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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Antipodes.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

"O, labor is the curse of the world!"

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed."

—JOHN MILTON.

The dull monotonous round of life goes on,  
And wherewith profits all the toil and care,  
The city, like a prison, walls me in  
From all the glories of the earth and sky,  
And though the world be fair, what matters it,  
If all its beauties are denied to me?  
There is, I know, a sweet Arcadian land  
Where joyous peace perpetually abides;  
A wondrous realm of melody and light  
Whose every influence is of rest and peace,  
Bidding the heart rejoice that it is given  
The pleasure of a life so free from care;  
That discontent has fled the realm in wrath,  
And laughing joy has held high carnival,  
Nor feared intrusion of her powerful foes.  
There would I dream my lingering life away  
In golden moments of luxurious ease;  
I would escape the grinding toil and jar  
Which follow those who seek for wealth and fame,  
And rest content if it were given to me  
To gain the perfect peace of quiet rest.

So, far from city walls I blithely strayed,  
Firm in the purpose of my happy quest,  
And after a brief season found a place  
More fair than aught I pictured in my dreams.  
Within a smiling valley's lap it lay,  
Beside the loveliest of all lovely streams;  
A grove of maples formed a cooling screen  
From burning heat of the midsummer suns,  
Which high in heaven warmed the fragrant air,  
Until it seemed a draught of languid balm,  
So enervating to the wearied mind  
That it was happy in its indolence,  
And glorying in the present hour,  
Had no heed for the future or the past.  
The merry wild-birds in the thickets sang  
Sweet songs that seemed fit harmonies for heaven;  
The tall trees whispered cadences of joy:  
The mute flowers lent their fragrance to the air,

Nor murmured when the honey-seeking bee  
Lit on their breasts to drain them of their sweets,  
And sailed away on glittering silver wing,  
Droning his sweet perpetual chant of peace;  
The bright stream swelled the chorons in a voice  
Of wondrous melody, as it flowed on  
In its resistless course to the great sea.  
So fair, so more than beautiful was all,  
I knew no yearning left unsatisfied.

Full was the measure of my idle joy,  
And to my eager lips the cup I pressed  
Intent to drain it of the happiness  
With which it trembled, sparkling, to the brim.  
When lo! a jarring, harsh, discordant sound  
Breaks in on peace I fancied all secure;  
My dreams slide from me, as light thistle down  
Blows from the stem and floats upon the air.  
Whence comes this sound to call me back to earth?  
Must rest elude me ere I make it mine?  
And shall the quest which I assumed with joy  
Prove fruitless ere it has been well begun?  
Upon this planet can there be no life  
From grinding toil and harsh endeavor free?  
No need have I to ask this problem vexed;  
The water-mills' monotonous sound  
Fills the calm air, and stirs it into life;  
The wild birds still sing on, but all their songs  
Are lost in the one sound engulfing all;  
A cloud steals o'er the beauty of the scene,  
And wearily I leave the place where I  
One little hour ago had revelled in  
The semblance of a rest which I divined  
Had all the peace this restless world can show

Yes, we must work. And in whatever way  
Our destiny shall lead us, seek that we  
May not neglect the labors which we know  
That we alone are bidden to perform;  
And let us do these works of ours so well  
That when the longed-for time of rest shall come,  
We may deserve the glorious epitaph:  
"The world is better that this man has lived."

—Douglas Jerrold and the late Henry Compton went one morning to view the pictures in the "Gallery of Illustrations." On entering the ante-room, we are told in the memoir of the comedian they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking-glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold: "You've come here to admire works of art. Very well; first feast your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass. "Look at it—there's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "very fine, very fine indeed!" Then turning to his friend; "Want's hanging, though,"

### The Antiquity of Man.

No serious question about the antiquity of the human race was raised until a comparatively recent date. The discoveries of geology and paleontology had served to show that man was the last animate being that had appeared on the earth. During the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, scientists had attempted to discredit the biblical chronology by showing that there were historical monuments that indicated a greater antiquity of the Egyptians and Hindoos than could be reconciled with the date generally considered to have been fixed by Moses for the creation of the human race. But in the light afforded by more recent discoveries these claims were soon abandoned, and it was generally agreed that neither historical monuments nor scientific research had succeeded in assigning for the origin of the human race a more remote period than that which appeared to have been fixed by the Book of Genesis.

However, within the last forty years the question has come prominently to the surface again, and it is now one of those about which the scientific world is most divided. The majority of the leading scientists of the day seem inclined to adopt the view that men have existed for an indefinitely long period, and bring forward to the support of this theory facts and arguments which are certainly specious and plausible, and which at all events cannot be rejected without some attempt at answering them. Within the narrow limits of this paper it will be impossible to do more than present a meagre outline of the arguments advanced on both sides of the question. In the first place, it is well to premise that there is no science more apt to rush to hasty conclusions—especially when such conclusions appear to conflict with revealed truth—than geology. In its very infancy it loudly asserted that its discoveries were utterly irreconcilable with the statements of Genesis; but as additional discoveries were made, and men arrived at a knowledge of more truths than they could hitherto have flattered themselves with being masters of, it was found that no such opposition existed. The result in the discussion concerning the antiquity of man will, we all know, be substantially the same; but in the meantime, if geology and archæology become more modest in their pretensions, some theological opinions concerning biblical chronology will perhaps be modified, as was the opinion concerning the six days of creation.

The question—in its modern form—of the remote antiquity of the human race was first raised upwards of forty years ago by a French archæologist, M. Boucher de Perthes, who discovered rude flint implements, evidently tools used by primitive men in the stone age, unmistakably associated with the bones of the elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, and other species, which are now either entirely extinct or which could not at all events now exist in Europe. These implements were discovered in gravel-drifts, at one place seventy feet above the level of the Somme; at another, under thirty feet of peat. Boucher de Perthes' discoveries were not credited in the scientific world for nearly twenty years, during which time evidence of the same nature had been accumulating in different parts of Europe. Caves had been explored in Belgium and Languedoc, which had given up relics without number of primitive men, and which seemed to demonstrate beyond question his contemporaneity with species of animal life which geology claimed had been extinct

for an indefinitely long period of time. The mounds of Northern Europe had been examined and had afforded evidence of the same nature. A dry summer had lowered the level of the Swiss lakes and had disclosed at great depths below the ordinary surface of the water the remains of pile-built villages which were proclaimed to be the work of men in far-off ages. So marvellous were these discoveries, and so startling the claims founded on them, that it is not surprising that men who had but little faith in revelation, and who considered that these discoveries conflicted with the testimony of the Bible, should have altogether cast aside their belief in revealed truth. In the face of these claims, it may be well to consider whether there is in reality any such opposition as is claimed to exist.

Different systems of chronology have been founded on the figures given in the Book of Genesis, but none gives man a longer period of existence on earth than seven or eight thousand years at most. On the other hand, the vast majority of purely scientific men, though differing widely among themselves in regard to the precise length of time which must have elapsed since the first appearance of the human race, agree in assigning to it a much more remote antiquity. Darwin, Lyell, Huxley and Lubbock in England, de Quatrefages, Broca and Boucher de Perthes in France, Wilson, Agassiz and Whitney in the United States, and all the leading geologists and archæologists in Italy, Germany, and Northern Europe, who may be fairly supposed to represent the scientific opinion of the age, are the champions of this theory. Their arguments are based almost entirely on the discoveries which have been made within the past forty years, and of which those made in the valley of the Somme, are by far the most important. These arguments are substantially as follows: the whole valley of the Somme, it is claimed, has been excavated by the river; in the process of excavation, beds of gravel have been laid down at different levels, and each bed marks the level of the river at the time such bed was deposited. These beds, therefore, belong to different and widely distant geological periods, the oldest of them being the beds which are highest above the present level of the river. The discoveries seem substantially to bear out this theory. In the higher gravel beds, some of which are situated at least seventy feet above the level of the river, are to be found relics of extinct animals, which could not exist under present conditions of climate and soil in Northern Europe, intermingled with human implements of a most primitive character, which evidently belonged to the remotest period of the stone age. In the lower beds, relics of the same extinct species—though in smaller numbers—are still to be met with; but the flint hatchets, knives, and other human implements, clearly belong to a later period of the stone age. The lowest gravel beds are covered with twenty-five or thirty feet of peat, though the interval of time which separates the lowest layer of the peat from the gravel bed underlying it is greater than that which was necessary for the accumulation of the entire peat. Now the peat, which averages twenty-six feet in thickness, increases so slowly that its growth is practically imperceptible. Boucher de Perthes estimates its increase at not more than an inch and a half or two inches in a century, and thus comes to the conclusion that it would have required over twenty thousand years for the accumulation of the entire bed. On the hypothesis, therefore, of the modern geologists, in order to ascertain the antiquity of the human race in this part of France, it is necessary to add together

the time necessary for the accumulation of twenty-six feet of peat,—a period claimed to exceed twenty thousand years,—the time which elapsed between the deposition of the lowest layer of the peat and the lower gravel beds in which relics of the extinct mammalia are to be found,—a period which, Lyell maintains, exceeds the time necessary for the accumulation of the peat; and finally, the thousands on thousands of years required by a stream like the Somme to excavate its entire valley, laying down the gravel beds in so doing, since the memorials of man are common to these three periods. What the exact length of these three periods of time is, scientists are not agreed in determining. Sir John Lubbock, in his work on prehistoric archæology, gives some very ingenious and interesting calculations which tend to show that the alluvium of the Somme containing flint implements used by primitive men is not less than 100,000 years old; and Sir Charles Lyell considers this a very moderate estimate. Darwin is inclined to give the human race an antiquity of at least two hundred thousand years. The trifle of a hundred thousand years more or less has no terrors for the average geologist. Other calculations, based on the amount of alluvium annually deposited by such rivers as the Nile, prove, it is claimed, that a race of men, civilized enough to make use of pottery, existed in Egypt at least 13,000 years ago. According to calculations of the same nature, the lake villages in Switzerland were inhabited 6 or 7000 years before the present period. But these calculations are all, as might naturally be expected, very faulty and imperfect. Dana, one of the best authorities of the day, rejects them all, and maintains that the only conclusion which geology can reach is, that time is long, but precisely how long, it is impossible to decide. Le Compte, another eminent authority, agrees with him in this; and, in fact, even those who make such calculations attach but little confidence to them. Lubbock says that they are estimates which are brought forward, not as proofs, but as measures of the antiquity of our race. "The belief," he adds, "in the antiquity of man rests not on isolated calculations, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance, changes in the geography, in the fauna, and in the climate of Europe. Valleys have been deepened, widened, and partially fitted up again; caves, through which the subterranean rivers once ran, are now left dry; even the configuration of land has been materially altered, and Africa finally separated from Europe."

On the other hand, the comparatively small number of scientists who maintain the recent origin of the human race, attack the position of their opponents on the following grounds: They claim that all the arguments of the champions of remote antiquity are vitiated by a fallacy which runs through, and indeed forms the basis of all their proofs, viz.: the assumption that all the agencies of change on and about the surface of the ground in Western Europe have always been the same, or nearly the same, as at present. "It is tacitly assumed, for instance, that the growth of peat in the low lying grounds, the increase of stalagmite in caves, the erosion of ravines and valleys, the flow of streams and rivers have always progressed at about the same rate as they do now, and the effects which they have produced within the memory of man are taken as the standard of measurement for long ages of time." For instance, in case of the implements discovered in the valley of the Somme, we have seen that

which made use of them, rest on the assumptions that the whole valley has been excavated by a stream precisely like the present river, and that the growth of peat in low lying grounds has always been the same as within historical times. Now a constantly growing number of geologists, who do not, it is true, as yet rank as high in the scientific world as Lyell, or Whitney, or de Quatrefages, or Agassiz, but who are yet of quite respectable authority, maintain that both these assumptions are not only gratuitous, but even improbable. Even admitting that the whole valley has been excavated by the present river, they plainly show that the gravel beds in which are found the relics of primitive man and extinct animals were laid down long after the excavation of the valley by enormous floods, which occurred during a rainy period, preceding the historical period, which we may suppose to have been the deluge. Far from conceding the slowness of increase, or the prodigious antiquity of the peat-beds claimed by Boucher de Perthes, they bring up mountains of evidence, which can be of no earthly interest to the non-scientific public, to show that the peat must have at some time accumulated much more rapidly than it does at present, and that the highest antiquity that can be assigned it does not exceed 2 or 3000 years. This would give the gravel beds an antiquity not exceeding 5000 years, and to admit that men existed in France even as long ago as that would not be at variance with some, at least, of the systems of chronology founded on the figures given in Genesis.

In answer to the argument which attempts to prove the antiquity of man by showing his contemporaneity with the mammoth, the mastodon, the Irish elk, the hyena, rhinoceros, cave-bear, and other species, now either entirely extinct, or at all events extinct in Western Europe, it is asserted, and ingenious arguments and facts apparently convincing are brought forward to show that there is much reason to believe that these species have become extinct within the last four thousand years as at the remote date fixed by the majority of geologists. Again, it is claimed, and every sensible man, not a scientist, would be only too happy to believe it, that geologists have prodigiously exaggerated the duration of life of all kinds on earth. Geologists agree in admitting that human life is the last form of life which appeared on earth; and while man and his relics have as yet been found only in the more superficial strata, system after system of fossiliferous rock, discloses other forms until the dawn of all life is discovered in the Laurentian rocks of Canada. Now scientists are substantially unanimous in admitting that the disproportion between the length of the period during which life of any kind could have existed on earth and the duration of the human life-period is simply enormous. Lyell, who gives the human race an antiquity of 200,000 years, claims that life in one form or other has existed on earth for at least 300,000,000 years. According to the Darwinian theory, it would require even perhaps a greater period for the evolution of all forms of life from the primitive protoplasm. According, therefore, to both Lyell and Darwin, the human life-period, compared with the life period of the earth, is in the proportion of 1 to 1000. But Sir William Thompson, one of the most eminent professors of physical science in Europe, claims that it is a fact which can be demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt, that according to the laws of physical science, and according to all that we know or can ascertain of the cooling of heated bodies in general, and of the

earth in particular, ten million years is the limit during which any form of life has been possible on earth. If, then, we give to the human life-period the same proportion to the general life-period that Lyell and Darwin grant, we will be obliged to fix the antiquity of the human race at considerably less than 10,000 years, a result which will perfectly accord with the figures of Genesis. But to go into the details of the controversy would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits. Besides the arguments furnished by geology against the recent origin of the human race, we would have others equally specious, and apparently convincing, from philology and physiology. How, it is asked, can we, in the short interval which the Bible places between the deluge and beginning of the historic period, account for the prodigious variety in language, color, and features, which we find existing among men? There are monuments still existing in Egypt which go back to the fifteenth or sixteenth century before Christ; only a few hundred years, consequently, after the deluge. On these monuments are to be found representations of different races, which differ as widely in physical characteristics as do their descendants of the present day. How can it be supposed, it is asked, that a few centuries would produce such radical differences, when a period of thirty-five centuries has produced almost none? This is a puzzle which, of course, I shall not attempt to answer; and which probably will never be satisfactorily solved. The question, therefore, of the remote antiquity or recent origin of the human race is one on which men who like Lyell, de Quatrefages, Broca, Agassiz, and Andrews, place themselves on purely scientific grounds, and are little likely to be influenced by any claim founded on the authority of the Bible, arrive at widely different conclusions.

X.

### Ireland.

"Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;  
Your dreams of pride are o'er;  
The fatal chain is round you cast,  
And you are men no more.  
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;  
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—  
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,  
It never lights again!"

—*Irish Melodies, by T. Moore.*

Ah! Ireland, beautiful Ireland! in words, alas! too true, has your immortal poet sung your woes in his own heart-touching verses. Yes; well may you weep, for sorrow, such as before a nation never felt, has fallen to your destiny. Yet not always fared you thus, fair gem of the ocean! No; there was once a time when your soil was the receptacle of science; there was once a time when your chieftains braved haughty Albion in martial contest; there was once a time when exiled nobles, princes and kings found in your bosom a haven of rest, where the incense of prayer and solace dissipated their sorrowful sentiments and crest-fallen hopes. Proud Innisfail! where now are your far-famed institutions of sciences and arts? where the youth of all nations flocked to store in their intellects the vast flood of learning which constantly flowed from the deep channels of eloquence, philosophy, poetry, music, and the various other branches of education concealed in the hoary heads of the cowed monks? Where now are those stately castles which once protected the

peasantry from foreign invasion, and in whose halls noble lords once trod? Where now are your lofty cathedrals, wonders of architecture, in which lord and vassal, priest and bishop alike adored their God, and whose walls reverberated with the outpoured prayers of reverence and devotion to their Creator? Where, where, dear Erin, is that happy contented people which formerly inhabited your isle? Ah! the blood-thirsting hand of cruel England has stricken you; it has razed your once glorious universities, castles, and cathedrals to the ground; it has desecrated your churches, banished your priesthood, massacred your brave nobles and inhabitants, and it has laid your bruised and bleeding corpse on the altar of famine and desolation. It has pierced your very heart with its blood-stained poniard, and your gore has crimsoned the streams, rivers, lakes, aye, the very ocean itself—and caused even its own assassin to blush with shame at its cruelty; and the winds, tainted with the foul stench of the corrupting bodies, cry out for revenge; for so fell a deed before the all-just tribunal.

"Weep on—perhaps in after days,  
They'll learn to love your name;  
When many a deed may wake in praise  
That long hath slept in blame.  
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,  
Where rest at length the lord and slave,  
They'll wondering ask how hands so vile  
Could conquer hearts so brave?"

But now, in place of your former freedom, you are loaded with the cold, heavy, dismal chains of subjection to a nation which once knelt in submission at your feet and humbly entreated for some of your numerous learned and world-renowned men to civilize her people and educate her youth; and those countries whose ancient idolatry and awful degradation of morals were overthrown, and saved from barbarism by your missionaries, armed with Christianity and the weapons of peace, now calmly regard you, O beautiful Erin! succumbing under the load of your fetters, and lift no soothing hand to gently raise you and wrest your broad, fair acres from a tyrannical power. The England of the nineteenth century, that century of progress and science, may mock your ignorance and poverty, O lovely Erin! she may sneer at your meagrely-fed and poorly-clad, but, notwithstanding, witty and ingenious peasants; now she may boast of her Oxford and Cambridge; now she may glory in her powerful name and might; but let her remember that the present condition of Ireland is owing, not to her own fault, but to England's ingratitude and baseness; let her remember that Oxford's first professors were Irish priests; finally, let her remember that what England is in the nineteenth century, that, Ireland was in the sixth and seventh century. There exists upon the earth to-day no nobler race than that which was nurtured at your breast, charming gem of the ocean!

This is the race at which England scoffs to-day; this is the land which suffers, and which we succour not. But England with all her possessions, riches and might, cannot compare with the beautiful isle of Erin, either in virtues or noble qualities. But true virtue cannot be smothered forever. No! thus shall it be with thee, noble isle; thy slumbering ashes of valiant deeds and heroic actions await but a gentle breeze to be once more fanned into a vast fire whose heat will warm the soil of all nations. Then at last, fair Erin, thy bravery will be acknowledged by all; thy virtues extolled by all tongues; then will the chains of bondage which now bind thee be broken, and

once more thou wilt hold aloft thy head, crowned with the diadem of heroic deeds, and as a free nation, breathe the pure air of heaven. Then will justice triumph over injustice, integrity over baseness, virtue over vileness, generosity over ingratitude; then will Jehovah, after having tested the faith of His chosen one, place Erin again upon her lofty pedestal, and, as a suppliant, shall proud Albion once more lie prostrate in humble subjection at her throne.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Ireland's dark sea!"

Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free.

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.

How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Ireland's dark sea!

Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free."

T. A. N.

### The Study of Rhetoric.

BY R. W.

The study of rhetoric is not the least important of the many branches of learning which are taught in our schools and colleges at the present day. Its importance as a factor in the proper and higher education of youth is hardly fully realized, yet it should be apparent to all. Rhetoric partakes both of the nature of the elegant and useful arts. It resembles the former, inasmuch as it endeavors to please by elaborate embellishment; the latter, in its utility, and necessity for facilitating the means of communication among men. Its origin is very ancient. It attained a surprising degree of perfection under the ancient Greeks and Romans. Much of the success of the orators of those times may be attributed to the assiduous culture of this study.

Two great advantages result from the study of rhetoric. It enables us to discern faults and beauties in the compositions of others; it enables us, also, to express and embellish our own thoughts, in order to produce the greatest impressions. The labor to accomplish this gratifying result is not arduous; on the contrary, it serves as a gentle stimulant to the mind. The pleasure derived from the acquisition of this knowledge more than compensates for the time expended. We have the satisfaction, also, of being able to judge of literary productions, and to form our opinion independently of others. A love of the standard works of literature is enkindled in our minds, by the perusal of which, by contemplating and appreciating their beauties, our thoughts are removed from unworthy objects. Much of the knowledge acquired by students would perhaps lie in undigested heaps upon the mind, did not rhetoric perform a duty in assimilating it, so as to become a part of their mental constitution.

Some assert that rhetoric hampers the mind and fetters genius. The contrary of this is true. The diamond in its rough state does not possess so much value as when polished. Then all its beauty and lustre is apparent, and it is fit to adorn the diadem of the monarch. He who acquires a mastery of the rules of rhetoric without consciousness on his part avoids what is wrong. It adds clearness, beauty of style, strength and unity, most essential qualities in either a writer or an orator. It enables them with the aid of eloquence to gain access to the human

heart, and to convince the reason. Cicero left Rome to study in Greece under the best masters, in order that he might be perfected in this study ere he astonished the ancient Romans by his glowing eloquence and his grace and beauty of diction. He who delights in these studies converses with the noblest, purest spirits that have adorned humanity. The orator declaims for him, the poet sings. All the heaped-up wisdom of ages becomes his daily nourishment. He wanders enraptured, with the poet, "where the Muses haunt clear spring and sunny grove." A never-failing source of enjoyment is offered to him to beguile away the hours of leisure. To those unacquainted with literature the moments of leisure hang heavily; but to him who has devoted time and attention to these studies, deep, rich draughts of pure delight from this perennial fountain are afforded. It brings to light many hidden springs of action, which, perhaps, would have passed unobserved, and which exert a marked influence on our lives. Its aid in the enforcement of morality can not be ignored or overlooked. The criminal class receives but slight augmentation from those familiar with these branches.

A short time since, the prison of a large state was visited by a committee appointed to learn from what ranks of life came that large band of evil doers. It was ascertained that not even one had been a graduate of a high school. If we gaze around and see the men who occupy the highest positions, who exert the greatest influence in the world to-day, not only those in every city and town, but men also having world-wide reputations, we will find that they are principally the ones who have delved deep into the recesses of literature, whose sensibilities have been increased, and sympathies enlarged by these studies. As man, by his prudence and foresight, provides wealth for comfort in old age, so by application and attention to these studies, he may lay up a store of enjoyment for the time when life has but few pleasures to offer.

We have endeavored to sum up a few of the many advantages of rhetoric. Many more could be adduced. It is sufficient to add, that it is a most potent factor, not only in the education of the head, but the heart also. It contributes much to true education, the end for which all learning has been designed.

### Art, Music and Literature.

—Subscriptions for the Washington statue in Wall street amount to \$25,785.

—Henry Vieuxtemps, the distinguished Belgian violinist, died, in Paris, last week.

—The business of forging old engravings is extensively carried on in Paris, Berlin, London and Rome.

—The admission fees during the first week of the Paris Salon this year were \$14,000—an unprecedented sum.

—The Yale Art School has had 147 pupils during the past year, sixty of whom have adopted the profession of art.

—A new invention in Paris is a pair of musical boots. At every step the pressure of the boot produces melody—a waltz, a mazurka, or an operatic air.

—The *College Review* credits a Texas paper with the following: "George Eliot's dead, the author of Daniel Duendo and Helen's Babies. He was a good writer but a bad man."

—The Abbé Perreau, librarian at Parma, has published the inedited Commentary on the Lamentations of Jeremiah,



by the Rabbi Immanuel, of Rome, the friend and contemporary of Dante.

—The French Government is soon to be asked by Camille Saint-Saens, and several other musicians, to make the study of music obligatory in that country. The petition will probably not succeed.

—Denis Florence McCarthy, the eminent Irish poet, lately received his diploma as corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, in compliment to his beautiful translations of Calderon.

—Burlesque is evidently waning very fast as the managers who have heretofore presented it are engaging for next season artists who can sing. Light operas will probably be given in place of the stale burlesque.

—The Leipzig publishing house of Breitkopf and Hartel have in course of publication a complete edition of the Abbé Litz's articles on musical subjects, which have heretofore been scattered about Europe in magazines and other periodicals.

As a rich and pretentious man was looking at some paintings which he proposed to buy, the dealer pointed to a fine one, and said, "That is a dog after Landseer." "Is it really?" exclaimed the pretender. "What is the dog after him for?"—*Yale Courant*.

—Mr. H. E. Holt, teacher of music in the Boston public schools, thinks there is no necessity for the Tonic Sol-fa notation. He also claims that Mr. Thomas's idea that "it would be better to abolish music entirely from our schools than retain it under the present method" is a great mistake.

—The Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia have determined to follow the lead of the publishers of Christmas-cards and offer prizes at the next exhibition. A prize of \$200 will be offered next autumn for the best landscape or marine, and one of \$500 for the best figure-piece containing not less than two figures.

—The sculpture galleries of the Paris Louvre are so damp that the authorities have grown very uneasy about the condition of the statuary,—more particularly in the Halls of the Venus of Milo, of the Caryatides, and of Melpomene. None of the galleries are constructed over cellars, and the most powerful heating apparatus has been found powerless against the damp; so vaults are to be excavated at once to remedy the evil.

—The smallest book in the world, so far as known, is a book recently discovered in Florence, Italy. It is an *Office de la Vierge*, printed at Venice, by Juntas, 1549. It consists of 256 miniature pages, printed on a single sheet of ordinary paper, in red and black letters, is bound in red morocco with gilt edges, raised bands or fillets, the chargings and clasps in silver. The size of this little typographical *chef-d'œuvre* is two inches in length by an inch and a quarter in breadth.

—How little Wagner cares for abuse is by shown the lexington which he published, entitled: "A Wagner lexington, or dictionary, of impoliteness, containing rude, mocking, hateful and slanderous expressions, which have been used against the master, Richard Wagner, his words and his adherents, by enemies and scorners—for delectation of the mind in leisure hours." How early he became accustomed to it is evident from the following story, recently published in *The Musical World*: A German artist was sitting near Wagner on the stage at the first performance of "Tannhauser" at the Paris Opera, and tried to console him when the hissing began. But Wagner, preserving all his coolness in the midst of the tempest, turned to his friend and said: "You must know that I am accustomed to ovations of this kind. I have not been too much spoiled in our Fatherland!"—*Musical Record*.

—Messrs. Sotheby and Company have sold by auction the earliest printed Bible known to be in existence, and believed to be also the first book ever printed from movable types. It was described in the catalogue as "Biblia Sancta Latina (Testamentum Vetus) eversione et cum prefatione Sancti Hieronymi. No name of place or date, but known to have been printed at Metz by John Gutenberg, about A. D. 1452; folio. In the original pig-skin binding on oak boards, restored by Bedford." This copy contains the Old Testament only, and, from the fact of its

being bound originally in one volume, it has been suggested that some copies were thus issued for the special use of the Israelitish community. The volume is quite complete down to the end of the Book of Machabees, with folio 486 and a portion of folio 506 in perfect facsimile. It has a few worm-holes, but the volume is in excellent condition, and measures 14¾ in. in height. A copy, sold a few years ago at the sale of Mr. Perkins's library, fetched £2,690. The existence of this copy, it may be added, was altogether unknown until it was accidentally discovered in the sacristy of a village church in Bavaria, where it was purchased by its late owner, a foreign gentleman. After a spirited competition, the book was knocked down by Messrs. Sotheby at the sum of £760; it is understood that the purchaser is Mr. Quaritch.—*Irish Times*.

—Carlyle had a very peculiar handwriting. An expert has said of it: "Eccentric and spiteful-looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways; some are intended to represent the 'i' dot, though far removed from the parent stem, while others, commenced as a cross to the 't,' suddenly recoil in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somerset, and in so doing occasionally cancel the entire word whence they spring. Some letters slope one way and some another, some are halt, maimed, or crippled, while many are unequal in height, form, style, and everything else. The autograph is rather larger than the rest of the manuscript, the manner of which does not impress the eye pleasantly, the crabbed look not being very significant of amiability." Carlyle was a terror to compositors. He used to revise and retouch his proofs so much that the labor of correcting and overrunning was greater than the first work of setting up. One day his London publisher's foreman said to him: "Why, sir, you really are very hard on us with your corrections. They take so much time, you see." Carlyle urged in reply that a printer ought to be accustomed to such annoyances, and that in Scotland there was no fuss made over them. "Ah, well, sir," responded the foreman, "we have a man here from Edinburgh. He took up a bit of your copy the other day, and dropped it as if it had burned his fingers. 'Mercy on us!' he cried, 'have you that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done with his corrections!'" The author used to laugh heartily at this story when he told it of himself.

—It is a fact generally conceded by all intelligent persons at the present day, especially those who have given any serious thought to the subject, that music is more of a necessity than a luxury. Indeed, we have in mind a recent school report in which the committee have recorded words to this effect, that, "after a fair trial of music as a part of the regular subjects for study, we have arrived at the conclusion that the study of music by the pupils of our public schools is of far more use to them than the study of geography." We presume there are many who will disagree with the above statement; be that as it may, it is true beyond a doubt that music is of far greater benefit during school days, and also in after-life, than many of the studies children are obliged to devote their time and attention to now. There are many who oppose the introduction of music into the common schools on the ground of its being "a luxury which rich men can have if they want, but which the common folks must do without; it is a needless expense; a waste of time, and does not amount to anything anyway." People who make such statements as these are totally ignorant of the true mission of music; have not investigated the subject sufficiently to give a proper opinion, and therefore are not at all qualified to sit in judgment upon such an important matter. The fact that music is a necessity is so apparent to a common observer of the wants and necessities of the human mind, that it is almost a waste of time and space to enlarge upon the subject. The fact that it is God-given implies its usefulness, and its usefulness implies its necessity. With many the idea prevails that those things only are useful which fill our coffers with bonds and greenbacks, and our mouths with bread and butter. It is hard for such persons to comprehend the fact that the mind must have its food as well as the body, and that there are other treasures than the gold which perisheth. It is a misunderstanding of the word "use" to connect it exclusively with the idea of the amassing of those things which minister to the comfort of

the physical part of the man. Those things are just as useful, if not more so, which have been given by an all-wise Being to satisfy the cravings of the better part of man—his spiritual nature. Man does not live by bread alone, and those things which meet the wants of the spiritual part of his being are as needful to it as are corn and wheat needful to the sustenance of the animal part of his nature. The importance of music cannot be over-estimated, and a love for it exists in the heart of every human being to a greater or less degree. History shows that the best lever for the moving of all large bodies is music. The soldier marches with firmer step to his victory or to his death, while the strains of martial music are sounding in his ears. Empires have been overturned by a song, and the salvation of our own country is due to the ballads of her soldiers as well as to their bullets. In the smaller affairs of life music is no less a necessity than it is in the revolutions which purify a nation's life or give new impulse to great religious movements. The home-circle, the work-shop, and all the places where our work and life may be, are far more blessed for what music does for them. It has been said that music oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. Its influence is indeed like blessed sunbeams shining into dark places, driving the sadness and the shadow out of all hearts who let it in. It is the handmaid of religion. It is above all the other arts, and permeates them all. It is not an amusement only; a luxury for a few; a recreation. It is all these and more. It is an absolute necessity to all; especially is it a necessity to the young people of the present day.—*Art Journal*.

### Exchanges.

—They are having a repetition of the drama of Judith and Holofernes up north. The exchange editor of *The Sunbeam* has come to the rescue of outraged humanity and gagged and bound the "untamed hyena" of the *Niagara Index*. What the upshot of this affair will be, time alone can tell. The following shows with what womanly tact the editor of *The Sunbeam* set about her philanthropic task:

"Thank you, *Niagara Index*, for your polite and friendly tone toward us in your last issue. We acknowledge it was unfair to form our opinions by the same standard as others, and before we had had the privilege of judging for ourselves. Accept our apologies, and in response to your gentle greeting, we would say, we are *very* happy to make your acquaintance, even if the imaginary fire and brimstone be not forthcoming after your microscopic examination of the *Sunbeam*. As you remark, your opportunity for personal observation in certain directions are limited, so we beg leave to inform you that our 'foreheadal locks' are not as 'sparse' as those of most people who write ex. ed. after their names, and as yet are innocent of bandoline, quince seed or plain mucilage; neither do we use taffy, for, although of the proper consistency as regards viscosity, it savors too much of—the *Niagara Index*, we were going to say, but perhaps that simile is too far-fetched. We have observed that our foreheadal locks find their proper place, and are enabled to keep it, by the aid of a simple brushing, and in your difficulty we would advise you to try the same plan, and also to avoid undue excitement when an exchange calls you a 'hippodrome,' an 'untamed hyena,' or even a literary tiger. Once more, we murmur our thanks for the high honor your notice has conferred upon us, and retire, expressing our surprise and extreme gratification at having at last met a real live exchange editor who is not only a 'lord of (College) creation,' but—a gentleman."

If that doesn't bring the *Index* ex-editor to his senses his case is a hopeless one.

—"The True Man," the leading article in *The Heidelberg Monthly Journal* for June, (by the way, can a periodical be consistently termed a *monthly* and a *journal* at the same time?) contains interesting matter for the student; the same might be said of the "Apothegms" from the French, translated by Prof. Zerbe. We take the following extract from the article first mentioned:

"Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the noted wit of England, was also of diminutive appearance, and for that reason was frequently twitted by his more corpulent companions. But he finally silenced them with the following sarcastic lines:

"'Though I could reach from pole to pole,

And grasp the earth within my span,  
I'd still be measured by my soul—  
The mind's the standard of the man.'

"Yet true manliness does not consist even in *intellectual greatness*. It would be drawing the limits too narrow to make the possession of a great intellect the one essential qualification for manhood. Genius is an endowment which God confers on very few persons in any age of the world. Blind Tom could play the most difficult pieces of music on hearing them executed but once; Ben Jonson could repeat all that he had ever written and whole books that he had read; Themistocles could call by their names the twenty thousand citizens of Athens. Theodosius the younger could recite any part of the Scriptures, and if the Bible had been lost he could have restored it from memory. Such power is admirable and inspires in us a reverence for its possessor, but it alone does not, by any means, make of him a man. A great intellect, or a great memory, however convenient it may be, is not the *sine qua non* of real manhood. If it were, multitudes of indigent and worthy persons, who are deficient in mental power and weak in memory, would be deprived of the possibility of becoming men. To judge by such a criterion would be manifestly unjust, for it would compel us to condemn many as unmanly on account of causes over which they have no control. We are not responsible for the lack of great talents, but only for the use we make of those which we have. If we diligently cultivate the two talents that have been given us, we will be commended equally with him who cultivates his five. No one need be discouraged in the struggle of life because he has not been gifted with great physical strength or a great intellect. It is possible to be a true man without being a Shakespeare or a Mezzofanti."

—We have already made brief mention of the new paper at Williams, *The Argo*. Some of the matter in the second number pleases us well, but we have no admiration to throw away on "Oh, how Funny!" or "Cornucopia's" (?) "Curly of Columbia." Among other pieces worth transferring, we find the following:

#### AN ÆSTHETIC MAID.

##### I.

O, she reads the ancient Greek,  
Rhyme and prose,  
With an accent quite antique—  
I suppose;  
Calls poor Plato a fanatic,  
And Theocritus ecstatic;  
Tells me Homer wrote in Attic,  
Which she knows.

##### II.

She speaks French and German, too,  
With an air  
That becomes a young *bas bleu*,  
Blithe and fair;  
Quotes quaint rhymes of old Dan Chaucer's,  
Speaks of clothes-lines now as 'hawsers';  
And she worships china saucers,  
Old and rare.

##### III.

In a queer, artistic note,  
Filled with scents,  
This is what she lately wrote:—  
Keep it dense!  
"It came safely, with the cargo  
Of my notes. Thanks. Mozart's Largo  
I have left to read 'The Argo.'  
'Tis immense."—F. D. S.

If the end of the term were not so near, we should procure a sharper knife, for the tough, leathery plate-paper of *The Argo* makes clipping slow work. It seems a pity to spoil such paper by cutting square holes in it, but business is business and our knife must do its duty. Capt. "Eph," of *The Argo*, is a clever fellow, and, doubtless, a good navigator; but from the manner in which he jumbles nautical terms, he is evidently not an "old salt," and has not read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." But he keeps an interesting log-book. He invites visitors in to see his nice new parlor, or state-room, where he says he has "a marlin-spike handy for some, and a large bucket of soft-soap ready for others"—having, probably, discarded the old-fashioned "slush" of grease and tar. If he intends to renew the old custom of Neptune coming over the bows, when the ship crosses the equatorial "line," and "shaving" the greenies with slush and a hoop-iron razor, we beg to inform him that we are not candidates, having crossed "the line" before, and would be excused from either undergoing that operation or being made into a knot by his marlin-spike.

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, June 18, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Another scholastic year draws to a close, and with it our term of editorship. To those with whom we have been in communication through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC during the past year, we bid adieu; with some, it may be *au revoir*, but for many of us this is a final adieu as members of the SCHOLASTIC's editorial board. Whether we have done our duty well or ill, it is for the readers to determine. Singers in a chorus cannot form a judgment of the manner in which the music is performed, while to the most casual listener its every beauty or defect is readily apparent; a bad move, or lost opportunities for favorable ones, are frequently lost sight of by the players, but a less skilled observer may readily note them; so also with editors, and especially the young editors of a college paper; they are liable to make mistakes that may to them be altogether unnoticed, or, if noticed at all, treated with greater indifference than their gravity requires. For all such as may have occurred with us in the conduct of our college paper during the past year, we ask the forbearance of our readers. The editorial board of 1880-81 will carry with them a kind remembrance of the days spent in editorial work, and of the many testimonials of friendship that have been vouchsafed them by their contemporaries of the college press, both in the United States and Canada. To the students of the various departments who have rendered us assistance, how slight soever it may have been, we say: Accept our best thanks. As editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC, our task has been a heavy one—too heavy, indeed, had it not been for the great assistance rendered us by our efficient Staff. To them we bid a fond adieu. We have no apologies to make: we have always done our best. Once more, and finally, to all our friends we say, Adieu!

—Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.—Bovee.

We think the foregoing a true remark, and this is one reason why we always thought Ex-Vice President Colfax an honest man, notwithstanding the weight of circumstantial evidence against him in the Credit Mobilier affair. If ever there was a hard-working, industrious man, and one who attended strictly to his business, that man is Hon. Schuyler Colfax. Even when he was Vice-President of the United States, he could, during vacations, be found at his home in South Bend at almost any hour of the day, busily at work among his papers, and, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, up to his ears in business. None, even the poorest, of his constituents, ever found him churlish or inclined to turn a cold shoulder upon him. This is the universal testimony of those who knew him. The political field is a most thankless and uncertain field of labor. Among other instances of ingratitude is that in the case of Senator Jos. E. McDonald, of our own State, one of the ablest of American statesmen, one who enjoyed the respect and esteem of all parties, whom Murat Halsted placed at the head of the Democratic party, and whom Don Piatt, an independent and influential editor in Washington, spoke of as the best and most eligible candidate the Democrats could put forward on the presidential ticket,—Senator McDonald, who had served with such marked honor and distinction in the upper chamber of Congress, was last year refused the courtesy of renomination for the Senate—a person who was untried and almost unknown being given the preference. The nomination in this case would have been simply matter of form and a mark of confidence, as there was not a shadow of hope for the nominee. Such is political life. Young man, as you value your good name and your welfare, keep out of politics, or at least be independent of and above them. Politics want everything, but give no certainty of anything in return, except abuse.

—The gold medals commonly known as First Honors, and given at the Commencement exercises as a testimonial of previous satisfactory behavior, have always been objects of laudable ambition among our students here. Time was when only one medal of honor was given, and that to a student in the Senior Department, whose name was also inscribed in letters of gold on the refectory wall. A tablet may be seen there still, in what is now the Junior refectory, on the east side of the north door, bearing names and dates for a period of 25 years, ending with 1868. Modesty forbids our calling public attention to the distinguished character of the names that appear here, or to the brilliancy of the subsequent career of each. With 1869, the year of Silver Jubilee, the practice of giving medals to all whose conduct was absolutely unobjectionable was begun, and has thenceforth been continued, thereby relieving the faculty from the interminable debates which resulted from the attempt to choose one among a number of the equally deserving. The customs which are now observed in the awarding of First Honors may be briefly stated as follows:

A First Honor requires an attendance of at least four sessions, of which the last two must be consecutive.

A First Honor is not *usually* given to any student who has not succeeded in obtaining a second honor the previous year.

Three objections, from any three members of the general



faculty, are sufficient to defeat any candidate for First honors.

Graduates of all the courses except the Commercial receive in their diplomas a testimonial that includes all minor honors. Hence the First Honor is not in future to be added to the diploma.

It will be seen that it is no easy matter to obtain a First Honor at Notre Dame; for, as it is the aim of the faculty to make this as high a reward as possible, the objections are made with the most conscientious scrupulosity. Very few there are who pass absolutely blameless beneath the scan of thirty or forty men of severe virtue and exalted sense of duty, such as now compose our faculty.

But, difficult as it appears, it is not so in its own nature. There is nothing laborious in keeping the college rules, since they are made simply with a view to the well-being, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the student. And if it seem irksome at first, as is natural after the relaxations of vacation, a few days of steady observance will smooth the way, and in a week or so the student finds himself floating onward with the stream in unconscious ease and undisturbed serenity. We will close by hoping not only that the recipients of second honors last June may all receive First Honors this Commencement, but even that the excellent behavior of others may make such a favorable impression on the faculty as to induce them to waive the restrictive clause of their rules. As for the new students, they will all try for second honors as a matter of course, and all should remember that a few years spent at college would be well employed if nothing more was learned than to converse with the dignity and propriety of gentlemen.

—The Entertainment given in Washington Hall, last Saturday evening, by the St. Cecilia Philopatrian Association was a success in every sense of the word. At seven o'clock, the Hall was well filled. Soon the officers of the University made their appearance, when the Band struck up a lively air. We do not propose saying anything of the playing of Band and Orchestra on this occasion; for were we to criticize these organizations as they deserve to be criticized, on account of their playing at this entertainment, they would not feel themselves very highly complimented. From the address, which was well read by Master G. J. Rhodius, we learned that the Entertainment was complimentary to Vice-President Walsh. On the conclusion of the address, Mr. G. Clarke, of the Staff, arose, and introduced Mrs. Rea, of Chicago, to the audience, saying that, being specially requested, she had kindly consented to sing for us. This announcement was loudly applauded. Mrs. Rea sung a lively and beautiful song, in a most charming manner, and richly deserved the *encore* given her. In response to the *encore*, she favored us with "Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee," which was even better than the first. Mrs. Rea has a rich, clear, and well-cultivated voice, which never fails to captivate her audience. We hope that we may often have the pleasure of listening to the lady's singing.

Now came the second part of the evening's programme, "Major John Andre," an historical drama in five acts, arranged for the occasion. It is a fine drama, and was greatly enhanced by the almost perfect manner in which it was rendered by the young gentlemen of the Cecilia Association. Messrs. F. H. Grever, J. P. O'Neill, C. Tinley, E. Orrick, J. T. Homan, C. Brinkman, C. McDermott, J.

L. Morgan, W. S. Cleary, F. A. Kleine, A. Bodine, T. D. Healy, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, C. F. Rietz and T. Flynn took the leading rôles, sustaining them unexceptionally well. Grever made an excellent Washington, and Brinkman played General Greene with dignity and grace. Knox, Lafayette, St. Clair, Putnam, Hamilton, Jameson, found good representatives in Messrs. Fleming, Flynn, McDermott, Morgan, H. Rose, and Rietz. "Paulding," A. Bodine; "Van Wert," F. A. Kleine; and "Williams," T. D. Healy—Andre's capturers—were ably personated, Van Wert especially. Were we asked to say which of the four leading *dramatis personæ*, namely, Messrs. O'Neill, "Sir Henry Clinton"; Tinley, "Major John Andre"; Orrick, "Benedict Arnold"; Homan, "John Andre, Sr.," were the best, we would reply that we could not tell; for so true to their rôles, and so earnest and spirited in the rendition of them, were these young gentlemen, that it would be impossible to say which of the four was the star. O'Neill, as "Clinton," the wily English General, was simply perfect; Orrick, as "Benedict Arnold" the traitor, could not have been surpassed by any college amateur; Tinley performed the part of "Andre" with his accustomed grace and acknowledged ability; and Homan, Andre's father, personated the character of an old and heart-broken father in a manner that elicited the applause, and called forth the highest encomiums of the large audience.

The minor characters were well sustained by Messrs. Hintze, Gray, Truschel, C. Rose, Martin, Guthrie, Silverman, Fendrick, J. H. Burns, Castanedo, Gordon, Ruppe, N. Ewing, and J. M. Scaulan. N. Nelson made a very fine-looking little page; while F. A. Quinn, as the hypocritical and mendacious tory, kept the audience in roars of laughter by his successful imitation of the knavish character which he acted so well. The music excepted, the twenty-third annual Entertainment of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was one of the best ever given at Notre Dame, and the best of the scholastic year.

Time would not permit the playing of the "Virginia Mummy." We are sorry that such was the case, for our friend Master A. Coghlin was denied the opportunity of showing how well he can play the Irish character. We attended one of the rehearsals of the comedy and there saw how well Master Coghlin performed his part. As usual, the Exhibition was under the supervision of Prof. J. A. Lyons, whose well-known ability in conducting entertainments is too patent to need notice from us.

Among those present, besides the Faculty and students of the University, were Mrs. Rea and son, of Chicago; Miss Higdon, Kentucky; Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Otis; Mrs. Woodson, Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter.; Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Best, Milwaukee, Wis., and Mr. F. Weizenburger, Defiance, Ohio. Vice-President Walsh made the closing remarks.

—"Love is an internal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal-boat," said a practical old forwarding merchant.

—Some people can invent awful mean slurs. When the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano, and pestered the next-door neighbor, the next-door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother, who was at the window, and said: "Got plumbers at work in your house, haven't you?" No wonder those families don't speak now.

## Written Dissertation of a Minim.

FORT WAYNE, IND, June 9, 1881.

DEAR FATHER GENERAL:—Your "Minim" has bravely tackled the difficult branches of his studies. According to the custom of universities, he sends in a written dissertation, hoping he will be excused from a verbal examination. If that is not the ablest work of a Minim, and if it does not stagger the Faculty, especially the Prefect of Studies, I am very much mistaken. Think of the profound research in finding the old original Etruscan alphabet,—and the Mexicans, or Aztecs! Whew!!! Don't publish it: it would convulse the whole scientific world; but you may let the Faculty and Sister Aloysius read it. And, dear Father General, if it gives you a good laugh to read what is really a conglomeration of most profound study and—*nonsense*, I shall be well pleased.

Your "Minim," + J. D.

The Etruscan language is rather a tough matter for a "Minim" to tackle. The authors greatly disagree: some calling them Celts, which is evidently untrue, on account of their bitter wars with the Celts of Gaul, and on account of their difference of religion, priesthood, political and social institutions; some, amongst whom may be mentioned Taylor, call them a Tartaric race, on account of a similarity of certain customs and funeral ceremonies,—vague surmises, and drawn mostly from imagination. Some think them Slavonic. Nonsense, and no proof whatever! Some, like Niebuhr, think them a branch of the old Pelasgic race, especially on account of their antiquity, since they were called "aborigines" by many of the old writers. Profound study and research have convinced your "Minim" that: 1st, The Etrusci, or Tusci, are the same as the "Osci" of ancient Italy. The change of *o* and *u* is very common; and by the prefix of the article "ta," the contraction of *ta* Osci into *Tusci* is easily understood. Thus the *Tusci* or *Osci* represented the *non-Greek* element of the Latin language, which we know to be a mixture of the Greek or Pelasgic and of the *Osci* or *Tusci* element. The testimony of the ancients that the Etruscan language was entirely different from the Greek and the Latin, need not surprise us, because the pure Tuscan language must certainly have been as different from the mixture of Latin as the pure Saxon-German of to-day is different from the mixture of English. By the above theory we can also understand how one of the most ancient authors, mentioning an embassy of the Romans to the Etrusci, says that men were chosen who knew the language of the Osci. When we consider that at least one-third of the original founders or citizens of Rome were Etrusci; that King Tarquinius was undoubtedly an Etruscan "Lucumo"; that all Roman rituals and pontifical books were Etruscan;—when we consider the age and the early power of the Etruscans in Southern Italy, since we have historical proof that their confederacy existed 434 years before the building of Rome, as is shown by the historical ending of their cycle or period of 1100 years, ending 666 after the building of Rome;—it is madness to deny the influence of Etruscans in the formation of the admittedly mixed language—Latin. The Etruscans were not Germans, as may be easily seen from their short, chunky, heavy-set form—[Is the Prefect of Studies an Etrus. ?]—their religion, and their institutions. 2, Hence your "Minim" boldly asserts that the Etruscans were an Aramaic or Semitic race, somewhat mixed and modified by intercourse with the Pelasgians. They were, in fact, a band of victorious Assyrians, who pushed forward through Asia Minor across the Hellespont, along the

Mediterranean. The change of *a* to *e*, and *s* into *t*, is common in ancient languages, and it is easy to understand how Assuria could become Etruria. The Assyrian or Semitic origin of the Etruscans is shown by their harsh language, eliminations of short vowels, the conglomeration of consonants, similarity in many religious points, and especially similarity of calendar, or calculation of time. The Roman numerals are Etruscan. After long and painful search, I have discovered the old Etruscan alphabet of thirteen letters. [Here is given the alphabet, which we cannot produce for want of Etruscan type.—Ed. SCHOLASTIC]. The only words we understand to a certainty are, *BIUT*, *IT arvil ril* (*vixit annos*). The Etruscans called themselves *Raseni*, after their victorious king and leader *Rasen*, or *Resen*.

## THE PELASGIANS.

The Pelasgians are simply the older Greeks, and cognate to the Hellenes, taking their names from Pelagos Sea, living on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea. Old Professor Cadmus had only thirteen letters of the alphabet, and his pupils Hesiod and Homer invented the other Greek letters we use to-day. The old Archaic Greek is Pelasgian.

## THE AZTECS.

Your "Minim" recognizes at least four migrations to America: 1, The ordinarily received one by Behring's Strait, and the Aleutian and Kamtschatka Island, where America and Asia may have joined on the Strait frozen over so that the transition was easy; or the distance so short that an ordinary canoe could make the voyage. This explains the traditions of the Indians, that they came from the North, and that, like the Sioux, their course was from the West, eastward. 2, From the Northeast over Iceland and Greenland. Here we have the voyage of St. Brendan, not a myth; here we have the historic data of the Northmen making repeated voyages to Iceland and Greenland, where there was even a Christian Bishop in the twelfth century; and their voyages to Vineland, and God knows how much further South along the coast. Daring seafarers the northern Vikings certainly were. In Central America there were different races and a different civilization. These I explain by the 3d—Immigration of the Egyptians. We know now to a certainty that, under Necho, the Egyptians circumnavigated Africa: the very facts Herodotus brings to prove the absurdity of the statement of the Egyptian priest, in regard to these voyages, are now confessedly the most conclusive proof. Sailing around Africa, and rounding the Cape of Good Hope, they met on the coast the southern Atlantic current running south, and, on the Guinea Coast, so heavily towards the land. Standing out from the coast, and from this land current, they had a strong Atlantic current that carried them to the coast of Brazil and Central America. Moreover, the Cape Verde Islands extend far toward America, and the Island "Atlantis" was certainly not a myth. It may have been America; it may have been an island west of the Cape Verde Islands, now submerged. There is nothing improbable in this, when we consider the known volcanic nature of this part of the Atlantic Ocean known as the Sargasso Sea. Then we should remember the trade winds, at certain seasons, which Columbus also encountered taking a ship to the American coast. 4, The Phoenicians of Tyre and Carthage. It is well known that they were daring navigators: they knew the Arkades and Shetland Islands; they entered the Baltic; they knew the Island of Atlantis, and the Cape Verde Islands; their

*Ultima Thule* was not Mainland, the largest of the Shetland, nor Jutland, but west of the Cape Verde, on the Island of Atlantis, the land Tula or Tollan of the Toltecs.

When we see in our own time canoes from the islands of Oceanica drifting 1,200 miles; a Japanese junk drifting across the broad Pacific to the mouth of the Columbia River, in Oregon; when we see on the Sandwich Islands 2,000 miles away, the same Maori tribe as on Van Diemen's Land, it is not hard to understand that the far better navigators, the Egyptians and Phœnicians with far better ships and ocean currents in their favor, should have reached the American shore. The evident traces of Egyptian monuments and pyramids, of Phœnician chronology and astronomical observations, and astrology, amongst the polished Central American tribes, the Mexicans and Peruvians, were not without reason. Hence I boldly assert that these polished tribes owed their origin to the Egyptians and Phœnicians.

The Toltecs were the older inhabitants of Central America and of the Valley of Mexico. Their armorial and sacred sign was the pyramidal Theocallis with a palm tree, showing a southern origin, and pointing to Egypt as the place of their origin. From these Toltecs the Aztecs, or rather Nahuatl, received whatever culture they had. The great Humboldt made the mistake in taking this Toltec sign for a Mexican, and hence surmised a southern origin of the Aztecs. By admitting this origin of the Toltecs, whose country was invaded from the North by the seven Nahuatl tribes, of whom the Aztecs became the leading tribe in the 12th or 13th century, we reconcile the conflicting tradition and paintings of the Indians at the time of Spanish conquest.

The Aztecs, or rather Nahuatl, were a fierce, warlike race, and seem to have come from the Northeast into the valley of Anahuac. In government they have a complete feudal system, that reminds us strongly of the feudal system of the Northmen and Germanic races. Under Montezuma II, the Government became more absolute and despotic; hence the dissatisfaction that greatly aided the conquest of the Spaniards. In religion they had many traces of Christianity: one Supreme God, an almost correct knowledge of the fall of man and the deluge; a Baptism, and Confession; honoring the cross. Their demigod and prophet Quetzalcoatl was a white man, with a flowing beard like Father General. (Now your "Minim" advances this theory.) The Mexicans were Northmen from Northern Europe, Iceland, and Greenland. We know that in the year A. D. 1000 they were partly heathen, partly Christian; they were at that time colonizing Greenland; their stay in Vineland accounts for the culture of the Narragansetts. When the repeated occurrence of that dread pestilence "black death" drove them from Europe, and even from Iceland, and severed their connection with that country, they sailed southward along the American coast, entering the Gulf of Mexico. The Natchets may be traces of them; perhaps also the Mound-Builders. But nowhere do we find the traces of these Northmen colonies so plainly as in the Mexicans. More heathen than Christian, they lost their Christianity. Like the Phœnicians to Moloch, the Toltec sacrificed children; but the Mexicans the prisoners of war, like the Northmen, of course in a less degree. May not the demigod Quetzalcoatl have been St. Brendan? The Mexican tribes, although they spoke the same language substantially, had thirty-five dialects; according to some, only twenty; in fifteen we have grammars. Their language was soft and fluent; that of Tezcuco was the

most polished and elegant, and possessed beautiful poetry. Ixtlilxochitl gives us a beautiful poem of his ancestor King Nezahualpilli on a *cross prefect of discipline*. The Mexican language did not have the sounds of *b d f g r* and *s*. It abounded in *l x t z tl* and *tz*. The Mexican letters were hieroglyphics, and picture painting, mostly allegorical pictures. Enclosed and attached are some principal Aztec letters copied from the Dresden codex. [Sorry we could not get electrotypes of these pictures.—Ed. SCHOLASTIC.]

#### HYDRODYNAMICS.

Everyone knows water flows down, never up; but the common saying that water seeks its level is false. It seeks its rotundity, viz.: the rotundity of earth, because it seeks to be equally distant from the centre of the earth; it seeks not a true level, but the rotund form of the earth. Water is always considered very wet, but I have seen it very dry when exposed to a sufficient degree of cold.

#### THE GENERAL FITNESS OF SUBLUNARY THINGS.

Take a good dinner and see how well it fits the appetite of your Minims, especially when they have to wait an hour or two beyond the usual time.

#### THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION OF ANTEDILUVIANS.

The oldest antediluvian was Mr. Granite, whose sons were Silurian, Devonian, etc. At the time of the deluge, when they drank too much, they toppled over, they changed their centre of gravity, and the earth its axis; this accounts for the fact that we see tropical signs in Arctic regions; and hence anyone that drinks too much will lose his centre of gravity, get topheavy, and topple over.

Respectfully submitted as a written examination, by

YOUR "MINIM."

#### Personal.

—Mrs. P. B. Ewing and her son, Edward Sorin, are visiting at St. Mary's.

—Cadet Midshipman Clarke, U. S. N., brother of G. E. Clarke, of the Staff, is at the University.

—James E. Hagerty, '79, is in business with his father at 944 Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. He will attend our Commencement Exercises.

—We lately received a letter from our friend E. Litmer, (Prep.) '80. "Ed." is well, and desires to be remembered to all his friends. He is at present attending St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, Ohio.

—Ralph J. Golsen, '75, is in the employ of Hiram J. Thompson, 259 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Writing to Prof. Lyons, he says that his brother Julius, '74, is in business for himself. Both will attend our Commencement Exercises.

—Mrs. Rea and son, Chicago, Ill., spent Saturday and Sunday at the University. Mrs. Rea came to take her son, Master Walla Rea, Minim Department, home. Walla has been unwell for some time, and Mrs. Rea hopes that a trip across the ocean may prove beneficial to him. He will return next September.

—Chas. Cavanagh, '79, writing to Bro. Leander, from Chicago, Ill., where he is now staying, says that he called to see E. McMahon recently, who, in conjunction with Rob Keenan, and others, are forming a party to attend the Commencement Exercises here next Thursday. He says the party will be a large one—all "ex-N. D. boys."

—We lately had the pleasure of a visit from our much esteemed friends and classmates, Messrs. L. P. Best, of Milwaukee, Wis., and F. J. Weisenburger, Defiance, Ohio. Philip brought with him to his *Alma Mater* a fair young bride, whom he wedded last Thursday week. We wish

the happy young couple every success in life. Mr. Weisenburger is in business with his father at Defiance, Ohio.

—We learn from *The Washington Post* of June the 8th that at the Commencement Exercises of the Law School, of Columbia College, which took place on the 7th inst., Mr. John Arthur, of Erie, Pa., well and favorably known at Notre Dame, and to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC in times past, received the degree of Bachelor of Law, and also had the honor of leading the Class of '81 and receiving the highest of three prizes awarded for the best three essays. Mr. Arthur's essay was on "The Law of Embezzlement." That of T. J. Johnson, of the District of Columbia, on "The Law of Impeachment," received the second prize of \$30; that of J. M. Fox, of Connecticut, "The Benevolence of the Law," the third prize, of \$20.

—The following are a few of those who will attend Commencement Exercises at Notre Dame University, June 23d, '81: Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Start, Chicago; Mrs. A. Drees, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. S. Mendel, Chicago; Mr. H. Friedman, Chicago, Ill.; P. M. Guthrie and wife, Carroll, Iowa; P. Ruppe, Hancock, Mich.; T. Baron, Shannon, Ill.; J. Kengel and wife, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. H. Dick, La Porte, Ind.; Moses Livingston, South Bend, Ind.; Jos. Quinn, Tolona, Ill.; Jas. Quinn, Baltimore, Md.; J. H. Dennis, New York, N. Y.; D. C. Smith, Adrian, Mich.; P. Devitt, Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Zekind, St. Joe, Mich.; Mrs. H. Perry, Chicago, Ill.; W. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; W. W. Cleary and wife, Covington, Ky.; Mr. James McNamara and lady, and Jas. McNamara, Jr., Dexter, Mich.; Rev. T. Buysse, Jackson, Mich.

—The following letter, received by Very Rev. Father General from Rev. Kilian Flasch, '53, Bishop-elect of La Crosse, Wis., explains itself:

SEMINARY OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES, WIS., June 10, 1881.  
 VERY REV. E. SORIN, C. S. C., SUP.-GEN.  
 VERY REV. DEAR SIR:—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your telegraphic dispatch, dated May 11, containing your most cordial congratulations on my appointment to the vacant See of La Crosse. This dispatch did not come to my knowledge until yesterday. It was received in my absence, and through mistake and forgetfulness of the receiver not presented to me before now. This for my excuse for delay.  
 It will be 28 years next August since I entered Notre Dame College, to study for the holy priesthood. My stay there was short, but blessed and happy. Since that time I always bore a grateful remembrance of Notre Dame.

Thanking you for your kind wishes and begging for a *memento ad altare*, I have the honor to be

Your humble servant in Xto,  
 KILIAN C. FLASCH.

### Local Items.

- Four days more.
- "Helly was glorious."
- And the tables groaned.
- Grand *soirée* to-morrow evening.
- "Good bye" will soon be the word.
- And how many Lyons were abroad?
- The best time on record—lunch time.
- Even in summer's robe there are tares.
- They also sweat who only stand and wilt.
- Pride and a hot summer go before the fall.
- Hope that all may have a pleasant vacation.
- The "Staves" will soon lay down their quills.
- Even the most honest youth loves to lie—in bed.
- The fountain of perennial youth—a young heart.
- The feet of a certain student we call hexameters.
- Men whose business is looking up—astronomers.
- "And he looked like the Lyons of twenty years ago."
- "Ginger Blue," made an excellent Virginia mummy.
- The cucumber does its best fighting after it's down.
- When one resolves to do right, he should not get left.
- Sauce is a good thing in everything except ourselves.
- Mr. F. W. Bloom, '81, will be the Valedictorian on the 23d.

—"You're sweet on us," as the hot cakes remarked to the syrup.

—Even the crude Bishop Gilmore could not count the Lyons.

—The men who like to have their work broken up—the glaziers.

—Distribution of prizes and premiums, next Thursday morning.

—All the College societies held final meetings during the week.

—Our next issue will be in readiness on, or about, the 27th inst.

—A volume that will bring tears to your eyes—a volume of smoke.

—The vexatious youth is already in business. He is a dealer in tease.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder has a poem in the June number of the *Irish Monthly*.

—Do not fail to carefully peruse the Staff's farewell. See editorial department.

—Red light in blinding brilliancy at last Saturday evening's Entertainment.

—Many of the "old boys" will put in an appearance during the coming week.

—Boys, you can't always raise a beard, even if you have a razor to raise it with.

—The heartiness of the wag of a dog's tail does not depend upon the size of the dog.

—"Yes, John; you may make a bolt for the door, and not be a good mechanic, either."

—The agony will soon be over, and the youth who has passed his examinations will know it.

—Never improvise a grindstone when you desire to whet your appetite or sharpen your wits.

—Any boy may get ahead of Washington. All he has to do is to buy a three-cent postage-stamp.

—Rev. Father Zahm says that a grand trial of the pump will be made during the coming week.

—Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.

—A man, with a white vest, caught out in a rain-storm, looks more forlorn than a sprinkling-cart on a hot day.

—The newspapers say there is a better feeling abroad. Well, we're waiting for it. Why doesn't it come home?

—Nearly all our friends will have reached their homes ere the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC makes its appearance.

—Goliath was much surprised when David slung the stone at him, because the thing never entered his head before.

—Our students are all good young men. We never knew any of them to Havana number one cigars about them.

—"How sleep the brave?" "Well, now, since you put the question, they sleep rather restlessly these warm nights."

—Our next issue will contain a detailed account of the Commencement Exercises. A copy will be mailed to each student.

—The sun has some very odd habits, for when it goes to bed earliest it rises latest, and when it goes latest to bed it gets up earliest.

—The "new Minim's" letter to Very Rev. Father General and a written dissertation of his studies appear in our editorial column.

—The probabilities are that there will be a larger number of visitors here on the 23d inst., than ever before in the history of the University.

—Tuesday, June 21st, is the Feast of St. Aloysius, whom the late glorious Pontiff Pius IX constituted the Patron Saint of youth.

—Who can describe the agony of the youth who supposed he was levying toll on a melon patch, and finds he has lugged home yellow pumpkins?

—Student—"Would you advise me to have my mous-

tache shaved off?" Barber—"Well, now, I should hesitate before I sacrificed my only ornament."

—First student (angrily): "If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full." Second student (looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall."

—Boys should learn to appreciate art. Every man is made better by the appreciation of a good picture, if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred-dollar note.

—To-morrow, Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers, of the Common of a Virgin; Hymn, of a Martyr, *Deus Tuorum*.

—The "New Minim," of Fort Wayne, Ind., finding it impossible to be present at the examinations, has sent in an essay, which appears in our editorial columns. Read it.

—The removal of a huge quantity of a superfluous capillary covering from one's cranium sometimes makes a notable and much needed change in an individual's appearance.

—The man's an ignoramus,  
Or, lower yet, a scamp,  
Who writes for information,  
And sends no postage-stamp.

—At the 33d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association a vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Keeffe; Mr. Eliot Ryder, Bros. Leander and Simon, for favors at their late Exhibition.

—Prof. Gregori has presented a large number of casts, modern and antique, to the Studio. The collection contains models of heads, arms, feet and hands in all positions, anatomical casts, and representations of wild and domestic animals.

—The Faculty have decided to abolish Society Day. This is certainly a move in the right direction. Very few, if any, could relish the idea of sitting for two or three hours listening to a large number of meaningless essays, speeches, etc.

—Messrs Orrick, Brinkman, O'Neill, Rhodius, Grever, and Flynn, were the efficient corps of ushers at the St. Cecilian Entertainment, last Saturday evening. Messrs. Tinley, Fleming, Morgan, Kleine and Quinn formed the Committee of Arrangements.

—"Define the difference in meaning between natural philosophy and experimental philosophy," said the professor. "Why, sir," replied the student, "experimental philosophy is our asking you to give us 'rec,' and natural philosophy is your saying, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

—The examination of those studying music took place last Monday afternoon. Under the able management of Prof. Paul, Bros. Basil and Leopold, a great boom has been made in this, one of the best taught branches at Notre Dame University. Brother Basil informs us that there have been more music pupils this year than for years before.

—A large number of the Faculty and students witnessed the Cadet drill, which took place on the Juniors' Campus, Tuesday evening, under the direction of Col. Otis and Captain Cocke. The drill over, President Corby in a neat little speech, complimented the Cadets on the great improvement which they had made in the military art.

—Hitherto we have always regarded Prof. Tong as one of the most modest of men. We were mistaken. At the St. Cecilians' Banquet he passed the dish of tongue to Mr. Lyon of the *South-Bend Tribune*, and to Mr. Eliot Ryder, with the remark "Gentlemen of the press, you know, ought to indulge liberally in tongue." A Tong recommending tongue! Oh, dear!

—The *Maler Zeitung*, a weekly journal for painters, artists, etc., published at Bonn, Germany, contained in its issue of the 25th ult., a card of thanks to Prof. Ackerman, who had sent them a copy of the "Fire number" of the SCHOLASTIC. They speak in the most flattering terms of the SCHOLASTIC, saying that it is the best and most interesting weekly college paper published on this side of the Atlantic.

—"Our poet," Mr. Eliot Ryder; "Marshal," J. P. O'Neill; "Duzen," C. F. Rietz; "J. Willie," J. W. Start; "Charley Ross," N. Halthusen; "G. Edmund," Geo.

Clarke; "Our funny man," G. Sugg; "Buttercup," D. Taylor; "The man with the horrible nerve," D. Danahey; "New York," M. Welch; "Boston," D. Harrington; "Our Babe," F. Grever. The above are a few of the most popular "cogs" by which the gentlemen named were known to the SCHOLASTIC during the year.

—The Seniors held their annual picnic in Jones' Grove, last Wednesday afternoon. Many of the Faculty were in attendance. They desire us to return their thanks to Bro. Paul, C. S. C., under whose efficient management the affair was successfully conducted. We have attended many picnics, both here and elsewhere, but never were we present at one gotten up on such a grand scale, regardless of expense, as that of last Wednesday. The "Staves" were invited, and are thankful to Bro. Paul for the invitation given, and which they gladly accepted.

—Our poet sends us the following; needless to say, it is apropos of the St. Cecilians' Banquet:

Alas! our senses soar not far from earth!  
And yet we should not grieve that it is so;  
We find such joy in things of little worth,  
Life's vista e'er should shine with roseate glow.  
When round the festive board we meet true friends,  
And heart responds to heart with earnest love.  
A glorious pleasure comes which ever tends  
To cheer our pilgrimage to realms above.  
Our earthly gain should not bring heavenly loss;  
We should regard it as a soothing balm,  
Which helps to bear the burden of the cross,  
By which we hope to win eternal calm:  
And thankful for this taste of heavenly peace,  
Let our endeavors for heaven's crown ne'er cease.

—The Senior second nines, to the Star of the East and Juanitas, determined to play "the best two out of three games" for the second nine championship. It was apparently the opinion of all who knew of the arrangement that the Juanitas were no match for the Star of the East, having been so often beaten by them. It was certainly a surprise to many when, in the ninth inning of the first championship game, the Juanitas tied the score, and beat their opponents in the tenth. Nor was it less surprising when, in the second game, the Star of the East fell an easy victim to the nine they had so often beaten. The ball and bat so kindly presented by the worthy directors, Brothers Paul and Albert, are to go to the champion nine; and the Juanitas claim this honor. Captains Tracy and Healy have made splendid captains and certainly deserve the thanks of their clubs. To Mr. Wm. Johnson (Ohio-man) was awarded the beautiful painted bat for his excellent work. The ball was voted to the captain, Mr. Healy.

—The guests' reception room in the main building is now the centre of attraction for art students and connoisseurs. Prof. Gregori has placed there for public inspection twelve of his best and most recent works. The collection includes six exquisite portraits of Italian and American life, painted on panel and finished after the style of the famous French artist, Meissonnier. An original Magdalen makes a deep impression upon the intelligent observer because of its reality and truth of expression. The attitude of the repentant, the eyes suffused with tears, the parted lips and clasped hands, do not require the element of imagination to carry the simplest intellect back to the awful sacrifice consummated on Calvary. The most striking picture in the collection is an original conception of one of the ancient prophets. Three well-executed portraits, and an ideal, representing whispering Cupids, complete the Gregori exhibit. The French school is represented by a picture from the brush of Emile Gabault. The canvas reproduces a bivouac of French troops with Boulogne-sur-Mer in the distance. A competent art critic has pronounced this collection one of the choicest ever exhibited in the West.

—The procession on last Thursday, the Feast of Corpus Christi, verified the predictions made by us in our last issue, concerning its grandeur. It was one of the grandest, largest, and most orderly processions ever seen at Notre Dame on Corpus Christi. Fully two thousand people were in procession. Magnificent indeed was the sight to one standing on Novitiate Hill and looking back upon such a large assemblage of people moving with reverential tread in solemn procession, while the perfect forest of rich silver and golden-fringed banners of every color; the magni-



ficent processional cross of solid silver flashing with dazzling brilliancy in the sunlight; handsomely attired acolytes, and a score of richly robed ministers; the red canopy, studded with gold and silver stars; the Cadets in uniform, the Confraternities and other Societies in full regalia; the Notre Dame Cornet Band, discoursing its sweetest strains,—all could not but inspire the beholder with reverence and awe. We only wish that we had sufficient space to say what we would wish to utter in regard to this, one of the best conducted and largest processions in the history of Notre Dame. To the efficient Marshals of the day, Messrs. McEniry, B. Smith, Harrington, O'Neill, Homan, and Gallagher, must be given the credit for the perfect order and regularity which characterized the procession throughout. Messrs. McPhillips, Healy, Gray, and Hurley bore lighted lanterns on either side of the canopy, under which walked Very Rev. Father Granger with the Most Holy Sacrament, attended by his assistant ministers, Rev. Fathers Walsh and Franciscus, the deacon and subdeacon of the day. Immediately preceding the Blessed Sacrament walked Masters Rhodius and Tinley, thurifers; preceding them were Masters Kitz, Olds, Dwenger, Haslam, Chaves, P. Campau, J. Campau, Tourillote, and Berthelet,—all of whom carried neatly-trimmed flower-baskets suspended from their necks by blue ribbons, and containing flowers, which these young gentlemen scattered on the avenue over which the King of kings would pass. And so we might proceed for columns, describing all that was beautiful in the procession; but as we have already said, our limited space forbids it. At the Mass celebrated before the procession, by Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. T. E. Walsh and P. Franciscus were deacon and subdeacon respectively; Masters H. Metz and J. Nester light-bearers, and C. C. Echlin, leader. Although there were indications of rain at early dawn—ominous thunder and black-faced clouds—the day, though a trifle too warm, was a good one for the procession.

—The following is the programme of the Entertainment given by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, June 11th:

## PART FIRST.

Music.....	N. D. U. C. B
Pot pourri—Suppé.....	College Orchestra
Address.....	C. A. Tinley
Song and Chorus.....	Choral Union
Recitation.....	J. P. O'Neill
Prologue.....	G. J. Rhodius
Music.....	N. D. U. C. B

## PART SECOND.

## MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. ARRANGED FOR THE OCCASION.

## Dramatis Personæ:

General Washington.....	F. H. Grever
" Greene.....	C. J. Brinkman
" Knox.....	R. E. Fleming
" La Fayette.....	T. F. Flynn
" St. Clair.....	C. J. McDermott
" Putnam.....	J. L. Morgan
" Hamilton.....	H. L. Rose
" Steuben.....	A. J. Hintze
" Parsons.....	W. W. Gray
Colonel Clinton.....	G. A. Truschel
" Jameson.....	C. F. Rietz
Major Talmage.....	C. F. Rose
Andre's Capturers } Paulding.....	A. E. Bodine
} Van Wert.....	F. A. Kleine
} Williams.....	T. D. Healy
Sir Henry Clinton.....	J. P. O'Neill
Major John Andre (the Spr).....	C. A. Tinley
John Andre, Sr., (Major Andre's father).....	J. T. Homan
General Knyphausen.....	W. S. Cleary
" Robertson.....	G. J. Rhodius
Admiral Graves.....	J. F. Martin
Col. Charleton.....	J. W. Guthrie
Benedict Arnold.....	E. C. Orrick
Hezekiah Smith (a Tory).....	F. A. Quinn
} Schuyler.....	J. M. Scanlan
Aides-de-camp. } Marion.....	N. H. Ewing
} Wellington.....	J. J. Gordon
} Newman.....	J. A. Ruppe

Eland (a Courier).....	J. M. Scanlan
Sylvester (Page to Sir Henry Clinton).....	N. J. Nelson
Guards. } Nimrod.....	G. C. Castanedo
} Warren.....	J. H. Burns
} Oneida.....	G. Silverman
} Forbes.....	J. H. Fendrick

## GRAND TABLEAU. THE UNION.

Music.....	N. D. U. C. B
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## PART THIRD.

## VIRGINIA MUMMY.

## A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Ginger Blue.....	E. C. Orrick
Dr. Galen.....	J. P. O'Neill
Captain Rifle.....	C. A. Tinley
Charles.....	C. J. Brinkman
O'Leary.....	A. M. Cogblin
Lucius.....	E. Prenatt
Old Reliable (a Schoolmaster).....	Willie Gray
Mr. Patent.....	J. L. Heffernan
Cadaver Conditum Secundum.....	W. S. Cleary
Epilogue.....	C. A. Tinley
Closing Remarks.....	Rev. T. E. Walsh
Music.....	N. D. U. C. B

—A well written account of the proceedings at the Cecilian banquet of last Tuesday appeared in the *South-Bend Daily Tribune* of Wednesday. Mr. Lyon, of the *Tribune*, was one of the guests. We give the report in full as it appeared in the *Tribune*: "The 23d Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, one of the oldest and best societies of Notre Dame, took place yesterday afternoon, in the Junior dining-hall of the University. Prof. J. A. Lyons, President of the Society, and who has watched over its destinies with the solicitude of a parent through nearly a quarter of a century, assumed the general management of the affair, while the details were intrusted to a committee, consisting of Messrs. C. A. Tinley, E. C. Orrick, F. H. Grever, J. P. O'Neill, R. E. Fleming, C. J. Brinkman and T. F. Flynn. These details were admirably arranged. Nothing was left undone to make the occasion an agreeable and interesting one to all who had the good pleasure of being present. It was all the more pleasant on account of its informality, there being no time wasted in formal ceremonies. The event may also be characterized as leading all others of its kind in the society's history, in point of attendance, there being a large number of distinguished guests present. Among these were Rt. Rev. R. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland; Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross; Very Rev. A. Granger, Religious Superior of the University; Very Rev. W. Corby, President of the University; Rev. T. E. Walsh, Vice-President; Rev. J. O'Keefe, Prefect of Discipline; Rev. Julius Frère, C. S. C.; Rev. R. Shortis, Chaplain at St. Mary's; Rev. Father Rêzè, President of St. Lawrence College, Canada; Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of *The "Ave Maria"*; Rev. Father Stoffel, Professor of Greek; Rev. Father Kittell, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. Father Krull, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. T. McNamara, C. S. C., Editor of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC; Bro. Leander, Prefect-in-chief of Junior department; Col. E. Otis, of the 7th U. S. Calvary; Prof. Paul, Director of Music at the University; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Instructor of History, and Librarian, of the University; Prof. L. Gregori, the celebrated artist of Rome; Mr. Eliot Ryder, *litterateur*; Prof. A. J. Stace, Civil Engineer; ex-Mayor Tong, Judge Turner, Mr. G. B. Chaney.

At about 4 o'clock Prof. Lyons marshalled his forces in the wide corridors of the new College building and escorted them below to the dining-hall, where they were ushered to seats while the University Cornet Band discoursed a lively march. Besides the invited guests from abroad, the University Faculty and members of the society, there were several other societies of the College represented at the Banquet. The tables were loaded with all the substantials, rarities, delicacies and relishes which this bountiful land affords, which were freely discussed by the goodly company for nearly an hour. After a reasonable length of time in which it was believed the inner man had been fully satisfied, a bell sounded at the end of the long hall and order was instantly maintained. Mr. C. A. Tinley, acting as toast-master, then arose,

and announced in a clear voice the following toasts in their order and those who were expected to respond. The first was

**RELIGION AND EDUCATION**—One and inseparable. Forever blest are those who have devoted their lives to illustrate this truth—our Holy Father, the fearless teacher of a proud age; his children, the hierarchy of the United States, including our own beloved Bishop, the fruits of whose labors we behold in so many schools of piety and learning, so many excellent books and periodicals, and so many zealous teachers of eternal truth.

Responded to by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour.

**NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY**—Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven. May the University long live to lead the youth of this country through the paths of virtue; and when time ends, may the seeds she has sown blossom in eternity.

Response by Judge Turner.

**OUR COUNTRY**—Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam His first best country is at home. Columbia, the gem of the ocean! our hearts, our hopes are all with thee; our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears, are all with thee.

Response by Mr. G. B. Chaney.

**OUR SOCIETIES**—A sudden thought strikes me: Let us swear eternal friendship. May their future equal their past; may their members, individually and collectively, fully attain their objects; may they dwell together in unity, friendship, and harmony.

Response by Rev. Father Walsh.

**OUR COLLEGE DAYS**—To-day is fair, and all our sweet hopes sing; pictures of gold in frames of silver. When once we shall be scattered miles away from one another, may the hallowed remembrance of our college days bind us together in spirit, rolling back the tide of years, recalling the loved faces of our old companions, and again supplying the "olden golden days of yore."

Response by Prof. Stace.

**THE PRESS**—The pen is mightier than the sword.

Response by Mr. Eliot Ryder.

**OUR BOYS**—The hope of the land, the pride of every one. May their actions be always worthy of their *Alma Mater*.

Response by Rev. Father Küll.

**OUR DEAR ONES DEAD**—Rev. Fathers Dillon, Lemonnier, Gillespie, and Lilly. Heaven gives its favorites early deaths.

Received standing and in silence.

**OUR GUESTS**—Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

Response by Mr. G. E. Clarke.

The speeches were short, pointed and characteristically humorous. That they were highly enjoyed by the societies and guests was manifest in the enthusiastic applause which followed each. We are sorry that our limited space will not even allow a brief synopsis of the felicitous remarks. At the conclusion of this "feast of reason and flow of soul," Prof. Lyons came down the hall bearing a large plate of frosted cakes and placed it beside the Father General. The members of the Society then marched in single file past, each taking a cake and beginning at once to munch it while forming in line across the hall. To the uninitiated this was a mysterious ceremony, and it was only explained when the Professor rapped for order and requested the lucky boy to step out of the ranks. A fine looking youth, dressed in the grey uniform of the Cadets, stepped forward, and holding up a large gold ring with a massive stone setting, gracefully thanked the Rev. Fathers for the gift. This is one of the regular ceremonies of the annual banquet, and symbolizes unity. The finder of the ring is considered ruler of the day and king of his fellows until the sun sets. The lucky boy's name is Jos. A. Homan, Class of '83. Prof. Lyons briefly thanked the societies and guests for their presence at the banquet, and remarked that the year had been an exceedingly pleasant one to himself and the St. Cecilians. Their record was a clean one, there being no marks of disobedience against any of its members during the whole year. The benediction was pronounced by the Bishop, and the large assembly filed out of the hall to the music of the Cornet Band.

—It is well to resemble the lily on the running waters. The lily is the pure soul; the passing water is worldly prosperity,

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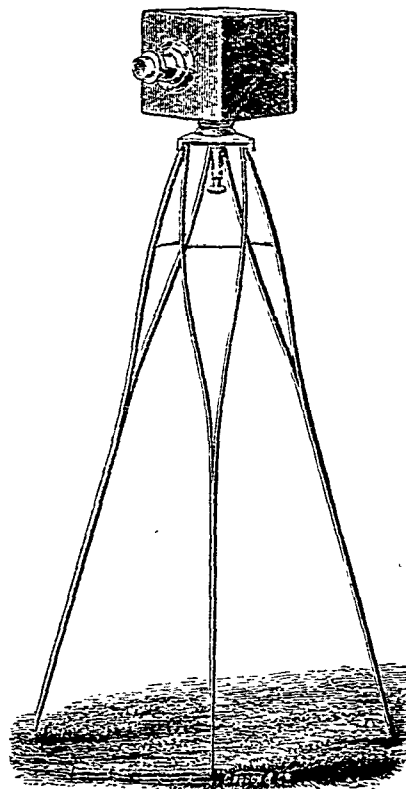
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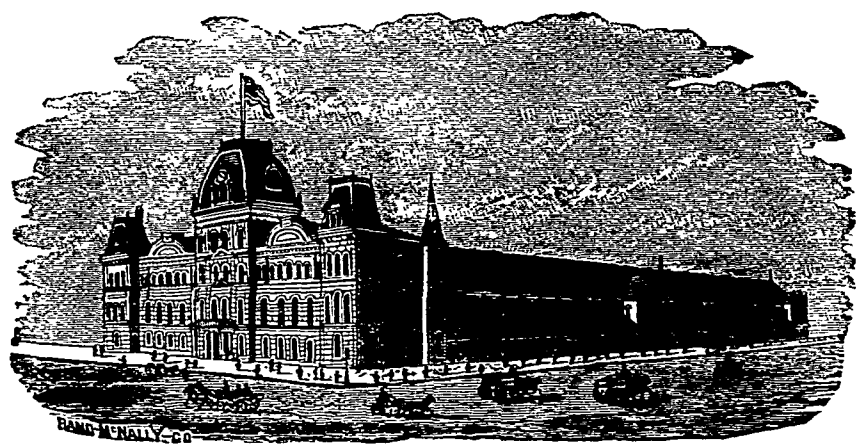
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GOING EAST.

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

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