

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 24, 1883.

No. 28.

Easter-Day.

I.

The morning sunshine streams into
An empty tomb;
The light of Heaven is breaking through
The shrouding gloom.
Up, hearts, so lately with your grieving rent;
Up! sing for joy! you well have kept your Lent:
And Christ is risen!

II.

The Easter lilies' pallid cheeks
Have not a tear;
The violets have waited weeks,
But now are here;
Bring all the flowers that make the garden gay,
And place them in our Lord's dear house to-day,
For He is risen!

III.

But fairer in His blessed sight
Than any flowers
That turn their faces to the light,
Are hearts of ours,
Turned from the dross of earth, seeking the way
He shows to us this glorious Easter-Day,
For He is risen!

—Flora L. Stanfield in *Ave Maria*.

ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,

The Building of Rome.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

(*In the Palace of AMULIUS. VACILLUS alone.*)

VACILLUS.—Th' events of these last days do
trouble much
My agitated mind. Amulius' fate
Seems to be coming to a crisis. All
The wrath accrued from twenty years of wrong
Is ready to be poured upon his head.
And shall I stay to share his punishment?
True: I have shared in his prosperity—
Enriched myself on his ill-gotten gains,
But if I had not done so, some one else
Would have been found to be his friend. And
now
He thrives no more; then why await his doom?

Nature's deep voice exhorts: "Preserve thyself—
Preserve thyself, though all thy friends should
fall!"

(*A confused noise without.*)

What's this? A sudden tumult! Like a fire
Upon a mountain side once kindled, spreads
The people's ire: it bears all down before it.
(*Enter METICULOSUS and ATROX, dragging in
FAUSTULUS; and followed by a crowd.*)

VACILLUS.—What seek ye, friends, so early in
the morn?

METICULOSUS.—The king! This shepherd,
nourished by his bounty,
Is stirring up a fell conspiracy.

VACILLUS.—What! Faustulus!

FAUSTULUS.—Falsely accused, my lord.

ATROX.—Then tell Vacillus how thou didst ob-
tain

That trough beneath thy cloak. I know it well—
For I it was who cast it in the flood
With two ill-omened babes to float to sea—
How came it hither back?

VACILLUS.—What babes were these?

METICULOSUS.—The twins to Princess Rhea
Sylvia born,
Consigned by King Amulius to the waves,
Fit meed for offspring of a Vestal's shame.

VACILLUS.—And how has this returned, then,
from the sea,

Cast there, it seems, near twenty years ago?

ATROX.—My lord, it never reached the sea.
This villain

Knows more than he will tell. But here's the
king—

His majesty will make the knave confess.

(*Enter AMULIUS, attended.*)

AMULIUS.—Why this unseemly tumult in our
hall?

The hour for court hath not yet sounded. Whence
The cause of this disturbance? Faustulus!
Dragged hither like a prisoner! What is this?

FAUSTULUS.—Most gracious king, I know not
what nor whence.

In peace I entered, and in peace essayed
To make my way along the city's street.
Your royal guards assailed me, unprovoked.

METICULOSUS.—Because we saw he bore be-
neath his cloak

That which aroused suspicion. See, O king!

(*Produces the trough.*)

AMULIUS.—(*Aside.*) What! what! the fatal cradle of the babes!

Ye gods! mine hour is come. (*Aloud.*) Why, Faustulus,

How cam'st thou by this strange misshapen thing? And whither wouldst thou bear it?

FAUSTULUS.—Gracious king, That trough I found by chance, some years ago, And kept it, thinking that its curious form Might indicate some hidden mystery.

AMULIUS.—And why didst bring it into town this morn?

And, now I think of it, but yester e'en, A youth before me dragged for stealing sheep Declared himself thy son, and said his name Was Remus; and, it seems to me, that name Is one of those engraved upon this trough Although the letters, worn away by age, Are hard to read. Explain these mysteries; Or torture strict shall force the truth from thee.

FAUSTULUS.—O king, most gracious king! I've served you long—

A faithful servant have I been to you!

AMULIUS.—Speak plainly, knave, and tell me what thou know'st.

(*Aside to VACILLUS.*) I can dissemble now no longer—speed—

Speed thee to Numitor, and find from him What he may know of Rhea Sylvia's twins. They live—ye gods!—they live; and that was one, That shepherd boy they brought here yesterday. Go, go, Vacillus, go! (*Exit VACILLUS.*) Now, Faustulus,

We shall contrive a way to make thee speak. To whom wert thou conveying this strange thing?

FAUSTULUS.—To Numitor, your royal brother, king!

His daughter, Rhea Sylvia, had heard Of it, and much desired to see this trough, Which bears her name.

AMULIUS.—And was it empty, knave, When thou didst find it?

FAUSTULUS.—Empty? yes—yes—no: It did contain two lifeless babes, now buried Beneath the fig-tree Ruminallis, where This cradle-boat I found.

AMULIUS.—What! lifeless? Then, Who was the youth that said his name was Remus And called himself thy son? Dost hesitate? Bear him hence, guards, we'll quickly find a way To make him speak. (*Exeunt METICULOSUS and ATROX, with FAUSTULUS.*)

And now, good people all, This trifle seems to cause unneeded care! Go, get ye to your work. These strange events Are not for common folks to comment on. The king has duties that ye wot not of, And they shall be performed. Go to your work!

(*Exeunt crowd.*)

And now my mind her powers must concentrate On this most desperate case. The people shout For Numitor,—why did I spare his life? An oversight! I deemed his cowardice My own security. Ha! what is this?

(*Re-enter METICULOSUS, running and throwing himself at the king's feet.*)

METICULOSUS.—Most gracious king, a mob the city fills

Of country-folk and shepherds, and they shout For Numitor,—for Numitor as king.

Their leader is a son of Faustulus—

AMULIUS.—But where is Faustulus, thy prisoner?

METICULOSUS.—The mob o'ermastered us, and rescued him;

And Atrox have they slain, by flight alone Did I escape to tell thee.

AMULIUS.—Coward, die! (*Runs him through.*) All ye who would not share his fate, attend In arms upon me. I will quell this riot.

(*Exeunt AMULIUS and attendants.*)

SCENE II.

(*In NUMITOR's house. Enter NUMITOR with REMUS.*)

NUMITOR.—All thou hast told me of thine age, thy brother—

The circumstances of thy bringing up— Has made me wish to know still more.

REMUS.—My lord, Your kindness unto me, accused of theft, Emboldens me to speak. Were Faustulus Here, he might tell you more; I and my brother Often have sought to fathom his demeanor: For though in kindness and in gentle care Most fatherly, he ne'er has used to us The tone authoritative of a father.

NUMITOR.—We'll send for him. But who is this comes here?

(*Enter VACILLUS.*)

From the king's court? Vacillus, thou art welcome.

VACILLUS.—Hail, Numitor! (*Aside.*) Amulius' fears are just!—

He has discovered his relationship!— This shepherd boy is Rhea Sylvia's son;— He is the kingdom's heir. Amulius' star Is set. Farewell, Amulius! I'll haste To do my homage to the rising sun.

NUMITOR.—We do await thy leisure, gentle friend.

VACILLUS.—Most noble Numitor, in great amaze

I stand before thee, seeing this fair youth, Although in servile garb arrayed, so noble In mien and bearing, I could think he were Ægestus born again. The gods avenge The crime of him who caused Ægestus' death.

(*Enter AMULIUS, listening at back.*)

NUMITOR.—Beware in cursing, lest thou curse a friend.

I think that thou dost eat Amulius' bread?

VACILLUS.—Amulius no more shall be my king.

The measure of his tyrannies is full: The gods decree his doom.

AMULIUS.—(*Advancing.*) And if they do, Thine, traitor, shall precede it! False,—false friend,

Whom fondly once I deemed a faithful soul,
Thy time is come. The gods decree *thy* doom,
 And my good sword shall prove it. Draw, knave,
 draw!

(*They fight. VACILLUS falls.*)

There! take the just reward of treachery.

VACILLUS.—Tyrant, this is the last of thy misdeeds.

Numitor, be thou king again. The twins
 Of Rhea Sylvia shall reinstate thee.

With dying breath, I do salute thee, king! (*Dies.*)

(*A tumult without. Enter ROMULUS, PLISTINUS, CELER, and an armed throng.*)

ROMULUS.—Yield thee, Amulius, and restore the crown

To Numitor, our father and our king.

AMULIUS.—Presumptuous churl! what mad revolt is this?

And who art thou? (*Enter FAUSTULUS with the trough.*)

FAUSTULUS.—One whom thou darest, tyrant! Behold, O Numitor, the long-lost twins Of Rhea Sylvia—that, who stands by thee And this by me, his brother. Mark them well, Their royal likeness and their air divine Caught from their father Mars! Behold the ark In which they were preserved!

NUMITOR.—This, this is all The chain of evidence I need! My grandsons! My hope! my joy! and my avengers!

REMUS.—Yes!

Proud tyrant, thou shalt answer unto me For all thy cruelties, and though my arm Be all untrained to use the sword, yet He Who reigns above—who sees all and is just, Shall nerve me to inflict thy doom. Then draw— Draw and defend thyself.

AMULIUS.—Impostor, thus Will I thine impudent pretensions punish, And in the dust will level them and thee!

(*They fight. AMULIUS falls.*)

I die! Just gods, ye have avenged! (*Dies.*)

(*Scene closed in.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Harp of Erin.

A golden harp on a field of green is the emblem of to-night. To pay a brief tribute to those who touched that harp, whose birth-place was amid the shamrocks and mosses of Ireland, is in keeping with this occasion. Of the songs sung in centuries past; that have come down from father to son; that bear the characteristics of each succeeding age; that are clothed in popular expression; that have been recited in castle and in hut, in valley and in glen, on the hillside and the village green, by the warrior and by the peasant; at the wake and at the christening; at the rural wedding and the village dance; by the Irish lad and lass; of these songs I would speak because, especially because

seven hundred years of oppression have deprived Ireland of the advantages possessed by other nations for the cultivation of literature and the muse. Long before Christianity dawned on the Irish shores, the national poetry was composed and recited to the sound of the Irish harp, and the senachies or bards played a conspicuous part in the social and political affairs of the nation.

In time of battle, they were seen and heard in the thickest of the fight, animating warriors living by singing the glory of the warriors dead. In time of peace, they sat in the councils of the nation; they interpreted the laws, and, upon their harp-strings made merry the banquet halls of Tara. They were the Druid priests, the chroniclers of events, and the councillors of the king. Their influence was remarkable,—for they were leaders in both war and peace, and when St. Patrick addressed the assembled magnates, it was the chief of the bards who, standing, said: "This man speaks of the true God, and to that God my harp will ever sound in praise." Such was his influence that from that time the rites of paganism were superseded by the mysteries of Christianity. Their themes of war were hushed, and the Druidic chant gave place to the Monastic song. Their poetry was taught in the nation's schools, and their pupils recited it in their homes afar. So the fame of these bards was not local; it spread into other climes, and foreign princes paid them tribute and gave them positions of honor. These days of peace were soon to cease, and Irish poetry was called to use its influence in the hour of battle. When the Danes came, the harp pealed out amid the click of pike and battle-axe; and those that fell were enshrined in poetic verse.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
 Though the days of that hero are o'er;
 Though, lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kincora, no more."

The English afterwards came, and the national poetry again invoked the spirit of its heroes to repel the invader. The contest was a bloody one; numbers fell; the harper became the fighter; he was in the front of the battle, and fell with his face to the foe.

"The minstrel fell:—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said: 'No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and liberty:
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.'"

When Elizabeth sat on the English throne, one of her first attempts was the eradication of the Irish Faith. She, an illegitimate child, was determined to eradicate the faith that dared to declare the truth;—that faith for which the Irish have suffered; that faith, the holding of which makes every Catholic an Irishman at heart. Offering rewards for the head of every priest, Elizabeth discovered that priests were not alone in keeping alive the true faith. The Irish harpers were proscribed, and among the statutes of Elizabeth was a law condemning all harpers to death.

The harps now chorded to the wails and lamentations of the people; the bards lived on, and the waves of song were borne on the wings of the passing winds; songs that made the victor weep as he riveted the chains of his captive; songs that stirred the patriot,—telling him of the memories of the past, nerving him to face the enemy; and, though might defeated right, he said:

"We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag flutters o'er us,
The friends we've tried,
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us."

Some author has written: "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest in the chronicles of nations"; and Father Ryan adds:

"Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

Of a land like this I speak. It is dotted with the ruins of convents and monasteries, with raths and holy wells, with pillar-towers and abbeys old and gray, with crosses and ancient churches, around which, overgrown with the shamrock, the emblem of trinity in unity, are tombs and mounds, in which moulder the ashes of pagan kings and Christian heroes. Here a druid lies, and there the bard sleeps. Here the monks did pray; there a warrior lies entombed. Here a virgin fell, and there, at the solemn moment of the Elevation, the gray-haired priest was butchered by the English invader.

The Spaniards first saluted Ireland as "The Land Beyond the Sea." It is watered by the Shannon, the Liffey and the Lee; brooks and rivulets sparkle on its surface; loughs and moss-covered ruins within its bounds; while lovely vales join mountain and glen in adding to its beauty. What land, I ask, affords a more congenial clime to the poetic muse? The melodies of France are lively and gay; those of Italy are full of peace and sunshine. The songs of Germany are full of love and devotion to the Fatherland; but the songs of Ireland are full of gloom and melancholy. Every verse seems to end in a feeling of sadness. You hear a shout, then a moan; now a prayer, then a groan; now a cheer, then a wail; now the voice for liberty, then a piercing cry from the hands of an assassin; now a simultaneous cry for victory, then the evidence of a bribed informer:—the most stirring passages touching your very soul; and, carrying you along with them, into an horizon of

happiness, they let you fall into an abyss of sorrow.

Grief is the after-beat: the hearse follows the bridal train; merriment merges into despair; the flowers of the marriage bower are soon laid on the coffin; the ringing laugh is hushed by the gurgling death-rattle of a departing soul. How could it be otherwise? The Irish lad, with the glow of manhood on his cheek; the blooming maiden up with the lark at morning's dawn; the aged parent, weak and helpless; the cooing babe at the mother's breast, have all before night met death at the hands of the butcher. Every attempt to overthrow the oppressor has met with failure; every ray of hope has been veiled by a cloud of ominous darkness; every cry with the bayonet-thrust; every prayer with a lash! Such are the chords of Irish verse.

Some of the early Irish poems are of a local interest, and full of humor. I quote two stanzas of a eulogistic lyric on the great metropolis of the Western Waters:

"Oh, it's Galway town sure where you may go down
sure
Five hundred feet to the bottomless sea;
Where you'll have no bother in the cold salt water,
For its all dry land every foot of the way.

"There's no need of tunnel, or under-ground funnel,
They'll ferry you over in a jaunting car,
For St. Patrick dried it, as he stood beside it,
And corked it up in a leathern jar."

Later songs are full of passion, urging the people onward, telling them to draw inspiration from the martyrs of their cause; as,

"Oh, did we but inherit a title of Emmet's merit!"

The theme of some verses are the actions of Irishmen on foreign fields; as "Fontenoy."

Ireland is remarkable for the bravery of her men and the zeal of her clergy, and none the less for the beauty and purity of her women. The latter is often alluded to in Irish poems:

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more."

The devotion of the Irish wife to her husband is exemplified in this message of the wife to her husband fighting in the French army:

"Tell him I loved, and love for aye,
That his I am, though far away—
More his than on our marriage day."

Graphic scenes of the roadside; pestilence and famine; the human beings like walking skeletons; the shoeless and bleeding feet of little children; the poor crops rotten from dampness, and exhaling offensive odors; the emigrant ship, with its huddled humanity looking toward a land of liberty, often form the subject of Irish songs. And, though the crops are good and the fertile fields of Ireland yield handsomely, the Irish farmer receives no benefit; for, as Mrs. Sullivan says,

"A fertile, generous, joyous land, forbid to feed its people
By laws enacted 'neath the shade of consecrated steeple,
Starvation *made* by statute, famine a legal code,
For subjects of a government with an 'Established' God!
Look not into their genial soil for *hunger's* helpless cause;
The Irish people *famish*—to obey their English laws!
They plow and plant; they sow and reap, they spin and
weave all day;

The English fleet is at their wharves to bear it all away.
 Their father's land the alien owns; the landlords own their
 labor;
 Their mortgaged lives have been foreclosed to glut their
 English neighbor!"

The Irish character is very susceptible to poetry and song. A writer has said that O'Connell, in his most argumentative efforts, and over the cold bare facts of the law, would often throw the sunshine of poetry. He always liked to sing,—sometimes snatches from an old song, or from a French ballad, or a Latin hymn. Once he addressed the Scottish people from Calton Hill, which overlooks the city of Edinburgh. Thousands ranged themselves below him. The golden rays of the sun fell upon the assembly. Edinburgh lay before him, the city of palaces, the city of romance and story, the city of Mary, Queen of Scots, the city of heroic memories and resplendent genius. O'Connell drank in the loveliness that surrounded him; his eyes strayed over frith and lake and brae and highland; and, dazzled with this beauty, he for hours sang the praises of Holyrood. He called upon Bruce, he quoted Burns, and he set wild with poetic fire the "Scottish lassies" when he said to them: "I will tell your sisters across the Channel that the daughters of Scotland feel for the woes of the maids of Ireland." Giles says O'Connell's poetic eloquence set mad his hearers; it ascended to the skies, and it rolled with resounding echoes over the rocks and hills. Yet, this weapon of poetry that O'Connell used so well often forced himself to tears, and his accusers frequently used it against him with most telling effects on momentous occasions.

Reading the text-books on English Literature, Moore only is mentioned as an Irish poet. If others are named, we are told that, though born in Ireland, their talents were developed in other lands. The student unacquainted with Irish literature never hears of that true Irish poet, Davis, who said:

"No men than hers are braver;
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And I'd think my lot divine."

Brilliant thoughts, eloquence of diction and the weird melody of Irish poetry are brought before us in the productions of Dennis Florence McCarthy. His "Waiting for the May" and a "Shamrock from the Irish Shore" are beautiful specimens of his talent.

The critic says that Aubrey de Vere fills our minds with noble conceptions, and uses words resplendent with the silvery sheen of purity. Michael Balfe and Michael Kelly as composers are world-known. "Gougane Barra" and "Mary Magdalen" were written by one of the contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the noted J. J. Callanan. Wallace is famous as a song-writer. The grace and native music of Irish poetry are illustrated in the productions of Samuel Ferguson, the author of the "Girl of Loch Dan." "Dark Rosaleen" and "Ellen Bawn" are from the pen of James Clarence Mangan, who carried the graceful idioms and metres of Irish into English verse. The Irish

poet John Banim wrote also many fine novels; Gerald Griffin wrote the "Sister of Charity." The beautiful death of the peasant's daughter of Munster in "The Dying Girl" will ever perpetuate Richard Dalton Williams. The poems of Thomas D'Arcy McGee are full of vigor, pathos, and delicate fancy. Joseph Brennan, a great contributor to Irish revolutionary organs, wrote a number of passionate poems.

Carolan lived in the seventeenth century. It is unnecessary to say that "The Deserted Village" was written by Oliver Goldsmith. At the same time lived another Irish poet, Henry Brooke. A contemporary of Sir Phillip Francis, the reputed *Junius*, was William Drennan, the patriot-poet. The founder of *Frazer's Magazine* was the poet William Maginn. He was supported by "Father Prout," best known by his "Bells of Shandon." During the time of Hogan, the sculptor, lived the Rev. Geo. Croly, the writer of the "Island of Atlantis," a subject now causing attention, as well as it did Ovid's when he wrote his *Metamorphoses*. Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and other poems, died in 1823. McDermott wrote the "Irish Exiles." From the pen of Simons we have many meritorious productions, including "Napoleon's Last Look." "The Wexford Massacre" was written by Barry. John Anster is the author of "The Fairy Child." Geo. Fox's ballad "The County Mayo" is full of truth and beauty. "Bouchaleen Bawn" and "Caroch the Piper," by Keegan, warm the heart of every man of Celtic blood. Gibellan and Higgins, though they wrote years ago; Keating, Edmund Malone, and John Fisher Murray, were all worshippers of the muse.

Ireland's woes have also been sung by the sweet voices of her daughters. The golden harp has often responded to the delicate touch of the Irish maiden. With Arthur Murphy, the dramatist and translator of *Tacitus*, we find the poetess Mary Tighe. Mary Eva Kelly wrote verses well worthy of fame. The divinely-gifted "Una" fills us with admiration. No one has exerted a greater influence in the political outlook of "Young Ireland" than Lady Wilde, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of *Speranza*. Her stirring National lyrics in the *Dublin Nation* attest her love of country and her richness of mind, making her the Madam Roland of the Irish cause.

"Go tell my sons there is one way to save me,
 One way they have left untried—
 Let slander perish from their lips, and hatred
 No more their ranks divide."

These are the words of the idolized daughter of an American hero, the beloved sister of the Irish leader, the loving and devoted daughter of Erin, Fanny Parnell. Her heart and soul were in the Irish cause. Her theme was the love of her country, and hatred of its arch-enemy, England. When she sang, she quivered with emotion; that emotion broke her young heart, and she died in the bloom of womanhood—another devoted victim of sorrow. As men, we honor woman; as Irishmen, we pride in the women of our race; as Irish patriots, we mourn the heroic Fanny Parnell.

There are many other poets, whose words, like the flowers unseen, have been through prejudice unnoticed. It behooves us to revive and perpetuate their memory. The few names that I have enumerated force us to be still more proud of our parents' land. Like the Church, to which she has so tenaciously clung, though ever militant, she has never been conquered. She is as true to her faith to-day as when St. Patrick first hallowed her shores. She still has her language and her literature. She is still the mother of orators and the land of song. She is still the lover of freedom, and calls loudly for the object of her love.

"Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow.
But O, could I love thee more deeply than now?"

"No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But makes thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-birds' nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast."

GEORGE E. CLARKE, '83.

Requiescat.

Sweetly slumber, gentle maiden,
Angels guard thee, loved one fair,
While the breeze, with music laden,
Sings thy *requiem* sweet and clear.

Earth, with all its joys and pleasures,
Had no shelter sweet for thee;
Broken hearts have precious treasures
Only safe in eternity.

Sweetly sleep, O broken heart!
For angels calm thy grief;
Life, with its pains and sorrows, heart
In death has found relief.

Sweetly sleep, O broken heart!
While angels guard thy rest;
The world was cruel to thee, heart,
Sleep on thy Saviour's breast.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, '83.

Exchanges.

—The new editorial board of the *Hesperian Student* have shown signal ability in the first number of their paper, and we have little doubt they will soon elevate its status still higher.

—An editor of *The Clionean Argus*, a paper issued from the Tennessee Female College, says: "An event of great interest will transpire before our next issue. Those with curiosity on the subject will be gratified in a month." In a month! O unfortunate daughters of Eve, to be thus harshly treated! 'Tis a sad case.

—Sawyer's *Universal Penman*, Ottawa, Canada, has been relieved of the incubus of scientific

notes, and the January number devotes its space to more interesting matter. The first of a series of lessons in Penmanship, and another in a new system of shorthand, called "Sawyerography," are given. Sawyer Bros. evidently mean to cut their way to fame.

—Oh, *Sunbeam*, *Sunbeam*! how could you? "And then she *smole* a sweet, sad smile, like one who spoke from experience"! We doubt that "slamminade" is "a real good word," even though it be found in Samuel Hill's unabridged dictionary. The use of such questionable language looks suspicious, *Sunbeam*; we fear you wish to court notoriety.

—*Academica*—U. of Cincinnati—begins to show signs of life. The March number contains a readable essay on "Orion." A new Exchange-editor, said to be "a shining light," has been added to the editorial staff, so we may expect something in the near future. The new "light" modestly informs the college world that he once "wore kilt suits and went to the Kindergarten." Judging from the reports, the School of Design seems to be doing good work.

—The *Shurtleff Review* closes a long and serious editorial on The Plug Hat with the following remarks: "To sum up, we may say that the constant use of a plug hat makes a man dignified in appearance, composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage, and church membership." A little too much stress on the frail plug, we think. Possibly the *Review* has been bribed or deceived by some plug-hatter in Upper Alton.

—Ripon College sends us *College Days*, a paper that gives evidence of earnest work on the part of the students. The editorial extolling the benefits of co-education is especially well written. The opening arguments—on the theory of co-education—are strong; but the closing remarks, on the "small talk" among co-eds., have a damping effect. It is conceded that "conversation should be more elevating in its tendency, and not tending so much to frivolity and levity." The editorial has a wholesome tendency.

—The *Carson Index*, from Tennessee, which comes to us for the first time, is pretty well stocked with short essays and advertisements of quack medicines. There is also a long, spread-eagle advertisement of the Mendelssohn Piano Company, of New York, offering, for the next 60 days only, an \$850 Square Grand for only \$245! Unless we mistake, this is the company that the *Jornal de Noticias* warned the papers against some time ago, for not keeping their agreement. The Company may be all right, but the "ad." has a suspicious look.

—The motto of the editors of *The Berkeleyan* seems to be 'Excelsior.' Of late, each number of the paper shows a marked improvement upon its predecessor. "A Trip to the Yosemite," "Mephistopheles and Iago," and the "Essay on the English Mail-Coach" are certainly as readable as, and

far more creditable productions than, the hog-wash stories of days of yore. Olla's treatise on "Bummers"—ancient and modern—is decidedly rich, and would of itself redeem the dullest number of any paper. But no part of *The Berkeleyan* needs redemption; it would be hard to find fault with anything in the number before us.

—Milton College rejoices in a revival, and the *College Journal* gives the retort courteous to the Educational editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* for saying that 225 students are all "torn up." The *Journal* editor seems to think a little of that kind of "tearing up" wouldn't hurt the Milwaukee man. By the way, the essayist on "King Worship" seems to be considerably "mixed" on the two Cromwells, Thomas and Oliver, as well as a little off the track in regard to the character of the latter, a blood-thirsty tyrant who believed that no one had the right to live who did not think as he did, and who, at the head of an army, spared neither man, woman, nor child.

—Commenting on a notice in an Eastern exchange, which stated that the editors were allowed to substitute editorial work as an equivalent for one study, the editors of the *University Press* say: "We are not only not excused from any of the regular work, but are expected weekly to furnish something very acceptable, yea, even *spicy*, but not to come too close home to anybody, and still carry three studies." How would you like to carry *four* and even *five* studies a day, as some of us do here? The *Press* justly complains of the action of the University authorities in sending Professors out to advertise the college by lecturing through the State, their classes being neglected in the mean time. "If advertising is desirable," says the *Press*, "let it be done in the proper and usual manner, and not by sending Professors away from their regular work."

—The eight pages of stenographic reading-matter in the current number of *Bengough's Cosmopolitan Shorthand Writer* are in the pure Isaac Pitman system (the one taught at Notre Dame and St. Mary's) and much better printed than usual. Similar, (and, if it can be, a little more) attention on the part of the writer and lithographer would be a great benefit, and materially enhance the value of this portion of the magazine. A queer and not very elegant outline is occasionally met with, as for instance in "conquered," "lowered," "stenographers," but, as a rule, if the lithographing be well done, the writing can be taken as a model by those who need practice, as it comes from an experienced reporter. There are 12 pages of ordinary print—making 20 in all. The price of subscription is only \$1 a year. Address, 11 King Street West, Toronto.

—Mr. James E. Munson, well known as a reporter in New York, and author of a modification of the Pitman phonography, has resuscitated *Munson's Phonographic News*. The *News* contains 8 pages of reading matter in ordinary print, and 16 pages of stenographic matter, in the Munson method, upon miscellaneous subjects. The lithog-

raphy is neatly done, and, altogether, the magazine presents a handsome appearance. The Rev. James H. Kidder, writing to Mr. Munson, says: "Excepting the always beautifully-executed phonography of Isaac Pitman, no other that comes under my eye is so clearly and distinctly printed as yours. From the beginning of the *News* to the present time I have not found one blurred, indistinct, or illegible page." There is certainly a near approach to the elegant and easy gracefulness of the writing in the London magazines, the poorest of which cannot find an equal in this country. The *News* is edited by J. E. Munson and A. S. Childs. Price of subscription, \$2 a year.

—The *Era* seems greatly troubled in regard to the Honor system, which it has been decided to introduce at Cornell University in 1884. That such a system succeeded at Harvard does not convince a large proportion of Cornellians that it would suit them. They think it would bring discredit upon the large number of students who cannot obtain honors or do not care to work for them. "A marked feature of the Harvard plan is the elective system which permits a student, from the beginning of his Sophomore year, to ramble at will among the intellectual meats, preserves, pastries, and desserts of that grand old storehouse. A less marked feature, but one found necessary from the natural desire of youth for an eccentric and somewhat heterogeneous diet, is the honor system, which, by holding out a bauble, induces the inconstant youth to adopt a more rational and regular course of intellectual food, much as an indulgent mother persuades her darling boy to eat meat and forego pie by promising a new rocking-horse. He may eat pie if he chooses, and follow it up with a course of indigestible pastries, but in that case he will get no rocking-horse. The Harvard youth may, by forfeiting his claim on the Harvard bauble, which happens to be honors, utterly ruin his intellectual digestion, and yet receive his degree." And yet the *Era* records the acknowledgment of a Cornell Professor that at Harvard it is fast becoming "bad form" to graduate without one or the other of the honors held out there—a strong argument in their favor. That plea that "true scholarship will rise above a petty and transient distinction, just as true manhood will calmly and confidently put aside the present fickle applause, for the future and enduring good," is not practically exemplified either in the college world or in everyday life. But few men, comparatively, can stand unaffected to honors among their fellow-men, and of these the greater number are so through a stolid indifference that is far from doing them credit, or from an unworthy motive that should, when possible, exclude them from companionship with other men, as it does in the jails and penitentiaries.

PHYSICIANS say it is not healthy to sleep in the daytime. That is why the baby which is taken to church never goes to sleep. It knows what is good for its health.—*Ex.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 24, 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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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The unprecedented success of the "Ædipus Tyrannus" at the Commencement exercises last year has encouraged the Greek classes to bring out another Greek play, at the Commencement exercises in June. The "Antigone" of Sophocles has been chosen, and, we understand, no pains will be spared to make the production as successful as possible. The opening scenes in the "Antigone" are not so fine as those of the "Ædipus," but, as the play goes on, there is as fine a field for action and declamation in the "Antigone." The success of the "Ædipus" last year was undoubtedly due in a great measure to the excellent music and training of the choruses by B. Anselm, Professor of Vocal Music at the University. The music was his own composition, and admirably adapted. This year, we understand, the grand choruses of Mendelssohn's Sophocles' Antigone have been chosen, and we have no doubt that, with the excellently trained choristers, it will be brought out with grand effect. It is said this year a Libretto is in preparation at D. Appleton & Company's for the "Antigone" at Notre Dame, so that those who

do not understand Greek can follow the drama through the translation. The Greek text and the English translation will be printed on opposite pages. The Libretto is similar to that gotten up by Ginn & Heath for the "Ædipus" at Harvard two years ago. The "Antigone" was brought out at the University of Toronto a year ago, but, we believe, without a Libretto. With the proposed arrangements, we predict that the production of the "Antigone" here next June will be a grand success.

—The Columbians and Orpheonics joined their forces on Saturday evening and presented a very agreeable entertainment to a good-sized audience. The Rotunda was superbly decorated. Large festoons of evergreen and flowers were suspended pyramidically from the gallery and supported numerous Chinese lanterns, gaily ornamented. The niches were also adorned and contained busts of Irish national heroes. The Harp of Erin and the colors of the United States were conspicuous, and lent not a little to the beauty of the scene. A pleasing effect was produced by the green globes which encircled the electric lights. The entertainment was opened at seven o'clock with a Grand Chorus, "Hurrah for the Green," by the Orpheonic Club. The solo was well given by M. Coll. The music for the chorus was the composition of B. Anselm, the worthy Director, and reflected the genius of the author. The "Oration of the Day," by Joseph Farrell, was well composed and delivered with great power. The speaker received frequent and merited applause during the course of his oration. We publish elsewhere an extract from the same. G. Schaeffer played with good taste a piano solo, "The Monastery Bells." Mr. J. Marlette's declamation was very successful. "The Little Handful of Earth," by Master D. O'Connor, was exquisitely sung and was most enthusiastically received. It was the *pièce de resistance* of the evening. Master F. Johnson sang "Ireland's Lament to the Sacred Heart" with great feeling and expression, so much so as to call forth the remark from a musical critic, "It is indeed a prayer." Then followed a trio for brass instruments by Messrs. Marlette, Arnold and Fleming. Mr. J. Larkin sang "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," and received great applause. "Scintillation," a piano solo, the composition of Prof. Paul, was played by Master W. J. Schott. The music—we do not presume to criticize—was excellent and well executed by the youthful performer who deservedly holds the first place among the student musicians. Master G. Schaeffer possesses a fine alto voice which he showed to advantage in the song, "Hail, Glorious St. Patrick!" The Declamation by E. O'Brien, was in keeping with the other excellent numbers of the programme. Mr. G. E. Clarke read an essay on "The Harp of Erin." Of its merits we shall not speak as we publish it entire in this number of the SCHOLASTIC, and our readers can judge for themselves. It was read with that elocutionary ability for which Mr. Clarke is so well known. "Kathleen Mavour-

neen" was well sung by M. Donohue. Then the Orpheonics sang another "grand chorus," and the Band played a "Retiring March," with which ended one of the most pleasing and successful entertainments ever presented in the Rotunda. As may be seen, we have had nothing but words of praise for all who took part in the exercises; for this we have no apology to make as we but re-echo the unanimous verdict of all present. Rev. President Walsh made the closing remarks, expressing his approval of the manner in which the celebration had been conducted, and exhorting all to show that their homage to the saint, who was honored on that day, was not one simply of admiration but also and especially of imitation.

—We give the following synopsis of the lecture delivered by Rev. J. O'Brien, last Saturday morning:

The speaker began by alluding briefly to the object for which his hearers had come together, namely, to do honor to the memory of one of God's greatest saints; to unite with millions of their creed and country in celebrating the festival of him to whom, under God, they were indebted for the great gift of faith in the religion of Jesus Christ. He announced his subject as—Christian Ireland, her greatness, her sufferings, and her fidelity. After some prefatory remarks, he went on in the first place to show how, no matter what had been said to the contrary, Ireland could be styled great; how, in her devotion to education and to religion, she had indeed deserved that glorious epithet. To show this, facts and figures were given, which, it is likely enough, were new to many of his hearers. As we thought, he made it quite plain, that for the two hundred years immediately succeeding the age of St. Patrick, Ireland was, in a great measure, the educator and evangelizer of many of the nations of Western Europe. The sufferings of the people of Ireland for their fidelity to their faith were, next, sketched rapidly but clearly. The story of those sufferings was a saddening one. It had, however, to be told, since without a correct knowledge of it there was no such thing as forming a true idea of Irish character or Irish history. The iniquitous conduct of the English Government in excluding the native Irish from their houses and lands and the substituting of English foreigners in their stead, and the numerous and infamous civil disabilities, under which the people of Ireland had labored for so many generations, were all referred to at considerable length.

The third and last point of the lecture was the fidelity of Ireland. It might perhaps be considered by some as an exaggeration to say that no country had ever displayed greater fidelity to conscience and to principle than Ireland had done. The speaker had no doubt at all that, if those that differed with him on this point,—if there were any such present—would but read and inquire and think, they would be sure to come round to his

way of judging of this matter. The fidelity of which he spoke was not merely a thing of the past. No, it was a thing of the present, also. It was something real and unquestionable. "What," he asked, "would the Catholic Church be in the English-speaking world without the Irish element?" What he was saying, the same, precisely, had been said by the great Cardinal Wiseman. It was not, as Macaulay had asserted, the national feeling of the Irish against the English, but the grace of God that had kept Ireland faithful to the Catholic Church.

The lecture closed as follows:—"My brethren, immemorial use and religion, also, have made this day, this seventeenth day of March, a national as well as a religious festival for Irishmen. It is, therefore, a day of the tenderest as well as a day of the holiest memories—memories of the dear old country that you still love to call your own, and to which your hearts must ever turn in instinctive love. And whilst on this day you renew those memories, and revisit in thought the scenes of your early life and happiest days, those scenes with which the green valleys and holy hills of Ireland are so closely connected, oh, pray to God, the God of infinite goodness and infinite justice, that the day that will come, the day that has to come, may come soon; the day of justice, of freedom for Ireland; the day when she will become again what she once was—

"Great, glorious and free,
The first flower of the earth,
The first gem of the sea!"

Personal.

—F. S. Weber, '82, is at present sojourning in Amboy, Ill.

—Mr. J. A. Weber (Com'l), of '82, is engaged in business at his home, La Porte, Ind.

—Last Monday, A. Koch, '75, called upon his many friends at Notre Dame. Al. is, at present, engaged in business at Cleveland, Ohio.

—R. C. Simms, ("O. N.,") of last year's Telegraphy Class, immediately after returning home from Notre Dame obtained a position in the office of the Superintendent of the R.R. Company at Lewiston, Ill.

—Geo. P. Cassidy, of '79, has passed a very successful examination in the Junior class of Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is taking his Clinical course. George may be addressed, for the present, at Equality, Ill.

—Louis A. Roth (Com'l), of '71, is an extensive stock-holder in the American Horse Shoe Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio. We are glad to hear that Louis looks unusually well and is meeting with great success. He resides at Mt. Adams, near Cincinnati.

—Rev. J. J. Curran, of '68, is now Pastor at Newark, N. J. A short time ago he was transferred from St. Mary's Church, Paterson, to his

present charge, and on leaving his old congregation he was presented with a set of resolutions and a purse of \$225.

—Alfred Kleine (Com'l), of '72, and Fred his brother, of '81, are connected with the wholesale clothing house of F. A. Kleine & Co., W. 3d St., Cincinnati. They were both recipients of gold medals during their stay at Notre Dame, and are still a credit to their *Alma Mater*.

—John C. K. Heine, of '70, is practising law in Reading, Pa. He says he intends to visit Notre Dame some time in the near future, and expresses a longing desire to see the new buildings and meet old-time friends. We need not say that Mr. Heine will be welcome as all old students are.

—Ph. Best, of '76, was a welcome visitor to his *Alma Mater* last Wednesday. Phil is doing a paying business in Milwaukee, Wis. He was accompanied by his sister and Mr. Yoost. He says that he, in company with several of the "old boys," will attend the Commencement Exercises in June.

—Anthony Burger, '78, is completing his study of medicine at the Philadelphia Medical College, where he will graduate in May. He will then establish himself at his home in Reading, Pa. Judging from his career at his *Alma Mater*, we predict for him a very successful future in the profession he has chosen.

—Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., '78, Vice-President of the Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., was ordained priest on the 18th. In union with his numerous friends, we extend our congratulations upon his elevation, and wish for him many years of happiness and usefulness in the pursuit of his sacred calling.

—Mr. Byron Eaton, of the Class of '85, died last Monday morning at his father's residence. For five sessions he had attended the classes of the University, and during that time he proved himself, in every respect, a model student. His Professors and fellow-students, and all at Notre Dame are grieved at the sad event, and extend to the bereaved parents their heartfelt sympathy.

—Mr. M. J. Carroll (Com'l), of '82, has left his native Badger State and opened a real estate and loan office in East Grand Forks, Minn. The firm's name reads: E. F. Masterson & Carroll, Real Estate and Loan Agents. Mr. Carroll says he meets many former pupils of Notre Dame and St. Mary's through the Northwest, and mentioned particularly the name of W. J. Murphy, one of the proprietors of the Grand Forks *Daily Plain-Dealer*.

—Among the visitors during the past week were, Mrs. Robb, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mrs. Schmauss, Rockford, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Donnell, Chicago, Ill.; John Witwer, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. G. W. Witwer, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. S. S. Start, Chicago, Ill.; M. Flynn, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank McGrath, '79, Chicago; W. A. Conway, '82; Mrs. S. C. Ewing, Crawfordsville; Mrs. Sommers and daughter, and Mrs. Darling, Chicago; Mr. Lally, Niles, Mich.

Local Items.

—Winter again.

—Easter to-morrow.

—No lack of enthusiasm, on Saturday.

—Innocence! Poor, injured innocence!

—Big snow-storms on Thursday and Friday.

—Prof. Lyons went to Chicago, last Thursday.

—"And all that without coaxing," says the Director.

—Navigation has not opened yet. The ice still remains on the lake.

—Badges on the 17th were more numerous and ornamental than ever before.

—Three of our Simon-pure Kentuckians were recently supposed to be Spaniards.

—B. August has in stock goods suitable for Cadet uniforms. Call and see them.

—He was not singing, he was praying. Bravely he holds his own as first *Soprano solo*.

—That little fellow took the cake. Let him give us another "Handful" next Commencement.

—The continuation of the Essay on "Hawthorne" was unavoidably crowded out this week.

—Orpheonics, don't rest on your laurels! We are only beginning. Commencement is *the* day!

—"I could not attend the rehearsal, as I just had my turn at the billiard-table!" (A future hero.)

—Our friend John has a snake story—all about a big snake killed, on last Sunday, about a half a mile from the College.

—Our friend John says that he saw St. Patrick smiling when J. L. stepped forward with the "Harp of Tara's Halls."

—The Band were out serenading on the 17th, and were well received by those whom they favored with their kind attentions.

—One of the most striking features in the work of preparation for our *soirées* is the obedience, punctuality and gentility of our *virtuosi*.

—Father General has promised the Minims that the Park will be commenced just as soon as the weather permits. They are impatiently waiting to see the work started.

—B. Robert, the genial Infirmarian, has fully recovered from his late severe illness. The boys are glad to see him around again, engaging in his duties as actively and vigorously as ever.

—After two months' silence, we again heard the sonorous voice of E. W. There seems to be a praiseworthy rivalry between him and G. S. Let them unite in a brilliant *duo*, at the end of June.

—People should never—*no, never!*—jump at conclusions. The old story of the dog jumping at the conclusion of a cat could be resurrected and applied, on this occasion, for the benefit of such people.

—The ceremonies of Holy Week were of a most impressive character, and were well carried

out. The *Passion*, on Sunday and Good Friday, and the *Lamentations* at the *Tenebræ* Offices were particularly well sung.

—Untiring zeal and remarkable good taste were displayed by the Juniors in giving the Rotunda the freshest, the greenest, the most artistic appearance it ever wore. The Columbians and Orpheonics appreciate such good services.

—The decorations of the Rotunda were under the charge of Prof. J. F. Edwards, who was ably assisted by Messrs. M. Foote, C. Porter, M. Dolan and A. Eisenhauer. Too much praise cannot be given the decorators for the taste and skill displayed in their work.

—Three of the vocal numbers on the programme of the entertainment were composed expressly for the occasion by B. Anselm, the energetic Director of the Orpheonics. He is now busily engaged in arranging a grand musical *surprise* to be produced at an early date.

—Active preparations are being made to begin work in earnest on the Dome. During the past week, B. Alfred and his men have been busily engaged in erecting the necessary scaffolding. A few weeks more will witness a great diminution in the quantity of brick near the College. Success to the good work!

—To-morrow, the Columbians will celebrate their "tin jubilee." Lady-day, ten years ago, their Club was organized by the late Father Lemonnier. Under the direction of the succeeding Presidents, Prof. Lyons, Prof. Stace, and Prof. Edwards, it has become one of the most prominent societies of the College.

—The Fair, for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church, to be held in South Bend during Easter week, will possess unusual interest owing to the contest for a gold-headed cane. The contestants are Rev. President Walsh, of the University, and Rev. D. J. Hagerty, Rector of the church. It is expected that the boys will see that that cane comes to the College.

—We can safely recommend Master W. J. S., of the Junior department, not only as a talented pianist, but also an expert *chimney-sweep*. He lately passed an examination in the latter branch before B. A., and obtained a diploma for "high efficiency." He intends to enter upon public business at an early date. In a few weeks the meaning of all this will be perfectly clear.

—Solemn High Mass was celebrated on the 17th by the Rev. Father L'Etourneau, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Fitte, as deacon and sub-deacon. An eloquent Lecture was delivered after Mass by Rev. Father O'Brien. The speaker was listened to with rapt attention throughout, though his discourse occupied almost two hours in its delivery. A synopsis appears in our editorial columns.

—Signor Gregori has almost completed his studies upon the new mural painting in the Columbus series—which is to represent the "Planting of the Cross." Those who have been permitted to view the designs and sketches in the Professor's

studio, are enamored with the beauty and vivacity of the composition. More than fifty figures will appear in this new painting, and it will certainly prove to be *the* great work of the series.

—Although the Feast of St. Joseph is transferred until the 3d of April, the Minims who have performed special devotions in his honor during the month of March, kept the celebration on the 19th. They decorated the beautiful Parisian statue of St. Joseph in their study-hall with choice flowers, cards, pictures, lights, etc. St. Joseph is the custodian of the "Palace," and the *princes* take delight in honoring this hidden though most glorious Saint.

—Professor Edwards is indebted to Mr. George De Haven, of the Junior department, for a large and valuable collection of sea-shells, echinus, starfish, sponges, corals, among which two handsome specimens of white coral are especially worthy of notice, also some fine specimens of Brazilian agate, rare varieties of quartz, an interesting collection of the seeds of tropical trees and some fine specimens of scorpions and crabs. The Professor returns his sincere thanks to the young gentleman for his generous gift.

—Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, we are glad to say, has so far recovered as to be able to leave his retirement, to the great delight of his pupils and many friends. His Silver Jubilee in the Professorship was not celebrated on the 19th, owing to his ill-health and also to the fact that the day came within Holy Week. The third Sunday after Easter, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, will be made an occasion for the due commemoration of this event. The genial Professor, during the twenty-five years in which he has been connected with the College, has rendered many and most efficient services. We are sure his hosts of friends will not fail to unite in expressions of rejoicing at the arrival of this interesting period in the career of one so much identified with Notre Dame and its progress as Prof. Lyons.

—The 15th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held March 19th. Several visitors were present and expressed themselves highly pleased with the industry and attention shown by the members in course of the debate. The question "Is a Boarding-School Preferable to a Day School?" was debated by Masters J. Shicker and J. J. McGrath on the affirmative, and G. Stamm and F. Stamm on the negative. J. Shicker read a fine composition on "The Advantages of a Boarding-School," in which Notre Dame received its meed of praise. J. J. McGrath, on the same subject, delivered an address which showed a good deal of thought and reflected credit on the young gentleman. His address, as well as that of Mr. Shicker, gained the victory for the affirmative side. C. Metz read a composition on "Commencement Day." A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. J. F. Edwards for favors done to the Sorins at the entertainment last Saturday. The Sorins' next debate will be on the question "Is the French Language more im-

portant than the German"? From the preparations that are being made for the debate, we expect it will be a lively one.

—Several months ago a young Junior translated from the German a little anecdote which was then published in *The Ave Maria*, and has since been reprinted by many English papers throughout the country. For the encouragement of our Junior writers we copy the following which the *ASTH THS ANATOLHS* brings from Athens, in one of its latest numbers. It is found in the *HAIDIKON MEPOS*, and is signed Σ (S), although no further credit is given:

‘Ο ἵππος τοῦ Κοσμοδόσκου. ‘Ο εὐγενὴς Πολωνὸς Κοσμοδόσκος ἠθέλησέ ποτε νὰ στείλῃ πρὸς ἱερέα τινὰ εἰς Σολόθουρον φάλας τινὰς καλοῦ οἴνου, ἐξελέξατο δὲ πρὸς τοῦτο νεανίαν τινὰ ὀνόματι Τσέλνερ καὶ ἔδωκεν αὐτῷ διὰ τὸ ταξιδεῖν τὸν ἴδιον αὐτοῦ ἵππον. Ἐπανελθὼν δὲ ὁ Τσέλνερ λέγει αὐτῷ, “Στρατηγέ μου! δὲν θὰ ἱππεύσω τὸν ἵππον σας ἄλλοτε, ἐὰν μετ’ αὐτοῦ δὲν μοι δώσητε καὶ τὸ θαλάντιόν σας.”—“Τί ἐνωεῖς τοῦτο λέγων;” ἠρώτησεν ὁ Κοσμοδόσκος. ‘Ο δὲ Τσέλνερ ἀπεκρίθη, “Ὅσας πτωχὰς τις ἀφῆρει τὸν πῖλόν του καὶ ὁδὸν καὶ ἐκέλευε νὰ δώσω αὐτῷ ἐλεημοσύνην, παραγγέλλω ἐσταμάτα ὁ ἵππος καὶ δὲν ἐκινεῖτο ἐκεῖθεν πρὶν ἢ λάβῃ τι ὁ ἐπαίτης· καὶ ἀφοῦ ἐτελείωσε τὸ ἀργυροῦν μου, τότε μόνον κατώρθωσα νὰ εὐχαριστήσω τὸν ἵππον καὶ νὰ φέρω αὐτὸν εἰς τὰ πρόσω, ὅταν προσεποικήθῃ ὅτι ἔδωκά τι εἰς τὸν ἐκέτην.” Σ.

—The following is an extract from the eloquent oration of Mr. Farrell, delivered at the entertainment on Saturday evening:

“.... Erin's heart has been broken—would that I had time to enumerate the many dark and shameful deeds that affected it—but her spirit, though sad and melancholy, remains as powerful and unwavering to-day as when, long ago, her children were as free as the very winds of heaven. England, like the devil fish, with its many arms that grasp and crush whatever comes within its reach, is always on the alert to grasp in her blood-stained hands those tribes or nations who cannot resist her onslaughts. We were but in our infancy when she endeavored to fill her coffers by imposing on us an unjust tax. We refused to pay it. She attempted to castigate us for our impertinence, as she termed it, but in that endeavor, England made one of the grandest mistakes of her national existence, one which brought grief to her callous heart, and lost to her the colonies. In 1812, she made a second attempt, but signally failed in her purpose, and was gloriously beaten. During the late struggle between the North and South English endeavor to sever the union was not wanting. All that she could do to annihilate us on that occasion was done. She wished to smother liberty. She has been, and is still, doing the same thing in Ireland. The Irish want their liberty; they desire that Emmet's epitaph be written; they desire to rend asunder the cruel fetters that have for ages encircled and bound Erin's fair form, wringing tears from her eyes, and causing plaintive wails to emanate from her grief-broken heart, but England makes the bonds the more stringent. How beautifully the American and Irish flags combine. How the Irish heart has united with that of their fortunate brethren in America. Both fought for liberty, and both fought against the same enemy. One is victorious, the other is still combating. In America, as elsewhere, you can find the sons of Ireland in all the prominent walks of life. In the Senate, in the Army and Navy, in the White House, as physicians of both soul and body. To use the words of that son of nature, Henry Clay, ‘Irishmen in every war in which we have been engaged, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict. Ireland is so identified with America as to be almost part and parcel of it; bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.’....”

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bowers, Brady, Burns, Bolton, J. Burke, V. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Comerford, Cavanagh, T. Carroll, Clarke, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Clements, Claffey, Cole, Jas. Delaney, Eisenhauer, Ewing, Fogerty, T. Flynn, E. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, Freeze, Fenton, F. Gallagher, Golonski, Grange, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Godfroy, Gooley, Grout, Galarnean, Jas. Heffernan, Harris, Johnston, Kleiber, Kane, Keller, Kolars, Koehler, Kuhn, L. Kavanagh, Kelly, Kaufman, Larkin, Mason, Murphy, Molloy, W. H. McCarthy, Meyer, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Martin, Mathers, Morse, Noble, Neeson, Noonan, Ott. O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, O'Brien, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Peters, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, T. Ryan, Stull, Stover, C. Smith, Solon, Saviers, Terrazas, Witwer, Whalen, Yrisarri, Zahm, Zähle, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Armijo, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cavaroc, J. Courtney, Cain, W. Dennis, C. Dennis, Devereux, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dunn, Duffin, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fehr, Fishel, Fogarty, Foster, H. Fisher, Hagerty, J. Henry, W. Henry, Hess, Hibbeler, Halligan, Hannavin, Holbrook, Hagen, Howard, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Livingston, McCawley, Mug, McGordon, Murphy, J. O'Donnell, Reach, J. Ryan, Schaeffer, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Seegers, Shannon, Stark, Taylor, Warren, Wilkinson, Wallace, Weber, Yrisarri, Zeigler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Chaves, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Chirhart, A. Devine, Doherty, Delaplane, Harris, Johnson, Luther, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, E. McGrath, McGordon, McPhee, Metz, F. Otis, Papin, Schmauss, Spencer, Schmitz, Studebaker, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Thomas, Walsh, Welch, Wright.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Wallace, Ohnick, Seegers Schillo, Kahman, Grothaus, Hailigan, Schaeffer, Hess, Berthelet, McCawley, Jas. Smith, Fendrich, M. Foote, Brewster, W. Murphy, W. Henry, Kain, Ruppe, Curtis, O'Donnell, Shannon, M. Kelly, W. Wright, Turnock, Weber, Foster, McErlain, Delgado, Jones, Campbell, Marlette, Saviers, Spencer, S. Murdock, Whitman, E. Yrisarri, Kleiber, Wall.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Instrumental Music—Messrs. Saviers, Grever, Mug, Kengel, Shannon, Ohnick, Schott, C. Porter, H. Porter, C. Murdock, Schaeffer, Johnson, H. Foote, Marlette, McErlaine, J. Armijo, Austin; Telegraphy—Messrs. J. W. Heffernan, Cole, Fenton, Ruger, Golonski, Campbell, T. McGrath, Neeson; Phonography—Messrs. Guthrie, Whitman, J. Heffernan, McErlaine, Muhlike, Schaeffer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—Masters G. Costigan, Moss, Johnson, L. Young, Harris, A. Kelly, Chaves, Stange, W. Walsh, Shicker, Schmitz, Thomas, Papin; Grammar—Masters Johnson, Walsh, J. J. McGrath, F. Otis, G. Costigan, Hopkins, Nester, Morrison, Papin, Moss, W. Prindiville.

For the Dome.

Mr. and Mrs. Radiger, Winnipeg, Canada.....\$10.00
A Child of Mary..... 10.00

[NOTE.—In our list of last week the name of F. B. Drexel, Banker, should have appeared instead of Drexel Baker.]

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Saturday, the esteemed and learned Chaplain of St. Mary's celebrated the anniversary of his ordination. Many fervent prayers were offered for him, as few have rendered themselves more worthy of grateful regard than the genial recipient of good wishes on that day.

—On Thursday, the Graduating Class was examined in Ancient History. The Board of Examiners was presided over by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, of the University, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier, and the Professor of History at Notre Dame; the members of the Academy Faculty also were present.

—On Monday, at five o'clock, at the regular Academic reunion in the Junior department, the second number of *THE LILY OF THE VALLEY*, the manuscript paper composed by the Juniors, was read in presence of Rev. Father Shortis; all present were unanimous in their expressions of satisfaction. The editresses were Catharine Ducey, Mary Dillon, Manuelita Chaves, Marion Morgan and Elizabeth Considine.

—On Monday morning, in the Chapel of Loretto, the instruction was upon Passion Sunday. It also embraced an allusion to the feast that day celebrated by the Church, that of St. Gregory the Great. The appropriateness of the time for this festival was noticed, since St. Gregory had himself instituted many of the customs observed at this period, as the veiling of statues, pictures and images during Passion Week, the suspension of the *Gloria*, and all demonstrations of joy, thereby to more deeply impress the faithful with the solemnity of the season. From St. Gregory came the title given to that music which the Church so earnestly favors, the "Gregorian Chant," "in order to render the services an edification, and not a scandal," to quote the words of the instruction, "as the light, trifling music, so much in vogue at present, certainly is."

Holy Week.

From the "Lily of the Valley."

Next week will be dear Holy Week;
Let hearts be humble, pure and meek,
And rest on Calvary's mournful height,
There, vigil keeping, day and night:

Yes, bend the knee in humble prayer,
Behold a God is dying there:
His eyes are closed, His head is bowed,
No more He hears the mocking crowd.

Beneath the Cross His Mother stands,
The Precious Blood bedews her hands;
Though grief's keen sword her heart hath rent,
God wills her woe, she must consent.

Here sin, by which the race was stained,
Is cancelled, man's salvation gained;
Our dear Lord's head sinks on His breast,
The crown of thorns is deeper pressed,
He breathes His *Consummatum est!*

M. D.

(From ST. MARY'S CHIMES, a manuscript paper edited by the Second and Third Senior Classes, Vol. VIII, No 3, read in the study-hall, March 11.)

The Varied Aspects of Winter.

Down, down, one by one, fluttering, whirling, the bright-hued leaves are falling. Gently they seek their rest among the flowers and grasses. The trees are fast growing bare, and, sombre brown skeletons, they wave their crackling branches to and fro. The frost is, every night, turning the plants from the bright green of summer to a dull brown. At last all cheerfulness has passed away; the sun shines in the heavens as a fiery red ball—the joyfulness of Indian summer is gone, and in its stead the long, dreary days pass slowly away.

Some morning when we awake a happy sight meets our view. During the stillness of night, when Morpheus had cast his mantle over all the earth, a great change had taken place. A pure, white robe of downy snow overspreads the land. No longer the black ground is seen, but far and near, over hill and valley, the same soft coverlet is laid. The air is filled with starry crystals which, floating here and there, at last reach their destination among their sister flakes.

Faster, faster they fall, and thicker grows the mantle. Now a strong wind blows, and, agitating this even robe, piles the snow in great mounds. Whistling and whirling, screeching through the streets and among the houses, it drives the fine snow into every crack and crevice. Again all is quiet. The rivers and lakes lie placid, transformed into a solid mass. The sun shines brightly through the clear sky; silvery pendants are hanging from the eaves and branches; but the landscape does not long remain in this condition. Soon the little lakes are covered with the forms of merry children. The air resounds with their joyous shouts and the jingling of musical sleigh-bells. Far and near the cheerful sounds are heard, and nature seems to have just awakened from a deep sleep to join in a grand revelry. As evening draws near, it grows steadily colder. The snow begins to fall again, and when morning comes it is several feet in thickness. The roads are made impassable, and the trains remain stationary. Then it is that the poor of our cities suffer most, and the inconveniences of winter far exceed the pleasures. The cold blasts from the north blow day and night, and many are the poor travellers who lie down, and sleep the sleep that knows no waking—the wild winds chanting their only dirge, and the white snow weaving their only shroud.

On the broad, bare prairies of Dakota, hundreds of cattle and sheep perish from cold and famine. Many consumptives in our pleasant towns and luxurious cities at this season are summoned to the dark and narrow tomb, for the delicate frame and the declining strength of the poor sufferers cannot resist the penetrating winds and sudden changes which often occur in the cold winter.

Oh, then, how welcome is the first breath of spring to those who are not surrounded by all the comforts of life! True, many are the pleasures of the winter months, but many also are the sufferings endured.

Slowly the aspect changes. Now and then, a breeze less cold is felt. The snow gradually melts, and here and there the bare ground is seen once more. The rivers and lakes swell, and terrible are the inundations throughout the land. Finally, the rivers resume their natural course, the snow and ice disappear, winter has passed away, and gently the breath of spring infuses the air with life and joy. The birds return to their summer homes, the flowers creep from their dark hiding places, and then, oh, how welcome are the bright days! We exclaim with all the fervor of our souls: "The joyous spring is cradled on the winter's icy breast, and yet comes flushed in beauty!"

E. C.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Adderly, Beal, Bathrick, Clarke, Chirhart, Campbell, Dillon, C. Donnelly, Dunn, Edgerly, Evarts, Eldridge, Feehan, Fendrich, Gove, Ginz, Heckard, Harrigan, M. Hawkins, Halter, Johnson, M. King, Kearns, Lancaster, Leach, Mohl, Madole, McCarten, McKenna, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Connell, Pick, Quinlan, A. Ryan, M. H. Ryan, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, Ramsey, Reiser, Sullivan, Shickey, Semmes, E. Slattery, Sawyer, Schaefer, Taylor, Van Patten, Wright. *2d Tablet*—Misses Barlow, Call, Duffield, Danforth, L. English, Fenlon, Hunt, L. Hawkins, Keenan, Munger, T. Slattery, Stackert, Steinem, Unger, Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Best, Coogan, Chaves, Dignan, Dillon, Donnelly, Fritchman, Halsey, Johnston, Naylor, Richmond, Spengler. *2d Tablet*—Misses Hawkins, Hetz, Hibben, Morgan, Moshier, McGrath, Nevius, Otis, Shephard, Van Horn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burtis, Chapin, M. Ducey, A. English, Lindsey, Morley, Otis, Prescott, Paul, Schmauss, G. Wallace.

Class Honors.

[According to Competitions held during the past month.]

Logic—Misses Johnson, Wright, M. H. Ryan, Todd, Duffield, Laffer, Fendrich; Geometry—Misses M. Call, Wright, Edgerly, Laffer, Munger, M. A. Ryan; Astronomy—Misses Johnson, Wright, M. H. Ryan, Duffield, Laffer, Fendrich; Rhetoric—Misses Keenan, Dunn, J.

Reilly, Gove, Call, Mohl, Barlow, Ginz, Slattery, Lancaster, Semmes, V. Reilly, Crawford, Ramsey, Spengler, Halter, E. Wallace; History—Misses Feehan, A. Dillon, Wiley, Wright, Clarke, Fox, A. Ryan, Fendrich, C. Lancaster, Sullivan, Todd, M. A. Ryan, M. Campbell, McCoy, Danforth, Heckard, L. English; French—Misses Crawford, Dunn, E. Bathrick, Mohl, E. Wallace, Richmond, Snowhook, Chaves, Van Horn, Brown, Barry, Best; Botany—Misses Dunn, Gove, Ginz, Slattery, Barlow, Keenan, Ramsey, V. Reilly, Spengler; Chemistry—Misses Johnson, Keenan, Gove, Dunn, Ginz, Slattery, Shickey, Call, Duffield, V. Reilly, Ramsey, Crawford, Laffer, Walsh; Arithmetic—Misses McCauley, Coogan, M. Dillon, Hunt, Harris, A. Babcock, Fritchman, Quinlan, E. Wallace, Considine, Morgan, A. Duffield, M. King, Nevius, Schmidt, Van Horn, Snowhook, Ewing, Hibben, Moshier, McGrath, Rodgers, A. English, Coyne, Halsey, B. Haney, Malbœuf; Grammar—Misses Considine, C. Ducey, A. Duffield, Morgan, Nevius, Coogan, Comerford, Chirhart, Gavan, Harris, McCauley, Moshier, Richmond, Kirkham, B. Haney, Van Horn, Snowhook, Schmidt, M. Eldridge, E. Wallace, McGrath, Malbœuf, Hibben, Ewing, A. English, Halsey, E. Johnson, Mooney, Kearns, Fehr, Fritchman, Rodgers, Coyne, Spotwood, Schmauss, Donnelly.

FRAGRANCE, harmony, beauty, these appeal to the senses, and upon reflection we find that they convey impressions which constitute the highest ideal the soul, caged in its prison-house of clay, can form of heavenly beatitude. This is as it should be. The conceptions afforded by earthly joy of celestial life are not to be scorned; they are the repose, the rejuvenation of the soul:

"A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts at rest,
From labor's wheel unbound."

We naturally speak of the beauty and harmony of heaven, and of "the odor of sanctity." Reflecting upon them, the eternal Eden of our hopes is brought nearer to us, and, to once more quote Father Faber,

"Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart;
Because, in thought, our Heaven and Earth
Are cast too far apart."

Through the avenue of the senses we obtain some idea, vague and indefinite as it may be, of the glory which, in the words of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Let us pause for a moment to consider the value attached to human beauty. Alas! too well we know how much has been, how much will be, sacrificed to its shrine; and yet there is no real beauty, unless it be the reflection of a pure and innocent soul. This is the beauty that can never die. It remains unblemished by sorrow, undiminished by age, and even death itself casts no chill, no shadow over its perfections. Human follies, earthly gratifications, alone destroy these heaven-born attractions.

Should not that sex, to whom beauty is such a *desideratum*, resolve to secure that which can never fade, which can never be defaced? What a misfortune, from motives of vanity and selfishness, to sacrifice forever the Beatific Vision, and the possession of an immortal and incomprehensible beauty!

A. D.

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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 25 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 45 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express.	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - -	7 10 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	5 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 38 a. m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City -	4 30 "	5 30 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

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*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 45 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 "	7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 "	4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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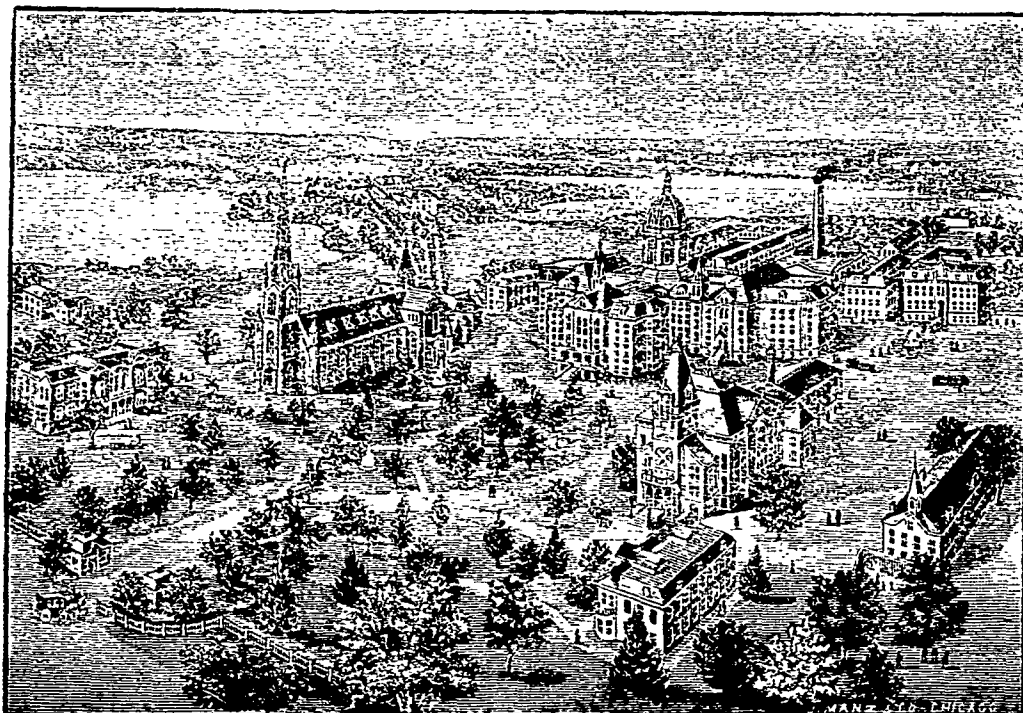
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GOING EAST:

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.

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