

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi eras moriturus.

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Authorship.

BY ELIOT RYDER. SECOND PAPER.

There is an undefinable species of sentimentalism attaching to all that pertains to those authors whom the world has acknowledged as great. Anecdotes of the manner in which they work, their hours of working, eating, and sleeping, the food they eat, their likes and dislikes,—in fact, all that can in any way be said of them, is devoured by an ever eager public with, perhaps, more avidity than any other kind of reading. This taste is one which is easily accounted for. The descendants of Adam and Eve are curious by nature; and, instinctively, we look with admiration upon all which flatters of genius. Great authors are unquestionably persons of genius; hence it is in no way remarkable that we should feel, in an especial degree, an interest in all that we may be able to discover concerning them.

In studying the habits of authors, we may learn much. Many of them have set us valuable examples, and if there is that in the career of others which is bad, we should still profit by a review of their practices, since it ought to have the effect of confirming us in our purpose to avoid all that which is not what it should be.

The young man who has decided to become an author is somewhat confused by the different methods employed by various men of literary genius in the execution of their tasks. Victor Hugo does his work early in the day; this was also the practice of Lamartine. The elder Dumas worked altogether at night. He would place on a table a huge pile of paper, pen and ink, a dish of quartered oranges and a bowl of powdered sugar; then, he would sit down, having stripped off his coat and vest, and write for hours with lightning speed, only pausing occasionally to dip a piece of orange in sugar, and place it in his mouth. When he had filled a sheet of paper, he would toss it on the floor, and usually when he stopped writing the whole room would be covered with his manuscript, which he frequently left lying where it fell, for days at a time. Now, which of the two ways is the most profitable—that of Victor Hugo, of choosing the morning for his work, or of Dumas in performing his labor at night? In the consideration of this question, much may be said on both sides. One person will argue that, a man being freshest in the morning, his thoughts are brighter at that time. Another will tell you that it takes several hours for a man to become thoroughly waked up, and that, as the day progresses, he grows more and more wide awake. Each argument has a glow of reason; but,

as men differ in many other things, so they may also differ in this.

To return to Victor Hugo, who, since the death of Dickens and George Eliot, is unquestionably the greatest novelist now living. With him it has been a life-long habit to rise at five o'clock. Immediately after rising, he goes to his study, and begins his work. He writes standing, and uses a thin blue paper of folio size. He blots a great deal, and corrects his phrases time and time again. He uses none but goosequill pens. Upon finishing a page, he carefully spreads it out to dry. When the day's labor is ended, he collects the sheets, locks them up, and keeps the subject of his work to himself. He never reads to his most intimate friends, nor to his family, until his productions no longer fear criticism. His autograph manuscripts never leave his house, he having them carefully copied, and preserving all the work of his pen. While at work he insists upon rigorous solitude. He does not produce easily. Every sentence is duly weighed and pronounced upon, and sometimes even a word is made a matter of serious consideration. As a result of his painstaking, he has given the world some of the finest volumes of their kind which have ever been written: and viewed from a simply literary standpoint, affords an excellent example of what persistent labor will accomplish.

Charles Dickens, also, arose very early and began his work at once. At half-past nine he ate a slight breakfast, and then continued his labors until noon, at which hour he lunched. After lunch, he started on a walk, and did not return to the house until half-past six o'clock. His work was laborious, despite its apparent fluency; he interlined and erased almost as finically as Balzac.

Sir Walter Scott observed no regularity, working at all hours of the day and night, as the humor seized him.

Charlotte Bronte used to sit patiently and laboriously writing day after day in little paper books made by herself, which she held close to her eyes,—for she was very near-sighted. The pencilled manuscript was always nearly the same as the language which afterward appeared upon the printed page. She did nearly all her work by day light.

Thomas Campbell rose early, and did the most of his work before breakfast. Christopher North wrote at night, and sat in his shirt-sleeves, in a small study, at a table littered with papers, an abundance of books and pictures scattered around, writing rapidly with a quill pen, his thoughts kindling more and more as the hours went on.

It would be impossible to lay down any rule upon the question of what hours the author should choose for his work. With this, circumstances have much to do. Duties of various kinds may render literary work by daylight impossible; or physical health may preclude the power of working at night. I am warmly an advocate of night work. I believe it is brighter and better than that which is done in the daytime, and one would not have to look far to prove that the virtues of "the midnight oil" are by no means mythical. The argument that it is unhealthy to work at night, is certainly a groundless one.

It is true that no man can hope to preserve uninterruptedly his powers of usefulness, if he does not eat, at regular hours, a sufficiency of nourishing food, and obtain a requisite amount of sleep. All this may be faithfully done by your night worker. He may take his meals at convenient hours, and so long as he retires when he feels weary, and does not arise until he feels thoroughly rested, he has nothing to fear from night work.

Much depends upon an author's mood. This "inspiration to write" is something which many persons speak slightly of, as though it were nothing more than an imaginary bugbear. But it is something real to the author. It is a matter of impossibility for any writer to produce his best work, unless he is "in the mood." "With the best advantages, with perfect seclusion and every facility for the concentration and marshalling of thought, authors," says *The London Globe*, "are notoriously subject to strange freaks of humor, which render them intellectually prostrate and utterly unable to command their known and tried powers. The muse of poetry is the ficklest of jades, as everybody knows, but the muse (if there be one) of prose is scarcely a whit more staunch or trustworthy. Perhaps Thackeray is the best modern example of the vagaries of mood in writers. For weeks together he could not put pen to paper to do anything like justice to himself, and for this misfortune Mr. Anthony Trollope rather unfairly attacks him on the score of industry. 'Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose,' are epithets which the lesser throws at the greater novelist, merely because, as he says, Thackeray 'could not bring himself to do an allotted task day after day.' 'Idle' seems a vulgar accusation to hurl at a man of Thackeray's genius and achievements. The writing of books like 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' can scarcely be looked upon as 'day-work' in the sense in which a blacksmith's labor would be so considered.

"If such an author was idle, so was Dickens, who frequently had to give up his work in despair, in spite of the strongest determination to master a hostile mood. 'I am utterly lost in misery,' he writes, at a time when his strength was the most vigorous, 'and can do nothing. I have been reading 'Oliver,' 'Pickwick,' and 'Nickleby' to get my thoughts together for the new effort, but all in vain.' Over and over again he exclaims in his brief notes to Mr. Forster that 'the fit is not on him,' and he must go for a ride or a walk. From Italy he writes one autumn, just as he was about to start upon a Christmas book: 'I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now and can think—I have begun to do so every morning—with a business-like air of the Christmas book.' Again, later: 'I am sadly strange, and cannot settle. You will have lots of hasty notes from me while I am at work; but you know your man.' Dickens was always nervously exact in the arrangement of his writing-room, and in one of his letters from a strange place he relates how he had to 'alter the disposition of the furniture,' before he could write a line.

"Even Milton is said to have admitted that his faculties were much stronger at some times than at others, and Dryden used to diet himself for a task in poetry, eating raw meat to inspire vivid dreams. It is unfortunately true that he resorted to even less excusable stimulants, though a long list of other immortals were wont to overcome the shyness of their genius by similar means. Byron wrote some of his looser poems under the influence of gin. Coleridge, De Quincey, and Shadwell, prodded the muse with opium; Sheridan, having a good deal of the Charles Surface in him, did good work with aid of brandy; Ben Johnson was assisted by 'Canary,' and Æschylus is said to have been invariably intoxicated when he wrote. The great achievements which some authors have produced at a single sitting show that moods have played an important part in literature."

Edgar Allen Poe used to think over his subject until it was complete in his own mind before he began to write, and his manuscript was exceedingly neat and eloquent; while, on the other hand, N. P. Willis, who, to appearance, was the most off-hand of journalists, was in the habit of changing the phraseology of his articles over and over again, even after they had gone into the hands of the printer, and the sheets were disfigured with many erasures and alterations, showing that the paragraphs which appear as though dashed off on the spur of the moment, were in reality constructed with the greatest pains. Alexander Pope wore out his pen, paper, and the patience of his printer by the great number of alterations which he made in his proofs; yet it would seem that so deep a thinker as Pope ought to know, before his manuscript left him, what he had intended saying. Dr. Johnson was also given to frequent changes from the original text, and the very mention of his name created terror in the printing-office. It is related that when he sent to his publisher the final proofs

of his dictionary, the publisher exclaimed, with great emphasis: "Thank God!" This being repeated to Johnson, the great philosopher ignored the causes which led to the exclamation, and quietly remarked: "Tell him that I am glad he thanks God for anything." In our own day, we find many great authors who are sadly reckless of the trouble they cause their printers. Longfellow, Bret Harte, and Emerson have much to answer for in this direction.

This practice of writing carelessly, and of making corrections after matter has been put in type, calls for the strongest condemnation. In the first place, it is an evidence of laziness, and laziness is a thing which should not be tolerated or excused under any circumstances. It is very true that an article never looks as attractive in manuscript as it does in type; when printed, new ideas frequently suggest themselves. But here is where the author may profitably put himself through a rigid course of training. It all depends upon the exercise of the will, and, the mind once made up, any person may soon bring himself to pronounce upon his ideas while in manuscript with as much positive correctness as when they have appeared in print.

Another thing of great importance is the handwriting. It has been said—and, unfortunately, with a great deal of truth—that all literary geniuses write bad hands. The chirography of many authors and great men forms an interesting study. I will give you a few examples: Sir Thomas More: lines crooked and tumbling down hill. Rubens: manly, bold, with a careless ease and clearness, denoting mastery of hand. Lord Bacon: very like an elegant modern short-hand; clear, neat and regular. Voltaire: very regular, steady and straight; evidently not written rapidly, but with a continuous ease, which might go on writing book after book in just the same way. Oliver Cromwell: large, bold, steady, sharp and straight; the signature made up of halberds and pointed palisades. Dante: wilful, daring, without method or care. Pope: very bad, small, full of indecision; a very hedge-row of corrections and erasures. Porson: correct and steady; the reverse of his personal appearance and habits. Shakspeare: a very bad hand indeed—confused, crowded, crooked in the lines, and scarcely legible. Napoleon: still more illegible; no letters formed at all. Bayard Taylor: clear and legible as printed lines. John G. Whittier: scratchy, and at times difficult to read. Maurice F. Egan: back-handed, and lines running up hill. Longfellow: labored, but usually legible. Holmes: quite clear, but sharp, and indicating nervousness. John Boyle O'Reilly: manly and vigorous, yet graceful. Bret Harte: variable, sometimes showing great painstaking, and at others almost impossible to read. Stoddard and Stedman write good hands. Thos. Bailey Aldrich writes what is known as a "back-hand." J. T. Trowbridge's chirography is little more than a scrawl. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but it will be found that usually authors write hands which, if not handsome, are at least legible. I have not a particle of patience for the person who writes indistinctly. Every day we pray that we may not be led into temptation. If, then, there be one iota of Christianity in our hearts, how can we reconcile ourselves to the fact that we have been the means of leading others into temptation? Very, very many times have I seen frenzied printers cursing vigorously because some "genius" had sent them a mass of copy which it was almost impossible to decipher. I do not pretend to know much of theology, yet I venture to assert my belief that the sins of these luckless printers were laid at the door of the careless—nay, iniquitous—author. In the offices of daily newspapers, where minutes are more precious than dollars, it is absolutely necessary that all copy should be written so clearly that it may be read as easily as printed matter. I have known of more than one instance where a "genius" has been dismissed from the staff for no other reason than that his handwriting was so poor that golden moments had to be sacrificed in order to decipher it. Mr. James W. Tooley, one of the most successful short-hand reporters in New York, owes his success quite as much to the fact that his writing is as easily read as the pages of the first primer, as he does to the fact that he is energetic, faithful, and clever. Mr. Henry Clay Lukens, one of the most voluble writers of New York, and also one of the best in his line,—a man who writes several thousand words a day—gives to the printer pages of manuscript

which a child of ten might readily read at sight. This idea that it is fashionable, or indicative of genius, to write a blind hand is a monstrous one. No person who respects himself or his fellows will indulge in it. But, you remark, Horace Greeley wrote a villainous hand. Very true, but did it never occur to you that when Horace Greeley founded the *Tribune*, he wrote a very passable hand, and that it was not until he had become secure in his position that he ventured to indulge in that hideous, illegible scrawl, the memory of which attaches to his name as a lasting disgrace? While we are young our habits are easily formed: and, when once they take shape, though they be good or bad, they become permanent. Study, then, to make your penmanship elegant, and you will find it a lasting cause for self-congratulation.

Since I last appeared before you, one of the world's greatest authors has died—Thomas Carlyle. It has long been fashionable among thoughtless persons to sneer at this truly great writer. Because he was a rationalist, because he agreed with very few persons, because of his inordinate vanity, he has been passed by with contempt. But Carlyle's writings have many beauties. In my last lecture I spoke admiringly of Emerson as a great writer. A learned editor has taken me severely to task for so doing, and has condemned Emerson and Carlyle in the same breath. This is not wisdom. No person reads either of these authors for amusement. The student of history does not ignore Hume because of his pronounced atheism, nor our own Parkman because of his bigoted attitude toward the Catholic Church. It is necessary to perfect knowledge that these authors should be read; and with a fair understanding, at the outset, of the quicksands of error to be encountered, the student is in little danger of having his judgment improperly biased by reading the works of any author of dignity. It is not the thoughtful passages of Emerson and Carlyle which lead young men into the paths of infidelity; it is the flippant sensationalism of such writers as Eugene Sue and many of the latter-day German novelists. To the young man who seeks to make an author of himself, I would unhesitatingly say: "Study Carlyle!" Imitate his virtues, and shun his vices. It is largely through the admiration of good in another that we labor to become good ourselves; and there are many evils which we avoid committing through the abhorrence which we felt in seeing them enacted by others. Certainly Carlyle was a model for students. His industry was marvellous. He never half read a book. All that he attempted was thoroughly performed. As a writer in the *Chicago Times* said of him, recently: "He became completely absorbed in whatever occupied him, and paid no attention to interruptions, which did not produce a ripple upon his deep and placid contemplation. When he wrote, he insisted on perfect freedom from interruption. Sometimes he composed rapidly, sometimes with difficulty; but he never let a line go to the printer without careful revision; and his corrected proofs were sent back full of erasures and interlineations. He delighted in work, and omitted nothing in his habits of life which would promote his bodily and mental health. He rode or walked every day. He was fond of the streets and of the lanes, and while he tolerated companions he was rather oblivious to their association or did all the talking." I know that Carlyle's style of writing is ridiculed and condemned. There is much of it not to be admired; but the author whose works abound with such passages as this one can afford to assert a considerable degree of independence. Let critics reserve their sneers until they can produce passages of equal beauty.

"That stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest, and the chariot-wheels of vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors and putrefactions, and imaginable gases, what a fermented-vat lies simmering and bid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition men are cursing, and around them all is the vast, void night. The proud grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask

curtains; wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *rouge-et-noir* languidly emits its voice of destiny to haggard, hungry villains; while chancellors of state sit plotting, and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are men. The lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down to fly with him over the borders; the thief, still more silently, sits to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music, and high-sweeling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes there no hammering from the Rubenstein?—their gallows must even now be o'building. Upward of five hundred thousand two-legged animals, without feathers, lie around us, in horizontal position; their heads all in night-caps, and full of the foolishness of dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose parched lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them, crammed in like salted fish in a barrel, or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers; each struggling to get his head above the other; such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Inauguration of Hon. James A. Garfield as President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 5, 1881.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—The sun arose, according to promise, behind a dense bank of murky clouds, while the heavens, which had fairly howled the night before at Hayes's exit, simmered down to tearful exclamations of intense regret at parting with the Democratic Congress.

Thus came in inauguration day, March 4th, 1881. The multitudes which thronged the thoroughfares of the Capital city grew denser and denser, pushing, crowding, surging along with pæans of victory in their three-days' empty mouths, or Garfield and Arthur badges on their patriotic bosoms. As early as four o'clock in the morning was heard the beat of drums and the tread of martial feet, moving towards their positions in the great line of well-fed and gaudily-dressed militia men from the various sovereign States, each company of which deemed itself the life of the parade, and the one at which were levelled the field-glasses of men and the bouquets of the fairer sex. The procession was divided into five sections, the first of which escorted the President and Vice-President-elect to the Capitol, where the inauguration ceremony was performed, and which was joined on the return of the presidential party by the other divisions passing in review before the President and party at the Executive Mansion. It is estimated that there were at least 25,000 men in line, while the spectators numbered among the hundred thousands.

The procession was a grand and imposing demonstration, and surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in the District since the grand review of the Army of the Potomac in 1865. It was composed of regular troops, artillery and marines, state and district militia companies, and civic organizations from all parts of the country. The National Guards of Pennsylvania, numbering about 6,000 strong, and uniformed like the United States Regulars, presented a fine appearance, and marched well; others among the organizations in line deserving special mention, and who commanded attention by their soldierly bearing or novel appearance, were the first Cleveland troop, who acted as the President's escort from Mentor to the Executive Mansion, a fine body of men, about 40 in line, in French chasseur uniform and helmets with yellow plumes. The Central City Veteran corps, of Syracuse, uniformed after the old Continental style—knee-

breeches, fair top boots, cutaway coats and cocked hats. The Republican Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., in black suits and beavers, with white ulster overcoats, a neat but novel feature; the Young Republican Club; the Garfield and Arthur Club, of Brooklyn; the Washington, D. C., Light Infantry; the National Rifles, of the D. C., one of the best marching companies in the parade; the San Francisco Guards, with their white shakos; and the Cadets from the United States Naval Academy, whose marching and evolutions excited the approbation of the male and the demonstrative admiration of the female spectators along the whole line of march. The whole affair was of such a creditable showing to all participating organizations that that no one did ill, but that some did better than others is the best that can be said of them. The Harmony Legion, of Philadelphia, was all that its name implies, with the one exception that they wanted to establish a grave-yard harmony among all those who happened not to meet with their approbation. They commenced their tomyhawking and fish-thumping evolutions from the start at the Capitol, and at present writing, March 5th, have not suspended,—a more scurvy set of ruffians and a greater disgrace could not have been enlined to disgrace the occasion.

At 11 o'clock, a. m., the first division started for the Capitol, escorting the President and Vice-President-elect. When the party reached the destination, they were escorted to the Senate chamber, where Mr. Arthur, the Vice-President-elect, was sworn in; they then proceeded to the grand stand arranged on the central portico of the east front of the noble edifice, the Capitol of the United States. And here was witnessed the majesty of the American theory of Government,—the simplest, quietest, yet grandest ceremony ever performed in the history of a Government—namely, the surrender of the people's charge to the people's choice, the submission of the powers to the will of the people; the first in all the land surrendered to him who was but a common citizen the reins of government, retiring himself to private life and the rank of a simple citizen, without a murmur or objection. Where, but in this land of liberty, this home and government of the people, was ever seen such a spectacle? Crowded upon this immense platform sat the dignitaries of the nation, Supreme Court Judges, Senators, Representatives, and citizens; before them a multitude so vast and stupendous that its like has never been seen before in Washington; at least 100,000 were crowded around the stand, with open ears and anxious faces, waiting to hear him, who was soon to be their chief ruler, deliver his address.

General Garfield occupied the centre seat on the front platform, Chief Justice Waite on his right, and Sergeant-at-Arms Bright on his left. Immediately behind sat President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, General Garfield's aged mother, and on her left Mrs. Garfield with Miss Mollie Garfield, Miss Fanny Hayes, and Speaker Randall. With what mingled feelings of joy, anxiety and pride was that mother's heart filled as she witnessed her son, he who had once been but a poor boy, driving horses on a tow-path, elevated to the highest office within the gift of the people! How her heart must have throbbed as, with eyes full of tears, she witnessed her boy, so high in rank, so gifted, so noble and patriotic, take the oath and enter upon the discharge of the duties of that high office which, if rightly performed, will crown his name with national immortality; but which, if not administered as a statesman and patriot, will send him down to posterity with the curse of a nation! Who, indeed, but a mother can feel the joy and anxiety at the terrible responsibility? While the old lady sat in deep emotion, reviewing the past and its checkered events, which finally brought forth the glorious present, the General's wife, too, witnessed with deepest interest and pride the elevation of her husband: and leaving her with a prayer for God's blessing on her lips, we pass to him who was the chief object of the scene.

General Garfield, after all had been seated, arose, amid a perfect thunder of cheers, to deliver his inaugural address, which was vigorously applauded. The address is a masterpiece of the kind. Scholarly and statesmanlike in its tone, and of great signification, from the fact that its author believes what he said and will govern his actions accordingly. The General, at its conclusion, turned towards the Chief Justice, in his robes, when the Clerk of the Supreme Court approached, bearing an open Bible in his hand, and

James Abram Garfield took the oath of office as President of the United States, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, and the people. The new President approached, and in sight of the vast multitude affectionately kissed his mother and his wife in turn, and then slowly made his way towards the open doors of the Rotunda, receiving with vigorous hand-shaking the congratulations of his friends.

Thus closed the constitutional part of the programme. The procession re-filed into line amid the boom of cannon, the music of the bands, and the roar of the immense crowd, who rushed forward to see the President and his family as they took their carriages to return. The first division then marched up the Avenue on its return to the White House, the people cheering and waving handkerchiefs, flags, and banners, as the President's carriage passed. At the Executive Mansion the President reviewed the processions, and in a few hours the organizations broke rank, the people quietly wended their way homeward, and the inauguration of President Garfield was a thing of the past. At night, a grand inauguration ball was given at the new National Museum building, and was attended by the President, Mrs. Garfield, ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, and the *élite* of the city. A grand display of fire-works took place in the White House lot, just south of the Treasury building, surpassing anything of the kind ever witnessed hereabouts before.

Yours, etc.,

E. F. A.

Art, Music and Literature.

- Ambre is a great favorite in New Orleans.
- Capoul is continuing his successes in Paris.
- Albani has made a remarkable success at Brussels.
- Suppe's "Fatinitza" has been given at Rouen, with success.
- Boston listened to the 52d performance of "Pinafore" recently.
- Mr. Carl Rosa is contemplating an English operatic tour in the United States in the fall and winter of 1882-3.
- The American poet's "Evangeline" is to be set to music by Sozzi, the libretto having been arranged by Ghislanzoni.
- Mr. Thayer, American Consul at Trieste, has abandoned work on his fourth and last Beethoven volume, owing to ill health.
- Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" was recently performed, for the first time, at Ghent, where it met with a most enthusiastic reception.
- Mariette Bey, an Egyptianized Frenchman and author of the story on which the libretto of "Aida" is founded, died recently in Cairo.
- Wagner has already concluded arrangements with leading artists for the forthcoming performance of the "Tetralogy" and "Pinafore" at Bayreuth.
- The memorial in honor of Joseph Haydn, to be erected at the Esterhazy Gardens of Vienna, is approaching its completion, and will most likely be unveiled in the coming spring.
- The melodrama of "Precioso," immortalized by Weber's music, has just been revived at the Royal Theatre at Cassel, where the work was first performed in 1821, the present being the one-hundredth time of its production there.
- A. Collard, an English musician, has invented a new flute. He asserts that by doubling the last four holes he has improved the tone of the lower notes, while giving increased power, ease and brilliancy to the instrument generally.
- Herr Xavier Scharwenka, the gifted pianist and talented composer, has recently caused a *furore* by the performance, at the Philharmonic Society at Vienna, of his second piano-forte concerto before a numerous and critical audience.
- Maurel, the pupil and successor of Faure, the great French baritone, has been engaged at the Paris Opera for

three years. His salary is to be \$2,000 a month during the first year, \$2,200 the second, and \$2,400 the third. His contract also stipulates for a three-months' holiday each year.

—Mr. Edward Butler, an English flute-player, who for six years accompanied Parepa-Rosa in the United States, died recently from an extraordinary cause. One bitter cold night he was playing with the orchestra of the Westminster aquarium when his overcoat was stolen, and Mr. Butler was compelled to brave the snow-storm in his ordinary evening dress. Congestion of the lungs was the result, and he died within a few days.

—Joseffy, the Russian pianist, was engaged to play at a charity concert in New York. But when he found that Arbuckle, the cornetist, was also to perform, he refused to take part in the concert. This uncharitable action cost the cornet player an engagement, and gave him great offence. So he writes a letter to the press, denouncing Joseffy as a "snob" and a "puppy" and giving a long list of artists with whom he has performed in public. Plainly the pianist made a mistake of a kind which, fortunately, is not common in this country.

Scientific Notes.

—Glass blowing is a trade that it takes a long time to learn. Usually a man works as long as ten years before he becomes thoroughly and reliably skilled. It is also laborious, but it pays very well. A good blower averages about one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, a cutter one hundred and ten dollars, and a gatherer seventy-five dollars. The work is all done by the piece, and both cutter and gatherers are dependent on the blower for the amount of work which they do.

—Prof. Tyndall says that "burning" of zinc is to be regarded as one of the most serious drawbacks to the general use of the electric light. Zinc, it is known, may be burnt in air—that is, oxidized; it may also be burnt or oxidized in acidulated water, but it has to displace the oxygen from the hydrogen for this to occur, and four-fifths of the heat produced is used up in this process. Thus it is that when zinc is thus burnt, only the remaining one-fifth is available for the purpose intended. The rate of the burning makes no difference—one ounce of zinc, for example, always gives out the same amount of heat.

—A knot of manzanita roots about a foot long, which grew so as to represent a man resting upon the head of a dragon with one foot, while the other foot and arm are uplifted, as if the figure was in the attitude of hurling a javelin, is now in the possession of a gentleman at San Jose, California. The color of the wood is a rich brown. The representation is quite true, and very little carving is needed to make it almost perfect. The curiosity was formerly in the possession of an Indian chief, and was left him by his ancestors. It grew somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, and is supposed to have been in the possession of the Indians for centuries. What little carving was done on it was executed by them. During some war it was captured by the whites and fell into the hands of a hunter. In 1849 he was offered \$100 for it, but refused to part with it and kept it till his death, which occurred not long ago. He left the curiosity to Mr. Charles Ehrlich, the gentleman referred to, who prizes it highly.

—From some cause, or combination of causes, the present winter has been remarkable for a widely extended and marked increase in diphtheria and scarlet fever, which have invaded homes in which the highest attainable skill has been exercised and the most approved appliances have been employed to render them as healthy as possible. In some cases, the immediate causes of these disorders are undiscoverable, but in the light of sanitary science the class of agents which either initiate or greatly increase the virulence of these complaints is no longer problematical. Decaying organic matters, more particularly animal excretions, give rise to a subtle blood poison, which, though it evades chemical analysis, is now conceded on all hands to be a positive deadly fact. When

this poison invades a dwelling, no matter from exterior or interior sources, in sufficient quantity, the lives of the inmates are jeopardized as positively as though they were compelled to breathe a mephitic gas. The effect may not be so prompt or fatal, but the danger is a fact no longer disputed by any intelligent physician. It is, therefore, not sufficient to guard against interior sources of diseases; the peril may be in a neighbor's house or outbuildings, in the emanations of a compost heap or a filthy street or hidden cesspool, which, if they find an avenue, may enter sleeping apartments, find a *nidus* in clothing, carpets, and drapery, and bring in their train the swift destruction of all that is most cherished. A case in point has occurred in a neighboring village. Five cases of diphtheria appeared in a household where the utmost care had been taken with the plumbing. The obvious inference was that the causes of the complaint were exterior to the dwelling. It was found that the mouth of the air-box through which exterior air entered to supply the heating furnaces was on a level with the top of a cemented pit on the adjoining premises, in which accumulations of kitchen refuse, animal and vegetable, and barn manure were promiscuously stored and allowed to rot for fertilizing purposes. The foul air from this pit was drawn into the house through this one avenue, and the poisoning of its unfortunate inhabitants, four of whom died in quick succession, was the result. It seems that disease may pervade a house with deadly result where the cause was least suspected; it therefore devolves upon every housekeeper, whether resident of the city, village, or on a farm, to be constantly watchful, not only of his own, but also of his neighbor's premises, that none of the obvious causes of disease be permitted.—*Scientific American*.

Exchanges.

—*The Beacon* continues to be edited with marked ability. Although a change of editors has lately taken place, we think the last number one of the best that we have seen. The editorial is upon matter-of-fact subjects, but not at all dry, idealism enough being injected to make it sappy. As usual, *The Beacon* is strong in poetry. "X. Y.," in an article on "Atheism in Colleges," attributes the evil to a want in philosophy, and thinks a change desirable. A case of "Couldn't help it" is racily expounded.

—*The Scholastic* comes to the front as regular as the week rolls around. *The Lariat* is much obliged for its kindly words in regard to the improvement of our paper, and surprised that it would speak in terms of praise of any paper, as its tendencies seem to be censure rather than praise. We take pleasure in informing the exchange editor that he is wrong in his inferences that the editors are Pagan or Ingersollian; although there appeared some articles on creeds that were a little liberal, and we believe it was announced in the locals that there were quite a number of followers of Ingersoll in college, yet the latter statement was a mistake, as there was no foundation for it whatever. We prefer to have a free discussion of subjects and are not afraid to publish an article for fear it will not meet the approval of the Faculty. It is a fault with the greater part of college papers that everything seems to be written in sympathy with the instructors.—*The Lariat*.

We are glad to learn from the editors of *The Lariat* that at Wabash there is no love lost on those who are endeavoring to replace the teachings of revelation by pantheism, which is nothing else than paganism in a new form, gilded and varnished to take the popular eye. The fact that there are now about one thousand so-called "religions" in existence, each seeking to propagate its doctrines, does not perforce do away with the fact that there exists a Religion established by divine authority. That such a religion exists is a fact; if anyone be in doubt as to which of the one thousand it is, he has but to examine their claims and see which possesses the strongest. Such a task may seem long and tedious, but a sure way of shortening it is to ask for light from the Author of light, who alone can give it. The attempt to saddle the evil consequences of jarring sectarianism upon religion is a great mistake, and the fact that evil and uncertainty have resulted from it does not give a shadow of excuse for the pantheism

of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, any more than for the revolting polytheism of ancient Greece and Rome.

—One of the handsomest of publications is the *Illustrated Scientific News*, published by Munn & Co., New York. Every number contains thirty-two pages, full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. Ornamental wood-work, pottery, vases, and objects of modern and ancient art are finely shown. The March number contains, among various other subjects illustrated, a full description of the manufacture of paper hangings, with engravings; how the deceptive curve is produced in casting the ball by the baseball pitcher, his attitude, how he holds and handles the ball, all fully illustrated. The number before us also contains engravings of Capt. Eads' proposed ship-railway across the Isthmus, and a novel hydraulic railway locomotive. In addition to all this, it contains many valuable recipes for artisans and housekeepers. This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 a year, and sold by all news-dealers.

—*The Clionian Monthly* for January comes to us rather late, and with an editorial note in the exchange department circumscribed, indicating either that the SCHOLASTIC is not received or that it is addressed to the old *Polyhymnian*. We will endeavor to see to it. The *Clionian* has now a "Shear Nonsense" department, but it is to be regretted that all the sheer nonsense in the paper is not confined to its limits. The local department editor sets up a low standard, and indulges in slang words and phrases not a few. We do not like to see girls, or young ladies if you will, indulge in slang; it is as offensive, we think, as tipping or profanity in a young man. Slang is vulgar in a young lady. Some may think it makes girls seem smart; so it does, but not in an elevating sense, and refined and accomplished young ladies should be sprightly and witty without detracting from the dignity that will at all times characterize the true lady. One might, at the moment, be somewhat taken with the naïve pertness of the young lady who, when asked if — (where she lived) possessed a refined society, answered, "Oh, yes! you can bet your boots we're a cultivated lot there!" but in the long run it must sink her several degrees in his estimation if he himself possess the refined sensibility of a gentleman. Among the "Shear-nonsensical" items we see one about an improved Excelsior Kidney Pad. We have been thinking that ninetenths of those pads are humbugs, and we are glad to see some one bold enough to state the fact in print. The editor showed commendable courage in this instance. We are constantly besieged with letters and circulars and blank agreements for advertising pads, hop-bitters, and what not, but we have no faith in them, and do not want to make our paper a medium for such humbuggery. All in all, the present number of *The Clionian Monthly* is far below the standard, although there are some fairly written articles and a few really good jokes in it. *The Portfolio* and *The Sunbeam* come nearer our idea of what a young ladies' paper should be.

—From the report of the secretary and treasurer published in *The Chronicle* for February we learn that the net profits of the paper for the first semester of the scholastic year are \$349.28. The editors have generously donated the net gain from the paper to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a college gymnasium. They have been seconded in this by *The University*, so that at the end of the year there will be a snug little sum. Of course the donors, or but very few of them, will reap the benefit, as the gymnasium will hardly be erected during their stay at college, — a fact which makes the generous act the more praiseworthy. They are working for those who come after them. No one but a student who has been an active member of an editorial board for at least a year can form an idea of the labor entailed upon him, and the sacrifice of time and pleasure that must be made. We wish the editors of *The Chronicle* and *The University* a speedy realization of their hopes. "Lo Barbaro Americano" — an American barbarian, eh? — contributes an interesting sketch of "Fair Venice on the Sea" to the present number of *The Chronicle*. "Amazonian Pictures," purporting to be written by Dr. Verissimo de Mattos, and translated from the original Portuguese by Prof. J. B. Steere, are begun, but do not

open auspiciously; as yet there is only a beginning, and the subject may gather interest as it proceeds. Why *The Chronicle* insults its Catholic readers — if it has any, and we think it has many — by publishing Victor Hugo's blasphemous "Le Pape" is a mystery to us. Hugo's assertions, or inferences, in these lines, are the outcome of a bitterly prejudiced heart, and a gratuitous insult as uncalled for as it is undeserved. To the honor of *The Chronicle* we must say that it is the first time we have noticed anything of the kind in its columns.

—The substance of the following excerpt from *The Chronicle*, University of Michigan, conveys some striking truths, albeit it aims at a reform that will not readily be accepted. The SCHOLASTIC, some time ago, made similar suggestions, holding up as precedent the fact that the writers of ancient Greece, who are still regarded as models, studied but one language, their own, while those of Rome confined themselves to the study of Greek and their own vernacular. The quotation given by the celebrated French scholar and orator Montalembert, from *Liberty of Thought*, a periodical of the University, in his celebrated speech of Sept. 18, 1848, in favor of Christian training and freedom to teach, in the French Democratic Assembly, is *à propos*: "Every body learns Latin in France, and the consequence is that nobody knows it, while people know very little else." From various colleges comes the complaint that the study of English is neglected, mainly for the sake of the classics, the students having only the alternative of self-education by means of the library, literary societies, and the college paper or magazine, in their spare time, if they have any. In some colleges, we are told, there is not even a professor of English literature. These complaints cannot be made at Notre Dame, but we call attention to the matter for the benefit of those who think the mastery of Greek and Latin one of the main points in a collegiate education, while English is regarded by them as a matter of little or no consequence. The remarks of *The Chronicle* contain matter for reflection. Here is the excerpt:

"During the last fifty years, translations of the productions of the works of the masters have been made, most of them by good scholars, into as classical English as was consistent with a close adherence to the original matter. As a result, at the expense of a score or two of dollars, it is possible for every scholar or *littérateur* to place on his shelves the *crème de la crème* of ancient classical literature. Why, then, should a student spend years in acquiring a very imperfect knowledge of the beauty and wisdom of the thoughts of a few of the ancients, when with far less trouble and far more enjoyment and appreciation he can obtain a wider knowledge of the whole realm of ancient literature from the translations into the vernacular by men more competent than himself to interpret the literature of Greece and Rome? Of course something would be lost were such a course pursued, but it seems to us that more would be gained than lost. As regarding the study of the dead languages for the sake of discipline, we have repeatedly heard gentlemen, familiar with both the dead and modern languages, declare that the study of German afforded quite as good mental discipline as Greek, and French as Latin. Certainly they are of far more practical value. We are not advocating the entire substitution of modern for dead languages in a liberal education. We would merely ask the question, Why not study modern languages for the sake of mental discipline, the culture, and the practical value which they afford, and study the dead languages for the purpose of culture alone, and through the medium of competent translations?"

—*Rouge et Noir* from Trinity College, Toronto, has been much enlarged and is now handsomely printed — new type, super-calendered paper, etc., etc. A fine engraving of the college sets off the first page. It is evidently intended that the present number shall inaugurate a new era in the existence of the paper, and from the energy and good taste displayed by the managers we have no doubt that their efforts will prove successful. The editors of *Rouge et Noir* are evidently gentlemen, and display none of that *blasé* character that is so frequently met with elsewhere. We are glad, therefore, to have their good opinion. The exchange editor says: "Of the SCHOLASTIC, we can only repeat what we have said before, and what other college papers continually say, 'it is a model college paper.' We will have more to say of it next time." Coming from such a source, and from one of the ablest as well as most independent of exchange editors, this is a great compliment, even though it be not altogether deserved, and should spur our writers to continued effort when their spirits are

inclined to flag. That *Rouge et Noir's* praise is not altogether undeserved we are not so void of judgment as to allow, and modesty does not consist in a pretended total blindness to the fact that we possess some little merit—this would be only a hypocritical kind of vainglory—but in not overestimating that merit, and in not being puffed up beyond measure at words of praise that redound more to the credit and magnanimity of those who speak them than they do to the honor of those of whom they are spoken. There are in this world magnanimous souls and little souls—the one, ever willing to condone slight faults and seeming not to notice them, but only the good traits in the character of others; and little souls, that have no eye for the virtues but only for the faults of their neighbors. The first, always bright and cheerful, have a smile and a good word for everybody,—they are happy, and contented with themselves, and they communicate a measure of this happiness to all with whom they come in contact; little-souled people, on the contrary, are never satisfied with anything or anybody; the peccadillos of others are their stock in trade, and they try to make the most of them and have them accumulate interest. There are some, we know, who think we belong to the latter class, simply because we possess independence of character enough to speak candidly of what we think blameworthy or unjust, whether it be in religion, morals, or philosophy; we are open to conviction, and when we are convinced of our error on any point, no matter what, we shall cheerfully acknowledge it, otherwise we hold to our principle, no matter how many may oppose us. We hope we shall always merit to be judged in this light, and many do judge us in this way; we shall never hesitate to rebuke a fault in a friend as well as in a foe, nor to praise a good point in the latter as well as in the former. No matter how great the fault we may be guilty of—and who has not his faults?—or the error we may make, we expect it to be rebuked with corresponding firmness by our confrères of the college press, and we shall not complain. We try to avoid being blinded by prejudice. If we show a fault, we must be willing to bear a rebuke, but we hope it will be given in a gentlemanly manner, for we are men, like other men, and possess sensibility like other men. While we do not allow ourselves to be cast down by the unjust judgment of others, we acknowledge that we are, as we believe amateurs generally are, susceptible to praise, and that it encourages and elates us. The last number of *The University* has the following:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC comes to us as usual replete with good things. For pure fun we commend "Reminiscences of My Alma Mater." And we were especially pleased with the manly and liberal view taken of the "Chinese Question"; while the independence and thorough good humor of its reply to the stringent criticism of the *Varsity* and *Queen's College Journal* was really refreshing. But we are forced to one of two conclusions, viz.: either the students at Notre Dame are not required to do nearly so much work as the students in the professional schools of the University of Michigan or the editorial Staff of the SCHOLASTIC is composed of intellectual prodigies."

Donahoe's Journal, a neat and well-edited amateur paper of Chicago, but so far above ordinary amateur papers that it hardly deserves to be classed with them, favors the SCHOLASTIC with the following notice:

"Of the many college papers that we receive as exchanges, none pleases us better, or comes up to what we term a first-class college journal, than the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. A perusal of our favorite part of it, the ably conducted exchange column, is generally quite enough to set us in good humor for a week. One cannot fail to admire the fearless and independent manner in which the SCHOLASTIC deals with its contemporaries. Keep it up, say we."

After such flattering notices we should be able to bear some hard knocks for awhile.

New Publications.

—We have received the *Thesaurus Biblicus* or *Hand-Book of Scripture Reference*, compiled by Rev. L. E. Lambert. It is considerably larger than the subscribers had reason to expect. The work is a reduction to alphabetical order of all the subjects treated in both Testaments, with the corresponding texts in full, or reference thereto. It is

eminently what it purports to be on its title-page—a *Hand-Book of Scripture Reference*. There is nothing in the whole domain of moral, dogmatic and polemic theology, the texts, bearing upon which cannot be immediately found by a reference to the index of this work. The practical advantages to be derived from such a book are at once apparent. It will prove a valuable aid to the American priest, necessitated, as he is, by the very circumstances of his position, to illustrate the truths of our holy faith by copious quotations from the Sacred Text. It will prove equally serviceable to the theologian and to the moralist, placing at their immediate disposal all written revelations bearing upon any given subject. It will prove a powerful auxiliary in the hands of every intelligent Catholic, whatsoever his sphere in life, who is brought into daily contact with Protestant friends, and who should be ready at need to meet objections or charges with appropriate replies in accordance with the injunction of the apostle: *Sanctify the Lord Christ in your heart, being always ready to satisfy every one that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you.* 1. Peter, 3—15. Catholics are charged with ignorance in general, and with ignorance of the Holy Bible in particular. This charge has been literally dinned, by repetition into the ears of non-Catholics, and to-day thousands upon thousands, even of well-intentioned Protestants, are content to accord it an unhesitating acceptance. The publication of this book by a Catholic priest, with the sanction of his ecclesiastical superior, may produce no effect upon those who learn no history and forget no fable; but it will certainly open the eyes of all who are not wilfully blind to facts, will change their erroneous impressions to a conviction that the Church, far from being opposed to the spread of what is called biblical knowledge, looks with favor upon every attempt at its dissemination among her children. The work can be had by applying to Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, Seneca County, N. Y. Price five dollars.

College Gossip.

—The Wabash College Library contains 18,300 volumes.

—It took a Harvard student only two years to conquer Latin, but he was four years learning how to throw the lariat so as to enable him to earn thirty dollars per month on a Texas ranche.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—"Endymion" appears to be a favorite subject for college essays just now. Yale Sophomores write upon it, and our Juniors write next time upon the "Social, Political and Moral Lessons of Endymion."—*Cornell Era*.

—According to the latest statistics there are in this country 358 colleges, with 3,200 instructors, 30,368 students (about 9½ students to each instructor), 2,187,165 library volumes, and property valued at \$36,871,213.—*Chronicle*.

—The Class of Rhetoric at Boston College celebrated Washington's Birthday by an entertainment made up of speeches, serious and comic, poetry, and singing. The affair was private, only a few friends being invited, and everything passed off pleasantly.—*Pilot*.

—The stalwart Senior, who made such a desperate attempt in the Latin Class to discover an Italian province on the map of Asia Minor, has sufficiently recovered from the effects of his exertion as to be enabled to attend to his classes again.—*Queen's College Journal*.

—The editors of the *Vassar Miscellany* wish it to be understood that the Seniors have not a new debating society, and not even an old one, that the Senior class does not number sixty, that the library has not had a large bequest, that the riding-school is not to be re-established, and that Vassar is not a sectarian college.—*Virginia Univ. Mag.*

—We learn from *The Pilot* that the alumni of Seton Hall College entertained Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan at a banquet at Penard's, New York, on the 17th ult. Archbishop Corrigan was President of Seton Hall College for a number of years, relinquishing that trust only when appointed coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey. R. Duncan Harris is the President of the Seton Hall Alumni Association.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 12, 1881.

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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—It was with regret that we read, in the *Herald* of the 2d inst., of Mr. Charles L. Murray's intention of abandoning the journalistic arena, in which, as editor of the *Herald*, he has won such honored distinction and done so much for the party in whose interest the *Herald* is published—the Democratic party. Mr. Murray's successor will be Hon. Henry A. Pied, late of the *Plymouth Democrat*.

—Elsewhere will be found a portion of the second of a series of lectures on "Authorship" delivered on Thursday of last week by Mr. Eliot Ryder. We would be glad to present the entire lecture to our readers this week, but want of space makes this an impossibility. The remaining portion of the interesting lecture will appear in our next, when, we are sure, it will have lost none of its interest to our readers by having remained in type for a few days.

—We often hear unthinking persons say: "Our Catholic colleges are growing rich." To prove this assertion, they point to the number and beauty of the educational establishments erected throughout the land by the various religious orders. How are these buildings erected? They are erected by men who devote themselves for life to the cause of Christian education. These men do not enter religious orders, as many suppose, to lead lives of idleness. Many of them bring to their communities sums of money the interest of which alone would secure for them the necessaries and often the luxuries of life. It is with these sums that grounds are purchased and buildings partially erected. To complete these structures, money has to be borrowed often at a high rate of interest. Consequently there is scarcely a Catholic institution of learning in the

United States entirely free from debt. It would be impossible for our colleges to meet the current expenses of the year were it not for the generosity of a few patrons and the small additions made to the treasury by the entrance of new members into the various religious orders. After struggling for years, and suffering hardships which are known but to few of the outside world, the founders are enabled to place the so-called college on some sort of a footing. The number of students increases from year to year and new buildings have to be erected, in consequence of which more money has to be borrowed. When these buildings have been completed, there are laboratories, libraries, and cabinets of natural history to be supplied, so that the student may have all the advantages necessary for perfecting himself in his studies. Where are the means to come from to accomplish all this? An appeal is made to the public. With what result? Two or three hundred, or it may be a thousand or two, of dollars collected to purchase books or instruments: and an impression left in the world that the institution is grasping for money! Even when a college has a large attendance of students the revenue, derived from tuition, etc., barely does more than pay the current expenses of the establishment, and that, too, when no large salaries are paid to professor or president. In no Catholic college does the president, or any other officer, receive one cent of salary. His only remuneration in this world is his board and clothing, and these are always of the simplest. He works entirely for the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-man. In most of our larger colleges a number of lay professors are engaged to assist the religious in their labors. These devoted laymen do not work to enrich themselves. They are paid salaries by no means large, scarcely sufficient to keep themselves and families above want; those who are not married, or who have no one dependent on them for support, generally spend the greater part of their slender salaries in ways that result in a benefit to the institution to whose advancement they have devoted their lives.

Many are under the impression that a few of our colleges (for instance, Georgetown, Fordham, Seton Hall, Our Lady of Angels, and Notre Dame) are richly endowed. Is this true? It is not. Notre Dame has not received one cent for an endowment. She has received at various times assistance from an appreciative public. After the late fire, money poured in from all quarters to the amount of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars; insurance received, forty-five thousand dollars; total about seventy thousand dollars, which does not cover more than one-third of the entire loss. We never hear of a wealthy Catholic leaving a bequest of ten, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars to one of our colleges, but we do hear of any number of persons bequeathing large sums to state and sectarian institutions of learning. We hope the time will come when our wealthy laymen will take more interest in our sanctuaries of learning; then we will have colleges and universities worthy of the names they bear. If the members of our religious orders have accomplished so much by their own unaided efforts, how much more could they effect were our wealthy laymen to assist them by endowing professorships and lecture courses, or founding libraries and museums of art and science. A few of our people present a statue, chalice, or illuminated window to the chapels or churches attached to our educational establishment; this is all very good and praiseworthy, but what

our colleges need are donations of money, books, scientific instruments, and money to endow lecture courses and professorships.

—We have many times felt ourselves called upon to refute the popular opinion that American Catholics were not a literature-producing people. Americans have been compared to Spanish, French, and Italians in a way that is not flattering. But, while we repel any such wholesale statement, we must admit that there is too much truth in the Protestant assertion: "All your American Catholic literary men are priests." "If," says our Protestant acquaintance, "we are to include theologic dogma, and its discussion, into the ranks of general literature, why shall we not also admit treatises on medicine and the law?"

Our neighbor has a very considerable show of reason in all that he says. It is upon their laymen that Catholics must depend for their literature, after all. Of the great names of English literature, we find comparatively few which are the names of clergymen. In this country, owing to a variety of influential circumstances, Catholics have not had that representation in literary circles which we could have wished. John Gilmary Shea is a representative name, and it is to him that we have long looked for productions of literary excellence.

But it is those of the present day and generation whom we may expect to make the name of "Catholic" a respected one in the literary circles of the United States. Three young men have already done some good work, and and it is interesting to glance over the methods they employ. John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the *Pilot*, is 37 years old. No man has the interest of the Church more at heart than Mr. O'Reilly, and no man is doing more to promote its welfare. As editor of the *Pilot*, he wields a tremendous influence; and as a poet and romancer, he has commanded recognition from the patrons of American literature,—the great men among whom, being Protestant, are not extravagantly friendly to Catholics; yet their literary conscience compels them to admire all that is good, from whatever source it comes. Mr. O'Reilly has written a few poems on purely Catholic (that is, religious) themes, but the major portion of his poetry may be classed as secular. As a writer of simply religious poetry, he would never have gained a reputation outside of Catholic circles, and his work would have been confined to a sphere which is, unfortunately, all too limited. But, in his wise way, he sends to that fountain of Methodism, *Harper's Magazine*, a poem, and it is published. Does anyone think that it is not read by quite as many Catholics as though it had first appeared in the *Pilot*? And the good which may result from the appearance of a Catholic writer in Protestant publications, through the copying of the press, and in other ways, is incalculable.

Another young writer of promise is Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, who was recently made the associate editor of that bulwark of Catholic journalism, the *Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Egan is but 28 years old, yet he has done work which augurs a brilliant and prosperous future. Possessed of rare culture, forcible, yet exquisitely graceful, in all that he writes, at once a poet and a critic, Mr. Egan is one whom the literary galaxy may add to its number with pride. But Mr. Egan, unlike Mr. O'Reilly, does not seek outside channels for his work. For years he has been training himself to perform the duties of a Catholic journalist; and, as

he once remarked to us, "Louis Veuillot is my model, and to reach greatness in the way that he has reached it will fill the measure of my ambition."

Here we see a striking contrast in two representative men. One spreads his work wherever it will do good; the other confines himself to one channel. That both men will do much good, we do not doubt. What we question, is: "Which course is the wiser one?" Another representative Catholic *litterateur* of promise is Mr. Eliot Ryder. His methods of work differ somewhat from those of either Mr. O'Reilly or Mr. Egan. Unlike those gentlemen, he does not exercise control over the columns of an influential journal. Nor does he, as does Mr. Egan, seek an especial sphere in which to labor. His poems are nearly all of them published in the *New York Sun*, where they find a universal audience, since that model of newspapers not only has a larger circulation than any other American journal, but is universal in the sense that, unlike the magazine, it goes into the homes of people of all religious faiths and of all degrees of society. Mr. Ryder is known as a poet for the same reason that Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Egan are always thought of as poets;—not because he has written no prose, but because his prose is that of a journalist, and, consequently, rarely appears over his signature. Mr. Ryder has some of the attributes of Mr. O'Reilly, and some of the characteristics of Mr. Egan. He works conscientiously, but not exclusively. Knowing him to be a thorough Catholic, we could not, of course, imagine him as editing a distinctively Protestant paper; but it would not at all surprise us if he were to accept a position on any secular journal of respectability. We heartily wish we had many more writers of Mr. Ryder's capability engaged just as he is.

We watch with interest the progress of O'Reilly, Egan, and Ryder. O'Reilly has already done much. We hope he will do much more. Egan and Ryder are hardly more than beginners. They have begun admirably well, however; nothing but perseverance is needed to develop their powers. Let them both be prudent. It was the Psalmist who complained that "the zeal of mine house hath eaten me up." Twenty-eight and twenty-five years are not advanced ages: and in a career where so much has to be learned before it can be made a successful one, one should not fear to be too modest and cautious at the outset. One of the greatest failings with which young authors are afflicted is a too great love of controversy. This is something we do not approve of. Better far present instructive facts in an entertaining way, and train people to look for knowledge, instead of presenting the same information in the form of a controversy, thus fostering in them the love of watching the progress of a quarrel,—a tendency which human nature already shares in too great a degree.

Let controversy, then, be avoided: and let our promising young authors concentrate their efforts in writing for their audiences those things which flavor of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

—We can safely assert that college journalism is not appreciated as it should be, at least by the majority. They seem to give it little or no thought. They think it a good thing *in its kind*, and that is all; useful for those who have some talent and inclination for journalism, but of no consequence—or, at least, not necessary for the professional student—for the engineer, the law, the medic, the art student,

or the student of commercial law and accounts. We have no doubt that the class of people who under-rate this seemingly insignificant matter will one day find that in this they have made one of the greatest mistakes of their lives, and will regret that they had not seen their mistake in time to correct it or evade its full consequences. "But," they will say, "I haven't time; too many classes," etc. They forget that it is only the busy, and really overworked, man that has time for anything, as was truly remarked by the editor of *The Catholic Review*, when speaking of Very Rev. Father Sorin's drama. They forget that the half-hours, or even quarter-hours, spent in idle chatter or reading trashy literature could be turned to good purpose, and would amount to a great deal in a year. *The University* has an editorial bearing on this subject that we would like to submit for the consideration of those who think lightly, or do not take the trouble to think at all, of the advantage to be derived from writing for the college paper. Although we are not so blindly egotistical as to set ourselves up as models, we challenge attention to the fact that no one in the University has more classes than the members of the editorial corps of the SCHOLASTIC, averaging about six each, and yet we contrive to do something in the way of public writing for our own advancement and benefit, if not for the instruction and entertainment of others. This, too, while, we think, we keep our standing in class as well as those who do not write. There is not a busier man around the college than our exchange editor, and yet he manages to read the exchanges and work up several columns a week for the paper. Of course he has to make a sacrifice of his leisure moments, and his inclinations too, but he does it all the same. Others have more leisure than he, yet they think they have no time to do anything. Owing to pressure of other duties, and thinking he had contributed his share for the advancement of the paper, he resigned the editorship of the exchange department, but so far we have found no one willing to take the position. Why? It is evidently the will, and not the ability, that is wanting. To such as think lightly of the utility of writing for their college paper we commend the following very ably written article from *The University* for careful perusal:

"College journalism furnishes one of the greatest opportunities for culture incident to student life. To load the mind with the ideas of others, to answer a set of questions propounded by professors, and to get a certificate of graduation from these same gentlemen, is much too often thought to be the highest object that a college student may seek. We opine this is not so. Without something more vital than all this, the education we obtain is a cumbersome quantity of mental lumber, the answers to questions a part of the wonders of automatism, and a diploma, if we receive one, but a splendid lie.

"It is well said there is no royal road to learning. Not learned professors aided by the furnishings of a college, nor books, nor all that genius and learning can devise, can make a scholar of a student; but there is a natural way, and that is by learning to think, independently, calmly, forcibly; well, in short, in such a way that we shall be glad to preserve a record of the ideas by even laborious efforts to commit them to writing. Learning is a building process, whose agent must be one's self, else all the mind can grasp is as so much gross material, shapeless and lifeless. Most of us are trying to carry or drag just such a burden of mental stuff, for stuff it is, until by individual effort we make it a part of ourselves. To whatever degree of learning we aspire, in whatever sphere we aim to act, this is true. There is no act of life in any vocation that cannot be best done by a thoughtful person.

"But what has this to do with college journalism? you ask. A great deal. In whatever degree college journalism proves a success, in just that proportion has this mental engineering been manifested. It virtually says to students: 'Come, let us build thoughts; let us begin to construct the mental houses we hope to live in; let us plunge together into the whirlpool of public life.'

"The memorizing of ideas is a process of acquisition and conservation, but great mental power cannot be gained by this process alone; there must be energy spent as well as gained, and spent, too, publicly. True intellect is no smouldering fire to spend itself at the hearth of the soul that alone loves it. Something of character, of genius must vivify it and form it into action in the public arena. Why do we see so many brilliant flashes of intellect spent like a meteor's light, and followed by mental gloom? It is because the mind that manifests such action has no genuine architect. Educated though it may be, its ideas lack correlation, union, design and independent life.

"However well a mind is built up in secret, it requires an impetus of public experience to carry it safely over the billows of practical life. Nothing will nerve or unnerve a mind like the sense of danger: and unless the mind becomes accustomed to the dangers of life by public experience, it is not fit to grapple with the odds that every one must meet in a successful career. A mind built up only by secret thoughts is like a paper defense against the forces it must meet in public life, while like a strong fort is the mind that by activity before the public eye has learned the tactics of such warfare. Think as we can, write as we may, it is alone the experience gained by putting our thoughts before the public that gives us the momentum necessary to carry us beyond danger, the organization of mind that can defy all the foes that may beset our path.

"The college journal is peculiarly a proper agent for the development of these splendid faculties. It meets us at a time when, if ever, the mind is alert for improvement. Very properly, it is not the exponent of knotty problems in metaphysics, but makes our every-day hopes and struggles the sphere of its action. There is no person but wastes more time every week than would be necessary to aid, by some manner of thought-building, in making the college journal a success; and, while we do not advocate the waste of a student's time, or the dissipation of his energies, we do assert that some time should be spent by every student in putting some thoughts on record for the columns of his college paper. He cannot afford to do otherwise, if he hopes for success in public life; his whole destiny may be affected by the experience. Let him do it for his own sake, because the effort is likely to furnish an inspiration for most glorious future work and achievement."

Personal.

—Rev. Father Hagerty returned from Chesterton, Tuesday morning.

—P. J. Hagan, late of the Staff, paid us a flying visit, Saturday afternoon.

—Mr. J. P. Van Dusen, of Benton Harbor, Mich., visited the University last Tuesday.

—J. Minogue, '74, is in the grocery business with his father on Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty accompanied Father Kroll to Chesterton last Saturday evening.

—J. F. Brice (Scientific, of '79) is the Professor of Elocution in Calnau College, Saylor, Iowa.

—Mr. O'Connor, father of Masters D. and R. O'Connor of the Senior and Minim departments, spent Wednesday at the University.

—Mrs. D. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio, spent Sunday and Monday visiting her sons, Masters A. and W. Coghlin, Prep. department.

—A. Hierb (Prep. of '79-'80) is preparing to accompany

his parents on a trip to Europe. We hope Master Hierb will enjoy himself during his journey abroad.

—C. J. Hagan is in the office of J. W. McCoy, Attorney at Law, Fairmount, Marion County, West Virginia. We wish Charley every success in his journey through life.

Local Items.

—G——, there is the door.

—“That’s a regular D. C. L.”

—Next Thursday is St. Patrick’s Day.

—“Barney” says that he never said it.

—The “Medics” have finished anatomy.

—Oh Sol! please send us one. Will you?

—“Charley Ross” is a poet of no mean ability.

—“Why don’t we drill?” is asked on all sides.

—The man of the “horrible nerve” is in trouble!

—Several jokes from the “funny man” this week.

—The Captain’s owl has gone the way of all owls.

—Pete regrets that he ever studied “Projectilization.”

“Boxes from home” are things to be desired these days.

—The snow is fast disappearing before the sun’s warm rays.

—Prof. Lyons has our thanks for a package of *New Bras*.

—Boone regulates the window-blinds in the Junior study-hall.

—Bro. Francis Xavier has the thanks of the Sorins for favors received.

—It was trying to rain and snow at the same time, last Tuesday morning.

—“A Celebrated Case” can be seen in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening.

—Our friend John found Dan a rather heavy piece of furniture to carry around.

—To-morrow *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor not Bishop.

—Notre Dame will send forth a large number of first class telegraphers in June.

—Sam.: “I say, ‘Duzen,’ lend me your umbrella.” “Duzen”: “It’s Lent, Sammy.”

—The Band and Orchestra are rehearsing for next Wednesday evening’s Entertainment.

—The “howl,” the “heagle,” or the “’awk” passed in its checks last Saturday evening.

—We noticed three stray bovines circumambulating Lake St. Joseph last Saturday afternoon.

—Music to the right, music to the left; we’re just bored with it now. And such music! O Mozart!

—“G. Edmund” observes fast; James S— eats fast; W. B. eats fast, too; Dick R— eats too fast.

—The Sorins rejoice. Their orpheonic representative, Master D. O’Connor, is with them once more.

—Don’t read the editorial on the advantages of college journalism in this week’s SCHOLASTIC—it concerns you.

—Bob: “Say, Tom, are you awake?” Tom: “What do you want?” Bob: “Lend me a dollar.” Tom: “I’m not awake.”

—Last Monday, the festival of the great St. Thomas Aquinas, the philosophers and theologians were granted a holiday.

—“Judy” was around on time last Tuesday morning. She appears none the worse for Friday’s exhibition of her “ageelity.”

—Sancho’s ugly disposition is beginning to manifest itself in a series of protracted howls at regular intervals during the day.

—Professor in Grammar: “Master B——, what is the

feminine of hart?” Master B——, (promptly)—“Gizzard, sir.” [Red light.]

—The weather has moderated to such a degree that the Preps. use the handball alleys located at the western extremity of their Campus.

—It’s too bad after getting your letters addressed to Box ——, South Bend, to have them re-directed to F. O’K.’s office. Some do not think this O. K.

—Mr. Daly, the University horticulturist, is doing good work in caring for the trees at the St. Joseph Farm and preparing for a large crop of apples next fall.

—Mr. Hay found some difficulty in ascertaining the amount of cloth required to becomingly envelop the delicate (?) bodies of Dan and “Stonewall.”

—Prof.: “Young man, do you know what I am teaching?” Student: “Yes, sir; German,” Prof.: “No, sir; a crowd of blockheads.” (Tally one for Prof.)

—Many of our exchanges had well-written accounts of the Entertainment given by the Thespians on Washington’s Birthday. We would gladly publish them if we had the space.

—We noticed an article in one of our exchanges about boy inventors. We hope that they will soon invent a boy who will not whistle through his fingers, and yell on the streets at night.

—The Minims take a lively interest in handball. Among the best players in that department are Masters Tourtillotte, Droste, J. Bender, Echlin, Snee, Kitz, H. Metz, and Van Mourick.

—The 14th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held Saturday evening, March 5th. Masters Costello, Echlin, Snee, and Courtney delivered declamations.

—Says Salty to Fatty: “Where shall we go?”

“Oh,” replied Fatty, “we’ll call upon Flo.”

“No,” says G. Edmund, with a flow of his blarney,

“We’d better go up, and see our friend Barney.”

—We caught a glimpse of the smiling countenances of “Mede” Castanedo, Johnson, “Jim,” Guy, and others, last Wednesday morning. They look as happy and contented as ducks in a mill-pond.

It’s hope that keeps us up,

It’s hope that keeps our memories green,

It’s hope that makes our lives sublime,

It’s soap that keeps us clean.

—Charley Tinley may be seen slowly wending his way to the butcher-shop every day at 3:30 o’clock. He, on such occasions, acts in the capacity of travelling agent for Mocking-bird & Co., No. 7, Cecilia Hall, University Building.

—Somebody with benevolent, or perhaps malevolent, intentions, peradventure forgetfulness, left a necktie and scapulars in our sanctum. We wish the owner of these articles to call for them as soon as convenient; we do not need them.

—Van, Sam, and the “sailor boy” were going to give the Boney boy a drubbing, on account of a local which appeared in last week’s SCHOLASTIC, but desisted when the “slimy doctor” and the man with the “horrible nerve” came to Boney’s assistance.

—Young Hopeful: “Pa, do you know what is the difference between you and the moon?” Parent: “No, my son; I do not.” Young H.: “Why, you see the moon gets full once a month, but you get——” That little boy has stopped asking conundrums.

—Some of our would-be-tall students imagine that they become taller by contact with the tall. Laboring under this mistake, they always endeavor to find a place in the rear of the ranks. They look like rat-terriers in the midst of a drove of giraffes. Fall in according to size.

—We are sorry that we cannot publish the beautiful poem sent us by the “Hero of the Eighteenth Century.” The sentiments to which the poet gives utterance are admirable, though ill-suited to the tastes of all who bask in the sunshine of the enlightenment of the great nineteenth century.

—Our Rev. Prefect of Discipline could hardly contain himself with the joyful emotions that he experienced when, one day last week, we informed him that we had

observed a large flock of wild ducks flying westward. We pity the powder and shot when ducks again visit our lakes.

—The contract for furnishing the Notre Dame Cadets with uniforms has been let to Mr. John Hay, of South Bend, who, with his excellent cutter, Mr. John Paidding, was here one day last week taking the Cadets' measures. Each uniform will be made at the remarkably low price of \$10.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return a unanimous vote of thanks to Prof. Ackerman for services rendered the Association. Very Rev. President Corby and Father O'Keeffe are tendered the thanks of the Association for favors rendered them during the last few weeks.

—In reply to a long communication from the "Committee on the Inspection of Parsing Duties," of which Master J. W. Start is President, W. P. Mahon, Vice-President; and E. Gall, Secretary, we shall only say that, if the facts are as represented, "Sammy" should be presented with a large leather medal.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1881.
By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame.

This is the sixth year of the *Scholastic Annual*, and it is very creditable to Professor Lyons, whose taste and discrimination are apparent in the well-arranged and selected contents.—*Catholic World*.

—Bro. Charles, the Prefect of the Academy of Music, has now reached his 64th year. To look at him, one would scarcely believe him to be fifty, and this despite the fact that for forty-three years he has had the laborious duties which fall to the lot of a prefect. That the good Brother may live long after he has passed his three-score and ten is the sincere wish of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The "Babes" of Burlington may not have been heard from, the "Corporal" may not have been heard from, but our wandering and genial friend, Sol. Hancock, has made himself felt by his kind and generous present of one, one—well, not one hundred cigars, to one of the prefects. Thanks, a thousand thanks, generous friend! May the generosity of your heart never grow less.

—The proprietor of the butcher-shop is already preparing for those enchanting little creatures that sing so prettily during the summer months, especially at night, when, in the privacy of the chamber, we endeavor to take that rest which nature demands of us. We have reference to that pryer into man's feelings—the mosquito. Screen-doors made the shop look summer-like; Tuesday afternoon.

—Very Rev. Father General examined the Elocution Class in the Minim department last Monday. He expressed himself highly pleased with the progress made since his last visit, and encouraged them to spare no pains to attain perfection in this branch. The members of the Elocution Class tender their deepest thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the pains he takes to make them good elocutionists.

—Here is the way printers often get reporters into a heap of trouble. One of the latter, in describing the belle of the evening at a fashionable party, wrote: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots." What was his horror on reading in the paper next morning to find, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats." He had to hide himself for a week from her big brother, who was after him with a club.

—We are informed that our friend "J. Willie" went into ecstasies on reading our marine-news item of last week. Aware of the pleasure afforded our friend in reading such items, we exceedingly regret that our inability to procure such items, this week, must needs deprive him of that pleasure. We will—but hold, we omitted to state last week that if old Sol gets down to business in good shape, the ice on the lakes will have entirely disappeared by June. This announcement may cause our news-de-marine-struck friend's soul to overflow with excessive joy.

—The *Dexter Leader* comes to us every week dished up on the half shell. Paper scarce, Mr. *Leader*?—*Notre Dame Scholastic*. No Sir-ee. It is merely one of our numerous bad habits,

which we will endeavor to rectify in the future. And right here let us add that the *Scholastic* is one of the most welcome visitors to our sanctum, its pages generally being replete with fresh, spicy news, which interests us muchly, the exchange department in particular.—*Dexter Leader*.

All right, *Leader*; "nuff sed." We notice with pleasure the improvements in the appearance and general tone of your interesting paper, and can safely predict for it a long, prosperous, and useful career.

—The 17th and 18th regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society were held Feb. 18th and March 4th respectively. Master G. Kipper presented himself and was elected. Declamations were given by the following: F. Wheatley, A. Browne, A. Schiml, H. Devitt, G. Haslam, J. Bennett, G. Woodson, A. Mendel, D. C. Smith, G. O'Kane, E. Smith, J. Whelan, L. Florman, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, H. Sells, L. Gibert, S. Livingston, J. Flynn. Prof. Baur was then invited to be present, and after the literary exercises were concluded he tried the voices of the members and made selections for the various choruses. He closed the exercises by performing a beautiful piece on the organ.

—A certain astute Prep., wishing to take a rise out of some of his Michigan companions who were relating wonderful things seen by them since their brief advent to Mother Earth, sarcastically exclaimed, with a saucy toss of his head and snap of his fingers: "Oh, that is nothing at all compared to what I saw while crossing the Missouri on a ferry-boat. 'What was it? what was it?' cried all. 'I saw,' said he, 'a spunky horse fly over the river without waiting for the return of the boat. 'Impossible! How could a horse, without wings, fly across a river? That is only another of your fishy stories,' shouted the listeners. 'You little Michiganders, goslings of venerable Michigooses, I did not say that a horse flew over the river, but that I saw a horse fly over the river.'" It is needless to say he soon had to fly from the shower of snow-balls flying around his upper story.

—The 22d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Feb. 24th. The debate, "Resolved, That the Invention of Gunpowder did Lessen the Carnage resulting from War," took place. The speakers on the affirmative were J. O'Neill, F. Quinn, C. Brinkman and N. Ewing. Those on the negative were F. Grever, W. Cleary, C. McDermott and A. Bodine. E. C. Orrick volunteered in favor of the negative, made a very fine speech, and tried hard to win the victory; but the destructive projectiles, the Grecian fire, battle-axes, sabers, etc., etc, used for so long a time, destroying millions and millions of the human race in battle, quite vanquished him. Public readers for this week are T. Healy, A. Bodine, W. Gray, N. Ewing, H. Rose, W. Cleary, E. Orrick, J. Fendrick, E. Fischel, C. Tinley, F. Grever, and C. McDermott.

—Saturday morning, at 1 o'clock, Rev. Father James M. Doyle, formerly of Janesville, died of dropsy of the heart at St. Mary's Hospital. He was born in Wexford, Ireland, September 14, 1825. When about 23 years old he emigrated to this country, and in 1849 came to Milwaukee. After finishing a theological course at Notre Dame University, Indiana, he was ordained on the 11th of June, 1851, by Archbishop Henni. He remained at St. John's Cathedral, where he was assigned to an assistantship for two years. He was then transferred to Waukesha, and after the expiration of four years took charge of the church at Portage. From this place, after seven years' service in the pulpit, he went to Janesville, and remained there seventeen years. Last June, having been compelled to resign his trust on account of ill health, and urgently advised by his physicians, he visited Ireland; the trip, however, aggravated the malady, and early last January he returned to this city. He was soon compelled to seek medical attendance at the hospital. He continued to fail, and passed quietly away.—*Milwaukee Evening Chronicle*.

—The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the sick boys by one who, abducted when but a child from his fond parents, can sympathize with all who are called upon to bear with a few of the many ills to which the flesh is heir. You perhaps already guess the name of the author. He is no other than our beloved "Charley Ross":
"As every Junior is dropping a note unto his pal

I concluded you would not object to a line or two from Hal. They say I was stolen and my name is Charley Ross; But the report is false, as you will find by writing to the boss. His address is Colorado Springs, where I was bred and born, In the far-off West, which I love best, near the Big Horn. I condole with you in all your aches and ills, And hope you will be able to take your sugar-coated pill; Those many drugs that you will get that always cure or kill, Epsom salts, castor oil, or perhaps syrup de squill. This world is a vale of tears with its many woes, But cheer up and do not fret nor turn up your toes. To one and all, merry cheer and my kind respects, Hoping it will be many years before you pass in your checks."

—The following is the programme of Wednesday evening's Entertainment, to be given in Washington Hall, by the Columbians:

Address.....H. O'Donnell
Oration.....M. J. Falvey

Complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

A Drama in Five Acts, Prepared for the Occasion by the Members of the Columbian Club.

Jean Renaud.....T. F. Kavanagh
Adrian Renaud.....H. S. O'Donnell
Pierre Renaud.....L. Mathers
Col. McMahon.....J. R. Martlett
Valentine.....F. C. Smith
Count de Veau.....P. Stretch
Raoul.....J. F. E. Brown
Duke d'Aubritot.....J. Malone
O'Rourke.....Robert Emmet O'Connor
Jacques Latour.....L. W. Stitzel
Marquis Henri de Calonne.....F. T. Dever
Mgr. de Bois.....E. J. Taggart
Capt. Thebaut.....B. F. Smith
Leroux.....H. A. Steis
Meyer.....A. Thornton
Seneschal.....F. J. Baker
Armand.....R. Seeburger
Little Child.....J. W. Kent

Peasants, Soldiers, etc.

Music between each act by the University Orchestra and the Notre Dame Cornet Band.

—Works lately placed on the shelves of the Lemonnier Library: Songs, Legends and Ballads, by John Boyle O'Reilly; Songs of the Southern Seas, John Boyle O'Reilly; Moondyne, by the same author, three copies; Gentleman's Book of Etiquette, Hartley; Sensible Etiquette, Mrs. H. O. Ward; William Cullen Bryant's Popular History of the United States, Vol. IV; La Maison Bleue, Hendrik Conscience; Tobie on La Bonne Education Recompensée, par M. L'Abbé Henry; The Age of Unreason, Being a Reply to Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Felix Adler, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and other American Rationalists, by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D.; Burritt's Geography of the Heavens; A Celebrated Case; John Milton, by Mark Pattison, D. D.; The New Arts, a Little Drama in Three Acts, by Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C.; Catholic World, Vol. XXXII; Life of Sir Walter Scott, by R. H. Hutton; Life of Burke, by John Morley; Life of Thackeray, by Anthony Trollope; Life of Hawthorne, by Henry James, Jr.; Life of Daniel De Foe, by William Minton. The Association returns thanks to Mr. Eliot Ryder for the following donations: Merry England, Harrison Ainsworth; a complete set of the Fair Journal, edited by J. Mullaly; a complete set of the New York Catholic, edited by Eliot Ryder; The Member for Paris, by Trois-Etoiles; Struggles and Triumphs of P. T. Barnum; Fabiola, by Cardinal Wiseman; The Telephone of Labor, by George Marshall Sloan; Longfellow's Poems; The Rhyme of the Border War, A Historical Poem of the Kansas-Missouri Guerilla War, by Thomas Brower Peacock; Caxton's Book, A Collection of Essays, Poems, Tales and Sketches, by W. H. Rhodes, edited by D. O'Connell; The Corsair, a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty, edited by N. P. Willis and T. O. Porter; Vol. I, New York, 1839; A Politico-Historical Essay on the Popes as the Protectors of Popular Liberty, by Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D.; Catholic Colonization in Minnesota; Ghosts, Father Walworth's Reply to Robert G. Ingersoll; The Way of the Cross, According to St. Alphonsus; Rosary Book, or Instructions on the Dominican Beads; Parallel Rules of Greek and Latin Syn-

tax, by J. M. W. and R. P. K.; Edwin Arnold's Poems, Including the Indian Song of Songs; Works of Edgar Allan Poe, 4 vols. Thanks are also returned to Rev. D. E. Hudson for a General Index to Brownson's Review; and to Major Edmond Mallet, of Washington, D. C., for Hier, Aujourd'hui et Demain, ou Origines et Destinées Canadiennes, par M. Chas. Thebault.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown,* T. E. Bourbonia, F. W. Bloom, F. W. Bell, A. A. Bodine, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, D. English, W. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, F. J. Garrity, F. W. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. F. Healy, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kuhn, J. P. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrisk, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, J. A. McIntyre, J. B. Marlette, J. J. McIlvaine, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, G. Nester, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. W. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. T. Redmond, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, H. C. Simms, G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, A. Thornton, C. H. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, C. Van Dusen, A. Wiseheart, W. R. Young, J. B. Zettler.

* J. F. Brown was omitted last week by mistake.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, A. A. Browne, F. A. Boose, J. M. Boose, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barren, M. Block, G. C. Castaneda, A. M. Coghlin, J. A. Casey, J. M. Courtney, E. Cullinene, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, J. V. Cabel, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, F. H. Dorsel, J. W. Devitt, A. J. Dennis, N. H. Ewing, A. J. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, T. F. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, L. F. Florman, J. J. Gordon, A. A. Gall, E. F. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, L. P. Gibert, P. G. Hoffman, H. P. Hake, F. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, G. J. Haslam, T. D. Heal, P. Haney, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. H. Kengel, F. A. Kleine, F. A. Krone, C. C. Kollars, F. X. Mattes, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, S. T. Murdock, F. J. McKinron, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, F. J. Prenatt, E. M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, F. A. Quinn, A. M. Rhorback, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, W. E. Smith, A. C. Schiml, C. Schneider, G. Schaefer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, E. E. Smith, D. C. Smith, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woeber, F. W. Wheatly, G. Woodson, J. W. Whalen, T. Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, R. Costello, C. C. Echlin, W. T. Berthlet, C. E. Droste, H. C. Snee, G. E. Tourtilotte, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Van Mourick, A. J. Frain, E. A. Howard, F. M. Moroney, T. McGrath, L. J. Young, D. O'Connor, W. M. Olds, W. Hanavin, W. Taylor, H. A. Kitz, W. Thompson, J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, M. E. Devitt, D. L. McCawley, W. J. Miller, H. J. Ackerman, E. B. Bagard, W. Rea, J. M. McGrath, E. M. McGrath, J. Bender, C. Metz, J. W. Kent.

Class Honors.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

F. W. Bloom, G. Sugg, D. Harrington, A. Zahm, F. A. Quinn, E. Orrick, C. B. Van Dusen, C. W. McDermott, F. Grever, N. Ewing, J. Homan, W. B. McGorrisk, J. Casey, J. Osher, B. Casey, E. Otis, H. Simms, G. Clarke, F. Clarke, W. Arnold, W. J. McCarthy, T. Healy, M. Healy, J. McIntyre, S. P. Terry.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Droste, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, H. C. Snee, G. E. Tourtilotte, J. A. Van Mourick, J. S. Courtney, R. Costello, J. Moroney, W. T. Berthlet, E. A. Howard, J. A. Kelly, W. Thompson, H. Metz, J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, J. Ruppe, J. R. Bender, W. J. Miller, J. E. Chaves, W. Rea, J. L. Rose, D. L. McCawley, M. E. Devitt, A. B. Bender, J. McGrath, H. J. Ackerman, C. Metz, J. W. Kent, E. McGrath, C. Young.

List of Excellence.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—F. Bloom, A. Zahm, F. Grever, C. B. Van Dusen, N. H. Ewing, W. Gallagher, G. Sugg; Greek—F. Bloom, A. Zahm, J. Homan; English Composition—C. F. Rietz, T. Kavanagh, M. J. Falvey, W. R. Young; Rhetoric—R. E. Fleming, N. H. Ewing, J. Solon; Eng. Literature—C. B. Van Dusen, E. Orrick; Criticism—A. Zahm, M. McEntyre; Logic—; Moral Philosophy—F. W. Bloom; Algebra—J. McEntyre, N. H. Ewing; Geometry—R. Fleming; J. McEntyre, W. R. Young, F. Bell; Conic Sections—C. McDermott, J. Osher; Trigonometry—M. Healy, J. O'Neill, J. Casey; General Geometry—E. Orrick, A. Zahm; Perspective—E. Orrick, G. Sugg; Physiology—E. Otis, J. McEntyre, C. Rietz, F. Kleine; Botany—J. McEntyre, C. Brinkman, J. N. Osher, F. Grever, J. Morgan, W. C. Cary; Zoology—E. Orrick, C. McDermott; Physics—; Chemistry—; Geology—; Mineralogy—; History—C. B. Van Dusen, S. Terry, W. J. McCarthy, C. McDermott, G. Clarke, J. Solon, J. McEntyre; Surveying—C. McDermott, J. Osher, C. B. Van Dusen.

The following names should have appeared in the List of Excellence for Book-Keeping last week: T. Bourbonia, A. Korty, A. Flynn, N. Nelson, W. P. Mahon, B. Eaton, J. Kuhn, J. L. Heffernan, E. Gall, J. H. Fendrick, J. O'Reilly, A. Bodine, C. Kollars, J. H. Burns, J. V. Cabel, D. English, J. M. Falvey, W. Fishburne, E. Fishel, G. L. Hagan, H. Hake, W. Hoffman, W. Johnson, P. Joyce, W. J. Kelly, F. E. Kuhn, G. Nester, R. Seeburger, H. Steis, C. Thiele, A. Thornton, G. Truschel, W. Young; for Penmanship, R. O'Connor, J. H. Fendrick, J. M. Heffernan, F. Kengel.

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	Leave.	Arrive.
Ottawa & Streator Passenger.....	* 7:25 a.m.	* 7:30 p.m.
Nebraska and Kansas Express.....	* 9:30 a.m.	* 4:05 p.m.
Rockford and Freeport Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Express.....	* 10:00 a.m.	* 3:20 p.m.
Pacific Fast Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Kansas and Colorado Express.....	* 10:30 a.m.	* 3:40 p.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 8:25 a.m.	* 1:35 p.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 3:15 p.m.	* 7:55 a.m.
Mendota and Ottawa Express.....	* 4:35 p.m.	* 10:40 a.m.
Aurora Passenger.....	* 5:30 p.m.	* 8:55 a.m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation.....	* 6:15 p.m.	* 7:15 a.m.
Freeport and Dubuque Express.....	* 9:30 p.m.	* 6:35 a.m.
Pacific Night Express for Omaha.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Texas Fast Express.....	* 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.
Kansas City and St Joe Express.....	† 9:05 p.m.	† 6:55 a.m.

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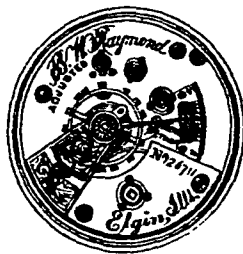
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	† Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 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 33 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. 6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
“ N. Dame—	8 52 “ 6 38 “	“ N. Dame—	7 40 “ 4 48 “
Ar. Niles—	9 25 “ 7 15 “	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 “ 4 55 “

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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The Scholastic Annual

FOR 1881.

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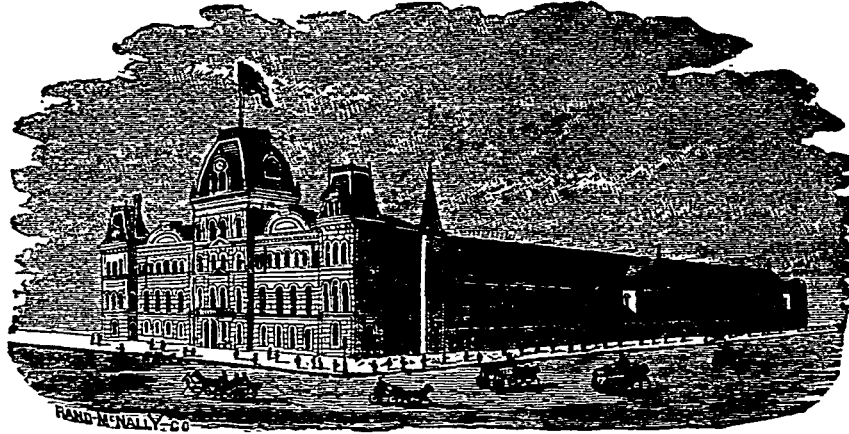
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

- 2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 6.21 p. m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a. m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

- 2.43 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.
- 0.93 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.
- 1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.
- 4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2	4	6	8	20
	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Express.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Express.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing....."	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "
Miller's....."	9 10 "	12 05 a.m.
Chesterton....."	9 32 "	12 32 "
Otis....."	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend....."	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka....."	11 15 "	9 20 "	2 35 "
Elkhart.....Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	5 25 p.m.	9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.

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 CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.