELUDES." By Maurice F. Egan.—We acknowledge the courtesy of the Scribes of Notre Dame who have sent us this exquisite little volume of poems. Their young author has evinced a purity of taste and a delicate poetic intuition that give most happy earnest for the future. The spirit that informs all these short poems, among which the sonnet is the predominant type, is delightfully at variance with that of the general poetry of the day. For in them we do not find that sad repining and those half-

subdued regrets which have pervaded most of our recent verse. The true pastoral *animus* breathes in almost every line, although here and there the verse reads a little like Tennyson in the period of the Lotos-Eaters. The spirit of Matthew Arnold, too, though likewise alien to the general sentiment of the book, is not altogether absent. But although we can find a few words of condemnation for the execution of what has been attempted, nay, some passages read almost as if from the *Anthology*, we do feel regret that the author has not attempted themes that would stir our nature as well as those that simply excite within us the pleasures of the beautiful. For Mr. Egan has given us ground to believe that he could command us as well in the one sphere as in the other.—*Virginia University Magazine*.

—The *Sangamo Monitor* of Springfield, Ill., in its issue of the 18th inst., in regard to the lecture delivered the previous evening on "St. Patrick and the Irish Race," in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, by Rev. C. Kelly, C. S. C., says: "After a prefatory, pointing out the inclination to honor those who made their mark in the world's history, a sketch of St. Patrick's life was given, tracing his birthplace to the northwestern part of France, his captivity in Ireland, and his escape therefrom and return home. After many years of preparation, prompted by a voice which seemed to be calling upon him to return to the Irish, and being duly commissioned by the reigning Pope, he landed again upon her coasts, and upon making known the truth of the Trinity, the life of Christ, readily converted the Irish monarch and people to the Christian faith. Then followed a period of peace and learning, during which her schools and teachers became most distinguished. Then the period of the Danish invasion, in which scenes of war and carnage were enacted. Then came the attempt of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, followed by the Cromwell invasion—all tyrannical and cruel, the confiscating of seats of learning and of monasteries, attempts to induce the people to forsake the religion of St. Patrick—through all of which, although reduced to abject poverty, they retained the bright jewels of faith which they had inherited from him. Before closing, the lecturer alluded to the sufferings of the present time. The scope of the address was to show that St. Patrick so effectually converted the Irish people that from the time of their conversion to the present, under all circumstances, whether of prosperity or adversity, religion has fructified and blessed the race, whether still remaining upon Irish soil or seeking homes in foreign climes.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, R. Adams, J. Berteling, A. Burger, J. Brice, F. M. Bell, J. Casey, B. Casey, B. J. Cagget, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, L. Clements, R. Campbell, D. D. Onahoe, D. Danahey, J. Delaney, G. Donnelly, A. Dobson, H. Deenan, M. English, E. Gooley, I. J. Gittings, D. Harrington, G. Harris, W. Hamilton, R. Johnson, J. P. Kinney, R. Keenan, C. Kareus, F. Kinseila, T. Kavanagh, J. Kurz, P. Larkin, E. Lynch, F. Lynch, R. Lanham, J. McGrath, W. McGorrisk, E. McGorrisk, M. McEniry, J. McNamara, E. Murphy, E. Monitor, P. McCormick, C. Moore, J. A. McIntyre, J. McRae, W. McAtee, I. A. Mattingly, E. Le Beau, L. Mathers, J. R. Marlette, J. Noonan, I. J. Newton, R. C. O'Brien, G. Pike, W. Ryan, T. Simms, H. Simms, G. Sugg, J. Solon, P. Shea, L. Stitzel, J. Smith, L. Smith, F. Smith, W. Schofield, F. K. Wail, H. Wathen, W. Wilson, A. Zahm, T. Zeien.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. F. Brown, A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, T. P. Byrne, A. A. Bodine, H. W. Bachman, F. Becker, M. J. Burns, M. G. Butler, V. Butler, F. Carter, A. A. Caren, A. M. Coghlin, L. W. Coghlin, W. S. Cleary, J. Coleman, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, F. Deyer, J. E. Davis, T. F. Flynn, R. E. Flemming, G. C. Foster, H. G. Foster, P. J. Fletcher, J. J. Gordon, F. Grever, J. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, F. Glade, F. W. Greonwald, A. C. Hierb, A. J. Hintze, J. A. Hermann, A. Hellebusche, J. Homan, F. R. Johnson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Kleine, J. W. Kuhn, L. S. Keen, R. Le-Bourgeois, J. A. Larkin, S. Livingston, F. Mc-

Phillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, A. Mergentheim, W. McCarthy, J. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, J. H. Meister, P. P. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, R. E. O'Connor, J. O'Neill, E. Otis, R. H. Pomy, F. Phillips, R. Parrett, F. A. Quinn, * C. H. Roberts, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, C. F. Rietz, G. J. Rhodius, P. H. Rasche, J. Ruppe, H. L. Rose, A. S. Rock, A. N. Rohrbach, R. J. Semmes, J. K. Schobey, A. P. Perley, E. G. Sugg, J. A. Seeger, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, F. C. Scheid, C. Schneider, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, W. M. Thompson, M. A. Vedder, W. T. Weny, B. A. Zekind, F. Zeis, A. T. Tate.

* F. A. Quinn omitted last week by mistake.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, D. G. Taylor, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, H. P. Dunn, G. C. Knight, G. Van Mourick, A. J. Campau, W. H. Hanavin, E. A. Howard, G. E. Tourtillotte, J. M. Courtney, C. E. Droste, W. M. Olds, A. A. Molander, J. B. Bender, E. N. O'Donnell, J. M. Johnson, L. J. Young, C. E. Campau, F. B. Farrelly, A. F. Schmückle, J. S. Chavez, H. J. Ackerman, J. A. Kelly, W. V. O'Malley, C. Young, H. J. Bourdon.

List of Excellence.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—A. J. Burger, J. P. Kinney, J. B. McGrath, T. Simms; Latin—J. B. McGrath, F. Bloom, A. J. Burger, J. P. Kinney, H. Wathen, A. Zahm, F. Quinn; Greek—J. B. McGrath, F. W. Bloom, E. Murphy, M. T. Burns; English Composition—; Rhetoric—; Logic—; English Literature—; Algebra—; Geometry—R. Andersoa, W. Thompson; J. Kurz, J. Casey, C. McDermott, C. Whalen, F. Grever, G. Clarke, J. P. O'Neil, F. Quinn; Trigonometry—M. English; Surveying—A. Zahm, M. J. McEniry; Linear Drawing—R. Anderson, L. Procter; Calculus—G. Sugg;—Mechanics—G. Sugg; Descriptive Geometry, J. B. Berteling; Astronomy—E. Murphy; Botany—R. Anderson, W. Thompson; Physiology—R. Anderson; Zoology—R. Anderson, R. Stewart; Physics—F. Bloom; Chemistry—F. Bloom; History—P. Larkin, J. Berteling, R. Rock, G. Sugg, T. Simms, T. Campbell, D. Donahue, F. Wall, J. Fleming, J. Gibbons.

The name of George Sugg was omitted from the Class Honors last week.

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SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Woodin, Hambleton, Maloney, Keenan, Ewing, Neteler. 1st SENIOR CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Sullivan, Ryan, Hackett, Rosing, A. Ewing, Kirchner, Buck, Quinn, Danaher, Ward, Galen, Gordon, Farrell, I. Semmes. 2d SR. CLASS—Misses Walsh, Dillon, Smith, Winston, Otto, Claffey, Neu, Lloyd, Cronin, Mitchell, Usselman. 3d SR. CLASS—Misses A. Dillon, Gall, Bruser, Fitzgerald, S. Wathen, McMahon, Fox, Feehan, De Lapp, Wells, Palmer, English, Bischoff, Donnelly. 1st PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Zahm, Keys, Murphy, Simms, Price, C. Campbell, Van Namee, Campbell, O'Connor, Piersol, Butts, French, Populorum, Hackley, Lancaster, Greenebaum, Callinan. 2d PREP. CLASS—Misses Hammond, Salomon, Thompson, S. Semmes, Casey, Crummey, Rasche, Engel, Purdy, Horner, Fishburne, Halloran, Wright, Wall, Leyden, E. Hackett. 3d PREP. CLASS—Misses Brown, McCormick, E. Lloyd, J. Wells, Garrity, Krieg, McCoy, Reynolds, Edelen, Tallman. JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses Duncan, C. Lancaster, Fleming, Legnard, Ginz, Gibbons, E. Populorum, C. Ryan, Carter, G. Taylor, Reutlinger, Chirhart, E. Ryan, Paquette. 1st JR. CLASS—Misses Harrison, E. Papin, Considine, T. Ewing, Hutchison, Clarke, P. Ewing, Fisk, Knighton, Jaeger.

FRENCH.

1st CLASS—Misses Silverthorn, Rosing, Lemontey. 2d Div.—Misses I. Semmes, O'Neil, Cavenor, A. Ewing, Neu. 2d CLASS—Misses S. Wathen, Callinan, Campbell, C. Wathen, Cox, Davis.

GERMAN.

1st CLASS—Misses Usselman, Gall, Saloman, Horner, Regens-

burg, Greenebaum. 2d CLASS—Misses McMahon, Smith, C. Hackett, Engel, Bischoff, Krieg, Cronin. 3d CLASS—Misses M. Fitzgerald, Ward, Quinn, M. Hamilton, Piersol, A. Dillon, Reutlinger, Ginz, Duncan, C. Campbell. 2d Div.—Misses Gibbons, Harrison, Chirhart, Carter, Fleming, S. Semmes, Casey, Moll, Hutchison, Jaeger, Joseph, Moxon, Considine, Zimmerman.

Tablet of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, Neteler, Sullivan, Ward, Ryan, Hackett, Quinn, Galen, Farrell, Danaher, Kirchner, I. Semmes, Dillon, Ussleman, Otto, Mitchell, Winston, Smith, Walsh, Cronin, O'Neill, Loeber, Fitzgerald, Gall, Donnelly, De Lapp, Wells, Bischoff, Bruser, McMahon, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Taylor, Zahm, Callinan, Piersol, Campbell, Keys, Murphy, Hackley, Lancaster, Hamilton, Simms, Dessaint, Baroux, Gavan, Davis, Orr, Regensburg, Hammond, McFadden, Thompson, Rasche, Reinhard, Halloran, Wright, Cleghorn, Engel, Wurzburg, Swayze, Keena, Edelen, Moxon, Tallman, Reynolds, McCormick, Paddock, Krieg, McCoy, *par excellence*. Misses McGrath, Ewing, Woodin, Keenan, Maloney, Hambleton, Cavenor, Cortright, Rosing, Buck, A. Ewing, Gordon, Lloyd, Neu, English, Julius, Palmer, O'Connor, Price, Greenebaum, Horner, Saloman, Purdy, Leydon, Wall, Cox, Brown.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, A. Dillon, C. Campbell, E. Populorum, Jaeger, P. Ewing, T. Ewing, Knighton, M. Fitzgerald, Robinson, Baroux, *par excellence*. Misses Paquett, Considine, Strawn.

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SPEER & MITCHELL (N. S. Mitchell, of '72) Attorneys at Law, No. 225 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

THOMAS B. CLIFFORD (of '62), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner for all the States, 206 Broadway (cor. Fulton), New York. Special attention given to Depositions.

JOHN F. McHUGH [of '72], Attorney at Law. Office 65 and 67 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

ORVILLE T. CHAMBERLAIN (of '61), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds. Office, 93 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.

WILLIAM J. CLARKE (of '74), Attorney at Law Rooms 3 & 4, Law Building, No. 67 S High St., Columbus, O.

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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., W. y Freight.

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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.
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Time Table, in Effect JUNE 8, 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 "	
12.23 "	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.	11.22 "	
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 "	8.31 "	- - - 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 7.45 a.m. - - - Arrive Indianapolis 11.00 a.m.
" " 6.40 p.m. " " 9.50 p.m.

RETURNING

Leave Indianapolis 12.25 p.m., - - - Arrive Peru 3.50 p.m.
" " 11.10 " " " 2.55 a.m.

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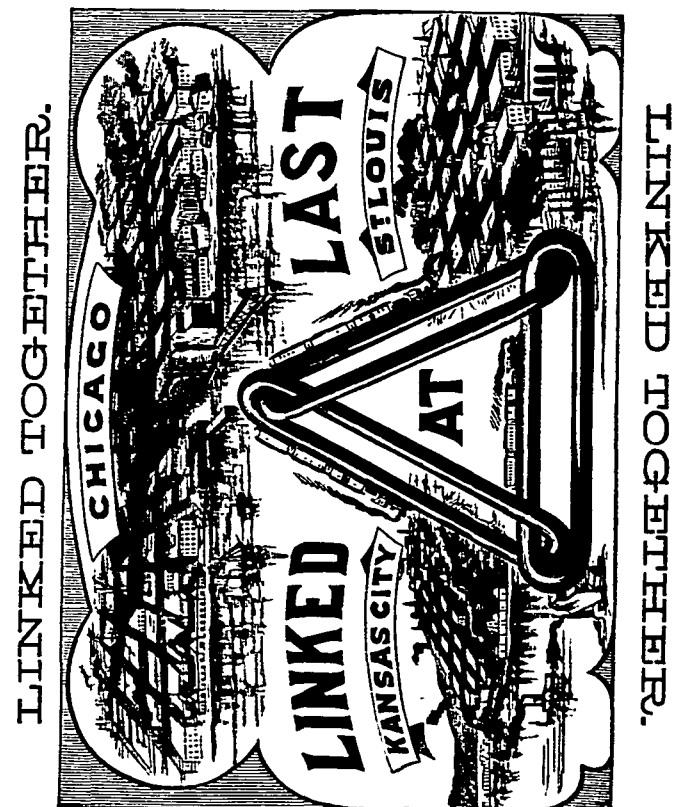
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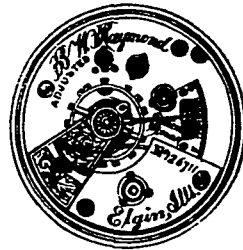
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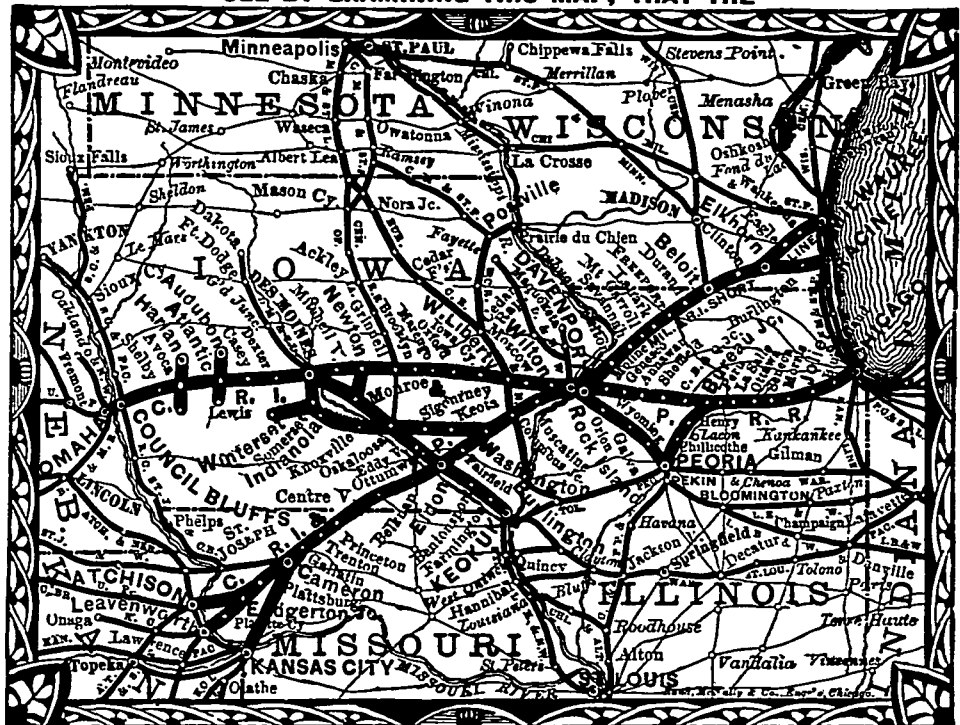
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