

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

---

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

---

VOLUME XV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

NUMBER 4.

---

## Sic Vita.

BY DR. HENRY KING.

Like to the falling of a star,  
Or as the flights of eagles are;  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew;  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which our water stood:  
Even such is man whose borrowed light  
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;  
The spring entombed in autumn lies;  
The dew dries up, the star is shot;  
The flight is past—and man forgot.

## Letter from Abroad.

COLOGNE  
KÖLN, August 22.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—I am now far away from Notre Dame, where I spent so many years receiving an education—but I have not forgotten my dear old College, or the SCHOLASTIC, or my promise to the editor before I left the United States for Europe to send the SCHOLASTIC an occasional letter—telling of some of the places I visit and the interesting sights in this old country.

Last Wednesday morning, the 17th, I left Coblenz on one of the best Rhine steamers, and four hours' ride brought us to Köln. The banks of the Rhine, with their vine-clad and widely-romantic hills, studded with numerous old moss-covered castles or castle ruins, each of which has some enchanting legend entwined with the history—give to the fair river a charm and interest which never fail to delight the tourist and to excite the patriotic pride of the German heart. The beautiful Rhine has been so often celebrated by writers ever since the noble river was well-known, that the subject is now a rather threadbare one. Even in the time of Horace, as we learn from his poetry, this theme had become commonplace. So you need not fear that I am going to fill up this space by elaborating the charms of the Rhine. Although we are tired of the pen-picture, I assure you that the real scenery always pleases us—and repeated visits serve but to discover new and before unnoticed beauties. However, there are parts of the Rhine where the scenery is very tame, and such is that part of the river between Bonn and Köln. After leaving Bonn we saw nothing which would excite our enthusiasm, and scarcely anything which the tourist considers worth beholding. But our fast steamer, aided

by the rapid current, hurried us along, and we were soon in sight of Köln. The city, with its high bridge, grand Cathedral, massive structures, crowded houses and numerous lofty church towers, looked very imposing as we approached. I began that same evening to visit points of interest, and since then I have spent my time in seeing and examining all that attracts the tourist's attention. The city was founded by the Ubii, a Germanic tribe, and not long afterwards Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, planted here a colony of Roman veterans. Some portions of the old wall which engirdled this settlement are at present standing, and the Church of S. Maria in Capitol, is so called from being situated on the site of the old Roman Capitol. Cologne was early one of the most flourishing German cities, and also the first to nurture the arts. Several monuments of mediæval architecture still adorn the city, while the paintings of Meister Wilhelm and Stephen Lochner are to this day viewed with admiration. Cologne at present is wealthy and prosperous, and one of the principal commercial cities of Germany. The city has 136,000 inhabitants, and is encircled with a chain of strong forts, garrisoned by 7,000 soldiers. Dientz, lying just on the opposite bank of the river, possesses a population of over 14,000. The streets of Cologne are narrow and rather crooked; but as the names of those running towards the Rhine (E. and W.) are painted in red, and the streets at right-angles to these (N. and S.) are marked in black, it is easy to find one's way all over the city. I have frequently heard Cologne spoken of as a dirty city, yet I cannot say that my visit here has convinced me that such is the case. Many of the old streets are poorly drained, and as the people throw their slop-water into the gutters, of course they present a disagreeable appearance. With this exception, I think Cologne might easily be called clean when compared with other cities, particularly the older ones of Southern Europe. Many of the more ancient dwellings are interesting specimens of old domestic architecture, while the new houses present a fine appearance. The city is one of the most musical in all Germany, and some of the greatest musicians in the country are connected with the Conservatoire. There are many establishments here for the manufacture of *eau de Cologne*, but those of the Farinas surpass all others and are justly celebrated. Cologne is a Catholic city, has an Archbishop, and eighty-ninths of the people adhere to the faith of their forefathers. The city has many fine churches; and all around, such as we are wont to see in Catholic countries are numerous shrines and pictures of the Madonna and saints, before which the good people now and then pass and, heedless of the mocking gaze of strangers, devoutly breathe a prayer to the Almighty. The principal at-

traction at Cologne is the Cathedral. These Catholic people, believing that the best should be given to the Most High, are proud to tell you that the finest monument their city contains is the House of God. This Dom is, I think, the most perfect Gothic temple in the world. To the lover of classic art, especially to one who is familiar with the ruins of Greece and their reproduced styles as found in the monuments and churches of Italy and elsewhere, there is a charm about classic art, which makes it supremely beautiful and appropriate wherever it is found. Nevertheless, pure Gothic, with all the parts pointing to heaven, and the lofty towers piercing the sky, as it were, leading our thoughts to the very throne of the Living God, is undoubtedly most consistent with our religion and best suited to the Christian house of worship. As early as the year 1248 the corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid, and the building was not completed until a year ago, the 14th day of August, 1880. Indeed, the interior is not yet finished and will not be for a long time to come. Almost 300 years before the Deformation had being, the erection of the Cathedral of Cologne was begun, and last summer it was dedicated to the worship of the Eternal One, according to the manner intended by those who first entertained the design of this construction. How like the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church is this wonderful edifice! It has seen the rise of all the Christian denominations now existing, save the one established by Jesus Christ, in which the projectors themselves were believers, and for which religion this work was first intended, and to whose purposes it is now consecrated. At the ceremony of a year ago, the royal family and thousands of spectators were in attendance. But the Archbishop, who, above all others, should have been there officiating and whose presence more than that of all others would have delighted the pious Catholics of Cologne, was absent by reason of the persecuting laws now enforced against the Church in Prussia. But to return to the Dom. It stands in an open square not far from the Rhine, about 60 feet above the river. The shape is that of the Latin cross, the nave being flanked with double aisles. The choir is semi-circular, and this magnificent pile on all sides is adorned with monstrous flying buttresses, turrets, cornices, gurgoyles, and a profusion of other elaborate stone ornamentation. The main façade is a superb piece of Gothic workmanship, and is in exact keeping with the original plan. In the centre of the façade, over the main portal, is an enormous rose-window, and surmounting the façade the two highest towers in the world rise to the great height of 511 feet. Just at the intersection of the nave and transepts there is another tower, 357 feet high. Galleries run around the top of the building both out and inside, and from these one beholds with mixed feelings of astonishment and admiration the gigantic, yet harmonious, proportions of this marvellous structure. But, like the king's daughter, the beauty of the Catholic temple is within, and the Cologne Cathedral is not at variance with this universal custom in the Church. I have already told you that it will be long before they will entirely complete the ornamenting of the interior; still, as it is now, the effect of the *tout ensemble* is singularly magnificent and deeply impressive. The adornment of the inside, as already carried out, is of the greatest excellence, displaying splendor of design, richness of material, and artistic execution. Everywhere on the ceilings and walls, in the nave, transepts,

tribune, chapels, the treasures of art are seen in the stained-glass windows, in wood carvings, in tapestry, in bronze, in gilt, in silver, in paintings in oil and in fresco, in statues and reliefs of marble. A mellow subdued light pours in through the large windows of stained-glass of the 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, and 19th centuries. This last, of the present century, is the most beautiful modern stained-glass I have ever beheld. The brilliancy and clearness of its color prove that this art is fast approaching the perfection of the lost one. The treasury contains the remains of the Magi, encased in a golden reliquary of Romanesque workmanship, executed in the latter part of the twelfth century. The bones of the Magi were brought from the East by St. Helena, and removed successively from Constantinople to Milan, and thence to their present abode. Yesterday, Sunday, I assisted at the High Mass in the Cathedral, and I was delighted with the piety and devotion of the people. Oh how heavenly it was to hear that vast congregation sing together with united hearts and voices the praises of Jehovah in the majestic German language! This morning, I ascended to the top of one of the two highest towers, and from this dizzy height had a magnificent view of the city—a forest of houses, the Rhine, its adjacent country for miles, and the distant seven mountains. But I must write about something else besides this wonderful temple, which no pen can adequately describe, and which attracts so many thousand people annually to Cologne.

The largest open space in the city is the Neumarkt. It possesses rows of trees, and is used by the soldiers as a parade-ground. On one side of the square, two horses' heads are seen projecting from the top story of a well-preserved old house. With these two images are connected one of the numerous legends which make the Rhenish district a quasi enchanted land. Boiled down, the legend runs in this wise: During the plague which ravaged Cologne about the middle of the 14th century, there lived in this house a gentleman, Von Adoct, and his wife, Richmodis. They were wealthy, tenderly loved each other, and, as the neighbors frequently remarked, they were very happy. But their happiness was soon interrupted. Frau Richmodis caught the fever and was soon laid on her bier. The afflicted husband with his own hands strewed flowers over the body, and placed favorite jewelry upon her person and costly rings on her fingers. According to the custom then prevailing here among the higher classes, she was placed in the chapel of the Holy Apostles' Church previous to interment. That night, the undertakers approached the body to steal her valuable jewelry, and in attempting to remove a ring from her finger they roused her from the trance which had been mistaken for death. The thieves fled before the supposed ghost, and Richmodis was horrified at the thought of her danger. Summoning all her strength, she returned home. The door was locked, and she cried out for admission. The sorrowful husband heard her voice, but incredulously said he would sooner believe his two greys would break from their stalls and trot-up stairs and look out the windows than that his wife could return. Instantly the clatter of hoofs is heard, and the horses rush up the stairs and look out the third-story window. With inexpressible joy, Von Adoct received his wife, whom he had thought dead. She became entirely well, and the two lived blissfully together for many years. The image of the two horses commemorate this most singular occur-

rence, and the street is called Richmodis Strasse.

More anon.

ALPHA

### Art, Music, and Literature.

—The King of Sweden has just completed a drama entitled "The Castle of Kronberg."

—Mr. Charles D. Warner will succeed to the position of the late Jas. T. Fields as editor of the projected series of "American Men of Letters."

—Mr. Francis Parkman, who has been in London for some time consulting colonial documents in the interest of his work on "Montcalm," is about to return to America.

—According to a German authority, the work entitled *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, by M. Lasserre, has had a greater number of readers than any book of modern times. It is now in its 150th edition.

—Mr. E. A. Freeman is about to place before the public his "Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice." It is intended as a companion work to his "Historical and Architectural Sketches."

—Mr. Paul Soboleski has just written and published a history of the "Poetry and Poets of Poland" somewhat after the manner of some of our English Anthologies. It will be a most welcome addition to the literature of the day.

—William Black, the novelist, once called on Carlyle and after a little conversation, the philosopher remarked: "You know Scotland very well, I see. I've read your novels with pleasure. They're vary amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some work—when are ye goin' to write some real books—maun?"

—The contralto singer in St. Joseph's Choir, of Philadelphia is Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose poems ought to be known to all Catholics. As this choir will, it is said, sing at the Yorktown Celebration, Miss Donnelly's fervor and religious feeling—characteristic of her singing as of her poems—will add to the devotion of the grand event. —*New York Freeman's Journal*.

—Prof. Thos. Mitchell is about to give out the first one of two volumes on "Cosmogony; the Geological Antiquity of the World. Pantheism, Atheism, Evolution, Infidelity and Deism, refuted by Scripture, Philosophy, and Science." He denies totally the theories of Glacial or Carboniferous periods. He maintains the theories of Darwin, Huxley, and Lyell to be thoroughly absurd. It is a work which will no doubt command wide attention and much discussion in certain circles.

—When Charles Dickens had decided to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be best worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six languages, to his amazement and dismay. That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

—Who that has any music in his soul has not listened with delight to the exquisite strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen?" but how many admirers of that beautiful ballad know that its author, Nicholas Crouch, now an aged man of 73 years, is at present earning a slender livelihood as a varnisher in a Baltimore factory? Such, however, is the substance of a late article in the *New York Express*, which also gives an account of Crouch's career. Born in 1808, he early betrayed that musical talent for which he soon became widely known. When nine years of age he played the base-viol at the Royal Coburg Theatre. He became successively the pupil of Bockbura and Hawes, and afterwards a member of Queen Adelaide's private band. Subsequently he accepted an engagement at Drury Lane, and while in this position wrote songs for Miss Tree and Madame Malibran. He was one of the singers at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and was associated with Marryat on the *Metropolitan*, of which he was musi-

cal critic. Emigrating to America in 1849, Crouch experienced various and severe changes of fortune. He fought with the confederates in the Civil War, and was seriously wounded. At the conclusion of the war he became a farm laborer, and ultimately a varnisher at Baltimore, where he now is, struggling under the weight of years. If the statement of the New York paper be correct, it is not pleasing to reflect that one who has by his musical works ministered so much to the higher tastes of the people, and who, moreover, was once the intimate friend of Thackeray, of Jerrold, of Rogers, and of Campbell, should now be wearily finishing his career in a Baltimore factory.

—THE LORD'S PRAYER IN MAORI.—Rev. J. L. Ahern, of Cleveland, who is in New Zealand in search of health, has written a letter to Rev. Wm. McMahon, from which as it appears in the *Catholic Universe* these paragraphs are taken. Pronounce the letters as you would in reading Latin but thicken t's and d's: The blessing or Sign of the Cross:

Ki te ingoa o te Matua me te Tamaiti, me te  
In the name of the Father and \* the Son and the  
Weirua tapu, Amene.

Ghost holy, Amen.

E to matua Matua i te rangi: Kia

O our Father in the Heaven I wish

whakatapua tou ingoa. Tukua

may be blessed your name. Let come

mai tou rangatiratanga. Kia

to me (or, this way) your Kingdom I wish.

whakaritea tou hiahia i te whenua, pera me

be done your will on the earth as

ta te rangi. Ho mai ki a matou aianei

yours in the Heaven. Give here to us now

to matou taro o nga ra katoa. Kia koe

our bread of the day (s) all. I wish you

wareware i o ma'ou hara me matou hoki e ware-

forgive our sins as we also for-

ware ana i te hara o to hunga i kino

give those the sins of the persons who are bad

kia matou. Aua e tukua matou ki te whaka-

towards us. Not let go us to the tempta-

wainga, otiva whakaorangia matou i te

tion (war), but may be preserved we from the

kino. Amene.

\* The prep. "of" is not here repeated, "Tamaiti" being used as a genitive case.

### Scientific Notes.

—... Our Cambridge archæological explorers go to Greece and Asia Minor, while the savans of Europe are assembling at Madrid at the bidding of the Society of Americanistas, in a great congress upon the researches into the ancient civilization of the New World.—*Boston Transcript*.

—In a letter to *The Lancet*, D. A. Paggi records the following observation: He states that in Paris he saw a case in which, on the inhalation of chloroform, the heart ceased to beat, and artificial respiration for ten minutes failed to restore the circulation, when Dr. Labbe dipped a large cloth in boiling water and applied it to the region of the heart, with the result of immediately restoring the action of that organ.

—An invention that seems destined to have a great influence over the methods of navigation is the Hydromotor of Dr. Emil Fleischer, of Dresden. This hydromotor is a machine for propelling and steering vessels, by which the hydraulic reaction—that is to say, the impulse given to the vessel in one direction by forcing the water in the opposite direction—is brought into play directly without the interposition of the complicated machinery now in use, the screw, wheel, etc.; in other words, the hydromotor drives the water backward by means of the direct action of the steam, and thus impels the vessel forward. By this means the immense steam engines now in use are dispensed with, and the new engine is to consist merely of a hollow tube running the length of the ship, and made considerably wider in the centre than at the ends.

The steam being admitted and withdrawn alternately from this broader portion, the water is drawn in in front and expelled at the rear, and thus the ship is driven forward. At a trial voyage lately made in presence of German and foreign engineers and marine officers, the hydromotor seems to have been a brilliant success and excited the most lively interest. This interest is so much the greater as the new invention has many advantages over all former methods of motion. In the first place, as already mentioned, it dispenses with all complicated machinery. In consequence of this there is a great saving of space. Then, by means of the motor, 90 per cent. of the steam power will be applied to the production of the stream of water, whereas with former appliances so much had to be expended on the engines and pumps that hardly 30 per cent. could be used for the same purpose, and hence results a proportionate gain in rapidity. In the next place, the motion of the vessel can be regulated from the pilot deck by means of a lever placed there, or the ship can be brought to a stand-still. Moreover, in heavy storms, where the ordinary helm is useless, the ship with the help of the hydromotor can be made to steer itself by means of the hydraulic power, the tubes through which the water escapes being provided with knee-pieces by which the direction of the stream can be at once altered. Should the vessel spring a leak and take in great quantities of water, the water can be disposed of by the hydromotor without stopping the ship's course; and, on the other hand, should a fire break out, the speediest remedy would be at hand by pouring on great quantities of water. Even the amount of fuel required will be very much diminished, so that in this respect also the hydromotor compares favorably with the best systems of locomotion on the water now in use. As Dr. Fleischer cannot carry out his plans in Germany on as large a scale as he would wish, for want of support, he intends to proceed to England, where he expects to perfect his invention.

### Exchanges.

—*The Catholic Fireside*, published monthly by the Catholic Fireside Publishing Co., P. O. Box 3806, New York, gives forty pages of light and entertaining sketches, stories, poetry, music, gossip, etc., for the trifling sum of \$1 a year. To young people this monthly publication will be an especially welcome visitor, and older folk will gladly avail themselves of it to wile away a spare hour. Those who want light reading can get it in fair quality and large quantity in *The Catholic Fireside*, and need not go to the sensational papers for it.

—*The American Short-Hand Writer*, formerly published at Vineland, N. J., has removed its office to Boston, Mass., whence it will hereafter be issued. The September number has its brown jacket marked "Vineland, N. J.," but the first page is dated from "the Hub." Now, that they have gone so far, we hope Messrs. Rowell and Hickcox will be happy, and make as many friends in their new abode as they did in their more unpretentious New Jersey one. The lessons in Phonography have gone right along from the first number, and those who have followed them from the first are now able to write moderately brief short-hand. Many of the reporting contractions have been seen, and in a little while the various combinations of phraseography will be introduced. Messrs. Rowell and Hickcox's teaching is thorough: there can be no mistake about that. They are hereafter to be addressed at Boston, Mass.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* has with the September number nearly reached the close of its fifth volume, and it can, we believe, justly claim to have "attained a degree of patronage and favor reached by few class papers, and never approximated by any other of its class." Although a penman's *Art* journal in the full sense of the term, the editors wisely devote a large share of their attention to ordinary pen-work, and the learner will find, even on its first page, elaborate instructions in the rudiments, with engraved lessons to aid him in forming correct habits and attaining the best methods of penmanship. On the

other hand, *bad* writing, its cause, effect, and correction, is explained. Altogether, a better paper for teachers and writing-classes could hardly be arranged. The teacher has here the advice of masters in the art, from all parts of the country, and the learner is brought from the formation of simple lines to the highest grades of artistic pen-work. *The Penman's Art Journal* is published monthly at 205 Broadway, New York. \$1 a year.

—*The Celtic Monthly* for July—lately received; the August number has, it seems, not been sent—has a varied and interesting table of contents. The leading articles are: "Dante's Love Life," by John D. Nolan; "The Farm-House in the Glen," by John Locke; "Thomas O. Davis," by Col. Michael Doheny; "Southern Sketches," by Rev. M. W. Newman; "Conceits and Whimsicalities,—What I See in the City Around me," by Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy; "Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout)"; "The Irish Land Bill," by Mrs. M. F. Sullivan; "Napoleon I and Lucian"; "A Sunday at Chateauguy," by F. R. B.; "The Three Queens,"—(Poetry)—by John Boyle O'Reilly; "Scraps from History," by W. K. H.; "Irish Emigration and Waste Lands," by Charlotte G. O'Brien; "Macha—A Sketch of Irish Character," by Rose Mulholland. The departments of Literary Miscellany, Stage Stories, Editorial Notes, etc., are well-edited and give pleasant reading. The *Monthly* is a handsomely printed magazine of 96 double column pages; price of subscription, \$3 year.

—We have mislaid the last number of *Browne's Phonographic Monthly*, but having read it carefully we can safely say that it is an excellent number in every respect. Mr. Browne has had large experience as a reporter and teacher, and he is therefore competent judge of the matters of which he treats. The article "Is Phrasing a Speed Promoter?" in the July number, is well calculated to set at rest any anxiety entertained by the student of phonography to master a few thousand phrases, more or less, in the hope of improving his speed by a severe tax on both his mental and physical faculties. Mr. Browne asserts positively that excessive phrasing is a drawback rather than a help, as it but takes the work from the hand to overtax the brain, and he supports the assertion by the practise of the best stenographers in Congress, and elsewhere in this country and in Europe. The notes of A. P. Little, Dennis F. Murphy, Theo. F. Shuey, Jas. J. Murphy, Miss Alice C. Nute, Robt. I. Boswell, John J. McElhone, R. T. Atkins, J. K. Edwards, and Edward Pocknell are called in testimony. The Messrs. Murphy, Shuey, and others are reporters to the U. S. Senate, and Mr. McElhone is chief of the reportorial corps of the House of Representatives, so that names in higher standing could not be brought to the fore. A fac-simile page of reporting notes is given in each number of the *Monthly*; the wild way in which some of these are written show the strain upon the reporter under a fast speaker. *Browne's Phonographic Monthly* has very materially advanced the interests of stenography in the United States during the six years it has been published, and the portraits, sketches, fac-simile reporting notes, etc., cannot fail to give it especial interest among short-hand writers of every school. Price of subscription, \$2 a year. See advertisement.

—The balls have begun to roll: the college exchanges come pouring into our sanctum. Besides those already mentioned, *Student Life* for June, accompanied with a handsome *Art Supplement* of 20 pages, has come to hand, and makes a very fair showing for Washington University. The *Art Supplement* is a step in the right direction; the engravings are creditable, but we cannot help saying that the hodge-podge of letter-press by which they are surrounded is far from adding to their favorable effect. *Student Life*, too, makes some crude efforts at illustration; if persisted in, they will at least keep the boys out of mischief and give them and their jack-knives occupation. And, who knows! the greatest artists made humble beginnings; Correggio commenced by charcoal sketches on the walls and ceiling of his friend the cook's apartment in an attic—and from the beginnings in *Student Life* may emerge artists that will yet do credit to their *Alma Mater* and their country. Far be from us to discourage them. "The Student and the Professor"—one of the principal essays in *Student Life*—gives some good advice to Professors. If

some of our Profs. read and followed it, it would prove beneficial in two ways. As for "Women's Rights, Argued from the Lives of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart," the composition is excellent, but the facts are so misunderstood and distorted—so fearfully distorted—that we feel half inclined to show them up in their true light. Owing to the fact that we are not yet fully recovered from the heat and cometary influences of the past summer, we have concluded to let *Student Life's* lop-sided History pass for the present. *Student Life's* exchange editor is hard on the Eastern papers. He says that "when fine typography shall make up for lack of brains, the Eastern college papers will become readable, and not before that time." We don't agree with him; there are many exceptions. Having crushed *The Berkeleian*—or left it for dead—and unhorsed the Knights of the Quill at Harvard, he attacks *The Argo*, but we opine he will find "Ephraim" a foeman worthy of this steel; if the ex. editor of *Student Life* doesn't lose his scalp and "pony" in this new contest, he may consider himself born to good luck. Next comes *The University Magazine*, from the University of Pennsylvania, which this month is taken up chiefly with local matters; the *Amherst Student*, containing some well-written editorials, a Grove Poem of four and a half pages by S. J. Murphy, readable for its quaintness. Amherst is happy in one hundred new Freshmen. And here is *The Niagara Index*, with a couple of well-written essays and several good editorial articles; a new exchange editor makes his bow to the public with this number, and we hope he will adopt a different course from that of his predecessor. *The Cornell Era* has much to say about the boat-race abroad and Mr Shinkel's course; it thinks circumstantial evidence is against Mr. Shinkel, but that popular feeling should be restrained until both sides are heard and a final decision reached. The *Era* editors have so far taken a manly course in this matter. The *Cornell Sun* devotes a column to the boat-race question, but it only beats around the bush without raising the bird. The *Oberlin Review* comes with an entirely new list of names in its editorial board; some of them are familiar as contributors, however, and the SCHOLASTIC has had occasion heretofore to notice favorably their compositions. Many of the editorial notes of *The Hamilton School Magazine* for August are admirable for their discriminancy in various matters pertaining to systems of education; they have, too, the additional merit of brevity. The *Vidette* and the *Reporter*, of the Iowa State University, have been consolidated, and the joint issue will hereafter be known as *The Vidette-Reporter*. The *Racine College Mercury* is to the front with a number of able editorials on local college matters. We sympathize with the Racinians in the loss of their pie-shop; of two evils we are advised to take the least, and pie-shops are therefore a necessary evil. The *University Press* is fairly interesting, although we think the views of the author of the paper "Symmetry in Co-education" rather strained, and lacking cohesion. The *Otterbein Record* publishes an excellent article entitled "After Graduation, What?" by Rev. W. O. Tobey, A. M., of which we hope to speak at some length next week and, if possible, to give a few extracts from it which pleased us greatly. In *The Vassar Miscellany*, for July, which we find upon our table, we find an interesting subject, "Is the Negro Doomed?" argued affirmatively by Miss A. K. Fitzhugh, and negatively by Miss A. L. Lyon. Miss C. N. Glenn contributes a short paper on "The Utility of the Study of Philosophy," and the always interesting department "De Temporibus et Moribus" speaks in an able and interesting manner of "The Pathos in the Life of John Stuart Mill,"—whose lot, poor man, was cast upon such hard lines that more than once he thought of committing suicide. Had Mill been a Catholic, how different and much brighter life would have been to him! Faith is indeed the sun of man's existence, and without it life is but a melancholy wilderness. Other exchanges to hand are *The Catholic Shield*, which we hope to notice next week; the *Heidelberg Monthly Journal*, *The Philomathean Review*, *Our Guardian Angel*, etc. *The Students' Journal*—devoted to Phonography, Music, Hygiene, etc., published by Andrew J. Graham, New York; *The Literary Microcosm*, etc.

## New Publications.

—We have received a beautiful song, entitled "Write to the Sad Old Folks at Home." The "Song Friend" says: "It is a good, plain, wholesome song, good words and expressive melody." Sent on receipt of 30 cents in stamps, by Theodor Wolfram, Mansfield, O.

TUBERCULAR LARYNGITIS, OR LARYNGEAL PHTHISIS. By C. J. Lundy, M. D., Professor of Diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat in the Michigan College of Medicine, Detroit.

We have received from the author a copy of the foregoing lecture, in neat pamphlet form, reprinted from *The Physician and Surgeon*, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The great praise bestowed upon the lecture and lecturer by the medical department of the University of Michigan after the delivery seems to be well deserved. Heinze, Virchow and Mackenzie seem to have been well digested, and the lecturer supports their position and his own by citing cases treated by himself and other prominent physicians and surgeons in this country. It is gratifying to know that Dr. Lundy began his medical course at the University of Notre Dame, and received his medical certificate here in 1870. His studies in anatomy and surgery were completed in the University of Michigan and the Bellevue Hospital College, at New York, after which he practised in Michigan for awhile, until he received the appointment of resident physician at his old *Alma Mater*, the University of Notre Dame. We recommend Dr. Lundy's pamphlet to our medics for careful perusal, and hope they will in time meet with a like measure of success after graduation.

## College Gossip.

—The average expense for each member of the graduating class at Yale is \$3,825 for the whole course, or \$956.25 each year.—*Oberlin Review*.

—Fully five hundred of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England assembled recently at Stonyhurst College, North Lancashire, to celebrate the eighty-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the college, when the Jesuits as a body returned for the first time to England since the Reformation. A young student named George Gruggen, fifteen years of age, recited and translated from memory the whole of the Fifth Book of the "Odyssey." There are now three hundred boys, members of the principal Roman Catholic families in the United Kingdom at Stonyhurst.

—The morals of college boat-racing are, according to the *Examiner*, quite as bad as those of horse-racing. Thus does it comment in regard to the affair of the Cornell crew: "The first is that it will be a wet blanket on future international collegiate boat-races. Now that it is confessed that American college students may be expected to turn out sharpers, it will be some time before a crew from this country will have the assurance to ask students from an English university to meet them. This will save a vast amount of wasted time and muscle and do away with a great deal of gambling and miscellaneous wickedness. The disgrace that has been brought on American colleges by their self-constituted representative may thus prove to be a blessing in disguise. Another thing that may result from the affair is the reconsideration of the whole question of college boating by the college authorities. Boating as an athletic exercise simply is doubtless an excellent thing. Any reasonable quantity of such boating should, and no doubt will be, encouraged in every college. But boating with the avowed object of racing with other colleges, involving a long course of practice and training which must interfere more or less with the students' duties, with its accompaniments of gambling and dissipation, is a crying evil that no college ought to tolerate. If we had a son to send to college this fall we should certainly send him to one that does not consider a boat-race of more importance than commencement, that does not give more honor to muscle than to brains, that does not take more pride in its athletics than in its scholars."—*Catholic Review*.



# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, October 1, 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 FIFTEENTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A celebrated lady author residing in Washington, in a recent letter to a correspondent here, speaks in very touching terms of our lately departed President. By kind permission of the recipient we quote the following extract:

"I must relate a little incident. Yesterday, while the funeral solemnities were going on at the Capitol, the sun, as in sympathy with our sorrow, veiled his beams behind dark, grayish clouds, and I could see the city lying below us only like a phantom city through a film that overhung it. Bells tolled in every note and tone, slowly, sadly, from the Capitol to Trinity Church (C.) in Georgetown, while swelling upon the wind was wafted strains of music from the bands, which played such airs as, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the "Sweet By and By"; all the air filled with the sound of bells, and the wailing music, as the body of the dead President was borne by the funeral cortege from the Capitol to the depot. I sat at my window listening, my eyes dim with tears, and as the cannon announcing that the funeral train of cars was moving out of the city was fired, the sun, now setting in splendor, threw a magnificent rainbow upon the dark clouds hanging over Washington, spanning it from the Virginia hills to the beautiful heights just beyond our house. It was like the bow after the Deluge, and I accepted it as an omen that never again should such a flood of sorrow sweep over our land as the one just passed. It is all very sad! It is one of the most pathetic and causeless tragedies I ever knew, the death of the good, upright Garfield!"

## The Garfield Memorial Day at Notre Dame— President Walsh's Address.

Last Monday, the funeral ceremonies over the remains of President Garfield were held at Cleveland, O. On the same day also, throughout the country, the people of the different sections assembled in the churches and halls to testify their sorrow and regret for the loss of one who had gained so strong a hold on their affections.

The heart of the nation was touched, and the general and spontaneous evidence of sorrow all through the land

is strong evidence of the great faith the people had in the integrity and manhood of our departed Chief. Neither creed nor color nor race were for the moment thought of; all was forgotten but the one fact that America was one family, a united nation and a people whose appreciation of their leader was sincere, and whose grief at his loss could not be bounded by prejudice or party ties. At Notre Dame the services were solemn and impressive. The College and Washington Hall were hung in mourning, and at 2 o'clock p. m. the Faculty and several hundred students assembled in Washington Hall to attend the memorial services in honor of the lamented dead, and we question if in any part of the country a service was held in which the assemblage was more deeply impressed than at Notre Dame. The deep silence among the students, and the quiet and subdued manner in which all spoke, every action was indicative of a feeling far beyond the common, and to everyone it was an apparent fact that, in loyalty to country, in love and obedience to her laws, and in deep and filial respect for her rulers, Notre Dame has no superior in the land. The sombre look of the buildings in their mourning garb, the deep booming of the minute-gun in front of the College, the mournful dirge, and the deep, settled look and quiet demeanor of all formed a scene not often witnessed at Notre Dame and gave food for reflection to many a thoughtful mind, which, we trust, will be productive of much good in the future. The services were opened by a dirge by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band, followed by addresses from Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University; Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of *The "Ave Maria,"* and by Messrs. W. B. McGorrick, E. C. Orrick, and others of the students.

### PRESIDENT WALSH'S ADDRESS.

Rev. President Walsh's address was an outburst of eloquence. He spoke substantially as follows: They had met this afternoon to fulfil a sad and solemn duty. They were assembled to join their voices to the general chorus of grief that was now swelling up from millions of hearts throughout the land and throughout the civilized world. America to-day, in particular, and the world in general, deplored the loss of one of the finest types of manhood that the great Republic had ever produced—of one who had followed many walks in life, filled many conspicuous stations and earned the admiration of mankind in all;—of one who had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune—who had eaten the crust of poverty in his youth, and had died the compeer of kings;—who had earned his daily bread and his intellectual culture by the labor of his hands, and who had lived to reach one of the highest and most enviable positions which it is granted man to attain—the scholar, orator, soldier, patriot and statesman—James A. Garfield.

In his loss they lamented both the man and the official. He was one of those sturdy, self-reliant types of manhood of which the country is so justly proud; and his career was a striking illustration of the illimitable possibilities which America gloried in offering to men of brain and brawn—to citizens of intelligence, of energy, and of character. The lines of Tennyson which on a memorable occasion he had so appropriately quoted, seemed like a prophetic forecast of his own whole career. For he, too, like Lincoln, was a

"Divinely-gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village-green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bars  
 And grasps the skirts of happy Chance  
 And breasts the blows of circumstance  
 And grapples with his evil stars;  
 Who makes by force his merit known  
 And lives to grasp the golden keys,  
 To mould a mighty State's decrees  
 And shape the whisper of the throne;  
 And moving up from high to higher,  
 Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
 The pillar of a nation's hope,  
 The centre of a world's desire."

With nothing to rely on but his stout heart and towering intellect, he had breasted the stormy sea of political strife, and buoyed up by the encouragement and cheers which merit like his can never fail to win from a nation like this, had been carried ever onward and upward with the flood-tide of uninterrupted success. He had struggled up from obscurity and poverty to eminence and fame; he had conquered circumstances by his indomitable perseverance and industry, and his life now stood as an inspiration to the youth of the land, and even in the midst of the calamity which the nation mourned it was a vindication of the land and the institutions which he had loved so well and in the service of which he had died.

America mourned him as a man, and deplored the fact that the inspiration of his example—that the influence of his noble life—his spotless character—and matchless ability would be no longer a living force to be felt throughout the land. But deep as was the grief felt for the individual, it was yet overshadowed by the affliction into which the nation had been plunged for the loss of the official. In his sad fate, fifty millions of Americans lamented the untimely death of their beloved Chief Magistrate, of one whose rule had not been imposed by force upon unwilling necks, but was the result of the nation's spontaneous choice. Brief as was the period during which he held the helm of state, it had yet been long enough to foreshadow a great administration. He recognized the fact that he was the Chief Magistrate of a nation and not the executive of a faction, and the nation and the world had confidence that the duties of his exalted station would be discharged faithfully and conscientiously—"with charity to all, with enmity to none." All felt that corruption would find no lurking-place in the Government of which he was the guiding spirit,—that, rising superior to sectional feeling and partisan bias, he would enforce the supremacy of the laws in every State and territory of the Union; that in his keeping the national honor and national credit were safe. All this the country felt and rejoiced at. And to-day, the feeling of sorrow that that promise so fair had been so soon blighted was deepened by a sense of humiliation that in the zenith of his triumphs and fame, in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual powers, he had fallen a victim to the methods of the Nihilist and the Carbonaro—had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin whose insane greed of notoriety had humbled the nation in the dust and filled the world with mourning.

But the ways of Providence are mysterious, and not unfrequently that which appears to man a hopeless evil may eventually be the source of abundant good. From this standpoint, it might perhaps be possible that the great calamity was not an unmixed evil. The blood which General Garfield was not destined to shed on the battle-field for the preservation of the imperilled Union might perhaps have

been necessary to cement the re-established Union more firmly together. And, in fact, what a gratifying spectacle had not the land witnessed within the last few months! The assassin's bullet might be said to have destroyed the "Solid North" and the "Solid South." Since that memorable day in July, there had been no democrats and no republicans; sectional bitterness had been laid aside, and the whole country, irrespective of class, creed, or partisanship, had hung over the bed of pain and anguish on which the President was stretched—tearfully, prayerfully, sometimes with hope, but finally with despair. Every bulletin that issued from the chamber of sickness had marked in the life of the nation a period of agitation, anxiety, hope, or fear. And if, as there was good reason to trust, from this time forth should date an era of better feeling and better understanding; if his deplorable fate should have the effect of softening the asperity of partisan warfare; if the people who gathered around and wept over his grave should throw therein and bury forever the sectional bitterness, the partisan hostility, the dissensions which he had labored so manfully to heal, then, indeed, would it be true to say that his death, no less than his life, had promoted the country's welfare.

Longfellow had beautifully said:

"Were a star quenched on high,  
 For ages would its light,  
 Travelling downwards from the sky,  
 Still shine on mortal sight.

"So, when a great man dies,  
 For years beyond our ken  
 The light he leaves behind him lies  
 Upon the path of men."

President Garfield was dead, but, like the "star quenched on high," the light which he had left behind him would shine for ages to come on the path of his countrymen—to cheer and encourage to renewed effort those who were struggling with adversity, and to guide America's public men from the narrow ways of partisanship and sectionalism to a higher, nobler, and broader statesmanship.

In conclusion, the virtues of his private life were eulogized. He was a devoted son, a fond father, a faithful husband; throughout his career, whether as student, teacher, lawyer, soldier, Congressman, or President, he had endeavored to follow the right so far as the light which he enjoyed enabled him to see what the right was; generous, large-hearted, incapable of bearing malice or giving offense, to know him was to be his friend,—and there was reason to hope and trust that the favorable judgment which all who knew him on earth were so ready to pronounce upon him, had been ratified above.

Mr. Wm. H. Arnold, Secretary of the Committee on Resolutions, then read the following, drawn up by him after only a few moments notice.

History chronicles no sadder event than the death of our late President, Jas. A. Garfield. And, to-day, with heavy hearts the 50 millions of free people in this land deeply mourn his loss. He was a brilliant star whose course was always upward until it reached the zenith and shines in immortality. He was a man whose every public act was intended for the good of his loved country. In war, in political, civil, and private life, he was ever great, and ever an example—wise, sincere, simple, zealous, dutiful, and loving. These qualities have endeared him to all who ever knew him, and together with his public service—the high position he held when he fell a martyr, and

the sad circumstances of his sufferings and death, all combine to make this the greatest national calamity. Wherefore,

RESOLVED, That we the students of Notre Dame from all parts of these United States, irrespective of creed or political feelings do unanimously lament his loss and shall ever hold his memory sacredly enshrined in our affections.

RESOLVED, That we shall ever endeavor to emulate his example, the purity of his life and the noble qualities of his heart, the breadth of his statesmanship, his culture as a scholar and an orator; in a word, his virtues as a man, in whatever position duty placed him. Further,

RESOLVED, That we hold the people will best honor him by thus looking upon him as a model, and by following in the pathway of patriotic duty which he has so often and eloquently marked out.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

—The memorial services in South Bend were of a solemn and impressive character. All the immense shops, factories, and the places of business were closed. The memorial services took place in the afternoon, in the court-yard, and were attended by thousands of citizens and by many from Notre Dame. Mayor Ham presided; on the stand sat the Citizens' Committee on Resolutions, the clergymen of the various city churches, the orators of the day, and many of the chief persons of the neighborhood, among whom were Very Rev. Father Sorin, representatives of the press, and others. Mayor Ham opened with a brief and touching address, and the resolutions being read, Rev. P. P. Cooney, the first of the two orators of the day, was introduced. Mr. A. B. Miller, editor of the *South-Bend Tribune*, who had been himself an officer in the Army of the Cumberland, says:

"It was most appropriate and fitting, selecting Rev. Father Cooney to speak on this solemn occasion. As Mr. Colfax was better acquainted with Garfield's private and congressional life than any of our citizens, so was Father Cooney, of Notre Dame, better acquainted with his military life. For more than a year, Father Cooney, as Gen. Rosecrans's Chaplain and Gen. Garfield as his chief of staff, messed together, marched together, and were on the bloody battle-fields of Stone River, Chickamauga and lesser ones together. We have it from Garfield's own lips how he served and admired 'the brave Chaplain of the 35th.' Between these two men there existed the warmest friendship, that neither time or distance failed to dim, and when, a few short months ago, Father Cooney was in Washington, the old staff comrade, then just inaugurated President, dropped all the cares of office to welcome his old staff comrade through two of the bloodiest battles of the war. These two men, earnest Christians, patriotic as the trial by battle could make them, lived over again the days of camp and field. Under these circumstances, it was peculiarly appropriate that Father Cooney should address the meeting."

Rev. Father Cooney, as reported in the *South-Bend papers*, spoke substantially as follows:

He opened his address by referring to the wide-spread grief, the deep gloom in which the nation was shrouded to-day, with 50,000,000 of people grieving as one family over the death of a kind and virtuous father. No human language could express the emotion which made human hearts almost stand still at the words, "President Garfield is dead!" He then referred to his personal knowledge of the man during their companionship on the staff of Gen. Rosecrans. This Garfield himself called one of the most brilliant and satisfactory years of his life. His duties called forth the most sublime qualities of the man.

It was during these times that Father Cooney heard from his

own lips the story of his life, so familiar to all now, and which the speaker hastily sketched. He spoke of Garfield's personal bravery as he saw it at Stone River and Chickamauga, and stamped it as of that kind which in Bonaparte's army would have raised him to Marshal of the Empire. Continuing, the speaker said:

Garfield was soon elected to Congress from his native State and on the 5th of December following, he resigned in the army and went to Congress, after nearly three years of the most brilliant military service. He was even advised by his brother officers to go to Congress, for they knew the value of his splendid abilities to secure proper legislation at that critical time. His magnificent career since then is familiar, not only to the people of the United States, but also to the English-speaking people of the world. Schooled as he was in the seminary of poverty, and inured as a consequence to incessant labor and industry, the shining virtues of justice and mercy took possession of every ligament of his heart. Hence, in the multiplicity of his accomplishments, in the versatility of his powers, in the grandeur of his achievements, in the strength of his intellect, in the loftiness and range of his ambition, in his sway over the intelligence of the country, and in the wisdom of his policy, he had no equal. His eloquence was like the irresistible Niagara—sweeping away all opposition and bringing conviction and persuasion to every soul who heard him. No wonder, then, that in the Chicago convention all eyes should be turned to him as the one best fitted for the office of the presidency; and, on account of the unblemished character of his private and public life, he was looked upon as the only bond strong enough to bind together the discordant elements of his party. He was nominated and elected, and after four months' experience in the faithful administration of the Government, every one, even his political opponents, had to exclaim: "What a splendid President we have!"

I had the great pleasure of being present at his inauguration, and I shall never forget the grandeur of the scene. Before not less than 30,000 people, he delivered his Inaugural Address, in his own inimitable style. His aged mother and his wife were sitting behind him. The moment he had taken the oath of office, and was President of the United States, remembering all that he owed to his good mother he turned around and embraced and kissed her. The vast assembly were struck with a deep emotion which hushed it into perfect silence, and at the sight, even grey-haired men shed tears of edification. This public act, in recognition of the 4th Commandment, this outpouring of a soul filled with filial affection, revealed unmistakably the goodness and gratitude of his heart. It was the act of a hero. But his conscientious discharge of duty and his adherence to religious principle and the best interest of the Republic, as he understood them, made some enemies, and he was shot down by the hand of an assassin, whose name, like that of Judas, will ever be held in execration. After eighty days of untold suffering he died, and the nation is in mourning. The nation is shocked to its very centre, such as it has not been since the death of the great Washington. Sorrow for the violent death of the great and good President Lincoln had no such depth and universality as our sorrow has at this moment. For Lincoln's death occurred just after the shock of war had subsided, and a great portion of the people of at least eleven States of our Union might be willing to excuse the act of the assassin on the plea of great provocation; but the heroic Garfield was shot down in the midst of profound peace and without absolutely any excuse on the part of the assassin. Hence, there is not a man in the nation, north or south, east or west, who does not abhor the crime as treason, and deeply grieve over the result. On account, therefore, of President Garfield's great merit and the circumstances of the time, I think we can safely say that no death since that of the immortal Washington is so generally lamented throughout the world.

Among all the mourners, there is one who in a special manner claims our sympathy and condolence, and that is his dear



mother, who now, bent under the weight of eighty years, mourns her irreparable loss. If we bow in reverence before the sculptor who with his chisel moulds a piece of marble almost into life, what honor should not be paid to her who has moulded the mind and heart of such a son to a greatness that shall outlive the monuments of either brass or marble? May she yet live to have the consolation of witnessing the dedication of a monument to the memory of her son, which shall, in some measure, be commensurate with the grandeur of his character and the deep love of the American people whom he served so well. Let that monument soon rise over his grave, in Lakeview Cemetery, to perpetuate the memory of his example for future generations and to record a nation's gratitude. Let it be a monument erected, not by a single State, but by the United States of America; and thus the death of President Garfield shall be, as his life, a national blessing. Through this monument, though dead, he shall yet speak to the youth of our country. Build it high, then, for you cannot surpass the loftiness of his character; dig its foundation deep, for you cannot make it more solid than his virtues. Let it be the renewal and perpetuation of the life of James A. Garfield.

When Father Cooney had concluded, the Hon. Lucius C. Hubbard (of '61) delivered a long and most eloquent address, concluding as follows:

"And now as we lay away the mortal remains of the man we loved to honor, and while to us the clang of the tolling bells sounds a solemn *requiem* for the dead from every church tower of our land, are there not some lessons we may learn, as a nation, from his life? Our meeting to-day is, as it were, at the grave and in the presence of eternity, and the truth must be uttered in all soberness and sincerity. The bee never lays up aught but honey. The viper never secretes aught but poison. 'Every plant ripens its seed after its kind.' We learn from him that there is no safety for a Republic but in a government by law. That since the law is the will of the whole people, no voice of faction should be allowed to over-ride its decrees. That the true purpose of man is peace. That 'the blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man.'

"But that man, around whose bed of pain dissensions have ceased, has not lived in vain, and while our eyes are filled with tears, our hearts swell with hope. 'Another hallowed memory has been added to the inheritance of the Republic.' Another martyr's blood cements the fabric of our Union. Let me close with his own eloquent words:

"The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down through the centuries, and through them have been mingled the discord of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian, to the humble listener, there has been a divine melody running through the songs, which speaks of hopes and halcyon days to come."

#### Local Items.

- The Minims now number 51.
- "Tige" studies law now, gentlemen.
- Some of the Freshies are rather too fresh.
- We return thanks to our friends for locals.
- Stuffy and Van look lonesome without Sam.
- A Collegiate dormitory was started last week.
- "Stuffy" is a masher. Did you see that picture?
- The funny men this year are from Iowa and Michigan.
- The Band made its first appearance Monday, and was very good(?) for the first time.
- There are prospects of a good boat-race on the 13th as the crews are well matched.

—The Seniors' football arrived Wednesday and was immediately put into active use.

—The speeches of Messrs. McGorrick and Orrick are pronounced by all very able efforts.

—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., delivered the oration in Court House Square, last Monday.

—Several Seniors counted only 42 Juniors engaged in that game of football last Saturday.

—Another "Ohio man" arrived last week. Do they intend to monopolize this place also?

—Did you hear Brutus and Cassius last Saturday from eleven to twelve? They did nobly.

—The Junior Cadets have had their first experience in the "Set up." They did remarkably well.

—The lightning paid us a passing visit last Saturday night and severed the telephone and telegraph wires.

—Kuhn's family is very troublesome. Witness the advice given by him to one of them on Tuesday evening.

—The Seniors did fairly in their capacity as drill-masters. A little more life and energy, boys, and all will be well.

—Messrs. McGorrick, Orrick, Arnold, and O'Neill are deserving of great praise for their efforts of last Monday.

—Prof. Unsworth's Astronomy Class is very well attended,—a fitting compliment to the abilities of the Prof.

—The boat crews are practicing daily. It looks as if there would be a tight race, as both crews are determined to win.

—The fiftieth Minim has arrived, but it is the seventy-fifth that is to secure Very Rev. Father General's Parisian dinner.

—The minute-gun on Monday was well handled by Bro. Sebastian, Bro. Marcellinus, and the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

—How about the Fire Department? An occasional drill would not injure their proficiency; and in time of need, it might prove advantageous.

—Smart elocutionist: "I come not here to talk; therefore, I'll sit down." And he went to his seat and sat down on the teacher's ruler fourteen times.

—To-morrow, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, Common of the Blessed Virgin, page 36, of the Vespers. *Ave Maris Stella*, p. 247.

—The Philopatrian Society numbers 18 members. The officers are as follows: L. Gibert, 1st Vice-President; G. Schaefer, 2d Vice-President; D. C. Smith, Secretary; G. Kipper, Treasurer.

—Instructor in Christian Doctrine: "Well, my son, speaking of poetry, what part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like most?" Smart youth: "'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"

—Anyone passing by the Minims' play-ground and hearing their merry laugh and boyish cries at play, would agree with us in saying that they carry out to perfection the advice of Very Rev. Father General.

—At a meeting of the South Bend City Council, last Monday evening, a most excellent series of resolutions on the death of President Garfield was prepared and introduced by Prof. T. E. Howard, and unanimously passed by the Council.

—We advise enthusiastic members of the Elocution Class to beware how they go about practising their lungs upon "John Maynard, the Pilot." The cry of "Fire! Fire! FIRE!" is not an agreeable one, and might cause the elocutionary somnambulist to be summarily "fired out."

—Appropriate services were held last Monday, at St. Mary's Academy in honor of our dead Chief Magistrate, and appropriate symbols of mourning, from the hands of the Sis'ers and pupils, were neatly arranged, and the general air and manner of all proved their sincere appreciation of the nation's loss.

—The Cadets seem to have been somewhat taken by surprise at the seemingly severe measures and discipline adopted and carried out by the drill-masters this year; but they have only to bear in mind that military discipline,

from the beginning to the end, admits of nothing but arbitrary measures both in officers and subordinates.

—The 2d regular meeting of the Thespian Association took place Monday, Sept 26th. At this meeting the following were elected to membership: W. M. Thompson, R. M. Anderson, J. McIntyre, J. E. Walsh, R. E. Fleming, W. J. O'Connor, W. H. Bailey, F. M. Bell, W. Schofield, C. I. McDermott, W. S. Cleary, T. F. Flynn, F. W. Gallagher.

—The 2d and 3d regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society were held September 16th and 23d respectively. At these meetings the following were unanimously elected members: F. Peters, E. Bailey, M. Murphy, F. Fishel, F. Campua, W. Hanavin, J. Friedman, A. Ayers, J. Devine, A. Richmond, W. Rogers, and W. Welch. Declamations and vocal music took up the rest of the time of the meeting.

—The Columbian Literary and Debating Society held its 3d regular meeting in Columbian Hall, Tuesday, Sept. 20th. Messrs. M. Falvey, J. Farrell, and J. Martin were elected members. Essays were read by F. Kuhn, E. J. Taggart, J. F. Brown, and J. B. Zettler. J. M. Falvey delivered a brief eulogy on our much-lamented President Garfield. Messrs Zettler, Falvey, J. Kuhn, O'Reilly, and Marlett were appointed by the President to draught suitable resolutions of condolence and sympathy on our lately deceased Chief.

—The 2d and 3d regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association were held on Sept. 18th and 24th respectively. At these meetings Masters W. P. Mahon, J. Heffernan, W. Coghlin, H. Sells, C. Echlin, C. Murdock, J. Kelly, and T. Hurley were unanimously elected members. Master E. Fishel read an essay. Declamations were delivered by C. Rose, Geo. Rhodius, W. P. Mahon, J. H. Fendrick, and C. Echlin. Public readers for this week are: G. Radodius, J. Heffernan, W. Keenan, A. Brown, W. P. Mahon, C. Echlin, C. Murdock, H. Sells, and G. Castanedo.

—The Minim nines are as follows: THE SORIN NINE—Jos. Frain, Captain; Jos. Dwenger, Treasurer; Ed Nash, Secretary; Denis O'Connor, pitcher; Donn Piatt, short-stop; Jos. Dwenger, 1st base; Ed Nash, 2d base; Chas. Metz, centre-field; Jos. Chaves, 2d field; Wm. Berthlet, right field; Jno. Nester, 3d base. THE DWINGER NINE—Philip Campau, Captain; Thos. Ellis, Secretary; Bertie Powell, Treasurer; Philip Campau, pitcher; Bertie Powell, catcher; Paul Johnson, 1st base; Frank Otis, 2d base; Charlie Campau, 3d base; Thos. Ellis, short-stop; Wm. Prindville, left field; Jno. J. McGrath, right field; Wm. Devine, 1st field.

—The 1st regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Thursday, the 29th. Declamations were delivered by the following members: W. E. Berthelet, "The Angels of Buena Vista"; D. A. O'Connor, "Waiting for the May"; J. Nester, "Song of Union"; Francis Ignatius Otis, "Love of Country"; J. A. Chaves, "Charge of the Six Hundred"; J. H. Dwenger, "Steam"; J. J. McGrath, "Edinburgh after Flodden"; and Frank Nester, "The Height of the Ridiculous." Subjects for Compositions were assigned to Masters E. P. Nash, Donn Piatt, D. McCawley, M. McDevitt, F. I. Otis, P. P. Johnson, René Papin, P. Campua and J. Rose were admitted to membership. The President, Prof. James F. Edwards, made some remarks, after which the meeting adjourned.

—This forenoon many funeral decorations were added to those previously displayed at Notre Dame. Tasteful symbols of mourning for the departed President were shown on the University building, the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Music Hall, and, in fact, on all the buildings about the University grounds. At 2 o'clock this afternoon, a memorial service in honor of the dead Chief Magistrate was held, and was attended by all the Brotherhood, the Faculty, and the several hundred students gathered there from nearly every state and territory in the Union, and from foreign countries. Indeed, it is doubtful if a service was held to-day in this State, in which every part of our broad country was represented as it was at Notre Dame, or where the participants were more profoundly

impressed with the loss which the nation has sustained. The fact that Garfield was once a college student, a college professor, and a college president bound him to the young men of this University by the closer tie of college brotherhood. The memorial services consisted of a dirge by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band and addresses by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, and Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of *The Ave Maria*. Both gentlemen spoke most feelingly and paid the highest tribute to Garfield's manhood and statesmanship. Addresses were also made by several of the students. Minute-guns were fired, and the great bell of Notre Dame, the largest in the United States, tolled a *requiem* for the statesman resting in peace in the cemetery by the lake. At St. Mary's, too, appropriate symbols of mourning, made by deft fingers of Sisters and pupils, were displayed, and appropriate exercises held in respect of the memory of the President.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

Last Monday, several of the members of the Senior football club waited on the Junior club, and challenged them to a friendly bout at football. The Juniors readily accepted the challenge, and after agreeing upon Umpires, they started over to the Senior Campus. The grounds were measured off and goals put in position; an invitation was sent to the College Faculty, and a number of visitors accompanied them to the grounds, quite a sprinkling of ladies being among the number. Everything being in readiness, the game was called as the bell on the College Chapel chimed two. Both clubs took it very coolly for a few minutes, the ball remaining about the centre of the grounds; they shortly commenced to warm to their work, however, and a fine exhibition of play was witnessed, the Juniors and Seniors cheering their respective clubs when an advantage was gained. For a while it seemed that both clubs were evenly matched, and that the struggle was to be a hard one for both teams. Such was not the case, however; as soon as the Juniors had settled down to work they had everything their own way, and won the first bout in fifteen minutes. The Seniors, nothing daunted, called for game immediately, and two minutes after the first bout they were again struggling against fate for victory. For the first four or five minutes a duel was kept up between both teams, the ball passing to and from the players; the Seniors kept advancing from their different positions towards the ball, and endeavored to force it within their goal. Their tactics did not work; the Juniors got the ball out of their grounds, and having a clear field soon got into their goal. Time, twenty minutes. It was plain to be seen that the Seniors were out of practice; it was their first game this session, while the Juniors have played several games. We hope at some future time that they may be able to show up better and regain their lost laurels. I shall not name the individual players as they all did well, with two exceptions, the ones that kicked the ball within the goal in both innings, John Guthrie and Ed Saviers.

### Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. M. Barron, W. H. Bailey, E. J. Bryant, W. J. Browne, F. Baker, Joe. F. Browne, W. B. Berry, J. M. Boose, F. M. Bell, W. S. Bolton, R. Becerra, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, C. V. Chelini, Jas. J. Conway, T. F. Clarke, W. A. Connor, C. Coughanowr, C. E. Cripe, A. D. Dorsey, Jas. Drury, Jno. Delaney, Byron Eaton, E. J. Eager, Frank Ewing, Jos. Farrell, T. F. Flynn, James Falvey, Mark Falvey, C. L. Fishburn, Jno. J. Flynn, H. Gramling, F. W. Gallagher, W. W. Gray, A. Golonski, H. A. Hagan, T. D. Healy, M. T. Healy, A. Jones, A. T. Jackson, W. Johnson, F. Kinsella, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindle, A. Kuntsman, J. Larkin, G. Moss, G. Metz, J. McLerrain, A. Myer, F. Murphy, W. J. McCarthy, P. McGinnis, J. Millett, C. J. McDermott, J. A. McIntyre, H. W. Morse, J. F. Martin, E. McGorrick, W. B. McGorrick, Jno. Nash, H. Noble, John B. O'Reilly, Jos. P. O'Neill, W. J. O'Connor, F. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, J. N. Osher, E. A. Otis, C. L. Pierson, Stewart Pillars, S. S. Perley, Lincoln Proctor, F. A. Quinn, P. Rasche, W. E. Ruger, A. P. Schindler,

J. E. Schalk, W. Schofield, Jas. Solon, A. C. Schiml, H. Steis, C. A. Tinley, E. J. Taggart, G. S. Tracy, C. B. Van Dusen, Frank Ward, J. E. Walsh, F. S. Weber, E. D. Yrisarri, J. V. Zettler, A. F. Zahm.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. J. Byrne, W. F. Bacon, W. H. Barron, G. L. Castandee, A. J. Campau, J. S. Courtney, J. M. Courtney, A. M. Coghlin, J. L. Castillo, J. A. Devine, G. L. Deschamp, M. Dolan, H. F. Devitt, C. De Voto, C. C. Echlin, N. H. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, W. E. Freyermuth, R. French, H. Fisher, J. Friedman, J. M. Flynn, H. E. Gilbert, M. S. Gooley, A. B. Gerlach, J. W. Guthrie, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. L. Heffernan, P. G. Hoffman, H. N. Hess, H. D. Hibbler, F. J. Hurley, G. J. Haslam, W. E. Jeannot, W. H. Johnston, C. C. Kollars, Oscar Kempf, J. F. Kahmann, F. C. Lund, Joe Livingston, J. T. McGordon, F. X. McPhillips, S. T. Murdock, C. J. Messenger, J. T. Neeson, Ed Orchar, J. P. O'Donnell, W. O. Pinkstaff, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, D. G. Paul, G. J. Rhodius, G. H. Schafer, E. G. Tappan, D. G. Taylor, A. T. Taggart, P. F. Yrisarri, J. E. Zaehule, S. Katz, E. J. Schmitt, J. Halligan, N. J. Nelson, J. W. Whelan, L. F. Florman, D. Thomas.

Master J. M. Kelly omitted through mistake, last week.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. T. Berthelet, Don Piatt, J. H. Dwenger, D. O'Connor, W. Walch, D. L. McCawley, L. J. Young, F. Nester, C. Metz, W. Devine, R. Papin, M. E. Devitt, F. I. Otis, J. McGrath, E. Nash, J. A. I rain, H. J. Ackerman, P. Johnson, J. Tong, T. Ellis, G. Gibson, C. S. Milburn, S. L. Rose, P. Campau, C. Campau, G. Price, E. S. Chirhart, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. Kelly, A. Roberts, F. J. Coad, H. C. Dirkmeyre, M. T. Byrne, L. Graham, A. J. Otis, D. Prindiville, P. Gibson, C. Quinlan.

## St. Mary's Academy.

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

AND SCHOOL OF

### DRAWING, PAINTING and SCULPTURE.

(NOTRE DAME P. O., INDIANA.)

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

In the Academy the course is thorough in the Preparatory, Academic, and Classical grades.

The institution possesses a complete set of chemical and philosophical apparatus, choice and extensive herbariums of native and foreign plants, and a library of some thousands of volumes.

No extra charges for German or French, as these languages enter into the regular course of academic studies.

### THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

on the plan of the best Musical Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers, eleven in number. It comprises a large music-hall, and twenty-eight separate rooms for harps, pianos, and organs. A thorough course for graduation in theory and practice.

Esthetics and Composition—A large musical library in French, German, English, and Italian. Semi-monthly lectures in Music, Vocal Culture, Chorus Singing and Harmony.

### THE SCHOOL OF DRAWING, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE

is modelled on the great Art Schools of Europe, drawing and painting from life and the antique. A choice Library of the Fine Arts in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish is connected with the School of Design. Graduating pupils who have passed creditably through the Academic or Classical course receive the Graduating Gold Medal of the Department.

Graduating Medals are awarded to the students who have pursued a special course in Conservatory of Music, or in the Art Department.

Miss De La Barre, from Paris, a sculptress and artist of acknowledged superiority, has been engaged for three years as an addition to the regular corps of teachers in the School of Painting and Sculpture.

Simplicity of dress enforced by rules of the institution.

Full particulars of three Departments given in Catalogue, for which address

MOTHER SUPERIOR,

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,

NOTRE DAME P. O., IND.

## The Minim Department.

This is a separate Department in the Institution of Notre Dame, for boys under 13 years of age.

Thorough and comprehensive instruction in Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and United States History, is imparted. The discipline is parental, and suited to children of tender years. Personal neatness and wardrobe receive special attention from the Sisters, who take a tender and faithful care of their young charges.

Board and Tuition—\$125, per Session of Five Months. German, Latin, Drawing, Vocal Music, Violin, and Piano, free in this Department.

For further particulars, or Catalogue, address

REV. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C.,

NOTRE DAME, IND.

## O'Connor & Co.,

### CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

Royal Pharmacy,

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING,

TAKE SUPERIOR, ONTARIO, CANADA,

DEALERS IN

Amethysts, Agates, Chlorastrolites, Catseyes,

Thompsonites, Native Silver, and Copper

Specimens, Quartz, Dog-tooth Spar,

Indian Bark Work, etc.

Persons ordering any of the above from a distance will have their orders carefully attended to.



EDWARD BUYSSE,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks,

AND

JEWELRY.

All Kinds of Engraving Done

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

## Crowned With Stars,

An Exquisite Volume of Poems in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Queen of Heaven,

BY

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Published to Aid in Placing on the Dome of the New University of Notre Dame, Indiana, a Colossal Statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Crowned with Twelve Stars.

Price, - - - - - gilt, \$1.25; plain, 1.00.

Address

STUDENTS' OFFICE,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

(Removed to Boston, Mass.)

**SHORT-HAND**

TAUGHT BY MAIL IN 12 LESSONS, FOR \$1.50.



The growing interest in Phonography has created a demand for a Periodical to teach the Art, in a series of Lessons comprehensive, detailed and thorough. The

**AMERICAN SHORT-HAND WRITER,**

taking the initiative, is the only Magazine in the World that teaches Phonography. A full course given every year, one complete Lesson each month, and the Exercises of all Learners

**CORRECTED THROUGH THE MAIL**

free of charge. Those who prefer to learn in a briefer time than one year, may join our Correspondence Class and go through an entire course in either 10 or 20 weeks.

Single copy, containing First Lesson, mailed to any address for 15 cents.

Anyone wishing to learn this fascinating and valuable science are solicited to write at once for Free Descriptive Circular.

**ROWELL & HICKCOX,**  
BOSTON, MASS.

Please mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

**C. & N.-W. LINES.****The Chicago & North-Western Railway,**

embracing under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and, with its numerous Branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California and the Western Territories. Its

**OMAHA AND CALIFORNIA LINE**

is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

**CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE** is the short line between Chicago and all points in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minnesota, Duluth, and all points in the Great Northwest. Its

**LA CROSSE, WINONA AND ST. PETER LINE** is the best route between Chicago and La Crosse, Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

**GREEN BAY AND MARQUETTE LINE**

is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, Escanaba, Negaunee, Marquette, Houghton, Hancock and the Lake Superior Country. Its

**FREEPORT AND DUBUQUE LINE**

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

**CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE**

is the old Lake-Shore Route, and is the only one passing between Chicago and Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha and Milwaukee.

**PULLMAN PALACE DRAWING-ROOM CARS**

are run on all through trains of this road.

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

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to

**W. H. STENNETT,** **MARVIN HUGHITT,**  
Gen. Pass. Ag't., Chicago. Gen. Manager, Chicago.

**PROSPECTUS**

OF

**Browne's Phonographic Monthly**

AND

**REPORTER'S JOURNAL,****NEW YORK,****FOR THE YEAR 1881.****ORGAN OF THE REPORTING PROFESSION.**

This publication is now in its sixth volume. A course of lessons is being given by the editor, which will embrace all the latest improvements of the art as adapted by reporters during the past twenty years' reporting. As all instruction books are years behind the practice of the art, and do not contain any of the new principles introduced, these lessons will be found invaluable to all students.

**FAC-SIMILE REPORTING NOTES** of leading stenographers will show word-forms and phrase-signs not to be found elsewhere, that will be useful as showing how little attention practical reporters pay to the expedients, devices, and contractions put down in the old instruction books and recommended by authors.

**PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES** will be given, which will be useful as showing what have been the struggles, trials and success of men eminent in the profession. In this way an acquaintance will be made with these gentlemen that will be of lasting interest to old stenographers as well as to young men about to take up the art.

Besides being the only shorthand publication in America published promptly on time (the 15th of each month) it contains news, notices of new books, personal doings of stenographers, and communications from reporters throughout the world.

A **PREMIUM HOLIDAY NUMBER** considerably enlarged and beautifully illustrated, will be issued in December. This number will be sold separately for \$1.00, but to regular yearly subscribers, who pay the subscription price of \$2.00, this number will be included without extra charge. To get the benefit of this splendid offer, subscriptions should be sent in now for a year's numbers, and \$2.00 must be forwarded to pay for the same in advance. Specimen copies of a late number will be sent to those desiring to see the publication before subscribing, by simply forwarding address to the publisher with a request for the same.

**D. L. SCOTT-BROWNE,**

Conductor and Publisher.

23 Clinton Place, New York City.

**Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.****The Great Short Route South, Southwest and West.***May 15, 1881. Local and Through Time Table. No. 22.*

| Going North. |            | STATIONS. |                      | Going South. |            |
|--------------|------------|-----------|----------------------|--------------|------------|
|              |            | ARRIVE    | LEAVE                |              |            |
| 1.40 p.m.    | 4.20 p.m.  | - - -     | Michigan City, - - - | 9.35 a.m.    | 8.55 p.m.  |
| 1.00 "       | 3.35 "     | - - -     | La Porte, - - -      | 10.23 "      | 8.55 "     |
| 12.35 "      | 3.14 "     | - - -     | Stillwell, - - -     | 10.41 "      | 9.20 "     |
| 12.14 a.m.   | 2.53 "     | - - -     | Walkerton, - - -     | 11.03 "      | 9.42 "     |
| 11.42 "      | 2.23 "     | - - -     | Plymouth, - - -      | 11.35 "      | 10.21 "    |
| 10.41 "      | 1.30 "     | - - -     | Rochester, - - -     | 12.27 p.m.   | 11.20 p.m. |
| 10.12 "      | 12.51 "    | - - -     | Denver, - - -        | 1.06 "       | 11.57 "    |
| 9.50 "       | 12.30 p.m. | - - -     | Peru, - - -          | 1.45 "       | 12.25 a.m. |
| 9.23 "       | 11.50 "    | - - -     | Bunker Hill, - - -   | 2.05 "       | 12.48 "    |
| 8.50 "       | 11.18 "    | - - -     | Kokomo, - - -        | 2.40 "       | 1.30 "     |
| 8.09 "       | 10.41 "    | - - -     | Tipton, - - -        | 3.16 "       | 2.07 "     |
| 7.25 "       | 9.57 "     | - - -     | Noblesville, - - -   | 4.00 "       | 2.48 "     |
| 6.25 p.m.    | 8.50 a.m.  | Lv. -     | Indianapolis, - Ar.  | 5.00 "       | 3.45 "     |

**THE ONLY LINE** Running a noon Train out of Indianapolis for CHICAGO, Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, NEW YORK CITY, and all Principal Points in the EAST.

Elegant Sleeping and Parlor Coaches run between INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO, and INDIANAPOLIS and MICHIGAN CITY.

**V. T. MALLOTT,**

Gen'l. Manager, Indianapolis.

**CHAS. H. ROCKWELL,**

Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agent.