

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturnus.

VOL. XVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 7, 1883.

No. 30.

The Snows of March.

The snows of March, the snows of March,
How pitiless they fall,
While hearts made sick by hope deferred
In vain on springtime call.

For many days the blue bird's song
Has echoed thoughts of cheer:
The robin's too confiding breast
Has shown its crimson here;

The cottonwood, with bursting buds,
Responds to fostering rays,
And golden tints on willow twigs
Foretell of brighter days.

Yet ceaseless snows, unwelcome snows
Still pitilessly fall
And check the vernal energies
Beneath their ghastly pall.

We shrink not from November's snow,
That soothes the chafing air,
And covers Summer's ruined hopes
With glittering gems and fair;

Nor from December's full supply,
When snow birds sport with glee,—
And merry sleigh bells tell of joys
For winter days to be.

But these unsought-for, lingering snows,
Have naught for us in store:
Their only mission seems to teach
The sigh of "Nevermore."

O. CICATRIX FERA, '87½.

Thoughts on Hawthorne.

III.

The third of Hawthorne's novels is entitled the "Blithedale Romance," and is of peculiar interest as giving one an idea of the famous Brook Farm experiment. In New England, some forty years ago, a number of people—mainly transcendentalists—became possessed with the laudable idea of regenerating the world; an idea which took practical form in the establishment of a socialistic community of both sexes. They rented a farm, and, living in the plainest way, worked at agriculture for the common support. Hawthorne, Curtis,

Thoreau and Margaret Fuller were all at one time members. Many scenes of the romance are laid at Blithedale (Brook Farm), and the story is told in the first person, by Miles Coverdale, who is supposed to represent Hawthorne.

Coverdale is a poet, good-natured, rather epicurean, lacking enthusiasm, preferring observation to action; a gentle cynic, fond of studying people and analyzing motives. Damp and wearied, he arrives at Blithedale on an April evening, but is made cheerful by the big open fire and the courteous, kindly welcome of Zenobia.

Zenobia is probably the best of Hawthorne's creations. She is, and we use the trite phrase with meaning, a magnificent woman. Physically, she is almost perfect in beauty and development. Her voice fine, frank, and mellow; her hair dark, glossy and in singular abundance; her hand large, but in just proportion to her entire development; her features beautiful, and though a little deficient in delicacy, yet in perfect accord with her general bloom and vigor. As she seemed to Coverdale, from a physical standpoint, "womanliness incarnate," so her traits—her strength, her weakness, are those of a well developed woman. Her intellect is brilliant; but, wonderful as a conversationalist, as an authoress she is poor; proud, haughty and satirical, with cultured tastes and an almost oriental love for the gorgeously beautiful. Yet destined to offer her love and life to a narrow-minded fanatic, fresh from the blacksmith's forge, whose egotism divided all mankind into his slaves and his enemies. Broad-minded, and with a noble courage that scorned petty restraints, she had allowed one foolish step, taken years before, to embitter her whole life. What impresses one most in her favor is the absence of any littleness in her character; whether she loves or suffers, or only amuses herself, it is in her own large way.

On the night of Coverdale's arrival, Hollingsworth and Priscilla are introduced. The former is a narrow-minded, fanatical philanthropist, with a scheme for the reformation of criminals, by bringing them under healthy moral influences. A rough fellow, but one who would have been capable of doing great good, had not his whole nature been warped by his devotion to his ridiculous plan. It was his religion, his life; and all must either believe in it as firmly as he, or be reckoned among his enemies. Though calculated to repel Zenobia, whom he antagonizes at so many points, he first

attracts her by his egotism and earnestness, and then holds her by the love she develops for him. This love, its disappointment, and the consequent suicide of Zenobia, form the main topic of the story.

Priscilla, as it would seem more naturally, loves him, too. She is a poor seamstress, who, at her own request, Hollingsworth has brought to Blithedale. Though none suppose it, she is the half-sister of Zenobia; their common father lost his first wife, and, shortly after, his entire fortune, and being guilty of crime, fled. Afterwards a poor devil, in an obscure tenement of Boston, he marries again, and his second wife dying, leaves him Priscilla. In the mean time, his brother has died intestate, and he being reckoned dead, his first child, Zenobia, succeeds to a large fortune, and by means of her brilliant intellect gains a great reputation. The old man having told the story to Priscilla, she conceives a romantic devotion to her brilliant sister. To bring them together, Priscilla is sent to Blithedale. At first she is treated rather harshly by Zenobia, but Hollingsworth is her champion, and soon the three are very intimate. Priscilla, as we said, had been a seamstress; she was a pretty girl, delicate, and not yet fully developed. The pleasing thing about her is the simplicity of her character. Neither past nor future can take away a jot from her enjoyment of the present. She loves Hollingsworth, but in a far different way from Zenobia; she believes that whatever he says and does must be perfect, and gives herself up entirely to him. She is represented, however, as very nervous, and gifted with almost Sibylline attributes. For example, once Coverdale sees at a distance Zenobia take the brawny hand of Hollingsworth and press it to her bosom; at that very moment, though she sees nothing, Priscilla droops. Several instances of this faculty are given, and the reader will remember her wonderful gift as a mesmeric medium. Some of the prettiest passages in the book are written about her; her gradual development, her light-hearted pleasures, her loyalty to Zenobia, and her worship of Hollingsworth.

In the meanwhile the philanthropist seemed to sport with the affections of both herself and her sister. He had come to Blithedale not through any love for the scheme or belief in it, but merely to make proselytes, and on the ruins of Blithedale to construct his great criminal asylum. Priscilla he regards as a younger sister, and Zenobia he intends to marry, and through her ample means to give his visionary plan its practical accomplishment. There is now introduced in the story a Prof. Westervelt who holds some mysterious relation with Zenobia—perhaps her husband—something of a conventional villain who uses Priscilla as a mesmeric medium under the title of the "Veiled Lady." How he obtained Priscilla, who was responsible, what were Westervelt's motives, are questions naturally growing out of the story; and by some of these, Hollingsworth is alienated from Zenobia. Coverdale witnesses their final separation. The three chapters describing the last words between the two, the scene between Cover-

dale and Zenobia, and finally, the search for the corpse, are written with terrible power.

The scene is at night, and in the wood near the old farm-house. Here Coverdale comes upon his three friends and infers from their faces something of the scene that has preceded his arrival. Suffering agony worse than death, Zenobia is still herself. She tries to assume a bantering tone and, with her old consciousness of power, tries to renew a discussion that can only add, if possible, to her misery. To Priscilla, her successful rival, she speaks kindly and with a sort of contemptuous pity. As long as Hollingsworth and Priscilla are in sight, or may throw back a farewell glance, she stands proud and erect; but the moment they disappear, she sinks upon the ground in terrible agony. Natural, and in accord too, with her character, is the conversation a few moments after between herself and Coverdale. Now she tries to assume her old satirical tone, now breaks out into complaints of man's injustice to woman, now contrasts her own beauty and talents with those of Priscilla, now rebukes Coverdale for his harsh judgment of Hollingsworth, and yet says to tell him he has murdered her, and she will haunt him—from first to last is Zenobia. After the finding of the body, the author says:

"Were I to describe the horror of that spectacle, the reader might justly reckon it to me for a sin and a shame. . . . Of all the modes of death, I think it is the ugliest. Her wet garments, swathed limbs of terrible inflexibility, she was the marble image of a death agony. Her arms had grown rigid in the act of struggling and were bent before her with clenched hands—and, thank God for it! in the attitude of prayer. . . . One hope I had and that too was mingled with fear; she knelt in the consciousness of prayer. With the last choking consciousness, her soul bubbling out through her lips, had given itself up to the Father, reconciled and penitent. But her arms—they were bent before her as if she struggled against Providence in never-ending hostility. Her hands! They were clenched in immitigable defiance. Away with the hideous thought! The fitting moment after Zenobia sank into the dark pool was as long in its capacity of God's infinite forgiveness as the lifetime of the world."

To me, apart from its beauty, this passage is very interesting from the Catholic spirit that pervades it. Hollingsworth, after the death of Zenobia, is a changed and broken man. In their last interview she tells him he has been guilty of wrong and injustice. Unable to deny her charges, his egotism, for the first time, is shaken, and he turns as a last resource to Priscilla. To her there is no doubt or fear, when she is thus called upon to choose between the two; Hollingsworth must be right and entirely right, because in her eyes he can do no wrong. His remorse for the death of Zenobia seems to me too excessive; his egotism gives way too easily.

Blithedale has many beauties and some grave defects. The style is easier—with less appearance of polish—than in the "Seven Gables"; and the romance abounds in felicitous passages. But I am far from agreeing with Mr. Lathrop that it is the best of Hawthorne's works. Of the characters I have already spoken. Both Priscilla and Hollingsworth are in some respects faulty; I particularly object to the Sibylline attributes of the

former. Indeed, the part of the story around which the plot turns is too much in the unreal, is too vaguely hinted at, even for Hawthorne. The Brook Farm scheme is kindly satirized. Though banded together to improve the world, the first question occurring to the reformers was how to get an advantage over that same world, since the very smallness of their number forced them into a position of hostility. Again he laughs at the processes of the amateur farmers by telling the slanders circulating among their neighbors:

"They had the face to say that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking time, and invariably kicked over the pails; partly, in consequence of putting the stool on the wrong side, and partly, because taking offence at the whisking of their tails, we were in the habit of holding these natural fly flappers with one hand and milking with the other."

Then he advances the incontrovertible statement that a man, who gives up eight hours a day to manual labor will have little time or inclination to develop his intellect; and in this connection speaks with terrible satire of the life of the ordinary uneducated farmer. In Blithedale, like the rest of Hawthorne's, there is no human background; none but the four of all the large community are mentioned, and few details of the life given. Silas Forster is well drawn; I would hardly dare to criticise the probability of any of his actions, as he must have been taken directly from life. Before leaving this work, we must refer with the highest praise to the passage describing Hollingsworth's kindness to Coverdale during the sickness of the latter; and the scene where their friendship is sundered by Coverdale's refusal to join in the scheme of the philanthropist. They are two of the many passages that give the Blithedale Romance its peculiar charm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,

The Building of Rome.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

(Morning. The Summit of Mount Aventine.

REMUS, SYLVIVS and PLISTINUS.)

REMUS.—Here is the spot, my friends, where I must wait

Till chance, or, as you say, the will divine,
Shall send a vulture, or till Romulus
Announce the indication sent to him.
And on such trivial things our fate depends.
'Tis settling kingdoms on a throw of dice;
And yet I am content, for no desire
Have I to rule the ill-assorted throng
That follows Romulus; nor, like to him,
Would I proclaim asylum here for all—
Receive the fugitive from justice, keep
The slave fled from his master, nor return
Even the murderer to his legal doom;
So let the gods, forsooth, their omens send

To him who doth believe them, not to me!

PLISTINUS.—Scoff not, my lord, in pride of youth and strength,

At immemorial customs, I am old,
And many strange occurrences have seen,—
Mysterious events, which humble means,
Moved by the power divine, have brought about.
Thine own deliverance from a watery death,
Thy sustenance from a she-wolf derived,
Should make thee reverent. Thou shouldst thank the gods

Who have conducted thee by wondrous ways
Unto the threshold of a kingdom.

REMUS.—Far from me
Be base ingratitude. One sovereign God
Do I adore, and Him alone I thank
For all the wondrous care that did surround
My childhood. But this throng of deities
Of wood and stone, made by the hands of men,
Delighting, as they say, in blood, and speaking
Their will to men by entrails, or by flight
Of birds obscene, in search, perhaps, of garbage
To fill their hungry maws, I do reject
As most unworthy of the human mind.

PLISTINUS.—And yet the vulture is a useful bird,

Pernicious neither unto corn nor cattle.
Nor like to eagles, owls and hawks, that prey
Upon their kin, the lesser birds; but these
Remove what would contaminate the air,
And use for food that which to us were poison;
Nor are they often seen, like other birds
That may be found at any time. A vulture
Is an uncommon sight. Great Hercules
Did much rejoice whene'er he might behold them.

SYLVIVS.—And even now, see where they fly,
Lord Remus!

They come! they come! they circle 'round thy head!

Six of them! Messengers of mighty Jove,
Accept the happy omen of the gods!

REMUS.—It is the sign agreed on, though mere chance

Direct it; and if Romulus has pledged
Himself to chance, as though 'twere will divine,
By chance must he be governed. Is 't not so?

PLISTINUS.—Just so, my lord. And now let Sylvius hie

Unto the Palatine, and make it known;
It is the warrant of supremacy.

REMUS.—Go, Sylvius, then. (Exit SYLVIVS.)
Though little joy have I

To take from him that which to him is dear,
While unto me 'tis worse than valueless.

PLISTINUS.—Yet he to whom the sign has come must reign.

Thou hast no choice, my king; not for thyself
Shalt thou the sceptre wield, but for the throng
That look to thee for guidance. And anon
The multitude will 'round thee flock.

REMUS.—Good friend,
Thou shalt be of my councillors the chief;
Come, let us now proceed to view the site
Of this our destined city that shall crown
The lofty crest of Aventinus' hill. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

(*Mount Palatine. ROMULUS, CELER, and FERONIUS.*)

CELER.—My lord, thy weary watch hath been fulfilled;

We also have been wakeful. At the foot
Of this Mount Palatine, thy chosen Mount,
The Mount of Destiny, we sat and watched
The livelong night; and it did seem to us
Strange music sounded from the mountain top,
And spirits were around thee. Far from us,
However, be it into scenes divine
To seek to penetrate.

ROMULUS.—'Tis true, my friends,
This night has been a wondrous night for me.
Methought my father Mars to me descended
And showed me glories yet to come. He showed
The city as it one day shall be built,
Chief among cities, ruling all the world,
Adorned with all the wealth of distant lands:
And then another came,—a form of peace,—
Singing a song yet sweeter, but the sense
I scarce could understand, and I beheld
A temple where the God of gods shall dwell!

FERONIUS.—The visions of the night shall be confirmed,
We trust, this morning, by the heavenly sign
For which the throng below awaits. Already
Their expectation bids them hail thee, king!

CELER.—Yes, yes, the sign shall come! Ah,
why so long

Do these reluctant vultures hide themselves?
Did we not so desire them, we should see
A score of them, while we have waited here.

ROMULUS.—Patience, my friends, the gods in
their own time
Will manifest their will. But who comes here,
Running and out of breath, as up the slope
He climbs? What, Sylvius! whereto art thou
come? (*Enter SYLVIUS.*)

SYLVIUS.—King Remus sends me: for to him
the gods
Have shown the heavenly sign. Six noble birds,
Vultures of largest size, did circle 'round—
Three times around his royal head—then flew
Eastward as if to meet the rising sun.

CELER.—Sylvius, thou liest! Foully dost thou
lie!

What gods to Remus e'er would send a sign—
To Remus, who denies the gods? Fie! fie!

FERONIUS.—Or if some bird he saw, 'twas not
the vulture—
Some owl—some sparrow, or, perhaps, some bat,
Blind as the chance that sent it, not the bird
The gods are wont to send, to speak their will.

CELER.—But see, king Romulus,—behold!
behold!

There to the southward, those are truly vultures!
ROMULUS.—Thine eyes are sharp, my Celer, I
see none.

SYLVIUS.—No; nor doth Celer!

CELER.—Lying fool, avaunt!
Look here, my lord! Follow my finger's point,
See,—to the southward—there, there,—one—two
—three.

Yes: there are twelve of them.

ROMULUS.—I see! I see!

The gods be thanked! I see the heavenly sign.

SYLVIUS.—But are they vultures?

CELER.—Fool, be off at once,

Or it shall be the worse for thee. Feronius,
Summon the multitude and make it known:
Bid them salute great Romulus, their king.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE III.

(*A Hall in NUMITOR'S Palace. NUMITOR,
DUBIUS.*)

NUMITOR.—How strangely rumor deals with
facts. I've heard

Reports from Remus stating that the sign
Appeared to him at sunrise. Yet they say
That Romulus hath been chosen leader as if
He were the chosen of the gods.

DUBIUS.—Belike

The people's voice is the efficient sign,
And not the flight of birds. The people's voice
Doth make or mar the fortunes of a king.

NUMITOR.—The people?—what? that ill-as-
sorted throng.

That followed Romulus? Nay! I am thankless,
To call them ill that did restore my crown.

(*Enter PLISTINUS.*)

But here comes one on whom we can rely.

Plistinus, tell us what is the event
Of this day's trial? Which o' the boys is king?

PLISTINUS.—If he is king, O king, to whom the
sign

From heaven is shown, then Remus is the king;
But if the senseless mob can make a ruler
Of whom they will, then Romulus is king.

NUMITOR.—But Romulus is devoted to the gods,
And if their choice hath fallen on his brother,
He will resign the power unto him.

PLISTINUS.—Perchance he will, O king!

DUBIUS.—Perchance, he cannot.

The multitude surrounding him will see,
And make him see what birds they will.

NUMITOR.—But say,
Plistinus, is it true that Remus saw
The birds of omen?

PLISTINUS.—True it is, O king;
For I was with him, there, when he did see them,
And sent the news to Romulus forthwith.

But scarcely could our messenger have reached
The Palatine, when rose a mighty shout
Rending the air from all the gathered throng
Encamped about the mount where Romulus
Was keeping watch; proclaiming him their king.

(*Enter FAUSTULUS.*)

NUMITOR.—Welcome, good Faustulus! say, hast
thou learned

Aught, lately, of the twins? It seemed to me
That trial by omens would prevent a strife
Between them; therefore gave I the advice.
But now, if what we hear is true, 'twas worse
Than useless thus to seek the will divine.

FAUSTULUS.—O king, I hither come from
Romulus:

He owns six vultures have been seen by Remus,
But says that he saw twelve; a double proof!

PLISTINUS.—But not till after Remus saw the
six.

DUBIUS.—If they had waited, it might come to
pass

That twenty-four by Remus would be seen;
'Tis not the number, but the first appearance.

FAUSTULUS.—O king, no skill have I the will
divine

To read in omens, but this do I know,
That of these twins, that with an equal love
Beneath my eye have grown from infancy,
Romulus hath the skill to govern men.
He knows their hearts; he speaks in words that
reach

Their inmost souls; he binds them to his will;
He marshals well their forces, placing each
According to the post that suits him best.
Now, Remus, though of equal strength and skill
And intellect, (superior, rather, if
A difference there be,) cares not to rule—
Seeks not to influence his fellow-men,
But rather seems contemptuous of the mob.

NUMITOR.—Then will he not contend with
Romulus
About the kingdom? It were better so.

PLISTINUS.—'Tis not the loss of kingdom he
deplores;
But that the brother, whom so much he loves,
Should for a kingdom thus be false to him.
This chills his heart,—angers his soul, and furrows
The godlike smoothness of his brow. In vain
His few but faithful friends essay to break
The gloom that casts its shadow o'er his spirit.

NUMITOR.—Come with me: I must seek him.
Fatal this;
And we must strive the danger to avert. (*Exeunt*.)

SCENE IV.

(*The Palatine. A wall partly built. ROMULUS,
CELER, FERONIUS, and others.*)

ROMULUS.—Proceed, my friends, and carry on
the work.

I must betake myself where other cares
Require my presence, and Feronius,
Be thou commander while I am not here. (*Exit*
ROMULUS.)

OMNES.—May the gods guide thee, king, and
guard thy way!

FERONIUS.—And when he shall return, this
wall complete
Shall greet his eyes. So let us fall to work.

(*They build the wall.*)

(*Enter REMUS, with SYLVIVS.*)

REMUS.—Here is the mighty city, Sylvius,
Behold these vast, majestic walls arise,
Like those of Thebes or Memphis! Dost thou
think

A scaling ladder or a battering ram
Against them would avail?

SYLVIVS.—Methinks, O king,
An active man, with small exertion, might
O'erleap these walls, nor need a scaling ladder.

CELER.—Nor would he need aught else, after
the feat.

For whose leaps these walls shall find behind
A living wall that can repulse the foe.

REMUS.—The living wall and this of stone I scorn
Alike. Thus will thine enemies o'erleap
Thy wall, O Romulus! (*Leaps over wall.*)

CELER.—And thus shall we
Smite down th' invading foe. (*Strikes down
REMUS with a club.*)

SYLVIVS.—Remus is slain!

FERONIUS.—What hast thou done, O Celer?
Romulus

Will ne'er forgive this deed. Remus is dead—
Dead by thy hand, too zealous partisan!
Flee for thy life! Swift as thy name, let now
Thy heels convey thee into Tuscany!

CELER.—Not for my life—what is my life to
me?

That was all given up to Romulus;
But to avoid thine angry eyes, my king,
For whom I fain would die, and yet whose face
I ne'er must see again. My punishment
Is far more bitter than the crime deserves. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter ROMULUS, NUMITOR, PLISTINUS, and
FAUSTULUS.*)

ROMULUS.—Why lags the work thus? Where-
fore this delay?

What do I see? A brother's lifeless form?
O Remus! Who hath wrought this misery?
(*Kneels by the corpse.*)

Nay, nay, thou art not dead—thou art not cold—
What!—pulseless!—and with eyes so deathlike,
fixed

In stony stare upon me! What is this?

SYLVIVS.—Death! death! my lord, for leaping
o'er the wall,

Straight was he smitten down.

ROMULUS.—By whom?

FERONIUS.—By Celer;
Who, seeing what a deed his hand had wrought,
Fled for his life.

ROMULUS.—Why did ye let him flee?
Justice shall overtake him, and my curse
Shall dog his footsteps; what! is this the price
That must be paid to wear a paltry crown?
And do ye think that I shall e'er enjoy
A kingdom purchased with a brother's blood?
Nay, my good sword shall rather shed my own.

(*Draws his sword, and attempts to plunge it into
his heart. FAUSTULUS and PLISTINUS hold him.*)

NUMITOR.—Restrain him, friends, and let him
not destroy

That precious life, become my only hope.
Disarm him, bear him to his mother's side,
And let her calm this burst of frantic grief—
Grief which she, too, must share.

(*FAUSTULUS and PLISTINUS lead ROMULUS
away.*)

And, Sylvius, now
Summon the friends of Remus here, that no
Hand that he loved not may profane the form
Now cold in death. The last sad rites are all
That we can fondly render to him now.

(*Closed in.*)

(THE END.)

Art, Music, and Literature.

—A single book in the Earl of Ashburnham's Library, known as the "Albani Missal," an illuminated ancient MS., has been valued at \$50,000.

—A celebrated fresco by Fra Angelico, "Christ on the Cross," has been transferred from the Dominican convent, at Fiesole, to the gallery of the Louvre.

—The problem of self-help among women is the theme of Mr. Howells's story, "A Woman's Reason," begun in the *February Century*. The name "Caste" was first given to this story. It was later altered to "A Sea Change," and finally to "A Woman's Reason."

—The *Alpine Journal*, published by Longmans, London, is edited by the Rev. W. A. Coolidge, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Mr. Coolidge is a nephew of Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, whose late sister, Miss Meta Brevoort, was one of the few ladies who have made the ascent of Mont Blanc.

—The great Library of Paris and of the world—the *Bibliothèque Nationale*—is subsidized by the French Government with \$235,000, and a large sum is set aside for cataloguing and binding. With a view to isolate the fireproof block which the books fill, more than one and a third million dollars have been voted. For the support of the art and archæological schools in Rome and Athens, the present annual appropriation amounts to \$30,000. The Paris Library catalogue of coins enumerates 145,648 specimens.

—The period of the celebrity of the late Hendrik Conscience—the Flemish novelist—dates as far back as 1840, when his novels created almost as great a sensation in Belgium as the *Waverly Novels* did when they were first published in England. He wrote in the Flemish language, and his favorite subjects were scenes of rural life. For some time he disputed the supremacy in this field of fiction with George Sand. The celebrity which his novels achieved in Belgium soon led to their translation into French and other European languages. He was for a long time tutor of King Leopold II. Conscience received quite an ovation, some months ago, on the production of his 100th book.

—The best praise that can be bestowed on Gregorian music is its history. Bound up as it has been with the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, and pervading her whole liturgical existence, it becomes a witness to her unity—the language to which it is wedded is so sonorous and dignified, the place where it is heard so holy, and the strain itself so simple, clear, and yet so sublime: all this determines its purpose, makes it a constituent part of the Church's ritual, and testifies to the influence of the Holy Spirit, who is said to have inspired its originator, St. Gregory the Great. "The Catholic knows its worth, when he goes to the most distant part of the globe, and finds there the service of the Church even to the smallest detail, just as he left it at home." But what is its intrin-

sic worth? "We can scarcely imagine," writes Ambros in his history of music, "a more expressive manner of singing, or one that so thoroughly satisfies all the demands of the Liturgy." The Protestant Herder says, "Go through the Ritual of the Roman and Greek Churches, you find vast edifices, nay labyrinths of the musical and poetical spirit.—*Haberl*."

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, lately brought some beautiful mosaics from Italy, prominent among which were some containing views of the various places of interest about Rome. One table is of black marble, having a square border, something in the Greek style, and so skilfully shaded that one is disappointed to find it is not in high relief. Inside this is a circle of green malachite, and separated by a black and red line are beautiful pictures of the tomb of Metellus Celius, the Coliseum, the Forum, the Arch of Titus, the Pantheon, the Tomb of Adrian, and the Castle of San Angelo, with a view of the Tiber. In the centre of all is placed, most appropriately, the centre of the Roman world, St. Peter's and the Vatican. The coloring is perfect, and even under a strong glass the picture does not suffer. The two fountains on either side of the open space in front of St. Peter's are beautifully done, and the delicate gradations in the tint of the sky seem almost miraculous when it is considered that every separate shade is represented by a different piece of glass. The second table is a larger one, being twenty-eight inches in diameter, but is not so full of views as the other. It has in the centre a view of the Forum, which is about eight inches in diameter, and the details of which are excellent. The shading of the Italian sky and the effects of sunlight on the broken columns are exquisite. About two inches from the edge of the table, which is of black marble, is a wreath of flowers executed in admirable style. Everyone is a perfect work of art and represents an appalling amount of skilled and patient labor. The other pictures are framed like small pictures or panels. One in ebony and crimson plush is an elongated ellipse, $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and is a view of the Castle of San Angelo and the bridge across the "Yellow Tiber." In the distance is a side view of St. Peter's; on the right of the centre is a view of the Vatican, and one of the windows was pointed out by the Bishop as belonging to the room of Leo XIII. In the right middle ground is the Castle of San Angelo, upon whose summit is the colossal bronze angel from which it gets its name. Floating down the river is a picturesque Italian sail-boat. The other panel is richly framed in gilt, and is another view of the Forum, taken from the opposite side from the one previously mentioned. Other public buildings are visible, and while the workmanship is almost imperceptibly inferior in point of delicacy of finish, a more satisfactory effect is produced in some details, noticeably in the grass and on the columns. The fifth piece was very much smaller than the rest, and, to the uninitiated, might look like cheaper work. This mosaic is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$, and cost 800 francs, about \$160.

College Gossip.

—Columbia's new Library building will accommodate 80,000 volumes.

—Thirteen thousand volumes were added during the last year to the Harvard library.

—The reading-room of Harvard College now has on file sixteen daily, thirty weekly, and three monthly papers, besides all periodicals of over forty colleges. —*Phoenix*.

—President Porter, of Yale, testifies emphatically in favor of college athletics, stating that they not only benefit the students physically, but even morally. —*Swarthmore Phoenix*.

—The \$50,000 offered by Senator Brown to the State University of Georgia has been declined by the Legislature of that State because there were too many conditions imposed on its acceptance.

—Three boys, under sixteen years of age, students of Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, Ind., have been arrested for setting fire to the south hall of the college on Sunday night, March the 18th.

—It is understood that a dormitory building, costing \$25,000, is to be built next summer and to be presented to Harvard College by a citizen of Cambridge. The yearly rent of each apartment is to be \$50.

—The required class rhetorical work at Yale is one essay and rhetoric in the Freshman year, eight essays in Sophomore year, four or five written debates in the Junior year, and four or five written exercises and off-hand speeches in the Senior year. —*Coup d'Etat*.

—The *Dartmouth* claims that thirty per cent. of the students of that college are skeptics. —*Harvard Herald*.

The Senior Class of Dartmouth, some time ago, passed a resolution to have Ingersoll lecture before them. If they wish to create a lively sensation they can do so by sending for Louise Michel.

—"When does school commence again?" The freshman turns up his nose and says he does not know. The sophomore laughs uproariously, and does not answer at all. The Junior smiles politely, and explains that we generally say college here; but the Senior answers promptly, "Next Thursday." —*Yale Record*.

—Dr. Pusey's successor in the Oxford Professorship of Hebrew and the annexed Canonry of Christchurch is the Rev. S. R. Driver, Fellow of New College. Mr. Driver, like his predecessor at the time of his appointment, has the advantage of youth, having taken his degree in 1870, after a distinguished University career.

—"Student in Roman History trying to speak of the social war: "Then the *alleys* of Rome——." Instructor: "That is sufficient, Mr. ——."

So much for our present "system" (?) of spelling, which, in connection with the foregoing, gives us "rally;" "tally," etc. Tinkering has gone on long enough; it is about time the English language had a new bottom.

—The University of Vermont has a benefactor in John P. Howard. In addition to his recent be-

quest to this institution, amounting to \$115,000, he is preparing to erect a fine gymnasium, to be finished next spring. The bronze statue of Lafayette, for which he gave \$25,000, is nearing completion, and will be set up in the college grounds early next summer. —*Chronicle*.

—The Nuncios of the Court of Lisbon have always been the "protectors" of three institutions belonging to English subjects, to wit, a college for the education of Roman Catholic priests for England, which has about fifty inmates, and two convents belonging to the Irish province of the Dominican order, one for monks and one for nuns. These Irish Dominicanesses have the education of the daughters of the *élite* of Portugal. —*Cleveland Universe*.

—There seems to be some hidden sarcasm in the following item, which we clip from the *Indianapolis Daily Sentinel*:

"The L. N. A. and C. is noted not only for being the longest road in the State, but for having at each end a Penitentiary, and more Colleges on its line than any other road in the State. Beginning at New Albany is the DePauw College; the Southern Indiana Normal at Mitchel; the State University at Bloomington; Asbury University at Greencastle; Indiana Central Normal at Ladoga; Wabash College at Crawfordsville; Purdue University at Lafayette, and near its line the Northern Indiana Normal at Valparaiso."

A poor-house at either end might be thought bad enough for the coming graduates, but a penitentiary at both ends—that is a little too hard.

—There is some probability, says the *Boston Advertiser*, that another American university, not a growth, but the outcome of legislation, may be added to the long list. The proposition is for the consolidation of the educational institutions of Indiana into what is called "one grand university," to be established in Indianapolis. The colleges at Lafayette and Bloomington were founded by congressional aid, and therefore the consent of Congress in the form of an enabling act would be required before this scheme can be carried into effect. The tendency to unite colleges is something like the popular habit of consolidating business enterprises; but it is a mistake to think that heaping up several colleges make a university. Mere bulk is not enough. —*Harvard Herald*.

—May Cole Baker published in *Our Continent* an interesting sketch of Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C. Among other things, we are told that the University is in possession of a large oval solid mahogany dining table, brought over by Lord Baltimore from England. It takes nine men to lift it. The college was opened in 1792, and was visited in 1797 by General Washington, who rode there unattended, and hitched his horse to the paling. The General was received with an address from the students. The library and museum of the College contain many rare objects, among which are a Latin Bible of 1479, the Pandects of Justinian, Venice, 1477 and a Mahomedan prayer-book taken by Commodore Decatur from the neck of a Moorish soldier killed in the battle of Tripoli.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 7, 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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T. EWING STEELE, '84.	J. LARKIN (LAW), '83.

—On Sunday evening, Very Rev. Father Sorin left Notre Dame for Europe on business connected with the Order of the Holy Cross of which he is the Superior-General. Previous to his departure, a farewell reception was tendered by the students. Addresses were read by Mr. F. A. Quinn in behalf of the students, and by Master R. Papin, with John Wright and A. Roberts, representing the Sorin Association of the Minim department. Father General replied very happily and at some length, thanking all for the good wishes expressed, and exhorting them to renewed diligence and zeal in profiting by their present opportunities. He said, in bidding them good bye, it was with the hope that but a short time would elapse before he would be once again with them.

In union with all at Notre Dame, we again wish Father General and his reverend companion a safe voyage and a speedy return.

—The physical condition designated "laziness" frequently indicates nothing more nor less than a low state of vitality. It is as difficult for persons having vital force in abundance to be indolent as it is for those in whom it is comparatively wanting to be vigorous and active. Vital energy departs

in many ways, and normal activity departs with it. To regain it, judicious means, calculated to conserve and build it up, must be adopted. The "laziness" frequently noted in children, not to mention those of larger growth, may be due to a sluggish flow of the life-current, owing to improper regimen, neglect of sanitary rules, and rapid growth. In view of such facts, people are not always to be blamed for being indolent. In many instances, it is natural for them to be so.

—Want of courtesy is one of the most prevalent faults of our time. This fact should be borne in mind, as well by young men who are preparing, and studying, and qualifying themselves for the actual contests of life, as by persons who are now engaged therein. Clerks in stores and offices, not less than the proprietors, too frequently manifest impatience and churlishness when poor people, or those who want to buy but trifles, call upon them and engage their time for a few minutes in asking questions. This is a mistake, as viewed with reference to the business interests of the one at fault. A poor person may be able, by making generally known the manner in which he was served, to divert as much trade from the place in which he was insulted as a rich customer could. And, besides; at a time when ups and downs are of such common occurrence it does not pay to insult or be churlish to anyone. But even more especially is such conduct reprehensible in the light of that common courtesy which is everywhere recognized as the passport and mark of a gentleman. The first canon in the code of a true gentleman is, never to insult anybody—never to cause unnecessary pain even to the most humble. And a man who follows that rule will be better pleased with himself, while the public, at the same time, will be better pleased with him.

—Any one who is in the habit of reading the college papers must have noticed the tendency that prevails for light articles in the literary department. Sometimes there is wit, and a nice play of the imagination in shaping the *contre-temps* on which the stories chiefly depend for interest, but oftener they are too nonsensical to bear reading. A good story occasionally is quite refreshing, but when a paper has nothing else than stories in its literary department, and a lot of stale jokes for dessert, it argues a vitiated taste. We know we have hitherto given offence by saying so, and it was probably owing to such a remark that a couple of valued exchanges, the *Williams Athenaeum* and *Argo*, ceased their visits to our sanctum, but it was our opinion, and we candidly expressed it, although in doing so we tried to avoid, as much as possible, wounding the feelings of anyone. We are glad to find the *Cornell Era* holding an opinion similar to our own. We clip the following editorial from a late number of that excellent paper:

"Glancing over the columns of our college exchanges, we are struck with the great change which has come over the spirit of the college press since the beginning of the

present decade. Where learned discussions on the deepest topics of science, art, and literature, once furnished mental gymnastics for the college reader, we now find 'funny' articles, sporting gossip and 'grinds' on sister colleges. Whether this new departure in college journalism is, or is not, an improvement on the old system, is a question which has many sides. The close student, revelling in poetry and higher literature, would cast his vote for the old. Alumni who fed their brains on good, solid mental food, and could brook little nonsense in a college paper, would tell you that the college journals of to-day contain much more senseless twaddle than is good for the student reader. The student of to-day would say that a return to the blue-stocking notions of a few years ago would cause him to throw up his—paper.

"We are prepared to take a middle ground in this discussion. It is beyond dispute that many of the college papers carry to excess, in their articles, the humorous side of life. Their editors read 'failure' on their paper's title-page if their 'funny' items are of too small significance to go the rounds of their exchanges. And the readers of these papers see no merit in the publication if it contains but little to laugh at. These sentiments are, of course, the result of training, and the editors of college papers are entirely to blame for them. To our mind a modicum of humorous attempts is well enough, but to make them the sole object of college journalism is bad for both editor and reader."

—The total abstinence movement inaugurated here during last session, has met with signal success. The Association formed has a membership of more than 100, and the good effect which the Union has produced, not alone upon its members, but also upon their fellows, by the example given, is very striking. As an encouragement and an incentive, we quote the following from a writer in a late number of the *Catholic Review*:

"... On January 26th, the "University" Total Abstinence Society of Notre Dame, Indiana, was admitted to the Total Abstinence Union of America. If I am not mistaken, this is a society of the University men pursuing the various branches of a liberal education, the destined subsequent leaders of their people. I think the establishment of this society the first fruit of the St. Paul Convention which Bishop Ireland effectually "proposed to make the most important ever held in the history of the organization." Suppose that the precedent, established by the "University" Society of Notre Dame, Indiana, should be imitated by other of our educational establishments, what a thorough reformation would have taken place in the total abstinence movement in five years? By that time our college graduates would have permeated the various local societies and leavened the entire mass with their energy, their refinement, their eloquence, their literary ability and their Catholic devotedness. One such member would electrify a society. A society with one such member in every parish would renovate the face of the country. He is an alumnus, a layman, a gentleman, with the possibilities of becoming in his way an Ozanam or a Montalembert. It is with greatest pleasure I perceive that the great Society of Jesus is moving in the total abstinence cause. Two such great centres as Boston and Chicago are guided in total abstinence matters by the Society of Jesus. Virtually, the higher Catholic education of this country is in the hands of the same Society. Suppose that either the Boston or Chicago Jesuit colleges should imitate the example of Notre

Dame University. I think all the colleges would eventually imitate their zeal and sow the seed that, in the disposition of Almighty Providence, would flourish into a noble tree of learning and virtue, giving forth the desired fruit of piety and the much required fragrance of good example to the intemperate. Suppose the various unions, sodalities and associations composed almost entirely of Catholic college graduates in the various cities of the Union were devoted to temperance, what excellent example would they bestow on their weaker and less-favored brethren! Then no captious critic could ever question the propriety or the usefulness of their existence, much less affect being scandalized at their moderate social repasts. In this age education is a pearl of great worth, spiritually and temporally. They who have received five talents must render account of their stewardship and must negotiate with them and gain another five. We all have a mission to fulfil, but few so important as the directors of higher education, whether in college classes or alumni associations. . . ."

Exchanges.

—A new exchange is the *St. Viator's College Journal*, published by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. The *Journal* has reached only its second number; the first we have not seen, so we will refrain from comment until better acquaintance. We wish success to the new venture.

—The *Badger*, from the University of Wisconsin, is a regular and most welcome visitor. The *Badger* is much after the style of the *Harvard Daily Herald*; it is always bright, and brim full of news. Its periodical letters from other colleges, —among them Yale, Cornell, etc.,—are specially interesting; and a regular weekly letter from Gotham contains, among other matters of interest, a good deal of college news.

—The Swarthmore College editors can take an honest pride in their paper. Every page of the *Phoenix* shows that the work is done with that painstaking care without which good work cannot be done. There is an air of refinement, of graceful ease about the paper that makes it specially attractive. We had often intended to mention the good traits of the *Phoenix*, but, like many other papers, it was soon lost to sight among our large pile of exchanges. This reminds us that we have not seen for some time another ably edited exchange, *The Hamilton College Monthly*. The *Lariat*, from Wabash College, seems to have dropped off altogether; and the high-toned *Crimson*, from Harvard, has not been around for more than a month.

—The Pennsylvania *University Magazine* announces that by the will of the late Henry Seybert \$60,000 is left to endow a Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, to be called the Adam Seybert Professorship. A condition of the gift is that spiritualism shall be given an impartial investigation.

The editors of the *University Magazine* seem to appreciate the windfall, for a model ghost story—quite an interesting one—figures among the literary contributions. With this number of the Magazine the Senior editors lay down their quills and retire. The editorial valedictorian acknowledges that *Chaff* does very well in the sphere it has chosen, but thinks its mocking style and the infrequency of its publication unfit it for real influence in college affairs; and, also, prevent it from reflecting honor upon the University. The "Penn and Pennsyl" editor and the Exchange-editor make their adieux. We feel slighted. The Exchange-editor has a nod or a word for every one else, but none for us. We wonder why? It used not to be thus. Perhaps we have unwittingly offended him; if so, we regret it.

—*The Beacon*, from Boston University, again shines in upon our sanctum. With this number a change of editors takes place. The article entitled "Recitations vs. Lectures" leaves the inference that some of the Professors at Boston University are a rather dull, plodding sort, and leave students to wrestle, unaided, with their text-books. At all events, the composition of the *Beacon* bears evidence that English composition and literature receive a full meed of attention. "Vita Flumen" and the stanzas on a "Blue Gentian" are very good. One contributor gives an interesting description of "Flies" and their habits; another an article on some odds and ends of college life, in which he gives some good *hits* at the average "college joke."

—The editors of *The Cornell Era* are evidently intent on business. First and foremost they are after the Cornell Navy with a sharp stick. "Business is business," they say, "and fun is fun, but whether the Cornell Navy is business or fun we are unable to decide." Since the shinkeling in Europe, the cause alleged for the loss of the four races, the navy has been badly demoralized, but the *Era* thinks there is now excellent material for a successful association. The *Era* editors cannot settle down upon the Honor question, which seems to have been fixed for the time by the Faculty. "Cornell," the *Era* says, "must again assert itself as independent of any American model, or ever hold its present position. Yale and Harvard are infinitely above us, and always will be so unless we follow a course distinct from theirs. We cannot compete with them on their own grounds. Cornell must take an advanced position, or ever be left in the lurch." There seems to be trouble among the Faculty, and it is not unlikely that the stern spirit of opposition to the Honor system manifested by the students will eventually prevail, and the resolution be rescinded. Prof. Oliver is out in a card in the *Era* denying the charge made by a correspondent of the *Harvard Herald* and the *Badger*, that Cornell University "is rapidly becoming prexycotted." They are having a lively time at Cornell, and the editors of the *Era* are alive to the emergency.

Personal.

—Frank McGrath, of '77, will soon make a month's tour through Europe.

—Francis J. Singler, of '79, is ticket agent and telegraph superintendent in the office of the Wabash R.R. Co., at Plymouth, Indiana.

—Rev. F. Weichman, the genial Rector of St. Mary's Church, Warsaw, Ind., paid a flying visit to the College on last Wednesday. He brought with him Master James Anglim, whom he entered as a student in the Minim department.

—Among the visitors to the College during the past week was Mr. J. Singler, father of Frank J. Singler, of '79. Mr. Singler moved to South Bend a few months ago, and opened a large first-class hardware establishment at 137 South Michigan street.

—Raphael Becerra, who was called to his home in New Mexico a few months ago, through the sickness of relatives, spent a few days at the College during the past week. He is now on his way to Europe, through which he expects to make an extended tour. We wish him *un bon voyage*.

—Otto M. Schurrer, A. M., for a number of years Professor at Notre Dame, is now engaged in business at Hanover, Kansas. He has completed a work entitled "The Mysteries of Astronomy and Geology Unfolded in Cosmological Gleanings." The book will soon be given to the public, and we are sure will attract no little attention.

—On Saturday last, Bro. Philip Neri, C. S. C., of the Faculty, received a telegram from Baltimore announcing the death of his uncle, the Rev. Robert Kleineidam, C. SS. R. The reverend Father was well known to many at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, having given retreats at both places. At the time of his death he was 64 years old, and had been a priest 39 years, 36 of which were spent in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Up to a very short time of his death he had been in active service in St. Michael's Church. Father Kleineidam was a devoted priest and noted for his pulpit eloquence. May he rest in peace!

—A correspondent of the *Katholische Volks-Zeitung* (Dr. Swallegutzki), writing from Innsbruck, Tyrol, says:

"It is my sad duty to announce the death of one of our American seminarians. Mr. P. F. Dillon died in the Theological Seminary here, on the 15 inst., after a long and severe sickness, which he endured with the utmost patience. He was born in the neighborhood of Chicago, and was only twenty-three years of age when he was called to a better life. In September, 1881, he came to Innsbruck for the purpose of completing his theological studies. During his stay amongst us, he was an example of diligence and piety to his fellow-students, and when it pleased God to visit him with a dangerous sickness, he edified all by his patience and resignation to the Divine Will. For some months he had been expecting the hour of his dissolution, and when it finally came, none of his associates doubted that his soul had ascended to heaven. During his long illness he had the inestimable grace of receiving his Lord and Redeemer daily, and was also favored with the Apostolic Blessing of the Holy Father. On the 16th, his earthly remains were consigned to their last resting-place. The funeral was attended by the whole Community of the Jesuit

Fathers, the students of the Seminary, and the members of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin, of which he was a zealous member. The good fight is ended, the victory won. May he rest in peace!" E. B. G.

The deceased levite was a brother of Master Eugene Dillon, of the Junior Department.

Local Items.

- Navigation is opening.
- He has the *room*-atism.
- "Tom, why don't you answer?"
- The Euglossians have been heard from.
- "Jackey" was "fired" last Monday night.
- Our friend John "celebrated the first," he says.
- Competitions next week in the Collegiate Course.
- One of our ink-slingers complains of attempts at blackmail.
- They commenced to talk Spanish, and then Erin was left.
- All are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the Philopatrians.
- How many were fooled by the saw-dust cakes? Ask "Fritz."
- There will be an ordination here Monday morning at 6 o'clock.
- Mike took the fair to sample the fare which was hardly fair at a fair.
- W. Hanavin has been appointed custodian of the Juniors' Gymnasium.
- The Juniors indulged in the luxury of an evening walk, Sunday last.
- Still an old hat decorating the church wall every Sunday. Is it for sale?
- "Charge of the Light Brigade"—to see that the gas is lit in time every evening.
- On dit* that the Seniors' reading-room will soon be adorned with a handsome clock.
- Prof. Ackerman is at work on a new set of scenery for the production of "Macbeth."
- The hat, attracting so much attention for several weeks, has been laid up for repairs.
- The Euglossians will appear at the end of the month with a new programme of exercises.
- "Why are the Juniors like a well-regulated hotel?" "Because they have their Porters."
- The barber consoled him with the assurance that there were signs of a coming moustache.
- Several scrub-games of baseball during the past week. No accidents therefrom reported.
- On an average, twelve hundred pounds of meat are daily consumed by the inmates of Notre Dame.
- We can say of one young Prep. something that cannot be said of many men, he's always (W)right.
- The ice on St. Mary's Lake has disappeared; but that on St. Joseph's Lake still tries to "hold the fort."
- B. Frederick has completed some ornamental

and artistic painting in the dining-room of the Presbytery.

—Dr. Cassidy ascribes the general mortality in this section of the State to the puns of a Milwaukee student.

—The "young injun," near the Juniors' S. H., gave unmistakable evidence of weakness, Wednesday morning.

—The Minims have reorganized their Baseball Clubs, and intend entering into the contest for the University championship. Success, *princes!*

—Prof. Lyons will, in a few days, issue the sixth edition of the American Elocutionist. This new edition will be considerably enlarged and improved.

—We have some *would-be* fine-art critics in our midst, who, of all others, should keep in mind and be influenced by the adage:—"Silence is Golden."

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Mrs. Governor Gilpin, of Denver, Col., for a large, fine turquoise donated to the Cabinet of Mineralogy.

—The ball-alleys have been improved in the Junior Campus; and, altogether, it was never in better condition. Thanks to the kind exertions of B. Lawrence.

—In the Junior department, J. Smith was awarded a perfect bulletin for the month of March. M. Mug was second, and Frank Weber third in order of excellence.

—The new walks around the upper lakes will be a thing of beauty and a joy—as long as they last—to those who fully appreciate a good walk on a balmy spring morning.

—While in Denver, recently, Father Zähn received from Mrs. Solon S. Austin, a valuable present in the shape of a fine Emu egg, which had been brought from Australia.

—He was singing (?) "Out in This Cold World Alone," when we kindly suggested that, were he to pull in his voice, he might feel more comfortable, as misery loves company.

—The Athenian paper *ἡ Ἀστυρ Τῆς Ἀνατολῆς* states that in Washington, "of America," there will be a World's (*παγκόσμιος*) Exposition next year. We think our Athenian friend has been misinformed on the matter.

—Mr. Eugene F. Arnold, Professor of Law at Notre Dame University, was, this week, admitted to practice as an attorney at the Bar of the St. Joseph Circuit Court. Prof. Arnold formerly practised law in Washington City, D. C.—*South-Bend Tribune, March 22d.*

—An enjoyable time was had last Saturday night at the reception tendered by Prof. Lyons to the members of the Crescent Club, St. Cecilia, Philopatrian and Euglossian Associations. Music, speeches, declamations, etc., etc., constituted a very entertaining programme.

—"Dick" and his two chums, the terriers, seem to have an implacable hatred for the canines at the college stables. This ill-feeling between these "bow-wows" is usually and frequently manifested by lively "set-to's," the stable dogs generally being "knocked out" in the third or fourth "round."

—There are times when a joke ceases to be a joke, that is, when it becomes too *practical*. Some imagine that the most cruel jokes can be perpetrated on the first day of this month with perfect propriety. This, however, is not the case, as some no doubt have learned already.

—Who will send the first correct solution of the following rebus?

Done	
Mutton	
and	a glutton
Onion	T. cd.
You make me	

—The poem, entitled "The Snows of March," which appears in this number, was written last week, while the ground was as yet covered with snow, and but little prospect of its speedy disappearance. Since then, however, April showers have fallen, the fateful snow has disappeared and there is every indication that spring has come to stay. So mote it be.

—An "afflicted reader" writes as follows: "Who is singing the second part to the psalm tones at Vespers without any regard to major or minor moods. Is that what they call "Gregorian chant according to rubrics?" *Bone Deus!* Now I understand why St. Cecilia (Gregori's fresco), although in a musical trance, never lowers her hands to the key-board of the organ."

—The demand for copies of Father Zahm's Lecture on Colorado, is something extraordinary. One order came a few days ago for 5000 copies. The first edition is exhausted and a new edition will have to be published. Father Zahm's new lecture on "Religion and Science," now running through the pages of *The Ave Mariã*, is also being printed in pamphlet form and will be ready in a few days.

—One of "our popular boys" recently took a friend out to dine. After the repast, he was met by our "reporter," and proceeded to unburden his mind. Our "P. B." commented at length on his friend's tremendous appetite, and voracity for raw oysters and sour pickles; and he concluded his remarks by assuring his hearer that the friend was in good health, by saying: "Gee, didn't the oysters and pickles disappear!"

—Says the *Denver Republican*, March 27th: "The lecture last night by Rev. J. A. Zahm, Professor of Science at Notre Dame University, Indiana, on "The Catholic Religion and Modern Science," was attended by a large concourse of people, the Stout-street Cathedral being crowded to its capacity. The eminent divine displayed perfect knowledge and ease in his discourse, and delivered a most entertaining and instructive lecture."

—Last Wednesday the University Base Ball Association was re-organized. The following officers were elected: Directors, Brothers Paul and Marcellinus; President, Prof. F. Devoto; Vice-President, H. Noble; Treasurer, F. Kuhn; Secretary, Chas. A. Tinley; Field Reporter, J. C. Larkin; Captains first nines, F. Gallaher and F. Wheatley; Marshal, J. M. Murphy. The nines of '83,

are expected to be strong ones, and contests worthy of more famous clubs may be predicted.

—T.'s second lecture on the "*Burro*," was, if possible, even more amusing than his first. He dwelt at length upon the "funny traits," as he called them, of the Rocky Mountain *burro*. He also gave some personal experience with his "pets," which convulsed the audience. The lecturer concluded by saying that the Rocky Mountain *burro* was "quite the opposite of our tricky 'January,' who has the semblance of innocence itself, but try to ride him once, and rest assured that you will come to grief—as I did—and to the *ground* also."

—The 20th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society took place March 28th. Masters Hagerty, Curtis, Dennis, Foster, Seegers, and Ohnick, were admitted members. The exercises opened with vocal selections by D. O'Connor and L. Gibert, Master Schott presiding at the organ. Compositions were read by A. Brewster and H. Metz. Declamations were delivered by E. Wile, R. Devereux, A. Schillo, W. Hannavin, W. Henry, F. Ryan, F. Fishel, and C. Cavaroc. Master Brewster closed the exercises with a complimentary address to the President.

—The "Red Sox" and the "Athletes" played a second game of baseball last week. Although it was not so exciting as the game of the previous week, it was not without interest. Both nines struggled hard for victory, and for seven innings the game was a tie. At the beginning of the eighth inning, the "Athletes" pitcher became too exhausted to finish the game. Though his substitute did well—at least as well as he could—the heavy and sure batting of Schaeffer and Jeannot turned the tide of victory; and, after fifty-five minutes' hard playing, the game was won by the *invincible* "Red Sox." Score, 9 to 11. W. Hannavin and H. Metz scorers.

—The 22d and 23d regular meetings of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place March 26th and 31st, respectively. Essays were read by A. Browne, D. Taylor, M. Foote, and C. Porter. Declamations were delivered by M. Dolan, H. Foote, H. Dunne, and W. Jeannot. Masters F. Johnson, G. Schaeffer and W. Schott favored the Association with vocal and instrumental selections. Public readers for the following week are: Masters A. Browne, M. O'Connor, W. Schott, J. Fendrich, M. Dolan, H. Foote, F. Johnson, F. Brice, D. Taylor, M. Foote, and G. Schaeffer. A. Browne closed the exercises with a well-written complimentary address.

Roll of Honor.

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Messrs: Ashford, Bailey, Bowers, Brady, J. Burke, V. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Comerford, Coll, C. Carroll, Clarke, W. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Campbell, Clements, Cole, Dickerson, Eisenhauer, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fogerty, E. Fenlon, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, F. Gallagher, Grange, Golonski, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Gooley, Grout, Harris, Kleiber, Kane, Keller, Kolars, Kuhn, Kelly, Kaufman, Mason, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, McCabe, Monaghan, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, Magoffin,

Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Martin, Mathers, Noble, Newman, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, Otis, O'Brien, Pour, Parrott, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, T. Ryan, Stull, Stover, C. Smith, Solon, Saviers, G. Smith, Whalen, Yrisari, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Adler, Bauerman, Browne, Berthelet, Bush, Brewster, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cassilly, Cavaroc, Cain, Droste, Dupke, Darling, C. Dennis, W. Dennis, Danielson, Dolan, Dorenberg, De Haven, Dunn, Dwenger, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fehr, Fendrich, Fishel, Fogarty, Foster, Gibert, Gerlach, Hagerty, Halligan, J. Henry, W. Henry Hornaday, Hibbeler, Hannavin, Holbrook, Hagenbarth, Howard, Handy, Hess, Johnson, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Mug, Murphy, Mulkern, McGordon, McDonnell, McGill, McCawley, Mason, Miller, Nester, D. O'Connor, M. O'Connor, Ohnick, Porter, Robb, Rothschild, F. Ryan, J. Ryan, Reach, Rhodus, Schott, Schillo, J. Smith, Schaeffer, Shannon, Stark, Subert, Taylor, Terrazas, Turonck, Violette, Wilkinson, Wright, Wallace, Weber, Waixel, Yrisari, Zeigler, Livingston, Warren.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Angline, Adams, Beall, Colwell, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Coad, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Delaplane, Dungan, Hopkins, Johnson, A. Kelly, Krause, Luther, Landenwich, B. Lindsey, Lindsey, McNaughton, McGordon, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, McPhee, McGuire, Morrison, Moss, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, Masi, Metz, Noonan, Nester, F. Otis, Papin, W. Prindiville, Quinlin, Rebori, Roberts, Stange, Smith, Stewart, Schmitz, Studebaker, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Schmauss, Schicker, Thomas, W. Tomlinson, C. Tomlinson, Walsh, Wright, L. Young.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

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List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Orthography—Messrs. Grout, Claffey, Rogers, Brady, Taylor, Hagerty, Hannavin, Hess, McDonnell; Grammar—Messrs. T. McNamara, O'Dea, Whalen, Rogers, C. Carroll, J. McNamara, J. Smith, Hess, Halligan, Reach, Kengel; Arithmetic—Messrs. Koehler, W. Ryan, Whalen, Witwer, Keller, Dillon, J. Smith, Taylor, Courtney, Mug; Geography—Messrs. Cella, Zeigler, W. Henry, Brewster, Halligan, Hess; United States History—Messrs. Zeigler, Brewster, J. Kelly, McDonnell, Halligan, Reach, Cavaroc, Hagerty, W. Murphy, Dillon, Hess, Kahman; Book-Keeping—Messrs. Taylor, J. Burke, V. Burke, Harris, O'Dea; Penmanship—Messrs. Keller, Spencer, J. Eisenhauer, Drover, Fishel, Hagerty; Latin—(Omitted from last week.) Messrs. Dolan, Yrisari, Zeigler, Wallace.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Penmanship—Masters A. Kelly, J. J. McGrath, Wright, Schmitz, Schmauss, Roberts, Quinlin, Lare, Masi; Geography—Masters Hopkins, W. Prindiville, Nester, Johnson, McGordon, Welch, F. Otis, Cummings, Moss, W. Walsh, Stange, Morrison; German—Masters Metz, F. Stamm, Stange, Rebori, Beall, Harris, Prindiville, Morrison, Walsh, Cain, Cummings.

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—Among the notable visitors of the week we name, Rev. Father Hannon, of Toledo, Ohio; Prof. Tufts, of the High School, Kalamazoo, Mich., and his wife; also Mr. and Mrs. J. Carroll, of Paw Paw, Mich.; Mrs. Carroll is a graduate of the Class of '78.

—On Sunday afternoon, Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and Rev. Father Rézé, Assistant General, made their farewell visit, previous to starting on their European trip. Wishes for a "happy voyage," in the name of the Academy, were presented in English by Miss Mary Clarke, of the Graduating Class; in French, by Miss Catharine Lancaster, of the Second Senior Class. The venerable recipients each made a felicitous response, Father General in English, Father Rézé in his mother tongue. Father General alluded to his hoped-for return, at the farthest, on the eve of Commencement Day. He availed himself of the opportunity to delineate the standard of excellence at which each young lady should aim, and which can be reached only by the constant and earnest determination on the part of each one to do whatever she does to the very best of her ability; to never be satisfied with inferior results; success must be something which will show beyond Commencement Day; which will tell upon her entire future, etc., etc. These parting words, if appearances are to be trusted, made an impression which will not soon be obliterated. "A thrice happy voyage, and a speedy return!" is the earnest wish of all.

Easter.

Mute nature is bursting her fetters of gloom,
 And south winds arraying the plains in soft bloom:
 The rose-tinted cloud, and the peaceful blue sky,
 Smile down as if beauty were born ne'er to die;
 True hearts are exulting; the Easter chimes ring,
 Proclaiming the Dogma of life's endless spring.

 O the charm of the air! O the glow of the plain
 Pressed by the feet of our Lord who has "risen again!"
 The fruit of His Passion in glory appears,
 And turns into joy the full fount of our tears,
 For the delicate crimson, in mid-ether wrought,
 From His five sacred Wounds all its splendor hath caught.

 E'en the finely-traced brown of the trees in the wood,
 Recall the sharp thorns that were steeped in His Blood:
 But the life budding round us disperses the gloom,
 And a beauty immortal encircles the tomb,
 While it weaves through our joys gentle griefs that subdue
 Our nature, and render us earnest and true.

Resolved that the Highest Education should be Afforded Woman."

Were the life of woman to be circumscribed by the four walls which form the boundaries of her material home, were those who gather in that home to perish as do the graceful shrub and vine, the blooming tree and flower that cast their shadows over the fair avenues leading from that home, little would it matter whether a superficial or a solid education were acquired by her.

But this is not the case. The teaching of all pagan philosophy, that woman was born abject, a slave to the "lords of creation," has been practically, as well as theoretically, refuted. The triumph of Christianity has set woman free; it has placed her upon the same footing with him who was hitherto her oppressor; therefore, it is equally incumbent upon her to cultivate the mind, the talent imparted to her by the dispenser of every good and perfect gift.

This cultivation is not a matter of choice. Her natural office of educator renders woman's thorough preparation a necessity; but let no one "lay the flattering unction to her heart" that this is but a trifling task. Pearls are not cast before swine, nor has an All-wise Creator imparted to woman a momentous trust to be despised. Cultivation requires, not only years of study and labor, but the study and labor of a lifetime; and she who assumes to guide others, with the foolish hope that years will bring a suspension of effort on her part, possesses not the heart of the *true woman*. She values her God-given position *all too lightly*.

Our life in this world is short, but it is not insignificant. It is but the vestibule to the real life which can be attained only by severe and unceasing exertion. To accumulate in the brain a few principles and technicalities of the various sciences; to skim over the surface of art and literature; to graduate, and take the honors of some popular institution, and straightway to plunge into the vortex of so-called society, indicates a disposition no more allied to the desire of thorough cultivation than the course of the spider, weaving its web, is allied to the flight of the "sun-daring eagle": no more to be compared to it than the sophistry of the skeptic to the sublime code of Christian morality.

By this superficial pretence, it is true, vanity is flattered, but the "mind, the spirit, the promethean spark, the soul that shall never die," is weakened, degraded, and at length enslaved to the lowest aims. The highest education is something far more comprehensive. Home and its requirements, in the broad Christian sense, constitute the object of the solid education. The distractions of a vapid, worldly career, on the contrary, are the sole objects of a superficial life at school, and the honest little girl in the dense backwoods, who knows the ten Commandments and obeys them, is far better off than the *victim* of such false education.

Cultivation deepens, expands, and refines the entire being. One who has enjoyed the ennobling

privileges it imparts, is never untrue to herself, therefore never compromises the safety of those drawn within the circle of her influence. The crude, selfish heart "is not its brother's keeper," and is never scrupulous respecting the disedification it may give. A little present popularity, or satisfaction for the time being, is of far more consequence in the eyes of such an one, than the encouragement of another in the holy path of virtue.

Nor is education a matter of circumstance so much as one may naturally be inclined to suppose. A woman who, by the caprice of fortune, has been allotted the duties of a kitchen drudge, is not therefore degraded. Many in her position find more time for reasonable thought than do the votaries of vanity amid the dazzle and excitement, the dissatisfactions and temptations of fashionable society.

Noble and truly cultivated women have exalted both conditions. St. Catharine of Sienna, who, in after years became the adviser of the Roman Pontiff, was put in the kitchen by her parents to supply the place of a servant whom they dismissed. The object was to divert Catharine's mind from contemplation; but the kitchen proved to her no less a study than her oratory. The princess Galitzin, in the midst of the whirl and distractions of life at court, formed the resolution to seclude herself and cultivate her mind. The centre of an admiring circle, she was known all over Europe as the "Gem of the Hague," but praise and adulation did not drown the voice of wisdom. She cut off her beautiful hair, shut herself out from the world, that she might be educated herself, in order to educate her children. Opposite circumstances, we see brought about like results.

What a contrast these women present to many of their sex whom the world loves to praise; those moths of fashion, who live in the glitter of society, and perish in its flame. A woman may be as beautiful as an angel, but if her mind be uncultivated, her heart unsubdued, her spirit unformed to "the sweet amenities of life," which render self-denial a pleasure, and even pain and weariness a delight when loved ones are thereby made more happy, she will soon become uninteresting, and at last will be despised.

Let disease or old age rob her of her beauty, and we shall quickly prove the truth of this assertion. What will she do? She cannot solace herself by communing with minds of a noble order, since she is not herself possessed of noble tastes. All her life she has been dependent upon others for her happiness, now she is forgotten, neglected, ignored. She has nothing upon which to feed her mind but the remembrance of past pleasures. She broods over their absence till she becomes an annoyance to everyone. Is she a fit guide, a proper example to her children? The commonwealth is in danger when such women preside in its homes, for woman's influence for good or for evil is felt far beyond her home. History proves that it goes forth to guide the destinies of nations and empires. The greatest warriors and rulers that have ever lived, inherited from their mothers the courage, intrepid-

ity, prudence and far-sighted valor which exalted them above their fellows; therefore, to their mothers they owed their distinction. But for the character and training imparted by them, these great men would have proved unequal to their remarkable achievements.

Not only is this true of warriors and statesmen, but of theologians and saints. We will not attempt to enlarge upon the qualities of those mothers who have guided their offspring in the paths of rectitude and holiness. Their influence is everywhere admitted and admired. Suffice it to say that all the good and great have been more or less indebted to the prayers and cares, the intelligence, piety and wisdom, the example and the training of their mothers, who were never trifling women, but strong and sterling characters. B. G.

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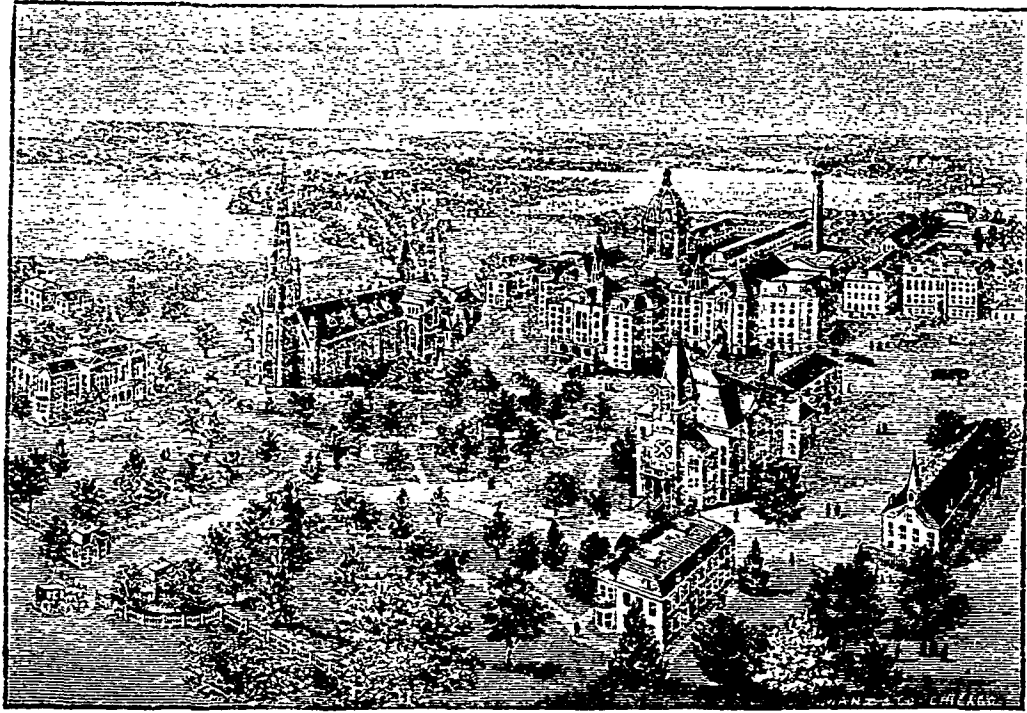
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GOING EAST:

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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