

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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[FOR THE SCHOLASTIC.]

Epithalamium.

(Avec une plaque à la cigogne.)

I.

Across the seas, in foreign homes,
When to the roof-tree blest,
The dear white stork, unbidden, comes
To build its downy nest:
The happy bridegroom cries, with glee,
"O gentle stork, thrice welcome be!
For all good fortune comes with thee!"

II.

Behold! dear friend, (ere sinks to
Thy honeymoon's sweet light),
The white stork comes to build its nest
Upon thy roof-tree bright;
Ah! greet the wand'rer graciously,
And cry: "Fair stork, thrice welcome be!
For all good fortune comes with thee!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Colorado.*

(CONCLUDED.)

From what has already been said, you can readily infer that Colorado must be a veritable Mecca for artist and tourist, which, as it becomes known, will be the objective point of all those who wish to see concentrated within the narrowest possible limits whatever of beauty and grandeur our country offers for the contemplation of the student or the lover of nature. I think one could safely say that within the circumference of a circle of twelve miles of radius, with Manitou as the centre, one can find more of the beautiful, grand and sublime in nature than can be found through the length and breadth of any one State east of the Mississippi. Within this small area are seen the wonderful Garden of the gods,—the Olympus of the Red Man's Divinities,—Monument Park, with all its strange and fantastic forms, Glen Eyrie, Cheyenne Cañon, Ute Pass, Rainbow Falls, and above all that grand old sentinel of the Rockies', Pike's Peak, from whose summit one may view a panorama that may be equalled, but certainly not surpassed, anywhere else in America. Of all the places I have ever visited in this country or Europe, Pike's Peak and its wonderful sur-

roundings most fully met my anticipations, and if I were now to recommend a visitor to Colorado to go where he could see the most in the shortest space of time, I should tell him at once to visit the enchanting environs of Manitou, and then ascend Pike's Peak. To mount up to a point nearly three miles above sea level, and to contemplate the vista that then presents itself, extending, as it does, away off into the adjacent States and Territories, where the horizon is veiled in an impenetrable haze; to note on every side how "alps on alps arise" in countless numbers, mere stepping stones, apparently, to the lofty summit which they encircle; to see the clouds hundreds of feet below, flitting from peak to peak, and observe all the varying effects of light and shade their motions produce, affords more of genuine pleasure than pen can describe or words express.

But I would not have you conclude, from what I have said, that Pike's Peak is the only point in Colorado from which one can obtain grand and beautiful views. I could name a score of other places that I visited, while rambling through the mountains, that far surpass anything else I have ever seen, except in Colorado. Among these I would mention the enchanting view one has of South Park from the summit of Kenosha hills, or the panorama that presents itself on either side of the wonderful—I was going to say awful—Alpine Pass; the vista that is disclosed from the lofty sides of Veta Pass, or from the Denver and Rio Grande road as it approaches Toltec Gorge. Of a different character would be a night view of the wild, weird, rugged, sublime scenery of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas. I passed through this wonderful cañon several times, but do not think I ever realized more than a small fraction of its grandeur and sublimity until I passed through it one night under the subdued light of the full moon, bright as it only can be in the clear, rarified atmosphere of the mountains. Nowhere, I thought, had I ever seen such bewitching contrasts of light and shade as presented themselves in rapid succession, as the train moved around the sharp curves that make up the road through the narrow, deep, terror-inspiring gorge. Nowhere, I imagined, could there be found a place offering a greater range for the play of fancy. All that is romantic and picturesque, all that is weird and fantastic; all that is grand and sublime in nature, methought I saw, while the iron horse was coursing

*A Lecture delivered before the Faculty and students by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Prof. of Physical Science.

his way through that wonderful channel, made by what has well been denominated the prince of engineers—the Arkansas River. Here at the western part of the cañon, before one reaches the Royal Gorge, and on one side of the silver waters, now calm and still, and anon rushing onward with the impetuosity of a torrent, was a delightful, grassy little nook that fully realized all I had ever dreamed of fairy land. In and near the gorge proper, where the walls towered away up skyward, and under massive, beetling rocks threatening to crush the rash intruder, were, of a truth, if imagination and not science were to be appealed to, better evidence of the existence of that Cyclopean race, that poets speak of, than can be found anywhere in Greece or Italy.

To attempt a description of any of the places above alluded to, or indeed of any of the hundreds of charming scenes that present themselves almost everywhere in Colorado, would be simply impossible. The subject has been essayed time and the picture and the reality. Sunset scenes have always been the despair of the painter, but, if their reproduction be difficult, or rather impossible, under ordinary circumstances, it is doubly so when it comes to limning the glories of the orb of day as he retires behind the lofty crests of the Rockies. Such gorgeous displays of color—gold, crimson, purple, rivalling the Aurora Borealis in their delicacy and constant changes! on the mountain sides, backgrounds, from darkest forest green to again by pen and pencil, but the result, as might have been expected, was an ignominious failure. All the resources of art have been brought into requisition, and that, too, by such masters as Bierstadt and Moran, but nothing better than a weak, faint copy could be produced. An artist, with all the chromatic treasures that modern science has put at his disposal, may, if you will, put on canvas a brightly-colored mountain scene—a scene, too, that may be of photographic exactness, and yet there will be almost an infinite distance between the brilliant white of snow-fields high above; and over all the clear, deep blue canopy of heaven. The pencil can give but a feeble image, the pen but a faint idea of the sapphire tint, the emerald hue, the erubescence glow, the golden radiance that combine in ever-varying proportions, but always in perfect harmony, to beautify, to enrich, to bring out in pleasing relief a mountain scene as the king of day is kissing it farewell.

How Claude Lorraine would have revelled in such scenes, surpassing far any he ever witnessed in the Roman campagna, where, we are told, he used to spend whole days studying the ever-varying changes of light and shadow, and noting their effects on the scene before him! What delight Titian, the great colorist, and father of landscape painting, would have found in such scenes! How Tintoretto and Paul Veronese would have rejoiced in but one vision like that which only the Rocky Mountains can afford! And Salvator Rosa, that lover of gloomy effects, of romantic forms, of powerful contrasts of light and shade, how he would have danced in an ecstasy of joy could he

have visited the Garden of the Gods, Monument Park, or any of the numerous cañons that are the admiration of all who behold them. Old, classic Nicholas Poussin, too, if, from an eminence hard by, he could have had a glimpse of one of Colorado's beautiful parks, how he would have given free rein to his fancy and peopled the scene before him, as was his wont, with all the creations of a Greek or Roman mythology; Diana and her attendant nymphs engaged in the chase; Pan, piping to the dancing satyrs; laughing Naiads and Dryads and Sylvens, without name or number! But this is a digression. What I have already said warns me that it is time to conclude, although I have told only a little of what might be said on the subject I have attempted to treat.

I need not speak of Colorado as a place for the devotee to the gun and rod, for, as is well-known, the "Centennial State" is so rich in game of all kinds as to be called the "Sportsman's Paradise." In spring, snipe and ducks of every variety; in summer, prairie-chicken in abundance; in fall and winter, the larger varieties of game, such as mountain sheep, antelope, deer, elk, and, if one wants a little adventure, an occasional bear or mountain lion.

For beauty and evenness of climate, Colorado stands, without a dissenting voice, unsurpassed by any other State in the Union. Its clear, light, bracing, electrical atmosphere is something whose wonderful qualities must be experienced before one can realize what it is. As a tonic, invigorating agent in its effects on a system worn out by overwork, it is a veritable panacea.

From an altitude of three or four to ten or twelve thousand feet above sea level, the seeker after health and strength has every desirable range to choose from—the plains below the foot-hills' to the parks high up in the mountain fastnesses. For persons suffering from pulmonary or throat affections, the light, dry atmosphere of Colorado is a specific, as any one can testify who has had an opportunity of witnessing its beneficial effects.

Colorado has justly been styled the great sanitarium of the United States; but she has won this title, not simply on account of her wonderful climate, but rather, probably, on account of the great number and variety of hot and mineral springs to be found in every part of the State. The Great Pagosa Springs, owned by our esteemed friend Mr. E. Fenlon, of Leavenworth, Kansas, are by far the largest, and also the hottest mineral springs in the United States. But what most surprises one is the great similarity in temperature and chemical composition that many of the springs have to the most celebrated spas of Europe. The mineral springs of Springdale, near Boulder, are so nearly the same as those of Seltzer, Germany, that they have been called the Seltzer Springs of Colorado. According to Prof. Leon, of the Wheeler Expedition, the springs of Cañon City are, in mineral constituents and temperature, very similar to those of Vichy. Then the celebrated waters of Idaho Springs are equal, and in some respects superior, to those of Ems, Baden or Wiesbaden. The waters of the springs of Wagon-Wheel Gap have

been shown, by actual analysis, to be similar and, in some of the more important elements, stronger than those of the famous hot springs of Arkansas. As to the soda, chalybeate and sulphur springs at Manitou, Poncho Pass, in Middle Park, and in various parts of the San Juan country, they are—as shown by analysis, but above all by their extraordinary medicinal properties, and by the almost miraculous cures effected by their use—equal to any found in New York or Virginia, Michigan or Wisconsin.

If Ponce de Leon could have visited Colorado and experienced personally the wonderful curative properties of some of its springs, I have no doubt that he would have reported the discovery of that "Fountain of Youth" that he in vain looked for among the Bahamas, and which he dreamed might be found amidst the everglades of Florida.

But I must hasten to conclude, because I find that, if I go on much longer, my discourse will reach an unreasonable length. But, before closing, I must answer a question or two that I am sure all of you are prepared to ask.

First, if Colorado is such a wonderful State as I have pictured it to you,—and I have told only a little of what might be said,—if it be so rich in natural advantages of all kinds and so attractive in so many of its features, why is it that it is not more thickly populated, and why do we not hear of more people going there to live? No one, I think, who recalls the age of the State, not yet seven years old; or remembers the fact that twenty-five years ago it was practically unknown; or thinks of the difficulties of reaching, even a few years ago, this part of our broad and expansive country—for railroads had not yet gotten so far West—will be disposed to repeat the question, much less press for an answer. Considering the thousand and one difficulties that the pioneers of this far-off State had to contend with until within the last two or three years, during which the indomitable Rio Grande Railroad has stretched its arms, Briareus-like, into every part of its mineral-bearing sections, it is, it seems to me, little short of marvellous that the progress made should be as great as that which is actually shown. According to the census of 1870 the population of Colorado was less than 40,000. The census of 1880 showed an increase of nearly 150,000, and, according to the estimates of those who have studied carefully the future of Colorado in the light of its rapidly-developing resources, the census of 1890 will show a population of fully three-quarters of a million of people. From what I have seen of Colorado I believe the number will, without doubt, reach these figures, striking as they may appear.

We may not be prepared to subscribe to all that Governor Gilpin says about the future growth and importance of the Centennial State (see his interesting work on the "Mission of the North American People"), but if facts mean anything, one must of necessity conclude that Colorado will, within a few years only, be second in everything that goes to make up a great State, to none other west of the Mississippi. Not to speak of other cities and

towns, the extraordinary growth of her capital, Denver, is ample proof of the future greatness of the State, if any other evidence were needed. It is not yet twenty-five years since General Larimer built the first rude house on the site of a city that now numbers 60,000 inhabitants—a city that rejoices in such proud titles as the "Queen City of the Plains," "The Paris of the Mountains," and a city that can show all the activity and enterprise of Chicago, and point to streets, and public and private buildings that make it, for beautiful thoroughfares and noble specimens of architecture, the rival of Washington. After the Grand Opere House of Paris, the Opera House in Denver (designed, as were also the Exposition Building and other large structures in Denver, by Notre Dame's architect, W. J. Edbrooke, and built by the munificence of Governor Tabor), is conceded by all to be the finest in the world. Not to speak of the numerous palatial mansions in every part of the city, there are now in course of erection a number of public buildings of which any city in the Union might justly feel proud.

The growth of the State within the last few years, particularly, is strong proof of her future greatness; but the abiding faith that her citizens have in her is still stronger. Millionaires invest their capital within her borders, and rich railroad corporations vie with each other in getting a footing on her soil, and in effecting an entrance into her capital—the future metropolis of the West.

Speaking of the enterprise of the people, and their faith in the important position their State is destined to occupy among the great States of the Union, I cannot forbear saying at least one word about some traits of character that I have not yet spoken of. As is well known, the people of the Western States are proverbial for their generosity and hospitality, "dividing the last loaf of bread with the stranger within their gates." This is true especially of Colorado, as any one can testify who has ever had an opportunity of comparing her in this respect with any of the other sections of the country. Then, too, the population is not composed entirely of rough, ignorant miners, as one is sometimes led to believe from the stories that are told of mining camps and mining countries generally. On the contrary, representatives of the best families of the land are to be met with in every part of the State; persons who have not gone there to accumulate a fortune simply, and then return to the East, but who have there permanent homes that in comfort and elegance are not inferior to any that can be found in the older States of the Atlantic border.

I have said nothing of the state of education or religion in Colorado, as in these respects the "Centennial State" is essentially the same as the other States of the Union. I must, however, in passing, pay my tribute of respect to that zealous and indefatigable pioneer missionary of the Rocky Mountains, whose name is a household word throughout Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico,—the good, pious, whole-souled Joseph P. Machebœuf, D.D., the venerable Bishop of Den-

ver. For thirty years he has here labored in the vineyard of the Lord, and the results of his work among the Pueblos, and the Mexicans, and the American population, tell how faithfully. What was a barren, almost an uninhabited desert on his arrival in the West, is now—thanks to his untiring exertions—a beautiful oasis in the Church's vast domain. With all his friends, and the number is legion, we cordially exclaim, *Ad multos annos!*

The Habitability of Other Worlds.

Of all the sciences, there is not, perhaps, one so fascinating from the start, and so interesting in its development for its cultivators and for students in general, as the science of astronomy. Even those who care little about mathematics, natural philosophy, and other studies connected with the subject, take a peculiar delight in viewing the splendor of a midnight sky, in recalling the past history of the science, and in speculating on mysteries never to be solved. It was a continual pleasure for the Chaldeans and their co-workers to note the position of the stars and the movements of the planets; but when, under increased optical power, those small ornaments developed into worlds, suns and universes, they became worthier subjects for investigation and reflection.

A question which naturally arises from the discovery of planets similar to our own, and a question frequently put to astronomers is, whether these planets are also inhabited. In answer to this, the astronomer must say that he knows no more about the question than anyone else, for he has no means of studying it. In treating this subject, then, we may proceed with the full assurance that we shall never be contradicted by astronomy, though assisted by the most improved optical power.

The moon is the only body to which the telescope can be directed with any advantage in searching for inhabitants, and even there the smallest object that can be seen distinctly is a circle, one mile in diameter. Still, the habitability of the moon has been maintained with great enthusiasm by several writers, and indeed some of their arguments are very forcible. The strongest objection brought against this theory—and an objection apparently unanswerable—was the fact that, from what can be seen of this side of the moon, it has no water, and the atmosphere is too rare to support life. This objection was almost overwhelming, and seemed to decide the question forever. But, just when the advocates of the theory of the moon's habitability began to waver and to despair, an incident occurred, which afforded an excellent answer to the objection, and a train of arguments in support of the theory.

The moon once happened, on the occasion of a certain eclipse, to be three seconds behind time in touching the sun's disc, and this great delay—too great, of course, to be allowed in a journey of a few million miles—led to the calculation that the moon's centre of gravity is thirty-five miles be-

yond the centre of the body. Since such is the case, the air must accumulate on the other side of the moon, and, judging from the amount on this side, it would be perfectly suitable for the support of animal life. But what about the water? Well, from appearances, it is evident that this side of the moon was once a vast ocean, and, after that mighty eruption which moved the centre of gravity, the water began to pour over to the other side. The remaining water would immediately evaporate from the absence of the atmosphere and float over in large clouds.

Here are two of the elements essential for the support of life such as exists on the earth; but the third, the light of the sun, is not so favorable as on some of the planets. Owing to the moon's slow rotation, there is continual sunshine for two weeks, then a continual darkness for an equal time, there being only twelve days in the year.

In this respect, Venus far more closely resembles the earth, since her days lack only 39 min. of being twenty-four hours. Venus, too, has her atmosphere and seasons, her clouds and storms, her poles and tropics.

But no planet has raised more interest and expectation, and no planet has been scrutinized with so much care and enthusiasm in the search for life as the planet Mars. Its seas and continents, irregular as they are, have been delineated even to details; they have been named and mapped as definitely as those of the earth; its snows have been observed appearing and disappearing with the change of season, and the appearance of vegetation has been strongly marked. It is blest with heat and light, air and water, mild seasons, and days about the length of our own. "Indeed, the world of Mars resembles the earth so much that if we happened to be travelling there and lost our way it would be almost impossible to recognize which of the two were our own planet." Why, then, should the earth be the only inhabited world? By what special favor does it surpass the other planets? For what purpose were the other planets created? for what those distant and innumerable suns with their attendant planets? For the delight of angels? They are unbecoming. To shine for us? As much could be done by small bodies nearer the earth. It is unnatural to think that this world alone should be teeming with life, whilst myriads of others, far more magnificent, should circle through space cold, barren and deserted; that life here should pervade burning deserts and perpetual frosts and the whole atmosphere and the ocean but could find support nowhere else; that if death should once master this insignificant spot, the whole universe should be one mighty and eternal tomb. "How is it possible for anyone acquainted with these facts, and who thinks from reason, to assert that such bodies are uninhabited?" "Man is the end for which the universe exists."

Thus far we have been speaking of air, water, etc., as requisite for life in other worlds. But what need for all these? Could not men, equal in mind and body to those of the earth, live and act

without water or air? The first use of air in supporting life is combustion. Man is a furnace in which bread and butter are consumed and transformed into energy. But is air necessary for combustion? No; there are dozens of substances which will unite *in vacuo*. In animals, then, instead of air and lungs, some substance, having an affinity for the food, might be placed in a cavity where the combustion could take place gradually. Liquefied oxygen might answer for such food as we have. Or, the creature might have two stomachs and systems of assimilation, each demanding different kinds of food and producing different qualities of blood which would unite just as the air and blood unite in our lungs.

This is a very general way of speaking, but the mechanism of an animal and the action of the elements are so complicated that the construction of a new type of animals cannot be minutely described. Nature, however, loves variety, and has succeeded so well in adapting the means to the end that she may have made lungless men for airless worlds. What advantages these men would enjoy! They would never be troubled with bad ventilation; they could plunge into their lakes and play with the fish for hours; they would never be annoyed with sore throats and colds, would have no use for Dr. —'s celebrated cough syrup, and would not be carried away by consumption!

But, on the other hand, their disadvantages are innumerable. Such men cannot converse, nor sing, nor smoke, nor drink with ease; they have to "pour it down." They lack a most convenient bellows, are unable to "blow their own horn," and scarcely have the use of their "nasal organ." In fact, destitute as they are, of pulmonary apparatus, they are deprived of the most convenient organ of the human body.

But nature may compensate for this by numerous other favors. She might, for instance, give them the electrical power of the torpedo or gymnotus; nay, this same force, besides giving violent shocks, might also be used for heating metals for all kinds of experiments, for running small machinery miles away, for telegraphing, etc. By bringing together two fingers, tipped with carbon or some other substance, the electric light would blaze forth, and could be increased or diminished at will.

Then, nature might give those strange people some of the ornaments noticed on our plants and insects. Their hair might present the colors of the rainbow, or it could be covered with gold and tipped with diamond. This would be exquisite, indeed; but I imagine it would require long association to make it as attractive as well-trained bangs or bewitching frizzes. Could they not have wings? Certainly; and feathers, too, that would make the peacock hide for shame. But, to be consistent, there must be a fluid corresponding to our atmosphere; and if those men be proportionally as strong as we, either their pectoral muscles must be enormously developed, or their world much smaller than ours. If there were no such fluid there might be holes through the globe, so that the people

could jump through to the other side and return.

It would be endless to tell what favors nature might bestow, so that, in filling other worlds with new forms of life, we may draw from an unlimited source. It is not unreasonable, then, that men, having abandoned the idea of terrestrial life, and relying upon nature's boundless power of supporting life under various circumstances, should believe, with considerable firmness, in the habitability of other worlds. It is not surprising that a number of imaginative writers, attracted by the beauty and variety of these countries' habitations, should have delighted so much in speculating upon the form and appearance, habits and dwellings of their distant friends.

A. F. ZAIM, '83.

Books and Periodicals.

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF MODERN RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM. A Lecture by Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D., Coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis: Published by B. Herder, 17 South Fifth Street.

In a plain and forcible manner, Bishop Ryan points out the causes of the skepticism that prevails at the present time. The Right Rev. lecturer says that he uses "the term 'religious skepticism' rather than 'infidelity'" because the state of men's minds nowadays is one of *doubt* rather than of *unbelief*; and then proceeds to show that the thought of substituting another religion for Christianity is a delusion. The great motive of the lecture is to point out the dangerous influence which skepticism may have on society, inasmuch as society cannot be preserved without religion. "Society cannot exist without morality; morality cannot exist without law; law cannot exist without a sanction, and there can be no sanction without religion." In treating of the causes of "Modern Skepticism" Bishop Ryan clearly and convincingly dissipates many a doubt as to the so-called conflict between Religion and Science. We commend the work to all our readers. It is gotten up in neat pamphlet form and merits an extensive circulation.

—The "*Ave Maria*," is undoubtedly one of the most attractive of Catholic family magazines. It possesses a charm peculiarly its own; its serial stories, written especially for *The "Ave Maria"* by some of the best pens in America and Europe, are always instructive. The names of such writers as the Rev. A. A. Lambing, Kathleen O'Meara, Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., The Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Charles Warren Stoddard, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mrs. Mary E. Mannix, the Hon. E. F. Dunne; Rev. Father Edmund, Passionist; John McCarthy, Wm. D. Kelly, "Marie," Lady Alice Seymour,—"Octavia Hensel,"—Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Eliza Allen Starr, Marion Muir, Marcella A. Fitzgerald, and a number of other writers, whose productions enrich the pages of *The "Ave Maria"*, are a sufficient

guarantee that the matter is of a first-class order. Kathleen O'Meara's "Queen by Right Divine," which appeared last year, is one of the finest character sketches we have ever read, and would enhance the value of any magazine: then there was Mrs. Dorsey's "Ada's Trust," also a serial, and Lady Fullerton's translation of "Eliane," which has since been issued in book-form in this country by no less than three non-Catholic publishers, — and Nugent Robinson's jolly stories, among which we think that of "Father Tom, a Story of Conmemara," now issuing as a serial, one of the best, — altogether, Rev. Father Hudson has succeeded in gathering around him a rare galaxy of writers in prose and poetry. *The "Ave Maria"* is, besides, the cheapest magazine in the English language, giving annually 1040 large, handsomely-printed pages of choice reading for \$2.50.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Catholic Publication Company.

The work before us, from the pen of Rev. Father Lambert, is certainly a timely one. Ingersoll still "has his day," as witness the large crowds which he never fails to draw. It is true that now he takes long intervals of *rest*, and, at times, ventures into *far-distant* and *hitherto unexplored* localities. No doubt the reason of this course of action is the fear that his *solitary* subject, however much he may strive to vary its presentations, may become *monotonous*. Besides, he is engaged in a *paying* business, otherwise it would have been dropped long ago. Any thinking mind readily perceives that his *material* is a re-hash of Old Tom Paine, and long-exploded objections; but because presented in a *taking* way, it meets with applause, and may, perhaps, influence some superficial minds.

Father Lambert answers him pointedly and clearly; not "by defending Christianity against his scattering, inconsequent, illogical, and unphilosophical articles; but by making his article the subject to be considered; analyzing with careful scrutiny every statement he makes, every argument he adduces, every inference he draws. . . . The Christian is not bound, at the call of Mr. Ingersoll or anybody else, to reprint the proofs of Christianity, that are to be found in the writings of the great Christian philosophers and theologians. These proofs are on record, and Mr. Ingersoll's ancestors in atheism and unbelief . . . have never answered them." (Introduction.) In this way, step by step, Father Lambert follows Ingersoll in all his statements against the Christian religion, from the dogma of creation up to the very last objection, and clearly and cogently answers him at every point. It is a book that should be in the hands of every Catholic; not only because they can find therein a "reason for the faith that is in them," but also that they may distribute it among their non-Catholic friends, and thus, perhaps, be the means of exciting some thoughtless soul to yield to that sense of religion which exists in every human heart, and which, with God's grace, will lead him into the light of truth, to be found in the Christian religion.

Exchanges.

—*The Student's Offering*, from the State Normal School, Cedar Falls (Iowa, we presume) is a neat 8-page paper and contains some sensible articles.

—The editors of *The Virginia University Magazine* say that report has it that the *Magazine* is atheistical in its views, but it gives them great pleasure to say that there is no ground for the rumor; they want it distinctly understood that theirs is a Christian periodical, and "hope it will remain so for many, many long years to come." We hope so too, and congratulate our Virginia friends on their cherished desire to remain, or become, orthodox. But, in passing, we might as well say that at least one remark in the splendid article on "Cotton Planting Under the Present Régime" is decidedly pagan—namely that about the lady in reduced circumstances who planted the Irish potatoes, and who, the writer says,—"the gods be thanked for that!—has plenty to eat and a nice home even to this day." If our Southern contemporary be jealous of its orthodoxy it should discard all such polytheistic expressions.

—It is certainly consoling, in these days of worry and overwork, to consider the classic repose of the four bright boys who run *The Georgetown College Journal*. That esteemed sheet is now at hand, some twenty-seven days behind time; and as the December *Journal* contained only a half dozen columns from the juveniles, we are forced to conclude that the January number represents their united efforts for two months. Coming from such a hot-bed of intellect as Georgetown, we are always prepared to find in the *Journal* articles bearing the unmistakable impress of original genius. Nor does the present number fall below the standard. There is first on the program an original poem of wondrous beauty. The first six lines run as follows:

"Le livre de la vie est un livre suprême
Qu'on ne peut ni fermer ni rouvrir à son choix;
La passage attachant ne s'y lit pas deux fois,
Mais le feuillet fatal se tourne de lui-même:
On voudrait revenir à la page où l'on aime,
Et la page où l'on meurt est déjà sous nos doigts."

After this appropriate French-reader quotation, the bard condescends to express himself in the language of the common herd. The following striking lines should be memorized by the next boy that has a "detention"; it will give him some new light on familiar subjects:

"The spring is noisy with the music of the brooks"
Freed from the icy fingers of the mountain,
They dance adown its steep, and in the vale
And on the hillside, make the Summer flowers
To laugh their loveliness, forgetting winds of Autumn
That scatter flowers, yet picture them in leaf.
And who can speak the beauty of the moon,
Rolling along the starry sky of Winter,
Painting the fairy snow with golden pencil!"

This masterpiece is signed "G," which mystic letter reappears as the *nom de plume* of the college poet in the lyrical burst entitled "Life's Efforts," wherein, in his own weird and beautiful phraseology, he speaks of

"The sober Fall with Winter's coming gloom
And chilling whiteness tinct."

We are confident, on the whole, that "G" stands for Genius. The first essay in the *Journal* is certainly rich in newly-discovered wisdom. Here is a discovery at Georgetown which will make the old snoozers on the Supreme Bench, Att'y-General Brewster, Hon. R. T. Merrick, and a few others, wake up to the "bad pre-eminence" they occupy before the public: "The word lawyer is, among many people, a synonym for dishonesty. With simple-minded people it is held almost as an axiom that entrance into the legal profession is incompatible with fidelity to one's creed and early training. Even among better-informed and more thoughtful classes the same opinion, more or less modified, prevails." After thus establishing to his own satisfaction this "widespread belief," the author accounts for it in a masterly manner. Passing over an advertisement, we next read what might be called, Chap. III of the Georgetown Serial. It is a custom at Georgetown—which cannot be too much commended—for some gifted genius every month to take a line from Horace or Virgil and then give it to us in a weak solution of H₂O. One month it is "Eheu! Eheu! Postume!"; another time a fellow writes a translation of "Ad Pyrrham," and then shows *why it is pretty*. This time it is the threadbare line of Virgil:

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The following is a drop from the diluted solution of this admirable verse: "If, by anticipation, we could only bring ourselves to regard what our feelings will be and, from that standpoint, take a view of present difficulties, we would undoubtedly find surcease of sorrow [might we suggest quotation points?] in very many instances. Æneas was able to do this, and accordingly made use of those memorable words of consolation,

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

"Who can forbear to admire [that's good] such a trait of character?" Then follows an essay on "Idleness—Its Miseries," which, as a narcotic, leaves "Thoughts on Horace" far behind. In the first paragraph occurs a sentence we commend to all seeking a good English style:

"And it is a little singular—in view of the fact that the relation of contraries is, after all, a very close one, indeed—that idleness should be thus universally voted a nuisance, while its *vis à vis* enjoys all the spicy variety of a generous share of praise from one quarter and a very hearty and unmistakable *procul sis* (!) from another."

Towards the last occurs this sentence, Johnsonian in its style, and rather obscure in its meaning: "In his merriest fit of doing nothing, the professional loafer displays a *quantulum* (?) of energy, with sufficient ostentation to make us argue for the belief that is in him—that some degree of action is necessary for the successful maintenance of a live man." If ye editor means by that, that a professional loafer ever gets tired of loafing, he is decidedly "off." Of course, at Georgetown all are industrious, but outside there are many whose "*quantulum* of energy" is remarkably small. The article on "Vacations at the College" is written in a graceful and, we think, to us, familiar style.

Then follow the Exchange Notes, given over, as usual, to a discussion of the SCHOLASTIC. The youthful editor is evidently what Josh Billings would call an "amoosin' kuss." There is such a vein of childlike simplicity running through his productions! He fears that, *notwithstanding his objection*, biographical essays will continue to appear in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. What a dreadful thought! Moreover, the youth seems to think that we object to his mentioning any little errors he may notice in the make-up of the SCHOLASTIC. Now, that's an entirely wrong idea. We are like Mr. Pecksniff, who was accustomed to tell his boarder-pupils to ask for whatever they wanted; and so patient was that truly good man, that some pupils had gone on asking for the same thing every day for five years. By all means, mention whatever doesn't suit you; mention it every month, till, in the dim future, you arrive at years of discretion, and retire to your native village a Georgetown alumnus. One is immediately struck by the disinterested affection he has for our little paper and its "hebdomadal columns," as well as the pedagogic air with which he suggests how it should be improved. Can it be that in the past, armed with that most terrible of sceptres, the wooden ruler of the schoolmaster, he ever harangued his pupils as he does our modest selves? He desires to see the SCHOLASTIC "purged of the puerile stuff that periodically disfigures its columns," and suggests that all right-minded beginners in composition at Notre Dame (including the author of "The Young Men of Dickens and Thackeray") should no longer impose on the good nature of the SCHOLASTIC. Now, that is really kind, you know, and we fear (*horribile dictu*!) that it is funny. It is a secret, known only to a few friends of this bright lad, that he is a wit; but wit he is, though the secret has never been guessed. The whole lecture to the SCHOLASTIC ends with the Latin hexameter,

"Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata bibere."

And this leads us to point out two beauties of the lad's style. The first is a frequent use of what rhetoricians call "barbarisms"; as, for example, that delight of the French Exercise Book, *gobe-mouche*. The second, and by far more prominent, beauty is the tag-end of Latin lines ornamenting his discourse. We can remember quite a number of examples, all reflecting the highest credit on the authors' "Hand-Book of Latin Quotations." Coleridge had the bad taste to call this quoting habit "mouth diarrhæa," and De Quincey, in his essay on Charles Lamb, adds: "To have the verbal memory infested with tags of lines and 'cues' of rhyme is in itself an infirmity as vulgar and as morbid as the stable-boy's habit of whistling slang airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable." At once, for fear of misconstruction, we desire to say that we do not consider Mr. Tom. D. J. G. a blockhead; but, on the contrary, regard him as a bright youth who only lacks what Horace calls the *principium et fons* of good writing, that rarest of gifts—good common sense.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 10, 1883.

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 SIXTEENTH 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We would here correct some typographical errors which were made in the article on "Papal Influence and Popular Liberty," which appeared in our last issue. In the 5th line, omit "yet"; on page 326, line 20th, read *nullus clericus*, etc.

—On last Monday evening, Prof. W. Hoynes lectured in the Rotunda on the subject of "Law," dwelling particularly upon its origin and development. A subject which might be thought dry and uninteresting to very many, was, by its masterly treatment, together with a judicious employment of voice and action, made so attractive as to enchain the attention of the audience from beginning to end. The Professor has kindly given us his manuscript for publication; we shall present it to our readers in our next.

The Law Department.

For some time the authorities of the University have been giving special attention to the Law Department, and they have consummated arrangements that cannot fail to raise it to the highest plane of utility. Instruction is to be given exclusively by lecture, and these lectures will be delivered daily. They will deal with all branches of the law and comprise every salient and material principle recognized in our system of jurisprudence. Furthermore, moot courts are to be held once a week or oftener, and cases tried in them will be conducted with due reference to the actual practice of the courts in the different States. Only the

more elementary text-books need be procured by students, as the lecture course will be unusually complete and calculated to qualify young men to undergo the most searching examination at the bar of any State.

Peculiar advantages are offered to students who enter this department. It is their privilege to pursue collaterally, and without extra expense, such studies as they may wish to take up in the other regular courses of the University. And, considering the unusual facilities for studying and economizing time which the system of discipline obtaining at Notre Dame affords, it will be comparatively safe, and by no means difficult, to prosecute collaterally several studies in the Classical or Scientific Course. When a student elects to do this, he will be expected to give three years to the study of law and pass an approved examination before receiving a diploma. But young men who give their time and attention exclusively to the study of law may finish the course in two years.

The Celebration of Father General's Birthday.

On Tuesday, Feb. 6th, Very Rev. Father General celebrated the 69th anniversary of his birthday. All united to make the occasion a happy one. The members of the Association of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary and the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association assisted at Mass and offered Holy Communion for him. At 9 a. m., a messenger was dispatched for Father General, telling him that some gentlemen wished to see him in St. Edward's Hall. With his characteristic promptitude, he hastened to the Hall, but when he entered and found it filled with students, visitors and a number of the priests, he could only ask in surprise; "What does this mean? I have been told that some gentlemen wished to see me; where are they?" He was conducted to a chair on the platform amid rounds of applause, on the subsidence of which, R. V. Papin, of St. Louis, assisted by J. Wright, of New York, and A. Roberts, of Detroit, read a beautiful poetic address, which was listened to with delight by all present. Then, B. Lindsey, of Denver, accompanied by J. Kelly, of Washington, and W. Devine, of Chicago, representing the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, delivered the following address:

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

OUR OWN BELOVED PATRON:

The sixth of February has come again, and although it is not so genial and sunshiny as the 13th of October, still there is a warmth and a brightness about this day that do not belong to the season. We rejoice, dearest Father, that the 69th anniversary of your Birthday finds you in such excellent health and vigor. An octogenarian, who resides at Notre Dame, and whose extensive travels have enabled him to see a great deal of the world, has remarked: "Father General is the best preserved man of his age, I have ever seen; he is not only strong and active, but so youthful in his movements and in his manner that he looks like one who would be good for another quarter of a century." May God verify this prediction! The longer our beloved Father is

spared, the better for the happiness and prosperity of Notre Dame. May his work in the future be even more marvellous than in the past! When they tell us, dear Father, that, where the University, the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the Music Hall, the Palace, etc., now stand, was, forty years ago, a forest, with no other inhabitants than Indians, and no other building than a log cabin, we listen in wonder, and can scarcely believe it. But we are told that from the day the earnest, enthusiastic Founder first set foot in Notre Dame, its growth began, and increased year after year with such a marvellous rapidity as showed that the Hand of God was in the work. But we have in our new house, dear Father, a proof of how you can build. The 6th of last February it only existed in your imagination, and to-day it is considered one of the gems of Notre Dame. May God grant that the Dome, the grand object of your enterprise this year, be completed before the 6th of next February! and may the golden Statue of Notre Dame herself from her lofty throne, smile on your next Birthday! And now, Very Rev. Father General, we will, introduce you into our Society-Room, to show you some of Professor Gregori's work. Hearing, about two months ago, that he was about to paint a picture of the Blessed Virgin "Receiving Holy Communion from St. John," the Sorins called a special meeting, for the purpose of considering the matter. After serious deliberation it was decided to request Prof. Gregori to substitute another subject. He was delighted with our idea, and so will every one at Notre Dame be. But, as we intended it, to be a surprise for your Birthday we requested him to keep it a profound secret; and so honorably has he kept it, that we believe, it is not only a perfect surprise to yourself, but to everyone present.

Again, wishing you, our venerated and beloved Patron, many happy returns of the sixth of February, and praying our Immaculate Mother to watch over your health, to direct and assist you in all your undertakings, and to obtain for you all the blessings that could make your life happy and prosperous, we are, Very Rev. and dear Father General,
Your loving Children,

THE SORIN ASSOCIATION.

At the close of the address, Father General arose, and, in his own familiar and happy manner, expressed his thanks for the good wishes which he said he knew came from the heart. He then invited Rev. Father Shortis to speak for him. The Rev. gentleman prefaced his remarks by telling the audience that he was almost frozen, coming from St. Mary's, but that the warm, affectionate reception given to Father General had thawed him out. In his address he recounted, in a brief manner, the wonders, that, under God, the beloved Founder had done at Notre Dame, and the dangers and difficulties he had to brave to bring the Institution to what it is. When the Rev. speaker had concluded all arose, and conducted Father General to the Sorin Society-Room. His surprise can be imagined when he saw, for the first time, a painting that must call forth pleasant memories of 42 years ago. All present pronounced it a painting worthy of Gregori, and the best they have yet seen from his brush. The subject of the picture delights everyone, and it is particularly appropriate for the Sorins' Society-Room. (A critique of this painting is published elsewhere.) The celebration of the day closed with a banquet in the afternoon, at which Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh and invited guests assisted. Altogether, the day was a happy one, and, as one of the speakers had remarked, a day that should lengthen Father General's life. "Vive le Père General!"

Gregori's Latest Painting.

VERY REVEREND EDWARD SORIN FOUNDING NOTRE DAME.

Near the site of the present University, some two hundred years ago, was a French Jesuit mission. The woods, abounding in game, and the innumerable small lakes made it a favorite resort for the Indian hunters. During the beginning of the present century, this region was included in the missionary field of Rev. Father Badin, who, being pleased with it as a site for a future college, bought it from the Government; through him it came into the hands of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Rev. Father Sorin, in company with six Brothers, hastened from France to take possession, and to clear the forests in preparation for their more arduous duties. Soon after his arrival, fourteen of the Indians came to see Father Sorin, and to receive from him the Sacrament of Baptism. They stayed over night with him in his log cabin, which also served the purpose of a church. A curtain divided the house of God from that of man. It contained but one bed, which the owner, with true French politeness, offered to his guests. They, after he was supposed to be asleep, spent the remaining part of the night, seated around the blazing log fire, in talking and singing; the next morning they awoke him by singing at his bed-side. After Mass, an Indian princess, as a token of gratitude, gave him the seven rings that she had worn on her fingers. Father Sorin afterwards presented them to the famous shrine of our Lady, at Chartres, where they are still preserved.

Signor Gregori, in his mural painting for the Sorins' Society-room, has given us this scene. The picture is one of his finest efforts. It is a wintry, November morning, forty-two years ago. The freshly-fallen snow, broken only by the Indians' foot-prints, lies softly on the ground. That transparent haze which makes our winter landscapes so charming has not yet cleared away. The blue sky is partly covered by fleecy white clouds. The November sun, shining through them, casts soft shadows on the snow. St. Mary's Lake, not yet frozen, lies placidly in the background. And beyond it, the snow-covered woods are seen through the distant haze. Many of the shrubs and trees are struggling to retain their wonted verdure. Leaves have but lately fallen from the two large trees on the left.

All seems peace and quiet. One could almost imagine that he heard the footsteps of the six Brothers who have just left the little log church, at the right, and are coming up the path towards their Superior. Brother Francis Xavier, the only remaining one of this little group, is a short distance in front of his companions.

Father Sorin—who was then a tall, slim man of twenty-eight years—stands on the rising ground, in the centre of a group of eight Indians, three of whom are women. His features are well cut, and his long, black hair is brushed back from a prominent forehead. He wears glasses. He is dressed

in his cape and cassock; a mantle, fastened at his throat, hangs loosely over his shoulders, while he stands in an easy position, with his right hand extended towards a valiant Indian chief, who is dropping into it one of the princess's rings; with his other, he holds by his side his soft felt hat, which he has taken off, as it were, to express his gratitude to the donor. The chief is dressed in his ornamented robe, in his leggings and moccasins. In common with the other men, his head is decked with gaily-colored feathers.

Both priest and chieftain are looking into each other's face. The features of the latter betoken the simple pride with which he is performing the duty entrusted to him, while those of the former are of a thankful recipient. Within a few feet from her brave warrior stands the princess, a comely maiden, who is taking off her remaining rings. The rest of the picturesque group are looking on with mingled curiosity and admiration. A hundred yards or so distant and a little to the left may be seen a group of four men who have just departed. Still farther beyond, standing by the shore of the lake, are three more. I will leave a worthier pen than mine to describe the *technique* of this beautiful picture. The composition contains twenty-two figures, each of which has been the object of the artist's careful study. The coloring is exquisite, and the lights and shades give it a delightful harmony. These are doubly enhanced by the lights of the room agreeing perfectly with those of the painting. Even the border harmonizes wonderfully with the whole idea. It represents *giallo antico* marble, inlaid with *verde antica* and *lapis lazole*. While studying this masterpiece, one can better understand the poet's meaning as he sings his ode to art in the following stanzas:

"When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man flew before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven
And crossed the wand'rer's sunless path.

"'Twas Art, sweet Art! new radiance broke,
When her light foot flew o'er the ground
And thus, with Seraph voice, she spoke:
'The curse a blessing shall be found.'"

ROBERT M. ANDERSON, '83.

Personal.

—Mr. Vincent Hackman, of '71, Notre Dame's young musical genius, having spent some years in Europe, is now in business in his native city, St. Louis, Mo.

—Mr. S. Wise, one of the "boss" Juniors of '73, and a Com'l of that year, has an excellent position as salesman in one of the large flour mills of his native city, Alton, Ill.

—Mr. Geo. McNulty, of '76, has a law office at Alton, Ill.; he is a promising young attorney, and may, at no distant day, eclipse his uncle, one of the leading legal lights of St. Louis, Mo.

—Mr. Wm. Fletcher (Com'l), of '73, and P.

Fletcher of '79, are both doing well in their native city St. Louis, Mo. They still retain among their business associates and friends those manly traits so characteristic of them whilst here at College.

—Mr. John O'Connell (Com'l), of '74, is doing well in the lumber business, at his home in Springfield, Ill.; but, having recently visited Dakota, he says that is the place for young men, and intends shortly to locate at Fargo, Dakota.

—Mr. J. S. Dunn (Com'l), of '72, has a good position in the Auditor's Office, of the Wabash Co., at St. Louis, Mo. "Toby" inquired particularly about all his old college friends, and expects to visit his *Alma Mater* next Commencement.

—We learn with regret of the death of Mr. George Milburn, one of the old settlers of South Bend, and grandfather of Master Studebaker, of the Minim department. He died at Merrian, Kansas, on the 31st ult., and his funeral took place in his old town, South Bend, on the 4th inst. We extend our condolence to the family of the deceased.

—Mr. J. R. Staley, of '72, and Robert, of '76, are successful business men in St. Louis, Mo. John is in partnership with his father, having a fine business house on the south-west corner of 7th and Morgan Sts. Robert has an office at 614 Olive St., is doing well, and is always pleased to see old college friends, which he recently demonstrated on meeting one.

—We have received the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Christian Burger, Sr., of Reading, Pa., which occurred on the 7th inst. Mr. Burger held a prominent position in society, and was loved and respected by all his fellow citizens. He was the father of Mr. Anthony Burger, of '78, and Chris. Burger (Com'l), of '74, to whom, as well as to the whole family, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Hydropots.

—"Well, I should cackle."

—Winged butter—Butter-fly.

—"Boss" exhibition on the 22d.

—The Euglossians have been heard from.

—"Was it an earthquake or an explosion?"

—Somebody got a box. Better late than never.

—The Orchestra are at Rossini's "Semiramis."

—Bulletins for the month of January were sent off last Tuesday.

—*On dit* that Mr. Thomas Geegan will shortly visit his esteemed friends at Watertown.

—Our friend John went skating last Tuesday. He was a sadder but wiser man on Wednesday.

—To-morrow, the first Sunday of Lent, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers of a Martyr, p. 40.

—The name of Mr. W. Arnold was omitted, through mistake from the "List of Excellence" for Philosophy last week.

—"Jim" took a "glide" from the College to South Bend on Tuesday. He was *south bend* (!) several times in reaching the city.

—The Senior Reading-Room has been adorned with fine busts and statues presented by Messrs. J. B. O'Reilly, M. O'Dea, S. Murdock, and J. C. Larkin.

—Rev. Father Zahm is making preparations for his stereopticon entertainment, to be given in a few days. There are many parties interested in its production.

—EXAMINATION SCENE:—Prof.: "What part of speech is book?" Small boy: "It's a noun, Sir." Prof.: "Very good: now, what is *floor*?" S. B.: "Why, it's *wood*, Sir." (Dust.)

—In the Junior department, the best Bulletin for the month of January was awarded to Wm. Schott and A. Browne; 2d best, Wm. Mug; 3d best, M. Dolan, C. Zeigler, and C. Ackhoff.

—The SCHOLASTIC acknowledges with thanks the receipt of two beautiful engravings from Mr. W. F. White, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R.R., Topeka, Kansas.

—The Minims and ex-Minims had a Grand Union Banquet last Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Father General's birthday. They also enjoyed an extra "rec." kindly granted them by Rev. President Walsh.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Mr. Chas. Weld, of San Francisco, Cal., for a large and rare specimen of the porcupine fish. It is perfectly preserved, and a fine specimen of taxidermic art.

—Our friend John says it is glorious sport skating down hill, but when a person, in skating *up* hill, has almost reached the top, and then falls and slides all the way down to his point of departure—such a circumstance inevitably leads to profanity.

—The following young gentlemen have the thanks of the Director of the Junior Reading-Room for valuable donations made: Masters P. Yrisarri, J. Reach, F. Fehr, J. Cassily, J. McGordon, W. Jeannot, H. Metz, A. Terrazas, G. De Haven, C. Mason, J. Devine, F. Ryan, H. Hibbeler, D. Taylor, C. Darling, F. Johnson, and E. Wile.

—Bro. John Chrysostom, C. S. C., now in San Francisco, Cal., has the thanks of the Curator of the Museum for specimens sent, and for the interest he takes in making collections wherever he may be. Father Zahm has received several letters from the zealous Brother lately, all telling of interesting specimens secured for the Museum.

—The Curators of the Senior Reading-room, J. B. O'Reilly and H. Morse, deserve great praise for their pains in keeping the room and games in such excellent order, and in procuring reading-matter regularly. The same may be said of those having charge of the Gymnasium, J. M. Murphy and J. Gallagher, for the faithful discharge of the duties in their line.

—A meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session. The balloting showed the following result: President, Geo. E. Clarke; Vice-President, M. T. Burns; Recording Secretary, R. Fleming; Corresponding Secretary, J. P. O'Neill; Treasurer, E. A. Otis. In the subsequent voting, the returning board found that there were twenty-three (23) more ballots cast than voters, whereupon the Director declared the meeting adjourned.

—The devotion of the Forty Hours, which began at High Mass on last Sunday, closed on Tuesday evening. The Litany of the Saints was sung, followed by solemn procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The devotional exercises of the three days were participated in by the Catholic students. On Ash-Wednesday, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. T. McNamara as Deacon, and Rev. P. J. Franciscus as Subdeacon. Before Mass, the ashes were blessed and distributed to the congregation.

—A meeting of the Columbian Literary Society was held Feb. 1st, for the purpose of reorganizing. The following officers were elected: Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Jos. E. Farrell, Vice-President; N. Comerford, Recording Secretary; Jas. J. Conway, Corresponding Secretary; H. Morse, Treasurer; C. C. Craig, Historian; E. Yrisarri, Librarian; A. Jones, Marshal; P. Nelson, 1st Censor; F. Monahan, 2d Censor. A vote of thanks was tendered the genial President for kindness shown the Society during the past session. After transacting the regular business, the meeting adjourned.

—The 18th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held Feb. 1st. The following are the officers for the ensuing session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Bro. Leander, C. S. C., Promoter; A. Brewster, 1st Vice-President; F. Fishel, 2d Vice-President; H. Metz, Treasurer; L. Gibert, Recording Secretary; E. Wile, Corresponding Secretary; W. Hanavin, 1st Censor; F. Danielson, 2d Censor; J. V. O'Donnell, Librarian; A. Schillo, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. Livingston, Marshal; P. Yrisarri and W. Henry, Property Managers; T. Walsh and F. Ryan, Prompters.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club took place Feb. 3d. The following is the list of the officers for the ensuing session: Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, Director; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; Jos. E. Farrell, 1st Vice-President; J. R. Marlett, 2d Vice-President; H. Morse, Treasurer; D. Saviers, Recording Secretary; J. Conway, Corresponding Secretary; Otis Spencer, Historian; A. P. Coll, Librarian; Joseph Grever, 1st Censor; W. E. Ruger, 2d Censor; E. J. O'Brien, and H. Fitzgerald, *Chargés d'Affaires*; P. Nelson, Sergeant-at-Arms; C. C. Kolars, Marshal; W. Johnston, Prompter.

—The 12th regular meeting of the Thespian Association was held Feb. 2d. The officers for the ensuing session are: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; A. Zahm, 1st Vice-President; J. O'Neill, 2d Vice-President; C. A. Tinley, Treasurer; W. J. O'Connor, Recording Secretary; J. A. McIntyre, Corresponding Secretary; Jas. Solan, Historian; E. A. Otis, Librarian; J. Walsh, 1st Censor; W. Bolton, 2d Censor; F. Kuhn, Sergeant-at-Arms; R. Anderson, Marshal; W. Cleary and T. Flynn, *Chargés d'Affaires*; R. Fleming, Prompter; Professors A. J. Stace, A. M., and Wm. Hoynes, A. M., are invited to act as Dramatic and Literary Critics.

—During the early part of the week, Notre Dame and the country for miles around presented a phenomenon which the oldest settler does not remember to have witnessed. The snow was so heavily crusted with ice that it formed one vast frozen lake. Travel with teams was made extremely difficult and hazardous. However, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and this event proved a perfect *bonanza* to skaters, who were not slow to take advantage of it. It was indeed a singular sight to witness the boys gliding over the surface of the snow, through hill and dell, several forming expeditions and skating to South Bend and back. But—sad conclusion—the big snow-storm of Wednesday put an end to the sport.

—One of the first of the many friends of Notre Dame to come to the rescue, after the disastrous fire of '79, was the Rev. F. X. Shulak, S. J., the learned Prof. of Natural History, and Curator of the Museum of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill. As one of the great losses was the almost total destruction of our large and valuable Museum, the generous Father at once offered to assist in collecting specimens, to replace, as far as might be, those that had been destroyed. This week, Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., the Curator of the Museum here, wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a choice collection of minerals, from all parts of the country, from his Jesuit *confrère*, to thank him most cordially for the interest he has always taken in the Department of Natural Science at Notre Dame.

—The 18th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held January 13th. Masters Brice, Kahman and Gerlach read well-written criticisms on previous meetings. Masters A. Browne, W. Bacon, J. M. Courtney and C. Ackhoff read compositions. Reports of different officers were handed in. The public readers appointed were D. G. Taylor, C. F. Porter, M. Dolan, E. Dillon, J. H. Fendrich, and W. J. Schott. The 19th regular meeting took place Jan. 27th. The officers for the second session were elected as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Assistant Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; B. Leander, Promoter; Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M., Dramatic and Literary Critic; A. A. Browne, First Vice-President; D. G. Taylor, Second Vice-President;

John H. Fendrich, Recording Secretary; M. L. Foote, Treasurer; W. T. Mug, Historian; C. F. Porter, Corresponding Secretary; M. A. Dolan, First Censor; H. G. Foote, Second Censor; Geo. Schaeffer, Clerk of the Court; E. Dillon, First Monitor; J. S. Courtney, Second Monitor; W. Jeannot, Sergeant-at-Arms; H. Dunn, Marshal; W. Schott, Librarian; F. Johnson, First Costumer; H. Sells, Second Costumer; R. Reach, Prompter. B. Anselm was elected Director of the Orpheonic Branch, with W. Schott, H. Foote, F. Johnson and G. Schaeffer as assistants.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Austin, Black, Bowers, Brady, Burns, E. Burke, Browne, Comerford, Call, T. Carroll, G. Clarke, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Conway, Clements, Craig, Chelini, Crawford, Cole, M. Donohue, Delgado, Eisenhauer, Eaton, Ewing, Buchanan, Fogerty, Flynn, Fleming, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Freeman, Gray, Grever, Golonski, Grange, Gallagher, Garrett, Guthrie, Godfroy, Grout, Harris, Johnston, Kleiber, Kane, Keller, Kolars, Kimmell, Koehler, Kuhn, Kavanagh, Larkin, Murphy, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, Mason, McErlaine, Marlett, Muhlke, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, McIntyre, Magoffin, Morse, Morris, Martin, Nelson, Noble, Neeson, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Brien, Porter, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Quinn, Rodgers, Ruger, Ryan, Start, Stull, Scholfeld, Stover, Solon, Saviers, G. Smith, Tinley, Terrazas, Twohig, Veale, Walsh, Whalen, Witwer, Warren Wheatley, Wendel, Yrisari, Zurbuch, Zahm, Zählle.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Brice, Browne, Bacon, Bush, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cavaroc, Jos. Courtney, Cain, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, Duffin, Devine, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote Fendrich, Fishel, Foster, Grothaus, Hagerty, Hornaday, Gandrup, Hess, Halligan, Hannavin, Hollbrook, W. Hetz, Handy, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Keigel, Mug, Mulkern, McCawley, McGordon, McDonnel, Nester, D. O'Connor, Robb, Reach, Mallory, McGill, J. Ryan, Schott, Schaeffer, Subert, Ohnick, Schillo, Smeeth, Seegers, Talbot, Taylor, Violette, Wagnor, Wright, Wallace, Weber, Yrisari, Zeigler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Ackermann, Beall, Bunker, Chaves, Colwell, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Chirhart, Dirksmeyer, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Harris, Huestis, Johnson, A. Kelly, Kellner, Kane, Keeffe, Luther, Landenwich, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Lare, McNaughton, McGordon, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, McPhee, McGuire, Morrison, Moss, Masi, Metz, Nester, Noonan, B. Otis, Papin, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, Quinlin, Roberts, Rebori, Spencer, Stange, Schmitz, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Schmauss, Shicker, Thomas, Whitney, Warner, W. Walsh, Wright, Welch, L. Young, C. Young.

For the Dome.

Very Rev. J. Benoit, V. G., Fort Wayne.....	\$200.00
Hon. Thomas Hoynes, Chicago, Ill.....	400.00
Mrs. M. M. Phelan.....	100.00
J. F. Gibbons, M. D.....	100.00
A Daughter of Mary.....	10.00
A Child of Mary.....	5.00
A devoted Child of Mary.....	5.00
Hattie Van Patten.....	5.00
Lucy Crawford.....	5.00
Donations from various sources.....	9.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—There have been several new arrivals the past week.

—Miss Anna Cortright, and Miss Henrietta Rosing, of Hyde Park, graduates of 1881, were present as most welcome guests at the Semi-Annual Entertainment, as was also Miss Florence Myer, of St. Louis.

—The Preparatory Classes gave correct and intelligent answers at their examinations in the various branches. Much talent and quickness of apprehension were displayed, not only in these classes, but even among the most charming of all the household at St. Mary's, the Minims.

—On the Feast of the Purification, just before the blessing of the candles, ten young ladies received the Habit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, at the hands of Very Rev. Father General. Among them were Miss Sarah Walsh and Catharine Claffey, well known to former pupils of St. Mary's.

—The Studio has been enriched by some fine paintings from the brush of Cyrinus Hall, who stands so prominently among the first living artists in America. Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Auray, Drachenfels on the Rhine, and two fine views upon the Saginaw River. The following valuable additions have been made to the Art Library: "Hours with Art and Artists," royal octavo, containing twelve magnificent steel engravings, eighty-nine fine illustrations, many of them large full-page, on heavy, cream-tinted paper; also a number of engravings, mostly from artists' sketches, affording an excellent lesson to students by the contrast with the finished pictures of the same artists. "Hand Book of Legendary and Mythological Art"; "Art Foliage"; "Heliotrope Galleries"; "Gems of Dresden Gallery"; Studies from Raphael, and the Titian Gallery.

Semi-Annual Examination.

The Semi-Annual Examinations, which mark the close of the first scholastic session, have given eminent satisfaction. In the Graduating Class oral and written examinations were sustained in a manner to call forth the warm commendations of the learned Board of Examiners. In Mental Philosophy, presided by the Professor, Rev. Father Shortis, impromptu essays were written by the members of the class, each exhibiting a clear and intelligent appreciation of the abstruse subjects chosen, in order to exhibit the skill of the pupils.

This class was examined in Geology in the presence of Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Zahm. Charts neatly made out, were exhibited and elicited the admiration of the visitors. Of them, the learned scientist of the

University, Rev. Father Zahm, remarked, that the amount of labor and painstaking expended upon them would have been too much even for his patience.

The History and Mathematics of the First Senior Class were the two branches which afforded the best evidence of advancement for the past session in this class.

The pupils of the Second Senior Class are deserving of especial praise for the excellent manner in which they sustained their examination in Rhetoric, Chemistry, and Mathematics. Their answers to questions were prompt, clear and concise. In the branch last named, their aptitude in performing a number of brilliant and beautiful experiments, proved that their knowledge is not only theoretical, but practical.

The examination in History, Natural Philosophy and Algebra, of the pupils in the Third Senior Class, exhibited the fact that a close application to study, and a lively interest in their advancement, have been marked features of this interesting class during the past five months. The other branches of the class bear us out in this assertion.

The examination of the French Classes was presided by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Shortis, Saulnier, and Kollop.

The acquisition of this language, an essential to the accomplished lady, is a point upon which Father General has always manifested the warmest interest, and he expressed himself as delighted with the evident progress of the classes. The members of the First Class wrote fluently, at his dictation, among other things the cablegram received that day from France, detailing the existing state of affairs in that country. French Compositions were read, and gave much pleasure, exhibiting, as they did, the clear understanding of French Grammar possessed by the pupils.

The examination of German Classes was presided by the Rev. Father Franciscus. Unqualified satisfaction was pronounced by the Rev. examiner. His expression of his opinion that every pupil deserved to receive 100, is the best praise that can be given. The great necessity of acquiring this language was impressed upon the young ladies, and the gratification manifested by their teachers aroused a feeling of kindred pleasure in the hearts of those who have labored so wisely and so well, for the purpose of acquiring that language of which a celebrated writer has declared "that only a few of the very best people were worthy to understand German."

Examination Averages.

Graduating Class, 98—Misses Dillon, Feehan, Wiley, Clarke, Fox, Wright, A. Ryan.

First Senior Class, 79—Misses Johnson, Todd, Laffer, Fendrich, Sullivan, Donnelly, M. A. Ryan, Hoag.

2d Senior Class, 95—Misses Keenan, Dunn, Ginz, Call, Gove, Mohl, Lancaster, J. Reilly, Crawford, Semmes, Barlow, E. Slattery, V. Reilly, Ramsey, Owens, Spengler.

3d Senior Class, 90—Misses Danforth, Madole, Munger, Heckard, Clifford, McCoy, Dignan, O'Brien, Dickon, O'

Connell, L. English, Taylor, Morrison, Dailey, Hunt, Williams, Black, Adderly.

1st Prep., 90—Misses M. Dillon, Chirhart, Considine, C. Ducey, Coogan, Morgan, McCawley, G. Legnard, Comerford, Newton, Nevius, Gavan, Harris, T. Slattery, B. English, Pampell, Babcock, Adams, Murphy, Hunter, McCarten.

2d Prep., 85—Misses Moshier, Richmond, Kirkham, Van Horn, E. Wallace, Smith, J. McGrath, Halsey, Rodgers, Hibben, Eldridge, Dolan, C. McKenna, Fehr, A. English, Malbœuf, P. Ewing.

Junior Prep. Class, 89—Misses Coyne, T. Haney, M. Chaves, Best, Mary Otis, Sawyer, Campau, Alexander, L. Robinson, N. Browne.

1st Junior Class, 90—Misses Barry, J. English, E. Burtis, Margaret Ducey, A. Schmauss, Martha Otis.

2d Junior Class, 89—Misses J. McKennon, B. Prescott, E. Chapin, G. Wallace, M. Paul.

FRENCH.

1st Class, 100—Misses Lancaster and Feehan.

2d Div. of 1st Class, 98—Miss J. Reilly.

2d Class, 95—Misses Barlow, Clarke and Leydon.

3d Class, 97—Misses Call, M. A. Ryan, Walsh, Beall, Shickey, Sullivan, E. Wallace, Owens, Malbœuf.

4th Class, 90—Misses Crawford, Dunn, Slattery, Mohl, Fenlon, Knott, Ramsey, Wood, Murphy, Babcock, Pampell, Hunter, Gallagher, Morrison, Richmond, Snowhook.

1st Division, 80—Misses Bathrick, Laffier, Adderly, Wallace, Brown, Barry, Chaves.

5th Class, 100—G. Wallace, for French Conversation.

GERMAN.

1st Class, 100—Misses Dillon, Mohl, Ginz.

2d Class, 95—Misses Van Patten, Todd, Keenan, Chirhart, Unger, Pick, Hinz, Grist, Fehr.

3d Class, 93—Misses L. Wallace, Ryan, Eldridge, Ducey, Considine, Coogan, Spengler, McGrath.

4th Class, 97—Misses O'Brien, Johnson, Heckard, M. Dailey, Bathrick, Black, Danforth, Munger, J. King, C. Sawyer, Stackerl.

2d Div. of 4th Class, 92—Misses Harris, Williams, Adams, McCarten, Hagan, Slattery, F. Schmauss, Shepard, T. Haney, A. Schmauss.

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING

Below we give the work done in the Studio during the month of January:

1st Class—Mary English, studies in oil; Linda Fox, studies from the cast, and mountain scene; Catharine Lancaster, unfinished Loch Lomond.

2d Class—Hattie Van Patten, unfinished moonlight scene and Loch Lomond, velvet, panel-velvet plaque; Catharine Campbell, moonlight scene, unfinished, and two other studies in oil; Alida Rulison, moonlight scene, Loch Lomond, and velvet stand; Catharine Harrigan, Loch Katrine, and fruit; Mary Heneberry, moonlight scene and Loch Lomond; Mary Dailey, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond and velvet plaque; Martha Beal, Loch Lomond; Philomena Ewing, Loch Lomond, and Drachenfels on the Rhine; Mary Knott, Loch Adray; Lena Wallace, unfinished copy of Cape Trinity, on the Saginaw River, Cape Eternity, on the same river, and Ha-Ha Bay.

Studies in crayon, Mrs. Costigan.

Misses Van Patten, Harrigan, Shickey, Ewing, Pick, crayon studies from casts, the antique and nature.

Miss Laura Fendrich, embroidery painting on velvet.

GENERAL DRAWING.

DRAWING FROM BLOCKS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Black, Johnson, Danforth, Sawyer, Hunter, Hunt, Adams, Gallagher, Mooney, O'Connell, Munger, Heckard.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING FROM BLOCKS AND FREEHAND.

Misses Nevius, Schmidt, Morgan, Moshier, Rodgers, Otis, Brown, Fehr, Dignan, Gale, Sullivan, Coyne, Chaves, Van Horn, Morrison.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Adderly, Adams, Barlow, Beal, Bathrick, Black, Babcock, Clarke, M. Campbell, C. Campbell, Call, Crawford, Chirhart, Comerford, Dillon, Donnelly, Dunn, Danforth, Dickson, Murphy, Dolan, Edgerly, L. English, B. English, Eldridge, Fox, Feehan, Fendrich, Fenlon, Gove, Ginz, Gavan, Gallagher, Hoag, M. Heneberry, Heckard, Hunt, Hunter, Harrigan, M. Hawkins, L. Hawkins, Halter, Harris, L. Heneberry, Hamilton, Hinz, Johnson, Keenan, B. King, Kirkham, Kearns, Laffier, Lancaster, Leach, Leydon, Legnard, Lape, Mohl, Munger, Madole, McCoy, Murphy, McCarten, C. McKenna, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Brien, O'Connell, Pick, Pampell, Quinlan, A. Ryan, M. H. Ryan, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, H. Ramsey, Reiser, Sullivan, Shickey, Semmes, E. Slattery, T. Slattery, Sawyer, Stackerl, Schmauss, Spotwood, Steinem, Unger, Van Patten, Wiley, Wright, Walsh, L. Wallace, Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Alexander, Best, Brown, Coogan, Chaves, Ducey, Dillon, Dignan, N. Donnelly, Hawkins, Haney, Johnston, Luna, Nevius, Otis, Richmond, Spengler, Schmidt, Shephard, Snowhook, Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses A. English, Halsey, Hibben, Moshier.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Chapin, Campau, Ducey, English, Keifer, Lindsey, McKennon, J. McGrath, Naylor, Otis, Paul, Schmauss, G. Wallace.

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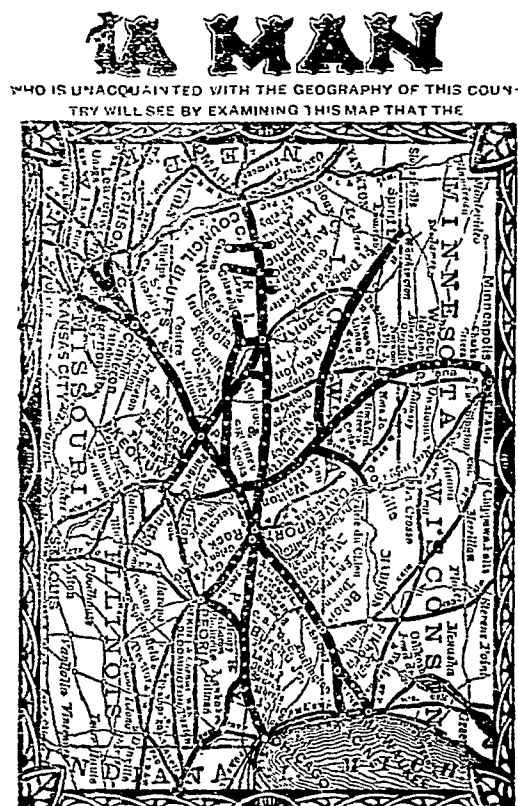
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Cal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "

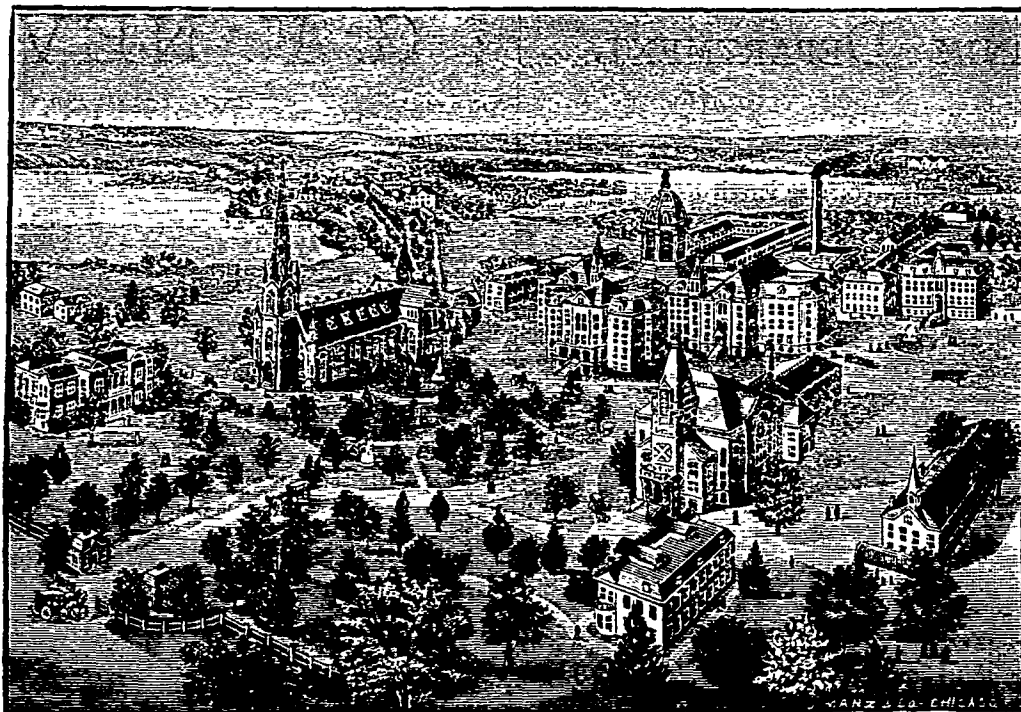
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 35 a. m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15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

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 70 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 15 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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ol-83

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On and after Monday, Jan. 1, 1883, trains will leave
South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main
Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.30 p.m.;
Buffalo, 8.05 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35
p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at
Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 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.

6.35 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.35
p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m.
Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

4.35 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.45 a.m.
Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

8.02 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 8.44 a.m.
Chesterton, 9.40 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte,
2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.10 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte,
5.18; Chesterton, 6.07 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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P. P. WRIGHT, Gen'l Sup., Cleveland.

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