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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Some Forgotten Poets and Poems.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

Few persons care to brush aside the dust of years to look once more upon the literary beauties which time rapidly conceals, if we do not constantly "dust them off," as the housewife dusts her parlor; yet are these persons none the less appreciative when others do the work for them. There is no danger that Chaucer will pass into oblivion, even though his works now have a species of musty flavor, which is not altogether agreeable to any save the genuine lover of the antique. He is being continually placed before the public in collections of poetry, in essays, lectures, and reviews; and one might as well affect an ignorance of Tennyson, or of Longfellow, as of Chaucer. But, almost within the limits of our own day and generation, poets and poems well worthy of a permanent place in literature, are utterly ignored.

There is the poetic work of the late George D. Prentice, —all of it good, in its way, and some of it of unusual excellence; but beyond the including of "The Closing Year," and one or two other pieces, in school readers, Mr. Prentice has received no lasting measure of poetic fame. John James Piatt, a brother poet, collected Mr. Prentice's poems, some years ago, and published them, with a very interesting sketch of their author; yet there is no demand for the volume. The author of such lines as these should not be forgotten:

"Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity?"

It is not widely known that the Hon. George Bancroft, the eminent historian of the United States, published a volume of verse, of which few libraries are so fortunate as to possess a copy. We will not say that Mr. Bancroft was unwise in leaving the charms of poetry to others; yet it seems strange that one so widely known and admired, could gain sufficient reputation as a poet to be liberally quoted in Griswold's "Male Poets of America," and, forty

years later, the fact of his earlier work in literature be entirely forgotten.

Edward Coate Pinkney, who wrote many exquisite lyrics, is entirely forgotten, save by the makers of anthologies. His "A Health," and "Italy," are gems that entitle him to lasting recognition.

William Allen Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," is a successful lawyer in New York; yet, though he published his complete poems, he is not known as a poet.

John R. Thompson, whose delightful ballad, "Music in Camp," is the best thing of the kind ever written, is rarely mentioned in print.

Chas. G. Eastman, Chas. Fenno Hoffman, George H. Boker, Epes Sargent, Henry T. Tuckerman, Alfred B. Street, Albert Pike, George Lunt, N. P. Willis, William Gilmore Simms, George P. Morris, Robert C. Sands, John G. C. Brainard, James Gates Percival, Charles Sprague, Richard H. Dana, Andrews Norton, John Pierpont, Washington Allston, and John Quincy Adams are poets, all of whom have written poetry worth reading, yet one never hears of, or sees, their poetry, save in the school readers and anthologies. In the case of the last named, one would certainly think that, as a President of the United States, his poems—and he wrote many of them—would not be permitted to share in the general oblivion. A diamond is a diamond, and commands the market price, whether it comes from the mines of Brazil, or of Golconda. Why should it not be so with verse? We push to the front Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow? Why? is it because they have written good verse? Partly, but not altogether. Bryant became famous through his "Thanatopsis," written at the age of eighteen years. He had made his mark, and held his vantage ground by keeping himself constantly before the public, which his wealth enabled him to do. Whittier has written few lines of genuine poetry, but he became notorious through his anti-slavery ballads; he, too, has kept himself conspicuously before the public. Longfellow, through his office of professor at Harvard University, commanded a wide and discriminating audience; and, if we except Poe's assaults, which were as remarkable for their bitterness as for any other feature, he has never been severely criticized. The lofty position he now enjoys is well deserved, since he, more, perhaps, than any other American, has contributed to the welfare of literature in this country.

Now, be it far from us to inveigh against the popular favor accorded Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bryant. What we do dislike is the neglect of so many of those who have enriched poetic literature, and the prominence accorded numerous trivial writers of the present day. The editors of magazines are deplorably at fault, in this matter. They give us, from month to month, the drivel of poetic aspirants, whose elegance of style in writing is vastly below their

ambition. "Up to the usual standard," is an expression which has grown to mean very little, and we cannot help thinking that it would be wiser, and more profitable, to present for the edification and entertainment of the people some of the excellent songs of our forgotten poets.

The directors of literary taste, among Protestants, may, in the light of their illustrious poets, think they can well afford to neglect the treasures of the past: but Catholics cannot, in justice to themselves and others, indulge in such a practice. Yet this is just what they are doing. Some strong-minded young woman, with little knowledge of theology or versification, but much versatility, constructs a volume of pretty nothings, and forthwith the insipid rhymes are enclosed between covers, and broadcasted before an indiscriminate, but none the less admiring, public. A youth fresh from college, who has barely wet his lips at the Pierian spring, forthwith imagines himself a poet, and, for the want of something better to do, sits down and composes verses without reason and without rhyme. But he is at once immortalized by his friends, who make a book of his verses, and send copies to various *litterati*, who, of course, "gratefully acknowledge" them. And this class of writers is continually appearing before the public; they can write with equal ease on "The Sunbeams," "The Flowing Rhine," any one of the Saints, or Jason and his Golden Fleece. No subject is too trifling—none too lofty—for their skilful manipulation. Their versatility and their industry are continually eclipsing each other.

But how many who wax enthusiastic over the work of such writers are familiar with the best productions of Catholic poets? How many own the volumes of John Savage, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, George H. Miles, Judge Arrington, Dr. Huntington, Rev. T. A. Butler, Miss Eliza Allan Starr,—aye, even of John Boyle O'Reilly and Maurice F. Egan? How many are familiar with Richard Dalton Williams's "Dying Girl," Richard Henry Wilde's "My Life is like the Summer Rose," Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," Daniel Connolly's exquisite poems, or Charles Warren Stoddard's charming lyrics? The number is not large. The publisher of McGee's poems—and good poems they are—told us he could not sell his edition. No one wants them. A friend informs us that Miss Starr's poems are out of print. John Boyle O'Reilly depends largely on miscellaneous patronage of his work. There are an hundred exquisite, but over-modest versifiers, whom nobody knows and nobody takes the trouble to seek out. There is the Very Rev. J. A. Rochford, O. P., of Washington, whose "Sursum Corda" should be widely known; the Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, Rev. Patrick Cronin, the editor of the *Catholic Union*, whose memorial poem on Père Marquette is a strong production, and the Passionist Father Fidelis (Rev. James Kent Stone). Who knows of these men as poets? Many persons say Catholics have not a literature. We might as well imagine a person dwelling in a forest and saying he had no fuel, when all that is needed is to cut down the trees. We have a Catholic literature, and one of which no people have need to be ashamed. All that is needed is to put it in shape. The world is full of self-delusions. If it was not P. T. Barnum, it was somebody else, who said that "If you were to take humbug out of the world, there would be no profit in it." Few men survive the day in which they live, and, in the case of authors especially, "the good is oft interred with their bones."

Now, in the cases of such men as Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana, who, in their early days, cultivated the muse, we can understand why the world is willing to respect their wish that their poetic efforts should be forgotten. Greeley was a man of remarkable force of character, and it is generally supposed that he looked on the prosaic side of life in all things. It was Greeley who abused Lincoln in the most odious manner, and kept it up until he saw the public would not tolerate it longer. It was Greeley who applied language to William Cullen Bryant, in the *Tribune*, which Mr. Bryant never fully forgave. It is difficult to imagine this vindictive man writing stanzas to the "Maid of my Soul," in which occur such lines as:

"With trusting love, Maid of my soul, farewell!"

Yet such is the case. It is not so hard to believe that Mr. Dana wrote verses, since his love of poetry and his poetic taste are well known.

It is possible that our ill-nature has affected our audience. We confess to a feeling of anger whenever we glance over the field of neglected poetry, and to solace ourselves, and at the same time confer a benefit upon our readers, we reproduce here two exquisite poems in memory of the Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout). The death of Father Prout called forth a great number of *in memoriam* tributes, among the best of them the following, which appeared in *Saunders' News Letter* so long ago that it is now as good as new:

FATHER PROUT.

In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of "Frazer," ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail, we to thee were vassal,
Of "Water-grass Hill," O renowned "F. P."—
May "The Bells of Shandon"
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory.

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dreams come o'er
me
Of those attic suppers, and those vanished men!)
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As "the Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of "the Bells of Shandon"
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devises,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar;
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes
In the quiet cloister of Temple Bar;
So, where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the "Bells of Shandon"
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

This shorter, but equally fine poem appeared in Tom Hood's *Fun*, in the issue dated June 9, 1866:

FATHER PROUT.

Sad recollection
Of old affection
The music hushes
Of Shandon bells,
When, slowly knelling,
His death they're telling,
Who flung around them
Such magic spells.
Ehau, fugaces?
The scholar's graces,
And void thy place is
Oh, Prout, of thee.
Death lays his hand on
The bard of Shandon—
Dark grow the waters
Of the River Lee!

*O chère étoile
Que de son voile
La nuit dérobe
A nous—trop tot.*
O kara philon,
Thy grave we spill on
This sad libation
Of tears, that flow,
When richest learning,
And wit clear-burning,
And keen discerning,
For ever flee!
Ye bells of Shandon
All joy abandon!
Be hushed, ye waters
Of the River Lee!

Art, Music and Literature.

—Verdi is writing a new opera.

—The National Gallery in London, paid \$45,000 for Leonardo da Vinci's "*Vierg aux Rochers*."

—A sixteen-year-old student, named Spinelli, of the College of Music, Naples, has produced in the theatre of the institution an operetta, entitled "I Guanti Gialli."

—A series of grand choral concerts are announced to be given at the Permanent Exhibition Hall, Philadelphia. Prof. J. W. Jost has been engaged to organize and conduct the chorus.

—The Harvard Musical Association will give its regular series of Symphony Concerts next season, on Thursday afternoons, at the Boston Museum. Mr. Carl Zerrahn will conduct.

—Prof. Lyons's "Household Library of Catholic Poets" will soon appear. The "proof" edition of this volume, price five dollars, will contain portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly.

—Remenyi recently broke, successively, three strings of his violin, and then the bridge of his instrument, while preparing to play a solo in St. Louis. The ill luck so demoralized him that he declined to continue the concert, and the money was refunded to the audience.

—We find the following item about the celebrated Roman artist Gregori in a late number of the *Chicago Tribune*:

"Prof. Gregori will remain in the city to finish three portraits now on the easel, which will take until the 1st of June, after which he will do the figure-work in the new church at Winnetka, Ill., which will occupy about two months. He then goes to Notre Dame, Ind., to ornament the new college building at that place."

—A musical festival on a grand scale will be given at Lake Marnacook, Maine, in June next, under the direction of A. L. Torrens and the Germania Orchestra of Boston. The chorus will consist of 1,000 voices, selected from the choral societies throughout the State. The proposed band tournament, in which 100 State bands will participate at this popular resort, will take place on July 11th. Brown's Brigade Band of Boston has been secured by the Messrs. Colby for the season.

—Catholics have never been anxious to claim James

Gordon Bennett, Sr. He was an Ishmaelite, whose hand was against everything that bore the mark of virtue; yet, he was bred a Catholic, and died in the faith, and what little religion his son is blessed with is Catholic. But we may mention with just pride that elegant writer, John R. G. Hassard, of the *New York Tribune*, who adorns everything he touches; Mr. Hassard is a Catholic, and has a pew in St. Stephen's Church, which, next to the Cathedral, is the most fashionable Catholic church in New York. Hugh Hastings, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, is also a Catholic. John Gilmory Shea, editor of Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner*, is well known as one of the most learned Catholic men of letters in this country. T. B. Connerly, managing editor of the *New York Herald*, is a Catholic, and ignorant Protestants accuse him of being a Jesuit. All of the newspapers of New York number more or less Catholics on their staff, even the *Times*, so bitter against "papists," employing not a few talented writers who belong to the faith.

—The Rev. Bernard J. O'Reilly, of New York, now in Europe preparing a work on art, writes to the *New York Sun* a very interesting account of the College and Art Schools of the Brera, at Milan. Formerly belonging to the Umiliati, they afterwards passed into the hands of the Jesuits, and on the suppression of that order became an Imperial Academy for Letters and Sciences, second only in rank to the Imperial University of Pavia, the great law-school of Northern Italy. Bonaparte rifled the college of much of its literary treasures in 1797. In 1850 the departments of Letters and Science were transferred to an edifice near the Porta Nuova, and the Brera College is now devoted exclusively to art. As an art school, it is second only to that of Rome, and its Conservatory of Music is the best in Italy. There are 15 schools: 2 of architecture, 2 of painting, 2 of sculpture, 1 of perspective, 1 each of figure, ornamental, anatomical, and landscape drawing, 1 of engraving, 1 of lithography, 1 of art, and one of Lombard history. The teaching staff is composed of 26 professors, with about 1,200 scholars.

Scientific Notes.

—The South Bend Electric Light Company are making arrangements to introduce the electric light in this city. —*South-Bend Tribune*.

—A new system of heating is being introduced into the mills at Hooksett, N. H., consisting of water, which is made hot by the friction of two shafts, one stationary and the other revolving, both being surrounded by water. The water then being forced through pipes about the building, furnishes heat at about one-fourth the cost of coal, it is claimed.

—A case that demands scientific investigation: Robert Neilson is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and is 42 years of age. He came to this country some years ago, and settled in Lansing, Michigan, where he now resides. When a baby his mother was greatly troubled to put him to sleep, even when put under the influence of opiates. As he grew older this strange malady increased, so that sleep is unknown to him for periods of over four months. He retires at night the same as other people, rests well, but never closes his eyes or feels the least bit drowsy. He says: "When I go long periods without sleep, the only peculiar sensation I experience is that everything I look at seems distant and larger than it really is. A short man coming toward me would apparently be very tall. Before going to sleep I never felt different than anyone probably would on going to bed any night. I would dream little dreams, the same as most people do when restless and uneasy. Riding in the cold makes me drowsy, if anything does. In summer time, I can go long periods, and feel tip-top all the time. Last summer I did not sleep for four months, and I worked every day."

—The beverage popularly known as sodawater is so named because it was formerly made of bicarbonate of soda, or baking-soda; and in the East, bicarbonate of soda is still largely employed, the manufacturers claiming that no cheaper ingredient can be furnished that can so well serve

their purpose. It is said the basis of all fermented beverages now manufactured is mostly made from sulphuric acid and ground limestone, and not "marble dust," as is generally supposed. It is ground to the consistency of flour in a powerful steam-mill, and passed through a sieve; the finer it is ground the greater the quantity of gas that will be produced. By the time it is well screened it is almost pure carbonate of lime, and is then poured into an air-tight metallic vessel, denominated a generator, and saturated with sulphuric acid. By the union of gas and lime the sulphate of gypsum is formed, and the carbonic gas is eliminated. Afterward the sulphate of gypsum is blown out of the generator, the gas is passed through the pipes to another vessel, when it is passed through the water, for the purpose of freeing it of the presence of oil of vitriol or any other noxious gas. From the gasometer the gas is passed into portable fountains, containing filtered water; for it is known that water at a low temperature will absorb its own volume of carbonic acid gas, and the colder the water the more gas it will absorb. This is the reason why portable fountains are always kept in cool cellars.

Exchanges.

—We think the editor of the *College Courier* should now be assured of the falsity of the hopes he based on the "authorities" (?) quoted from his paper in our last number. Although the so-called "authorities" are not authorities at all—for the dead *Shepherd of the Valley*, or *The Pilot*, or Brownson, or even Bishop O'Connor, outside of his own diocese, would never be recognized as authorities in the Church, we have good reasons for supposing that the quotations are forgeries, because they are not Catholic—that is, they do not express the sentiments of Catholic doctrine, or usage, or feeling, on the points in dispute. On the contrary, they are the very reverse, in sentiment and in fact, of Catholic belief and usage. Therefore we will feel obliged to the editor of the *Courier*,—and he will clear himself of the opprobrium attached to the forgery, if it be such—if he will locate, for ready reference, each of the alleged quotations. Our authorities—Catholic authorities—are the decrees of General Councils, Papal Bulls and Briefs, and general usage in the Church. As to the alleged quotation from Muscovius, whoever he may be, there can be little question, for Christ Himself said to His Apostles (and their lawful successors, of course), "He that heareth you, heareth Me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." (Luke, x, 16.) Here we see that Muscovius has pretty good authority for the claim that "God's tribunal and the Pope's tribunal are the same"—God Himself having delegated his power to His Vicar. We find similar testimony recorded by St. Luke, xx, 21; St. John, xiv, 16-26, St. Matthew (xviii, 18), "Amen I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." If anything seem to be wanting to the plenipotential power here given the Apostles (and their lawful successors, of course), the power of the keys given to St. Peter, the first Pope, should set the matter at rest: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter [Rock, for his name was not Peter, but Simon] and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (St. Matthew xvi, 18, 19.) These words of our Lord are so clear that we wonder how anyone professing a belief in the revelation of Holy Scripture can mistake their meaning.

"But we must really be excused from following the SCHOLASTIC editor further in his intellectual gyrations. Like an inflated paper balloon, his gaseous utterances seem formidable; but when punctured by a pin they instantly collapse. We were not able to discover what important doctrine is perverted by the insertion in the Protestant version of the Lord's prayer of the clause, 'For thine is the kingdom,' etc."

It is all very well to term our utterances "gaseous,"—

it may answer a purpose, but it does not at all strengthen our opponent's side of the question. He is beginning to lose his equability of temper—a bad sign—but he neither retracts nor supports his original assertions, and this is the matter at issue. He has fallen back on his so-called "histories,"—which contain nothing more than

"A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,"—

and these failing—as of course they must—he pretends indifference,—

"— whistling, as if unconcerned and gay,
Curries his nag, and looks another way."

Meantime the serious charges made against the Catholic Church are anything but made good, and yet he will not retract one iota from those charges. This is not fair. He should do one thing or the other—either give good reason for making those charges, or retract what he cannot reasonably support. He only says, in a tantalizing way:

"The SCHOLASTIC has now slipped back to the statements made in our November number, and seems disposed to wrangle over them the rest of the summer."

We do not propose to wrangle over them the rest of the summer; we mean to drop the discussion with this issue. If he forgets the gravity of those charges—as it seems he does—we will refresh his memory by printing them anew. Here are the principal ones:

"The 'Militant Church,' as we read history, acquired political supremacy by perverting the truths of Christianity, and by incorporating into her system some of the distinctive features of paganism. She 'reared the mighty structure' of her vast political empire, not 'despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors,' but with their aid. Through all her history she has been, as policy dictated, the sovereign mistress or the fawning parasite of royalty. It is true that when kings opposed her ambitious schemes she sought to enlist the sympathies of the people; it is equally true that when the people grew restless under their heavy yoke, tyranny and the papacy made common cause. Treachery, assassination and massacre became sacred when used to advance her ends. She cherished learning while she could make it subject to herself; but when men of letters asserted their freedom she anathematized them. While the people were struggling for civil and religious liberty the Catholic Church was their constant and most relentless foe. She sought to perpetuate her power by suppressing free thought and by keeping the masses in ignorance. In direct proportion to the diffusion of intelligence has been the decline of Catholicism. These we submit as plain facts of history; and if it is true that the 'militant Church can never be at variance with herself,' so much the worse for her claims today: for certainly no religious system could be more at variance with the teachings of him whose 'Kingdom is not of this world.' It is indeed true that Catholicism opposes the various sceptical and materialistic philosophies of the present day; yet these same philosophies owe their influence, we believe, mainly to the necessary reaction of the human mind from the absurd and monstrous tenets and practices of the Church of Rome."

These are the principal charges. Although not a single solid argument has been given in their support they are still left standing—a memorial of unreasonable prejudices; nothing more. "Like an inflated paper balloon . . . gaseous utterances . . . they instantly collapse." Pretty well described; although the description was written for something different, it fits, *volens volens*, admirably well here.

We now come to the Bible. You say you fail to discover what important doctrine is perverted by the insertion in the Lord's Prayer of the Protestant version of the clause, "For thine is the kingdom," etc. No important doctrine that we know of, but if the translators of your Bible can err so materially as to attempt to put words in the mouth of Christ that He never uttered, we should like to know what confidence can be placed in the rest of their work. Couple this with the fact mentioned in the Second Epistle of St. Peter, chapter iii, verse 16, (which you have in your Protestant version): "As also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things: in which are some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as also the other Scriptures, to their own perdition." We suppose the chief of the Apostles knew whereof he was writing when he penned those words, and meant just what he said. If this is not a death-blow to your vaunted privilege of every man, woman and child interpreting Scripture for themselves, we should like to know what it is. Then, again, by what authority do your translators leave out of the Old Testament the books of

Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, and the First and Second Books of Machabees—seven in all? And without them can you say you possess the Holy Scriptures in their entirety? The books of our Bible, as we have it now, were collated in the year 494 after Christ, and even then it was a difficult matter to decide which were the genuine books and which were apocryphal—are you sure that the so-called reformers did better in the 15th century—one thousand years later? St. Jerome, who was a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, and who resided in Palestine when he translated our Vulgate version of the Scriptures, was in doubt about the authenticity of some books, and had to fall back on the Vicar of Christ and the Church for a decision—can you positively assert that Luther and Calvin knew better than he, or better than the Church, what were the genuine books and what apocryphal? It would be a strong assertion to make; and yet you will have it that Almighty God built His Church on the Bible, and not on the rock, Peter! It is a singular fact that the same Council of Rome (composed of 76 Bishops, and presided over by Pope St. Gelasius) which in A. D. 494 fixed the number of the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments as we have them, also placed beyond a doubt the supremacy of the See or Church of Rome, the second place being given to Alexandria, the third to Antioch. Up to that time the Bible had not been compiled into one volume as we have it now; the books of which it is formed existed separately, and besides those with which we are familiar there were a large number of others, rejected by the Council, as heretical or apocryphal. Among the latter were books purporting to be the Acts of St. Thomas, of St. Andrew, of St. Peter, and of St. Philip;—and Gospels of St. Thaddeus, of St. Mathias, of St. Peter, of St. Barnabas, of St. Thomas, of St. Bartholomew, and of St. Andrew. If you reject the authority of that Council of Rome, held A. D. 494, and presided over by a Pope, how do you know but some of the books rejected were genuine, or that some of those accepted are not heretical? If you read the article entitled "The Scholars and the Bible," in the April number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, you will be inclined to believe—nay, you must acknowledge—that the Bible in its literal integrity is unattainable, and must remain so even if all the scholars in Christendom made a life-work of its revision. Is it likely that, with such circumstances possible, Christ would build His Church on the Bible alone,—on a book which for 400 years had a much larger number of spurious books so closely incorporated with it that the most learned biblical scholars of the third, fourth and fifth centuries could not distinguish the spurious from the genuine; on a book which, until the invention of the art of printing in the 14th century—a period of nearly 1500 years—could not be had by the great majority of Christians? No: it is not likely. Besides, there must be judges to expound the truths of the Bible, and a chief judge to guard its integrity. Your doctrine of private interpretation has been a more prolific cause than any other of heresy and infidelity. To it is owing the falling away of your Ingersolls, John Stuart Mills, George Eliots, Carlyles, and Emersons,—some of them infidels, others with only a shadow of belief. They saw above and beyond your casuistry, and would not be restrained, believing all revelation a humbug. And in the face of facts you accuse the Catholic Church of perverting religious truth! St. Peter (2d Epistle, iii, 16) says the Bible contains many things hard to be understood, which the unlearned wrest to their own perdition—you say, No: everybody, ignorant or learned, must expound it for himself. St. Paul says (1 Timothy, ii, 4) God wishes all men to be saved—you say, No: only a certain portion, the elect. God says (Deuteronomy, xxx, 15, 19; Josue, or Joshua, xxiv, 15; Ecclesiastes, xv, 12-15) that He sets before us life and death, blessing and cursing, and wishes us to choose life, thus asserting the doctrine of free will—you say, No: by Adam's fall free will was subverted. St. Paul says (Romans v, 6) that "Christ died for the ungodly"—you say, No: but only for the elect. Christ said, when blessing the bread (Luke, xxii, 19), "This is My Body"—you say, No: but only a figure of His Body—that is, not His Body at all. And so on *ad infinitum*. Now we would like to know who is right—we who take the words in their literal meaning (and it is only natural to suppose Christ said just what He meant), or you who twist and

distort them? In a book written by a Protestant clergyman, Rev. W. A. Johnston, entitled "Vox Populi aut Dei," the author asks and answers a pertinent question. He says:

"What have three hundred years of Protestantism—the abandonment of the Church for the private opinion of the individual—done for the world; and what has been the triumph of 'Gospel teaching' and 'an open Bible'?" It has alienated millions from the Church, and imperilled or destroyed their salvation. It has made Germany infidel, Switzerland Socinian, the British Isles a happy hunting ground for schism and dissent, and has left the home of the Pilgrim Fathers a propaganda for Mormonism, free love and all uncleanness. Where once was peace and unity in the human family, they are 'weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers each struggling to get his head above the others.' It has been the dread Pandora's box, setting free the demons of lust, selfishness and avarice."

Prof. Robert Flint, in an address before the Divinity Class of the University of Edinburgh, speaking of Protestant dissensions in the United States, is quoted as saying:

"Almost all the ecclesiastical divisions of the Old World are perpetuated there, and some new ones have been originated. Sects which have ceased to exist in Germany and Scotland, still live on with considerable vigor in the States. There are ten kinds of Baptists; there are eleven denominations of Methodists; notwithstanding the union of the temporarily separated Old and New School Presbyterians, there are still ten divisions of Presbyterians ununited; there are five Lutheran organizations; a multitude of Congregational churches became Unitarian; and a Reformed Episcopal Church has recently seceded from the Protestant Episcopal Church. One would wish to believe that the divisive process is now ended; but I am not able to find any very strong reason for supposing this to be the case."

No two denominations or sects believing alike, and yet all professing to build upon the Bible! A very strong corroboration of the truth of St. Peter's words (2d Epistle, iii, 16), that the unlearned and unstable wrest the Scriptures to their own perdition. We Catholics accept the Bible, we revere it as the inspired word of God, we read it; and Donoso Cortez said in his address before the Royal Spanish Academy, when received as a member of that body, that the Bible is the "Book of books," and that it was read throughout Spain "every day, every night, and every hour." That was on the 19th of March, 1843; at a time when Spain was twitted with her ignorance of the Bible and of everything else, as she is to-day, and yet the great and learned Marquis of Valdegama—who feared nobody, and in the teeth of the aristocracy inveighed against "an oppressive aristocracy," "tyrannical kings," etc., this learned Catholic takes "The Bible" as the theme of his discourse and pronounces a eulogy of it the like of which, we doubt, has ever escaped the lips or been written by the pen of man. If you wish to know what Catholics think of the Bible, read that celebrated discourse; but do not—you who throw overboard *seven* entire books—twit our Church with corrupting the truths of Christianity and keeping the Bible from her members. Do not say that it remained for Luther, inspite of the Church, to drag the Bible from obscurity and open it to the world. According to some of the silly stories that find place in a certain class of historical (?) works, Luther came to the saving light of faith by finding in the Library of the University of Erfurth a Bible—a book till then unknown, or almost unknown, they say. Even De Aubigné, who puts himself forward as a *historian*, says the same. But Hallam (vol i, p. 96) claims that the Bible was the first book printed—and the art of printing was in operation half a century before Luther's translation of the Bible appeared. Dr. Maitland, a learned English Protestant writer, triumphantly refutes De Aubigné's glaringly absurd assertion, and says ("The Dark Ages," etc., by Rev. S. R. Maitland, D. D., F. R. S., and F. S. A.) that the writings of the middle ages were "made of the Scriptures." He adds (Note, p. 469): "To say nothing of parts of the Bible, . . . we know of at least twenty different editions of the whole Latin Bible printed in Germany only before Luther was born. These had issued from Augsburg, Strasburg, Cologne, Ulm, Mentz (two), Basle (four), Nurenberg (ten); and were dispersed through Germany, I repeat, before Luther was born." He states also that there was a printing press in operation in the very town of Erfurth, where Luther is said to have first seen a Bible, in his twentieth year. "And yet," continues the learned Protestant divine, "more than twenty years

after we find a young man who had received 'a very liberal education,' who 'had made great proficiency in his studies at Magdeburg, Eisenach, and Erfurth,' and who, nevertheless, did not know what a Bible was, simply because [as is asserted in connection with this story] 'the Bible was unknown in those days!'" The eminent Protestant historian Menzel (*History of Germany*, vol. ii, p. 223) expressly says that "before the time of Luther the Bible had already been translated and printed in both High and Low Dutch"; and Seckendorf, the biographer, and a great admirer of Luther, states ("Commentaries on Lutheranism," Book 1, sec. 51) that *three* distinct editions of the Bible, translated into German, were published at Wittenberg, in 1470, 1483, and 1490; one, thirteen years before Luther was born, another in the year of his birth, and a third seven years afterwards. Luther twenty years old, two years at the University, and had not seen a Bible! Pshaw! the assertion is simply ridiculous. The third German Catholic version of the Bible (1466) had been republished in Germany at least sixteen times—once at Strasburg, five times at Nuremberg, and ten times at Augsburg—before Luther's version appeared. It has been placed beyond a doubt that no less than twenty editions in all had been printed in Germany alone before Luther's translation appeared, in 1530; and Archbishop Spalding (*History of the Reformation*, vol. i, p. 300) shows that before that time, "there had existed in the different countries of Europe at least twenty-two different Catholic versions, which, during the seventy years intervening between 1460 and 1530, had passed through at least SEVENTY EDITIONS—or one for each year." One of these was Cardinal Ximenes' Polyglot edition in six volumes folio (Alcala, Spain, 1515—ten years before Luther's German translation). In the face of all this, the silly assertion that Catholicism kept the Bible from the people is extremely absurd, worse than puerile. The Bible is our written law. In civil law, besides the *Jus Scriptum* or written law, containing the whole body of statutes or enactments of the legislative power still remaining in force, there is the Common Law, a body of ancient customs or recognized principles of justice, which lawyers call *Jus non Scriptum*, because it was practised first, and put on record afterwards, and is older than any record they have of it, being handed down from generation to generation from time immemorial. The *Jus non Scriptum* is of equal authority with the *Jus Scriptum*; and where the latter is not clear, the former is brought to bear. Now, the Bible is for us Catholics, the *Jus Scriptum*; but besides this, we have our *Jus non Scriptum* or traditional law, which helps to explain, and makes clear, what is doubtful in the written law. You Protestants have no traditional law—in fact, tradition was always bitterly decried by your founders—hence you find the Bible inadequate to your entire religious wants; and hence, as a consequence, have risen doubts and a multiplicity of sects. We, Catholics, have our traditional laws and usages, going back to the days of the Apostles, guarded and expounded by our doctors and Councils under the supervision of the successor of St. Peter as Christ's Vicar, hence we have not the least uncertainty in matters of faith. It is not so with you: you are at the mercy of every wind of belief or unbelief, having cut yourselves off from the Church; and yet, like all the heretics of the primitive ages, you assert and maintain that we have corrupted Christian doctrine! You say we are idolaters, because we have statues and pictures to remind us of Christ and His saints; but we point you to the Bible, where it is recorded that God Himself commanded (Numbers, xxi, 8, 9) Moses to make a brazen serpent and set it up in the wilderness, and (Exodus, xxv, 8-40) where He commands that two cherubims of beaten gold be made;—this, after the command that no graven image be made, "nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth," is explained further on, when He says, "thou shalt not adore them nor serve them." (Exodus, xx, 4, 5). In any other sense the making of images would be prohibited altogether, and sculptors, painters and photographers would break the commandment. Now, we neither adore nor serve sacred images, and pay them no more respect than the editor of the *Courier* does the picture of his father, mother, brother,

sister, or sweetheart,—and, if anyone called him an idolator for kissing their photograph, or keeping their pictures in his room, and decorating them with flowers or drapery, he would resent it as an insult or consider such a person a fool. And yet this is all that our statues and paintings are to us—simply memorials of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints. The editor of the *Courier* accuses the Church of assassination. No charge could be more false. No Pope, Bishop, or priest can under penalty of canon law pronounce sentence of death even against a criminal, and so rigid is this law that no Catholic ecclesiastic is allowed—except in most extraordinary circumstances perhaps—to perform a surgical operation. Therefore when it is stated that criminals were condemned to death, in any circumstances, by an ecclesiastical tribunal, it is a falsehood; no such condemnations have been, are, or can be, uttered by Catholic ecclesiastics, under any circumstances. This is the fact; lying historians may assert what they please to the contrary. Had we space we could show up some of the many unblushing falsehoods in regard to the Inquisition in the middle ages; so glaringly false are they, when the light of truth is thrown upon them, that a conscientious Protestant would blush for shame at the fanatical frenzy that gave them birth. In those days

"— Bigotry, with well dissembled fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,"

would listen to nothing that was reasonable or just. But the bigotry that would believe anything, no matter how horrible, of a Catholic, or of the Church, is fast dying out, as it should. No people in Europe had been oppressed or persecuted like the Jews, and the Catholic Church was always the friend of this persecuted race. We will give some quotations that show the spirit of the Church:

"Neander, the German Protestant historian," says the *London Register*, "of the Church, after describing the persecution which the Jews suffered in the middle of the thirteenth century, says that: 'The most influential men of the Church protested against such un-Christian fanaticism. When the Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, was rousing up the spirit of the nation to embark in the second Crusade, and issued for this purpose, in the year 1146, his letter to the Germans (East Franks), he at the same time warned them against the influence of those enthusiasts who strove to inflame the fanaticism of the people. He declaimed against the false zeal without knowledge, which impelled them to murder the Jews, a people who ought not even to be banished from the country. . . . In particular, it was a ruling principle with the Popes, after the example of their predecessor, Gregory the Great, to protect the Jews in the rights which had been conceded to them. When the banished Popes of the twelfth century returned to Rome, the Jews in their holiday garments went forth with the rest in procession to meet them, bearing before them the *thora*, and Innocent the II, on an occasion of this sort, prayed for them that God would remove the veil from their hearts. Pope Innocent III, in the year 1199, published an ordinance against oppression. 'Much as the unbelief of the Jews is to be censured,' he wrote, 'yet, inasmuch as the Christian faith is really conformed by them, they must suffer no hard oppression from the faithful.' He appeals here to the example of his predecessors, which he followed. 'No one should compel them by force to submit to baptism; but in case a Jew makes it known that of his own free will he has become a Christian, then, no hindrance whatsoever shall be thrown in his way to prevent him from receiving baptism; for he who comes to the ordinance of Christian baptism through constraint cannot be a true believer. No one should molest them in possession of their property, or in the observance of their customs. In the celebration of their festivals they should not be disturbed by tumultuary proceedings.' (Epist. Lib. ii, Ep. 302). . . . When the Jews in France, in the year 1236, saw themselves abandoned to the ferocious cruelty of the Crusaders, they, too, applied for help to the Pope, then Gregory the Ninth. He, in consequence sent a letter to France, expressing in the most emphatic language his indignation at such barbarity. . . . 'They did not consider,' writes the Pope, 'that while Christ excludes no nation and no race from the salvation which He came to bring to all mankind, still, as everything depends on the inward operation of Divine Grace, no man should be forced to receive baptism; for, as man fell by his own free will, yielding to the temptation to sin, so, with his own free will he must follow the call of Divine Grace in order to be recovered from his fall.' (Raynaldi, *Annales ad ann. 1236*, § 48.) Pope Innocent the Fourth, to whom the Jews of Germany complained, on account of the oppressions and persecutions they had to suffer from secular and spiritual lords, issued a Brief in 1278 for their protection," etc. (*History of the Church*, Bohn's Ed., Vol. VII., pp. 99-104). To this testimony of the German Protestant may be added that of the Anglican Dean Milman.

He says:—"Of all European Sovereigns, the Popes, with some exceptions, have pursued the most humane policy towards the Jews. In Italy, and even in Rome, they have been more rarely molested than in other countries. They have long inhabited in Rome a separate quarter of the city; but this might have been originally a measure at least as much of kindness as contempt—a remedy against insult, rather than an exclusion from society" (History of the Jews, Vol. III, p. 300. London, 1829). And the not less impartial, and more philosophic historian, Hallam says that the Jews were "protected by the laws of the church, as well as, in general, by temporal princes" (*Middle Ages*, Vol. II, p. 452)."

Dr. Honinghaus, a convert from Protestantism in Germany, wrote a book* in which he quotes *eighteen hundred and eighty-seven Protestant authorities* against Protestantism and in favor—directly or indirectly—of the Catholic Church. We might quote many pointed extracts, but space does not permit, and we will take but four short ones. "In scarcely a single instance," says the Rev. Mr. Nightingale, author of the "Religions of all Nations" (page 65), *has a cause concerning them [Catholics] been fairly stated, or has the channels of history not been grossly, not to say wickedly, corrupted.*" And Dr. Whitaker, in his vindication of Mary, acknowledges,—"Forgerly, I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." One more quotation and we are done. This time it is the Hon. Wm. Cobbett, also a Protestant, who writes, in his "History of the Reformation" (Sec. 203-205), as quoted by Dr. Honinghaus:

"Two true religions, two true creeds differing from each other, present us with an impossibility; what, then, are we to think of twenty or forty creeds, each differing from the rest? What is the natural effect of men seeing constantly before their eyes a score or two of sects, all calling themselves Christians, all tolerated by the law, and each openly declaring that all the rest are false? The natural, the necessary effect is, that many men will believe that none of them have the truth on their side; and, of course, that the thing is false altogether, and invented solely for the benefit of those who dispute about it. . . .

"Whether the Catholic be the true religion or not, we have not now to inquire; but while its long continuance, and in so many nations too, was a strong presumptive proof of its good moral effects upon the people, the disagreement among the Protestants was, and is, a presumptive proof, not less strong, of its truth. If there be forty persons who and whose fathers, up to this day, have entertained a certain belief; and if thirty-nine of these persons say, at last, that this belief is erroneous, we may naturally enough suppose, or at least we may think it possible, that the truth, so long hidden, is, though late, come to light. But if the thirty nine begin—aye, and instantly begin—to entertain, instead of the one old belief, thirty-nine new beliefs, each differing from all the other thirty-eight, must we not, in common justice, decide that the old belief must have been the true one? What! shall we hear the thirty-nine protestors against the ancient faith, each protesting against all the other thirty-eight, and yet believe that their joint protest was just? Thirty-eight of them must now be in error; this must be: and are we still to believe in the correctness of their former decision, and that, too, relating to the same identical matter? Thus the argument would stand on the supposition that thirty-nine parts out of forty of all Christendom had protested; but there were not, and there are not even to this day, two parts out of fifty. So that here we have thirty-nine persons breaking off from about two thousand, protesting against the faith which the whole of their fathers had held; we have each of these thirty-nine protesting that all the other thirty-eight have protested upon false grounds; and yet we are to believe that their joint protest against the faith of the two thousand, who are backed by all antiquity, was wise and just! Is this the way in which we decide in other cases?"

Thus argues the Hon. William Cobbett, a man who lived and died a Protestant. What does the editor of the *College Courier* think now of Catholic intolerance and the perversion of Christian truth by the Catholic Church? We have heretofore shown his error in asserting that the Church was the enemy of civil and religious liberty, and also the falsity of the charge of assassination coupled with the St. Bartholomew massacre; we here proved the falsity of the charge that the Church had perverted the truths of Christianity, and we now leave him to his meditations.

* "Das Resultat meiner Wanderungen durch das Gebiet der Protestantischen Literatur: oder, die Nothwendigkeit der Rückkehr zur Katholischen Kirche, ausschliesslich durch die eigenen Eingesandnisse Protestantischer Theologen und Philosophen, dargethan. Von Dr. Julius V. Höninghaus. Asschaffenburg: 1837."

College Gossip.

—"If anyone attempts to pull my ears," said Joe Cook, "he will have his hands full." The audience looked at the great defamer's ears and snickered.—*Brown's Phonog. Monthly.*

—Arthur Foster and his twin-brother, Luther, theological students at Phillip's Academy, in Lawrence, Mass., tried to burglarize the residence of Abiel Wilson. Arthur Foster was shot dead.

—A medical student declares that the sudden death of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was calculated to awe Topsy.—*Brown's Phonographic Monthly.* That is horrid, Mr. Browne, your *Monthly* should hereafter be called *Brown's Phon. Monthly*, for the sake of brevity and propriety.

—The following is a summary of facts regarding the religious belief of students at Harvard College and law school: Number of students, 972. Episcopalians, 275; Unitarians, 214; Orthodox Congregationalists, 173; Baptists, 42; Roman Catholics, 33; Presbyterians, 27; Agnostics, 26; Swedenborgians, 20; Universalists, 18; Methodists, 16; Hebrews, 10; Atheists, 7; Christians, 2; Dutch Reformer, 2; Chinese, 1; Non-Sectarians, 97. Not seen, 6.

—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes, he is an idiot; if he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion; if he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public, he does it to gratify spite, is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a black-guard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.—*Bx.*

—Hear the bran new patent gong—

Brazen gong!

A goodly ten demerits vibrating through its song!

In the early morning hour,

How it gloats in usurped power,

O'er the wight,

Standing listless on the stair,

Seeing still the ball-room glare

Of yesternight,

As with demoniac glee,

The ugly gong

Pileth on the agony

Of ding, ding, dong!

Of ding dong, ding dong,

Dong, dong, dong, dong,

Of the wheezing and the sneezing ding-a-dong!

—C. C. N. Y. F. Press.

No ball-room glare in ours, at Notre Dame.

—The New York *Times* is to be congratulated that its editorial board boasts at least one member who understands the true purpose of colleges, as was evidenced by an article which appeared in the columns of that paper soon after Prof. Carter's election to the Presidency of Williams. The other great New York dailies, with the exception of the *Tribune*, seem to regard the main interest of college life as centered in athletic sports, and devote column after column to reports of these, with an apparent utter forgetfulness of the possible educational aim of such institutions. In fact, "college" is rarely to be found mentioned, unless coupled with some ball match or boat race, and woe to the one that can boast no "records." Oblivion is its sentence, is the judgment of a certain class—unless, by good fortune, it manages to pick a quarrel with its faculty, or conduct a little scientific hazing; in which case the editors of these journals, as in duty bound, join in wringing their hands over the total depravity of student life in general, and start a hue-and-cry against this college in particular, even going so far as to question the advantage of its continuance—as was done at the time of the trouble at Princeton—seemingly absolutely unaware that the cultivation of this extreme spirit for athletics, which they so much encourage, is utterly opposed to true educational ideas, and is, in the end, far more detrimental to the individual college than these occasional outbreaks over which they become so exercised.—*Williams Athenæum.*

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 14, 1881.

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—It is announced that the editor of a paper called the *American*, published in Philadelphia, Pa., has offered cash prizes to the amount of \$1,500 for the best editorials, the best special essays, and the best poems, written by college students and college graduates. There are two sets of prizes—twenty-one in all—one set for college students, the other for graduates. The topics are not limited, and such articles as fail in the competition for the prizes, but contain intrinsic merit, will be accepted for publication and paid for at the regular rates. The judges of the editorials and essays will be, Noah Brooks, of the *New York Times*; Walter Allen, of the *Boston Advertiser*; and M. P. Handy, of the *Philadelphia Press*. The names of the judges of poems have not yet been announced. Every American college student, or graduate, is invited to compete for the prizes. Full particulars will be given by addressing (with stamp) W. R. Balch, managing editor of the *American*, Box 1690, Philadelphia, Pa.

—It is not customary to eulogize a man while living, but we have taken it into our head to say something of Dr. John Cassidy, a graduate of this institution and of the Medical department of the University of Michigan. Dr. Cassidy now lives in our neighboring city, South Bend, where he has a good practice, and is also visiting physician at the University here and at St. Mary's. A few years ago, a student—the son of a physician in an adjoining State—was so ill in the infirmary that there was but little hope of his recovery. His father came and stopped with him, but a sudden serious change taking place he found

himself unable to do anything to relieve him. Dr. Cassidy happening to come in shortly afterward, prescribed something for him that astonished the father, who thought it dangerous; but it had such a speedy and happy effect, that in speaking of Dr. Cassidy afterward to a friend he seemed at a loss for words in his praise. He said emphatically he had no need of book study, for, he added, "He has it all here," touching his forehead. This and another instance—which also happened a few years ago—in which some eminent physicians in Chicago had been called for consultation, redounds so much to the honor of Dr. Cassidy that we thought it but just to give him credit for his acknowledged medical skill. In the latter case the chief of the Chicago physicians—and one of considerable note in that city—deferred to Dr. Cassidy's judgment and advised that the patient be placed under his sole charge. We knew the Doctor's old class-mates and fellow-students would be glad to hear of these things, if they have not already heard them, and so concluded to give them. Notre Dame has had many students who do both herself and Michigan University honor (their studies were completed in the latter famous institution, *Materia Medica* only being taught here, for want of a dissecting-room). Among the last may be mentioned Dr. Oldshue, of Pittsburgh; Dr. John Carlin, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Iron Cross for his services to both the French and Prussian armies in the late war; Dr. Lundy, of Detroit; Dr. MacAlister, of Louisville, Ky.; Dr. Euans, of Illinois; Dr. Skilling, of Philadelphia, and others.

—More than once have we called the attention of our fellow-students to the necessity and propriety,—nay, the duty—of their taking part in the singing during Divine Service and the other ecclesiastical offices in which hymns and other chants are employed. That attention has been given our remarks on the subject is manifest from the remarkably excellent singing by the majority of the students at Mass and Vespers on Sundays and holydays of obligation. That we are not the only college paper deeming it a duty to impress upon students the importance of this form of religious worship, is evident from the frequent recurrence made to it by many of our college exchanges. As this, the highest form of prayer, is made use of more frequently during the beautiful month of May than any other month of the ecclesiastical year, we think it not out of place to say a few more, final words, on the same subject, and on music in general.

The origin of this "divine art" on earth, can be traced to the Garden of Paradise. Our first parents were, no doubt, accustomed, in their original innocence, to sing the praises of their Creator, the many-colored and bright-plumed birds of Paradise warbling an accompaniment. We know full well that from the very earliest times, singing was a characteristic feature of divine worship. The Sacred Scriptures, speaking of Jubal, the seventh descendant of Adam, says: "He was the father of them that played upon the harp and organ"; from which we may infer that he gained celebrity by being a skilful musician; and it also shows that he was the first who followed music as a profession. Many Scriptural passages bearing on the same subject might be adduced to show the general knowledge of the art in primitive times, and its high position in religious worship: but we deem them unnecessary. Where

can we find more tender sentiments of true piety than those found in the psalms of the holy King David? In olden times the people were allowed to sing these psalms in private; but the ministers of the Lord were appointed to sing them at least twice every day with instrumental accompaniment. Trumpets were reserved exclusively for the priests, while the Levites and inferior clergy were supplied with a variety of other instruments, invented by David, to support and accompany the voices.

Ireland has often, and not without reason, been styled the "Land of Song." True it is that other nations, Germany especially, can point with pride to many shining lights in this branch of the fine arts; but long before the period to which other nations can trace their civilization, Ireland seems to have cultivated music with a singular devotion, and rewarded its professors with princely ranks and hereditary fortunes. When Ireland became Christianized, her passionate fondness for music suffered no diminution in its intensity, but became more lofty, holier, and more majestic. In the age which ensued, sacred music received great attention from the Irish Church. Bishops and abbots were wont to unbend their minds to the tones of the harp; and ecclesiastical chant was among the preparatory studies of candidates for the sacred ministry. Profane music, when totally neglected by the rest of Europe, found an asylum in Ireland, and in no country could the kindred professions of poetry and music claim such numbers, wealth, or dignity. Such was the condition of music in Ireland when the English first landed on her shores. They at once acknowledged its superior excellence, and after a short time, were, it appears, so fascinated by its spell, that interest and the security of life itself were sacrificed to its enjoyment. The English at once wished to have an Irish harper. Henry VI employed stringent measures to prevent the "dangerous intercourse"; going so far as to order his marshal in Ireland to imprison all the harpers. Queen Elizabeth employed measures still more severe, and sanguinary. She gave orders to burn the harpers' instruments, and then ordered the harpers to be executed. But these violent measures did not destroy the sweet melodies of Erin; they continued to maintain their celebrity in spite of the edicts of monarchs and the decrees of Parliament.

The Catholic Church has been at all times the zealous patroness of the arts and sciences. To the ingenuity of her ecclesiastics we owe the germ and fundamental principle of music. But it is not for the mere purpose of promoting the art, or of diffusing civilization, that the Church employs music in her religious observances. She always employs that which she, in her wisdom, deems the best, highest, and most holy. Hence it is that during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, or on any solemn occasion, many of the prayers are solemnly sung to the accompaniment of the majestic organ. The psalms sung at Vespers are indeed grand. Speaking of their excellency, Hooker says:

"The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the psalms do both more briefly contain, and more movingly also express, by reason of that poetical form wherewith they are written. The ancients when they spoke of the Book of Psalms, used to fall into large discourses, showing how this part above the rest doth of purpose set forth and celebrate all the considerations and operations which belong to God; it magnifieth the holy meditations and actions of divine men: it is of things heavenly, an universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof

an habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels, both for receipt and for delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection. What is there necessary for man to know which the psalms are not able to teach? They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of Grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident unto the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not in this treasure-house a present comfortable remedy, at all times ready to be found. Hereof it is, that we covet to make the psalms especially familiar unto all. This is the very cause why we iterate the psalms oftener than any other part of Scripture besides; the cause wherefore we inure the people together with their minister, and not the minister alone, to read them as other parts of Scripture he doeth."

And Donne, comparing them to manna, says:

"As manna tasted to every man like that he liked best, so do the psalms minister instruction and satisfaction to every man, in every emergency and occasion. David was not only a clear prophet of Christ Himself, but a prophet of every particular Christian; he foretells what I, what any shall do, and suffer, and say. And as the whole Book of Psalms is (as the spouse speaks of the name of Christ) an ointment poured out upon all sorts of sores, a cerecloth that supplies all bruises, a balm that searches all wounds; so are there some certain psalms that are imperial psalms, that command over all affections, and spread themselves over all occasions, Catholic, universal psalms, that apply themselves to all necessities."

With what attention, reverence, and devotion, then, should we raise our voices when singing the praises of the Creator, so beautifully expressed in the psalms? No less should be our attention when—as we now do every evening, we sing some beautiful hymn in honor of her whom we have been taught from infancy to call the Queen of Heaven. There are, perhaps, no hymns more beautiful or sublime than those which the Church employs in singing the praises of her whom God chose to be His Mother. Here at Notre Dame, we, in compliance with the desire of the Church, sing the ancient Gregorian chant, which is grave, majestic, and well calculated to inspire the purest sentiments of religion. Being sung in unison, the words of praise are distinctly conveyed to the understanding, thereby obtaining the rational end of all sacred music.

Let all, then, during this month, make renewed efforts to render the singing in church in the most devotional and effective manner possible.

—[Some time ago we announced that these columns were open to all subscribers, for the discussion or presentation of their views on any subject pertaining to collegiate affairs. We, therefore, this week give place to the following communication handed us for publication:]

We have always taken much more pleasure in dilating on the many good qualities of the students of Notre Dame than in calling attention to the comparatively small number of faults. We, therefore, may hope to be excused for censuring, in a friendly way, in the present number of the SCHOLASTIC the spirit which seems to be rapidly spread-

ing among the different departments, and which everyone, who is anxious to see the proper standard of manliness and self-respect kept up among the students, would like to see disappear. We allude to the constant hankering after extra privileges shown by a numerous and rapidly increasing class. When the privilege solicited is in the form of a petition to delay the hour of retiring, and thus increase the number of working hours in the study-hall, everyone is well pleased to see it granted; but, unfortunately, we have reason to know that for one petition of this nature submitted to the College authorities there are at least a dozen, which, if we were asked our opinion, we would be obliged to condemn as selfish, unmanly and contemptible.

Among the many favors which, in our judgment, are asked for, and, by some means or other, obtained much too frequently, we will content ourselves for the present with mentioning extra lunches. No matter how trivial the occasion, or silly the pretext, it is becoming customary of late to ask for, or rather to expect, an extra lunch. If the privilege is once granted, it immediately becomes an established custom to be demanded as a right on all subsequent occasions of a like nature. No one would be very much surprised to see this spirit manifested by Minims, but we acknowledge that our sense of propriety is seriously shocked when we see it shared by well-grown Juniors, and even Seniors, who twist alleged mustaches with unremitting assiduity.

The University of Notre Dame does more, and puts itself to greater trouble and expense, to please and accommodate its students, than any other institution of which we have any knowledge. Hence, out of pure indulgence, the authorities have allowed the extra-lunching system to creep in. But if things keep on in the direction which they have taken of late, there must inevitably come a time when it will have become a nuisance too great to be patiently tolerated. And if we judge the system by the selfish, childish spirit to which, in our opinion, it is calculated to lead, all right-minded students, we know, will agree with us in saying: It was none too soon to put an end to it. When the only avenue to a boy's head or heart seems to lie through his stomach, or, in other words, when boys must be coaxed by extra lunches to see their own interests, or expect extra lunches whenever they imagine that they have conferred a favor or done a service, however trifling, it is high time to create a healthier opinion. If any illustrations of what a nuisance this hankering after extra lunches is rapidly becoming are needed, they can be very readily supplied. No one need be told that it is an honor as well as an advantage to any society to be allowed to give a public entertainment. Besides allowing the different associations—literary and dramatic—this privilege, the College authorities have from time immemorial treated the society giving the entertainment to a lunch, which not unfrequently assumes the proportions of a banquet. So far, no one has any fault to find, and we, as connected with a society, would be the last one to object; but when members of many other organizations besides the obliging youths who have helped to carry in music-stands, or dust the seats in the hall, transform themselves into an army of camp-followers and insist on sharing the spoils—to use their own elegant phraseology,—we can easily understand that the stage-manager is placed in a very unpleasant predicament. And yet, he is subjected to this annoyance as often as an entertainment, public or private, is given. With the baseball clubs it is substantially the same story. The players ap-

parently find it impossible to amuse themselves with game, unless some good Samaritan holds out the alluring prospect of an extra lunch at the end of the nine innings. This is pushing things far enough, we should imagine; but when, not yet satisfied, the devotees of the game coolly petition to have the regular order of college exercises changed on the following morning, we must acknowledge that we think their passion for privileges is running away with their judgment and discretion. Vocal lessons at Notre Dame are free of charge, yet many of our vocalists, if they have merely joined in a five-minute chorus, pretend to think themselves ill-used if an extra lunch is not, as soon as possible, set before them. Where is all this to end? and who cannot see that the excessive hankering after this particular form of privilege is likely to become a nuisance which every reasonable man would be anxious to see abated? We use strong language perhaps, not because we are anxious to see any of the privileges enjoyed by the students cut off, but because we do not wish the outside world to form the impression that the granting of a feast is the only recognition of merit which students can appreciate, or that they cannot enter with the proper spirit into any exercise of which a lunch is not the most prominent feature.

Another objection which we have to urge against the undue prominence into which lunches are forcing themselves, is, that they seem to prevent anything like public spirit from showing itself, or making itself felt. We have at present, and for many years past have had, at Notre Dame many excellent societies of every kind—religious, literary, dramatic, scientific, etc.,—besides boat-clubs, military companies, baseball nines, football teams, and other organizations too numerous to mention. Which of these societies of past years has left behind it a single memorial of its existence? We look over the grounds, but see not a single tree planted, not a single monument, however unpretending, erected; we go through the buildings, but discover not a solitary offering in the chapel, not a solitary picture added to the society-rooms—if we except the groups which the President of the Cecilians annually hangs up (at his own expense, if we are not misinformed). All these societies have had funds, and some of them quite handsome sums; but the balance in the treasury at the close of the scholastic year was invariably devoted to a banquet—a big blow-out, as it was termed; and after a few hours of feasting, the society disbanded, and prepared to go down to posterity “unwept, unhonored, and unsung.” One of our most prosperous organizations, from a financial standpoint, has always been the Boat Club. Yet the boat-house is every year becoming a greater eye-sore; the boats can scarcely stand the strain of an hour's pulling without taking in water enough to swamp them. And what does the Club do to mend matters? It may, perhaps, invest a few dollars in purchasing oars or tar, but at least nine-tenths of the money collected has invariably been sunk in a feast or picnic, during the month of June. Will the Club have the same story to tell this year? We trust not; but history has been so constantly repeating itself on this point of late years, that we cannot bring ourselves to hope for much improvement.

We look to the religious associations for something better, and we find the same picture presented to our view. Both confraternities have a large membership at present, and have had the same for many years. We trust, or rather we know, that they have done their mission of good among the students. But what mark of zeal have their

members, during the last forty years, left behind them by which they might be remembered? It was rumored some weeks ago that a new departure was about to be inaugurated, and that an oyster lunch on the 8th of December would henceforth not be the only evidence of life amongst the sodalities. They were to present a lamp to the new college-chapel of St. Thomas, which would go down to future generations of sodalists as a monument of their zeal, and a standing exhortation to them to "go and do likewise." A few evenings ago, we happened to attend a meeting of one of the Confraternities, and the treasurer's report announced a grand total of one whole dollar collected for this purpose. We do not know what the other Confraternity is doing in this matter, but are apprehensive that its exertions will lead to results no more satisfactory. And yet, were the Directors of these two societies merely to whisper the word, "Banquet," or "Picnic," the necessary funds would, we are convinced, be subscribed on very short notice.

But we have said enough, or perhaps too much, already on this point. We repeat that we are not opposed to lunches, banquets, picnics, etc., and we are well pleased that the students in general, and the societies in particular, should occasionally allow themselves such little celebrations; but we do strongly condemn the spirit, or rather lack of spirit, to which the constant hankering after this particular form of privilege has, in our opinion, given rise; and we hate to see ourselves forced to think that feasting is the only evidence of life which our different organizations are willing to give.

Personal.

- A Rock, '80, is keeping books for a firm in Lincoln, Ill.
- Mr. George McNulty, '72, is practicing law at Alton, Ill.
- D. Coddington, '79, is in the grain business at Lincoln, Ill.
- T. O'Neill, '71, is doing a thriving hotel business at Chicago, Ill.
- F. Groenewald, '80, is in business with his father at Toledo, Ohio.
- F. Scheid, '80, is attending to his father's manufacturing interest in Chicago.
- John Simms (Prep.), '79, is working on his father's farm near Springfield, Ky.
- Sebastian Wise, '72, is head book-keeper in a wholesale establishment, Alton, Ill.
- Mr. George Burbridge, '74, was elected alderman at the late election in the city of Alton, Ill.
- Captains E. Stretch and C. Roach, the former of '65, and the latter of '68, are two of the best seamen on the lakes.
- Very Rev. Killian C. Flash ('53), of Milwaukee, was recently appointed Bishop of La Crosse, Wis., by Pope Leo XIII.
- J. Seeger (Prep.), '79, is attending St. Joe's College, at Cleedsville, Minn. He intends returning to Notre Dame next September.
- A. Hellebusche ('79), of Cincinnati, tells us that he has joined the gymnasium and is steadily decreasing the area of his abdominal surface.
- E. Litmer (Prep.), '79, is attending school at Dayton, Ohio. In a letter to one of the students, he wishes to be remembered to all his old friends.
- Roger Semmes ('79), Canton, Miss., is spending a few days here with his friends. Roger is on his way to Minnesota, to spend the summer months in the cool region of the North.
- Harvey C. Bouton, '69, is the able editor of *The Farmer and Fruit Grower*, a weekly journal of agriculture, horticulture, markets, news, etc., published at Anna, Union Co., Ill.
- Rev. Father Krühl, '64, called at our sanctum, Tues-

day afternoon. Father Krühl intends spending a few weeks at the scenes of his happy boyhood's hours. Ever welcome to our sanctum, Father.

—We learn from the *New Orleans Democrat*, of the 8th inst., that the degree of bachelor of laws was conferred on A. J. Hertzog, A. B., ('76) at the Commencement Exercises of the University of Louisiana, on the 9th inst. We congratulate Ambrose, and wish him the best success through life.

—The *Dayton Weekly Journal* (May 3d) contains the following in regard to Eddie Ohmer ('72), of Fargo, Dakota Territory:

"When E. G. Ohmer first branched out in the furniture business in Fargo, it was predicted a success, but the realization exceeds all anticipations; and it has been left for Mr. Ohmer to introduce and sell a line of furniture finer in quality, finish, style, and higher priced goods than have ever been sold in any city—i. e., in quantity—west of Chicago, except Denver, Colorado. Everybody here knows him as "Ed," and he is too full of business to even accept aldermanic honors. If he had consented to run, his election would have been unanimously certain. He is to build the largest store room this summer ever built in the territory, which he will occupy for his furniture establishment. It is to be 50 by 100 feet, two stories high, and built of brick—or else venerated.

Local Items.

- Soirée* to-night.
- "Stonewall" is convalescent.
- Grand weather for vegetation.
- "J. Willie" has become a bicyclist.
- Philopatrians next Tuesday evening.
- Bro. Thomas "set 'em up" last Sunday.
- Will that organ ever be repaired, Professor?
- President Corby was in Chicago Monday last.
- Even the students of mathematics cipher vacation.
- Guy Woodson will soon be able to resume his studies.
- Vice-President Walsh lectured in South Bend Sunday evening.
- Rettig has joined the Bicycle Club of the Senior department.
- A boy's temper is like an egg—it is not good until it is broken.
- The trees have put forth their leaves—their spring garments.
- "I know it's not right; but these new shoes do hurt my feet so!"
- D. C. avers that the "Library affair" was a bad one on "J. Willie."
- Few society meetings now in consequence of the May devotions.
- Judge not from appearances. Pale-looking butter is often very strong.
- Ask Prof. Lyons when the first number of the *New Era* will be ready.
- Ask "Stonewall" to give you the history of the "Gunpowder Plot."
- Never argue with a buzz-saw or a hornet. They are liable to get the best of you.
- Master Jas. Devitt has the thanks of the Junior department for a new football.
- The thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade, at 1.30 p. m. Sunday afternoon.
- A *soirée* will take place this evening, at which we hope to hear music from the Junior Orchestra.
- "If somebody will please tell me what I have to be thankful for, I'll hire a hall."—*Our Friend John*.
- To-morrow, 4th Sunday after Easter, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor not Bishop.
- Experience is a dear teacher; consequently, you should let others take lessons of her, and watch the result.
- When one of our sportsmen returns from a day's hunt, you can "see his little game" by looking in the pouch.

—"Not Yet!" is the title of an alleged poem sent us for publication. We can't print such stuff—at least, "Not Yet!"

—"Which of those two professors do you like best, John?" "Well, when I'm with either of them, I like the other best."

—"J. Willie" has procured several scalpels, preparatory to engaging in dissecting the game which "Pete" may bring down.

—Messrs. Clarke, Arnold, Sugg and Bloom were in Chicago last Wednesday, delegates to the Convention of Catholic young men.

—Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, assisted by Bro. Raymond, is making Mount St. Vincent one of the most beautiful places at Notre Dame.

—Military tactics *a la* Rohrback will be strikingly exhibited by the only and true "Awkward Squad" at Tuesday evening's Entertainment.

—A forty-dollar coat doesn't make one cent's worth of difference with a man's manners or disposition, even though it does give him a good appearance.

—Those who have never had an opportunity of seeing the printer's "devil" will, if they watch closely, catch a glimpse of his majesty Tuesday evening.

—We are informed that "Charley Ross" has written an excellent composition on politeness. Hope he may condescend to give it to us for publication.

—Masters Rhodius and Brown were the servers at the Solemn High Mass on last Sunday; C. C. Echlin, leader; and H. Metz and C. Campau, light-bearers.

—Boys, don't walk on the grassy borders of the walks; otherwise people will begin to think your pedal extremities are too large for the ordinary path. Fact!

—The 6th Annual Entertainment by the St. Stanislaus Philopatians will be given Tuesday evening, May 17th. The exercises will be literary, musical, and dramatic.

—There are just fifty Minims, and now the banquet which Very Rev. Father General promised that department when it could count fifty members, is anxiously awaited.

—Master W. Cleary informs us that he has lost his prayer-book. The finder will confer a favor on W. C. by returning it immediately, as the young gentleman says he misses it very much.

—"Geawge" says, with regard to that "fat-boy monopoly," that *he* denies the allegation and defies the *alligator*. We refer him to Phelan Hall, where his amphibious majesty is on exhibition.

—"D., you practice piano thoroughly?" we asked one of our students of music. "Should think I did!" he replied; the instrument has to be tuned three times every two weeks—that's how I practice."

—Our friend John was formally introduced to the "old reliable" last week. John now hopes that the acquaintance may cease, as he desires to have no further intercourse with the "old" gentleman.

—Messrs. N. Ewing, E. Orrick, and R. Fleming were awarded perfect bulletins for the month of April. Master E. Fischel had the 2d best; W. Mahon, C. Rose, and C. McDermott, third best *ex æquo*.

—A Minister in Greenfield, Mass., who married an elderly couple the other day, was paid his fee in dried apples! The wedding was a swell affair.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

Rather a pie-ous donation, wasn't it?

—Bro. Charles, Prefect of the Academy of Music, has been unwell for some time past. His absence from the Academy is much regretted by all. It is hoped that he may soon be able to resume its supervision.

—It is not the people who are "born Christians" whom we love best, or who make the best citizens. Christianity, to be healthy, and appreciated by its possessor, should be acquired, like wealth, or any other blessing.

—On the afternoon of the 8th inst, a game of baseball came off between a picked nine of the Junior department and the "Cnissidoctotes" of the Senior department, resulting in an easy victory for the former, by a score of 19 to 7.

—The rumor that Geoffrey, Senior department, had drawn 500 cigars at "Polack's Donation" was untrue. Mr. Geoffrey says that the announcement to that effect in last week's SCHOLASTIC was the first intimation he received of the affair.

—Masters G. E. Tourtillotte, D. G. Taylor, D. G. O' Connor, W. Berthelet, H. A. Snee, D. L. McCauley, H. Metz, J. H. Dwenger, P. J. Yrisarri, J. E. Chavis, J. Murphy and L. Young deserve special mention for improvement in penmanship.

—The Philopatians intend giving all an idea of the trials of an editor, next Tuesday evening. Hope that it may exert a mollifying influence over some of our friends. Hard as the Philopatians will show the editor's life to be, they but give a side-show view of its reality.

—And now the "Frog Opera" may be heard in this vicinity every night. The "Opera" generally lasts from three to five hours. Who says that Notre Dame folks are not ahead of Chicagonians, who have as yet, according to the *Tribune*, not been favored with the "Frog Opera"?

—A young lady with fire in her voice and a lack of sleep in her eye, says there is a cow on Michigan street, ornamented with a bell, which is a regular sleep-killer, and will be missing some fine morning.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

That young lady is not at all cowardly; rather *bellicose*, we think.

—A meeting of the officers of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Monday evening, May 9th, for the purpose of selecting a member to represent them at the Commencement. Messrs. W. McGorrisk, Kavanagh and Danahy were proposed. Mr. McGorrisk, having received the majority of the votes, was declared elected.

—Master D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, J. Moroney, H. E. Kitz, J. Kent and P. Powell had the best notes for lessons and conduct in the Minim department last week. As their notes were equal, they drew for a handsome pearl rosary and silver case, given by Very Rev. Father Granger, and D. G. Taylor was the fortunate winner.

—Captain Condon, Captain of the "Clarence E. Condon," the new and commodious pleasure-steamer plying between South Bend and Mishawaka, called to see us Thursday afternoon. The Clarence will make her first trip to the Islands next Wednesday. We hope that Captain Condon's new enterprise may prove a successful one.

—Very Rev. Father General has given the Minims a second book of Illustrations in Bible History, than which we have never seen finer. He has also given three handsome volumes for the best boys. The Minims thank Very Rev. Father General for these gifts, valuable in themselves, but especially so, coming from him as tokens of esteem.

—The Household Library of Catholic Poets is now in press. It is edited by Eliot Ryder, and is being published by Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Ind. This first edition will consist of only 250 copies, and these will be sold to none but subscribers. Price \$5.00 per copy. The work contains critical and biographical notes, and portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly.—*Catholic Union*.

—A few days ago one of our rising young students, being requested to drive our famous pacer, Charley, to the stable, politely assented, and on arriving thereat, was heard giving orders to the hostler in the following strains: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle; stabulate him; donate him a sufficient amount of nutritious aliment; and when I call again, I will amply repay thee for thy admirable hospitality."

—He caught a cold—a horrid cold,
(They do who go a fishin')
And this accounts for what would else
Have sent him to perdition.
For when a neighbor kindly asked
With voice as sweet as toffy,
"Did Java pleasant time?" he said,
"Well, yes," a little coughy.

—From an old French Almanac.

—The supplement to the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, April 23, contains an illustrated article of special interest to former students of that excellent school. The article is headed, "The Day We Commemorate," and is a graphic

account of the burning of the old college buildings, on April 23, 1879. To a sixty-niner the illustrations are very precious, and the sight of the old buildings brings back occurrences very pleasant to think over. May prosperity ever be with Notre Dame and its officers and students is our hearty wish.—*The Farmer and Fruit Grower, May, 4.*

—The Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company have arranged to light their yard also by electric light during the short days next fall and winter, so as to run ten and eleven hours a day. The light will be displayed from one of their tall factory chimneys, and will be sufficiently powerful to light the Lake Shore depot grounds, also.—*South-Bend Tribune.*

We like pluck and energy, so we chronicle the above. Some time ago we wrote something that was well-meant in regard to South Bend improvements, and it was taken with such a bad grace—so we have been told—that we will try to avoid treading on sensitive corns for the future.

—At the 30th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held May 7th, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., for the pleasure and instruction which he afforded them by his lecture on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The members hope to have the pleasure of hearing the Rev. gentleman soon again. They also sincerely thank him for a very rare and valuable portrait of Napoleon, which may be seen in St. Cecilia Hall. Public readers for the week are as follows: W. Gray, W. Cleary, J. Scanlan, A. Hintze, J. O'Neill, A. Martin, C. Tinley, F. Grever, J. Burns, A. Coghlin, R. Fleming.

—We dropped into the Academy of Music Thursday morning, where we were entertained with a duet by Prof. Paul and Master Friedman, Junior department, the former playing the violin, and the latter the piano accompaniment. We also listened to a well-executed piano solo by Master Florman of the same department. Among the members of the Minim department who have made marked proficiency in this branch of the fine arts may be mentioned Masters C. C. Echlin, San Francisco, Cal.; H. Snee, Chicago, Ill.; J. Haslam, Cincinnati, O.; and W. Hanavin, Columbus, O.

—The issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* for April 23d was accompanied by a memorial supplement, commemorating the sad disaster of two years ago. In the light of the present with the fame of the rebuilt Notre Dame for out-reaching that of its predecessor, it seems a misnomer to call the burning of the old building a disaster, and a false view of things to look on it in the light of a calamity. The supplement sheet is beautifully illustrated with pictures that tell the tale of ruin and subsequent resurrection more eloquently and pathetically than the accompanying verbal descriptions. We do not wish to repeat too often, so we will have nothing to say about the general merit of the *Scholastic*.—*College Message.*

—The Minims' highly-prized Kilkenny cat has taken leave. Some think it's owing to that Prep.'s "Catastrophe," which appeared in these columns some time ago, at which, they say, Kilkenny Tom took umbrage, and resolved to seek more congenial climes. Others, with a shadow more of truth, assert that could "Sancho" and "Nep" speak, Raminagrobis's whereabouts would be soon ascertained. We believe, that as the Minims were threatened with a severe examination in June,—it being said that Very Rev. Father General would require them to compute the number of hairs to the square inch on the cat's back, etc.,—they, in order to remove such a stumbling-block to a successful examination, put it out of harm's way—exiled it.

—Last Sunday, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was observed with great solemnity at this University. Solemn High Mass, of which Very Rev. A. Granger was the celebrant, and Fathers Walsh and Francisus deacon and subdeacon, respectively, was sung at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father Toohey discoursed eloquently on the virtues of the Saint. Solemn Vespers took place at 2 p. m., after which a procession was formed, and, headed by a pupil of the Manual Labor School, bearing an elegant banner, made its way to the College park in which was a new and ostly statue of St. Joseph, which arrived from Chicago a port time ago. On reaching the statue, Very Rev. Fa-

ther General blessed it. During the procession, the Band played several excellent selections.

—The most enjoyable affair of the season was that had by the Band and Baseball Clubs, of the Senior department, last Wednesday afternoon. We do not propose entering into detail; suffice it to say, that all who had the good fortune to be present spent an afternoon in unalloyed pleasure in Jones's grove. Everything was under the immediate supervision of Bros. Paul and Emmanuel, and all who are acquainted with these gentlemen will at once say that none but a pleasant time could have been had. Professor Paul was with his Band; and as the very presence of Napoleon I is said to have been sufficient to fire his soldiers with enthusiasm, so the presence of Prof. Paul seemed to animate the members of the Band, who discoursed sweetest music on this occasion.

—We were kindly invited by Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, last Sunday, to try a beautiful instrument in the shape of a grand organ, which he purchased, last year, from Clough & Warren, of Detroit. It is built in imitation of the stately pipe organs, and contains seventeen stops. Were it not for the absence of the pedals, one would be led to believe that it was in reality a miniature pipe organ, so clear, loud, sweet and powerful is its tone. Our very limited knowledge would, of course, not permit us to draw forth the hidden musical powers of the fine instrument; but we were fully satisfied that, for its compass, it stands unrivalled. Clough & Warren constitute a reliable firm; and should we, or any of our readers, need a first-class organ, Clough & Warren can furnish it at the most reasonable rates.

—The Salt Lake *Daily Tribune* contains a spicy account of the Commencement Exercises of the Sacred Heart Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at Ogden. The *Tribune's* correspondent is mistaken in saying that the Academy is "a branch of the celebrated Notre Dame College, located at South Bend, Ind." It is not a branch of Notre Dame University, nor connected with it in any way. The *Tribune* says that the Academy, under the management of Sister Francis, is a grand success. The programme was a long one; which, the *Tribune* says, was successfully carried out. A few more academies like the Sacred Heart Academy, located in the very hot-bed of mormonism, would perhaps soon destroy that loathsome cancer of polygamy which threatens the moral life of our grand republic.

—Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame, Indiana, announces that Eliot Ryder's "Household Library of Catholic Poets" is nearly ready. A special proof edition of this work will be issued to the extent of only 250 copies, and this will be sold to subscribers only, at five dollars each. Mr. Ryder did well in securing Prof. Lyons as a publisher, for the Lyons' editions of books are always standards. Subscribers should communicate with him as soon as possible in order to secure a copy.—*Catholic Columbian.*

The *Columbian* is not astray. Prof. Lyons is going to give us a sumptuous volume, in every way in keeping with the importance of the subject matter. We are glad to note that 145 copies of the special edition have been actually subscribed for. As this is a rare chance to obtain a rare book, it is not likely to be long before the subscription list is entirely filled out.

—Nine months ago, when Rev. Father L'Etourneau removed from Mount St. Vincent to St. Joseph's, across the lake, he took a ring-dove with him; but when the Father returned a few weeks ago to the Mount, the dove was left behind. The bird, however, missed his former master, and would not be comforted. He brooded and pined, until it was thought he would die, so a few days ago they let him out of his cage to do as he would—stray off and get lost, probably—as it was supposed he would die anyway. No sooner did he find himself free than away he flew, across the lake, to the old home he had quitted nine months before, and now he is as happy as a dove can be. When Father L'Etourneau reads his breviary the dove perches on the back of his chair, or on one of the pictures on the wall, and seems quite contented. The little doves evidently have a good memory and an affectionate disposition.

—The Lilly Orchestra, composed of members of the

Junior department, invited their friends to a gathering in Washington Hall, last week. Those who were fortunate enough to be favored with invitations were more than delighted with the whole entertainment. The musical part of the programme was exceptionally good. Among the guests was Very Rev. President Corby, who congratulated the Orchestra on their proficiency. He also congratulated Bro. Leopold, the indefatigable leader of the organization, through whose untiring efforts the Orchestra has been brought to its present high degree of perfection. Masters Maher, Johnson, Florman, Guthrie, Dick, Fisher and Quinn, the managers of the *soirée*, may feel proud of the manner in which the entertainment was conducted. To sum up, the music was excellent, the figures of the German were well led, the menu, under the direction of Marshall, all that could be desired.

—Our friend John sends us the following: We never were a great admirer of rings, save one, "annulum matrimonium," especially since we read the elaborate definition of the term, as given by a distinguished contributor in a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC. But we are willing to plead guilty to having an affiliation with what we conceive to be a ring, in good working order, and with a good object in view, between our horticulturist and the College students, aiming to diversify the bill of fare on the refectory tables. Last year we noticed the arrival of several large boxes of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees to augment the college orchards, which are already over 50 acres, and just a few days ago we saw some large bales which contained several thousand Concord grapes imported from Mich.; so that to all appearance Mr. Daly seems intent in doing one thing of two, either to barricade the dishes with a superabundance of orchard and vinous products, or bankrupt the treasury appropriations for that *bureau*. There's a good time coming, boys, for all who can relish the pleasures of hope.

—On the evening of the 6th inst., we attended a rehearsal of the Junior Orchestra, and though Bro. Leopold C. S. C., its able director, said that we would surely be disappointed if we had come to hear good music, we must say that we were not only not disappointed, but pleased beyond measure with the fine playing on that occasion. Indeed we have often been at a loss to know why it is that the Junior Orchestra has not taken part in any of the many *soirées* that have occurred here during the year. Assuredly it is not that they cannot play well enough, for they play very well. Their failure to appear in public must, therefore, be attributed to an uncalled-for modesty. But now that their merit has been discovered, we trust that it will be properly recognized. At this rehearsal they played a dozen pieces,—waltzes, polkas, etc. Rev. Father Kirsch, Bros. Leander, Edwin, Amandus, and Prof. Edwards were present, all of whom concur in their praise of the Junior Orchestra. The following are the members: J. Maher, A. Dick, 1st Violinists; F. Grever, F. Johnson, F. Wheatley, 2d Violinists; Fred. Fischel, Flutist; J. W. Guthrie, F. Quinn, Cornetists; L. Florman, Bassviolist.

—"J. Willie" has evidently allowed his love for marine news to grow cold in devoting too much of his time to the study of English History, by Harkaway. In it, no doubt, he read of the famous gunpowder plot; and wishing to put his knowledge into practical application, presented a certain person with a package of Durham. That person, wishing to test the quality of this nicotian substance, filled with it a long cylindrical tube, commonly called a pipe, and applied to it a combustible sulphurated substance, usually called a match. On beholding such a course of proceedings one would be led to believe that the one making such preparations was about to make smoke. If such was our friend John's intention last Sunday evening, and no doubt it was, he succeeded admirably. No sooner had the sulphurated come in contact with the nicotian substance than a terrific explosion ensued, sending the "little tube" and contents in all directions, giving John a first-class "puff." On examination, that Durham package was found to contain about two ounces of an explosive composition of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, known among uneducated people as powder. There is loud talk of a first-class funeral, in case our friend John meets "J. Willie" again.

—The following works have recently been added to the Lemonnier Library: Complete set of the *Popular Science Monthly*, from its inception in May, 1872, to 1881—20 vols.; complete set of *The Catholic Review*, edited by the Chevalier Hickey—17 vols.; *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, 5 vols.; *The Angelus*, a Catholic monthly magazine, 1876-'77-'78-'79; *The Catholic Children's Magazine*, 1880; *Festival Tales*, by J. F. Waller; *The Holy House of Loretto*, Most Rev. P. P. Kenrick, Abp., St. Louis; *The Miraculous Medal; its Origin, History, Circulation, Results*, by M. Aladel, C. M.; *Sursum*; or, *Sparks Flying Upwards*, by Rev. H. A. Rawes, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; *Gathered Gems from Spanish Authors*, M. Monterio; *Brownson's Essays*; *Cardinal Newman's Parochial and Plain Sermons*,—*Selection for the Seasons*; *Religion and Science—their Union Historically Considered*, by Maurice Ronayne, S. J.; *Life of Father Ravignan*, by F. De Ponlevoy; *The Conversion of M. Alphonse Ratisbonne*, Original Narrative of Baron Theodore de Bussieres, edited by Rev. W. Lockhart; *The Threshold of the Catholic Church*, Rev. John E. Bagshawe; *The Pilgrim*; or, *Truth and Beauty in Catholic Lands*; *The Devotion to the Holy Rosary*, by M. Müller, C. S. R.; *Catholic Legends and Traditions*; *La Gerarchia Cattolica e la Famiglia Pontificia, per l'Anno, 1880, con Appendice di Altre Notizie Reguardanti la Santa Sede*; Complete Index to the first series of the *Dublin Review*. The Association returns a grateful acknowledgment for the following donations: To Very Rev. Father Sorin for "Crowned with Stars," by Eleanor C. Donnelly; to Rev. Father Toohy for "The Present Case of Ireland Plainly Stated," by M. F. Cusack.

—One of the finest lectures ever delivered before the students of Notre Dame University was that by Rev. D. E. Hudson, the accomplished editor of the *Age Mariu*. The lecture was given in the rotunda of the University, under the auspices of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, and was listened to with unabated interest by all the students and Faculty. Father Hudson is a pleasing speaker, his voice being clear and modulated, while there is that personal magnetism about him which adds to the effectiveness of his lecture. His subject was "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Father Hudson characterized Mr. Longfellow as a poet whose writings, while appealing to the popular taste, are characterized by deep and genuine pathos, have secured the honor of universal popularity. Father Hudson in analyzing "Evangeline," characterized it as one of the most pathetic poems ever written, and quoted several excerpts from it to substantiate his opinion. In concluding his estimate of the poem, he gave one of the author in which all who are acquainted with Longfellow or his writings will join—that "Evangeline" "could only have been written by a pure-hearted, earnest, benevolent man." Father Hudson referred to many of the well-known minor poems of Longfellow, and particularly to one that we consider only second in importance to "Evangeline"—the "Golden Legend." In concluding his lecture, the speaker said, his lecture, "if it deserved to be called such, may be compared to a handful of pearls strung on a straw; the pearls are the quotations from our author, the straw is my stringing together." His hearers will certainly agree with us that, like the gems in a golden crown, which are all the more brilliant from their artistic setting, so are these gems from Longfellow doubly valuable from the setting in which Father Hudson has placed them.—*South-Bend Tribune, May 7th.*

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Adams, W. Arnold, W. I. Brown, J. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. Baker, F. W. Bloom, F. M. Bell, C. W. Bennett, T. F. Byrne, G. E. Clarke, F. T. Clarke, J. J. Casey, D. Claffey, L. F. Calligari, L. E. Clements, F. T. Dever, D. Danahy, J. D. Delaney, H. Dulaney, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, F. M.

Gallagher, G. Hagan, M. Healey, W. Huddleston, D. Harrington, M. T. Healey, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, T. Kavanagh, F. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. Larkin, W. McGorriak, E. McGorriak, W. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McErlain, J. A. McIntyre, J. J. Malone, W. J. McEniry, J. Nash, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. Reilly, E. Otis, J. Osher, E. Piper, L. Proctor, B. H. Polack, W. B. Ratterman, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, E. G. Sugg, G. Sugg, H. Simms, L. W. Stitzel, W. Schofield, R. J. Seeburger, B. F. Smith, C. A. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, W. A. Woolly, W. T. Walsh, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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Jan. 10, 1881. Local and Through Time Table. No. 21.

Going North.		STATIONS.		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.40 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	- - -	Michigan City, - - -	9.35 a.m.	8.25 p.m.
1.00 "	3.35 "	- - -	La Porte, - - -	10.23 "	8.55 "
12.35 "	3.14 "	- - -	Stillwell, - - -	10.41 "	9.20 "
12.14 a.m.	2.53 "	- - -	Walkerton, - - -	11.00 "	9.42 "
11.42 "	2.23 "	- - -	Plymouth, - - -	11.35 "	10.21 "
10.49 "	1.30 "	- - -	Rochester, - - -	12.27 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
10.12 "	12.51 "	- - -	Denver, - - -	1.06 "	11.57 "
9.50 "	12.30 p.m.	- - -	Peru, - - -	1.45 "	12.25 a.m.
9.23 "	11.50 "	- - -	Bunker Hill, - - -	2.05 "	12.48 "
8.50 "	11.18 "	- - -	Kokomo, - - -	2.40 "	1.30 "
8.09 "	10.41 "	- - -	Tipton, - - -	3.16 "	2.05 "
7.25 "	9.57 "	- - -	Noblesville, - - -	4.00 "	2.45 "
6.25 p.m.	8.50 a.m.	Lv. -	Indianapolis. - Ar.	5.00 "	3.40 "

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GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3 Night Ex.	No. 5 Limit Ex.
Pittsburg,..... 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,.....	2.28 "	10.06 "	9.23 "	2.57 "
Alliance,.....	4.00 "	11.45 "	11.25 "	4.25 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	3.04 A.M.	2.10 "
Pittsburgh,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	3.15 "	3.15 P.M.	7.30 A.M.

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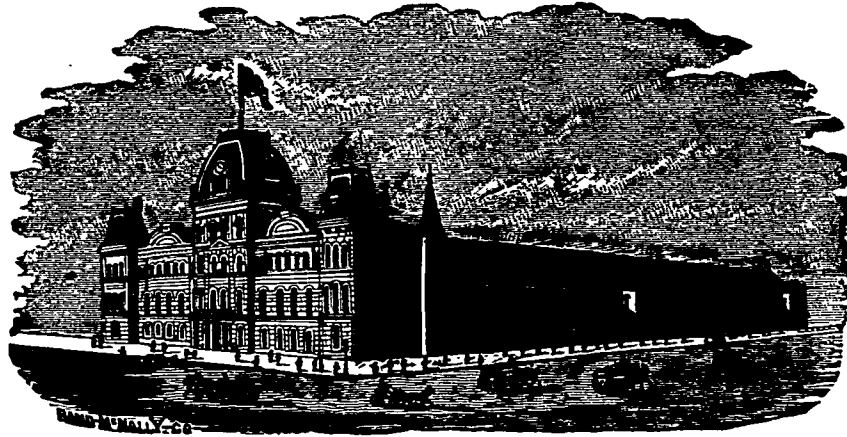
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GOING EAST.

- 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 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6. a. m.
- 5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.
- 0.93 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.
- 1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.
- 4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

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

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