

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Lesson of a Season.

What comfort now, when summer days have fled,
Have you, O heart, that in the sunshine basked?
Have ye, O hands, that held all that was asked?
For all your fruits and flowers lie frosted, dead.
You did not dream amid the roses red,
Gold-hearted, scented, which your green bowers masked,
That cold would come, and with it wild winds tasked
To tear away the garlands from your head.
O lover of red roses and red wine,
O scorner of Christ's Blood, to whom a prayer
Brought thoughts of dying shudders, and vague fear.
Will dreams of pleasure and past joys of thine
Make dreary winter hours more bright and fair
Amid your dust and ashes? Death is here.

Evils of Intemperance.

Temperance is a subject on which hundreds, nay, thousands, of volumes have been written. Hundreds of eminent lay-men and divines have devoted their whole lifetime to the service of their fellow-men: endeavoring to persuade benighted mortals, who unfortunately have succumbed to the detestable vice of intemperance, to restrain themselves in their downward career; to look around them and behold the numerous blessings in store for the temperate man, and the myriads of evils attendant upon the drunkard's course. So much, indeed, has been said on this point, that it seems a gross imposition on the public to place before their eyes an article professing to advocate temperance, by exposing the countless evils attendant upon the drunkard's course, which culminate only with his dissolution.

Man is a rational being, created by an omnipotent God to adore and serve Him in an eternity of bliss. In order to prepare himself for, and prove himself worthy of this inconceivable happiness, it has been ordained that he should remain a certain time in a state of exile on this mundane sphere. If the preparation his soul undergoes here below is acceptable to the Divinity, he enters into the kingdom of his Lord; and if not, he departs from the sight of his Creator, and becomes the victim of unutterable torments. In order that man may attain eternal life, God prescribes certain laws for his guidance; and man disobeying those laws, and rendering himself guilty of the vices they oppose, incurs the just wrath of God, which, sooner or later, is sure to overtake him.

In cities and towns there are many underground taverns and corner groceries where intoxicating liquors are retailed. Let a man pause before one of these, and if the

offensive odor emanating from their half-opened door is not intolerable, let him remain and watch for an out-comer. Soon his patience is rewarded; a depraved specimen of humanity slowly crawls out of the infernal den—the temple of Bacchus. We will note his personal appearance, after which we will follow his tottering footsteps to the loathsome garret, or basement, which he calls home. In the first place, we behold a human form, bearing marks of premature old age: his disordered locks are tinged with gray; and under a month's growth of beard, we discern the purple hue of his bloated countenance, while red is abundantly displayed on the extremity of his nasal organ; his form is clothed in an attire wholly unfit for man; his blue overalls, all in holes, have lost much of their original form and color; his shirt is soiled and ragged; he is minus a vest; his feet are covered with shoes or boots, the soles of which are worn off, exposing his feet to the public gaze. To complete the ludicrous appearance before us, we have a huge, dilapidated stove-pipe hat, "the relic of old decency," rather unstably mounted over his ears. Such is the uncouth appearance of our hero as he strolls in a zigzag line over the sidewalk to the gutter. His dress and actions are so grotesque and laughable that curiosity prompts us to follow him, and if possible, to discover whether he has a family and home, or whether he is a friendless outcast. Through numerous narrow streets and by-ways he wends his weary way, till he comes to a nearly deserted alley, and going round a miserable tenement, he enters by the rear a dark and unwholesome cellar. Scarcely has he proceeded two yards inside when he falls over a rickety chair, and uttering an oath, totters to the floor. We hear the noise caused by his fall, and entering by the same way, we behold a woman, poorly clad, standing over the now-insensible man, whom she calls her husband. She does all in her power to rouse him from his drunken stupor; and failing to do this, she covers her emaciated face with her thin and toil-worn hands and sobs aloud. We, moved by feelings of commiseration, approach and offer her what consolation we can. To our repeated offers of condolence, we receive for a time no reply save heart-rending sobs; finally, however, our proffered consolation is for a time accepted, during which we listen to the following sorrowful narrative of a faithful wife's wrongs: This poorly clad and emaciated woman was once the favored child of fortune, she was surrounded by all those luxuries which wealth could procure. Care she knew but by name; sorrow was a foreigner and stranger; and want, a meaningless term. The only child of respected and wealthy parents, she had received a most liberal education, associated with people of culture and refinement, and consequently was ill-prepared to endure the privations and hardships which the intemperate habits of

her husband brought upon her. But in justice to him, let us say that he, too, was at one time looked upon as a gentleman of the highest order, until evil associations, and too-frequented potations of the wine-cup, reduced him to his present wretched and deplorable condition. She told us that in the first years of their wedded life he had been a good, affectionate, and temperate husband. He had by his early industry amassed a handsome fortune; but a few years, given to drunkenness and debauchery, had deprived him of it, and reduced them both to their present wretched condition—pauperism.

During this sorrowful narration of the heart-broken woman, our attention is more than once directed to the poor, unfortunate inebriate on the floor. But now his heavy breathing is no longer audible; and at the poor lady's suggestion, and with her assistance, I carry him to his poverty-stricken couch. Having laid him thereon, and noticing that a certain pallor had o'erspread his features, his limbs having become relaxed, the horrible thought flashes through my mind that something is wrong—that perhaps the unfortunate man is no more. Examination but too well demonstrated the veracity of my apprehensions: the man is dead—stone dead! Oh God! can I ever forget that dreadful hour, that frightful scene! No: A soul, stained with the frightful sin of intoxication, had gone in that state to meet its Creator. But let us here draw the veil of charity over our imagination; let us try to forget the scene of woe that ensued: the heart-rending cry of the agonized wife, commingled with the shrill, sharp cries of the poor children, who are now awakened from their slumbers,—too young as yet fully to comprehend the situation of affairs, but in after years to be constantly ruminating over the fact that the grave of their father is that of a drunkard.

This is but one of the many cases of a similar nature which might be given as examples of the curse of intemperance. But enough now. Follow me for a moment into our prisons and lunatic asylums. Gaze on the human wrecks to be seen therein. Ask those men, whose souls have been steeped in every crime,—the perjurer, the robber, the murderer,—ask them, I say, what led them to the commission of the crimes for which they are here confined, and in nine cases out of ten, they'll charge the wine-cup as the cause. Why is it that the majority of men, doomed to meet an ignominious death on the scaffold, will say: "Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine-cup: it has caused our ruin"? They say it that this, their dying advice, may, if acted upon, make some reparation for the scandal given to society by their crimes,—that it may in some way satisfy the justice of an offended Omnipotence.

Some who read this may say that these are but fanatical utterances of a rabid temperance man. You are deceived. I am not fanatical on this point. I utter only what I know to be substantial facts. Some say that a man may imbibe now and then for the sake of being sociable. You may, but you *cannot*, without exposing yourself to the danger of becoming a helpless, hopeless inebriate. I could cite many instances in support of this assertion, but time and limited space will not allow me to do so. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled; you cannot imbibe without the desire for more remaining with you. Let those, then, who have heretofore been deceived in this regard, be deceived no longer; but manfully refuse, regardless of consequences, to again quaff from the fatal wine-cup.

J. J. M.

In the Far West.

[The following article, written for *The Great West* by A. W. Arrington, B. A., ('70) will no doubt prove interesting to many of our readers, who had the pleasure of being acquainted with him.]

Deeming that an account of the country and its beautiful scenery, through which the Denver & Rio Grande Railway passes between Denver and Leadville, will be of interest to your readers, I shall endeavor to describe something of what I saw in my recent journey from Denver to Leadville, and shall afterwards write of Leadville and matters of interest pertaining to it.

Leaving your city at 7 50 a. m., by the Denver & Rio Grande Road, we had every indication of a beautiful day before us to aid in the enjoyment of the journey. The cars whirled us swiftly along over a road-bed and track that were evidently in fine condition. The coaches are new and elegantly fitted up. The smoothly gliding cars and the beautiful scenery visible from the windows make the journey at this season an inviting and interesting one.

The country between Denver and Colorado Springs is well adapted for grazing, and many fine ranches are seen dotted with herds of cattle and horses—some feeding on the grass, and others reclining in some sequestered spot escaping the rays of the sun. The mountains swelling in the distance lend to the enchantment of the pastoral scene. The grass appears to be abundant, although it is quite short, and does not present to the view the luxuriant vegetation of the prairies of Illinois and Iowa.

About 10 o'clock we reached Colorado Springs, a very pretty town of 4,000 people. A few miles away from the Springs is the far-famed resort, Manitou, to which thousands flock yearly from all parts of the country. We did not have time to stop, but hope to write Manitou up at no distant date. The country from Colorado Springs changes much in character as you approach Pueblo.

By the time Pueblo is reached, you find that it has got perceptibly hotter, and the climate reminds one of a southern city. The grass and verdure as we near Pueblo get scantier, the soil more parched and arid, assuming a yellowish hue, and the country generally presents a rather desolate appearance. Whereas, between Denver and the Springs the land gently swells and undulates harmoniously and beautifully to the eye. As we gradually left Colorado Springs behind us, the land became more and more irregular and uneven; on one side, fresh green pasture land could be seen; on the other, precipitous bluffs or knolls of sand, and a reddish, slaty rock would rise suddenly before the eye. These bluffs or knolls were frequently interspersed with great patches of land on which nothing grows but sage-brush. From the brows of some of these hills masses of stratified rock rise abruptly and precipitously, round in shape, and presenting to the eye and imagination the appearance of feudal castles or strongholds of predatory chieftains in the olden days, who were in the habit of sallying down to plunder the peaceful merchants of the valley or plain.

Reaching Pueblo about noon, after a stop of three quarters of an hour, we started for Leadville and the mountains. Pueblo as viewed from the train looks like some sleepy, old Spanish town, and presents a startling contrast to the life and activity of Denver. We saw, however, only the old town, and do not intend the above as a fair picture of Pueblo as a whole. For the first few miles after

leaving Pueblo the country is of the same character as the last twenty or thirty miles before reaching that place. On getting further into the Arkansas valley the aspect of the country changed, and green pastures and tillable land greeted the eye. Here and there we saw fair-looking corn and some patches of land on which wheat had been raised and harvested this season.

Living two years at Leadville at an altitude where nothing is raised, the sight for the first time in that period of a wheat field brought back to mind a flood of recollections, in which figured most prominently the golden glories of Eastern wheat fields in harvest time, and the smiling landscapes of the Mississippi valley contrasting most strongly with the barren, rugged grandeur of the Rockies.

As the cars chasing in its windings the Arkansas took us further and further from Pueblo, the country gradually became more mountainous and the altitude greater. The air became fresher and more exhilarating, and the temperature decidedly cooler. At 3 o'clock we arrived at Canyon City, a beautiful little place of 2,500 people. It has the honor of having the State Penitentiary located there, in which institution are confined 179 convicts, 13 of the number being murderers. Leadville furnishes but two of the murderers; but, it must be confessed, not because homicides are rare in that magic city, but rather because convictions are few. At Leadville it is always done in self-defense. The penitentiary is a fine-looking brick structure, and is encompassed by a quadrangular wall about 20 feet high, surmounted at each corner by a small tower, in which is an armed sentry to prevent the escape of the prisoners.

Leaving Canyon City, the Canyon becomes narrower, the mountains more precipitous, the Arkansas more winding, until we soon entered the far-famed Grand Canyon or Royal George.

The scene here unfolded to the eye of the awe-stricken beholder, for sublimity and wild and rugged grandeur, beggars description. No one need attempt it with the idea of doing the subject justice. At our feet, behold the Arkansas, winding, tortuous, impetuously dashing on its course, wildly eddying round some massive rock displaced from the mountains above, until its waters are churned into a sheet of foam and spray. Upward, on both sides, great masses of brownish and grayish rocks ascend perpendicularly from the edge of the stream on one side, and from the outer edge of the road-bed on the other, to a height varying from 600 to 2,000 feet. Not a vestige of verdure or vegetation is seen—nothing but the troubled waters below, and titanic masses of naked rock on either side towering above us, so boldly, so grandly, and to such a height, that the light of day is obscured, and the beholder holds his breath appalled and oppressed by the gloomy and savage grandeur of the scene. Ahead of us we descry a break in the rocky sides of our prison, and the railroad track makes a sudden bend or curve. In a second, the sunlight bursts in upon us again and the mountain sides have receded. The change is but momentary. A few seconds and the rocky sides of the mountains hem us in once more, and we are passing through a gorge exactly similar to the one just emerged from. The Arkansas is again winding at our feet, and perpendicular masses of rock frown down upon us as before. It is at least four or five miles of this scenery before the Canyon broadens out, and we emerged into the smiling valley of the Arkansas, where the eye is refreshed with gently flowing waters, green grasses, browsing cattle, and the blue sky. The country

from the Grand Canyon is well adapted for grazing, and much of it for purposes of tillage. It is, however, all taken up for cattle ranches.

From the train we saw a large number of cattle and some substantial looking houses, inhabited by ranchmen and their families.

About sixty miles from Canyon City we pass through Cleora, once thought to be a town of magnificent promise, but now consisting of a few log and frame houses. As we near Cleora the sun is gradually setting in the west, reddening the mountain tops with its golden radiance. The clouds have become variegated in color,—purple, red, golden—in fact, almost all the colors of the prism. Gradually the clouds assume a deeper and deeper red, until finally they look like glowing masses of fire floating ever so slowly and imperceptibly in the air and over the mountain tops.

Journeying on we came to the new and the thriving town of South Arkansas, a few miles above Cleora, where the train stops twenty minutes to allow passengers time for supper. Grey's Hotel, a large substantial building, is at hand near the track, and there we enjoy a good supper.

The town is kept up by the mining interests of the surrounding region, which are considered very promising. The grazing and agricultural interests of the surrounding valley can also contribute to the welfare of the town.

By this time it has grown dark, the air very chilly, and we shut down the window, and sit communing with our thoughts until the train lands us at Leadville, tired and glad of the prospect of a good night's rest.

The depot of the Rio Grande at Leadville is a large two-story frame building, well fitted up and adapted to the wants of the passenger traffic of the road.

Leaving Leadville just after the strike, when business and mining interests were very much depressed, and the outlook was anything but promising, we are agreeably surprised to find that there are many indications of a revival, both in business and mining circles. The Rio Grande giving us cheapened and increased facilities for transporting ores, is doing much. With its usual enterprise it is pushing rapidly its road from Leadville to the Ten Mile district. The extension of the Rio Grande from Leadville to the Gunnison via Red Cliff is being prosecuted with vigor, and will open up Eagle River and Gunnison as tributaries to Leadville. The merchants generally speak of business as reviving, and the mines promise an unprecedented productiveness the ensuing year. While some of the mines do not yield as much as formerly, others are yielding an amount of ore that amply compensates for the falling off of the former. Strikes are made every little while in new locations which before had been thought by many to be barren and worthless.

Such, however, is the history of the camp. The time was when, according to the many would-be prophets, Frier Hill was the only spot where paying mineral could be found in any quantity. When paying mines were discovered on Carbonate Hill, the prophets acknowledged their mistake as to Carbonate Hill; but they still maintained their prophecies would hold good as to all other localities. Alas for human wisdom! Freece Hill, Yankee Hill, South Evans, and other localities, have since come to the front, and are turning out bullion to-day. The discovery of the Green Mountain Boy, running 390 ounces gold to the ton, about a mile and a half above the town of Oro, in California

gulch, does not look as if the mining interests of Leadville are on the decay.

The Green Mountain Boy is in a district where nothing of importance has been discovered before. The Columbia on the south side of California gulch is also another recent discovery, and shows up a fine body of mineral running very high.

Yet, while the strikes that are made from time to time, and the increasing output of bullion from the camp, all point to a period of unusual prosperity, as soon as Leadville shall have fully recovered from the disastrous effects of the strike and the Little Pittsburgh collapse, it is by no means to be inferred that the flush days of yore, when prospects sold for \$100,000, will ever return.

Those thinking of trying their fortunes in Leadville had better stay away if they entertain any such idea, for in that case they will come but to be disappointed. Those wishing to come to a mining camp full of hope and promise, whose bullion output now exceeds that of any other camp in the world, and is constantly increasing, and where capital, labor, energy and brains will be amply rewarded, will do well to come to Leadville.

The days of the boom have passed away, and it is well that it is so. They were days of an unhealthy, unwholesome excitement, resulting in disaster and ruin to many, and for which the camp is now paying the penalty in its retarded progress. The value of mining claims and stock in those days of crazy excitement and speculation, were fictitious, and were not based on experienced knowledge, or any intelligent estimate of the nature and mineral resources of carbonate deposits. Those were halcyon days for the stock jobbers and shrewd mining sharps whose opportunities for reaping fortunes, by preying upon the imaginations of the excitable and credulous, were numberless. It has given a chance to the dismal crooker, who always comes to the front in the day of calamity with his "I told you so," to say that the mines are played out, and that Leadville in a few years will be a fit habitation for owls and bats; but the intelligent and discriminating who examine the camp's past and present will think otherwise, and will pronounce Leadville as yet in its infancy as a producer of precious metals.

In the place of the days of false values, Leadville has now an intelligent and discriminating application of capital to the development of her mining interests—a cheaper and better mode of transporting her ores, and a people not filled with visionary ideas, but with practical knowledge and experience, and who have a deep and abiding faith in the permanent future of Leadville.

The Davis Smelter, which is in process of erection, if successful, will treat ores running as low as \$6 and \$7 silver to the ton.

The method is entirely new, and appears likely to revolutionize and supersede the present mode of smelting ores. Tabor and others are interested in the enterprise. Mr. Davis has promised us an interview at an early day, and we hope in our next letter to give an explanation in detail of the process. It is a significant fact that many of the dumps of low grade ore of some of the principal mines have been recently purchased. Mr. Davis claims that he can by his method produce ten times more heat than the smelters now in operation, and at one-seventh the cost of fuel.

Building in Leadville has been going on lately to a considerable extent. The Howell, Star, Union and Monn-

heiner blocks on Harrison Avenue have been recently completed, and are large elegant business blocks. The new post-office and court-house buildings are in process of erection, and will ornament Leadville's main thoroughfare, Harrison Avenue. Rents still keep up their old figures. The hotels are full, and everybody feels encouraged at the outlook. In my next, I will give an account of Leadville's principal smelters and mines. Respectfully,

A. W. ARRINGTON.

Tailors.

The late improvements in the tailor-shop have given general satisfaction to all, particularly to us students, who take the opportunity of returning our hearty thanks and lasting gratitude to the worthy head of that establishment, and his gentlemanly assistants, for the kind reception we always meet with on going there.

Among the generality of mankind, a foolish idea seems to prevail; namely, that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man; and yet, to my own knowledge, there was never a proverb more untrue. On a bridge crossing the river Shannon, I saw, when only in my teens, a little valiant tailor—weighing only 112 pounds,—who completely cast in the shade all the boasted chivalry and manly courage of more than one thousand men. It was on a market day, when the splendid carriage of the noble Lord D— was rolling happily into town. The driver's seat having broken down, he let fall the reins, and in a moment after the high-blooded animals, with nostrils distended and eyes flashing fire, rushed furiously towards the bridge. While her ladyship was passing from one fainting-spell into another, his lordship, with outstretched hands, cried: "Stop the horses! stop the horses!" The gaping, horror-stricken crowd, with open mouths and arms extended, lent no other aid than to vociferate "Ho—! Ho—!" which only tended to increase the terror and fury of the flying steeds.

At that critical moment, the aforesaid little tailor, whose shop was in close proximity to the scene of disaster, flung down his *goose* and *shears*, seized a heavy cudgel, jumped on the battlement of the bridge, and as soon as the carriage approached, struck the nigh horse under the ear, felling him to the ground; he then held the animal's head down until help came, and all was safe. While the delighted crowd made the welkin ring with their reiterated cheers, Lord D— alighted, fell on the neck of our little hero, embracing him and pressing him to his bosom. He then presented him to his lady, and said: "Behold the man to whom, next to God, we owe our lives and the lives of our three children; though small in stature, he has performed a gigantic exploit, for which we can never adequately reward him." Then turning to our hero of the *goose* and *shears*, he said: "I appoint you chief steward of all my household; and besides, I give you a pension of \$1,000 a year, and a free hold deed of 300 acres of land. During my life, no other man shall drive my carriage but you." After setting the dilapidated seat in order, he jumped into it as nimbly as a *tailor*, gave a professional crack of his whip over the heads of the admiring crowd, and drove the grateful family off in triumph, to the music of the deafening cheers of all present. After lionizing him for eight days at the palace, Lord D— had the

tragic scene engraved on marble, and placed on the wall over the chief entrance to his palace.

On his return home, our little giant emancipated all his geese and ganders, and started with his delighted family for pastures rich and new.

In view of the foregoing facts, the dastardly fellow who penned the following sartirical daggerel verses richly deserves to have a pail of cold water thrown on his head some frosty morning. It is consoling, however, to know that he has the manly candor to exempt *our* worthy tailors from his general rule:

The tailors will *cabbage* you close to your skin,
Will cheat and defraud you, and think it no sin;
Although they are honest, as all of us know,
They must have their *cabbage* wherever they go.
That dear little creature, *ninth part* of a man,
Will squat like a Turk overboard when he can:
Whenever you enter his dainty caboose,
Be sure you're not bit by his wicked old goose!

J. M.

Shrines.

There are, I believe, few persons who have not at some period of their lives visited a shrine of some kind, either religious or national; led thither by devotion or curiosity, or by the desire to pay respect to the person in whose honor the shrine has been erected. I know of no country in which a spot has not been consecrated to the memory of those whose services have rendered them dear to all her children.

There is no true American heart that can gaze unmoved on the tomb of Washington. His heroic constancy, indomitable courage, and untiring efforts for our nation's good, have won for him the undying affection of his countrymen. With feelings akin to these, the Scotchman regards the resting-place of Sir William Wallace; the French, the tomb of the famous but unfortunate Napoleon; and the Irish, with equal enthusiasm, that of the great Daniel O'Connell, who by his eloquence obtained for them the Emancipation Act, by which the Irish Catholics were placed on an equal footing with their Protestant country-men.

Among shrines of a higher order are those which Christians erect in honor of some saint to whom they have a special devotion. To these they make pilgrimages, in order to obtain some particular favor, and to honor the saint to whom they pray. Even the Mahometans have their shrine—Mahomet's tomb—to which they go yearly to pray. If Protestants do not erect shrines to saints, still, I think, the places of the life and sufferings of our Lord ought to be shrines sacred to every Christian heart. We need not go so far, however, to find shrines; for we all have one very near us—in our hearts. To this we go very often, to worship at the altars of pride, of self-love, and many other passions. How often in our daily life do we bend before these shrines, instead of overturning them and breaking the idol!

What shall I say of the shrines of wealth and pleasure? The votaries of the former give up everything,—domestic ties, honor, all. And for what? A glittering tinsel of which death will rob them.

The same may be said of the votaries of pleasure; enjoyment is their only desire. We have yet to speak of the shrines of wisdom. The votaries of this shrine are countless, but their aim is higher than that of wealth or pleasure, and may be of some good if properly directed.

Far nobler, and more worthy of a Christian soul, are those countless shrines erected to the Blessed Virgin in all parts of the world. The most celebrated of these are that of Our Lady of Lourdes, of Chartres, and of La Salette, in France; and in Italy, of the Holy House of Loretto, the very place where our Divine Lord lived during the years of His holy life. In danger of being profaned and destroyed by the Turks, it was carried by the angels to Italy, where it has become a shrine sacred to every heart that believes in the mystery of the Redemption.

Of all the shrines, whether of the saint, hero or the sage, there is none to which we should oftener go than to the shrine of our hearts; formed by the Creator for the dwelling-place of His Holy Spirit, adorned with infinite graces, won through the Passion of His Son, and impressed with His own divine image, can there be anything more holy? Should anything be deemed too difficult that would add but a little even to its beauty,—a beauty that, if kept unspotted, shall one day change into a resplendent glory, when all shadows shall vanish in the light of the Beatific Vision.

A. K. M.

Every Man is the Architect of his Own Fortune.

Every man, in a certain sense of the word, is the architect of his own fortune, whether it be a good or a bad one. An ambitious and energetic man, when he finds that he must shift for himself, will immediately choose one of the many stations in life with which he is surrounded, and give to it his whole attention and care. It is true, that at first the prospects of acquiring a speedy fortune may not be very flattering; yet he will, persevere in his undertaking, whatever it may be, with hopes of better success in the future. By so doing, he will in a very short time, perceive with delight that his prospects are assuming a brighter and more cheering aspect. This inspires him with fresh courage, and urges him to toil the harder until his efforts are crowned with success. He will then be able to say, and can say so with pleasure to himself: "I am the architect of my own fortune."

On the other hand, we behold the man who is always waiting either for better times, or for something to turn up, as he terms it. Such a man as he will never be the architect of anything more than that of a very bad fortune. He has a superabundance of hired help to manage his business for him, while he busies his brains about politics, etc., and never gives even as much as a single thought to his business. As the case generally is, the management of the hired help does not prove to be very profitable. They do not devote the proper attention to it, and, the business being thus neglected, there is in a very short time comparatively nothing left but the wreck of an undertaking which, if properly managed, would have been the source of wealth. From constantly disbursing more capital—in trying to keep up the business—than he receives, the proprietor is soon on the verge of bankruptcy. The crisis comes, and he is penniless. Who is the architect of this fortune? No one but the proprietor himself; for his want of attention, ambition, and a determination to succeed. And, after failure, such men seldom have sufficient energy and self-reliance to begin again, even with the knowledge that their bitter experience would prove a wholesome lesson, and enable them to avoid the rock upon which they had been ship-wrecked.

R. FLEMING.

Art, Music and Literature.

—The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Beranger occurred on Aug. 20.

—"The Demon," Anton Rubinstein's opera, will be given at Hamburg next month.

—A work on the life and labors of St. Cuthberth, by Mr. A. W. Fryer, is in the London press.

—Six poets who have passed three-score and ten: Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, Browning and Holmes.

—It is reported that Hans Bülow, the pianist, has had a stroke of paralysis, in Berlin, and has lost the use of his right hand.

—Fine photographs of Hans Makart's great picture, "Diana's Chase," are now profusely displayed in New York shop windows.

—M. Sternburg, the young Russian pianist, met with the most flattering receptions at every stage of his recent journey through the Orient.

—M. Charles Gounod has accepted a commission to write an oratorio, to be entitled "Redemption," for the Birmingham Festival of 1882.

—"La mia Nona" is the name of a waltz composed for the cornet by Ferranti, which, finding no one more beloved, he dedicated to his dog.

—Signor Ciampi, of the Royal Italian Opera, is said to have been robbed of 10,000 francs, while sojourning at a watering-place in the Pyrenees.

—A gold dish, two feet in diameter, containing a representation of the Adoration of the Magi, may now be seen in Science and Art Museum, Dublin.

—Mr. Theodore Thomas has finally consented to accept permanently the directorship of the choral and orchestral department of the New York College of Music.

—Remenyi, at the conclusion of the Suengerfest held at Detroit, Mich., last month, was presented with a fine gold watch and chain by some ardent admirers of his skill as a violinist.

—A Towsontown paper made a young poetess say, "Oh for a heart full of sweet yearling!" The poetess wrote to the editor, declaring that she wrote "yearning," and that the printer who set it up "yearling" was a calf.

—A letter from Rome to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that Bishop Eligius Cusi, of the Franciscan Order, and Apostolic Vicar in the district of Canton, has compiled a new Chinese alphabet, consisting of thirty-three letters, by means of which all the words now expressed by many thousands of symbols can be written.

—Rev. Ugo Grassi, S. J., has presented to the St. Louis University a book that will prove more of a curiosity than anything else to most readers. The title-page is as follows: "A Dictionary of the Kalispel or Flat-head Indian Language, compiled by the Missionaries of the Society of Jesus. Part I, Kalispel—English. St. Ignatius Print, Montana, 1877-8-9."

—Another relic of the Spanish Armada has been secured at Slains, Scotland, during the course of this week by the efforts of Mr. David Ritchie and the salmon fishermen. It is a large gun raised up out of the place where one of the ships belonging to the Armada was wrecked; and, strange to say, though it has been in that place for upwards of two hundred and ninety years, yet it seems as good as ever.

—A bill authorizing the sale of part of the French crown jewels is being prepared by the Minister of Fine Arts, and will be laid before the Legislative Chamber during its autumn session. The collection of precious stones and ornaments spoken of as the crown jewels consists, in part, of objects which have no artistic value, and of jewels which are classed as "objects of art," or which have some historical associations. Their estimated value is \$1,500,000.

—A second edition of Father Jenkins' "Handbook of British and American Literature" has been published by John Murphy & Company. The author introduces to his readers all the principal writers who have fashioned and

enriched our language, beginning with the most distinguished men of the fifth century and ending with the word-masters of the present day. He mentions and criticizes their productions, and illustrates his remarks by apt and often long quotations from their works. Taken altogether, this manual is the best of the kind for Catholic high schools that we know of.—*Catholic Herald*.

—EGAN RYDER.—Recent numbers of the *Ave Maria* contained letters from Mr. Maurice F. Egan and Mr. Elliot Ryder on the subject of American-Catholic poetry. Our leading Catholic poets were discussed in a very interesting manner, and the standing of both gentlemen among the Catholic *literati* of the country added to the interest. Mr. Ryder in his rejoinder to Mr. Egan, paid the latter this graceful and richly-deserved compliment: "More competent critics than myself place Mr. O'Rielly at the head of our American Catholic poets; and if Mr. Egan lives a dozen years longer, he will crowd closely upon his heels."

—It is now settled that an English company will support the Italian tragedian Salvini while in this country. The names of some of the members of the company have already been printed in *The Tribune*. The *Courier des Etats Unis* draws a picture of the sort of work which may be expected, taking a page at random from "Othello" as an illustration: *Othello*—"Ella si desta." *Desdemona*—"Who's there, Othello?" *Othello*—"desdemona, diceste in questa sera la vostra prece?" *Desdemona*—"Ay, my Lord." *Othello*—"Se alcun delitto pur vi ricordi, che dal Ciel non ebbe perdonno, or l'invocate?" *Desdemona*—"Alas, my Lord, what may you mean by that?" The same newspaper suggests that it might be well to engage a Frenchman for the part of *Iago*, and a German for that of *Emilia*. Why not, says the *Evening Post*, also play the piece backward, and to vary matters give one or two scenes with Salvini talking, or trying to talk, in English, and the rest of the characters going through it Italian.

—The New York *Tribune* says: "The announcement is made this morning that Theodore Thomas has undertaken the formation of a new choral society under his personal direction, and all properly qualified persons who wish to join it are invited to communicate with him at Steinway Hall. There is little reason to doubt that a large number of recruits will promptly present themselves. The immediate purpose of the new scheme is to secure a body of well-trained singers, not to interfere with existing choirs, but to co-operate with the Philharmonic orchestra in the production of important works in the oratorio and cantata form; the two organizations will be independent, although both will be under Thomas' direction. The plan is not a new one; it has been in contemplation for several years, and would have been undertaken before Thomas' removal to Cincinnati if his annual musical tours had not filled so much of his time. He will now have an opportunity to conduct the rehearsals and give to the new society whatever other attention it may require."

Scientific Notes.

—Platinum and Iridium have recently been found in the Ranguley Lake region, Maine.

—Mr. Robert Cattin, of Tuscarora, Nev., has patented an improved apparatus for compressing air.

—Snow and ice will now be removed from railroad tracks by a new invention, in which heat is the motive power.

—Flint glass is composed of 300 parts of pure white sand, 200 parts of minium, 100 parts of refined pearl-ash, and 30 parts of nitre.

—The Worthington oil pumping-engines pump 15,000-barrels of oil through 100 miles of pipe, against the enormous pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch.

—The village of Las Placitas, about thirty miles from Santa Fé, New Mexico, is built on a ledge of rock carrying from \$3,000 to \$6,000 worth of gold per ton.

—The combination of a map with sheets secured

by their upper edges to the map roller, and pendant on the sides of the map, is among the recent inventions.

—The bridge over the Volga, standing one hundred feet above the main level of the water, and supported by fourteen piers, has just been completed at a cost of \$5,590,000.

—Late observations of Prof. Henry Draper would lead us to the belief that Jupiter is still hot enough to give out light, though perhaps only in a periodic or eruptive manner.

—The largest sewing-machine in the world has lately been finished. It is built on the Singer type, and weighs over four tons. It is specially made for stitching cotton and ordinary leather belting.

—It may be of use for many to know how to make postage-stamp mucilage. Take gum dextrin, two parts; water, five parts; acetic acid, one part; dissolve by aid of heat, and add one part of spirits of wine.

—Mr. Hans Knudson, of De Forest, Wis., has patented a dynamometrical engine governor, by means of which the work performed by the engine, and the strain upon the driving wheel, regulates and controls the steam supply.

—The decomposition of one drop of water produces a power equal to the most terrific thunderstorm ever witnessed. The decomposition of one grain of water produces a force equal to the discharge of 800,000 Leyden jars.

—Dr. Neale, of London, is about to effect a change in the present system of ventilation, by the use of a "chemical lung." He gave a very successful demonstration of his scheme to a large number of scientific men in London, Aug. 18th.

—The most probable opinion as to the origin of the fires in the Pennsylvania oil regions is, not that the tanks were struck immediately by a descending thunderbolt, but that they were ignited by the electric spark contained in the rain drop.

—In Nevada there is a spring about twenty feet square, to which a bottom has never been found, although on looking into it one would think it to be about two feet deep. This deception is caused by sand, which is plainly visible, in a state of constant revolution.

—Wrecks and submarine foundations can now be thoroughly examined by the Bazin submarine observatory and electric light. It was used for the first time, and with great success, in examining the wreck of the Confederate Steamer Alabama, which was sunk off the French coast at Cherbourg.

—It is well known that snow on the summits of mountains does not melt. The reason given is that the heat received from the sun is thrown off into stiller space so rapidly by radiation and reflection, that the sun fails to raise the temperature of the snow to a melting point. The snow evaporates, but does not melt.

—The world was astonished when it heard that the voice could be sent over wires; but when Mr. Bell actually succeeded in speaking by means of light, our astonishment reaches the climax. The heliograph, which has proved so useful in recent campaigns in the Afghan country and elsewhere, can now be made to talk orally yet silently over the head of an enemy, or across impassible streams, or other low barriers.

—We read of iron pipes being burst by frost, but of the force of growth few cases come under observation. A curious fact of the latter kind is now taking place in an English orchard. An old millstone, five and a half feet in diameter, and seven inches thick, with a central hole seven inches in diameter, was left many years ago in said orchard. In 1812, a filbert tree sprouted from the earth at the bottom of the hole; and gradually increasing in size from year to year, until in 1868 it was found that the tree had completely filled the hole, and actually lifted the stone from the ground, wearing it about its trunk as a girdle.

—Modern science is now thoroughly proving the convertibility of forces. According to Prof. Tyndall, all forces may be defined as modes of motion, and if so, they

must have the properties of motion. One kind of motion we call sound, another heat, again another light—and a fourth we call chemism. Sound waves travel only so fast as to be perceived by the ears; heat waves cannot be perceived by the ears, because they are too fast. But could we not make them be perceived? Prof. Tyndall proved years ago in a lecture delivered in New York that this can be the case, and actually succeeded in making the invisible chemical rays of the spectrum travel slowly enough as to become perceptible as additional color to the spectrum. Would this not explain the working of the photophone?

College Gossip.

—Prof.—"Can you name the largest planet?" Student—"Saturn." Prof.—"Saturn?" "Yes, sir: it carries the belt."—*Ex.*

—Mrs. Dr. Alexis Caswell has bequeathed one thousand dollars to Brown University. Perhaps Notre Dame's turn may come some day.

—Tutor: "John, has the moon weight." "Yes, sir." "Prove it, John." "Well, I guess the moon has four quarters, and there's twenty-five lbs. in a quarter."

—Sub-Fresh.—*perplexus*—Cæsar here relates of himself: *Cæsar erat in concilio inconstans*. Is it possible that Cæsar could have been at the Council of Constance?—*Ex.*

—It is now claimed that the first time the expression "eureka" was used was when Socrates sat down on a tack for which he had been looking.—*Boston Sun Budget.*

—A Professor in Cornell, lecturing on the wind in some western forest, remarked: "In travelling the road, I often found the logs bound and twisted to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went around."

—Prof. (who has vainly endeavored to make John comprehend)—"John I don't think that there's much difference between yourself and a mule." John—"O, yes, there is." Prof.—"How much, pray?" John (who stands a short distance from Prof.)—"About six feet, sir." (*Tableaux*).

—That old dunce, Bismarck, asks the prospective" tenant of one of his houses: "Has Madame any children?" "Two little girls, the one ten and the other eight years old." "The one of ten is the older, I presume?" "Yes, sir, and the other is the younger." "Thank you. I was about to ask that."—*Cornell Sun.*

—A teacher, trying to explain to her pupils the use of the dash, wrote the word "Bird's-nest" on the blackboard. Having called the attention of the class to the word, she asked what the dash was used for. Silence reigned supreme for a moment, when a little urchin, with a knowing look, said: "I suppose it must be for the bird to roost on."

—A story is told of an American professor whose specialty was entomology. Some of his students, wishing to test his knowledge, prepared a bug with great care, making it up of the wings, legs, etc., of different insects. Carrying it up to the professor they said: "Professor, here is a strange specimen we have found. Can you classify it?" The professor studied it a few moments, and then said quietly: "Gentlemen, this is a humbug."—*Ex.*

—A joke intended for a person may sometimes be used by him to advantage. A friend sometime ago related us an instance of this kind as having happened to old Professor Agassiz. He was walking near a shelf containing geological specimens, and taking up one after the other, he would say: "This is a specimen of a fossil trilobite; this, is a specimen of a favorite," etc. Some member of the class placed an ordinary stone, in the line of specimens. The professor took it up and looked at it, then quietly said: "This is a specimen of the impudence of some member of the class."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, October 2, 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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—We would wish to call the attention of all our friends, and especially those of the Faculty, to the necessity of their aiding us by their timely contributions to maintain the creditable reputation which the SCHOLASTIC has gained as a college journal. As a representative of the University, the SCHOLASTIC should receive the support and encouragement of each and every individual member of the Faculty. Each one could write an occasional article on some literary or scientific subject, which would prove both interesting and instructive to our students. The more advanced students should, we think, contribute an article now and then, taking for their subject something connected with their present studies, and thereby show that they have a thorough knowledge of that matter which they may have seen in class; those studying the classics might, for instance, write up some classical author; those studying the sciences, some scientific subject; the Commercial, something on commerce: by doing this, you could not but derive great advantage therefrom, to say nothing of the satisfaction you would surely experience in seeing your productions in print. We receive many college exchanges here, the greater part of the matter in which is chiefly made up from the contributions of the students. We, therefore, see no reason why the SCHOLASTIC should not likewise contain essays, on almost every subject, written by the students of Notre Dame.

As far as supporting the SCHOLASTIC by subscribing for it is concerned, the following, which we clip from *The Brunonian*, one of our welcome and best-edited exchanges,

precisely conveys our ideas on that point. Substitute the word *Scholastic* wherever the word *Brunonian* occurs: "This issue of *The Brunonian* is intended to be of special interest to Alumni who at this time are wont to turn their thoughts and steps to *Alma Mater*. To many of them it will be a reminder of the times when they have struggled in the midst of other duties to make up copy for the printer. To all such, former guardians of this paper, we extend our greeting and ask for sympathy. Others, when they look the paper over, will compare it with *The Brunonian* of their college days. It is probable that many changes will be apparent. We trust that, on the whole, the comparison will not be to our disadvantage. It is necessary that as the college improves and gains a wider influence, the college paper should keep pace with it. Such improvement has taken place in *The Brunonian* in the past, and the present board of editors hope to keep up the advance. In this attempt we need the aid of Alumni as well as students. As interest in college does not disappear when the diploma is received, every Alumnus should take the paper for many years after his graduation. We hope that all, therefore, will send or give their names to us, and during the next year keep acquainted with what is going on here. Let no one who still possesses college spirit fail to do so. There is also one more request to be made. In order to make the personal column interesting it is necessary that all who possess any information in regard to their classmates, or others, should contribute it. Let all take it upon themselves to furnish such information. To make the paper just what it should be, there should exist this active interest among the Alumni in its behalf. We ought to have the names of Alumni on our subscription list doubled for next year, and we ought also to be able to depend upon them for much desirable news. Let there be an encouraging response to these requests, and its effects will surely be apparent in the paper."

We hope that all who have graduated at Notre Dame in former years will pay attention to this matter, and send us in their subscriptions as soon as possible.

—A most enjoyable time was had by the Juniors, last Wednesday, in the famous city of Bertrand. They left the College grounds at 10.45 a. m., and at 12.30 p. m., the outskirts of the "city" were visible. After the many incendiary attempts by the Philopatrians to burn this famous city, caution, in approaching it with such a large crowd, was a necessity.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred from the time the College grounds were forsaken until the spires of the various churches in the "city" were seen; save that, now and then one of the fat boys would "holler" out: "Brother, let's rest awhile!" We might also say, parenthetically, that the apple orchards, which were on either side of the "line of march," were the frequent recipients of the boys' compliments, etc.

As I said before; caution in approaching the "city" was a necessity; therefore, we determined upon sending out scouts for the purpose of reconnoitring. Cleary, "Marshall," Start, "Dexter," and a few others, noted for the celerity of their movements, were entrusted with this important mission. After a few minutes they returned, saying that all was well—that there were no signs of alarm or unusual excitement among the citizens; that they

seemed well pleased, when made cognizant of our approach. This joyful intelligence allayed our fears; but deeming discretion the better part of valor, our forces were drawn up in martial array; and in this manner, with the only piece of ordinance we had—Cannon—in front, we bore down upon the “city.” A large number of more prominent citizens, porcine in appearance, were out to meet us; they welcomed us by a few deep “grunts,” and then fled into their shady retreats. In a few minutes more, ’mid the melodious strains of Start’s Brass Band, we entered the city, and made straight for the “sign of the horse-shoe.” Here the boys entertained themselves “right royally”; and after the “inner man” had been satisfied, we set about “doing” the “city”; we visited the principal places of interest, such as the Court House, Academy of Music, the Shot-Tower, Board of Trade, etc.

As had been previously agreed upon, the “city being done,” we all assembled near the “big birch tree,” planted long ago by Prof. Lyons, the then Mayor of the “city”; and there beneath its branches were delivered telling speeches by Cannon, Croarkin, Zeikind, Rietz, “the Marshall,” and several others, whose names we do not at present recollect. As their speeches were extemporaneous effusions, we being unacquainted with the stenographical method, can give but brief and imperfect extracts of the orators’ eloquent effusions.

Cannon viewed at length the advantages enjoyed by the citizens of this great and glorious republic he inculcated the absolute necessity of a free ballot, saying that for the attainment of this end, he believed that the ballot-box shouldn’t be “stuffed”; for, exclaimed he, in a sudden outburst of passionate eloquence, “How can the ballot-box be said to be free, when stuffed?” The speaker dwelt for some time upon the necessity of a healthy diet; and wound up by moving “that the weather be fine on the 13th of of next month.”

The applause having subsided, “the Marshall,” rose amid deafening cheers, and having bowed his acknowledgements, gave one of the most eloquent orations that it has been our good fortune to listen to in some time. “Can we,” said the “Marshall,” “find a more befitting occasion to give free expression to our political convictions than the present one, being, as we are, beneath the shade of one of the most beautiful birch trees ever planted by the hand of man?” [Cries of no! no!] After referring in glowing terms to the planter of the birch tree, he hurriedly glanced over the political situation, dwelling at length upon the present exorbitant charges for pie; and moved “that a committee of eight be appointed to call on Bro. Thomas and rectify this matter, if possible!” Cleary, Grever, Bodine, Tinley, Brinkman, Coghlin, Gordon, and Gall were selected, and entrusted with this most important affair. After an apostrophe to the manufacturers of cigars, he sat down, amid the deafening cheers of his auditors.

Croarkin’s speech was brief, and to the point. He said that this constant harangue about Southern ascendancy was mere “bosh.” Why should the North fear Southern ascendancy. “Just bring,” said the orator, “a bar’l of cider here; place it in charge of six boys from the North, and an equal number from the South; who’s going to get the most of that “bar’l;” or, in other words, which will gain the ascendancy, the North or the South? (cries of “North” and “South”) I say, gentlemen, neither!—they’ll divide it, and the cider will gain the ascendancy over both.” He concluded by saying that he would vote

neither for Garfield, Hancock, or Weaver; but that he’d bet five dollars with any man present that pork and beans were good for dinner. He was followed by Rietz, who indulged in a few witticisms, at Cannon’s expense. Zeikind then rose, and said that he would not detain the assembly any longer on this occasion; but that, at some other time, he would relate his experience in training cats and elephants. “Dexter” was then loudly called for, and in a neat little speech suggested the propriety of eradicating the “birch tree,” and donating it to Rev. Father Zahm for the Museum. The proposition was received with shouts of approval; and in a few seconds after

That tree of yore
Could be seen no more
At the schoolhouse door.

With this ended the oratorical part of the day’s festivities. A short time was then devoted to calling on the most prominent citizens, who had extended us a most cordial invitation to that effect; and after an exchange of good wishes on both sides, headed by Start’s Band we directed our steps towards the University, where we arrived at 6 o’clock, well pleased with our trip to Bertrand.

Profs. Edwards and Devoto were with us, and express themselves as having enjoyed themselves immensely. As for us, invited by Bro. Leander, C. S. C., we spent our time very pleasantly in the famous “city,” and believe that such excursions should take place frequently.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC, NOTRE DAME, IND.

DEAR SIR:—I have been very much surprised by reading the article from John Jay, which originally appeared in the *International Review*. I would like to read your views upon this subject in the columns of THE SCHOLASTIC.

CONSTANT READER.

One of the most sacred duties of the Apostles was teaching; it must, therefore, necessarily form one of the most important obligations of the Catholic clergy, their successors, according to the precept of our Divine Lord: * *All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go, therefore, teach all nations.* The mission of our Lord Himself was to teach, enlighten and instruct the world. If education is not the business of the Catholic clergy alone, it most certainly is their duty and office to watch over and direct parents and guardians in the discharge of their obligations towards those for whose instruction in religion and morality they will be held strictly accountable.

If we consider the final destiny of man, the necessity of instilling into the minds of youth sound, moral and religious principles is made manifest; for a contented mind and peaceful conscience can be possessed only by those in whose minds principles of religion and morality have been deeply implanted. Examples of this truth are every day presented to us by numerous conversions to our holy Faith. Of what avail are degrees, diplomas, honors, promotions, etc., unless the moral and religious training has been such that he who has received them may with a reasonable hope of moral safety commence that occupation in life for which his education has fitted him. “For what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

That it is the duty of our clergy to superintend

* Matthew, 28th, 18th and 19th.

the instruction of youth is clearly shown in the Acts of the Apostles, in the Epistles, and in the writings of the early Christian Fathers. To the exertions of the clergy we are, in a great measure, indebted for our universities, colleges and other institutions of moral and intellectual training, in which the clergy have always distinguished themselves, by taking a most important part as teachers of the various branches of science. To them also in a very great degree is due the rapid advancement in the arts and sciences, for which our age is so remarkable. This being so, how can anyone hesitate to intrust the intellectual training of his or her young charge to those devoted teachers, whose only desire is to perfect men in science, religion and morality; whose chief delight is to see them manfully, honestly and successfully battling against the waves of life's tempestuous sea. Seeing this, they have the consolation of a well-grounded hope that those for whom they have labored will, when life's battles are fought, possess that for which a well-spent life was but a preparation—eternal felicity.

To whom can we better entrust the education of our children than to those who are devoted to moral and religious training? That they *are* the best instructors, the faithful discharge of their duties, and the rapid advancement made by those with whose education they have been intrusted, will be ample proof; that they are competent to-day to give to our American youths an education suitable to every condition in life, is a fact which no man of sound mind can deny.

One of the grandest and most sublime objects which our Catholic school system is intended to effect is the preservation of morality.

The Catholic Church, the infallible guide in Faith and morals, with her far-penetrating eye saw, with horror, the threatened annihilation of morality, if a godless school system were to be followed, and therefore ordered her members to place their children in Catholic schools. The public school system of the present day is, most assuredly, a godless one. A war is waging against everything and everybody that will suggest the word God in school.

What is the result of such a diabolical course of action? If we but look around us, we cannot but observe the alarming increase of immorality and Atheism. The Bob Ingersolls are becoming very numerous, and, like him, declare that Christianity and religion—the one inseparably united to the other—are humbugs. Freedom of thought is the god before whom we must bend our knee in adoration. It was well enough for those living in the dark (?) days of early Christianity, or in the still darker mediæval times, to think of such a being as God; and as for those who now believe in the existence of a Supreme Omnipotence, well,—they are still impregnated with the superstitious follies and fallacies of the primitive or mediæval times. Let us here thank God that we are not impregnated with that nineteenth century enlightenment (?) that would cause us to declare that Christian churches should be converted either into stables or soup-houses. If such a sad thing should ever occur, we would suggest that the advocates of this mutation be placed *en charge d'affairs*. Just imagine Bob Ingersoll, or some atheistic progeny of "our" present school system, acting in the menial capacity of a hostler or soup-house proprietor! What a fine contemplative object for the advocates of "our" present school system! And this is what they whom they have trained would substitute for Christianity! "The tree is known by

its fruit"; and if the fruit of "our" public school system is of that kind, what a wholesome (?) tree must have produced it!

Pagan Rome taught the world that self-gratification, and the indulgence of every passion, was the great religious shrine at which all should kneel. "Our" school system of the present day would seem to inculcate the same doctrine.

A certain admirer of "our" school system said that "it educated children so much better for getting along in the world than the Catholic schools, in which so much time is wasted in prayers and religious instruction, that the children cannot compete with public school scholars." As to the assertion of its educating children to get along in the world so much better than children educated in Catholic schools, we believe it to be true enough in a certain sense; but that the consideration of morality and religion being ignored, the young men educated in non-Catholic or public schools manifest a greater degree of intellectual capacity; that they are better, more honest, or more patriotic citizens, than those educated in Catholic schools, we most emphatically deny. The assertion that too much time is wasted in prayer or religious instruction could emanate only from an individual whose educational principles have an atheistic tinge. It is a well known fact that the earliest impressions made on a child are the longest preserved; the crooked tree is easiest made straight while a sapling; but when it has become a strong-bodied tree, if crooked, straightening becomes a physical impossibility. So with the child: instil into his young heart sentiments of Ingersollism, he becomes an infidel; sentiments of pride, hatred, avarice, and he becomes impregnated with these vices; but on the other hand, teach him morality and honesty, and he becomes a good and trustworthy citizen; inculcate the necessity of being a religious man—a good Christian—and he becomes a God-fearing citizen.

We are happy to observe the ability with which our Catholic papers, in all parts of the world, are treating this subject. Our happiness is greatly augmented in perceiving that many of our most intelligent non-Catholic citizens are beginning to open their eyes to the importance of a moral, as well as an intellectual training—beginning to see the bad effects which are consequent upon the inefficiency and inadequateness of the present public school system for the imparting to our youth a sound, moral and intellectual training. Mr. Richard Grant White, for instance, who has in former years been a staunch supporter of the public school system, now unpitifully swoops down upon it in a communication to the *New York Times*; and as an explanation why he *now* speaks of the system in such reproachful terms, as to say that they can lay claim to the exertion of no wholesome influence, either moral or intellectual, upon society is, that he could not have spoken otherwise without wholly falsifying his opinion and feeling upon the subject. He most unhesitatingly denies that they make their pupils better citizens, or better men and women, or fit them for the duties or business of their lives. And we heartily indorse his assertion; for being a man of intelligence, his opinion must be of great weight on such a point. He says: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the proof of the value of our public school system is in the quality of the young men and young women it produces." And let us remark that this quality is generally a very poor one. We have known young men

whose moral standing, before entering a public school, was irreproachable; whose intellectual endowments were really admirable; whose desire for the attainment of a thorough education was ardent and sincere; but after a few years spent therein, what a sad change was noticeable in them! Their good morals were, in a short time, corrupted; their desire for study gone; and in a few short years they were wrecks, both morally and intellectually.

The advocates of the public school system may say that because these few have become corrupted in public schools we cannot conclude that it is the same with the majority. In reply, we shall simply quote the words of Mr. White on this particular point. In speaking of the few who do profit by the instruction they receive in public schools, and become good citizens, he says: "But these, it will be found, are, with comparatively few exceptions, young persons who, if our public system did not exist, would receive in other ways all instruction necessary to fit them for their positions in life. But as the public school system exists in its present state, and as the fathers of these young people are taxed to support it,—taxed, not only directly, if they have property of any kind, however little; taxed indirectly, if they have property or not, on every expenditure they make. This being the case, it would be strange indeed, most unwise and most unthrifty, if parents of moderate means did not send their children to take advantage of the elaborate and expensive system of public instruction which, year by year, they are heavily mulcted to maintain. But these boys and girls cannot be set down, either in their adolescence or in their maturity, to the credit of the public school system; and used as the bases of an argument for its maintenance. They are merely public school pupils by accident, and would receive all necessary instruction if our public school system as it now exists had never been developed." He then goes on to say that the deterioration of the public service system is traceable to the defectibility of the public school system.

Now, then, what are we to infer from all this? The conclusion to us is obvious. Either religion must hold its natural place in the educational system, which is at the head, or hopeless demoralization must follow. We think it about time that some efforts were made towards improvement in the present condition of "our" school system. We are confident that in the long run the Catholic system of education will, and must triumph; for it, of all others, is the one possessing all that is capable of forming both the heart and intellect of our American youth.

Personal.

- F. X. Claffey, '76, is teaching school at Niles, Mich.
- Rev. Father Kirsch spent Sunday at the St. Joe Farm.
- Rev. Father Hagerty went to Niles last Monday afternoon.
- Rev. Jno. Ford is still the worthy Director of the St. Aloysius' Home.
- W. Ad. Widdecombe is residing at St. Paul. He sends his subscription for this year's SCHOLASTIC. That's right, Ad.
- We are informed that Master F. McGrath, Chicago, Ill., will be with us on the 13th, St. Edward's day. Welcome, Frank.
- Rev. A. Gamache, '72, said his first Mass in Lowell

on Sunday last. We extend the Rev. gentleman our congratulations.

—Hon. E. Dunne, LL.D., who delivered the oration here on Commencement day, has taken up his residence in Chicago, Ill.

—Mr. J. Croarkin, Dexter, Mich., remained with us a few days of last week. He came to visit his son Eddie, of the Junior department.

—R. W. Staley, B. A., ('74) is in business at St. Louis, Mo. "Bob" desires to be kindly remembered to his many friends; and, of course, does not forget to remit his subscription for the SCHOLASTIC.

—Among this week's visitors were: Mary L. Rowley, Helen F. Daer, Elkhart, Ind.; Lottie E. Guy, Newark, Ohio.; S. G. Olostot and lady, South Bend; Wm. J. Ferson, Mr. and Mrs. Coan, Niles Mich.; Mrs. A. C. Hoffman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Hon. Daniel McDonald, J. Kellar, N. Judson, E. V. Lane, Mr. Warsaw, Plymouth, Ind.; Mr. McKee and lady, Mishawaka; Ella Windlang, Bell Rauck, Three Rivers; Mrs. H. Lubbs, O. G. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Boyer, Lydia Boyer, Liverpool, Penn.; Carrie L. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.; Carrie Davidson, Louisville, Ky.; Dwight M. Coonley, Leadville; Geo. C. Libbey, Louisville, Ky.; Geo. Jackson, Columbus, Ohio; E. E. Smith, W. Leyroy, Ind.; Mrs. John and Mary McCarty, Huntington, Ind.; Sarah A. Purdy, H. Purdy, Burlington; Mrs. L. Farrell, Jackson; H. Vanrickel, Springfield, Ohio; Mr. L. Rowley, Mt. Vernon, Ohio; Ada Purdy, South Bend.

Local Items.

- "Move we adjourn."
- Ducks on the lower lake.
- Send in your local items.
- The Juniors have a new football.
- Nobody in the Infirmary these days.
- The Band is being organized. Hurrah!
- Look out for that "big hickory pipe" next week!
- The Juniors are getting rich. They have a silver man.
- Bonney's portable Art Gallery is sadly in need of repairs.
- Have the Juniors concluded to discard the National Game?
- We are under obligations to Rev. J. A. Zahm for favors received.
- The pump near the Minims' Campus is well patronized these days.
- Send in your "personals," and thereby help to swell the personal columns.
- Now, it's not "Did you see the elephant?" but, "Did you see the roast?"—*Et.*
- The Nimrods were out last Tuesday, and returned with their game bags—empty.
- The Juniors had another very exciting game of football on Wednesday afternoon.
- A contradiction in terms—engaging a contractor to widen a street or thoroughfare.
- Our friend John has requested us not to indulge in personalities. All right, John.
- Our weather-prophet predicts: "Rain on every Sunday and Wednesday for a month."
- The Croquet Clubs' grounds are in excellent trim, being as smooth and level as a floor.
- There is certainly a decided improvement in the singing in Church on Sundays. Good!
- There will be about seventy-five priests from the diocese of Fort Wayne here next week.
- A new species of that delicious fruit, the peach, was recently discovered by one of the Seniors.
- There seems to be no falling off in the large number of visitors to be seen daily at the University.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers p. 36, of the Vesperal.

—Our friend John was several times rudely torn from the arms of Morpheus on Wednesday night,—sweet, new cider.

—The chapel in process of erection near the Presbytery will, judging from present appearance, be a beautiful one, when completed.

—The priests of the Diocese of Fort Wayne will make their bi-ennial retreat here next week. Bishop Dwenger will accompany them.

—Ask the "Corporal" to allow you to peruse the "postals" that were sent him by two of his Bertrand friends on Wednesday last.

—When will that "schedule" spoken of at the last Faculty meeting be ready? Our risibles are in a state of revolution. Please hurry, Prof.

—Our friend John was informed before starting for Bertrand that its population was about 200,000. He "tumbled" after seeing the "sights."

—Rev. Father O'Shea, Chaplain at the St. Joe Farm, preached an eloquent sermon in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart on Sunday last.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons wishes to have it distinctly understood that his *Scholastic Annual* is, in no way, responsible for the present atmospheric changes.

—Oh, what persuasive power is possessed by the "old reliable"! A boy shows signs of having the "shakes," when he beholds that "mighty power."

—It is Br. Albert's intention as soon as possible to have the Studio even more handsome and elegant than it was before the burning of the old College.

—Students must not place notes in the papers which they mail to their parents or friends. Papers containing such will be consigned to the waste basket.

—A Croquet Club has been organized among the Juniors. Masters C. Tinley, F. Grever, J. P. O'Neill, C. Rose, J. Schneider, J. Suaefer and W. Cannon are the present members.

—The reason why the red and blues played the three games of football, in such a remarkably short time, on Wednesday afternoon, was that between each game they were regaled with sweet cider.

—Another Croquet Club has been formed in the Junior department. The following are the members: Willie Start, H. Rose, C. Briukman, W. Mahon, F. Weber, R. Flemming, A. Rohrbach, and G. J. Rhodius.

—Suitable furniture is being made for the Studio. A large number of models in all sorts of drawings are constantly expected from Europe. When these are received, he will be well prepared to meet all demands in his branch of instruction.

—The artists and draughtsmen have now a new Studio. It is located immediately to the east of the old one. The increase over last year in the number of pupils who take drawing necessitated the removal to a more spacious drawing-class room.

—We are constantly receiving "locals" from some, who neglect signing their names thereto. These gentlemen need not be surprised at the non-appearance of their items. No attention whatever will be given communications not bearing the writer's name.

—"He wouldn't do his detention, not he,"—he said this before he was given an introduction to the "old reliable." Having, however, become acquainted with that old gentleman, he changed his mind, and said that he didn't care if he did write that detention.

—The first game of baseball for the championship of the 1st session was played last Wednesday between the Juanitas and Star of the East Baseball Clubs. The game was handsomely won by the Juanitas, by a score of 12 to 2, in two hours and fifteen minutes.

—The Professors of Music and Drawing inform us that there are more students studying these branches this year than for several years before. The teachers of these branches are competent, energetic, and self-sacrificing

men; we predict unprecedented success in music and drawing.

—The following are the officers of the Lemonnier Library Association for the present session: Prof. J. F. Edwards, President and Librarian; W. Arnold, Vice-President G. Rhodius, Recording Secretary; S. Terry, Corresponding Secretary; W. Jones, F. Grever, C. Rietz, H. Rose, Assistant-Librarians.

—The Juniors visited on Wednesday last that city which the Philopatians have made so famous, by trying to burn it down every year, for the past quarter of a century. It still stands. There is no doubt, however, but that the Philopatians will make another incendiary attempt at its destruction some time during this scholastic year.

—We have authorized no one to enter our sanctum and surreptitiously extract therefrom any newspaper, magazine, book, or periodical of any description. Some person or persons have been doing this. Please do so no more. If you wish for reading-matter from us, please ask for it; and if possible, we will give it to you with pleasure.

—A game of football was played Wednesday, between the reds and blues of the Minim Department. A barrel of apples was the prize to be given the winning side. J. Courtney captained the reds; Master O'Connor, the blues. The game was stubbornly contested on both sides; but, after a two hours' struggle, the blues were victorious.

—THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has resumed its weekly visits after an absence extending through the summer vacation, with one exception—the vacation number. The summer's rest has deprived it of none of its brightness and attractiveness, and its reappearance at *The Register* office occasions much pleasure.—*South-Bend Register*.

—That "birch tree," planted years ago by Prof. Lyons in front of Bertrand's school-house, and which in days of yore supplied school teachers and prefects of discipline with little "reliables," and which was now a constant menace to the school boys at Bertrand, was on Wednesday uprooted, and carried triumphantly to the College, and placed in the Museum.

—The harmonious strains emanating from the Academy of Music are wafted by the gentle zephyrs towards our sanctum, producing in our editorial personality sensations inexpressibly delightful, recalling to our mind that good old song, "There's Music in the Air," the second verse of which is "I hear the Angels singing." It's unnecessary for us to say that we never hear the angels sing.

—Our friend John came to us the other day with a bunch of grapes in his hands, and astonished us, not by presenting them, but by saying: "These are animals that climb trees." "What! Grapes climb trees!" we said, in our simplicity. "Yes: gra-apes (gray apes)." "Silence!" It would be impossible to describe the demoniacal expression that lighted up his classic features as he thus afflicted us.

—The following are the positions occupied by the crews of the Hiawatha and Minnehaha, respectively: Hiawatha—J. Coleman, stroke; G. Sugg, 2d oar and Captain; J. P. Hagan, 3d; H. O'Donnell, 4th; J. McNamara, 5th; F. Devoto, bow; R. Anderson, coxswain. Minnehaha—D. Harrington, stroke; F. Kavanaugh, 2d; M. McCue, 3d; L. Johnson, 4th; F. Bell, 5th; W. McGorrisk, Captain and bow; F. Bloom, coxswain.

—The Columbian Literary Society held its first regular meeting on Wednesday, Sept. 22d, for the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Prof. Lyons, Honorary President; H. O'Donnell, Vice-President; W. Jones, Recording Secretary; P. Maguire, Corresponding Secretary; J. Falvey, Treasurer, R. O'Connor, 1st Censor; E. Sugg, 2d Censor. After a few remarks from the Director, Prof. Edwards, the meeting adjourned.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to the following parties for valuable additions to the Cabinet of Natural History, and Curiosities: Mr. P. Ruppe, of Hancock, Mich., for an interesting collection of copper and silver ores; Master Geo. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, Ohio, for a valuable collection of silver ores from the recently opened mines of New Mexico; a friend in Crestline, O., and Master Cleary of Covington, Ky., for a large collection of old

coins; Mr. Norfleet, of '79, for some beautiful specimens of the cotton plant, in various stages of growth.

—We were not a little amused yesterday, when one of the Minims came to us in a very excited state, and asked us to step out and see what he had discovered. He conducted us to one of the basement window curbs, and after digging with a stick for a few moments, disclosed to our view a whole toad family—six in all. There were two very large toads, and four smaller ones. Some cruel person standing near at hand suggested their immediate extermination; but our young friend, moved, no doubt, by feelings of pity, said: "Ah, don't kill the poor things; please wait until I call around "Sancho" and "Nepp."

—The Senior Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary held a meeting on Sunday, Sept. 19th, for the purpose of reorganizing and electing officers for the ensuing session. The following are the names of the officers for this session: Director, Rev. J. O'Keefe; President, George C. Clarke; Vice-President, W. B. McGorrisk; Recording Secretary, Charles L. Hagan; Corresponding Secretary, W. Arnold; Treasurer, A. J. Zahm; Sergeant-at-arms, Wm. H. G. Jones; 1st Censor, R. E. O'Connor; 2d Censor, E. McGorrisk. The following named gentlemen were elected members: Messrs O'Donnell, Garrity, Byrne, and Coon.

—The first regular meeting of St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place Sept. 20th. The following are the officers for the ensuing session: Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Director; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Assistant; J. A. Lyons, President; J. F. Edwards, Honorary President; Bro. Leander, C. S. C., Promoter; W. Start, 1st Vice-President; M. Herrick, 2d Vice-President; A. Rohrbach, Recording Secretary; J. Boose, Corresponding Secretary; H. Devitt, Treasurer; H. Dunn, 1st Censor; F. Groenewold, 2d Censor; G. Woodson, Sergeant-at-arms; F. Wheatly, Marshal; J. Kelly, Librarian; L. Schmidt, 1st Costumer; J. Courtney, 2d Costumer; L. Gibert, 3d Costumer; A. Browne, Prompter.

—The 2d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Sept. 14th. Masters Geo. Rhodius, G. Castanedo, A. Coghlin, E. Croarkin, and W. Cannon were elected members. Master W. Weney, performed an excellent selection on the organ. The remaining time was taken up in reading the various Society reports, and in transacting other miscellaneous business. The 3d regular meeting took place Sept. 21st. Selections from classical authors were given by E. Orrick, C. Tinley, and J. O'Neill. Master F. Quinn read a well-written essay. Masters H. Hake, N. H. Ewing, and A. Bodine, were elected members. Masters E. Orrick, C. Tinley, C. Rietz, A. Coghlin, C. McDermott, F. Grever, H. Rose, J. Homan, and R. Fleming were appointed public readers for the ensuing week.

—What a Minim said about his dog: "Last summer our dog Towser was a lyn' in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad that he couldn't cos he had to catch 'em, and bime by a bee lit on his head, and was wokin about like the dog was hisn. Towser he held his head stilt, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him like he said yor see what this duffer is doin', he thinks I'm a lily of the valley which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very slow so as not to fritten the bee, and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shut his eyes, and his mouth too, and he begun to make a peaceful smile wen the bee stung him, and you never see a lily of the valley ack so in your life."

—The Lemonnier Library Association gratefully acknowledge the following donations: From Mrs. M. Rhodius, Indianapolis, Ind.: Darby's Universal Gazetteer; Life of James A. Garfield; Night Scenes in the Bible, Daniel March; Livingstone's Last Journal; Homer's Iliad, Translated by Pope; Goldsmith's Poems; Coleridge's Poetical Works; Life of Abraham Lincoln; Lectures on the English Language, by George P. Marsh; The History of Herodotus, Edited with Cyprian Notes and Appendices, Illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus from the most recent sources of Information, by George Rawbinson, M. A., assisted by Sir Henry Rawbinson, 4 vols.; The History of the Roman Emperors from Augustus to Con-

stantine, by John Baptist Crevier, Translated by John Mill, 10 vols.; Tennyson's Poems; The Table-Book of Daily Recreation and Information concerning Remarkable Men, Manners, Times, Seasons, Solemnities, Merry-Makings, Antiquities and Novelties, by William Hyne; The Year Book, a Complete History of the Year, by William Hyne; The Every Day Book, Describing the Popular Amusements, Sports and Events, Incident to the Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days in Past and Present Times, by W. Hyne, 2 vols.; The History of Scotland, From the Establishment of the Reformation till the Death of Queen Mary, by Gilbert Stewart 2 vols., London, 1782. From Rev. A. Clarke, A. M., Columbus, Ohio: History of the Conquest of Mexico and Life of Hernando Cortez, by William Prescott, 3 vols.; History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, by William Prescott, 3 vols.; History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, by Prescott, 3 vols.; History of the Conquest of Peru, by Prescott, 2 vols.; Biographical and Critical Miscellanies; History of the Reign of Charles V, by William Robertson, with an Account of the Life of the Emperor after his Abdication 3 vols. E. Kitz, Esq., Indianapolis, has presented the Native Flowers and Ferns of the United States in their Botanical, Horticultural and Popular Aspects, by Thomas Meehan, Illustrated by Chromolithographs, 2 vols. Mrs. M. Morrison, of Kalamazoo, Mich., contributed the Lives of the Queens of England after the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts, Published from Authentic Documents by Miss Agnes Strickland, 5 vols.; Lives of the Queens of England before the Norman Conquest, by Mrs. Matthew Hall. A. Zahm donated German Universities, a Narrative of Personal Experience, by Hart. An old and valued friend of the Library gave The Nineteenth Century 1879-'80, one volume. Rev. T. E. Walsh has the thanks of the Association for the Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F. R. S., from 1659 to 1669, with Memoir, Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke. Mrs. C. Connolly, Toledo, Ohio, donated the Black Book of England, Exhibiting the Existing State, Policy, and Administration of the United Kingdom in its Government, Legislature, Church, Courts of Law, Universities, etc., etc., London 1847. Rev. W. Hayes, of Columbus, Ohio, presented a curious old manuscript, a Dissertation on the State of the Dead, wherein various arguments are stated, which very strongly militate against the motion of the separate existence of the soul, and an answer to the same, 350 pages, bound.

Roll of Honor.

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July 18, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 19.

Going North.	STATIONS.	Going South.
	LEAVE	ARRIVE
1.25 a.m.	Michigan City	9.35 a.m.
12.38 "	La Porte	10.23 "
12.13 "	Stillwell	10.41 "
11.55 p.m.	Walkerton	11.00 "
11.24 "	Plymouth	11.35 "
10.34 "	Rochester	12.27 p.m.
9.58 "	Denver	1.05 "
9.35 "	Peru	1.30 "
9.08 "	Bunker Hill	1.59 "
8.38 "	Kokomo Junction	2.32 "
7.54 "	Tipton	3.16 "
7.12 "	Noblesville	4.00 "
6.10 "	Indianapolis	5.00 "

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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - -	7 00 a.m.	9 30 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.	*GOING SOUTH.
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m.	Lv. Niles—7 05 a.m.
" N. Dame—8 52 "	" N. Dame—7 40 "
Ar. Niles—9 25 "	Ar. So. Bend—7 45 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill. Gen'l Manager, Detroit, Mich.
G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

PATRICK 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.

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Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3 Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
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 "	7.58 "

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,.....	2.28 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after January 1, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

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

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

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

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

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

GOING WEST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'lpt.

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is the only route between Chicago and Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

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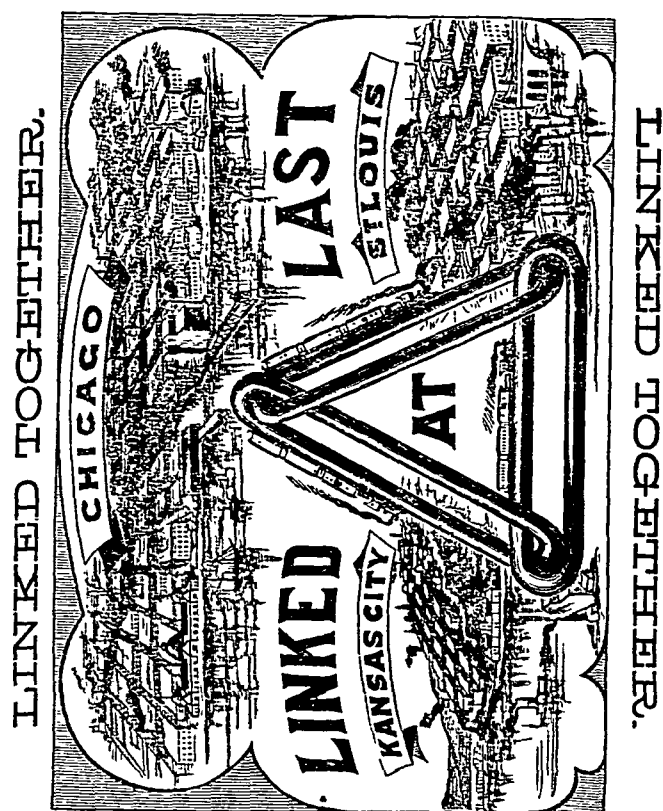
are run on all through trains of this road.

New York office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office, No. 5 State Street; Omaha Office, 245 Farnham street; San Francisco Office, 121 Montgomery Street; Chicago Ticket Offices, 62 Clark Street, under Sherman House; 75 Canal, corner Madison Street; Kinzie Street Depot, corner of W. Kinzie and Canal Street; Wells Street Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets.

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