

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1883.

No. 27.

Pansies (*Pensées*).

BY MARION MUIR.

Sweeter than music, or the balm of flowers
Dew-soft with morning, are the quiet hours
Filled with the memory of a dear one's face.
Welcome as light in a deserted place,
And all the thoughts are tender that amid
These violet eyes and golden hearts lie hid.

Thoughts on Hawthorne.

T. EWING STEELE. '84.

To such a subject as this one, an introduction seems superfluous. Every American has read the works of Hawthorne, and surely there are few more worthy of loving study and of careful thought. Difference of opinions there will always be as to how much merit they contain, and what morality they teach; but on them is the impress of original genius, with the promise it ever bears of immortality.

For Hawthorne is among the few American authors for whom may be claimed originality; not because it was given to him to say what many men had never thought, not even because he happily expressed ideas which, common to all mankind before his speaking, were too intangible for words; but, rather, that, under a provincial civilization, where literature, like manners, dress and laws were sedulously copied from the mother country, notwithstanding inappreciation and neglect, he had the genius to write without an English model, to study and picture for us the grim Puritans of early New England, and find in the peaceful history of civilized Americans a real source of romantic interest.

In reading the works of Hawthorne, one cannot but notice a certain weirdness which pervades them and is characteristic of them. This impresses one at every turn, and the posthumous memoranda lately published in the *Century* show how zealously the author labored to accomplish this very result. But, after all, they only tell us of "Dr. Grimshave's Secret," what of all his other works we already knew; that he strove by means of the plot and surroundings of a story, together with the characters introduced, to give an air

of weirdness to everything he wrote. Of his shorter tales there is no need to speak; the terrible parable of "Goodman Brown," the tales so full of symbolism, yet so realistic, as "Rappacini's Daughter," and "The Bosom Serpent," have weirdness stamped upon them from the first page to the last. But we will also find that the plots of all his novels are very weird in conception and development. In one, the interest centres about some dreadful crime, its concealment, and all the suffering it entails on guilty and innocent alike. In another, the author sketches a young man's search for the elixir of life. In a third, the story takes its origin and interest from a bloody footstep left by the guilty owner on his ancestral threshold centuries before. But, besides the main plot, it must be noticed that, by the relation of mystic tradition, by the introduction of mesmerism and alchemy, by the symbolism he delights in, for whose sake he stops at no natural phenomenon, this weirdness is greatly heightened. Moreover, the incompleteness, as it at first seems, of nearly all his works, heighten this effect. How much more terrible does Miriam's persecutor become because the exact bond between him and his victim is unknown! How much more effective are this author's numerous allegories because they leave the reader to take them as he will, whether to fill an hour's gap by the mere enjoyment a graceful narration excites, or, looking beneath the surface, to grasp the hidden thought and ponder on it. Then, too, the creations his novels called forth, representing in many cases rather some principle than flesh and blood, are at once unreal, and—as the author strove to make them—very weird. Roger Chillingworth, Clifford Pyncheon, Sibyl Dacy, and Dr. Grimshave with his terrible gigantic spider, are prominent examples. It must be borne in mind that Hawthorne, though remarkable for the fewness of his works, was the most laborious of authors. There is little of the accidental in the beauty of his productions; one may be sure that this all-pervading weirdness, the fitting associate of sombre thought, represents not only a multitude of ideas, but a wonderful patience of revision.

Evident as the weirdness of his fancy is the beauty of his style. Simply and quietly it flows along, taking nothing from the attention of the reader, though the familiar words and the short, simple sentences, moulded by a master's hand, are expressing the most delicate shades of thought or

framing descriptions of wondrous beauty. It is no less correct than elegant; indeed, Hawthorne's dread of incorrectness led him into much graver faults. He is so uniformly happy in his expression that all the quotations we may make in the course of this essay will serve as worthy examples of his style. The following are taken almost at random from the books upon my desk. The first is from the "Marble Faun," and of peculiar interest to all Catholic readers:

"In the hottest fever fit of life they [the Catholics] can always find ready for their need a cool, quiet, beautiful place of worship. They can enter its sacred precincts at any hour, leaving the fret and trouble of the world behind them, and purifying themselves with a touch of holy water at the threshold. In the calm, interior fragrance of rich and soothing incense they may hold converse with some saint, their awful-kindly friend. And, most precious privilege of all, whatever perplexity, sorrow or guilt may weigh upon their souls, they may fling down the dark burden at the foot of the Cross and go forth to sin no more; not to be any longer disquieted, but to live again in the freshness of elasticity and innocence."

The second quotation is from "Septimus Felton," and is a charming description of Rosa Garfield, the New England country maiden of a century ago:

"The girl was very pretty, a little freckled, a little tanned, but with a face that glimmered and gleamed with quick and cheerful expression. A slender form, not very large, with quick grace in every movement; sunny hair which had a tendency to curl, which she probably favored at such moments her household occupations left her."

Of his descriptions we must speak, generally, in terms of the highest praise. With little effort, and assisted by none of the realism now affected by novelists and playwrights in describing the past, he gives a vivid picture of Puritan Salem two centuries ago. His picture of the old Manse is peculiarly beautiful, while the descriptions in "The House of the Seven Gables" and the "Marble Faun," though differing so widely, are generally very happy. We take a quotation from the latter:

"Without further discussion, the count led the way up one more flight of stairs, at the end of which he emerged upon the summit of the tower. The sculptor felt as if his being were suddenly magnified a hundredfold, so wide was the Umbrian valley that suddenly opened before him, set in its grand frame-work of nearer and more distant hills. It seemed as if all Italy lay under his eyes in that one picture. For there was the broad, sunny smile of God, which we fancy to be spread over that favored land more abundantly than on other regions, and beneath it glowed a most rich and varied fertility. The trim vineyards were there, and the fig trees and the mulberries and the smoky-hued tracts of the olive orchards; there, too, were fields of every kind of grain, among which waved the Indian corn, putting him in mind of the fondly-remembered acres of his father's homestead. White villas, gray convents, church spires, villages, towns, each with its battlemented wall and towered gateway, were scattered upon this spacious map; a river gleamed across it, and lakes opened their blue eyes in its face, reflecting heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land when they beheld the earth so beautiful."

Though the characters our author drew may be condemned from other points of view, their appearance and characteristics are forcibly impressed upon the reader. With regard to mental states, however, he studies rather than describes. The fault to be found with a few of his descriptions is tediousness, whether arising from enumeration of too many particulars or from the author's tendency to abstraction. Hawthorne, too, possessed dra-

matic power in an eminent degree. The Minister's Vigil, The Suicide of Zenobia and The Murder of Miriam's Model are terrible examples of tragic power.

Unlike the majority of great novelists, he possessed very little humor. Through the "Blithedale Romance" runs a quiet current of kindly satire, becoming at one place very broad. In Septimus Felton, too, there are some flashes of quiet humor, as, when urged by his aunt and the minister to join the Continental Army, "poor Septimus began to think that in matters of war women and clergymen are the most bloodthirsty and uncompromising portion of the community." What native humor he possessed was never cultivated; his tales were of too sombre a cast. Shakespeare, it is true, blends in the same play the most terrible tragedy with the broadest farce; but for Hawthorne to have done so in the "Scarlet Letter" would have been to mar the beauty and symmetry of the tale. In "Lear" there is a human background, for the leading creations can only be judged by their converse with other people; prominent in this back-ground is the witty fool. But in the "Scarlet Letter" there are but the four leading characters; a sin has been committed, and the author, reading the minds of the persons concerned, studies its effects upon them. The story is necessarily, from first to last, sombre and pathetic.

And with regard to the pathos of Hawthorne, it is to be noticed that though all his stories are very sad, though we feel real pity for the unfortunates he depicts, yet this pathos seldom culminates. There are no passages like the description of Col. Newcome's death, and few anywise approaching it; perhaps the best is found in "Septimus," where the death of the young British officer is described.

Let us now review his different works, seizing, if we can, all their noteworthy characteristics. Of his shorter tales we will speak again; the best were published together under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse." They are nearly all allegorical, and on moral subjects. Hawthorne had a vivid imagination and all the Puritanic sense of sin. This sense of sin was in him, but not oppressing him. If he drew in dusky colors it was because he thought them more picturesque. The Puritan morbidness and gloom were not part of his nature; but he was capable of appreciating and using them for his artistic purposes. The tales themselves are very interesting. It is easy to see from his note-books how they were built up. For example, he is struck by the difference between "the apparent openness that must rule one's conduct among men and the real secrecy that may co-exist with it," and at once his mind is seeking for a forcible illustration,—"One body to be possessed by two different spirits, so that half the visage should express one mood and the other half another,"—"A man living a wicked life in one place and simultaneously a virtuous and religious life in another." Were it not our main purpose to treat the novels of Hawthorne, we would linger longer on these tales; space compels us to hurry on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Day is Done.

Through fields of yellow ripening grain
The gentle zephyrs run;
The sun sinks in the golden west.
Another day's most done.

The farm-hands slowly fill the wain.
The birdlings homeward fly,
And slowly o'er the waving grain
The daylight seems to die.

Another day gone to its rest—
But rest comes not to me;
Methinks beyond the mountain crest
Of time—in eternity

My rest will come when the day is done,
And my soul, O God, is with Thee!

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, '83.

ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,

The Building of Rome.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE II.

(*The House of Faustulus. Faustulus discovered alone.*)

FAUSTULUS.—Th' usurping tyrant trembles on
his throne,
The omens fright him, and the people's wrath
Is kindled hot against him. All the deeds
Of foul injustice done to gain the kingdom
Stand forth in dread array before his vision.
My twins—my noble twins—have reached the
age,
The stature and the strength befitting manhood;
They will avenge their mother's wrongs; restore
The throne to Numitor, and be his heirs.
The pillars of his throne. His valiant aids
To execute his justice and his will—
But yet it makes me sad! I must renounce
That sweet name "father" they have learned to
call me.

I grieve for my own loss: and, ne'ertheless,
For their sake I will suffer it. All is ripe
For action. The occasion soon must come.

(*Enter PLISTINUS.*)

PLISTINUS.—Brother, I bring thee news,—it
may be grievous;—

It may be otherwise;—for Remus, seized
By Numitor's attendants, has been charged
With felony, and brought before the king,
By him consigned to Numitor for trial.

FAUSTULUS.—Where is he now?

PLISTINUS.—With Numitor alone.

The aged man, beholding him a captive,
Was strangely moved and seemed to recognize
A likeness to the royal family.
Dismissing all the crowd that filled his hall,

In private he would question Remus.

FAUSTULUS.—When
Did these events occur?

PLISTINUS.—'Tis but an hour
Since he dismissed the disappointed throng,
Eager for Remus' sentence.

FAUSTULUS.—I must haste
And tell him of the close relationship
He bears to Remus. The occasion's come!
The gods have now foredoomed the tyrant's fall.
But see, returning from Carmenta's shrine,
Comes Romulus. I will confer with him,—
Make known to him his parentage, and then
With him will go to Numitor.

(*Enter ROMULUS.*)

ROMULUS.—Hail father,
And reverend uncle, in my supplications
To great Carmenta both your honored names
Were uttered, not, I hope, unheard.

FAUSTULUS.—My son,—
For truly thou hast been a son to me,—
Say, did the answer thou did'st go to seek
Prove favorable?

ROMULUS.—All is yet unknown.
In mystic words the oracle conveyed
A hidden meaning. Human brain is weak
To grapple with the words of deity.

FAUSTULUS.—Belike my evidence may throw
some light

On these mysterious words. Plistinus, leave us—
Thou knowest all that I would tell the youth.

PLISTINUS.—I do; and Romulus, thou, until
now

Hast called me "uncle," and by friendly deeds
Mutual affection has been wrought between us.
Remember me when thou art in thy power.

(*Exit.*)

ROMULUS.—When I am in my power! What
strange words!
The oracle itself could not be stranger.

FAUSTULUS.—Strange unto thee, but not to
him and me,
Who long have watched thy growing strength and
virtue,

Biding our time to tell thee what thou art.

ROMULUS.—What should I be but thy devoted
son,

And herdsman to the king?

FAUSTULUS.—Nay, king thyself, (*Kneels.*)
For thus do I salute thee—I whom "father"
Thou hast been wont to call. The God of War
Thy father is!

ROMULUS.—Rise, rise, my best of friends—

(*Raises him up.*)

If not my father, I desire no other—

Unfold to me the mystery of thy words.

FAUSTULUS.—Thou knowest, Romulus, the
present king

Is a usurper, driving from the throne
His brother, Numitor. His brother's son
He basely murdered, and the daughter he
Consigned to Vesta's sacred ministry
Lest she should bear an heir to Numitor.
But the great gods defeated his design;

She bore twin sons and named great Mars himself
Their father. This was eighteen years ago—

ROMULUS.—And these twin sons were?

FAUSTULUS.—Thou and thy brother Remus,
Cast out to perish on the Tiber's bank,
But saved by aid divine. My privilege
It was to find the sacred ark in which
The twins were lying, suckled by a wolf
And fed by birds. I brought you home,
Concealed you in my humble cottage till
The times were ripe for the discovery.

ROMULUS.—Hast thou told Remus this?

FAUSTULUS.—Remus! forgive me;
For long ere this thou shouldst have known from
me

Of Remus' capture and imprisonment.
My heart hath been too full to think of it.

ROMULUS.—Of Remus' capture?

FAUSTULUS.—By those cowardly slaves
From whom you lately snatched their stolen prey;
They took him to Amulius and accused
Remus himself of theft, and then the king
Sent Remus unto Numitor.

ROMULUS.—Since when?

FAUSTULUS.—But now I heard the tale. Plis-
tinus, when
Thou camest in to us, was telling it.

ROMULUS.—With Numitor, you say—our
grandfather,
Who knows not yet of his relationship?—

FAUSTULUS.—Yet seems to guess at something;
for he has
Received the youth most kindly, and dismissed
Those who were clam'rous for his punishment.

ROMULUS.—The gods, perchance, have helped
his powers of sight;

Remus is safe with him; but when the morn
Shall break, we must not leave it thus: the gods
Inspire, but human hearts and hands must act,
And Numitor must know from human lips
His kindred to the youth accused before him.

FAUSTULUS.—E'en now I thought to go to him
and tell—

But thine arrival hath delayed me. Now
It seems too late: to-morrow's sun must rise
And early at his gates I will present
Myself, and bring a witness long concealed
From human eyes.

ROMULUS.—And who or what is that?

FAUSTULUS.—The cradle-boat,—a frail, un-
stable trough.
In which, upon the Tiber's billowy tide,
Your infant lives were cast. I'll go and fetch
it. (*Exit.*)

ROMULUS.—This wondrous tale too much affects
me. Mars!

Great Mars my father is! (*Kneels.*) Terrific
power,

Whom I from childhood have been taught to adore,
Assist thy son with thine immortal strength,
Nerve my weak arm, inspire my fainting heart
With thoughts of valor. Let me dare and do
All that becomes thy son! (*Rises.*) But here
again

My foster-father comes.

(*Re-enter FAUSTULUS with the trough.*)

ROMULUS.—And was't in this—
This slender, fragile thing we were exposed,
My brother and myself? And was this all
That saved us from the river's raging flood?

FAUSTULUS.—This,—and the care of watching
deities!

ROMULUS.—Without which, this were naught,
indeed. Behold
The faded letters that proclaim our birth,
And give the names we bear!

FAUSTULUS.—This silent witness
Will bring conviction. And now let us rest,
If sleep we may. To-morrow sure will be
A toilsome day for thee and Remus, too;
And some that live and breathe and sit on thrones
Shall bite the dust ere sets another sun.

(*Exeunt.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art, Music, and Literature.

—The fourth centenary of Raphael occurs on
the 28th inst.

—Mr. Anthony Trollope left an autobiography
which his son intends to publish.

—An educated Cherokee Indian is editing a
Journal at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

—A monument is to be erected to the Jesuit
Frederic von Spee, the charming poet and the un-
flinching opponent to the persecution of witches.
He was born towards the end of the 16th century
at Kaiserswerth.

—The subject of divorce is to be treated in the
April number of the *North American Review*
by Judge Jameson, the well-known divorce Judge
of Chicago, and the Rev. Dr. Theodore D. Wool-
sey, the life-long opponent of divorce.

—The production of books and maps in Ger-
many, including new editions during 1882, reached
14,1794 as against 15,191 in 1881. Natural
science, law, and theology are all more weakly
represented. Mathematics, Philosophy, and mod-
ern languages increase.

—A prize of 20,000 francs is offered by the
French Academy, to be awarded in 1884 to the
author of the best history of arts and drawings to
the era of Pericles. The competition will be open
to all savants, foreign and French, with the ex-
ception of the members of the Institute of France.
M. Louis Fould is the founder of the prize.

—Miss Edmonia Lewis, a Baltimore sculptor of
African descent, has completed at her studio in
Rome a fine bas-relief in white marble for a church
in Baltimore. It presents the Magi adoring the
Infant Jesus, and of the three the African is given
greater prominence than either the Caucasian or
the Asiatic. Miss Lewis has also recently finished
a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the Mar-
quis of Bute.

—The following statement is made by one of our

German exchanges: "About ninety million people in Great Britain, North America, the Bermudas, Jamaica, Georgetown, the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the East Indies, etc., speak the English languages. About seventy-five millions speak German, in Germany, including Alsace and Lorraine. Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, Russia, North America, Waldavia, the States of La Plata, the Rio Grande, do Sul, Australia, and various other portions of the earth. Fifty-five millions speak Spanish, in Spain, Cuba, Mexico, the republics of Central and South America, Manilla, etc. About forty-five millions speak French, in France, Belgium, and the French parts of Switzerland, Canada East, Cayenne, the United States, and a few other places."

—The death of Father Thomas Pendola, Director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Sienna, is announced. Father Pendola was the founder of this, perhaps the best-known asylum for the deaf and dumb in the world, to which he devoted his life. He was born in the year 1800, and at the age of sixteen joined the Order of the Pious Schools. At the age of twenty-eight, he founded this asylum, and was the first to bring into Tuscany the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who assisted him in his work, and for whom he obtained the favor of not being expelled in the revolution of 1848. He was called to Rome in 1840 by Gregory XVI, to assist in establishing the asylum at that city, and was invited to remain; but he preferred returning to Sienna. In 1871 he accepted the new method of teaching, and wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Education of the Deaf and Dumb in Italy." In 1873 he presided at an International Congress on the same subject.

College Gossip.

—The London *Athenæum* speaks of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, as "Dr. McCosh, formerly of Belfast, and now principal of an American college."—*Badger*.

—It is reported that no less than fourteen young men and women were indebted to Hon. Alex. Stevens for their education. To each of these went a check every month.—*Philosophian Review*.

—Class in meteorology—among the cirrus clouds; Professor: "Mr. D., did you ever see cats' tails high up in the air?" Mr. D.: "Never much higher than the roof of the house."—*Ex*.

—The Base-Ball League has amended the rules so as to require the pitcher's hand to pass below the shoulder instead of the waist. A base on balls will count as a pitcher's error.—*Harvard Herald*.

—President: "What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student: "It cannot both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open. It cannot be both shut and open." President: "Give another illus-

tration." Student: "Well, take the case of another door."—*Ex*.

—The endowments and the number of students of some of the principal colleges in the United States are as follows:—Columbia—endowment, \$5,300,000; income, \$281,000; number of students, 1,587. Harvard—endowment, \$903,000; income, \$233,000; number of students, 879. Johns Hopkins—endowment, \$3,500,000; income, \$200,000; number of students, 132. Yale—endowment, \$1,500,000; income, \$187,300; number of students, 656.—*Ex*.

—Apropos of the demand for fire escapes on colleges, *Harper's Weekly* pertinently says that, when college students abandon the practice of leaving farmers' wagons astride the ridge-poles of gymnasiums, stalling stray horses in chapel bell-fries, and going hand over hand up lightning rods on a freezing night to execute a scheme for muffling the college bell's tongue with congealed water, it will be time to appeal to the wealthy alumni for funds with which to erect and maintain fire escapes.

—*La Tribuna*, of Madrid, has an account of the conferring by the medical faculty of that city, of a degree of medicine upon Senorita Martins Cassells Bellaspi, the first Spanish lady who has ever studied medicine and taken her degree. The paper speaks in warm terms of her as a lady who, in spite of much opposition and national prejudice, has won high honors. Another Spanish lady, finding that the Valencian School of Medicine had closed its doors against her, is now studying in Madrid, where she has met with a more friendly reception.—*Badger*.

—In the report of the meeting of the Harvard overseers on January 10th, the following paragraph in relation to the Divinity School, is characteristic of the milk-and-water state to which Protestant theology has arrived:

"The bonds of denominationalism have been growing visibly weaker throughout the Protestant world, and it no longer seems impossible that young men should study theology, as they do metaphysics, political economy, or zoölogy, without having committed themselves in advance to any theory, creed or set of opinions on controverted points. Until that happy day comes, it is hardly to be hoped that the clerical profession can recover from the depressed condition into which it has fallen."

—The New York *Tribune* seems as determined to force co-education upon Yale, as the *Home Journal* upon Columbia. But the co-education advocated by the *Tribune* is not what is generally known in this country as co-education,—namely the indiscriminate mixing of men and women in college. What the *Tribune* wants is the English system—simply the admission of women to the University lectures, under the charge of matrons, and excluding other personal association. According to the English system in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge—

"Young women live in their own 'halls' under the guardianship of wise and good women of the highest social standing. They are taken to the lecture rooms by their matron guides and, when the lecture is over, are taken back to the hall without any unpleasant or degrading consequences."

Exchanges.

—Besides its other attractions in the line of miscellaneous articles, stenographic news, and reading lessons in the mystic text, etc., etc., Brown and Holland's *Shorthand News* (Chicago) now gives its readers the benefit of an Astrologer's observations—somewhat after the fashion of the *Scholastic Annual* Astrologer. Price of subscription to the *News*, \$2 a year.

—The *College Mercury*—this one, not the other one,—that is, the one from Racine College,—has been greatly improved both in matter and appearance. The change in the *Mercury* confirms the truth of the axiom that editing a paper consists not so much in what is put in as in what is kept out of it. Some papers are like an old clothes bag, others like a balloon; others—full of nothing in particular. We congratulate the editors of the *Mercury* on the improvements in their paper, and by way of postscript merely hint that if they throw stuff of the "Modern Age" stamp in the stove they will benefit their readers still further.

—On the 10th of March the *New York Freeman's Journal* entered upon its 44th year. The *Freeman's Journal* has always held a conspicuous place among Catholic papers, and obtained a wide circulation in the Catholic community. It is now, we dare to say, a far better paper than ever before. The veteran editor of the *Freeman* made a happy choice in the selection of an associate editor. A large amount of original work in the paper bears unmistakable evidence to the untiring energy and scholarly training of Mr. McMaster's young confrère, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, who, before his connection with the *Freeman's Journal*, was a favorite contributor to the leading magazines.

—The *Volante* editors have ousted the man with the shooting-iron and have settled down to business again. Result—two good essays, two sensible editorials, and a fair share of minor editorial work. The Exchange-editor has surpassed himself. A page of Exchange notes in *The Volante* is quite a refreshing sight. Of course it is not surprising that the *Volante* is jealous of the SCHOLASTIC for having worked itself into favor with the *Courier*; such jealousy is natural. The SCHOLASTIC is not selfish, however, it is willing to share with the *Volante* that "whole saucer full of taffy" given us by the *Courier*. We tender the new board our congratulations on the decided, and much-needed, improvement of their paper.

—The *Badger* editorially alludes to the poverty of the University of Wisconsin but lays the blame on the State and says the University is not responsible. On looking over a list of "Books of Reference in the United States History," 45 in number, we find not one from a Catholic author, although Charlevoix, De Courcy, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Dr. Callahan, and others, have been acknowledged as authorities, especially in the early colonial history of our country, by such writers as Parkman. Is

a one-sided method of education used at the State University of Wisconsin, supported and attended by Catholics as well as others? and to whom, the State or University, is the poverty to be attributed? We confess that after reading such compounded essence of bigotry as Pres't. Bascom's "Philosophy of Literature" we strongly suspect the University authorities of a partiality that they should be heartily ashamed of. Moot the question, friend *Badger*, and see who is to blame.

—The *Wheelman* keeps up to the high standard of excellence indicated in the initial numbers of the magazine. The illustrations are numerous, and many of them of a superior kind. Besides all sorts of information on bicycles, bicycling, and bicyclists from various quarters, there are a number of stories—some of them serials—in which the bicycle, of course, is not lost sight of. The matter of these stories is generally unexceptionable, and in the writing they are up to the average of magazine stories. We have, however, found fault with "Minimum's" story of "A Flying Dutchman," and we do not like it any better as it advances. The bit of whining morality introduced with the chapters of the March number is but a flimsy covering for the maudlin principle that pervades the story. Charles R. Dodge's "Shadows of Love" is an interesting serial story and, we are glad to say, of a cast differing far from "Minimum's." The grotesque "Cycling Sketches," lately introduced, are happily conceived.

—The *University Quarterly* publishes in its February number the *Quarterly* first-prize essay, on "Prophecy," which is very well written. As regards matter, however, the writer merely skims the surface. Although his premises are well laid down, and his conclusions generally accurate, there are a couple of exceptions. Elijah and Isaias *might* have been astonished could they have foreseen the accuracy with which an astronomer can now tell at precisely what moment the sun shall be darkened or the moon fail to give her light, but from this it cannot be deduced that in some respects we now rival and "even surpass the scriptural seers." Such a conclusion argues a very limited knowledge of even the little, comparatively, that could be recorded in the biblical writings. We need only to cite Isaias' wonderful prophecy of the virgin that was to bring forth a child,—the *Virgini Paritura* of the Cumæan Sybil,—foretold thousands of years before the event—and the accurate description of the life, passion and death of the Redeemer by both Isaias and king David. Nor can we agree with Mr. Halstead's assumption that "Buckle reduced history more nearly, perhaps, than any writer, to a scientific accuracy." Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of History," and in other of his—as well as in his brother's—writings, are, we think, far more trustworthy premises. Mr. Bristol's paper, "With Edison," is a splendidly written and interesting description of the amiable Wizard of Menlo Park, his habits, and surroundings. Altogether, we think the current number of the *Quarterly* far superior to its predecessors of last year.

—The gentlemanly tone pervading the columns of *The Fordham College Monthly* pleases us very much. The article on "Fire Escapes" at Fordham is full of quaint humor, and the Exchange notes are well written and temperate in tone. An editorial, alluding to our Jim Gimlette's scuttling of Col. Ingersoll's astronomical tub, adds:

"The article reminds us that Bob is sometimes unsuccessful in other fields than those of astronomy and polemics. It is well known that he is quite an orator, and possesses a certain personal magnetism by means of which he obtains great command over those who listen to him. In court, however, where he addresses keen lawyers, the results of his peculiar methods of reasoning are not always greeted with applause. But recently, after a very long speech, one of the opposing counsel arose and proved in open court the somewhat startling thesis that the gentleman 'Had relied entirely upon his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his jokes.' On another occasion, Bob, while defending some prisoners, indulged in a lofty flight of Rhetoric: 'Where,' quoth he, 'would these gentlemen bring us? Where will all these lengthy proceedings end?' Instantly a ringing voice answered: 'In a penitentiary.' Bob was nonplussed. He became confused, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was able to continue his argument. Frequently, when facts are wanting, he falls back on vituperation, and in some instances his attacks are very violent. After one of these tirades, in which he called the opposing counsel a 'liar,' the latter was interviewed by a reporter and asked if he did not feel aggrieved? 'Feel aggrieved?' said the lawyer: 'not I. Ingersoll calls the Bible a liar also, and I am not at all ashamed to have my veracity considered equal to that of the Holy Book.'"

And this Ingersoll is the man that has been engaged to deliver the annual address to the Literary Societies at Kansas University, and whom the Senior Class of Dartmouth College lately selected to orate before them—to help to educate them, so to speak! Verily there is no mistaking the fact that education is going to the dogs in some quarters.

—An editorial in *The Northwestern*, Northwestern University, begins: "It would be extremely agreeable to the management of the *The Northwestern* if the paper could be distributed among the students and alumni gratuitously. This plan would obviate all annoyance to the delinquent subscriber and free the business-manager from issuing statements of the subscriber's indebtedness. This would be a consummation devoutly to be wished indeed; but alas, how futile such desires. Money is as necessary, if not more necessary than brains in the newspaper business, and if money is not forthcoming it is difficult to conjecture what is to be done." Why, shut up shop, of course, that's the only alternative. No: money is not as necessary as, if not more necessary than brains in the newspaper business. It is a clear case of cause producing its proper effect; with brains of the right sort in stock, money will be the effect. From the manner in which the above sentences are written we are led to infer that brains are at a sad discount in the Northwestern University at present, and this impression is not weakened when we read, the first article in the department headed "Literary," a poem—well, call it a *poem*, for want of a proper appellation, by "Prof." Charles W. Pearson in the New York *Independent*, entitled "Cromwell at Naseby—A Puritan Ballad," beginning:

"King Charles is a false tyrant;
He dares to trample on
The ancient Charter of our rights
Our stout forefathers won."

and ending—

"May find a Cromwell at its need;
A warrior of God."

Cromwell was a blood-thirsty butcher who murdered innocent women and children in cold blood, and there is no gainsaying the fact, Paxton Hood *et alii* to the contrary, notwithstanding. We refer the shear editors of the "Prof.'s" poem to the letters of Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, to Cobbett's "History of the Reformation;" and to Sir John Parnell's writings. These gentlemen, by the way, were all respectable Protestants; Sydney Smith a Rev., and Cobbett a member of Parliament. Speaking of King Charles—who, by the way, had his head chopped off for a little diversion, the "Prof." says:

"He takes away our sabbath,
And in the Church of God
He sets the *Romish idol*—
The thing of lust and blood."

Now, "sabbath" means seventh—the seventh day, the holyday of the Jews—and has no more connection with the Christian Sunday than that other little fiction, "for thine is the kingdom," etc., which some irreverent person had the audacity to tack on to the Lord's Prayer; and as to "the Romish idol," it should hardly be necessary to argue any sensible person into the belief that Roman Catholics—or "Romish" people, as some worthy fanatics inelegantly and ungrammatically term us—are not idolaters, or worshippers of gods of wood or stone. Even amid the refulgent glare of this nineteenth century the Northwestern "University" folks evidently need light, as well as brains. "Let the light enter" (*Gæthe*).

To educate the young without religion is to form a people without God. And what is a people without God? A people without respect and without obedience, therefore a people subject to no government: a people without conscience and without restraint; for, a people without faith, sooner or later, become a people acknowledging no law, a people ready to overstep all bounds, to break through every barrier, a people capable of daring anything even revolution, spoliative murder. A people without God is a people without morality. Where principles are destroyed, morality cannot survive; skepticism engenders sensualism; intellectual doubt leads to perversion of conscience; the extreme of negative produces depth of degradation. If an exceptional individual, perchance escapes this logical consequence, an entire people can never do so. A people without God is a people without affection. That monster called *hatred* soon appears: popular hatred, hatred of institutions, hatred that penetrates social life, hatred boiling in the hearts of the people, like the fire raging within the volcano, threatening the submersion of society beneath its devouring lava.—*Père Félix*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 17, 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific 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.

—We are requested to announce that there will positively be no vacation at Easter. Parents and Guardians will, it is hoped, see that there be no interruption to classes on the part of their charges.

—A generous friend, whose name we are not at liberty to make known, has lately sent, through Rev. Father Hudson, a check for \$100 as a donation to the College Library. The liberal spirit and literary interest displayed by the kind donor cannot be too much commended. Our library is now indeed in a good condition, thanks to the efforts of the energetic librarian, but still, it is far from being what it should be. We hope that the generous example thus given will find many imitators, and then we may hope, in a short time, to possess a library of which Notre Dame and its friends may well be proud.

—To-morrow, Palm Sunday, we begin the solemnities of Holy Week—a week consecrated to the commemoration of the Final Act of man's redemption and the great events connected therewith. During this week the Church in her Liturgy and solemn ceremonial, keeps before the minds of all the one grand, central thought of the Passion and death of the Saviour of the World, a thought with which the true Christian can never fail to be impressed as he realizes how much he owes to Him whom he professes to follow. To-morrow, the ceremonies of the blessing and distribution of the Palms and the procession remind us of the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusa-

lem, when He was received with loud acclaims and cries of *Hosanna!* by those who a few days later were to cry "crucify Him!" and the memory of this cry of the fickle populace is recalled in the solemn chanting of the *Passion* during the Mass. All through the week, the Church, in her offices, keeps in view the memory of this Great Event. On three days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the offices, known as the *Tenebræ*, because of the darkness amid which the first Christians were obliged to celebrate these solemnities, are chanted publicly, and the solemn, mournful, and withal beautiful music of the hymns strongly impresses the auditor. The Mass of Holy Thursday commemorates the "Last Supper," when the Son of God, "having loved His own and loving them to the end," gave Himself to abide forever with them. On Good Friday, the Crucifixion and Death of our Lord are solemnly commemorated. The ceremonies of Holy Saturday at first show preparations for a joyful commemoration, in the blessing of the Fire and the Paschal candle, that light may shine forth to replace the mournful darkness of the preceding days. The glorious *Exultet* is sung. The joyful *prophecies* are chanted; during the Mass, at the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the bells are rung; the organ once more peals forth; the grand *Alléluias* resound, and everything proclaims the advent of a glorious triumph, the Resurrection! What true believer could not fail to be impressed by these solemnities?

Here at Notre Dame all the ceremonies—as perhaps might be expected—are carried out fully and perfectly. And that they may be followed intelligently, we would advise all to procure "Holy Week Books."

This is not an infidel age—Ingersoll and others to the contrary, notwithstanding. Of course, as is patent to every thinking mind, there are but two forces in the field, Christianity and infidelity—and Christianity means Catholicity. But it is far from being true to say that infidelity is the prevailing force. Practically, everyone must choose between belief and unbelief. If one professes to be a Christian, let him act up to his profession. A Christian is one who believes in the Divinity of Christ and professes to follow Him in all that He has taught. Therefore it is that we are confident that every student will attend the ceremonies of this week, all of which cluster round that grand dogma of the Christian religion—the Death and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Patrick's Day.

Of the days dedicated to the many saints on the calendar there is none more generally and enthusiastically celebrated by parades, banquets, speeches, etc., than St. Patrick's Day. The warm-hearted sons and daughters of Erin never fail to honor, by suitable observances, the 17th of March. And what a striking anomaly that fact presents! The patron saint of a persecuted peo-

ple and a prostrate and helpless country is honored by world-wide recognition and manifestations of a more cordial enthusiasm than the patron saint of any other people or nation, no matter how powerful and prosperous! It must be admitted, however, that the political significance which marks the celebration of St. Patrick's Day is hardly less pronounced than the religious ardor and zeal primarily attaching to it. And yet, in view of the peculiarly complex condition of Irish affairs, that state of things appears to be natural, if not necessary. Love of country is second only to love of God. From the earliest dawn of recorded time the most cherished sentiment of heroes and patriots has been "For God and Country!" It is a sentiment that, in every age, has electrified the heart, filled the soul, inspired the tongue, and nerved the arm of patriotism, inciting courage, supplying fortitude, and filling the world with great deeds and countless prodigies. From that sentiment, the Persian reeled back into the sea at Marathon. Before that sentiment, the power of the Saracen was broken and shattered. In response to that sentiment, the fastnesses of oppression were invaded and freedom found a dwelling-place upon the earth, and flourished in the establishment of popular governments.

And well may the invincible patriotism of Erin re-echo the inspiring and time-sanctioned sentiment—"For God and Country!" And what though it has been so long, and fondly, and fruitlessly cherished? What though for ages it has found expression without more decisive results on each recurring St. Patrick's Day? Say not, therefore, that it has lost its charm, and ceased to exercise a vitalizing influence; for truly and manifestly its influence still vitalizes, and grows, and is everywhere conspicuous. For many a dark and dreary century it has protected and fostered a national spirit, implanting courage and fortitude in the souls of the people. The enthusiastic celebration of St. Patrick's Day of itself bears witness to this fact. But there is even stronger evidence tending to the same end. Nothing short of the combined influence of faith in God and love of country could enable a small island, no larger in size than the State of Indiana, to maintain its political being and preserve its national characteristics for seven centuries, despite the remorseless exercise of diabolical persecution and cruel oppression on the part of a nation whose shipping covers all the seas and whose subjects throughout the world number nearly 300,000,000. For an island comprising less than 5,000,000 inhabitants, fully 1,000,000 of whom are friendly to the oppressor, to offer and maintain a spirited and uncompromising resistance to so powerful a nation as Great Britain, is one of the paradoxes of history. That singular spectacle has excited the admiration of the world, and it has inspired the belief that—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

For centuries, the happiest days of unfortunate Erin were those in which she was engaged in active

warfare—when the spirit of nationhood found defiant expression in honorable battle, or sought refuge on the hill-tops or in the remote recesses of bog and forest. To her, genuine peace never came. What was called by that name was no more than the gloom of the prison, the solitude of death, or the quiet submission of exhaustion and despair. The reign of law was the domination of a Code more cruel and merciless than that of Draco. It was a code calculated to brutalize and crush out of human nature all the nobler elements and instincts of manhood. It forbade the priest, on pain of felony, to exercise the functions of his sacred office. It imposed heavy penalties upon the schoolmaster, and punished him with death if he persisted in imparting instruction in even the simplest rudiments of learning. It provided a premium and gave reward for the disobedience and apostasy of the son, the daughter, and the wife. It aimed to spread immorality and destroy the sense of sacredness attaching to filial and parental ties. It encouraged theft, robbery and murder by failing to impose suitable penalties in instances where the victims had remained true to their God and country. It authorized and fostered the spy-system, and practically made deceit a condition of living. It was ingeniously designed to debase and brutalize. "It was a code which," according to the author of *The Spirit of the Laws*, "was conceived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell!" Better come privations, sufferings and death in war, than degradation, dishonor and infamy under such a Code.

But in spite of centuries of war and the operation of the penal code, the sons and daughters of Erin remain unflinchingly and devotedly true to the sentiment of "God and country." They are more united, hopeful and defiant to-day than ever they were; and they have earned an honor worthy of the bravest and proudest people in the world. That honor is that they have never succumbed to tyranny. They have never acknowledged that they have suffered irretrievable defeat. They have never abandoned hope that the time will yet come when

"Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea."

And good ground they have, too, for cherishing that hope. Aside from the fact that,

"Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determined to be free,"

it is manifest that conditions are rapidly changing throughout the world. In our own time the voice of mankind has pronounced slavery a crime, and we have seen the monster fall in the fire and smoke of battle and perish under the smiting sword. There is now no civilized nation that dares to bring upon itself the odium of popular contempt and execration by countenancing slavery. To that extent, at least, conditions have changed, and the world has made so much progress. But the change still goes on. The spirit which protested against holding in slavery men of flesh and

blood now points significantly to the fact that slavery still exists in every instance where a powerful nation imposes the chains of bondage upon a weaker sister and holds her in subjugation. Slavery has ceased in its operation as to men individually, and it is now time for it to cease as to them collectively, and disappear altogether from the earth. The tendency of existing conditions and the logic of events proclaim that nations, as well as individuals, shall be free. The most potential agency upon the earth, the voice of mankind, begins so to decree; and as against that voice—*Vox populi, vox Dei*—slavery cannot be maintained and injustice cannot stand. As has been eloquently said:

"There is a power on earth mightier than that of kings or emperors. There is a power greater than the fury of whirlwinds and the shock of earthquakes. It is the voice of public opinion. It is the general expression of the abhorrence of mankind at the exercise of tyrannical power over a prostrate nation, and the subjugation of a weak and defenseless people. In the living vigor and majesty of this voice the throne of the despot is subverted, the fury of the whirlwind is mute, and the shock of the earthquake is harmless."

And to-day the voices of many millions of men, in all parts of the globe, unite in recognizing the sentiment of "God and country" in the honors paid to St. Patrick; while, at the same time, more than two-thirds of the civilized world sincerely hope that the day is not remote when Erin shall take her place as a free and prosperous country among the nations of the earth. Her patience, courage, fortitude, fidelity and long-suffering merit this—deserve freedom—and may her deserts soon be realized!

H.

Local Items.

- Erin go bragh!
- "Waiting—still waiting."
- The birds are singing gaily.
- Spring fever has broken out.
- Not a sick chap around the diggins!
- The work on the gas-pipes to the Hall is completed.
- Competitions next week in the Preparatory Course.
- The Columbian Dramatic Club are rehearsing *Macbeth*.
- Hurrah for our astrologer! The great snow storm predicted for the 10th, came on time.
- It is rumored that the Crescent Club will produce the Operetta—"The Picnic" shortly after Easter.
- Our friend John says he thought there were over one-hundred Minims from the noise they make at recreation time.
- The President of the Horticultural Bureau has an elegant chromo on exhibition at his office. It will amply repay any visit.
- B. Fidelis received this week a quantity of genuine shamrock, direct from the "old sod."

Ye "local" returns thanks for a sprig of the same.

—Owing to the persevering efforts of H. Morse and J. P. O'Neill, the Seniors have secured a "most improved pattern" in the shape of a beautiful Billiard-table.

—Two new Minims arrived this week, to the delight of the "*princes*," who heartily welcome all "new-comers" as they help to secure the Parisian Centennial dinner.

—The entertainment this evening in honor of St. Patrick's Day promises to be a grand affair. It will be given by the members of the Columbian Lit. and Orpheonic Club.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Mr. Eugene Yrisarri for a collection of New Mexican photographs; also to Mrs. Jacob Wile, of La Porte, Ind., for valuable donations.

—PROBLEM FOR OUR MATHEMATICIANS:—A cubic equation: Tea was sold at 60 cents a pound—the gain per cent. is a mean proportional between the cost and selling price. Required the gain.

—Our willow swingers are already talking of reorganizing the Baseball Clubs. We expect to witness many close and interesting games this season. The Juniors say that they will work hard for the championship.

—The examinations in Ancient History were held at St. Mary's last Thursday. Rev. President Walsh and the Professor of History who attended, speak in the highest terms of the marked proficiency displayed by the young ladies.

—Some of the resident Alumni have undertaken the erection of a memorial marble tablet to the memory of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. Anyone wishing to participate in this grand work may communicate with Prof. J. F. Edwards.

—The Hellenists are making preparations for the production of the "*Antigone*" of Sophocles. Prof. Gregori is at work designing the costumes. B. Anselm is preparing the Music. With all the accessories, it promises to outshine *Ædipus* of last year.

—The Stage in the Hall is receiving many improvements. It has been greatly enlarged and new scenes are being constructed. As this work must continue for some time, the entertainment intended for Easter Monday will have to be postponed.

—Prof. J. F. Edwards, who has given many valuable donations to the Seniors' Reading-room, has lately presented some very beautiful antique transparencies which add much to the beauty of the room. The Curators and Director return thanks.

—A fine stock of spring goods has been received at the tailor shop. B. Augustus is now prepared to meet all demands. He has in his employ able and skilled workmen, and suits will be made in the latest style or according to the wishes of the customer. The prices of suits range from \$20 upwards. Call and see the new stock.

—To-morrow, Palm Sunday, Mass will be at 9.30, preceded by the blessing and distribution of the palms and procession. *Missa de Angelis* will be sung and the Passion. Vespers, page 32; hymn, page 83. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 7.15 p. m. the Office of *Tenebrae*; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, Mass and Office of Holy Week.

—We have just received the beautiful catalogue of M. & J. Rumley, Manufacturers of Portable Steam Engines and Separators—which shows the extensive establishment of Rumely & Sons to be in a flourishing condition. An inmate of Notre Dame, recently called on J. Rumley of '71, and W. Rumley of last year's Faculty—was shown through their large establishment, and, judging from his rapturous account, their catalogue gives only a faint idea of the workings of the Institution.

—The 14th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on the 13th. A highly-interesting and animated debate was given on the question, "Is Fire a more useful Element than Water"? On the affirmative side were Masters J. Shicker, A. Kelly, W. Prindiville, and J. Hopkins, who sustained their parts with energy and warmth; on the negative were Masters C. Cain, J. McGrath, R. Morris, C. McGordon. After several of the advantages derived from both elements were commented upon, the Chair decided in favor of the affirmative. A composition on "St. Joseph" was read by Master Metz, one on "China" by W. McPhee, and on "Education" by J. J. McGrath.

—The *South Bend Tribune* has the following anent the communication in regard to the "State" Oratorical Association which we published last week:

The *Tribune* copies the above from the SCHOLASTIC of to-day, for the express purpose of showing how shabbily this alleged "State" Oratorical Association has treated the studies of not only a leading educational institute of Indiana, but of the whole country. The "unanimously rejected for reasons sufficient to ourselves" is a decided affront to the University, its Faculty and its students. The executive committee should have the manliness to state the reasons. Certainly old Notre Dame nor none of its Faculty or students are ashamed to have them published to the world. The *Tribune* hopes that Notre Dame University will select its representatives and thus make a personal demand for admission to the contest.

—The beautiful painting, by Prof. Gregori, on the address lately presented to Dr. Shea, has attracted great attention. The following description may not be out of place: "Clio, the first of the nine Muses, Goddess of History, means 'Praise.' She is crowned with laurel, and dressed in plain white drapery. She is represented holding a trumpet in her left hand, while the other, with a pen, rests on a book, placed upon a marble column, on which is engraved the verse of Ausonius:

'Clio gesta canens transactis tempora reddit.'

This is the subject, painted in water-colors on white-watered silk. The figure is 6 inches high, in a majestic pose; the character of the head is graceful and dignified. The difficulty in this work is, to have painted on white a figure dressed in

white, and Gregori has been very successful in obtaining an excellent effect."

—The following is the programme of the Entertainment, this evening, in honor of St. Patrick's Day:

"Hurrah for the Green!"—Solo.....M. Coll
Semi-Chorus with Brass Band Accompaniment, *B. Anselm*
Orpheonic Club.

Oration of the Day.....Joseph Farrell
"Monastery Bells"—Piano Solo.....*Lefebure-Welly*
G. Schaeffer.

"Little Handful of Earth".....D. O'Connor.
Declamation.....J. Marlette

"Ireland's Lament to the Sacred Heart"—Soprano Solo
F. Johnson.

"O Restless Sea!"—Terzetto for Brass Instrument...*White*
J. Marlette, W. H. Arnold, R. E. Fleming.

"The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls".....J. Larkin
Declamation.....E. O'Brien

"Scintillation"—Piano Solo.....*Prof. Paul*
W. J. Schott.

"Hail, Glorious St. Patrick!"—Alto Solo....G. Schaeffer
Essay—"Poets and Poetry of Ireland".....G. E. Clarke

"Kathleen Mavourneen".....*Crouch*
M. Donohue.

"Moonlight on the Lakes of Killarney"—Grand Chorus
.....*C. A. White*
Orpheonic Club.

Retiring March—"Irish National Melodies"—N. D. C. B.

—The 6th regular meeting of St. Thomas Aquinas Academy was held March 3d. Rev. President Walsh, Father Stoffel, Messrs. Burke and Irman, C. S. C., were present. A. F. Zahm maintained the following Thesis: "A true miracle is an infallible proof of a religious doctrine." He divided the Thesis into four principal parts: 1st, definition; 2d, its possibility; 3d, how it may be recognized; and 4th, that it is a proof of a Divine Doctrine. W. H. Arnold and T. E. Steele were the objectors to the Thesis. These two gentlemen brought forward the most difficult and apparently irrefutable objections, but they were all answered satisfactorily and without hesitation by the defender of the Thesis. The disputants argued for fully an hour and thoroughly convinced all who were present that they had a complete knowledge of the subject under discussion. At the conclusion of the debate Rev. President Walsh addressed the meeting; he said that the gentlemen were deserving of much praise and credit for the skillful and logical way in which they treated the matter proposed; at the present time, he said, it was very important to have a good and precise knowledge of miracles, against which so many objections were brought by those who did not clearly understand what a miracle is. Rev. Director Fitte interested the members for about twenty minutes, by telling them of a miraculous cure, which was wrought upon a young student in Paris, and of which he himself was an eye-witness. In order to give a general idea of the remarkable paper read by Mr. Zahm, we present a short synopsis: A miracle, according to St. Thomas, is defined to be "an effect which exceeds the order of the whole created nature." Philosophers and theologians have proposed a great many definitions of a miracle, which, though differing slightly in some respects, generally agree in substance. All admit three essential qualities, viz., (1) a sensible effect; (2) contrary

to the order of nature; (3) caused directly or indirectly by God. God alone can perform miracles. This is briefly proved by St. Thomas, as follows: That which is entirely subject to order cannot work out of the order; but every creature is subject to the order established by God, therefore no creature can work out of this order—which is to perform a miracle. But cannot the angels and devils work miracles? No, says again the Angelic Doctor, except by the permission of God. Now, when we know that a miracle has been performed in connection with some moral doctrine, we are certain that God Himself authorizes it; for a miracle is a divine operation. But an operation is a sign of the will, and from the nature and circumstances of the operation the intention of the operator is known. Therefore, when a miracle is performed in favor of a doctrine, by this very fact God's approval is visible. Again, God cannot work miracles to deceive men, nor permit evil spirits to impose upon mankind when the error would be invincible, which would be the very same thing as if He worked them Himself. To permit such an imposture would be contrary to the attributes of God; contrary to His wisdom, to allow the moral law to be interrupted, and falsehood to be imposed on mankind; contrary to His goodness, to allow evil to become irresistible; contrary to His holiness, to sanction vice by extraordinary signs; and all this has been emphatically testified by the unanimous consent of all nations. Relying, then, on these three principal arguments: (1) on the very essence of a miracle, *i. e.*, on the work of God; (2) on God's providence, which can never permit an impostor to deceive mankind; (3) on mankind always irresistibly forced to consider a miracle as the authentic seal of God, we think it has been sufficiently shown that miracles are a proof of a divine doctrine. To sum up all in a syllogism, we might say: That doctrine is true which is closely united with a work God alone can perform; but God alone can perform a miracle, therefore the doctrine closely united with a miracle is true. In conclusion, since the Catholic religion is a doctrine closely united with miracles, it must of necessity be the true religion.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bowers, Brady, J. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Comerford, Cleary, Clarke, A. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Clements, Claffey, Cole, Jas. Delaney, Donohue, Delgado, Jno. Delaney, Eisenhauer, Eaton, Fogerty, T. Flynn, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, Freeman, Gray, Grever, Golonski, Grange, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Godfroy, Grout, Hofstetter, Harris, Johnston, Kleiber, Kane, Kolars, Kimmell, Kuhn, Kaufman, Larkin, Mason, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, Meyer, Monaghan, McErlaine, Marlett, Mullen, S. Murdock, McIntyre, Magoffin, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Martin, Noble, Neeson, Noonan, Newman, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Brien, Pour, Parrott, Peters, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, Stull, C. Smith, Solon, Saviers, Start, Thompson, Terazzas, Whalen, Warren, Yrisarri, Zahm, Zähnle, Zurbuch, Mathers.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Brewster, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cassilly, Cavaroc, J. Courtney, Cain, W. Dennis, C. Dennis, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, Darling, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fehr, Fishel, Foster, Fisher, Gibert, Gandrup, Hagerty, W. Henry, Hibeler, Hess, Halligan, Hannavin, Howard, W. Hetz, J. Hetz, Handy, Johnson, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, J. Kengel, Kelly, M. Kelly, McCawley, Mug, Metz, McDonnell, Murphy, Mulkern, Nester, D. O'Connor, Ohnick, M. O'Connor, Porter, Robb, Rhodus, Ruppe, Reach, F. Ryan, J. Ryan, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Seegers, Shannon, Stark, Schaeffer, Taylor, Violette, Warren, Wilkinson, Wright, Walsh, Wallace, Weber, Zeigler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, Beall, Bunker, Colwell, Chaves, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Chirhart, Dirksmeyer, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Doherty, Delaplaine, Fix, Huestis, Hopkins, Harris, Johnson, A. Kelly, Krause, Kellner, Kane, Luther, Landenwich, Lare, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, McNaughton, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, McPhee, McGuire, F. McKey, Morrison, Moss, Masi, Metz, Noonan, F. Otis, B. Otis, Papin, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, Quinlin, Rebori, Roberts, Spencer, Smith, Stange, Schmitz, Sommers, Stewart, Studebaker, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Schmauss, Schicker, Thomas, St. John, Whitnev, Warner, Walsh, Wright, Welch, L. Young, C. Young, McGordon.

Class Honors.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

Messrs. Hess, Guthrie, Whalen, Ashford, S. Warner, Duffin, Seegers, Gibert, Dupke, Shannon, Schillo, T. Carroll, Subert, T. Flynn, Berthelet, Fishel, Freeman, McIntyre, Holbrook, Wheatly, Schott, E. Fenlon, Major, J. Smith, W. Wright, Kahman, W. O'Connor, Cavaroc, Courtney, Hibeler, Grothaus, Kerndt, Violette, Wall, Curtis, W. Murphy, B. Arnold, Brewster, Handy, Hornaday, Leflingwell, Robb, J. Hetz, Hickey, Mug, Dillon, Saviers, McErlaine, Eaton, W. Ryan, Mullen, Kolars.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Johnson, G. Costigan, Harris, Moss, Hopkins, J. J. McGrath, Thomas, A. Kelly, W. Walsh, Morrison, Stange, W. Devine, Nester, Schmitz, Bunker, Rebori, Beall, McPhee, Whitney, Cain, G. Stamm, Coad, Dirksmeyer, Colwell, Masi, Luther, Landenwich, C. Lindsey, Spencer, Huestis, Fix, D. Prindiville, E. McGrath, Roberts, Quinlin, A. Devine, Doherty, A. Otis, Noonan, Kellner, E. Costigan, Ray, Stewart.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Kahman, Hess, Grothaus, Shannon, McIntyre, Wheatly; French—Messrs. E. Fenlon, W. O'Connor, Schott, Cavaroc, J. Smith, Gibert; Spanish—Messrs. Terrazas Delgado, Magoffin; Vocal Music—Messrs. F. Johnson, Schaeffer, Schott, Jos. Courtney, H. Metz, R. Devereux, M. Foote, Guthrie, Gibert, H. Foote, Coll, Keller, Kuhn, J. Murphy; Artistic Drawing—Messrs. Austin, Drover, Zähnle, Morris, Blackman; Linear Drawing—Messrs. Johnston, M. Foote, Schaeffer, Seegers, Fehr.

For the Dome.

Mr. Drexel Baker.....	\$50.00
Mrs. Bridget Keeley.....	10.00
Mr. James Long, South Bend, Ind.....	5.00
Mrs. Margaret Long, South Bend, Ind.....	5.00
Michael Cooney, Lakeville, Ind.....	5.00
Patrick Cooney, Lakeville, Ind.....	5.00
Mrs. Bridget Donovan.....	5.00
Mr. Michael Donovan.....	5.00
A Devout Client of St. Joseph.....	5.00
Donations from Various Sources.....	29.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The first violets of the season were placed by Miss Mary English at the feet of St. Joseph. A graceful offering to the humble Saint of Nazareth.

—At the Academic reunion on Sunday, presided by Very Rev. Father General, "THE CHIMES" was read by the Misses Barlow, Call, Ginz, and Gove. The articles were well written, and enjoyed by all.

—The Music Lecture to the St. Cecilia Society was on ancient Roman notation; the changes made by St. Gregory in the "modes" of the chaunt, and a full description of the ancient pneumatic and hydraulic organs.

—At the regular Academic reunion in the Junior department, on Monday evening, little Margaret Ducey recited "Is it you?"; Mary Dillon read from *The Ave Maria*, "St. Joseph's Lily," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., and Marion Morgan, "A Legend of the Flight into Egypt."

—It is of every-day occurrence to meet persons who criticise musical works of such composers as Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, etc. These so-called amateurs are utterly unable to explain the simplest musical law, and prate of exceptions when they do not even know the rules. Such a proceeding always brings to mind an anecdote related by Schumann. "Not long ago," said he, "a gentleman wrote to a music dealer as follows: 'Dear Sir, my cabinet for music will soon be arranged; you should see how handsome it is—alabaster pillars, glasses with silk curtains, busts of composers, in short, splendid. But the most precious ornament is still wanting. So pray send me, without delay, the complete works of Beethoven, as I like that composer much.'"

St. Joseph.

The constant application of St. Joseph to the will of God was doubtless the source of the eminent sanctity to which he arrived. At Nazareth, as elsewhere, St. Joseph's exterior life hardly differed from that of poor men in our own time; notwithstanding, the simple, common acts of his humble life merited a great reward in the eye of the Lord. And we need not seek for the cause. It lay in this fact: the holy patriarch in every act did the will of God. It is this, also, forms the greatness of the angels. They are ever ready to execute the orders of heaven; and such was the disposition of St. Joseph; in all the details of his humble life, he acted as we might suppose a Seraph would have acted on this earth. To explain, let us borrow from St. Alphonsus Liguori one of his admirable

doctrines. "If," said he, "the Seraphim knew it was God's will they should be employed for all eternity to gather up the blades of grass, or amass the grains of sand on the sea-shore, instantly these sublime spirits would precipitate themselves to earth, and from age to age, without stopping or desiring anything, they would work at that occupation, apparently so incompatible with the excellence of their nature; because in this lowly occupation they would see the great end—the will of God. It matters not, therefore, to a creature whether the act be great or small; for the soul, at every instant, can amass great merits for eternity.

Thus disposed, St. Joseph led an artisan's life in the midst of a Family poor and unknown, collecting, like the Seraphim, grains of sand. "For," said St. Francis of Sales, "he whom the King of Heaven chose to be the preceptor of His Son on earth, without doubt surpassed the highest intelligence of celestial spirits in the gift of knowledge, besides that of grace." If in his hidden life he had already resembled the Seraphim in their abasement, he resembled them far more in the admirable disposition of his will, while accomplishing each of the daily actions which formed the routine of his existence, having in his soul one vivifying thought. In labor he saw not the pain, but said to himself: "This humble duty is the will of God." The future was uncertain, and often his soul was filled with anguish; but through all he attached himself but to one thing, God's Will. He saw nothing else; he embraced it, he willed it, he sought and aspired to it in all things. Let us imitate his practice of conformity. Yes, Lord, may Thy will be done on earth as in heaven!—*Translated from "Feuille D'Or."*

The True Method to Obtain Faith is to Practise the Teachings of Faith.

A celebrated apologist of our epoch met, in a large assembly-room, a gentleman who accosted him in a captious manner, saying: "Sir, you demand of us work before faith; do we not need faith before we can perform good works?"

The Christian answered: "Practise the faith you have, and soon you will obtain what is still wanting to you. Allow me to give you an instance of this. During the war between France and Holland, a distinguished officer in the French army, passing through Chambray, went to see Fenelon; and said to him: 'I am going to give battle to the enemy, and feel a desire to confess, but should like to hear from your lips the proofs of the divine origin of Confession.'

"'Very well,' answered the affable prelate; 'still, as in other things, it is best to take the shortest course; confess first, and perhaps after performing so noble an action, you may wish to dispense me from giving the proofs.'

"'But this procedure will be *empirée*,' stammered the young man, timidly. 'Must I practise Confession in order to know the motive of Confession?'

"It appears so, theoretically; but believe it is a fact of sure efficacy; yield, then, to my age and experience, rather than to your own conviction, and if afterwards you decide to free me from the discussion of the divine institution, we shall both be gainers of two hours, which will count—yours to France, and mine to the Church."

"Vanquished by these words, the officer knelt. Between him and the holy man passed a mysterious colloquy that God covered with the love He bears to His prodigal sons returning to His parental roof. When the confession was over, the penitent was bathed in tears, and the confessor drew him to his breast.

"Well, said he, 'do you wish me to give you the proof of the divine authenticity of the act you have just performed?'

"No, Monsignor,' answered the weeping young man, 'I have done better than to understand. I have felt it.'

"Thus, a sinner who humbles himself for a few minutes practices the virtue of penance; it is enough for him that he rises with a plenitude of faith, which years of discussion and reasoning would never give."

Gentle reader, if you desire to believe, practise your religion; faith lies at the bottom of practice. One fervent act of faith is of more value than all the reasonings of the greatest minds.—*Feuille D'Or*.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Adderly, Beal, Bathrick, Black, A. Babcock, C. Babcock, Clarke, Chirhart, Comerford, A. Dillon, C. Donnelly, Dunn, Dolan, Edgerly, Evarts, M. Feehan, Fendrich, Gove, Ginz, Gavan, Hamilton, M. Heneberry, Heckard, Harrigan, M. Hawkins, L. Hawkins, Halter, Johnson, Keenan, M. King, Kearns, Laffer, Lancaster, Leach, Mohl, Madole, McCoy, McCauley, McKenna, Myers, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Connell, Quinlan, A. Ryan, V. Reilly, Reiser, Sullivan, E. Slattery, T. Slattery, F. Schmauss, Schaefer, Steinem, Todd, Van Patten, Wiley, Wright. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Campbell, Danforth, Eldridge, Fox, Gallagher, Hunt, Harris, L. Heneberry, Kirkham, Leydon, Legnard, Munger, McCarten, M. H. Ryan, J. Reilly, Ramsey, Semmes, Sawyer, Stack-
erl, Wallace.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Coogan, Chaves, Dignan, Dillon, Fritchmen, Hibben, Haney, Hetz, Johnston, Moshier, Naylor, Richmond, Spengler, Schmidt, Shephard. *2d Tablet*—Misses Best, Considine, E. Donnelly, Fisk, Halsey, Hawkins, Lucas, Morgan, McGrath, Rodgers.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burtis, Chapin, Campeau, J. English, Lindsey, J. McGrath, McKennon, M. Otis, Paul, Sawyer, Schmauss, G. Wallace.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss Laura Fendrich.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Campbell, Sullivan, Wiley.

1ST CLASS—Miss J. Reilly.

2D DIVISION—Miss M. Beal.

2D CLASS—Misses Barlow, C. Donnelly, Gove, M. A. Ryan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. English, Fenlon, Hunt, Kirkham, Keenan, Neu, L. Wallace.

3D CLASS—Misses Bathrick, Fox, Leydon, Shephard, Unger.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Dillon, Durphy, Ginz, Shickey, Van Patten.

4TH CLASS—Misses Crawford, M. Dillon, Lancaster, Mohl, Morgan, E. Slattery, Todd, Walsh.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Ducey, L. English, Evarts, Fehr, Feehan, Gavan, M. Heneberry, Halter, Laffer, Leach, Pick, Ramsey, Schmauss, Van Horn.

5TH CLASS—Misses A. Babcock, Dolan, C. Ducey, Grist, Hibben, Munger, Malbœuf, Murphy, V. Reilly, M. H. Ryan, Snowhook, E. Wallace.

2D DIV.—Misses Chirhart, Call, Clarke, Coogan, J. Duffield, A. Duffield, Hamilton, M. Hawkins, Fisk, Lucas, Morrison, Moshier, McCauley, T. Slattery, Stack-
erl, J. Spengler, Taylor, Williams.

6TH CLASS—Misses Comerford, Chaves, Danforth, Dunn, B. English, Johnston, Kolb, Keifer, McKenna, Myers, Nevius, Schmidt.

2D DIV.—Misses Barry, Black, E. Donnelly, Gallagher, Harris, L. Heneberry, Martha Hawkins, Hetz, Johnson, Legnard, Mary Otis, O'Connell, Richmond, M. Rodgers, Reiser.

7TH CLASS—Misses Bowman, Browne, C. Babcock, A. English, Eldridge, Fritchmen, Harrigan, M. King, Kearns, M. Mooney, McGinn, Quinlan, C. Sawyer, L. Spotwood, Schaefer.

8TH CLASS—Misses D. Best, J. English.

9TH CLASS—Misses M. Ducey, Prescott.

10TH CLASS—Misses Lindsey, Naylor, Martha Otis, Robinson, A. Schmauss.

HARP.

4TH CLASS—Miss M. Dillon.

5TH CLASS—Miss Leach, M. Ducey.

6TH CLASS—Miss Neu.

GUITAR.

6TH CLASS—Miss C. Ducey.

VIOLIN.

Miss M. Hawkins.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss J. Reilly.

2D CLASS—Miss Fenlon.

3D CLASS—Misses Unger, Ginz, Ramsey.

4TH CLASS—Misses Beal, M. Ducey, C. Ducey, Neu, C. Babcock, B. English.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Hawkins, Crawford, Dolan, E. Donnelly, A. English, Hetz, Hunt, Halter, Hamilton, M. Hawkins.

GOOD ADVICE.—A Virginia lady writes: "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write, and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl, and read by the recipient to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the silly girl."

A YOUNG lady had a narrow escape at a fire, in New York, a few nights since. About half of her back hair was burned. Fortunately, she was not in the building at the time, having put on her other hair and left the house only half an hour before the fire broke out.—*Norristown Herald*.

St. Mary's Academy,
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,
 AND SCHOOL OF
DRAWING, PAINTING and SCULPTURE.
 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.

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.

PRELUDES,

An Elegant Volume of Poems,

By **MAURICE F. EGAN.**

Published to Aid in the Rebuilding of Notre Dame University.

Price, postpaid, - - - - \$1.00

Address

PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Thorough and comprehensive instruction in the primary branches is imparted. The discipline is parental, and suited to children of tender years. The personal neatness and wardrobe of the pupils 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.

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 P. O., IND.

A Most Attractive Book for the Holidays.

The Household Library
 OF
CATHOLIC POETS

FROM

CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY.

The Only Work of its Kind in the Language !!!

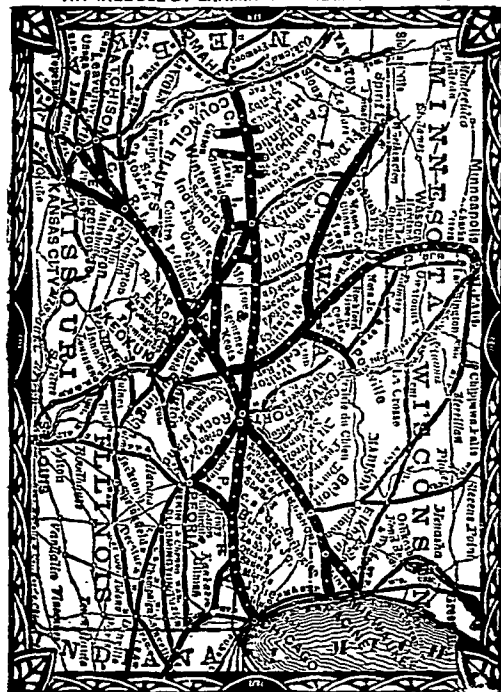
Price: Subscription Edition, (with an
 admirable portrait of Chaucer,) - - \$5 00
 Cheap Edition, post free, - - - - 2 00

Address

JOSEPH A. LYONS, Publisher,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

Calls the attention of travelers to the central position of its line, connecting the East and the West by the shortest route, and carrying passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

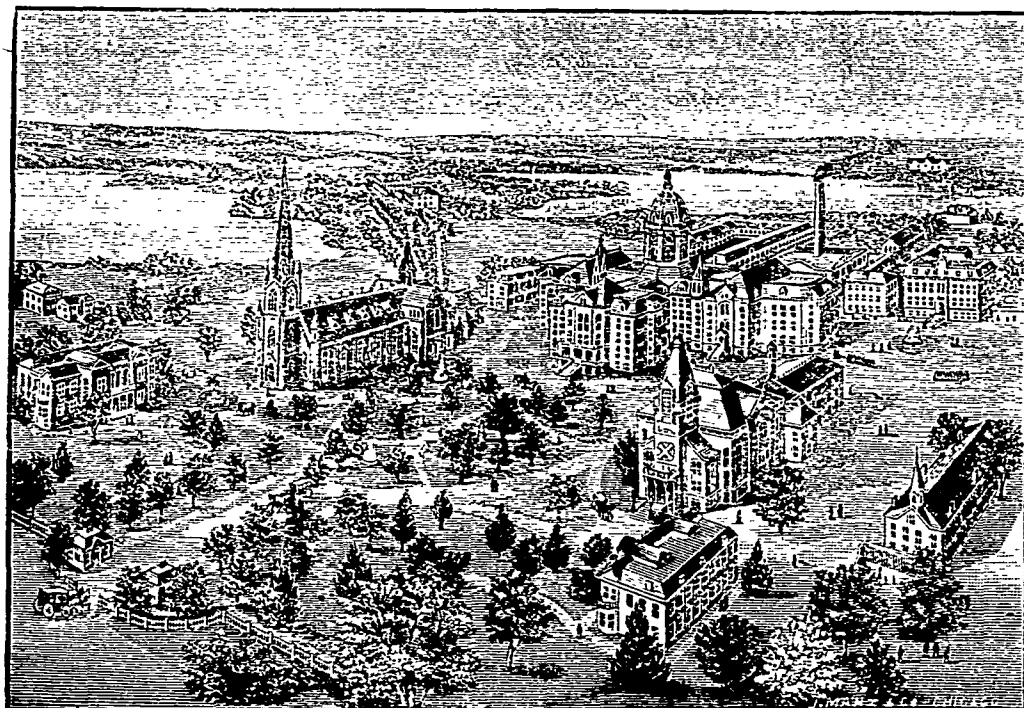
For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, **E. ST. JOHN,**
 Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mgr., Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

FOUNDED IN 1842.



CHARTERED IN 1844.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND.

The UNIVERSITY affords every facility for acquiring a thorough knowledge of

CLASSICS, LAW,
MATHEMATICS, MEDICINE,
SCIENCE, MUSIC.

To such as wish to devote themselves to Commercial pursuits, NOTRE DAME gives a more thorough business training than can be obtained in any purely Commercial College.

THE COMMERCIAL COURSE

has always received the most careful attention on the part of the officers and Commercial Faculty of the Institution.

In all the courses the best systems of teaching are adopted and the best authors for each branch selected.

New Students will be received at any time, their term beginning with date of entrance.

CATALOGUES, giving full particulars, will be sent free on application to the President.

For further particulars, or Catalogue, address

Rev. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

FOR TUITION PURPOSES, THE

DENVER

Scientific Museum

CAN FURNISH A FULL LINE OF

Skeletons, Skulls, Skins of Native and Foreign Birds and Animals.

MOUNTED SUBJECTS and ALCOHOL PREPARATIONS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Choice, Well Crystallized Minerals a Specialty.

Taxidermist and Dermoplastic Work DONE IN A SUPERIOR STYLE.

Orders promptly attended to. The best Preservative for Zoological Specimens for sale.

ADDRESS

RUDOLPH BORCHERDT,
DENVER, COL.

oc1-83

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

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, 2.25 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.00 p.m.

11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.55 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, 3.55 a.m.

6.21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.28 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.05 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 5.50 a.m.

5.07 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.55 a.m. Chicago, 8.00 a.m.

8.05 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 9.07 a.m. Chesterton, 9.57 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.30 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.15 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 p.m.; Chicago, 7.40 p.m.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. ARNSDAM, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

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

JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l M'ger, Cleveland.