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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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A Picture of Life.

As pass the changing seasons of the year,
So life's illusive dreams pass from our hearts!
In springtime days the soul-felt flame appears.
Deep in our being it takes root, and blooms
Beneath the golden sunlight of a soul
Which overflows with passionate love.
The summer days come on a pace, and bring
Sweet hours, illumed with burning suns and moons
That shine in mellow splendor o'er the earth.
Alas! that summer e'er should find an end,
For in this nether world we know few joys
Save those of fond anticipation.
And when the autumn days are entered in,
We watch, aghast, the slow and painful death
Of all that made the summer beautiful.
The gay apparel of the earth departs,
And leaves the world as one forsaken;
And some drear morning, when we wake from sleep,
We see no more the olden loveliness,
And sigh in silence for the beauties fled.
So comes life's autumn to the wearied soul.
The hopes of joys for which we fondly longed
Are scattered prostrate o'er our rugged road,
And lay as low as lies the foliage
That made the summer days so beautiful.
Some awful morn we wake to see no light
Illume the ways of life. Ah! then we know
Our golden days are ended, and we weep
To find the frost of winter in our hearts.

—Dickens used to tell a story about a dinner held at Procter's, where were present, among others, Carlyle and the well-known editor of a review. The editor had enunciated some weighty opinion on the subject under discussion, "treating it in the usual — review manner, wrapping it up in a small parcel and laying it by on a shelf as done with forever" — and a dead silence ensued. This silence was, to the astonishment of all, broken by Carlyle, who, seated immediately opposite the editor, looking across at him in a dreamy way, said, as though to himself, but in audible tones: "Eh, but you're a puir creetur, a puir, wratched, meeserable creetur!" Then, with a sigh, he relapsed into silence.

Authorship.

BY ELIOT RYDER. SECOND PAPER.

(CONCLUSION.)

One of the worst follies in which some truly great authors allow themselves to indulge is that of their vanity. The self-conceit of Wordsworth was well known to his intimates, and has been a source of amusement to all who are familiar with the details of his life. Charles Dickens was one of the most conceited of men, and was in no way bashful about airing his vanity. If common report is to be trusted, during his first visit to this country, many persons "took him down a peg or two," to use a Yankee phrase: and it is this, no doubt, which gave rise to the splenetic passages in his "American Notes."

The personal character of Dickens does not call for great admiration, and I confess to a malicious pleasure in giving you a specimen of the many stories which are told of the great novelist's first visit to this country. Old Major Throckmorton, keeper of the Galt House, in Louisville, is dead. He was a good old man, and Kentucky to the bone. When Dickens came to his house, in 1846, the Major gracefully and hospitably addressed him thus, while the assembled crowd looked on and listened with admiration akin to enthusiasm: "Mr. Dickens, we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will reckon it a privilege to be allowed to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host I beg that you will command me for any service in my power to render." Mr. Dickens received this with a frigid stare. "When I need you, landlord," he said, pointing to the door, "I will ring." The next moment the distinguished author was half-way out of the window, the Major's boots under his coat tail, and numerous Kentuckians holding the Major, for the old gentleman viewed insults from a strictly Kentucky point of view. The only mention of this incident in the "American Notes" is that Dickens saw a pig rooting in the streets of Louisville, which proves that great novelists are more careful about their fiction than their facts.

Sydney Smith was excessively vain. He once remarked at a dinner party, *a propos* of the profusion of mirrors in French drawing-rooms: "I remember entering a room with glass all around it, at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course." None but a very conceited person would publicly venture such a remark concerning himself. Douglas Jerrold was another very vain author; so was Tom Moore, who, however much he may have had to excuse his vanity, certainly did think he was just about what he should be,—an opinion in which, fortunately, there were none to dispute him.

Now I wish to impress clearly upon your minds the difference between self-respect and self-conceit. Every one should respect himself, and so live that he is worthy of his own respect. If we do a thing which others pronounce good, there can be no harm in acknowledging to ourselves that it is good; there, however, we should stop. We but furnish food for laughter when we air our accomplishments in public. One thing is very noticeable: there are few great authors who are not burdened with over-

vanity. There are many great authors in Boston and its vicinity, and in that city, prolific of beans and brains, there is more self-conceit to the square inch than in any other place under the sun. All the inhabitants have good opinions of themselves. The children are taught in school that "it is a great thing to be a Boston boy," and to look with compassion upon the unfortunate youth who dwell outside of that favored city. There the magnates of literature have formed themselves into a *coterie* to which few outsiders ever gain admittance. To this *coterie* belongs James T. Fields, for many years eminent as one of the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. As a publisher, Mr. Fields did excellent work, and has contributed much to the welfare of literature in this country. But—probably from long and intimate association with authors—he imagines that he is an author himself, and with a great flourish of trumpets, publishes sketches of his dealings with authors, in which he, of course, is the central figure. But not content with this, he deluges the magazines with a flood of the worst doggerel which was ever dignified with the name of poetry. And his retinue of followers greet his efforts with applause, which is as hollow as it is profuse. Fields has his imitators in William D. Howells and George P. Lathrop. Howells succeeded Fields as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has written some unusually clever stories, and some execrable verses. Lathrop has distinguished himself partly by some effervescent prose and some passable poetry, but principally by marrying a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mrs. Lathrop has made several attempts at literature, but they are so shockingly bad that many persons express their surprise that they have not aroused her father's ghost. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who first spoke of Boston as "the hub of the universe." The remark was thoroughly characteristic of the man, for Holmes is insufferably vain. This Fields-Howells *coterie* is in every way demoralizing. It has spoiled several young authors of promise by having completely turned their heads. Human nature is very frail, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that such has been the case. I know of but one instance where an author has been admitted into the charmed circle, and escaped its blighting influence. This man is John Boyle O'Reilly. Secure in himself, thoroughly conscious of his own remarkable powers, he has had no need to bend the knee to anyone: and the loyal Irish heart which beats in his bosom renders him incapable of the servile truckling into which many with weaker natures allow themselves to be led. Gentleman, scholar, a man of wonderful genius, and true as steel in all things, John Boyle O'Reilly is a man in whose friendship any man might esteem himself highly honored.

Far more healthy, and far more beneficial to the young aspirant for literary fame is the atmosphere of New York. There we have Stoddard, Stedman, and Dr. Holland, who are always ready to take by the hand, and encourage in all possible ways a young man of genius, wherever they find him. There is nothing haughty or distant about these men. They do not reserve all their poetry for pen and paper. They breathe it out in all their lives. Stoddard is now considerably over fifty years old. His right hand is palsied, and he has learned to write with his left; but the amount of labor he can perform is prodigious. He is a most charming conversationalist. Stedman devotes the day to his broker's office, and does his literary work at night. Dr. Holland passes much of his time in his office, engaged in editorial labor on *Scribner's Monthly*. He is an exceedingly genial gentleman and one whom it is always a pleasure to meet. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*, is another of the New York *literati* who believe in according genius a recognition. Socially speaking, he is a most delightful gentleman. Master, not only of nearly a dozen languages, but of the art of the most graceful politeness, he speedily places his visitors entirely at their ease, and they leave him feeling thoroughly pleased with having met a person who eclipses even Chesterfield's idea of what a true gentleman should be. One of the keenest and most competent critics, Mr. Dana quickly separates the wheat from chaff, and accepts all that is good. He cares more for literary worth than for literary fame. It matters not to him if an article be written by Henry Clay Doosenberry, or by the proudest member of an illustrious galaxy of authors. With him the question is always: "Do I want

this for the *Sun*? is it something which is suited to its columns?" If so, the article, be it story, poem, or essay, is accepted at once.

Far different is the spirit which controls the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*. The story is told that a year or so ago Mr. Longfellow sent a poem to the *Atlantic* under an assumed name. It was respectfully declined. He sent it to *Harper*, and it shared the same fate. Finally it was accepted by *Lippincott's Magazine*, and published. And after its publication, Mr. Longfellow acknowledged its authorship. The result of this Bostonian frigidity toward youthful effort has had a disastrous effect in more than one way. Many authors, men of acknowledged literary genius, have been driven away, by lack of appreciation, from a city which claims to be the "modern Athens," which boasts of its hospitality, and which has since been glad to welcome and make much of more than one of the once neglected authors. And while men of sterling merit have left the city, shallow pretenders, and self-opinionated curly-pates have remained. The *literati* of Boston form a grand mutual admiration society. They write and say sweet-sounding things of each other; they have a passion for seeing their names in print; and he who seeks admission into their exclusive circle can find no better means of so doing than by writing a book or magazine article, lauding the great and marvellous men of genius of the city of culture; and the more extravagant the language he employs, the greater the pleasure provided for the admiring audience.

This spirit, which has crushed the hopes of many a young aspirant, is the out-come of a superlative vanity. An amusing instance of how vanity will lead a man into making himself ridiculous is furnished in the attitude assumed by Whitelaw Reid towards Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana was one of the editors-in-chief of Appleton's American Encyclopædia, and when the last edition of the Encyclopædia was published, Mr. Whitelaw Reid reckoned himself distinguished enough to have his biography inserted therein. Mr. Charles A. Dana, however, does not love Mr. Reid, and so Mr. Reid's name was excluded. Then there was war on the publishers, and the Messrs. Appleton could never again be mentioned in the *Tribune*, of which Mr. Reid is the editor, and no book of their publication could be reviewed or noticed therein. Therefore it was that a few days ago when the Appletons, through an arrangement with the London publishers, issued Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" ahead of all competitors in America, there was no syllable concerning it in the *Tribune*, although elaborate notices of it appeared immediately in all the New York papers. The *Tribune* waited till the Harper's got their edition out, and then published a review scoring the book without mercy.

While it is well that we should not undervalue ourselves, yet too much self-conceit is a very bad thing. No man, afflicted with inordinate vanity, can successfully conceal it from the public gaze; and nothing affords a malicious and censorious public more pleasure than to mortify vanity in all possible ways. It is impossible to calculate how many of the errors of mankind vanity is responsible for. Certainly it is the cause of nearly all our vices. We begin to smoke in order that we may appear as smart as our fellows: and however pleasurable we may find the practice, when it is once acquired, if we answer ourselves honestly, we shall have to admit that we began the use of tobacco simply to gratify our self-conceit. So with drinking: we find ourselves, for the first time, in the company of persons who, very possibly, are entirely innocent in themselves, and who are indulging in wine or punch. We are invited to partake with them, and we yield to the temptation offered through no other cause in the world than the fear of ridicule, or, plainly speaking, our vanity. Now, I am not going to give you a temperance lecture. As I said before to you, on a previous occasion, there are times, and places, and conditions, when a glass of liquor may be beneficial. Many authors have undoubtedly found the temperate use of spirits of great advantage to them. But, on the other hand, whiskey killed William Collins, whose exquisite "Ode to the Passions" is in nearly every school reader. It carried off, at the early age of eighteen years, that wonderful genius, Thomas Chatterton; it was the curse of Byron's life, and the ruin of Robert Burns; it destroyed William Maginn, and almost made a maniac of that brilliant Irishman, James Clarence

Mangan, who, in writing of himself and his intemperance, says:

"And I fell far through the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns."

At the present time it is making a wreck of Swinburne, who, but for the immoderate use of liquor, would become the mas'ter-poet of his age. So great a man as Dean Swift made himself conspicuous by his frequent attendance at ale-houses, and many are the stories which are told of his exploits at those places of entertainment. One of these, which he frequently visited, was distinguished by the sign of the three crosses, in reference to the three interesting ways which fixed the site of the house. One morning the Dean called for his potation, but the landlady being engaged with other customers, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, kept him waiting, and he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pane of glass in her best room:

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses at thy door;
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

Now, this is certainly a very amusing story; but, while I do not say that the young author shall not drink a glass of ale, I do say, most emphatically, that if drinking ale induces him to indulge in such capers as this one of Dean Swift's, he had best let ale, and all other liquors, severely alone. Surely, an author, however valuable his works may be, should not wish to have his name handed down to posterity as the hero of a foolish prank in an ale-house. The literary circles of our own country have not yet suffered serious depletion from intemperance; still we have not entirely escaped; drink has lost to us Poe, Thos. Buchanan Read, and others. It is related of Read that he used to keep an entire barrel of whiskey on tap in his rooms, and draw his potations therefrom after the manner of drawing beer from a barrel. Such a practice could lead to but one result. Every author should have a regard for, and pride in, his profession, so strong as to effectually prevent him from doing anything which might bring odium upon it. Not only should he refrain from dissipation, but in all the walks of life he should endeavor to become a model for his fellow-man. It is impossible for any person to correctly estimate the influence which his manners and habits exercise upon others. There is no person living who does not in some degree influence his fellow-men for good or for evil. Now the greater a man's circle of acquaintance, the greater and stronger are his powers for good; and there is no class of men before the public who command more widespread attention than do authors. Not only do they come in contact with large numbers, but, by reason of their fame, their every deed is spread before the people in the columns of the daily newspapers. We read that Mr. Longfellow is very fond of children; that Tennyson smokes a clay pipe, and never uses the same one twice; that Swinburne gets drunk; that Aldrich wears a slouch hat; that James T. Fields is very vain of his long gray beard; and so on, through a never ending chapter. Nothing that can be discovered is left untold by a vigilant press; and the public, upon reading the morsels of gossip thus furnished, is not slow in exercising its right of censorship.

It is possible for an author to exercise a healthy influence over literature, as well as morals. In treating on this subject, not long ago, the *London News* spoke of the influence of Poe over the literature of the United States. It said: "Poe, like Pope, threw himself into a war with dunces. He hit and thrust at them vigorously, he exposed a score of cheap popularities, he was merciless to the inexpensive reputations then readily acquired by every tootler on the whistle of Miss Eliza Cook. Since the time of Poe, American literature has wonderfully advanced in the acquisition of force and of polish. American novelists, for example, almost give us lessons in elaboration of style, in reticence, and in well calculated effects. American poets are, perhaps, too numerous. That they get a hearing as they do, and appeal to a really large public, says much for the interests of the people in contemporary verse. In form, in the mere art of versifying even the minor American poets of to-day show wonderful versatility and deftness. Common-place is much less successful than it was of old. In fiction, analysis is almost too careful. We cannot but think that this rapid ripening of the American Muse (who was a

raw, unformed school-girl in the lifetime of Poe) is due in part to the influence of that critic. His method is as unlike the method of Mr. Matthew Arnold as possible. But he exercised the same kind of influence. Like Mr. Arnold, he introduced some tinge of French thought and French literature into the workmanship of his countrymen. Perhaps he was not a wide reader, and the element of affectation in his nature may be detected in his quotations of obscure Latin authors and in his oriental allusions. It is hard to say how much knowledge was implied in these allusions—how rich the mine was from which Poe dug these sparkling fragments. Still, he judged the writers of his own country with some knowledge of other literatures. As he was quite ruthless in his criticisms he did good, but at his own cost." Thus it is shown that, having a high idea ever before us, and striving constantly to attain to it, we of the world of letters may in some degree exert an influence for good in channels as varied as they are numerous."

Be warned, young author. Having chosen this, the most difficult and thankless of all the professions, yet which is one of the noblest, your goings out and comings in are no longer your own. Be sober; be honest and straightforward; be brave for all that is right; lend yourself to nothing which does not approve itself to your conscience; never let your writings pander to a depraved taste, even though you should receive much needed money for so doing. Take for your motto: "I will make this world better by living in it." Then, with diligent labor, you may have it said of you, as was recently said of a great writer. "Well, suppose that he is dead, who dares regret his death? He, at least, of all men on the earth, can afford to die. He has done his work, and done it well. If ever an ignoble thought or sentiment looked through his work to find encouragement for daring to exist, it was disappointed. The world has had but few great teachers who have not been on friendly terms with some falsehood, hostile to true, pure living. This man has never been tempted to countenance any error, or to turn aside his labors of heaping scorn and wrath upon falsehood and all ignoble sentiment and thought. The true and the good he has always presented for worship, the mean and false for universal execration. A man who has done that can afford to die. If there were no other hereafter, he has given himself whatever of immortality truth has in this world, or in the race of man."

Ah, my dear friends, we need moralize no farther! Votaries of pleasure may allure you away from the good and true, skeptics may sneer at your faith, and your fellows may have no sympathy with your labors. But a grand life—one whose grandeur consists in its goodness—commands from all mankind an admiration which it has no power to withhold.

Some Rules and Other Facts.

BY T. A. DAILEY.

"Whether your learning be great or small, quote right or never quote," is a safe rule to follow in disputation. Never deny a seeming truth without fortifying your denial by argument—which at worst, will sound plausible. Never pervert or distort a statement made by your opponent. Be careful how you assume a position which you are not abundantly able to defend. When you attempt to make a point, be not content until you have placed it in the strongest possible light. Never assert as a fact what has never been demonstrated, unless you are thoroughly convinced that it is axiomatic. Never make rash assertions. Be sure you understand your subject. Study it diligently. Be not content with superficial generalization, nor yet with somebody's opinion. Study it for yourself, in detail. Study both sides of the case. Put yourself in your opponent's place, and then consider earnestly what you would say, what new truth you could advance; examine critically all the defenses; map out in your mind all the weak points; and afterwards apply all your arguments to them. Above all, stick closely to the truth. If you must

win your case by falsehood, then be content to lose it. Never argue or write to kill time or cover paper. It is the meanest kind of deception. It is a nefarious system of robbery, unhappily sanctioned by law. In quoting authorities or authors beware of those whose reputation is bad. Always select the best, and omit all others. The assertions of a reckless or superficial historian will not strengthen your argument. Do not attempt to shift the point of argument. It shows plainly your want of knowledge or confidence in your case. Do not descend to personal vituperation. A true gentleman never abuses, outrages, or insults his opponent. Judge or jury is never influenced in your favor by malignant language. If your opponent uses words which are capable of more than one construction, do not take an unfair advantage, give the language its simple meaning. Do not waste time on obvious, false constructions, or weary your audience with trivialities. Be candid, be honest, be sincere, be logical, be truthful. A short speech is always better than a long one."

Some of these remarks are made for the benefit of a young man who hastily tilted a lance at my argument against Chinese immigration. His fulmination in the issue of February 19th, is not well considered. In the matter of argument, it is hopelessly weak and worthless. His only invulnerable point is made by a wanton misquotation of my language, where he makes me say: "We welcome the debased outcasts of Europe in preference to those of any other portion of the globe, simply because they are white men." I might well be ashamed of such a sentiment. Inasmuch as my article has obtained a wider circulation than I had any reason to expect (I have seen it, published in full, in at least a dozen papers, and as many more extracts from it), I deem it expedient to reproduce the exact words I used. After reading the following quotation, I would respectfully refer the young man to Lord Kames's excellent treatise on the "Rules of Criticism." I wrote as follows: "Other foreigners come to America to seek homes for themselves and their growing families; they are impressed with the grandeur of our domain; the freedom of our civil and religious institutions; the fertility of our soil, and the culture of our people. They come to stay. They are true emigrants; and no matter how poor, illiterate and debased, we welcome and aid them, because they are white men *and contain the germs of future growth*—a vigor and solidity which have made our country great and famous wherever there is found commerce of thought and enterprise of action. But the Chinaman contains none of these elements," etc., etc. The word "debased" is obviously used in that sentence to describe the natural result of tyranny and oppression in the Old World. We welcome them that they may develop those germs of future growth, and we aid them that they may reach a higher plane of manhood. That sentiment (far from being obnoxious) I regard as one of the noblest results of our superior civilization. Thirty years ago, an Irishman was regarded by a large majority of our citizens, as being little better and far more dangerous than a wild beast. Now, the most dangerous error in the world is one which contains a grain of truth; and unquestionably this prejudice was not wholly groundless. Review hastily the progress of that brave, generous, chivalric people all over these great States during the last quarter century; everywhere honored, respected,—filling positions of the highest trust where courage, skill, strength or wisdom is demanded. Have not Irishmen demonstrated to the world that they are not a servile race; that all they need is room and freedom to grow? Would a weak, paltry, effete race develop and wax strong, as they have done? Would the Chinese, who are not barbarians, says this young man in defiance of a very common fact—would they assimilate with our population and become an integral part, blended in one mighty whole? is it possible that they could ever reach our plane of civilization? No: emphatically no: a Chinaman will be a Chinaman to the end of time. Then we do not want him here, for this is a white man's government in spite of the fifteenth, sixteenth, or hundredth amendments. "Not confirmed by the present outlook of things"? The young man needs information on the record of the past fifteen years. Have not the two races, white and black, in fourteen great states of our Republic, been engaged in this very struggle? has not innocent blood been freely shed to determine this question? and has not a great po-

litical party held the reigns of power over the nation, by lying and fraud and wrongs of every sort, in pretended support of this identical issue? The party that championed the colored man's cause triumphed,—but did that help the colored man into power? Not at all. The poor negro got the worst of it, because he was inferior; poor, despised, and had no friends at all. Traverse all the states, and, whether you spell nation with a "cap" or "lower case," where can you find the black man in power? where will he ever again rule—except at the bayonet's point—a brave, intelligent and free white people? It is unnatural and unjust that he should. The two races can associate, but they will never harmonize; they are not equal, and the negro is inferior, hence "every outlook of things" does confirm the principle laid down by the Fathers of our Republic. This is a white man's government, and will remain so while it exists. The Anglo-Saxon idea of domination is too potent ever to submit beneath the rule of a weak race. It is inherent to them; and wherever the the English language is spoken, you will find white men as the ruling power. No combination of events can, for any length of time, withstand this manifest destiny. The Chinese will surely go. This cannot, of course, be demonstrated; nor is it prophecy, but simply the inevitable sequence of events. California will surely rid herself of those barbarian hordes by one of two methods: legislation or coercion. Rebellion is not impossible; and, were the citizens of the slope compelled to resort to that, they would not falter. A great wrong will surely right itself, and open rebellion will not result from the present condition of things. They will prevent immigration, or more probably, importation, of Chinamen, and then proceed by harsh measures to reduce the number already billited upon them. They may not go all at once, but the time is approaching when they will become far less numerous and odious than at present.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate" will be one of the sensations of the salon.

—The New York Philharmonic Society proposes raising a sum of money for a statue of Beethoven.

—Mr. William Blake offers his ten specimens of the old masters, Dutch and Flemish; bought at the San Donato sale, to the Boston Museum for \$25,000.

—Henry George has written a pamphlet with seventeen chapters on "The Irish Land Question: What it involves and how alone it can be settled: An appeal to the Land Leagues."

—Howard Helmick, the talented young American artist residing in London, is finishing for publication by the Etcher's Society, a series of six-etched reproductions of unpublished portraits of Carlyle owned by the family. They cover a period of some fifty years, and show the great writer at home and at his ease, in garden and study.

—The fourteenth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society was visited by 20,000 people, and over a third of the exhibits were sold for about \$32,000, according to the catalogue prices. An edition of 6 000 catalogues was exhausted. The amount of sales this year is \$11,000 more than last, when one-third of the exhibits were sold for \$21,000.

—Gérome will send to the next salon two pictures, if not more. One is "The Smokers," the other, "The Wall of Solomon." A red-bearded Jew, in a bright green kaftan, is copying an inscription on one of the stones at the base of the famous wall. He has bare feet and wears one of the tall black hats that used in the Middle Ages to be a distinguishing badge of the race in Europe.

—*La Nouvelle Revue* has recently published extracts from a collection of letters addressed thirty years ago by Prosper Mérimée to M. Panizzi, of the British Museum. The correspondence begins in 1850, by the offer of fourteen volumes of folio MSS: containing the analysis of certain number of *proces celebres*, or scandalous affairs of the Papal and Italian Courts at the time of the Second Empire.

Scientific Notes.

—Bissinger, the well known German engineer, gives the following results, as obtained from an examination of various motors in regard to the relative cost per horse power for each hour—the investigation pertaining principally to motors of small size, though of established character: 100-horse power steam engine, 7. 0; 2-horse power steam engine, 44. 3; 2-horse power Lehmann's caloric engine, 26. 6; 2-horse power Hock's motor, 40.00; 2-horse power Otto gas engine, 26.4; 2-horse power Schmidt's hydraulic motor, supplied with water from the city water works, 95.00; 2-horse power obtained by horses and a gin, 45.00; 2-horse power obtained by manual labor, 200.00. The data thus given show that Otto's gas motor and Lehman's caloric engine are the cheapest of small motors, but are, nevertheless, four times as expensive as the 100-horse power steam engine.

—Jupiter has for some months now carried a remarkable rose-colored spot almost motionless upon its surface. This spot is a long oval, a little less than 30,000 miles in length and about 10,000 wide, situated about 40 south of the planet's equator. When first seen in July, 1878, by Professor Pritchett (of Glasgow, Mo.) it was much shorter than now, and appeared to have a rapid motion over the planet's surface. In October and November it seemed to have disappeared or been covered up; but during the past summer and autumn has reappeared, changed in form, but retaining its brilliant color, and almost motionless and permanent. What it can be it is very hard to say or even to conjecture; for its present permanence and immobility are in striking contrast with its earlier behavior, and with that of the other features of the planet's markings.

—Not long ago thunder was imitated in French theatres by a barrow with polygonal wheels dragged along the corridors in the flies. At present the imitation is much more perfect. The distant roll is produced by shaking a large sheet of iron, while a man holds suspended by a pulley a string of iron rings and cask staves which are shaken at times and then dropped on the floor for the great thunder claps. Meyerbeer imagined a thunder of a different kind for his opera of the "Pardon de Ploernel." This was a long square shoot of planks like those used by bricklayers and masons for throwing down rubbish from the tops of houses. A chimney of that kind descends from the upper story of the theatre to the stage, and down it was thrown rough pieces of stone and iron, which rolled with a rumbling sound and then fell with a crash. Torches of lycopodium ignited and shaken give the bright flashes of artificial lightning. The pattering of rain and hail is produced by pebbles shaken in a metal cylinder; snow, by shreds of paper and wadding thrown from the flies on to the stage. But in the "Deluge Universelle," played at the Chatelet about fifteen years, rain was imitated by a very transparent gauze curtain streaked with silver threads, on which a bright light was projected. At the Gaité Theatre, rain is produced naturally by a sheet of water, the entire breadth of the stage, falling from the flies and on which light is made to play.

—Church's Musical Visitor.

Exchanges.

—We have missed the visits of *The Sunbeam* lately and wonder if it is weather-bound.

—The exchange editor of *The King's College Record* tries to say something of the *SCHOLASTIC* which he probably meant to be complimentary, but if he cannot get a better parallel or couch his compliments in more decided or manly language, we would prefer that he keep them. It is painful to see a man trying to dish up something, and puzzled as to whether he should flavor it with honey or vinegar. We esteem a man who has the courage of his convictions.

—"The use of tobacco is strictly forbidden the students of Notre Dame University, excepting members of the Senior class, who may smoke an occasional cigar after obtaining a

written request from their parents to that effect. More than ever are we led to believe that the whole system of Catholicism is one of oppression and thumb-screws."—*Lariat*.

Blundering again, *Lariat*! The students of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore Classes are permitted to smoke, and we fail to see why you manufacture such an item as the above for the dilectation of your readers. The Preps. and Minims are *not* allowed the use of tobacco, and we fail to see where the thumb-screws come in in this proscription. The *Lariat* editor must have had a fit of the jimjams, resulting from the loose license at Wabash, when the "thumb-screw" vision disturbed his imagination. Some humane society would do well to send a band of missionaries to Wabash, or charter the services of John B. Gough, to convince the *Lariat* itemizer of the evils of intemperance. Catholicism—thumb-screws! Uah—bosh!

—The College of the City of New York seems to be a hot-bed of incipient journalists. It is not long since two papers were suppressed there by the college authorities, but *The Mercury* was soon seen to rise again, and was shortly afterwards pounced upon by a new rival candidate for public favor, the *C. C. N. Y. Free Press*, a veritable Jack Frost, for ever since its advent it has kept the *Mercury* bobbing up and down, in its efforts to get it below zero. There is some good talent at C. C. N. Y., and this talent occasionally finds an outlet in the various college papers. These papers are spicy, but rather coarse in their abuse of one another. It seems that some of the boys have got tired looking at the two older papers pummeling one another, and now a third one, *The C. C. N. Y. Argus*, rushes to the fore, and threatens to demolish both the *Free Press* and the *Mercury*. The motto of the *Free Press* is, "A day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity of bondage," but the editors of the *Argus* ask if those of the *Free Press* know the difference between liberty and license? What the upshot of this journalistic war will be, the future alone can tell; it seems a fair chance for the survival of the fittest.

—*The Library Record* is the title of a very neatly-printed monthly paper devoted to the interests of the Union Catholic Library Association of Chicago. It has reached the 7th number of its Second Volume or year, and seems to be in unexceptionably able hands. Heretofore the chief aim of the publication seems to have been that of a medium for announcements, and the transaction of business, pertaining to the Association and the Library, but the four or five columns devoted to literary communications and choice selections have been so ably edited that we should not be at all surprised to find, some day, an extension of this department and *The Library Record* a full-fledged literary paper. The *Library Record* for March announces that Miss Emilie Gavin, the talented elocutionist and tragedienne, would give some choice readings on the 15th; the programme is interspersed with musical selections of the highest order by Miss Nora McMahon (one of the graduates of St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, if we mistake not,) and Miss Annie Towle. The principal papers of New York and Boston gave Miss Gavin very high praise for her brilliant rendition of the Shakspearean characters in which she supported Mr. John McCulloch, and the veteran Murdoch is also unstinted in her praise, so that she must be an extraordinary personage. Strange to say, several dramatic critics give her no less praise for her humorous readings. Such versatility of genius is very rarely united in the same person. Our curiosity is piqued, and we would like to see and hear this new prodigy.

—In a recent issue of *The Farmer and Fruitgrower*, published by Harvey C. Bouton, of '78, there is a long letter from a correspondent at the Illinois Industrial University, in reading which some remarks on ventilation by Dr. Peabody, the Regent, particularly attracted our notice. The letter states that Dr. Peabody's address, on "Heating and Ventilation," was illustrated by numerous experiments showing the expansion of various substances by heat, etc., and his conclusions were that "all audience rooms should be well ventilated from the top, to allow the escape of carbonic acid and other impurities, while still heated by the breath." The fact that such a prominent person as the Regent of the University of Illinois—one who, from the position he occupies, may be supposed to have consid-

erable scientific and some practical knowledge of the subject—advocates ventilation at the top, instead of the bottom of the room, would seem to throw some doubt on the reliability of the more modern theory. Dr. Peabody's, or the old system of ventilation, has, as is well known, been tried with doubtful success by Mr. Reid in the House of Commons. It is also by far the more expensive of the two, especially in cold climates, or where long winters prevail, as the heat is carried off before it can be diverted through the room. In the modern system the ventilating registers are placed in or near the floor, and into the flue from which they open the foul air is driven, a draft being effected by artificial heat at the bottom of the flue. Then the pure air, and in winter, the heat, entering at one end of the room from a register in or near the floor, spreads through the room and fills it before it is driven and seeks the outlet at the opposite side. Whether Dr. Peabody means to condemn the latter, seemingly the more practical and economic theory from a scientific standpoint, is not reported. We could wish to see a fuller statement of his theory, and the grounds upon which it is founded, as the best mode of ventilation has been a mooted point, and the most practical men seem to "agree to differ" upon it. The theory opposed to Dr. Peabody's is the one adopted by architect Edbrooke in the construction of the University buildings here, but it has not yet been put to a thoroughly practical test. We are inclined to the opinion that bottom ventilation in winter and top ventilation in summer are best; the former economizing heat, and preventing draughts of cold air, while the latter tends to keep rooms as cool as possible during the heated term.

—The *Amherst Student* is evidently not infatuated with the co-educational movement that is one by one sweeping over the non-Catholic colleges. Ample measures for the higher education of young ladies have long since been matured in the Catholic household; there is no need to amplify them, and no necessity for co-education, which is but a poor way to supply a long-felt want. The *Student* says:

"Co-ed. institutions are becoming as plentiful as butterflies in June, and we are demented enough to wish that they might prove as ephemeral. Far from being misogynists, we bid God-speed to every effort looking towards the higher education of women. But spare us from the humiliation which the trowsered sex must bear when the two are mixed. So irresistible is the power of beauty that, alas, we fear it may be said of many a poor youth in these double-barreled universities:

"His only books
Are woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught him."

"The effect of this union upon the editorial mind is most astonishing. Whenever you find a college paper filled with ethereal rhapsodies on 'The Ideal Life,' 'The Anatomy of a Human Heart,' and the like, it is pretty safe to set that down as an unmistakable symptom of the co-ed. difficulty. The *Dickinson Liberal*, in other respects a valued exchange, has the misfortune to be thus afflicted. Indeed, if it be a faithful mirror of college life we should infer that flirtation occupied a more prominent place in the curriculum than philosophy. What will be the outcome of the co-ed. movement it transcends our power of divination to conjecture; but we have yet to learn that any good ever came from the following, though at a distance, the examples of such martyrs to the faith as Dr. Mary Walker, and Susan B. Anthony, whose chief purpose in life seems to be to trample down all distinctions of sex."

Poor Doctor Mary Walker! We met her twice in Washington—once in the post-office of the House of Representatives, and once on Sixth Street with a small basket on her arm. Her very appearance—the worn look in her face, and the pitiable sight she presents in ill-fitting male habiliments that seem as if made for some one else—is better calculated to excite pity rather than condemnation. Although her hair is cut rather short, a stranger could see that she was not a man, and still less would he think of calling her a woman. When she came into the delivery room, where we were talking to a friend, an old Notre Dame student, we were puzzled at the strange appearance of the boy, who had gone to the washbowl to damp and brush his long hair. We thought him a weird-looking creature, and when he went out we asked our friend who the strange, pale-faced, sad-looking being was. He said: "That is Dr. Mary Walker." Poor Doctor Mary! unless her looks belie her, she is anything but happy.

—The *Georgetown College Journal* editors issued an exceptionally able number for February. It has more of a literary cast than former numbers, and yet we dare say few will be inclined to call it "heavy," in the deadweight, leaden sense of the word. We do not say it is above criticism—what college paper is?—but whoever is inclined to apply the knife and caustic to what is at all passable in a college paper is evidently unfit for the post of critic. Heaven knows there can always be found enough for criticism, in the college papers, in the cutting, cicatrizing sense of the word, without going to that extreme. The exchange department we are glad to see, covers more space than usual, and the editorial articles are practical and well written. The mooted question of a great Catholic University, similar to that of Louvain for the United States, is taken up in a practical manner, and we have no doubt that it will open the eyes of many who have heretofore been inclined to build castles in Spain. The editor of the *Journal* says:

"In contemporary print we see it constantly urged that the time has come for the foundation of a Catholic university, and our kind friend of the *Mirror* of Baltimore has once or twice asserted, that he is acquainted with the men who are ready to put their hands into their pockets and furnish the needful sums as soon as the attempt is made by the proper individuals. As it would be impatient in striplings like us to question the statement of our staid neighbor, it is left to say that the editor of the *Mirror* enjoys exceptional advantages in the direction of forming acquaintances. Granted, however, that for the foundation of a university the necessary funds would be forthcoming, does not everybody know that a university is as much a thing of growth as the oak trees that shade its portals? Halls and lecture-rooms may be built, but the university that is to occupy and use them must be the product of slow and long-favored development; it must be worn into shape by the attrition of circumstances that time only can bring to bear upon it; it must itself create the atmosphere in which it is to thrive; and for all this money is indispensable, but money is not sufficient. In the face of this educational truth, which bears upon itself the confirmation of the years that have gone by since Alfred the Great founded Oxford, is it presumption for us to hope that if the present century is not to close until the hopes of many for the existence of a great Catholic university be realized, such an institution with its grand mission to the youth of our land will be the outgrowth of our own college, even now struggling under mountain weight of difficulties towards the development a university implies? Before that consummation can be achieved, our problem must be solved; some great-souled, large-minded and generous-hearted lover of learning must do for Georgetown in part, at least, what others yearly do for our favored sister institutions, and the penny that now all but paralyzes the cause of higher Catholic education be lifted by some munificent hand. Until then we must continue to ask, 'Why is it?'"

What the *Journal* editor says of Georgetown, we also can say of its younger sister Notre Dame, within two years reduced by fire to a pile of smouldering ruins, its libraries and museums destroyed, and "now struggling under mountain weight of difficulties toward the development which a University implies," and without that "great-souled, large-minded, and generous-hearted lover of learning" to lend her a helping hand to surmount those difficulties. An Academy of Music, to replace that which was burned down with all its instruments, has only risen above the foundations, but no rich benefactor steps forward and opens his purse to hand his name down to posterity in connection with it. There also is the Science Hall, and the Library, wings to the main building, with not a stone yet laid. Well may the *Journal* bring forward the apathy of wealthy Catholics in regard to Georgetown, and well may the *SCHOLASTIC* do the same in regard to Notre Dame. We presume that some people think that because these institutions manage to exist at all, they are wealthy, when in reality they are poor and struggling, and in need of a great many things. We hope the "exceptionable acquaintances" which the *Mirror* possesses in the East will not fail to bestir themselves in answer to the *Journal's* appeal, and also in favor of Mount St. Mary's, which now is languishing under pecuniary difficulties. The least the *Mirror* can do is to bestir itself in an endeavor to satisfy existing wants before engaging in an undertaking of such magnitude as a mushroom university, fully equipped, and wanting only students to fill its halls and class rooms.

—The editors of the *SCHOLASTIC* are puzzled over some enigmatical remarks in the last number of *The Earlhamite*. We thought at one time we were smart enough to have solved the riddle, but finally we came to the conclusion that we knew no more about it than the editor-in-chief and the rest of the corps, who had "given it up" before we saw the paper. Tally one for the exchange editor of *The Earlhamite*. One thing we do know, if we are the dog's

tail we must be a precious little one—almost as little as Sancho's—for we can't wag the dog for a cent's worth. We have been foolishly trying to tickle the Faculty with our pencil for some time in order to get a contribution out of them occasionally, but that sedate body only looks down upon us with the silent contempt that our officiousness deserves, perhaps, as much as to say, "Go away, young man; don't bother us about your insignificant paper business; we have weightier matters on our hands." There are two or three exceptions, however, we are glad to say. Then there is the large number of students who could send in contributions, and will not, and who are still as eager as the rest to get the first glance at the SCHOLASTIC when it is issued. Well, it is useless to talk; their loss is greater than our gain would be. We submit *The Earhamite's* conundrum for the inspection of our readers. If any of them can make it out, we hope he will let us know what the solution is:

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, with its sixteen pages of crowded matter, comes to us each week. If the editors have full college work we are at a loss to know how they can devote so much time to journalism. We naturally expect to find in its pages the evidence of hasty preparation, but in this we are disappointed. The articles are usually well written, and the editorial departments well conducted. We fear, however, that the following from its columns too nearly clears our minds of the mystery: "The publishing of such a paper as the SCHOLASTIC every week, at Notre Dame, would certainly be an impossibility if the very few who labor for it were to emulate the conduct of the many, the Faculty included, who let it severely alone, and do nothing with it unless to find fault with it when something does not exactly suit their views. On the other hand, if it is made a medium to support the authority of the Faculty, and to commend and rebuke the students, it is done by the editors and not by the Faculty," and more in the same line for which we have no room. In reading this we are reminded of a puzzling question and answer which are something like these: "Why does the tail wag the dog?" "Because, you see, the tail is bigger than the dog." We agree with the SCHOLASTIC when it says: "Educate the mind alone and the heart becomes callous to every religious impression." We believe the churches should exercise greater care that the spiritual as well as the intellectual needs of our educational institutions are met. We do not, however, so apply our views as to desire, with you, the overthrow of the public school system. Let the public schools supplement the work of the denominational schools; let the religious influence of the latter be grafted on the former, and let our Catholic brethren cease their efforts to reduce the public school system to a mere shred of secular instruction that it may be the more readily condemned.

Now, look here, friend *Earhamite*, we beg to assure you, once and for all, that we do not wish to overthrow the public school system. Not by any means. But there are abuses in connection with it that should be corrected. We do not wish to reduce it to "a mere shred of secular instruction that it may be the more readily condemned"; as far as we are concerned, we would be glad to see it elevated as high as possible by religious instruction; but where so many conflicting creeds are represented, nothing more than a general moral instruction can be given without violence to the conscience of some. We are convinced that Christian denominational training of any kind is preferable to atheism or infidelity. But as far as Catholics are concerned, there seems to be, in the eyes of some persons, no law; we published in these columns, a few weeks ago, a communication from Dr. Murray, of Brooklyn, in which it was charged that a certain Ph. D. and one of his female teachers in the Brooklyn High School outraged all decency in their public attacks on the Catholic Church, the Ph. D. in his lectures charging the Pope with selling indulgences, and his female assistant making a joke of the marriage of the apostate monk Luther, and the apostate nun, Catharine Bora. Then look at some of the silly stories about the Catholic Church, papal tyranny, and the blind superstition of Catholics, that are now and again interpolated with the matter in scientific, historical (?), and other text-books, to shame the faith out of the hearts of ignorant Catholic children or to excite a spirit of just indignation in the hearts of those who know better, and under exclusive public school training the latter are comparatively few. We know there are honorable exceptions to the rule among non-Catholic public-school teachers, but they are only exceptions. How can you expect Catholics to willingly pay taxes to support such a scheme of proselytizing, in which their children are robbed of their faith for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of the three R's? If Catholics must pay taxes for the support of the public schools, such text-books as insult their religion should be excluded, and teachers who take

advantage of their position to throw obloquy on the faith of Catholics should be dismissed. We have not heard whether the "Doctor of Philosophy" and his female—anything but "lady"—assistant in the Brooklyn High School, who added insult to injury, have been dismissed or not. We hope they have. Drummed out they ought to be. As an instance of the pertinacity with which silly stories, long since torn to shreds in the light of truth, are jay-hawked through text-books, we need only cite that of the pretended persecution of Galileo for simply upholding the Copernican theory, given in detail in Miss Buckley's hand-book of science, when Miss Buckley should know, if she took the trouble to examine, that Copernicus himself, the father of the theory, was a saintly Catholic priest in the best of standing at Rome, where the Pope had called him to teach, and that Copernicus's book was published at the joint expense of the Pope and a German Cardinal; that furthermore, the Pope and the Cardinals at Rome accepted Copernicus's theory as a theory, and that it was taught in the Pope's own College and elsewhere as a theory. If authors and teachers choose to accept the lying stories on credit, without examining into their truth, it is asking too much of Catholics that they permit their children to be stuffed with them. We think the editor of *The Earhamite* will coincide with us on this point. Catholics do not wish to encroach on the rights or privileges of others, but they are jealous of their own. "Live and let live" is their motto.

College Gossip.

—The income of Columbia College last year from endowments and tuition was \$321,917.56. And, still, the expenses run ahead of the income.

—Cazenovia Seminary has the largest attendance this winter for three years, and during the past twelve months it has discharged \$40,000 of indebtedness through the sacrifice of her bond-holders and the gifts of her friends.—*Concordensis*.

—Mr. David Morriss, of Montreal, has signified his intention of erecting at his own expense a Convocation Hall, and Library and Dormitories, for the Presbyterian College, Montreal.—*Queen's College Journal*.

—A Class of Phonography was organized at the University of Michigan a short time ago. It started with about a dozen members. Late improvements in shorthand-writing have made it so clear and simple that it can be easily learned and in a short time.

—Union University has received a gift of a second \$50,000, from Judge Parsons, of Fort Plain. The interest of it is to be used in the maintenance of thirteen scholarships, to be known as the "Levi Parsons Scholarships." Union is to be congratulated.—*Rouge et Noir*.

—"Antagonism between the secret society and anti-secret society members of the Senior Class in Cornell University has led to a split in the class, the election of contesting class officers and a prospect of two programmes of class-day exercises."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

—It is rumored that the Greek play will be taken to New York and Washington, and that a week will be given to the actors and chorus for that purpose. It is also said that those who sing in the chorus will be allowed to count it as a two-hour elective.—*Harvard Advocate*.

—Law Prof.: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Prof: "Then if a man enter your open door and take five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir; because that would break me."—*Ex.*

—The select committee of the National Library have reported to Congress a bill for the erection, on Judiciary Square, of a new building, which is to cost \$2,500,000; and the plans submitted by the firm of Smithmeyer & Co., the architects of our new college edifice, have been adopted by the gentlemen in charge of the work. Our congratulations to Messrs. Smithmeyer & Peltz on this professional success, so richly deserved.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 19, 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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—The 17th day of March is a day which Irishmen celebrate all over the world. It is the feast-day of Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. He was one of the greatest saints in the Church. Grateful is the remembrance in which the Irish people hold his memory. There is not a people on earth who celebrate the feast-day of their patron saint with more enthusiasm than the people of Ireland. And their observance of the day is one which should wake a responsive chord in the hearts of all Christian people; for although St. Patrick is essentially an Irish saint, he is none the less a saint of the Church, and as such is worthy the veneration of the faithful. He has proved a fruitful theme for the bards of Erin. Protestants, as well as Catholics, have sung in his honor. Samuel Lover, a Dublin gentleman, although a Protestant, does not disdain to tell of Patrick's virtues. Lover was an Irishman, and knew what he was writing about.

We take pride in being able to say that the students at the University of Notre Dame, while they celebrated enthusiastically, did so decorously, and afforded an excellent model for many indiscreet youths in other places.

Father Faber, an English convert to Catholicity, has written a beautiful hymn on St. Patrick's day, in which he says:

"And the best of our glories is bright with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of St. Patrick's day.

Yes: Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own
Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;
For they are true Irish, O yes! they alone,
Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's day."

So, if we were to go on, we might multiply indefinitely the beautiful tributes which have been paid to this wonderful saint. Thousands of boys bear his name; let them reflect that it is not only the name of a most holy man, but

has also been borne by many men who have won distinction in the various walks of life. There is Patrick Sarsfield, Patrick Henry, the patriots; Rev. Dr. Patrick Murray, the eminent theologian; Patrick Gilmore, the musician; Rt. Rev. Patrick Ryan, the eloquent and excellent Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis, Mo.; Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, the illustrious theological and biblical writer; Patrick Donahoe, the publisher; Patrick McMahon, who became the Duke of Magenta; Patrick Cleburne, the great Confederate general; the late Rev. Patrick Dillon, at one time President of the University of Notre Dame; Patrick Feehan, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago; and scores of other Patricks, who have helped to make the name great and honored. Let the young men who bear this name see to it that they do it credit.

The grandest cathedral on this continent is St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York, and there is no large city in this country that has not a church or cathedral under the protection of this powerful saint.

Would that we had one like him in our midst at this day, so cursed with denominational "isms," many of which border on open infidelity; when religion is so vilely slandered and misrepresented by Ingersoll, and his following of "free-thinkers." Surely so great, so earnest, so zealous a saint as Patrick was, would find plenty of room for his work, and there could be little doubt of the repetition of his miracles; for

"He came among the rustics rude
With shining robes and splendid crosier,
And swayed the listening multitude
As breezes sway the beds of osier.
He preached the love of man for man,
And moved the unlettered Celt with wonder,
Till through the simple crowd there ran
A murmur like repeated thunder.
He preached the grand Incarnate Word
By rock and ruin, hill and hollow,
Till warring princes dropped the sword
And left the fields of blood to follow.
For never yet did bardic song,
Though graced with harp and poets diction,
With such strange charm enchain the throng
As that sad tale of crucifixion."

—We learn from the Cincinnati papers that considerable comment by the Protestant press was occasioned by a lecture recently delivered by the editor of *The Catholic Telegraph*, on the subject of "Evolution." Our non-Catholic brethren seem to imagine that a belief in evolution, in any of its forms, is inconsistent with the teachings of the Church; and, consequently, that when one, claiming to be a Catholic, expresses a conviction of its truth, he is *ipso facto* excommunicated. This idea, like a great many others, that never had any foundation in fact, proceeds from a notion that the Church does not favor progress in science and philosophy, or free investigation in matters of theory; but, on the contrary, does all in her power to discourage it as something useless, if not detrimental to her own interests. Hence their surprise when they see one like the editor of the *Telegraph* expressing his belief in what they are pleased to consider as one of the "advanced ideas," and their astonishment in not finding anyone belonging to his own communion, not even his ecclesiastical superiors, raising a dissenting voice to what he says. With Catholics, of course, the case is

different. They know that the Church allows them perfect liberty in the pursuit of knowledge, and unlimited freedom in matters of speculation. They know, too, that the teachings of faith and the truths of science can never be opposed to each other. On the contrary, they are certain that whatever discoveries may be made in the study of nature will only tend to elucidate and strengthen the truths of revelation. Hence they always rejoice in the discovery of facts and the extension of whatever principles may be truthfully deduced from them. Speculations, hypotheses, theories, they take for what they are worth. If they are evidently opposed to the revealed word of God, they at once cast them aside as false; if not, they accept them, or reject them, according to the evidence that is offered in their favor.

The theory—it can never be anything more—of evolution is one of these. But, as the editor of the *Telegraph* justly remarks, there are evolutionists and evolutionists. There are evolutionists who deny the existence of a personal God, and reduce everything to mere matter, force and chance; and there are evolutionists, who, while believing in the development of the various forms of life from a few—it may be one—simple primary germs, still acknowledge the existence and necessity of a Creator, the Author of matter, and force and life, as well as of the laws according to which the various forms of animal and vegetable life are evolved from lower to higher types. To this second class of evolutionists belong some of the greatest doctors and theologians of the Church, from St. Augustine down to our own times. We are at perfect liberty to believe either in specific creations in time, or in one grand act of creation *in principio*—creation potentially in the beginning, and development, evolution if you will, afterwards. The Church has made no declaration either one way or the other, and, most likely, never will. She does not concern herself about physical theories, which never can be proven, and which do not effect faith or morals. Her office is to preserve intact the deposit of revealed truth entrusted to her by her Divine Master, and prepare the souls of men for another and better world.

—It has ever been the time-honored custom of the students of this University to celebrate, in a becoming manner, each annual recurrence of the festival of the Apostle of Ireland. St. Patrick's Day is one that brings joy to every Irish heart; for, on each successive return of it, they are vividly reminded of the fact that, although for centuries, they have been persecuted and inhumanly treated, —held in bondage by one of the most ungodly and tyrannical governments on the globe—they have never, for a moment, deviated in the least from the principles and maxims of that Faith which St. Patrick brought to them, and planted so deeply in their fertile hearts, that proscription, cruel persecution, exile, death, have been powerless to eradicate it therefrom. That the Irish are a down-trodden race is a fact which no one can, for a moment, deny. If we glance across the Atlantic to-day, we behold poor Erin led captive by that same cruel monster, who, for centuries, has been employing the most inhuman means to break her heart, by subjecting her noble sons to treatment the most barbarous, the most unchristian. Erin's heart has been broken—would that we had time and space to enumerate the many dark and shameful deeds that effected it!—but her spirit, though sad and melancholy, remains as powerful and un-

wavering to-day as when, long ago, her children were as light-hearted and free as the very winds of heaven. It is that undying spirit that has sustained the Irish in all their struggles with oppression—that spirit, which—God grant that we may live to see the bright day!—will yet win for Ireland her freedom and national independence, and place her in that grand and glorious position among the nations of the earth, for which God has so well fitted her, but which the chains of English tyranny render her powerless to assume. Ireland should be free! Ireland *shall be free!* By what right, under heaven, has one nation to enslave another? By a God-given one? No! for it would be in direct opposition to the idea which we entertain of God's goodness and justice. There is nothing that can blot out the disgrace that a nation brings upon itself when it, through sheer force of power, makes another nation its footstool.

England, like that monster of the sea, the devil fish, with its many arms that grasp and crush whatever comes within its reach, is continually on the alert to grasp in her blood-stained hands those nations, or tribes—as in the case of the Boers of Africa—who cannot successfully resist her powerful onslaughts. We were but in our infancy when she endeavored to make us fill her coffers by imposing on us an unjust tax. We refused to pay it. She attempted to castigate us for our impertinence, as she termed it; but in that endeavor England made one of the grandest mistakes of her national existence, one which brought grief to her callous heart, and lost to her the Colonies. In 1812 she made a second attempt, but signally failed to effect her purpose, and was gloriously beaten. During the late struggle between the North and South, English endeavor to sever the union was not wanting. All that she could do to annihilate us on that occasion, the remembrance of which brings grief and sorrow to our hearts,—for brother was fighting with brother, and freeman with freeman—was done. She wished to smother Liberty. She has been, and is still, doing the same thing in Ireland to-day. The Irish want their liberty; they desire that Emmet's epitaph be written; they desire to rent asunder the cruel fetters that have for ages encircled and bound Erin's fair form, wringing tears from her eyes, and causing plaintive wails to emanate from her grief-broken heart: but England makes the bonds the more stringent.

In view of these facts, can we wonder at the enthusiasm that fills the heart of every Irishman on the recurrence of that day which reminds him that he has obtained a most glorious victory over the cruel oppressor,—a victory the more glorious that it was won under the most trying and unfavorable circumstances? We speak of the victory of faith, excepting which the Irish have lost everything save honor. Sentiments like these prompted us to celebrate the day in a becoming manner at this University. Not that we are all Irishmen—for to many of us was denied the privilege of being born in the Isle of Saints,—but simply through a desire to obey the Scriptural injunction of giving honor to whom honor is due.

With a view to this effect we resolved to entertain our friends dramatically. The exercises of the evening were, as usual on such occasions, opened by music from the N. D. U. C. Band, who, if they did not play as well as on Washington's Birthday, gave satisfaction to all present. Their energetic leader, Prof. Paul, has reason to feel proud of the progress made by the Band in the past few weeks under his able instruction and unsparring efforts. Mr. H. O'Donnell read the address salutatory in a pleas-

ing and creditable manner. "Zampa" (Herold) was well rendered by the University Orchestra, and we can only reiterate the words of praise which we felt ourselves obliged to bestow upon them last week. The Junior Class received loud and well-merited applause on the conclusion of their song, "Always Good Courage." A large audience, among which we noticed the Messrs. Smith, of Circleville, O.; Mrs. G. Tourtillotte, of Toledo; Messrs. Lambin and Sugg, of Chicago, had assembled to witness the principal feature of the Entertainment,—“A Celebrated Case,” a drama in five acts, prepared for the occasion by the members of the Columbian Club. Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., is the one to whom, after those taking part, the whole success of the play must be attributed; for it was under his instruction and supervision that it was given. We would wish to enter into a detailed, critical account of the whole performance, but our limited space forbids it. Suffice it to say, that Mr. T. F. Kavanaugh, “Jean Renaud”; H. O'Donnell, “Adrian Renaud”; F. C. Smith, “Valentine”; P. L. Mathers, “Piere Renaud”; J. R. Marlette, “Col. McMahon”; J. Walsh, “Count de Veau”; E. J. Taggart, “Mgr. de Bois”; R. O'Connor, “O'Rourke”; F. T. Dever, “Marquis Henri di Colonne”; L. W. Stitzel, “Jacques Latour,” in assuming the principal rôles, and acting them almost faultlessly, won laurels for themselves and reflected honor upon their Association. The minor parts, taken by J. Kent, C. Brehmer, G. Nester, A. Thornton, R. Seeberger, and B. F. Smith, were well carried out, and contributed not a little towards making the Entertainment a success. Very Rev. President Corby made the closing remarks, thanking the young gentlemen for the pleasure afforded to all present, and assuring them of the Entertainment's success.

Personal.

- Rev. Father Franciscus is Master of Novices.
- Bro. Daniel's school, in South Bend, is in fine order.
- J. H. Flynn, '58, is in business on State Street, Chicago, Ill.
- Rev. J. Shea will leave for New Orleans the coming week.
- Vice-President Walsh lectured in Springfield, Ill., last Thursday.
- Prof. Lyons and Mr. Eliot Ryder left for Chicago this morning.
- Rev. J. M. Toohey has been appointed Superior of Mt. St. Vincent.
- Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau returned from Fort Wayne, last Saturday.
- Rev. J. O'Keeffe, lectured to a large audience in South Bend, Thursday evening.
- Rev. Father Kroll, Chesterton, Ind., called at the University, last Saturday morning.
- Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., lectured to a large audience in Coldwater, Mich., on St. Patrick's Day.
- Mrs. Tourtillotte, of Toledo, Ohio, is visiting her son Master G. Tourtillotte, of the Minim department.
- Messrs. Verdan and Toomey, C. S. C., made their religious profession this morning, at St. Joseph's Novitiate.
- Mr. Geo. H. Liburdy, of Chicago, passenger conductor on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., spent Thursday at the University with his friend, Prof. J. A. Lyons.
- Mr. Eliot Ryder's new book, which Prof. Lyons will publish in a few weeks, promises to be a grand success. Subscriptions are coming in from all parts of the country. It is also awakening much interest in England.

—Our old and respected friends, J. R. Lambin, '77, and E. Sugg, '76, of Chicago, Ill., were present at Wednesday evening's Entertainment. We were delighted at seeing them, and so were their many friends hereabouts. They left for Chicago Friday morning. Sugg is keeping books for his father, and “Jack” is in a collector's office. Both are doing well.

Local Items.

- Where is John?
- Beautiful spring weather.
- “You make ‘Suk’ laugh.”
- Moses fears not electric shocks.
- “Jim” calls it the “triple tongue.”
- “Mack,” have you really a cousin?
- They call him the big white fellow.
- Say, “Pap,” what style of hat is that?
- “Duzen” makes a fine looking Cadet.
- Is the schemer to lay over at Laporte?
- The “Celebrated Case,” was a success.
- “Chawley” always goes in the first society.
- Mahon, are you sure that you stand in solid?
- All were delighted with the “Celebrated Case.”
- “Pimy” and our Washingtonian are the chums.
- The Bulletins for February are homeward bound.
- Any amount of red light last Wednesday evening.
- Can't we decipher hieroglyphics? Eh, Shakspeare?
- How that clarionet did “quack,” Wednesday night.
- Handball is the favorite game with all the students.
- Is it not Stretch(y) to say he was mate of the vessel?
- Rev. Father Kirsch has our thanks for favors received.
- He is an Ohio man who refuses to pay the Boat Club fee.
- How does the “professor” like retiring at first hour now?
- Our Rev. Prefect of Studies is making a collection of photos.
- The Joliet man refuses to give introductions? Eh, Heck?
- Several wild ducks passed over Lake St. Joe, Monday morning.
- Master C. McDermott is a member of the Junior study-hall Faculty.
- That nicotian substance sent the steam-house guest to the Infirmary.
- Lent only half over. The sick boy has not begun to convalesce yet.
- The chances are that F. Watson will go into the insurance business.
- “Charley Ross” will soon favor us with another of his poetic effusions.
- Let the baseballists commence the work of re-organization immediately.
- Captain Cocke showed off the Cadets to advantage last Thursday afternoon.
- The Band were out serenading last Thursday, and did some excellent playing.
- We decline publishing “A Character,” as the author omitted giving his name.
- Now, Brigham, don't use the dictionary: the Thespians will admit you without it.
- Bro. Albert has nearly completed a life-size crayon portrait of Rev. A. Granger.
- The Vicksburg man says he could hold out the chair and all in it, with one hand.
- Captain Cocke had out the Military Companies last Monday and Tuesday afternoons.
- And now the bright rays of the brilliant sun are to be obscured by a tidal wave of kites.

—Captain Cocke informs us that the Cadet suits will be in readiness some time next week.

—Several good games of handball were played on the Juniors' campus alley during the week.

—Since the Czar's death, Prof. Lyons says that the last hope of his becoming a democrat is gone.

—To-morrow, 3d Sunday of Lent, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers of a Confessor, not Bishop.

—"G. Edmund" calls on "Flo," but is not, like the would-be insurance agent, dying for introductions.

—The Junior Archconfraternity are thinking of purchasing a beautiful sanctuary lamp for the new chapel.

—Masters Cleary and Brown were head-servers at the High Mass celebrated last Sunday by Rev. Father Walsh.

—Since the Czar's sudden demise, our friend John avers that it is safer to be a jack, or even a ten-spot, than a king.

—More than one hundred people from South Bend and other places were present at Wednesday evening's Entertainment.

✓—The Reading-Room in the College Library is open every morning from 8 to 12 for the use of the Faculty and the members of the Community.

—But didn't he succeed in assuming the villain's look! How his eye-balls rolled, and his eyes flashed! And didn't he get through that window lively?

—"Pete" gets off an original pun this week. Here it is: "We are patiently awaiting the day when we may hear the little Ma(ho)n in the Junior refectory."

—Autograph letters of Abraham Lincoln, Washington Irving, and Cardinal Newman have been added to the collection preserved in the Lemonnier Library.

—They say that the Captain was so overcome with sorrow on finding the owl dead that he could not find any consolation in putting the Cadets through the "tacs," last week.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC sends out a neat college annual, which does great credit to its compilers and publishers. We acknowledge with thanks—*University Press, Madison, Wis.*

—The best bulletins for the month of February was awarded Master E. Fischel and C. McDermott; 2d best to E. Orrick and R. E. Fleming; 3d best, H. Morse, C. Rose and H. Hake.

—"Going by rapid strides towards perfection," is the way a Minim expresses himself when, on his way to the Prefect of Discipline's office, he is interrogated as to his place of destination.

—There was a hitch in the choir, now practicing for Easter, until our "funny man" joined it. He sings second bass, and now everything runs as smoothly as a razor on the cheek of a fifteen-year old Prep.

—A game of baseball, the first this year, was played on the Excelsior Baseball grounds last Thursday. Some good batting was done, but the playing in general was very poor. Maher and Morse captained the nines. Score, 14 to 5.

—Colloquy between two students—Jack: "Can you talk Latin?" Harry: "No." Jack: "Did you ever try?" Harry: "No." Jack: "Then how do you know you can't?" Confusion of Harry. Conundrum referred to Prof. of Mental Philosophy.

—The 19th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place March 18th. Selections were given by A. Browne, F. Wheatly, A. Mendel, L. Florman, G. Schaefer, H. Dunn, G. O'Kane, J. Bennett and D. Smith. L. Gibert gave a selection in French and A. Schiml one in German.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder delivered his second lecture on "Authorship" to the students of Notre Dame, a few evenings since. Although a very stormy night, he had a large audience, and was listened to attentively. His lectures are exceedingly interesting and show the most careful preparation.—*South-Bend Tribune.*

—The beautiful birds of spring have come. We extend them a cordial welcome. Their lovely songs of gladness, at the return of spring, will soon fill the air with a wealth of

music, in comparison to which the beautiful singing of the Vocal Music Classes that charm (?) us daily with their sweet accords, would be like the dying croak of a forlorn frog in a dingy mill-pond

—Last Thursday, Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. President Corby, Fathers O'Keeffe and Zahm being assistants. After the Gospel, Rev. J. A. O'Connell entered the pulpit and delivered a powerful panegyric on St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland; and paid a glorious tribute to the Irish people for their constancy in adhering to that Faith which St. Patrick brought them.

—We print on another page a description of a work soon to be published at Notre Dame University, by Mr. Eliot Ryder. The book is to bear the suggestive title "Anthology of Catholic Poetry"; and we may be sure that, coming from the hand of so gifted a gentleman as Mr. Ryder, it will be a *desideratum* in the library of all who cultivate literary taste.—*Catholic Union.*

—Our friend John was called a hippopotamus, by one of his admirers, one day last week. John became highly indignant at the appellation; and, on being questioned why he took such offence at the term, replied that, according to Webster, a hippopotamus was a pachydermatous mammal of Africa, allied to the hog, and he didn't propose to allow any one to assimilate him to such a monster with impunity.

—St. Patrick's Day was observed with great *éclat* at Notre Dame University. There was an Exhibition by the students, a parade by the Cadets, music by the Notre Dame Cornet Band, and other choruses. As usual, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, this morning. This evening, there was a festival in this city, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Church.—*Chicago Times, of the 18th inst.*

—Very Rev. Father General has given the Minims a hundred fine illustrations in Sacred History, which he brought from Paris last May. The engravings are certainly very beautiful, and bear the unmistakable stamp of that refinement of taste and elegance of design which distinguish French pictures and statues from any others. The Minims are delighted with their interesting and valuable present. They tender sincere thanks to the Very Rev. donor.

—Young Jeems is very much engaged,
Upon these wintry nights,
In gazing on the moon and stars,
Those brilliant heavenly lights,
Quoth Jeems: "A meteorologist am I,
Though it isn't generally known,
And the meteor which delights me most
Is "meteor by moonlight alone."

—We believe that anybody who will allow angry feelings to supersede his good sense, if, perchance, he feel himself the object of a little joke in these columns, exhibits traits of character other than gentlemanly. Such individuals seem to be more or less inscient in regard to such affairs. They imagine that, if the object of a pun or witticism, their reputation suffers to a greater or less extent. This impression is as illogical as it is untrue. As a rule, the most popular and most esteemed are they whom our "funny man" most frequently mentions.

—How dear to my heart is the school I attended
And how I remember so distant and dim,
That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprise of the master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin
So high that his bullet head busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy!
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin!

—To the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC: The "Corporal" desires a rest now.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Does he? Well now we're glad that our esteemed contemporary has made the acquaintance of our great (physically speaking) "Corporal." O may the friendship so happily begun, ripen into—but then we'll say no more: the "Corporal" "desires a rest now." Well, let him have it; we do not wish to deprive him of that which is so necessary for us all. Take a rest, "Corporal." Take your siesta daily; let neither trouble nor anxiety of mind de-

prive you of it. We suppose that your recent superhuman effort in the lecture field has aroused the sympathetic feelings of the esteemed *Columbian*.

—The *Freeman's Journal* thinks that Mr. Eliot Ryder should include religious poetry in his proposed collection of Catholic poets. So do we. The elimination of the religious poems of Catholic writers will leave a very poor collection of verses, to what might be made.—*Western Home Journal*.

Mr. Ryder's design is to illustrate for the reading and thinking public the purely literary excellence of Catholic poets. Where this can be best done—as in the case of Cardinal Newman,—by using religious poetry, religious poetry will be used. But in the majority of instances, our poets' religious poetry is not their best. This is certainly the case with O'Reilly, Egan, Miss Starr, and Miss Donnelly.

—The 23d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held March 8th. Master W. P. Mahon presented himself and was unanimously elected a member. W. S. Cleary gave a sketch of the life of Stonewall Jackson. Claudius Nero was well depicted by F. A. Quinn. J. Scanlan and J. Gordon followed with sketches of the lives of James Monroe and Abraham Lincoln. E. Orrick's criticism on the last meeting was very good. Declamations were then delivered by J. Homan, C. Rietz and J. O'Neill. Public readers are as follows: C. Tinley, E. Orrick, T. Flynn, F. Kleine, A. Hintze, W. Gray, J. Scanlan, J. Gordon, T. Healy, C. Rietz, N. Ewing, J. Morgan and R. Fleming.

—T. H. Knollins's Church Organ Pedal Attachment for Pianos is now in successful operation here, in the Academy of Music. The invention is one which reflects the highest credit on Mr. Knollins, the inventor, and far surpasses in excellence anything of the kind yet attempted, either in this country or in Europe. It has met with the hearty approval and the unanimous recommendation of many of the leading musicians in the country, which is the best guaranty of its excellence. We most earnestly and unreservedly commend Mr. Knollins's invention to both organists and pupils. Brother Basil, than whom no one is better qualified to pass an opinion on such affairs, says that the pedal attachment for pianos is a grand success.

—O'Shea, New York, has now in press a choice volume of poems consisting of selections from our modern American Catholic poets. It is the first of its kind, and we hope that the efforts of the compiler, Mr. George F. Phelan, who has given to it careful research, will meet with a deserved welcome from our readers and the Catholic reading-public at large. A single poem, in some instances, represents the author, but no inferior work has been admitted, and a noteworthy feature of the volume will be an Introductory by Dr. Martin Burke, of New York, well known in the world of letters. A limited edition only will be brought out, and advance orders from individuals or schools will be booked as received and filled accordingly. It will be gotten up in the best style, and sell for one dollar. A review of the work will be given in these columns when it appears.

—We attended a rehearsal of the University Orchestra in the Academy of Music, last Friday afternoon, and there learned to admire the patience of its esteemed and highly cultured leader, Prof. Paul. The temperature was perhaps a little too low, which fact goes far in accounting for the difficulty experienced by the different members in keeping their instruments tuned to the proper pitch on that occasion. Guthrie's cornet gave him an indescribable amount of annoyance; while an occasional unearthly quack from the clarinet, supplemented by flat tones from the 'cello, and trombone, tested the patience of the accomplished leader, and produced unwelcome sensations on the refined auricular nerves of Bros. Basil and Leopold. Bro. Charles, the obliging prefect, stood admiringly by, and was, no doubt, consoled to learn that those in charge of music halls are not the only mortals in this world who are at times called upon to exercise the virtue of patience. We wouldn't be the leader of an orchestra for—but then we *could* not, if we *would*.

—We noticed several of our gymnasts of the Preparatory department going through their exercises on the outdoor parallel bars, one day last week. Although Start,

Murdock, Rohrback and Gallagher exhibited the agility and endurance of trapeze performers, and went through many feats that caused us to hold our breath with fear for the safety of their limbs, etc., yet none seemed capable of performing with the characteristic sprightliness of our consumptive-looking friend, "Stonewall Jackson." "Charley Ross" was one of the many witnessing these daring feats, and, though loudly and repeatedly called upon to "show himself on the bars that lead to fame," overcame his ambitious feelings, and peremptorily refused, through modesty and the desire of remaining in the loveliness of obscurity. While we respect the high and noble motives that prompt "Charley" in declining such chances of raising himself to fame's pinnacle, we cannot but feel disappointed in knowing that "Charley's" unwillingness to participate in such affairs deprives us of any amount of pleasure.

—Prof. Edwards has formally presented to the Columbian Literary Club a full-length portrait, in oil, of Very Rev. E. Sorin. The picture is life-size, and represents Father Sorin in cassock and surplice, standing in an open gallery, with a view of the College dome in the distance. The position is graceful and the accessories are appropriate and significant of events in the career of the subject. The face wears an expression of benignant firmness and will convey to posterity a correct idea of the character of Notre Dame's loved founder. Mr. J. Francis Smith, the artist who painted this picture, is fast making an enviable reputation for himself. His portraits are always accurate likenesses, and his modelling and colors would do credit to the famous Gregori, to whom Mr. Smith is proud to acknowledge himself indebted for the recognition he receives in art circles. This young artist has received another order from Prof. Edwards to execute a full-length portrait of Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States. He will paint the picture from an authentic likeness, and will be assisted in his work by the criticisms of the venerable Father Neyron, one of the few living companions of the sainted Bishops Flaget and Brute, and a fellow missionary and bosom friend of America's proto-priest.

—The following is our University alphabet:

A is for Arnold, who's steady though sly;
B is for Bloom, with fun in his eye;
C is for Clarke, now famous as "Tell";
D is for Danahey, stylish young swell;
E is for Edwards, the genial Professor;
F is for Fleming, a steady progressor;
G is for Garrity, the sweet-voiced young tenor;
H is for Harrington, of "the Hub's upper-ten, ah!"
I is the man our poet has missed;
J is for Johnson, whose name swells the list;
K for Tom Kavanaugh, whom none can resist;
L is for Lyons, whom all of us love;
M for McGorrisk, as meek as a dove;
N is for Newman, a name that is well known to fame;
O for O'Donnell, whom none for his beauty can blame;
P for Pimyotamah, jaw-breaking name;
Q for the query "who wrote out this rhyme?"
R is for Rohrback, who roars back at this;
S is for Sugg, whom we'd grieve to miss;
T is for Tinley, clever young fellow;
U is left out, and with anger is yellow;
V for Van Dusen, a shining young light;
W for Wiseheart, steady and bright;
X is for much which we cannot xpress;
Y is for Young, who will sometime be old;
Z is for Zahm, who here is enrolled;
& Now we believe that the story is told.

—The students at the University of Notre Dame celebrated Washington's birthday, this year, for the 37th time, with all of the old-time enthusiasm. An entertainment was given, under the auspices of the Thespian Association, complimentary to the Very Rev. President Corby, for many years known and honored as the President of the University. The programme consisted of music and speeches, and the drama of "William Tell" and the farce of the "Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve." Mr. Frank W. Bloom's oration on Washington was a very fine effort, and elicited much applause. The University Cornet Band and Orchestra enlivened the evening with choice music. In "William Tell," were "Tell" and his son "Albert," and "Gessler," personated by George E. Clarke, C. A. Tinley, and W. B. McGorrisk respectively. They rendered their

parts admirably and were well sustained by their fellow-actors. The farce was by many conceded to be the best thing of the evening. "The Nervous Man," in the person of W. J. McCarthy, was well interpreted, and D. Danahey acted the "Man of Nerve" to perfection. At the end of the performance, President Corby addressed the students, expressing his great enjoyment of the entertainment they had provided for him, and the pleasure he had had in witnessing so excellent a proof of the progress they had made in their elocution. He paid a deserved tribute to the old reliable Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, under whose patient and thorough training they had become so proficient. More than 300 invited guests were present, including many of the prominent citizens of South Bend, and a large party from Chicago. It had been hoped that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, would be present: much disappointment was manifested at his failure to appear. After the labor of the evening, the young actors were rewarded by a liberal collation in Washington Hall, provided by the ever kind and thoughtful Prof. Lyons. Needless to say, the boys enjoyed it, and afterwards regaled the Professor, as only college students can, with choice selections from their vocal repertoire, in which the name of Jos. Lyons was promiscuously and pleasingly prominent. Notre Dame is teaching its boys to sing, and they have a student among them who has a faculty for "fixin' things cute and clever," so that they are well provided with original titles. Progress rules the age, and there is plenty of it at Notre Dame.—*Catholic Columbian*.

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.

W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, J. F. Brown, T. E. Bourbonia, F. W. Bloom, F. W. Bell, C. W. Bennett, A. A. Bodine, T. F. Byrne, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, D. English, M. B. Eaton, J. M. Falvey, M. L. Falvey, M. P. Fishburn, F. J. Garrity, G. L. Godfroy, F. W. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healy, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. F. Healy, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanaugh, F. E. Kubn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, G. A. Monahan, J. J. McIlvaine, J. J. Malone, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. T. Redmond, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, J. S. 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. Wisheart, W. P. Walsh, W. R. Young, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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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.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. E. Fleming, L. Gibert, C. Rose, J. Courtney, A. Gall, F. H. Grever, C. Rietz, F. Kleine, B. Zekird, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, G. De Haven, E. Fischel, A. Flynn, M. Herrick, H. Sells, J. Martin, G. O'Kane, N. Nelson, F. Kuhn, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schiml, F. Kengel, A. Dick, F. Woeber, F. Dorsel, J. T. Maher, J. H. Fendrick, J. Morgan, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. Otis, W. Barron, J. Homan, A. Rohrbach, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, E. Piper, F. C. Smith, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. Simms, W. McGorrick, F. Baker, T. Byrne, J. Guthrie, W. Hoffman, A. Thornton, J. Gordon, J. McIntyre, C. Murdock, J. Marlett, P. Mattes, J. Newman, A. Mendel, F. Krone, T. Williams, C. Schneider, E. Cullinene, J. F. Whelan, F. Fischel, J. Devitt, G. Haslam, H. Morse, G. Rhodius, A. Dennis, L. Florman, T. Healy, M. Healy, G. Kipper, J. V. Cabel, E. Orrick, G. Schaefer, F. Cantwell, W. Ayers, F. C. Smith, E. G. Sugg, T. Cavanaugh, J. Zettler, G. Woodson, T. F. Sugg, D. Harrington, G. Castanedo, A. Mendel, A. Rohrbach, M. Herrick, T. Healy, F. Wheatly, W. Start, H. Kuhn, J. Welch, W. Schofield, P. Stretch, F. Woeber, F. Dorsel, J. Bennett, F. Baker, B. Smith, H. Delaney, L. Mathers, G. Rhodius, J. C. Larkin, L. Stitzel, E. Taggart, A. Bodine, J. Guthrie, J. Marlett, J. M. Kelly.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, D. G. Taylor, A. J. Van Mourick, G. E. Tourtillotte, C. E. Droste, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, R. Costello, J. Moroney, A. G. Molander, J. C. Haslam, H. Metz, T. McGrath, W. T. Berthlet, J. S. Courtney, W. Taylor, J. A. Kelly, J. A. Frain, J. W. Kent, J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, W. Rea, J. McGrath, E. B. Bagard, A. B. Bender, M. E. Devitt, W. J. Miller, J. Ruppe, H. J. Ackerman, C. Metz, D. L. McCawley, J. E. Chaves.

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.]

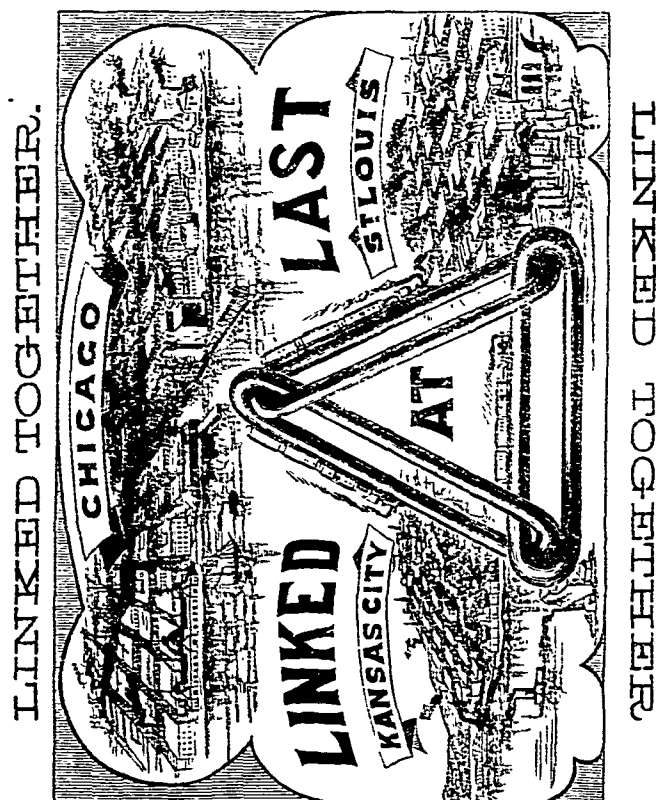
COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—F. H. Grever, F. Kuhn, A. Dick, E. T. Williams, H. Morse, E. Gall; Elocution—C. Tinley, W. McCarthy, E. Orrick, G. Clarke, J. Solon, C. J. Brinkman, J. P. O'Neill, M. Healey, A. Zahm, H. O'Donnell, F. Garrity, R. O'Connor, A. Schiml, D. Danahey, J. Molone, E. Otis, J. Homan; French—L. Gibert, W. Gray, G. Sugg, D. Harrington, J. Gallagher; Piano—Schaefer, Byron, Eaton, G. Truschel, C. Murdock, Homan, Rietz; Violin—J. Maher, H. Delaney; Guitar—M. Butler; Vocal Music—G. Sugg, O'Donnell, Guthrie, A. Dick; Drawing—B. F. Smith, H. P. Dunn; Telegraphy—.

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Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880.

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

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Limit Ex.
Pittsburgh,..... LEAVE	12.05 A.M.	9.15 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	7.30 P.M.
Rochester,.....	1.15 "	10.10 "	2.55 "
Alliance,.....	3.30 "	1.20 P.M.	5.35 "	10.25 P.M.
Orrville,.....	5.00 "	3.18 "	7.13 "
Mansfield,.....	6.55 "	5.40 "	9.20 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.25 "	6.15 "	9.45 "	1.40 A.M.
Crestlin..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	6.35 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	1.45 A.M.
Forest,.....	9.25 "	8.18 "	11.28 "
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.30 "	12.32 A.M.
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.15 P.M.	12.08 A.M.	2.40 "	5.35 "
Plymouth,.....	3.46 "	2.50 "	4.55 "	7.16 "
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	8.00 "	9.40 "

GOING EAST.

	No. 8, Fast Line	No. 2, Morn. Ex.	No. 4, Atlan. Ex.	No. 6, N. Y. Ex.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.40 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	3.30 P.M.
Plymouth,.....	2.50 A.M.	11.53 "	9.25 "
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.35 P.M.	12.15 A.M.	8.35 P.M.
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.36 "	2.38 "
Forest,.....	10.08 "	5.43 "	3.55 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	7.10 "	5.30 "	12.35 A.M.
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.30 P.M.	6.40 A.M.	12.40 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	8.03 "	7.20 "	1.15 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	2.04 A.M.	2.10 "
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

Trains Nos. 3, 6, 5 and 4 run daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 8 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

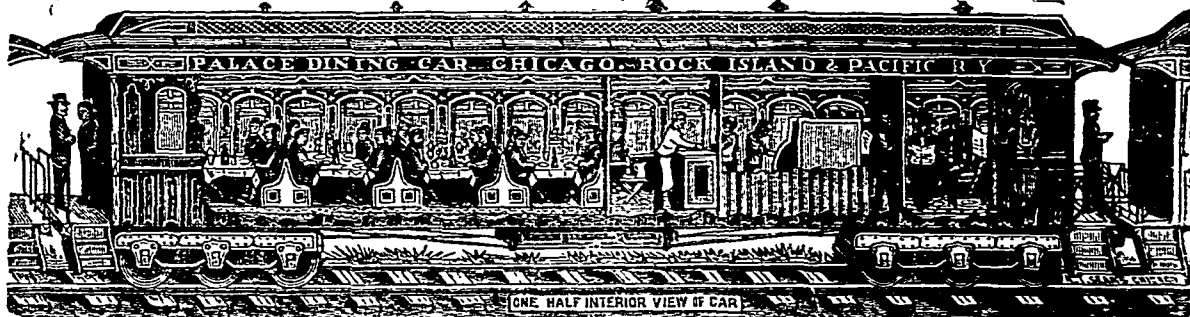
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Michigan Central Railway

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 23 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.				*GOING SOUTH.			
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m.	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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FOR 1881.

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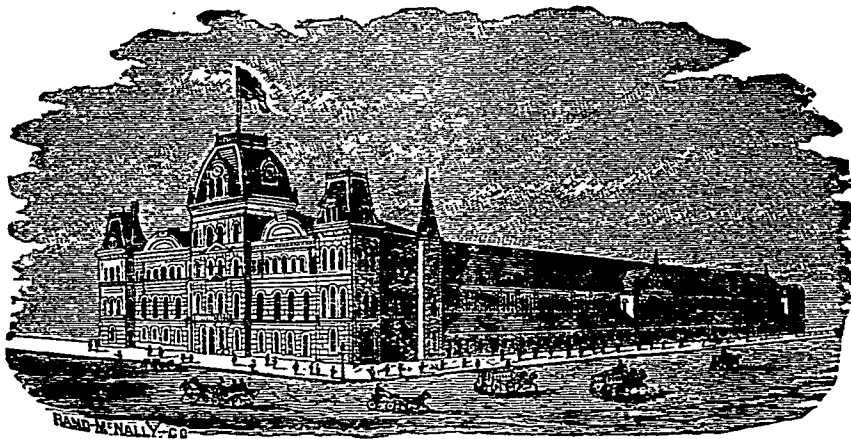
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GOING EAST.

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.

EASTWARD.	2	4	6	8	20
	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
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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