

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## To M.

Gone to her home  
Ere her young heart had learned to know  
The pangs of grief, the shafts of woe—  
Ere her young feet in sin had trod,  
We laid her 'neath the cool green sod  
To rest, five years ago.  
Gone to her home!

We do not weep,  
For though the deep, heart-rending sigh  
Wells from the heart, we closed thine eye  
Forever in a quiet sleep.  
Gave vent to grief so strong, so deep—  
But we'd not call thee from the sky,  
No more we weep!

Gone to her home!  
Upon a loving Saviour's breast  
She finds the soul's sweet, lasting rest,  
While we 'mid fear and peril roam.  
But we shall meet in that blue dome  
Where gather all the loved and blest,  
Shall meet—at home!

NOTRE DAME, August 10th.

ANONYMOUS.

## Novels and a Novelist.

In this age of progress and science, there are few things so striking as the high place which novels and novelists have won for themselves in modern literature. At first sight, it seems somewhat inconsistent that the century which prides itself on the strictly practical view it takes of life should seek and find in the novel not only its amusement but its instruction. The inconsistency is but a seeming one, and quickly disappears before a right insight into the cause of the popularity of the novel. The reason is not far to see; it lies on the surface. Indicated in the old hackneyed quotation from Terence—"*Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto*,"—it is better understood and more pithily expressed in Pope's oft-repeated line, "The noblest study of mankind is man." What was true in past days is ever true,—is true now. But this generation has seized upon and grasped this truth more earnestly and dived into it deeper than ever their forefathers did; and what was true of past generations, is truer and more applicable to this: that to men and women there is nothing so interesting and instructive as men and women. The never-dying interest of the sexes in each other, the display of new characters, the development of new phases of old characters, the delineations of

types, provincial and national, the gradual unfolding of the moral and intellectual faculties side by side with physical growth, the unravelling of what seems threads of destiny running through and uniting various lives, the dramatic issues that arise from the close union or forced separation of these lives, the strife of good and evil principles in the world, the joys and sorrows, the falls and strivings, the defeats and triumphs of men and women, have a charm and interest for the modern world such as only a few cultivated minds of days gone by could have understood and shared. And this triumph of the novel, the story of real life over the romance, the legend of the heroic, is but another presentment and further proof of the practical character of the 19th century.

It is a curious fact, and suggestive of thought, but unhappily one over which we cannot pause to dwell, that to the same country which in Elizabeth's days gave England her greatest dramatist Shakespeare, modern England owes George Eliot, her greatest novelist. We use the term "greatest" novelist neither rashly nor without thought. In estimating the success and position of a novelist, we may proceed in two different ways. We may judge either by an external or an internal standard. The external standard is the opinion of mankind. The old proverb, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," if it be not over-strained or applied indiscriminately, has a fair amount of truth in it; and in this question it is peculiarly true, and the people are excellent judges. For a novelist's task is the painting of real life; the people read the story, compare it with their life, see if it is like, and judge accordingly. Now what is the testimony of the people to the merits of George Eliot? A new work by this writer is announced; men's minds are stirred; the book is anxiously awaited, and brought up immediately on its issue from the press. Read and re-read with profound attention; its incidents and characters are carefully studied, and form the subjects of long and serious discussion; and the people who do this are not only boys and girls, not only men and women suffering from modern society's curse—ennui, and on the lookout for any means of alleviating it—no, they are the world's *elite*, the man of business and the man of letters, the poet and the philosopher, the statesman and the divine. Such a tribute of interest and admiration paid to George Eliot, and among novelists to her alone, sufficiently shows their appreciation of her position.

But thoughtful men and students will always prefer the internal standard of judgment, the degree of conformity between the writer's work and the ideal of the art. Now, bearing in mind what has already been said of the interest men and women take in the lives and actions of their fellows, and the fact that the novel is the story of real life, it will be no difficult task to arrive at the causes to which George

Eliot owes her success. There are, we take it, three qualifications every good novelist must possess; and the higher the degree of their possession, the greater the work will be. These qualifications are: realism of persons and incident, well defined characterization, and a good style. Reserving the two last for a future occasion, let us turn our attention now to the first, or realism. The novelist then must depict real incidents, must draw real characters. Now in George Eliot's works the incidents are the occurrences of everyday life; they are the accidents and happenings with which we are all familiar, and which we see or read of day after day. Her characters are the men and women of society, the men with whom we transact business. They are not figures drawn from pure fancy, they are our friends, the people we jostle in the streets, the men and women we meet in the parks, or see at the theatre, or in church. A chapter of George Eliot's is a picture of breathing, moving life, skilfully seized, and truthfully transferred. Children, boys and girls, men and women, their rank and position matters not, they are the people we know, people governed by the inexorable laws and conditions that bind and rule the real men and women of the world; they are true to life. And we admit this, unconsciously may be; for what else is the likeness we find between these characters and people whom we know except confession of their reality?

The history of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, their childish talk, their little quarrels and reconciliations, bring back to one's recollection many a scene of past childhood. Tom's contemptuous indifference for all his sister's attainments strikes an answering chord in every boy's breast; whilst Maggie's finer nature, with its keen longing for love, which is never given, is a moving picture of many a girl's present existence, so true, so moving, that in reading it a tender-minded person actually feels the dull, aching pain that arises from unsatisfied love. Nor is she less successful in dealing with grown-up people. The Dodsons, the narrow-minded, uneducated women, brought up to reverence and admire the ways and manners of their family to the disparagement of all others, so much so, that they will never taste butter or preserves in a strange house, because they were not made after the Dodson method and making of this Dodsonism a religion: it is laughable, petty, mean, if you will; but it is none the less true. Such characters are still to be found in almost any English village, or in the suburbs of her smaller towns. And Sterling, the parson and tutor, is limned as truly as Riley the auctioneer, the house of the fashionable guests, as faithfully as that of the business man, Mr. Deane. In every case, it is life as it exists that is painted, the life that each of us may see, with all its miseries, its discomforts and littleness.

But George Eliot rests not in realism alone; she sees there is another side to life, and therefore her realism never becomes like that of Thackeray, the realism of a cynic which admits nothing in this world but moral mediocrity. Such realism, lacking as it does, full insight into the springs and motive-power of man's action, renders an author incapable of attaining perfection. Furthermore, it is untrue to nature; for few, I fancy, of the plodders across the waste of life have not met men, examples of high moral virtue, whose actions were guided by lofty principles, and whose lives were shaped to noble ends and moulded on a grand ideal. And here, too, George Eliot is true to life. Romola gathering from Savonarola's teaching

that the miseries of life are not to be shunned but to be borne patiently, that happiness is not gained by avoiding but by facing the trials of existence, and that help must be drawn from the example of the Crucified, Maggie thinking, and thinking rightly, that she has discovered in the well-worn pages of an old copy of Thomas à Kempis an ideal that sheds light on her trials and makes them easier to be borne; these, and other examples like them, show that George Eliot has not failed to grasp the moral side of man's life in a high degree. And yet it is here that she fails the most; for Positivist as she is, it is out of her power to seize fully the power of Christ's moral teaching and example on the lives of His followers, and hence comes that quenching and exhaustion of spirit in which so many of her finest characters are permitted to flicker out their lives.

It is then primarily to the union of this severe and truthful realism with high idealism that George Eliot owes her pre-eminence in the novelist's art. Add to this her masterly grasp of the humorous and pathetic sides of life, and sufficient will have been said to account for her popularity. And in conclusion we may add that a novelist who can, as she, move an audience at her pleasure to laughter or tears, will ever command success. C.

### Where Shall I Write my Name?

"The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds  
With a strange beauty. Earth received again  
Its garments of a thousand dyes; and leaves,  
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,  
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

The moist earth  
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were singing, as if life  
Were a new thing to them."

And as on the mossy banks of a silvery stream I sat gazing at the loveliness around me, the fragrance and the song stole into the inmost recesses of my being, awakening new thoughts and nobler aspirations. Presently, methought a heavenly sweetness filled the air, and a voice soft as the music of the pines, whispered in my ear: "A new day has crossed the threshold of life, and the glory of the Creator yet lingering around it, it begins its onward course. O immortal soul! art thou to be the only idler in the glorious universe? Shall the birds and every living creature leave their impress, and thou alone give no token of thy passage? Loiter no longer; come, and together we shall seek a spot whereon to write in ineffaceable characters the name conferred upon thee by thy Creator." Thrilled to the soul by the words of the unseen spirit, I started to my feet, and in the golden light of the summer morning began the mystic search.

Passing swiftly onward, soon before my admiring gaze appeared the boundless ocean; its foamy billows tossing ever and anon their rainbow-tinted spray o'er the rock-bound coast, round which the sea-gulls skim the crested waves, mingling their plaintive voices with the tempest's roar. Wild, vast, magnificent, the mighty deep rolled before me, and it seemed as if earth could have no grander spot whereon to trace my name in ineffaceable characters.

O holy spirit, tell me shall it be here on the shining sands of the sea-shore, beside the resting-place of the fair and brave who once so fearlessly sailed its foamy billows? In a voice like the murmur of the sea when the waves lie sleeping in the golden beauty of the dawn, came the answer: "Write it not here; the incoming wave in its ebbing flow would carry the sand to the ocean's depth and blot it out forever."

Onward again, and now I behold a mighty forest, far from the broad expanse of the stormy deep; its towering trees reaching heavenward; its grand oaks covered with the clustering moss of a century's growth. See the giant branches that have sheltered in their dense foliage gay-plumed warblers for many a generation. Shall it be there, under the shade of the rustling trees, and 'mid the fragrance of woodland flowers? There, where great naturalists would fix their habitation as in an earthly paradise? Shall it be there, traced on every leaf and mossy stone, as another Agassiz, to whom Nature saith—

"Come wander with me  
Into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God!"

"No, not there; for with the lapse of years the stately trees and granite rocks will, one by one, decay, and sinking back to the bosom of earth, will leave no trace but the mouldering dust."

Wandering along, open plains and beautiful valleys met my view. Here had been the scene of many a valiant contest between the strength and pride of nations. "Here armies had taken their position: the banners waved in the wind; the plumes floated on the helmets; the rich caparisons of the horses, and the steel and golden armor of the knights, glistened in the first rays of the orb of day." Here men, in the sublimity of human prowess, had shed their blood in defence of liberty or right. Shall I not write it here with a Cæsar, a Miltiades, an Alexander? "No," said the clarion voice of my spirit-guide; "write not the title of God's image in a spot stained with blood, shed for the acquisition of human glory."

Again we wandered on, till vine-clad hills and sunny skies awaked the memory of the mightiest geniuses the world has ever known. Shall I not write it on the Scrolls of Fame with a Michael Angelo, a Leonardo da Vinci, a Murillo, a Raphael—

"Whose fame is fameless, though he reached Fame's goal,  
And left us glory shining from his soul?"—

Shall I write it there, that when returned to dust it may be said—

"Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies"?

Or shall it be among the great musicians, whose rich harmonies once held spell-bound the courts of kings; and still echoing through the corridors of time, yet charm the ear of the enraptured listener? Shall my name be written with Haydn, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven? or shall it be with Homer, Dante, Milton, or in the spacious halls of learning with Newton, Bossuet, Fénelon and St. Thomas? or yet again, where Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and the Chaldean shepherds have written theirs? among the myriad stars of the firmament? "No, no: seek farther a more fitting place; the time will come when these shall be no more." Shall I write it in the hearts of men with the pen of true affection, and of noble, unexampled deeds? "No, not there; soon will the icy hand of death erase it forever."

The shades of night are gathering fast, Nature is seeking her repose, and my task is yet unfinished. O tell me, heavenly guide, where to trace my name in letters never to be effaced! "O great immortal soul! not on ocean, forest, or scrolls of fame, should thy glorious name be traced; but far beyond this planet, in a spot where crested waves cannot erase, nor death, nor time destroy. Know you not yet the only fitting spot?" Yes, messenger of God, in the Book of Life. There, with the spotless virgins, the triumphant army of martyrs, the countless host who stand before the throne of the Lamb, I will write in the eternal manuscripts of God the name of my immortal soul, for

"False the light on Glory's plume  
As fading hues of even,  
And love and hope and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb.  
There's nothing bright but heaven."

M. A. H.

### Monuments.

We read in history that, from the remotest ages of antiquity, it has been a universal custom among men to erect magnificent monuments in commemoration of the great events of time. Among the first of these was the altar raised by Noe in gratitude to the Lord for his deliverance from the deluge. Years after, when the descendants of Noe became so numerous that it was necessary for them to separate, they wished, before parting, to erect a monument which would reach the sky, and render their name forever famous. But God frustrated their foolish design, and the unfinished tower of Babel remained not as a monument of their greatness but as a memorial of the wrath of God. Of all the antique monuments scattered over the surface of the globe, there are none more wonderful or more perfectly preserved than those of Egypt. To their beauty and renown Egypt owes part of her celebrity; and to them, also, we are indebted for much of our information regarding her ancient history. If all that we read regarding this famous country be true, what a magnificent spectacle must it have formerly presented, when amid its twenty thousand villages and cities, were seen monuments of every description. Among the most noted of these were the famous pyramids and labyrinth. The latter was built by the twelve kings, who together governed Egypt for fifteen years, as a memorial of the perfect harmony existing among them. 'Tis said to have contained three thousand apartments adorned with all that is most precious.

The splendid mausoleum of Osymandias, one of the Egyptian kings, also holds a prominent place among the great monuments of ancient Egypt. On reading of it one scarcely knows which to admire most: the costly material of which it was made, or the genius of the sculptor by whom it was designed. Sesostris, the great conqueror of nations, also embellished this country by a great number of monuments, commemorative of his victories. On several of these triumphal columns was engraved the following pompous inscription: "Sesostris, king of kings and lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." But where are now those monuments of fame which were once the admiration of mankind? Ask the ravager Time, who has left to the gaze of the traveller of to-day only a heap of crumbling ruins. History tells us of the beautiful

monuments of Babylon,—the famous hanging gardens, the temple of Belus supposed to be identical with the tower of Babel, its bridges, towers and splendid palaces—all combining to make it the most magnificent city that ever existed.

Passing eastward, let us pause in classic Greece, and gaze on the superb monument, erected in memory of the three hundred Spartans who so nobly shed their blood in defence of their country's rights at Thermopylæ. On this memorial of the nation's love for the brave dead, were engraved the following words: "Go, traveller, and tell Sparta we died here in obedience to her sacred laws." Near the city of Alexandria was seen a bullock of sand, erected as a monument to the remains of Pompey by a freeman, an old and faithful soldier.

Next, Rome presents to us her catacombs, the humble monuments of martyrs,—monuments, the silent grandeur of which speaks in mute but eloquent language of the sublime faith and heroic fortitude of our forefathers in the Church of God. Chateaubriand justly says: "The monuments of the idolators tell you of nothing but the past, that of the Christian speaks only of the future." Do the monuments erected by Septimus Severus, Titus, or Trajan, speak of aught but the glorious victories of the past? But what consoling thoughts do not the monuments of the Christian bring to the mind! With what eloquence they plead the cause of Christianity, elevating the mind and inspiring pure, heavenly thoughts, alone worthy of the soul of man!

From Italy let us direct our steps towards France. Near Paris monuments were formerly seen, famous among all the monuments of men. The royal sepulchre of St. Denis stood like a vast shrine in the centre of power and luxury. There the sovereigns of France were successively entombed for many a generation. Among the monuments of a later date are those with which Louis XIV embellished France, the principal being the palace of Versailles; and l'Hotel des Invalides is another monument, a striking contrast to the former, the tomb of the great but hapless emperor. Erected to honor the remains of the unfortunate general, it speaks with voiceless eloquence of the nothingness of earthly grandeur.

The ruins of ancient monuments have also been found in the United States; but so obscure is their history that not even the torch of tradition has been able to throw any light upon their origin. America, like all other nations, has the patriotic custom of erecting beautiful memorials over the remains of her brave dead. One of the oldest and most celebrated monuments of America is that of Bunker Hill, raised on the very spot where the first blood of the revolutionary war was shed. But far more beautiful and imposing are the monuments that God has left us: some, memorials of His awful wrath; others, of His boundless love. Speaking of the Deluge, Chateaubriand beautifully tells us that "God having accomplished His vengeance, commanded the sea to retire within the abyss; but He determined to impress on the globe everlasting traces of His wrath. The relics of the elephant of India were piled up in the regions of Siberia; the shell-fish of the Magellanic shores were fixed in the quarries of France; whole beds of marine substances settled upon the summits of the Alps, of Taurus, and of the Cordilleras; and those mountains themselves were the monuments which God left in the three worlds, to commemorate His triumph over the wicked, as a monarch erects a trophy on the field where he has defeated his enemies."

"We need not search far for the monuments of God's love; they surround us on every side, from the hoary mountain, hiding beneath its rugged sides the glittering treasures on which man loves to gaze, to the murmuring streamlet quenching his thirst and turning the mill-wheel on which his daily sustenance depends. But there is yet another monument of which we ourselves must be the architect, one which the poet beautifully describes when he says:

"But while I breathe so let my life be spent,  
As in renown of noble deeds to find a monument."

### Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

This proverb, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," does not apply alone to the grand old oaks which grace our forests, but to everything in general. All things must have a beginning, whether in the order of nature or of grace.

The immense rivers which flow through our lands, watering the soil and floating the ships which bear merchandise from country to country, all begin with a tiny streamlet, gushing from some cool, refreshing spring on the mountain top. The beautiful cities which once rested on the face of the earth did not appear in one day, nor are those of the present time the work of an hour no, or even of a lifetime. The largest and most magnificent churches, palaces or dwelling-houses, were begun with but one single stone or brick, and little by little grew to the lofty dimensions which so delight our eye.

The lovely plants which adorn our fields and houses were at first but tender little shoots, needing much attention: the wild flowers of the fields being watered from the heavens; our beautiful house plants, by our fostering care. The lovely blossoms they produce also spring from the tiny bud which at last is seen growing on the tender plants, of which we have taken so much care. Day by day, its fair petals unfold beneath the genial rays of the sun, until a perfect flower is displayed in all its fragrant beauty. The mighty oak, called the king of the forest, first sprang from the tiny acorn which fell to the ground when the bright leaves of autumn carpeted the earth. In a small spark commences the conflagration that destroys cities. Yes, only one spark was needed to kindle the devouring flames which destroyed so vast a portion of the fair city of Chicago, and rendered so many thousands homeless. In the same manner, with a single spark began the fire that spread little by little, till at last so great a conflagration raged in Boston that in a few days it destroyed many millions of dollars' worth of property. The mighty avalanche, falling down the mountain side like a frozen river, destroying whole villages and hurling thousands of souls into eternity, begins with a few flakes of snow silently falling through the air. Indeed everything in nature teaches us this great truth, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

In the mental world the same proverb also holds true. The most celebrated artists did not begin with the largest and most elegant pictures; no, but with a few strokes of the brush. It was only by continual practice that they arrived at that degree of perfection which has called forth the admiration of the world. Take, for example, Benjamin West, who is now one of the most celebrated of Ameri-

can painters. The first attempt he ever made at sketching was one day while he was watching his baby-sister sleeping in her cradle. Seized by a sudden impulse, he took a piece of charcoal and traced on a piece of rough board the features of the sleeping babe; his rough sketch was in a short time finished. Seeing the talent in her child, the mother spared no efforts to cultivate it, and was rewarded by seeing the diadem of fame resting on the forehead of her son, showing us again that "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

The poet begins, like every one else, with the rudiments of language, advancing step by step till at last the glory of his name is spread over the whole world. The greatest elocutionist commences with the letters of the alphabet. Only by hard study does he at last reach the end which has so long been his constant aim. Take for another example the saints who now enjoy the eternal glory of paradise. The greatest saint begins with the practice of the smallest virtues, and little by little reaches that perfection which merits his everlasting reward in heaven.

C. M.

### The Present.

Of the three periods of time, the past, the present and the future, none should be more precious in our eyes than the present. Time, in its endless course, making the present, past, and the future, present, affords us the greatest chance to use the present to our advantage. We have the past to ponder over, the present to act in, the future to prepare for. Of the past we have no further use; we are not sure of the future; and the present alone offers itself to man, who may put it to any use he chooses. The world is like a stage, on which we are the actors. We pass on and off and leave impressions behind us. We have the several actors of the past to imitate; we have their experience to guide us; and by means of their assistance we are enabled to make the best use of the present.

The fleeting hours of the present are lent us for our use, and should they not be of priceless value? We can hardly catch a glimpse of the present, for the moment that is now present soon forms a part of that fathomless abyss—the past. We never think of the value of a day until it is too late, never regard it as our most priceless possession until it is at its close. "Seek not time when time is past, but use it in the present." What are the thoughts addressed to a mis-spent day?

"Farewell, O day mis-spent!  
Thy fleeting hours were lent  
In vain for my endeavor,  
A little wave to strike  
The sad, responsive shore,  
And be succeeded by its like  
Ever and evermore."

Yes, a day mis-spent may be the cause of lasting regret, and form an unpleasant scene in the panorama of the past. Like the waves that rush toward the pebbled shore, do the minutes hasten to their end: each takes the place of the one before, and brings an additional weight to the burden of life, then passes on, never to return.

The dangers of delay are too numerous and fearful to mention. Lingerings labors, no matter how good they may be, amount to very little in the end, and "good is best when soonest wrought." Some are always procrastinating, intending to do to-morrow; but, as some one was once heard to say: "Who ever saw to-morrow?" The present comes to such persons, but is laid aside like a useless plaything. They content themselves with idly watching the fleeting moments, like children gathering sand only to see it slip through their fingers; and thus is lost to them that time which might have been the source of untold blessings. As to-day steps in and takes the place of yesterday, let us welcome it with good resolutions, and thus the present, as it passes onward, will carry with it no unpleasant remembrance of mis-spent days.

M.

—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—*Ruskin*.

### Scientific Notes.

—New York was first supplied by a company which erected a small pumping-engine about 1800. Next come Cincinnati in 1877, then Detroit in 1827, and Richmond in 1830.

—The cable steamer Hooper sailed from Boston, July 16, carrying 160,000 bushels of grain, 525 cattle, 1,450 sheep, 12,000 bags of flour, and about 400 tons of general merchandise.

—The first application of steam to pumping was in Philadelphia, in 1800, when the third steam-engine of any considerable size in the United States was erected on the banks of the Schuylkill.

—The first works in America for the supply of water to towns were constructed by Hans Christopher Christianesen, and put in operation June 20, 1754, at the Moravian settlement of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

—Edison's electric light was first used at sea by the steamer Columbia, and on its arrival at Portland, Oregon, July 26, the chief engineer reported that the system had worked with entire satisfaction during the whole trip in all kinds of weather.

—Galloway says that the most effectual way of preventing disastrous explosions in coal mines where there is not much fire-damp, but where there is a vast quantity of dry dust, is to keep the floor of the mine continually wet with water alone, or with a weak solution of calcium chloride.

—A Norwich botanist, amazed the other day at the rapid growth of a fungus, calculated that it had developed 10,000,000 cells in one day, or 116 cells a second. Prof. Gray, however, cites an instance where a century plant formed 2,000,000 cells in every twenty-four hours, or 231,481 a second.

—M. Trouvé has made an improvement in Siemens' bobbins for dynamo-electric machines. He makes the polar surfaces of snail form, so that the surfaces approach those of the magnet gradually till the moment that the posterior edge escapes from the pole and repulsion commences.

—Photographs have been obtained by J. N. Lockyer of the spectrum of carbon in oxygen and in chlorine which correspond with the supposed carbon lines in the solar spectrum. The carbon lines in the solar spectrum are not reversed, showing that the vapor exists at a lower temperature and pressure than the metallic vapors in the sun's atmosphere. It must, therefore, exist above the chromosphere.

—Lately a mound was opened in Brush Creek Township, Ohio, by the Historical Society of the township. In it were found skeletons of various sizes: 1st, one skeleton of a woman, 8 feet in height; next, they found 2 skeletons, of which one measured 9 feet and the other eight; finally, they found one skeleton not less than 10 feet in length. From a stone tablet found at the head of one grave, Dr. Everhard of Zanesville, the supervisor of the work, concludes that this giant race were sun-worshippers.

—To detect the presence of chicory in coffee, says Prunier, the microscope examination is the best; but as this is not always possible, the following method may be employed: The coffee is spread on a sheet of white paper. The grains of coffee then present an angular appearance, while the chicory has an amorphous appearance, and is of a darker color. When the suspected grains are picked out with a needle, the coffee grains will jump away or are split by it, but the chicory grains, being softer, are easily punctured. The softer grains when crushed carefully between the teeth produce a gritty sensation like fine sand. If chicory is present, its flavor is more of an acid bitter than the aromatic bitter taste of coffee.

—It is a matter of considerable difficulty to discover whether cotton-seed oil has been used to adulterate olive oil. Benjamin Nickles (*Chemical News*, July 16,) thinks that the spectroscope might be turned to account in detecting its presence. This is his reasoning: When examined with a good direct-vision instrument, pure olive oil presents a deep shadowing of the blue or violet ray, with an



indistinct line in the green and a strong band in the red; and cotton-seed oil, while giving exactly the same sort of blue or violet ray, shows no line in the green or band in the red. If, therefore, a stratum of pure olive oil and a like one of the pure oil in admixture with cotton-seed oil be severally examined and compared, there will be no difference observable, so far as the shadowing of the blue and violet is concerned; but the adulterated sample will give hardly any line in the green, and the strong band in the red will be found to have not nearly anything of the depth and intensity presented by the pure or standard stratum. A dilution of 25 per cent, he says, may thus be determined. This method is not advanced as absolute proof that there had been cotton-seed oil put into an adulterated sample of olive oil, but only as affording strong presumptive evidence that such had been the fact.

### Art, Music and Literature.

—Dr. Samuel Smiles is writing a companion volume to "Self-help," under the title of "Duty."

—Mr. George E. Whiting's "Song of the Viking" will probably soon be produced in Cincinnati.

—Charles Scribner's Sons will publish early in September Cable's "Grandissimes," now published in *Scribner's Monthly*.

—Major J. M. Bundy, editor of the *New York Evening Mail*, is writing the life of General Garfield for A. S. Barnes & Co.

—Robert Clark & Co. are to be the publishers of John James Platt's next volume of poems. It will bear the title of "Penciled Fly Leaves."

—"Blind Tom" rehearsed with an orchestra yesterday, at Steinway Hall, Beethoven's Fourth Concerto," says the *New York Times* of the 4th.

—Mr. Gus Hall, who has been singing in connection with the Spanish students, proposes to return to St. Louis and devote himself to teaching.

—The memoir of Francis Deak, the Hungarian statesman, lately published by the Macmillans, is from the pen of Miss Florence Arnold Foster.

—Mr. Theodore Thomas sailed from Liverpool on the steamer *Algeria*, of the Cunard Line, on the 31st ult., and is consequently due here this week.

—It is stated that the Strahkosh and Hess English Opera Company opens the 8th of November in Montreal, and the 15th at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. expect to issue shortly a collection of the earlier and later poems of Frances Ridley Havergal under the title of "Life Chords."

—Porter & Coates' new juvenile "Clover Beach" will far surpass in contents, beauty of execution, and illustrations, any similar book that they have issued.

—Roberts Brothers have in press a volume of miscellaneous poems by Mr. Edwin Arnold, including his "Indian Song of Songs," and other Oriental pieces.

—Yet another "Faust" has made its appearance in the musical world, an opera of that name, by A. M. Edouard Lassen, having been produced with success at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin.

—"The Duchess," a new comic opera, the music for which was composed by Mr. Pierre Bernard and Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard, had its first production at Richmond, Va., last Friday night.

—Porter and Coates' new editions of Gibbon and Hume, printed from entirely new stereotype plates, will be complete in five volumes each, and will be uniform with their well-known editions of Macaulay.

—Estes & Lauriat are preparing for a very busy fall campaign. Twelve presses at the famous University are now running on the juveniles, new editions of Dickens, and other books which they are getting ready.

—The Arbuckle concert company has been organized as follows: Miss Lizzie E. Arbuckle, soprano; Miss Annie

E. Beere, contralto; Mr. Willet Seaman, baritone; Mr. M. Arbuckle, cornet; Mr. George W. Colby, musical director.

—Mme. Sembrich will appear at sixteen performances during the months of September and October at Madrid. This accomplished vocalist is engaged for the next year or two, a Russian campaign being included in her future plans.

—There is a report that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is negotiating in Europe with Mr. Gye for the exportation of the Covent Garden opera company to America next winter. "The report is not official, but it seems plausible," says the *New York Herald*.

—A story founded on what happened in Wales in 1843, at the time of the so-called Rebecca riots, entitled "The Rebecca Rioter," written by Miss Dillwyn, the daughter of a member of Parliament for Swansea, will shortly be published by Macmillan & Co.

—The Ideal colored concert company has been organized for the coming season by the Redpath Bureau as follows: Mme. Selika, soprano; Mr. Williams, baritone; Wallace King, tenor; Lewis Brown, basso; Joseph R. Brendis, violinist; and (probably) Miss Anna J. Meek, contralto.

—A cablegram received from Miss Anna Louise Cary announces that she has signed with Manager Mapleson for the coming season, but will be ready to receive concert engagements from Sept. 27 to Oct. 10. Miss Cary will arrive in this country in season to fill her engagements at the Worcester Musical Festival.

—Mr. Horace E. Scudder has gathered together his recent contributions to the press into a volume bearing the title "Stories and Romances," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish early in the fall. He is now busy with his "Bodley" book for the holidays. This year he takes the old gentleman to Europe, but the rest of the family stay at home.

—Dr. S. Austen Pearce will produce during the coming season his new "comedy-opera," "La Belle Americaine." This work is in two acts, the libretto by Charles Barnard. As to its musical merit it is not possible to speak, but Dr. Pearce's ability as a musician is well known, and the performance of "La Belle Americaine" will be awaited with interest by the numerous friends of the composer.

—To the Cincinnati College of Music has just been added a department for the training of vocalists to sing and act upon the operatic stage. During the season there will be given a series of operatic performances in which professional singers and students of the college will appear. These operas will be given in Dexter Hall, which will be arranged with a complete stage for such performances.

—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have in preparation a Sarah Bernhardt edition of the younger Dumas' powerful novel, "Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette." The work will be highly important as a complete key to Mdle. Bernhardt's conception of Camille. It will also be a fitting souvenir of the great French actress' visit to this country, and on the cover will be found a capital portrait of her.

—The death is announced at Bologna of Nicola Ivanoff, the rival of Rubini, and one of the most celebrated tenors of his age. Ivanoff was born in 1810 at Pultava, in Lower Russia, and in 1830 he arrived at Milan to study singing under the celebrated master, Elidoro Bianchi. His fame soon spread beyond Italy, and in 1834 he went to England, where criticisms are still extant from the pens of Lords Mount-Edgcombe, Chorley, and Moscheles.

—Messrs. Max Strakosch and C. D. Hess have, it is announced, engaged Mme. Rôze, Miss Rose Hersee, Mlle. Stella Bonheur, Arturo Byron, Signor Peruigni, Agustus Montegriffo, W. D. Carleton, Mr. Braga, George A. Cowly, and Mr. Peakes. Musical directors, Mr. Behrens and Signor De Novellis. The repertory will include "Aida," "Mignon," "Mephistopheles," "Fra Diavolo," "Carmen," and other favorite operas. The season will begin on the 15th of November in Boston.

—The *London Figaro* says that, although no engagement has yet been made with Mme. Christine Nilsson for the United States, and although she declares Mr. Maple-

son has not even broached the subject of an engagement to her, it is not at all unlikely that the prima donna will go to America in the winter on private and financial business. Mme. Nilsson invested £40,000 in Boston and £6,000 in Chicago real estate, and, as her business affairs here have become somewhat involved, she thinks of coming in person to attend to them. That she will not sing if she comes is highly improbable.

—Zelda Seguin will remain with the Emma Abbott company notwithstanding her marriage. "This event," says a correspondent of the *Baltimore American*, "is not so singular in view of the circumstances involved in the death of her husband. Years ago, when Mr. Edwin Seguin had but little money, he made a will on the eve of a journey, with his wife's consent, leaving it to his mother or both his parents, partly for safety. This will was left unrevoked and without any modification. It is well known that for long before his death he was only employed by managers, because his wife would not accept an engagement without him, and that the money they made was earned by her and not by him. Yet at his death every dollar of it went to old Mme. Seguin, who is, however, very indignant at Zelda for being willing to accept a successor to her son."

—If we had to explain what it is which gives its highest attraction to Irish poetry, we should say its skill in expressing lightness of heart. Not that we hold the Irish, especially the Irish of to-day, to be a very light-hearted people, rather the reverse; but they seem to us to have, in a higher degree than any Teutonic race, the power of touching a subject with combined tenderness and gaiety, but without throwing, as we say, the whole heart into it. No literature shows so great a genius for playfulness and sweetness combined; for the tenderness which skims lightly over its objects, enjoying its own light touch, and yet is true tenderness all the time, as the Celtic and especially the Irish. It is gay and tender at once; the heart is always in it, but is always lightly in it,—by which we do not mean superficially, but at its ease, and not absorbed, not at full tension, but enjoying the play of fancy. The Irish magic of touch is not the highest magic, but is almost the highest magic compatible with the interpretation of a light heart. That "reaction against the despotism of facts," which we have often been told that Celtic faith and Celtic fancy always show, is never shown to greater advantage than when it is quite conscious and playful, and employed in choosing deliberately a language of delicate flattery, perfectly confessed as flattery, but not the less expressing at the same time love and gaiety. The Irish are the best flatterers in the world, for they know how to mingle fun till you hardly know whether it is the playful extravagance or the feeling which seems to dictate it, that pleases you the most.—*London Spectator*.

—The Papacy has woven garlands of truth around the brow of the centuries' histories. It has fronted and faced the world from Peter to Leo XIII.

—When the Emperor Joseph II, while on his travels, under the name of Count Falkenstein, was at Metz, he attended a review. The count had no umbrella. A major-general offered his to the count which he refused, saying: "I value not a shower; it hurts nothing of a man but his clothes." The instant after all the umbrellas were folded up and disappeared. When the late Marquis of Cornwallis was leaving a nobleman's house, and stepping into his carriage, a servant offered to hold an umbrella over him. "Take that thing away," said his lordship; "I am neither sugar nor salt, to suffer by a shower of rain."

—Men's minds are like the pieces on a chessboard in their way of moving. One mind creeps from the square it is on to the next, straightforward like the pawns. Another sticks close to its own line of thought, and follows it as far as it goes, with no heed for others' opinions, as the bishop sweeps the board in the line of his own color. Another class of minds break through everything that lies before them, ride over argument and opposition, and go to the end of the board like the castle. But there is another

sort of mind which is very apt to jump over the thought that is next and come down in the unexpected way of the knight. But that same knight can contrive to get on every square of the board.

—Upon one occasion when Johnson was drinking with some friends at a tavern where he had run up a score, the landlord applied to him for the money, but, knowing the talent of his guest, said that he would forego the debt if Ben would tell him something that would please God, the devil, the company present, and himself. Ben did not hesitate, but thus addressed his landlord—

God is pleased when we depart from sin,  
The devil's pleased when we dwell therein,  
Your company's pleased when you draw in good wine,  
And thou'd be pleased if I would pay thee thine.

The landlord acknowledged the merit of the impromptu, cancelled the debt, and sent in an additional bowl to keep up that hilarity which Ben had thus happily provoked.

—Homer was a beggar. Terence, the dramatist, was a slave. Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. Lee, the poet, died in the street. Cervantes died of hunger. Spenser died in want. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor. Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress. Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved withal. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of £40. The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15 at these payments, and finished his life in obscurity. Camoens, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad" the great Portuguese epic, ended his days, it is said, in an alms-house, and at any rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for him.

—Mr. Loudon Snowden of Philadelphia, thus describes the origin and use of the motto *E Pluribus Unum*: "It is ascribed to Col. Reed, of Uxbridge, Mass. It first appeared on a copper coin struck at Newburg, N. Y., where there was a private mint. The pieces struck are dated 1786. In 1787 the motto appeared on several types of the New Jersey coppers; also on a very curious gold doubloon, or sixteen-dollar piece, coined by a goldsmith named Brasher. It was there put '*Unum E Pluribus*.' Only four of these pieces are known to be extant, and they are very valuable. One of them, in possession of the Mint, is supposed to be worth over \$1,000. When Kentucky was admitted in 1791, it is said copper coins were struck with '*E Pluribus Unum*.' They were made in England. The act of Congress of 1792, authorizing the establishment of a Mint, and the coinage of gold, silver, and copper, did not prescribe this motto, nor was it ever legalized. It was placed on gold coins in 1798. It was constantly used thereafter until 1731, when it was withdrawn from the quarter-dollar of new device. In 1835 it was dropped from gold coins to mark the coinage in the standard fineness of the coin. In 1837 it was dropped from the silver coins, marking the era of the revised Mint Code. It has been thought proper to restore it recently to our new silver dollar, without any special sanction of law, although the expression is one very proper for our coin."

The motto, literally translated, is "From more, one," but the meaning, as generally understood and as usually given, is "Many in one." This inconsistency has been made the subject of criticism, some saying that the motto should be *E Multis Unum*—"From many, one." However, the motto as we have it sounds better, and years have made it sacred in the ears of Americans; let us retain the familiar *E Pluribus Unum*.—[ED. SCHOLASTIC.]

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, August 14, 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 FOURTEENTH 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.

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—The SCHOLASTIC, now entering upon the fourteenth year of its existence, and looking upon itself as one of the patriarchs of college journalism, sends greeting to its old friends, the students of '79-'80, and hopes that all without exception are enjoying a happy vacation. It flatters itself with the hope that the pleasant relations which have always existed between it and them in the past, will be continued in the not distant future. It purposes to be during the coming year what it has always been heretofore—the exponent of the college life of the present, and the connecting link between the students of the past and their *Alma Mater*. It looks forward with a little pardonable impatience to the pleasure which it will have in forming the acquaintance of the new students of '80-'81, and in chronicling the successes in store for them; and it expects from them the same cordial co-operation that has served to make the SCHOLASTIC during the past thirteen years one of the distinctive features of college-life at Notre Dame.

—On the evening of Wednesday, April 23d, 1879, the University of Notre Dame was a smoking heap of unsightly ruins. Not a brick left standing of the grand University building—Infirmary, Music Hall, play-halls, gymnasiums, out-houses of all kinds to be rebuilt from the foundation—valuable libraries hopelessly ruined—costly museums totally destroyed—the work of forty years scattered to the winds—such is a brief synopsis of the crushing disaster with which the College authorities were then brought face to face. And yet, disheartening as the out-

look undoubtedly was, it cannot be said that there was any inclination manifested to indulge in useless regrets or unmanly sorrow. Quite the reverse. "There must and shall be new and better buildings ready for the accommodation of the students in September," was the only resolution that found expression on all sides. And never was resolution better kept. The work of reconstruction was immediately begun, and pushed forward with a vigor which excited general wonder and admiration. Within ninety days after the laying of the first stone in the foundations, the class-rooms were thrown open to the largest attendance of students that Notre Dame had seen for years. Of course, for a time many of the comforts which might have been hoped for, were missing; but students and faculty had from the start made up their minds to bear with all draw-backs and inconveniences without murmuring, and the results of the year's efforts were, on the whole, satisfactory to an unexpected degree. Meanwhile, the work was steadily progressing, and the finishing touches will have been put to the greater part of it before the opening of the classes in September, 1880. From the smoking heap of ruins of April, '79, the University of Notre Dame has become one of the most imposing and commodious structures of its kind in the United States, supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences, and capable of affording accommodation to five hundred resident students. Men of the world like to persuade themselves that college-men are "old fogies," and colleges, at best, but sleepy concerns; but after the little example of enterprise which we have related, we feel like inquiring whether such opinions are always well-founded.

—Vacation is not generally a very lively or exciting season at Notre Dame. With the departure of the students, the College and grounds seem to assume a dull, sleepy, Rip Van Winkleish appearance. The faculty is soon scattered in all directions, and the few members who do remain generally find the effort which it requires to keep cool and comfortable sufficient to monopolize all their energies. The few students who spend their vacation at the College busy themselves in a hundred different ways, but do not seem to muster up much enthusiasm for anything; in fact, it has always appeared to us that those among them who surprise their fellow-students in September with a recital of stirring and wonderful adventures in which they have taken a leading part, are obliged to borrow very freely on a naturally luxuriant imagination. This year has been no exception to the general rule. There have been no concerts or exhibitions, or private theatricals, or *soirées*, *chantantes*, or moonlight excursions, or even walking or fasting matches *à la Tanner* that we can call to mind. While the mercury was somewhere up in the 90's, in the early days of vacation, some of the more ardent votaries of baseball, notably, Bro. Marcellinus and Mr. Devoto, suggested the advisability of organizing a club, as a sort of anti-fat or anti-soporific medicine for the benefit of the more corpulent members of the faculty; but the requisite amount of enthusiasm failed to come to the surface and the proposition was forgotten. The number of visitors, especially on August 2d, or *Portiuncula* day, has been unusually large, it is true, and many of them of a character to make things about them lively during their stay; but their arrivals and departures have been almost the only episodes to



diversify the dullness and monotony which reign at Notre Dame, as at all other colleges during the long vacation.

However, if there has not been much excitement, there has been, on the other hand, an immense amount of good work done in and about the College. The noise of the saw, the hammer and the trowel, has been the music principally heard on all sides; and if the ears of those who resided in the College during vacation have not always been gladdened thereby, the eyes of those who come after vacation will be delighted with the results which this music foreboded.

—The prospects for the coming year are, we are glad to say, unusually promising. The attendance will probably be even larger than last year, while improvements of all kinds have been carried on with so much vigor and energy during the past two months that, as regards comfort and convenience, there will be but very little cause for anyone to feel dissatisfied. Since the plastering and painting have been completed, the College scarcely appears to be the same building. The lightsome, cheerful look of every apartment most favorably impresses inmates and visitors. In fact, it is only at present that one can begin to form a true idea of the superiority of the new Notre Dame over the old College. It is not necessary here to go into the details of all the improvements which have been made, though we hope it is a pardonable pride which would impel us to do so; we prefer that the students on their return should themselves verify the truth of what we have said.

The Faculty remains substantially the same. There have been a few changes which are mentioned in the local columns. To all the old students who purpose to return next year, we are convinced that no news could be more satisfactory than this. It was the unanimous testimony of all connected with the College last year that, in spite of the many inconveniences due to the unfinished state of the building, more and better work had never been done at Notre Dame. Of course the principal credit of this is due to the energy and devotedness of the faculty; and with the same efficient corps to direct, the students will have every reason to hope that, since all material difficulties are now out of the way, the record for the coming year will be even more satisfactory.

Another item of intelligence that will give general satisfaction is, that Very Rev. President Corby will "hold the helm and guide the bark." President Corby is now so thoroughly identified with Notre Dame and her past and present triumphs that there would be a painful feeling that something was lacking were he not to control her destinies. The Vice-President and Director of Studies will be Rev. T. E. Walsh. The old ticket will thus enter upon the duties of office for a fourth term. Rev. Father Condon having at his own request been transferred to other duties, the prefecture of discipline has been placed in the hands of Rev. John O'Keeffe. Father O'Keeffe has not been directly connected with the University for the past three years, but to those students whose college career extends farther back than that period, he will need no introduction. By all who enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance, we feel confident that his appointment will be hailed with the warmest satisfaction. We are not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but with the officers and faculty, as at present constituted, and with all the material advantages which

the College now enjoys, we would feel no hesitation in hazarding the prediction that the year '80-'81 is destined to be a memorable one in the annals of Notre Dame.

—Every effort will be put forth by the officers and faculty to make the coming year in every respect the most successful one that the University has yet known. The reputation of Notre Dame may be considered as now solidly established; but we live in an age of progress, and not to advance is to remain behind. Excelsior will therefore continue to be in the future, as it has always been in the past, the motto of every department of the institution. The course of studies has been the object of serious consideration of late, and it is not improbable that it may be modified in some few particulars. The hours devoted to recitation, for instance, may for certain branches be abridged, and the time thus gained be employed in the study of branches of more importance.

A special effort will be made to raise the standard of the English classes. Original composition is, we know, an art which has very few attractions for the majority of young students; but to be able to write one's own language correctly and well, is nowadays of such paramount importance, that any course in which the English branches do not hold the place of honor, or at all events, do not receive the most careful attention, must be considered fatally defective. It is hoped that no deficiency of this nature will be found in the course at Notre Dame; if there be any such, it will not easily escape the scrutiny of the faculty. No student will be allowed to discontinue permanently or even interrupt the study of the English branches, unless he has given satisfactory proof that he is master of a fair style and that he can express his thoughts in writing with some degree of fluency. Graduating essays on such subjects as the Director of Studies may appoint must be submitted to, and approved by the faculty, before students can hope to receive diplomas in either the Classical or the Scientific course. For certain other studies of the course, as traced out in the catalogue, it has heretofore been customary to accept equivalents; but for lack of proficiency in the English branches nothing will compensate. To be thoroughly master of the English language will be an absolutely indispensable qualification of every bachelor of arts, or science. To succeed in raising the standard of the rhetoric and literature classes, it may perhaps be necessary to raise the grade of preparation in the grammar department. Hence, our preparatory students should not be surprised if they find it more difficult to obtain promotion from one grade to another next year than has heretofore been the case. The question of delivering Academic diplomas to such as have completed all the studies of the Preparatory course, and are ready for the Collegiate Freshman year, has been considered, and it is not improbable that such diplomas will be awarded at the next Annual Commencement.

The study of Christian Doctrine has always, as might naturally be expected, received the greatest encouragement at Notre Dame, and nothing has been neglected which could tend to interest the students in this course. The "new departure," inaugurated in February, has been found to have been fruitful in satisfactory results; the same line of teaching will, therefore, be followed up during the coming year. We hope to see a spirit of hearty emulation reigning among the students of this course, as

the premiums which will be offered for it will be worth striving for. Any changes which have been decided on in any other course will be communicated to the students on their return in September.

Finally, as the grand aim of the University has always been to produce not simply good students, but likewise good men, irreproachable deportment will continue to be a *sine qua non* condition of recognition in any course.

### Personal.

—Frank Egan, '71, is in the commission business, Chicago.

—Emile Doul, '59, is cashier of the 3d National Bank, Chicago.

—Mr. A. Mayer, of '80, paid a flying visit to the College during vacation.

—Emile Schuester, '75, is in the drug business on Madison St., Chicago.

—Luke J. Evers, '79, will, it is expected, enter the Troy Seminary in September.

—Report reaches us that Mr. Harold Hayes, '74, is soon to become a Benedict. We await confirmation of this rumor.

—Bernard J. McGinnis, '74, is in business with his father at Ottawa, Ill. We had the pleasure of a visit from him last month.

—James Noonan, '72, will return accompanied by a somewhat numerous delegation from Boston. They will all be heartily welcome.

—Mr. D. J. Hammond, agent of the Catholic Publication Society, and Mr. Kirwin, agent of the Sadler firm, were among the callers during vacation.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard ('84), of Austin, Texas, paid a visit to Notre Dame during vacation. Having succeeded in securing Rev. F. Robinson for an assistant, he departed on his way rejoicing.

—Hugh Rogers (Commercial), '72, is connected with the extensive Foundry and Machine Works of Rogers and Sons, Muskegon, Mich. We were grieved to hear that our good-natured friend Hugh met with an accident lately, that caused the loss of two fingers of his left hand.

—We recently had the pleasure of meeting Charles W. Hake (Commercial), '76. Charles is engaged in keeping books for his father, who carries on a large wholesale business in Grand Rapids, Mich. We are pleased to hear that he is a first-class book-keeper, and gives perfect satisfaction.

—Mr. J. B. McGrath ('80), who has been admitted as an ecclesiastical student into the archdiocese of New York, will sail for Rome in September, to pursue the study of theology. Mr. McGrath will bear with him the warmest wishes of his many friends at Notre Dame for his future success.

—Among the visitors during the past months was Mr. James A. Browne, '76, of Brownsville, Texas. Mr. Browne evidently does not forget his *Alma Mater*. He had one brother attending class last year in the Junior department, and the object of his coming was to introduce two others whom he brought with him. His many old friends and acquaintances were delighted to meet him again.

—Wm. D. Kelly (Commercial), '72, resides at Muskegon, Michigan, where, we understand, in company with his father and brother, he is very successful as a steamboat builder and draughtsman. The tug-boat "Kelly Brothers," propelled by a steam-engine built by him, after an original design, is remarkable for its speed, and the engine itself excites the admiration of every engineer and machinist who witness the ease and noiselessness with which it performs its work. William Kelly is a young man of bright, inventive and artistic genius, and had he but the leisure to follow the bent of his mind, we would confidently look forward to inventions that would make his name famous in scientific circles.

### Local Items.

—Bro. Francis Assisi still remains janitor of the College.

—Rev. Father L'Etourneau will take charge of the Novitiate.

—St. Jos.' Farm is the place to get something extra during vacation.

—Bro. Philip Neri has been in Cincinnati, on business, since the retreat.

—A new acquisition in the Senior Department, "a live Texan with a lasso."

—Swimming is very fine at present, and is immensely enjoyed by the boys.

—The Manual Labor School will be under the direction of Bro. Daniel next year.

—The general office has been transferred to its old place in the Infirmary building.

—Mr. Mark M. Foote is spending the vacation at his home in Burlington, Iowa.

—Prof. Howard will retain the chair of English Literature and Criticism next year.

—When are the Juniors' and Minims' Campus to have that handsome new fence put up?

—Rev. Father Scherer will replace Father L'Etourneau as Superior of the Professed House.

—Bro. Celestine still retains the position which he has so worthily filled from time immemorial.

—Our friend Payro (the lone fisherman) continues to create great disturbance among the finny tribes.

—The plasterers will soon finish their work, which will greatly increase the beauty of the interior of the College.

✓—Rev. Father Vagnier has been spending the past few days with Rev. J. Dinnen, '65, pastor of Crawfordsville, Ind. ✓

—All will be pleased to know that Messrs. Coleman, Devoto, and McCue will form part of the faculty next year.

—The statue destined for the dome has been placed over the front portico. It has been gilded, and looks really beautiful.

—Prof. Lyons might probably be induced to take charge of the Cecilians for one term more—if only to work up the "raw material."

—The book-keepers will have reason to be delighted with the improvements which have been made in their recitation-room.

—All the Minims remaining here during vacation serve on the altar during High Mass and Vespers on Sundays, in an edifying manner.

—Mr. A. Morrissey is in the number of those whom Notre Dame has regretfully parted with for a time. He goes to Watertown, Wis.

—Rev. Father O'Connell will continue the course of Moral Philosophy. He took a short vacation trip, which improved him immensely.

—Rev. Father Fallize has been appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Lowell. The appointment gives great satisfaction to the parishioners.

—Rev. Father Kirsch has been for a few weeks past rusticated at the farm. He claims that he never before felt vacation passing so quickly or so agreeably.

—Mergy is determined to be the first student to register on the morning of Tuesday, September 7th. The Director of Studies is awaiting his arrival with impatience.

—Our friend John ought to be careful how he writes other persons' names in the path and on the trees between Notre Dame and St. Mary's. A word to the wise is sufficient.

—The Minims have a new wash-room, or lavatory, double the size of the old one. It is now being furnished with stands, handsomely made and most conveniently arranged.

—We are sorry that the genial Bro. Marcellinus is not

likely to be at Notre Dame during the coming year. He has been appointed to take charge of the school at Springfield, Illinois.

—Captain Cocke spent the vacation at the College. We hope that he will organize a military company early in the season, as we know no man better able to inspire an enthusiasm for military tactics.

—The "Preps" will be pleased to learn that Bro. Alexander will transact business at the old stand next year. Delinquent recitations will be attended to with neatness and dispatch. No extra charge.

—Rev. Father Rézé has returned from his Canadian trip, during which, we regret to say, his health was far from good. However, he is fast improving, and in a short time will, we trust, be completely restored.

—Rev. Father Stoffel has been doing parochial work at Hudson, Mich. It is so very long since we last heard from him, that we are thinking of fitting out an exploring expedition to discover his whereabouts.

—It is worth a trip to Notre Dame to see and admire the magnificent colossal statue which now rests on the veranda in front of the College building, and which is destined to surmount the dome when completed.

—Prof. Edwards spent a few weeks in July at Waukesha. We understand that he has secured some valuable contributions to the Lemohner Library, which we hope soon to see in as flourishing a condition as it was before the fire.

—An intimate friend of Fr. Cooney's informs us that the reverend gentleman has been recommended to make a short visit to Ireland as soon as he has sufficiently recovered from his recent accident to undergo the fatigue of travel.

—Special attention will be paid by the authorities to the Musical Department next year. A vigorous effort will be made to raise the standard of the vocal classes. The services of a special professor for this branch are likely to be secured.

—Nine Seniors, five Juniors and seven Minims remained at the College during vacation. What with bathing, boating, orchard-pilgraging, picnics, excursions and morning studies, the time seems to have passed pleasantly enough for them.

—The College Nimrods, reinforced by some members of the Chicago fraternity,—notably, Messrs. White and Edbrocke, the contractors, and Cummings of the Briggs Hotel, expect to enjoy good sport henceforth at the St. Joseph's Farm.

—Prof Stace's attention has been so completely monopolized by his surveying and engineering duties, that we have enjoyed very little of his society since vacation began. However, we hope that arrears will be settled up when the term opens in September.

—The missions in Dakota are rapidly growing in importance. Rev. Father Toohey has found himself obliged to ask for more laborers in the vineyard, and Fathers Colovin and Shea have been sent to his assistance. "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

—We regret to say that the health of Bro. Theodore, for the past three years the deservedly popular head-prefect of the Senior department, was not sufficiently strong to allow him to retain the office for a fourth term. He has been appointed Prefect of Discipline at Watertown.

—Classes have been going on regularly since vacation set in. The students who remained at Notre Dame profess to be surprised at the amount of work they have accomplished. The sanguine "Orrick," for instance, claims that he has floored algebra and botany for all time.

—Prof. Lyons does not go regularly to Chicago on Wednesday, during vacation. He *stays* there. However, we have had a few glimpses of him since Commencement. When last heard of, he was thinking of turning his face towards the setting sun, his objective point being Kansas City.

—Rev. J. Rodgers, C. S. C., who was during the past session editor of the SCHOLASTIC, has been transferred to Watertown, Wis., where he will hold the office of Vice-President and Prefect of Studies. The editorial mantle

will probably fall on the shoulders of Mr. T. McNamara.

—The Minims' swings and validore are being put in fine order by their Prefect and Bro. Polycarp. Bro. Albert is making an effort to have a new top of a lighter make put on the validore, as the present one is rather heavy for the Minims. It would be a first-class one for young men of the Senior department.

—Rev. Father Francolon, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, who donated the three gold crosses for the courses of Christian Doctrine, has returned from his trip to Canada, and will remain for some months at Notre Dame to perfect himself in English. His genial manners have already made him a universal favorite.

—The amount of work that has been done around the College during vacation is really satisfactory. The main building, especially the portion which the students principally occupy, is now in first-class shape, and the noise of the saw, the chisel and the hammer during class hours will be heard in it no more forever.

—Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., who has been for the past year stationed at Lead City, Dakota, made a short visit to head-quarters during vacation. It was hoped that he would remain at Notre Dame as Superior of the Novitiate, but under the circumstances, it was found impossible to replace him on his distant but important mission.

—All the indications go to show that there will be an unusually large number of students in attendance next session. The first to come will be of course the first served; so those who are anxious to have their choice of location, either in the dormitory or study-hall, should be careful to register on the first Tuesday of September.

—A considerable amount of work has been done in and about the tailor-shop, the appearance of which has been materially improved thereby. Bro. Gus. will preside over this shop next year, as usual. He has received all the latest fashion-plates direct from Paris, and can see no reason why he shouldn't do a rushing business.

—Bro. Albert during vacation gave the finishing touches to his portrait of the venerable religious, Bro. Vincent, who is one of the pioneers of Notre Dame, having resided here over forty years. His flowing hair, silvered by the snows of over eighty winters, as represented in his portrait, surrounds his benevolent features like a halo of glory.

—Our friend John, who has some idea of going West, thinks that the department of Fine Arts will sustain an irreparable loss by his absence. We like to give every man his due, and to recognize merit wherever we meet it; we must, therefore, take this opportunity to acknowledge publicly that he rendered efficient service in moving pianos last year.

—The Minims will be, of course, under the direction of Bro. Albert next year. Bro. Albert has been in charge of the department since a time when the "memory of the oldest inhabitant goeth not to the contrary," and its prosperous and constantly improving condition is the best proof that he is emphatically the "right man in the right place."

—The services of Mr. John C. Unsworth, a graduate of the London University, have been secured for the coming year. Mr. Unsworth is a gentleman of polished and agreeable manners, a writer of acknowledged ability, and a professor of many years' experience in the Old World. We predict for him a wide popularity among next year's students.

—Very Rev. Father Granger will be, as a matter of course, Prefect of Religion next year. The Saturday morning's exercises, which form such an interesting and edifying feature of college life at Notre Dame, and which have been the means of doing so much good, will, we hope, in future, be conducted in the College Chapel, which is being fitted up for that purpose.

—We are glad to learn that this will be an excellent year for fruit. However, we would not be likely to form such an opinion from the appearance of the orchard adjoining the printing-office. This only goes to prove that a dozen Juniors and Minims will put a "sicker" look on an orchard than a combined invasion of army-worms and grasshoppers ever gave to a corn-field.

—Work has, we regret to say, not progressed very rap-

idly on the southern wing of the Music Hall. We were in hopes that it would be in readiness for St. Edward's Day, but we are growing less sanguine about this every day. However, we hope to see a vigorous effort made on it before long. It will be not only the finest building on the premises, but also one of the most useful.

—Rev. P. W. Condon spent a portion of the vacation at his home in Ontario, Canada. The students of '70-'80, who had learned to esteem him so highly, will regret to learn that he will not be in charge of the discipline next year. Of his successor, Rev. F. O'Keeffe, we need say nothing. He is already well and favorably known at Notre Dame, and besides, is one of those who improve with acquaintance.

—Bro. Leander remains commander-in-chief of the Juniors. This will be the seventh consecutive year that he has held the office, and our best wish for the department is that he may hold it for the next seven. He will be assisted by Bro. Laurence, whose reappointment will, we know, give equal satisfaction; and by Bro. Modestus, with whom the students of '80-'81 will have good reason to be pleased, after they have made his acquaintance.

—Mr. Shickey, the genial and faithful 'bus-driver, still continues to convey travellers to Notre Dame and St. Mary's. His new 'bus, which presents a fine appearance, is praised by every one for comfort and convenience. Mr. Shickey is always on hand to meet the trains, so there is no excuse for delay in arriving at the College. Take notice of this, boys! Strangers coming to Notre Dame should enquire for Shickey's 'bus, which is the regular conveyance.

—Geo. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, Ohio; Wm. M. Olds, Circleville, Ohio; José Chaves, Belen, N. M.; J. R. Bender, Chicago, Ill.; C. C. Echlin, of Buena Vista, Colo.,—of the Minim Department—have all been heard from by their Prefect during vacation. They report themselves in the best of health and spirits, and will be here in good time for the opening of school. The two last mentioned will be accompanied by several of their companions, who will enter here as students.

—We were pleased to notice that Judge Dunne's masterly oration, on the "Realities of Life," delivered at the last Commencement, has been extensively reproduced and most favorably commented on by the Catholic press throughout the country. The London *Universe*, one of the leading Catholic journals of England, has lately printed it *in extenso*; with a most complimentary editorial introduction. The address has been published in neat pamphlet form at *The Ave Maria Office*.

—Very Rev. Father General seems to be "renewing his youth." The amount of hard work he has shown himself capable of accomplishing within the past few weeks is proof enough that he can afford to snap his fingers at the "ravages of Time." To be able to preach two retreats, each lasting a week, with the thermometer somewhere up in the 90's, besides shouldering all the responsibilities and attending to all the duties of his high station, is a sign that there is no more danger of his "wearing out" than there is likely to be of his "rusting out."

—Another College favorite that will be missed. "Dick" will during the coming year pursue the soaring chicken, the festive gopher, and the pestilent rat, on the banks of the Sangamon. The two last-mentioned species of game are not strictly in his line of business; but for his persistence in following them up—due no doubt to his forced association with low-breds of the "Sancho" and "Nep" variety—he has already had innumerable "Norwegian clogs" danced on his ribs, besides having several lungs a day ejected from his system at the point of a pair of number 11's.

—What has become of the mocking-birds? One, we know, the more delicately sensitive of the two, expired in intense agony at the first attempt made by our unmusical friend to teach it to imitate the "human voice divine," but we were under the impression that the other had managed to survive the atrocity. However, as we have not heard its cheerful notes for some time past, are we to infer that it has shared its mate's sad fate? Alas! where is Mr. Bergh? Can the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals do nothing to prevent a repetition of such acts of barbarism?

—"L'Echo des Pèlerins," a journal published in Southern France, in its obituary notice of the late Very Rev. L. D. Champeau, C. S. C., contains the following passage: "The Congregation of the Holy Cross, under the direction of the venerable Father Sorin, is doing its full share of work in two hemispheres,—in Indiana, as well as in Paris. In the United States it has developed with great rapidity, having founded a University, now become famous on the other side of the Atlantic. It was in this institution that the first English translation of M. Henri Lasserre's works was published."

—Rev. Father M—but we promised not to mention his name—will do the honors at the Students' Office next year, as usual. He expects to have the office fitted up in fine style for September, and will be ready to extend all the courtesies, which have won him so wide a popularity, to his numerous friends and callers. Juniors who feel a yearning for pie, and Seniors who hanker after the weed during the early part of the week, will perhaps be happy to learn—though we are not over sanguine about it—that he has made it a rule not to advance spending money before Wednesday morning, except on good collateral security.

—Even if Hancock is elected we hope that he will not make as radical a change of the office-holders as has been made of the Senior prefects. All three have "stepped down and out." Bro. Theodore goes to Watertown; Bro. Marcellinus, to Springfield, Ill.; and Bro. Timothy, to Lafayette, Ind. Their successors are Bro. Irenæus, who was for several years superior of the Academy at Lafayette; Bro. Emmanuel, who needs no introduction to last year's students; and Bro. Justinian, with whom next year's students will find no difficulty in becoming acquainted. We know that it will not be easy to replace the old corps, but are satisfied that the task could not have been entrusted to better hands.

—Rev. Father Kelly, who, both as Prefect of Discipline and professor, has been for the past five years so well and favorably known at Notre Dame, has been appointed President of the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, Wis. His friends—and their name is legion—will be delighted to hear of his promotion to such a position of trust and responsibility, for which his executive abilities thoroughly qualify him. The presidency of Watertown College was filled last year by Rev. P. J. Colovin, formerly President of Notre Dame. Those who have seen Father Colovin at work will readily acknowledge that he is a difficult man to replace, and there are very few to whom we would confide the task of replacing him more readily than to Rev. Father Kelly.

—Republics, we know, are often ungrateful; but in the republic of letters, universities sometimes show an appreciation of merit. Last year, when all America sympathized with the great calamity which threatened but did not destroy the future of the University of Notre Dame, many generous hearts offered for its relief the fruits of their talent and labor. Among others, a young American poet and journalist, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, gave a volume of his poems, which, by their Catholic sentiment and pleasant rhythm, made many new friends in making new acquaintance, both for poet and University. The University has just made a graceful return for the poet's homage and sympathy, enrolling him among its masters of arts, a favor mutually honorable to the giver and to the receiver.—*Catholic Review*.

—The Juniors of '80-'81 will owe a debt of gratitude to Bro. Lawrence. For the past six weeks he has been doing herculean work to make their Campus the best of the three. All will be as much surprised as pleased at the improvement which he has succeeded in making. The walks have been nicely graded; the rank grass and weeds which have grown up since Commencement have been pulled out; the ball alley and gymnasium will be made to put on their most inviting appearance; in short, the Juniors, next year, will have no pretext for looking longingly over the fence, and thinking that the "big fellers" have been treated better than they. Remember, boys, to be on hand promptly the first Tuesday in September. You will find the diamond nicely trimmed, and the balls and clubs in good order awaiting you. Let us see who will be ready to take part first in the game.



—Messrs. J. B. Berteling, '80, and Geo. Sugg, '81, accompanied Father Zahm in his trip up the lakes. Mr. Sugg's first experiences of navigation were the reverse of pleasant, we are informed. An hour or two after embarking he was promenading the deck, and making desperate efforts to look happy, when suddenly, to use the words of the poet,

"First came a shiver and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill."

And he found himself leaning over the railing of the vessel, for what purpose may be better imagined than described. However, before the end of the trip he succeeded in getting his sea-legs on, and we hear that he now expresses profound contempt for such land-lubbers as have never affronted the perils of the "vasty deep." Messrs. Berteling and Sugg were both much benefited by the trip; in fact, they had some notion of trying anti-fat medicine on their return home.

—Rev. Father Zahm left Notre Dame in the early part of the vacation, his ultimate objective point being the far-famed Duluth. He spent several weeks in the mining regions of northern Michigan and Minnesota, where we learn that he succeeded in securing valuable collections of mineral specimens, fossils, Indian relics, etc., for the Museum. The greater portion of the month of August will be devoted by him to researches among the haunts of the mound-builders in Southern Ohio. We have heard—though of course we will not vouch for the authenticity of the statement,—that, amid all his scientific researches, he has found some spare moments to devote to his favorite pastimes of gunning and fishing. A friend, who spent the summer at Marquette, informs us that he repeatedly saw a person answering to Father Zahm's description sally forth accompanied by two pointers and a setter, with a fishing tackle under his arm and a gun on his shoulder, but we think it must be a case of mistaken identity. The report that he traversed the mining regions with a bowie-knife looming up from behind his coat-collar, horse-pistols protruding from his side-pockets, a shot gun on his shoulder, and a razor in either boot, is utterly without foundation.

—We had some notion of advertising for our Exchange Editor under the heading of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." Can any one inform us what has become of him? The wildest rumors concerning him are continually reaching us. Sometimes we hear that he is stumping the New England States for the Greenback ticket; and again that he is giving Mr. Bronson Alcott's summer school the benefit of his views of the "psychological idiosyncracies of the antediluvian"; while not unfrequently some friend informs us in strict confidence that he may have been locked up and bound over under heavy bonds for having resurrected a paleozoic joke, or perpetrated a pun of more than ordinary cold-bloodedness and atrocity. But all accounts agree in locating him some where in the East, and—a thing which gives us unlimited satisfaction—in representing him as improving wonderfully in health and spirits. When he left us we know that he was in condition to travel as the "walking skeleton," and now among the stories which have reached us is one that he has become a regular attendant at the fat men's clam-bakes, at Rockaway. We are simply overjoyed to learn that he is building up muscle for next year's campaign at this rate. We hope that his friends, the belligerent scribes of the *Amherst Student*, *Niagara Index*, et al., will make a note of this, and then "go and do likewise."

—The many friends of Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., will regret to hear of the painful accident that he has recently met with. To those who know him, and who have had occasion to admire his indefatigable zeal, it will be no revelation to learn that not even the most trifling details connected with pastoral duty escape his ubiquitous supervision. On Monday, July 26th, he was on the roof of a two-story house superintending improvements which were being carried out, when the scaffolding under his feet gave way, and he was precipitated into the cellar a distance of some thirty-eight feet. His devoted parishioners consider it almost providential that he escaped with his life. He was picked up in an insensible condition, and carried to a neighboring house. The usual restoratives were immediately applied, and the best medical aid in the city summoned. His injuries, though extremely painful, were

happily not serious. He had sustained a severe contusion of the left knee, and his head having been driven with violence against his right arm, had fractured it above the elbow. At last accounts he was rapidly improving, and it is hoped that before many weeks he will be able to resume his pastoral duties. During his convalescence, his place in the pulpit—his special sphere of action—is ably filled by his talented and popular assistant, Rev. T. D. Collins.

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### 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 "
Crestlin,..... 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 "

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**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.

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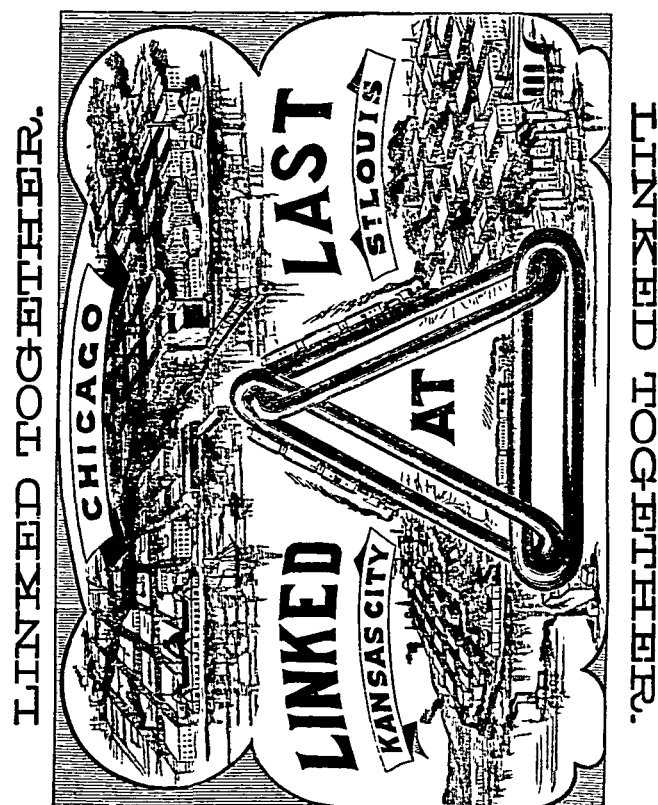
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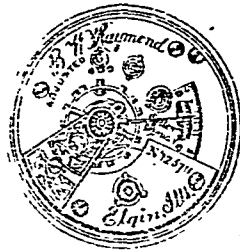
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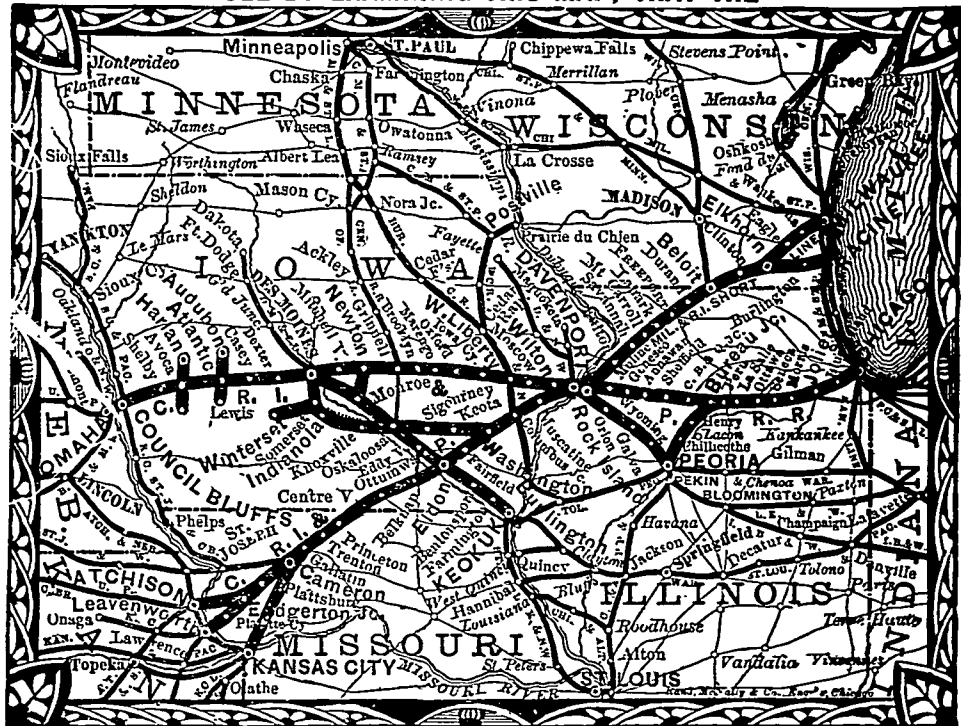
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Chicago, Ill.

### PATRIOT SHIOKEY,

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. SHIOKEY.

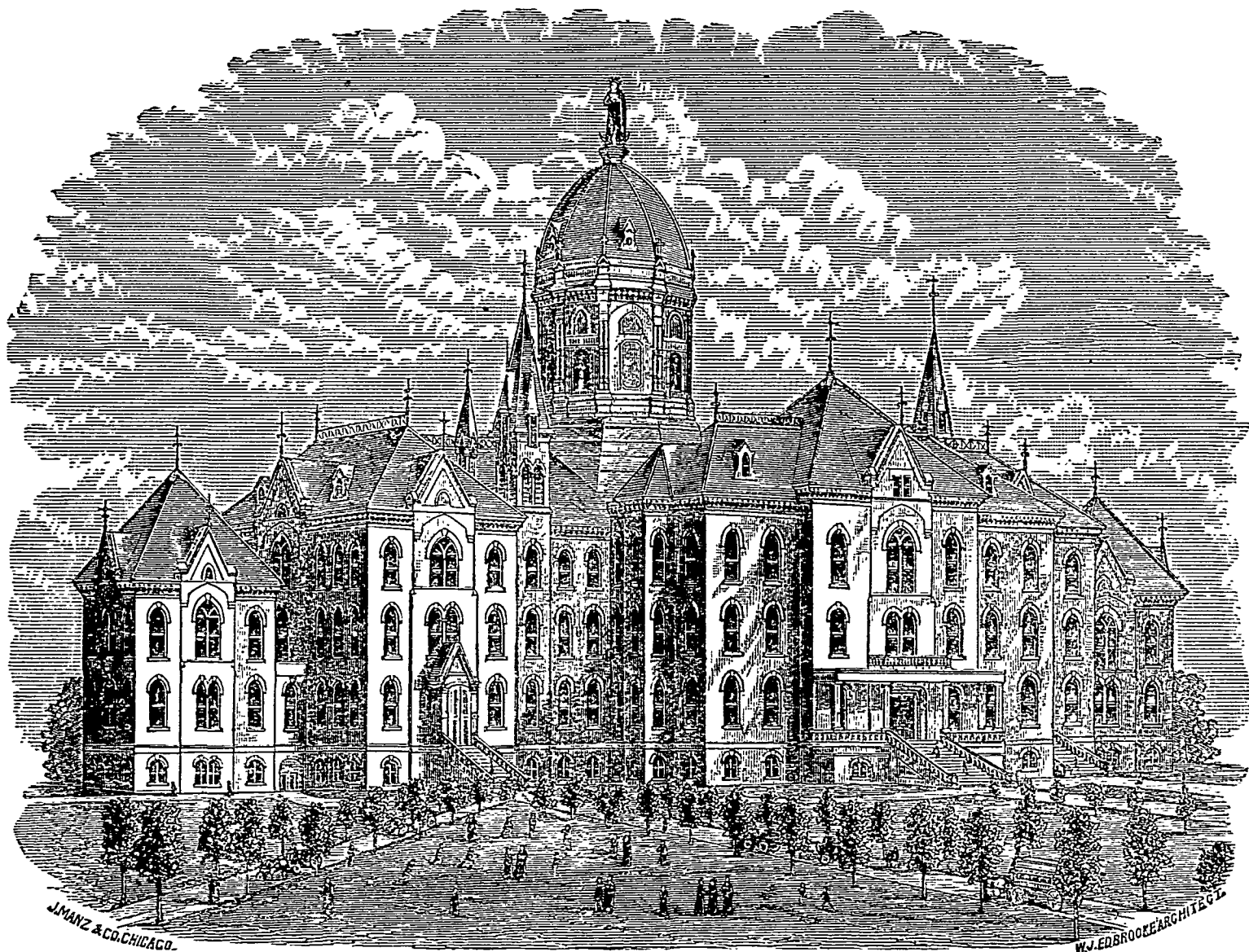
### JAMES BONNEY

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Corner Michigan and Washington Sts.,

SOUTH BEND, - - IND.

# UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.



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