

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Aspirations.

Sat the painter at his easel, but his brush was thrown aside,
While his genius, for the moment, saw the Saviour crucified.

Sat the poet self-forgetting, while a ray of heaven's light
Showed his trembling soul a beauty, beyond which there
is no height.

But the painter, on the canvas, never caught the gaze
divine,
And the poet's noblest verses, to himself were ne'er sub-
lime.

So to one who in a moment of devotion's living prayer
Comes a vision of oblation and release from sin and care;

He would, but can not give expression to the purpose of
his soul;
Back into the winding waysides he will wander from his
goal.

But true poets live forever, though they speak not all they
know;
From resolves we think forgotten, deeds of living merit
flow.

T. E. STEELE, '84.

Home and its Influences.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

Of all the influences which have a part in forming the character for good or evil, none are so potent, so hard to overcome as the influences of Home.

Childhood's nature is like molten metal; it takes the shape of the vessel that contains it. Susceptible of the utmost beauty of form, or the most uncouth ugliness, it needs the skilful control of the master hand to perfect its delicate beauty and worth. The child's imitative propensities in early life lead it to grasp tenaciously the tastes and habits of those with whom it daily and hourly associates. Home is the vessel that moulds its character. The shape it there takes marks it forever.

How important, then, the necessity of Christian influence and proper training at Home! How great the responsibility of those to whose care the early development of childhood's nature is entrusted!

Home should be the sweetest, dearest, holiest place on earth,—next to the temple wherein dwells Holiness itself.

All those charms which can render Home's sacred precincts a refuge from the spirit of the world should shed around it a fragrance whose aroma is death to sin and impurity. Chiefest of these is the mother's influence. Her influence stamps upon the soul of childhood's nature the impress of her own. It gives to the pliant clay its mould and shape, its worth or its worthlessness. The mother's influence furnishes, as it were, the chart which guides its youthful followers, as mariners, safely through the rocks and shoals of the dangerous sea of life, or wrecks them on the sands of despair.

The mother's natural love is a blind love, forgetting, in its intensity, everything else in the desire for the temporal welfare of her child. But when this love, which has inspired poet and philosopher with its depth and unselfishness, is refined by religious purity and guided by Christian virtue and wisdom, it becomes Godlike. Its beauty is divine. Wisely it looks into the future and foresees the dangerous pitfalls which lie in the pathway of its beloved.

The Christian mother, while training the mind and hand of her child for the busy pursuits of life, instills into its heart the purity of Christian morality and a loving trust and confidence in Him who is over all. Her love is not blind to the faults of her children, but, gentle, tender, and truthful, it mildly corrects the waywardness to which all nature is prone. It is this most beautiful, most holy influence, that helps to make Home the dearest place on earth—the heart's sweetest refuge.

Then again, the Home conversation should be edifying as well as instructive. In all happy homes this must be so. Light, frivolous conversation and literature are, to the youthful character, like the worm which blights the beauty of the flower.

A bond of true and loving friendship should be forged between parents and children, brothers and sisters.

It is not requisite that those luxuries which render living an easy task should form a part of Home's attractions. Gentle words, loving smiles, and little sacrifices for one another in the bitter struggle of life will often make a hut more attractive than a palace.

Unkind words and frowning looks, however few

there be, are Home's bitterest enemies. The harsh reply to a hasty word inflicts a double wound; an earthly heart is pierced with the wicked dart, and a cruel wound, more painful than the stab of Jewish spear, is inflicted upon that Heart whose love knows no decline.

Sweet flowers of earth, bright gems of Heaven, should deck the true Home. Love should be the atmosphere of its life; God the centre of its affections.

Have you ever thought, dear reader, how sweet, how beautiful is that simple word "Home"? The magic of its sound fills the soul with feelings which language cannot express.

Home, thou earthly type of Heaven,
My heart yearns now for thee,
No sweeter name could e'er be given
Than Home, Sweet Home, to thee.

Home is the dearest, happiest place in which our weary souls e'er found rest and peace.

Our hearts, groping back into the dim and musty caverns of the past, unearth a mine of precious memories of Home. Home! How sweet the name! It recalls, from the long-ago, sweet memories of childhood's happy hours, when, basking in the sunshine of life, our innocent hearts dreamed naught of else than Home. Sweetly, the dear old house and familiar surroundings come before us; the loved ones, too, each in his or her old accustomed place, stand before us, in memory's picture on the heart portrayed, like some grand old masterpiece, in never-dying colors. There it stands like as it was when first our restless hearts bade us leave it. All is peace and holiness there. Sorrow has not yet entered its God-blessed walls. The heart throbs with deep emotion, and from beneath the drooping eyelids, sorrow, melted into tears, courses down the cheek, at sight of memory's work.

Dear old Home! Dost thou miss the wayward wanderer that left thee long, long ago, and dost thou yearn for him as he yearns now for thee?

What magic charm exerts its subtle influence to make Home more dear than all the world; what bids the lonely seaman, tempest-tossed, forget his danger in thoughts of Home; what steels the soldier's heart against the foe and bids him shed his heart's-blood in defence of Home; what makes the wanderer's heart leap for joy at sight of his native hills and vales; what sickens the weary exile's heart as it turns from loving, saddening thoughts of Home, and bids him welcome death—a glad release to his banishment from Home?

No tongue can tell, no pen portray,—but this, 'tis Home.

Ah! Humble though it be and lowly, even draped with the mantle of poverty, Home is the heart's resting-place, the shrine around which innocence and holiness shed their halo of peace.

Home is where love and peace combine to form a perfect harmony, and, when the heart weary with life's endless toil and struggle shall cease its labors here,—across the dark river, to the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, will it wing its flight and seek a final resting-place in Heaven, its Home.

The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down:
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, wealth, strength, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad:
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,
Flowed the river and played in the fountain;
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chain'd captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—The Record (Bathurst).

"It is a bad thing," Napoleon used to say, "to have a bad general. But worse than that is it to have two generals."

"It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we can dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly."

Roderigo Borgia (Alexander VI).

The Borgia family, one of the most ancient and illustrious of Spain, originated from Valencia, and gave the Church a great saint, Francis Borgia, and two Popes, Calistus III and Alexander VI. It is well known that the latter was one of the three Sovereign Pontiffs whose characters have come down to us so blackened with slander that even "liberal Catholics" and "enlightened Protestants" are generally ready to hold them up to execration as "bad Popes." With them the bare mention of Borgia is looked upon as a synonyme for all that is unnatural and horrible, and this very name is, consequently, stigmatized as infamous, being branded with such atrocious charges as immorality, bribery, treachery, and poisoning.

We do not intend to give here a complete biography of Alexander VI, nor shall we try in any way to represent him as a most worthy Vicar of Christ. Simply actuated by a true spirit of justice and calm impartiality, following, moreover, in the footsteps of some of the finest geniuses, who in Germany, France and England, have devoted themselves to the elucidation of a most painfully interesting period in the history of the Papacy, we shall feel proud, if after a careful and thorough investigation of the truth, we succeed in repelling the mean insinuations and foul calumnies which have besmirched the character of Alexander VI.

But in order to proceed more methodically, let us examine first the main charges made against the private life of the MAN;—then, with fairness, we shall pass, if possible, a sentence upon the policy of the Pontiff, and thus account for the whole of his life.

I. THE MAN.

Born at Valencia (A. D. 1431), Roderigo Lenzuoli, later on Cardinal Borgia, and subsequently Pope, is said to have been conspicuous for vices and virtues. Naturally gifted with a fiery temper and fine intellectual talents, he showed forth from his early youth an extraordinary aptitude both for classic pursuits and practical affairs. At the age of eighteen, after he had completed a very remarkable course in letters and sciences, he first applied his abilities to law, and gained some distinction as an orator at the bar, but shortly gave up any ambition he may have entertained in that department, to enter upon the more brilliant career of a military life. In the mean time, his maternal uncle, Alphonsus Borgia, having been created Pope (April, 1455) under the name of Calistus III, the young officer was, more or less against his own will, compelled to change his former resolutions and leave Spain to repair to Rome. There he was first appointed "commendatory archbishop" of Valencia, and soon after, Cardinal and Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church (A. D. 1456). Nothing at that time seems to justify the accusation of "crying immorality" with which he has sometimes been charged by a few partial historians, or, rather, passionate pamphleteers. Since, indeed, a *commendatory* means "a *layman* entrusted with

the management of the temporal income, or revenue, inherent in an ecclesiastical benefice," the young nephew of the Pope was by no means bound to enter sacred Orders. Moreover, during the Middle Ages, there was more than one instance of a cardinal who never received so much as the tonsure; although the rule afterward was that a layman, when created cardinal, should receive at least subdeaconship. Certain it is, however, that a cardinal is in any case obliged to lead a regular life; and yet Cardinal Borgia has been accused of showing himself after, as well as before, 1456 a "notorious debauchee."

Now, there is a point which no grave historian has ever dared to call in question, viz., that Calistus III was a pious and venerable Pontiff, whose reputation has come down to our own day spotless and unblemished. Suppose that Cardinal Borgia had been *then* regarded as a "notorious debauchee," is it probable that a sagacious Pontiff such as Calistus III was, would have sent him as legate into Spain, his native country, where his character must have been best known? Is it credible that even an uncle would have entrusted so delicate a mission as that of mediating between the sovereigns of Spain, to a corrupt young man then in the full possession of rank, and wealth, and vigor;—while at the same time there was sent into France, on a similar embassy, the celebrated Bessarion, whom hostile writers describe as "the oldest and the wisest of the Cardinals," and "one whose conduct proved always suitable to his dignity"? Nay more, granting that the common idea of depravity be correct, is it not possible that the Pope knew nothing about the disorders imputed to his nephew during his long sojourn in Spain, and, on this account, did not feel any scruple in making of him a cardinal and afterward bestowing upon him the highest favors and dignities?

Here, of course, writers such as Burchardt, Paulo Giovio and Guicciardini would cry out, "as honest men," against a "big scandal," yet without being able to agree as to the nature and particulars of the scandalous intrigue. Guicciardini, the least positive of all, contents himself with using, instead of proofs, vague and obscure formulas, such as "It is said," "I have heard," or "There is a rumor." The others cannot so much as give the name and condition of the alleged accomplice of Borgia. Who was that woman? They know not; and yet all of them were most implacable enemies of Alexander, all his contemporaries, all concerned to clear a question, that, though of the greatest importance, was easy then to be solved. In truth, they thereby did not show themselves very shrewd, and their hatred, as is generally the case, proved to be blind.

Well, let us suppose that Borgia had by a noble lady, Rose or Catharine Vanozza, the five children that are ordinarily attributed to him—among whom Cæsar and Lucretia are the most ill-famed—is it not an undeniable fact that these children were born some twenty years before he became a Pope, and at a time when he was not a priest at all? For it was only in the year 1478 that he entered sacred

Orders and made a vow of perpetual chastity, when appointed by Sixtus IV Bishop of Albano and Porto. Thus it is that all the gross calumny about the "unbridled lust" of Alexander VI comes at most to this: that, while he was a gay and gallant soldier in Spain, he had perhaps lived in sin. But even this being granted as fair to reproach Roderigo Lenzuoli, an officer, with the irregularities of his youth, what charge could, in that respect, be possibly laid upon the churchman, the priest, the cardinal, the Pope? Yes: he may have lived in sin, in an age certainly as corrupt as any that had passed away. Why, the same might also be said of St. Augustine, notwithstanding his conversion, and would probably have been brought against Ignatius of Loyola, had he been Pope in the age of Alexander. What does it amount to? Are there not many sinners who, after sincere penance, were canonized by the Church, and looked upon as saints even by non-Catholics?

Here we find a second version that seems to justify Cardinal Borgia more completely. The learned Marini, in his historical dictionary, says that, "according to the most reliable historians," Alexander VI, when a youth, had by Julia Farnese four sons and one daughter. The same is attested by Orlandini, in his History of St. Francis Borgia, and again, in another biography of the same saint, written by an unknown author, dedicated to the King of France, and printed at Paris (A. D. 1672).

It is true, these writers do not tell us that Julia Farnese was legitimately united to Borgia, but, judging from certain facts, we can hardly entertain a doubt on the subject. The historian, Philip of Comines, never gives in any place of his Memoirs the qualification of "bastards" to Alexander's children; and yet the same writer does not fail so to qualify, when the fact is certain, even princes of royal blood.

Moreover, this disgraceful epithet is not to be found once in the most exact narrative of the reign of Charles VIII prepared according to contemporary documents. Now, if it is probable that the noble Vanozza and Julia Farnese are one and the same person, who purposely changed her Italian into a Spanish name, is it not most probable also that she was united to Borgia by a lawful bond? We know, indeed, that the nobility of the Farnese family was placed on the same high level as that of the Borgias. How is it, then, that an illegitimate union, lasting so long a time, could have existed between two members of these illustrious houses? Furthermore, supposing that a Farnese would have forgotten her duties, a long-lasting and implacable hatred, a kind of "Italian vendetta," would undoubtedly have arisen in the hearts of her noble relatives against her seducer. Now, is it not most remarkable that quite a contrary conclusion follows from historical records, even from such arranged at will, and disfigured, by the political enemies of Alexander VI? There we see plainly what great confidence was placed by Alexander in the Cardinal Farnese, who afterwards became Pope Paul III, and how sincerely devoted to this Pontiff the faithful Car-

dinal was, even at a time when there was question of deposing him. There, also, another Farnese is seen serving as officer in the army of Cæsar Borgia, and related to have been gloriously slain when under his commandship. These striking facts, as well as the high favor enjoyed by the Farnese during the whole Pontificate of Alexander VI, we cannot naturally account for, except by a blood-alliance, or relationship that must have formerly been contracted between the two families.

We have therefore a right to conclude that, most probably, the birth of Borgia's children was blameless; a lawful—though secret—bond of marriage having, sooner or later, united Julia Farnese to Roderigo Lenzuoli, who received sacred Orders only after the death of his legitimate wife. Such being the case, when the latter was appointed commendatory Archbishop of Valencia, he would most likely have endeavored to keep this union as secret as possible. No matter whether in so doing he was inspired by ambition, policy, or any other motive: in all cases he was certainly too cunning to make it public, lest he might have met with inextricable difficulties.

To speak honestly, it cannot be denied that in refusing to comply with the above given explanation we must of necessity have recourse to, and, as it were, swallow up, the most absurd hypothesis. On the one hand, indeed, Borgia is represented by his enemies as a man of consummate skill, grave demeanor, frequently visiting at Rome churches, hospitals and monasteries, walking in the streets modestly, with eyes cast down, in a word, openly performing innumerable works of charity—and all this he would have done to deceive people and cardinals by a show of sanctity! On the other hand, that pretended hypocrite, that shrewd and fine politician, who was gradually preparing for his accession to the Pontifical throne, would have, for years and years, entertained and cherished an illicit intercourse, would have publicly recognized his spurious children,—even more, gloried in his shameful scandals! What flagrant contradiction! What incredible foolishness! To maintain, therefore, that Borgia did his utmost to impose on cardinals through a counterfeit piety, and that he at the same time avowed his bastards, would be as much as to confer on that "shrewd and fine politician" a patent of stupidity, and to imagine that the readers of such a silly tale deserve another one of the same style! No: this is morally impossible; the calumniators of Alexander VI "*went too far*," overshot the mark, and thus destroyed their own credibility; or rather, as the saying is, by trying "to prove too much, they have proved nothing," and the worst accusers of Borgia have become his best advocates.

The *Dublin Review* goes farther, showing that it is not certain at all that Cæsar and Lucretia were Borgia's children. It is, indeed, a most remarkable fact, that never was a word said about Borgia's sons and daughter before his being created Pope, though, as the enemies of Alexander pretend, his disorders were public, his depravity notorious, and his so-called "illicit connection"

had begun a quarter of a century before. Is it not, then, to be believed that the foes of Alexander VI, provoked to vengeance by his energetic policy, would have calumniously reproached him with an illegitimate "paternity," as if throwing a more powerful machine of war against his anterior life, in order to embarrass or paralyze his Pontificate? Besides this, on the occasion of Cæsar being to be raised to the Cardinalate, it is admitted that, in certain legal proceedings, sworn depositions attested that Cæsar and Lucretia had another father—we believe Peter Louis Borgia, the Pontiff's brother. It is easy to say that the depositions were false; certain it is that no one said so at *the time*; and it is too much, indeed, to dispose of sworn evidence by interested suppositions and *ex post facto* assertions. The truth is, that it was the custom of Popes in those troublesome times to have a relative, generally a nephew, a man of vigor and martial prowess, to conduct the defence of the Papal territory, against the rapacious states by which it was surrounded and the petty ambitious tyrants who were forever seeking to despoil it. And the relative, according to Papal usage, would be called "my son," which is probably foundation enough for malignant enmity to base a foul calumny. But it is too repugnant to us to go searching farther into those dædalian windings of infamy with which hateful writers have endeavored to encompass the memory of an illustrious Pontiff. We prefer to leave that sad and sterile courage to those who are so well pleased with mire and filthy contrivances.

Still less do we like to dwell on refuting another most horrible accusation by which the character of Alexander VI has been assailed, with regard to his daughter, or niece, Lucretia, for we hope everyone knows how admirably she has been vindicated by the learned labors of the Protestant Roscoe. No wonder, indeed, that those who take pleasure in depicting such disgusting scenes do not feel any shame in bringing forth monstrous insinuations. "The licentiousness of the age in which Lucretia lived gave to charges of that kind an apparent probability they would never obtain in other times; but, alas! history tells us that lying and calumny were among the ruling vices of that awful bad epoch." So it is that, according to "romancers," Lucretia Borgia was as deeply depraved as the Lucretia of old shone excellently chaste. Now, "historians" emphatically assert that her first pretended marriage was null; the second had been lawfully cancelled, and that it is only one year, at least, after the death of her second husband, Alphonsus of Aragon, that she married Alphonso of Este. Let it suffice to say that this last union was celebrated in a Latin epithalamium by Ariosto; and if the moral character of the bride had been so notoriously disgraceful as to render her an object of abhorrence, it is scarcely to be supposed that Ariosto would have had the effrontery to represent her as rivalling in the decorum of her manners as well as in the beauty of her person all that former times could boast. In the forty-second book of his immortal poem, he has

raised a temple of female excellence, the splendid niches of which are occupied by women of the greatest merit and chief distinction in Italy; and among them Lucretia Borgia assumes the first and most conspicuous station. Giraldi, Sardi, Libanori, Mazzuchelli, and others, in their "Istorie Ferraresi," or "Commentari delle cose di Ferrara," agree in calling Lucretia an "accomplished lady," a most remarkable princess, "adorned with all moral qualities," that made the delight of her contemporaries by her "exquisite beauty, wit, and modesty"; in short, "an inexhaustible treasure of virtues."

One remark more: is it credible that Hercules of Ferrara and his son Alphonso of Este, two princes whom talents and virtues both in war and peace have raised even to the highest rank among the sovereigns of their age, would have agreed upon perpetuating their ancient and noble race through a corrupt woman whose infamies were public and notorious? While, on the contrary, all impartial writers conspire together in describing Lucretia as an exemplary princess whom her husband more than once entrusted with the care and administration of his states, and whose piety and charity are mentioned with the highest praise by Pope Leo X, formerly John of Medicis. Now, as the assailants of Alexander associate his iniquity especially with that of Lucretia, her vindication is, in a great measure, his own; and that affection for her, which, with fiend-like malignity, they distort into a crime against nature, is, by her admirable character, as testified by the noblest writers of the age, converted into his most victorious justification. Since, then, the accusations as to immorality were only thrown in, as in the cases of Gregory VI, Boniface VIII, or Sixtus IV, by the venomous spirit of factions, and are refuted by their intrinsic atrocity and incredibility, as well as by the absence of all impartial testimony, we have a right to conclude with the conscientious Rohrbacher, 1st, that it is morally impossible that the abominable Lucretia be the same person as the virtuous Duchess of Ferrara;—2d, that it is still less probable that Alexander VI, an old man of sixty-one, when created Pope, be a monster of debauchery: to maintain that requires other guarantees than satires or stories fabricated in antechambers;—3d that, far from having any serious reason to believe in Alexander's immorality, we have rather every possible motive to disbelieve it ("accusers easily contrive," Voltaire says), and to hope that, sooner or later, posterity, being more completely informed, will pay full and fair justice both to the private life and to the public policy of Pope Alexander VI.

STANISLAS PHILALETHES.

College Gossip.

—The average graduate of Ann Arbor spends \$1,750 during his course.—*Ex.*

—Yale has just received a bequest of \$60,000 for a new Chemical Laboratory.—*Ex.*

—The Prussian universities have 2,558 candidates for the honors of the bench and bar.—*Ex.*

—The term at Oxford and Cambridge is only six months long, the other six being vacation.—*Ex.*

—It is reported that Dr. Storrs, of New York, will succeed Dr. McCosh as President of Princeton.—*Harvard Herald.*

—A lectureship in English literature, on a new and private foundation, has been established in Trinity College, Cambridge.

—Two of the editors of the *Dartmouth* have been rusticated until commencement for gently remonstrating with the Faculty.

—Daniel Webster, was one of the principal supporters of the college paper while in college, and Garfield was a contributor to his college paper. Doubtless many other distinguished men owe their greatness to the journalistic advantages of their college.—*Ex.*

—Senior (to Freshman who had been relating the deeds of a corn doctor in the army): "Was he, then, a regular chiropodist?" Freshman: "No. He was an exile." Senior (disgusted): "I suppose from that, he may have removed corns from all the crowned heads of Europe." Freshman (innocently): "Maybe he had." (Mustard poultice for one and another Senior off the Woodford list.)—*Cornell Era.*

—The total number of students in German universities is put down at twenty-four thousand, of whom twelve per cent. propose to take orders in the Protestant, and three per cent. in the Catholic Church. Forty per cent. belong to the faculty of philosophy, next comes jurisprudence; but the favorite study of all is medicine, from which it may be inferred that the Germany of the future is likely to be better doctored than parsoned.—*Home Journal.*

—"Rev. D. P. Lindsley, the inventor of an improved system of shorthand writing called takigraphy, has opened a school for teaching the same, in Plainfield, N. J. A cloud of witnesses testify to the excellence of his invention. Lawyers, clergymen, physicians and others who are using it in their daily note-taking and writing, declare it superior as a working instrument to all others. Many of them have thrown aside this or that "phonographic" system which they had learned, finding takigraphy so much more available."—*Home Journal.* It is strange that every new system of stenography is taken up and lauded as "the best"—"an improvement on all others"—and "can be learned in a few weeks by those who failed with the older systems," etc. Only a short time ago the *Chicago Times* said this and more of Cross's Eclectic stenography, one of the most difficult of all systems of shorthand. Takigraphy is simply Isaac Pitman's system with the characters interchanged and with connective instead of disjoined vowels. When it is known that the vowels must be discarded in all systems in order to attain speed for verbatim reporting, something like a just estimate of takigraphy can be formed.

Exchanges.

—The *Hamilton College Monthly* defines flattery as "a systematized style of lying"; a better definition than this could hardly be given. Of course the Hamilton girls don't like flattery—at least the more sensible among them.

—The *Vassar Miscellany* changes editors after the March number. The outgoing board may well congratulate themselves upon the success of their editorial labors during the year. The literary department, especially, of this favorite magazine, has been fortunate in its contributors; *De Temporibus*, always attractive, has been kept up to a high degree of excellence, and the collegiana, excerpta, and Exchange notes have been, to say the least, unexceptionable. The tone of the *Miscellany* is remarkable for its vigor and purity in an age when to be popular it is judged necessary to be frivolous, and even lax. We hope the incoming board will keep the *Miscellany* up to its present very high standard of excellence.

—We extend a cordial welcome to *The Amateur Athlete*, a handsome 12-page paper published weekly by Messrs. Oliver & Jenkins, 22 New Church Street, N. Y. An "amateur" is defined by the *Athlete* as "any person who has never competed in an open competition, or for a stake, or for public money, or for gate money, or under a false name, or with a professional for a prize or where gate money was charged, and who has never taught athletic exercises as a means of livelihood." The object of the paper is therefore easily inferred—the encouragement of manly sports as sports, and not for a mercenary motive. A fine portrait and sketch of Mr. Alfred H. Curtis, the President of the Amateur Athletic Association of America, is given in this, the first number of the *Athlete*. Besides the regular editor, the paper has secured the services of six editorial contributors, among them Mr. Curtis. The price of subscription to *The Amateur Athlete* is \$2 a year. Address, Box 444, New York.

—*Coup d'Etat*, from Knox College, a creditable college paper at all times and in all respects,—so far, at least, as we can judge,—gives in the February number some sensible advice on the benefit of literary societies and the proper manner of using them to advantage. "Lime," a contributor, gives a sensible article on the "Spelling Reform," which, he says, was opposed by the President of the College and the Professor of Rhetoric, lately, in the chapel. "Lime" quotes the remark of Prof. Marsh, of Lafayette College, that "the last stage of alphabetical insanity is reached in the English alphabet," adding: "It ranks next to the Chinese. Our twenty-six characters represent an average of four-and-a-half meanings each. Then in a word of one letter the chances of a correct pronunciation are as 1 to 4½; of two, 1 to 20.25; of three, 1 to 91.125; of four, 1 to 410.06; of five letters, 1 to 1,845.28!" Make a note of this, ye sticklers for our present "system" of spelling! "Genius,—

An Ode," contains not a little of genuine poetic feeling. The Exchange department, too, is ably conducted.

—*The Spectator*, from St. Laurent College, Montreal, is one of the *solid* college papers the sight of which relieve one amid the monotonous flood of light, trashy sheets that comes pouring into our sanctum from all quarters. The scientific notes have been dropped lately; valuable as they undoubtedly were, we think the *Spectator* better without them—chiefly because their space is occupied with good matter that should otherwise be crowded out. Scientific or literary notes occasionally might be a pleasing change, however. J. C. C.'s "Ideals," in the February number, and "Spes's" "A Measure" in the current issue, are of the high, old-fashioned poetic cast. "Philo's" "*Deus Finis Ultimus*" is, we fear, too learned a philosophical work to be appreciated at its full value by the generality of even student readers. To a reader who has followed the article through the several numbers of the paper in which it has been printed, and was pleased with its lucid reasoning, the above remark might seem strange, but it is likely to prove true. Philosophy, outside of the class-room, is voted a bore by the majority of students, as is evident from the strained efforts at elongated levity made by college editors generally—in order, they allege as an excuse, to secure support for their papers! The *Spectator* has an able Exchange-editor. His rejoinder to *The Haverfordian* is so forcible and dignified that it cannot fail of a good effect. *The Spectator* takes rank among the best of the Canadian College papers.

—It would be difficult to compress instructive matter upon all subjects into briefer space than is done by the editor of the *Ohio Waisenfreund*, and especially in his answers to correspondents. Whether the queries relate to theology, philosophy, science, literature,—no matter what branch of human knowledge,—interesting and instructive answers are forthcoming in every instance, and generally at such length as to make them valuable. An illustrated series of brief sketches of eminent persons in various walks of life have been for some time, and are still, running through the paper. The number before us contains sketches and portraits of Senator Beck, Isaac Pitman the inventor of phonography, Col. Richard M. Hoe of printing-press fame, Thomas W. Edison the illustrious electrician, Pullman of palace car fame, and Cyrus H. McCormick. The sketches are not merely dry skeletons; they partake more or less of the wealth of knowledge possessed by the editor. In the two columns given to Isaac Pitman and stenography we have quite a dissertation on the beauty and usefulness of the art, and a comparison of the relative merits of the Pitman and Gabelsberger systems. Rev. Father Jessing decides in favor of Gabelsberger, but a close comparison of the alphabets alone, without going further, should convince him that Pitman has been far more economic of material than Gabelsberger. If the examination be carried to triple consonant, half and double lengths, and phrasing, Gabels-

berger's excellent system will be found to accede still further. Besides the sketches, a weekly summary of home and foreign news, editorial, etc., the *Waisenfreund* is as famous for its choice stories in German as *The "Ave Maria"* in English. The *Waisenfreund* is in its 10th year. Price of subscription \$1.50 a year. Address, 721 E. Friend Street, Columbus, Ohio.

—The late numbers of that popular society paper *The Home Journal* have been unusually interesting and unexceptionable. The great Vanderbilt ball—with its magnificent costumes, the price of any one of which would be a fortune to a poor man or woman, while hundreds of poor sempstresses were starving in New York on the miserable pittance received for twelve or fourteen hours of daily work—was the sensation of the hour, and of course was fully described in *The Home Journal*, and, perforce, ridiculed in cynical *Puck*. *Puck* and *The Home Journal* are at opposite poles of the social world, and perhaps an apology is due the latter for mentioning them in the same breath or sentence. The one is taken up and glanced at, only to be thrown aside or torn, with a smile of contempt, while the other is preserved for some of the excellent things concerning literature, art, science, or social life, that find a place in its pages. In the literary department of the last number of *The Home Journal* the "Parisian Reminiscences," by the author of "Martha," and the "Traits of Rossetti" are specially interesting. Besides Flotow himself, the principal personages in the "Reminiscences" are Offenbach, Chopin, and Mad. Georges Sand with her big cigar. In the other sketch we have a glimpse, from behind the curtain, of Rossetti—an unhappy hypochondriac genius—that will lead few to envy his fame. The "First Look at New Books" in the last number in March gives an interesting sketch of George Eliot, who in an ill-timed effort to convert some skeptical friends became herself a skeptic, and, after her meeting with Lewes, a confirmed infidel. *The Home Journal's* editorial on the "liberal interpretation of the law of marriage" that has of late years been gaining ground, makes a very lame apology for that curse of humanity, our modern divorce laws. Is it useless to say that those who inveigh against the divorce laws do not know the manifold nature of the evils those laws are intended to ameliorate; the laws themselves cut at the very heart of society, the home, and are fast debauching humankind and bringing it lower than the brute. Evidences of this are seen every day. People talk about the barbarism of the Dark Ages, but it is beyond a doubt that while in a given population to-day there are a hundred divorces to one in the Middle Ages, there are also to-day a hundred homicides and suicides, and criminals of every grade, to one in the Dark Ages. The divorce laws are in effect an attempt to legalize prostitution—nothing less—and it ill befits a decent society paper to attempt to justify them.

ELECTRICITY in Franklin's time was a wonder, but we now make light of it.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 21, 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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Our Staff.

GEO. E. CLARKE, '83.	WM. H. ARNOLD, '83.
ALBERT F. ZAHM, '83.	R. M. ANDERSON, '83.
T. EWING STEELE, '84.	J. LARKIN (Law), '83.

—In the poem, "The Wish," which appeared in the last number of the SCHOLASTIC, the first stanza should have been omitted. By mistake, the author handed in the wrong "copy." The lines referred to appeared in the original draft of the poem, but not in the copy intended for publication. As the author belongs to the "Staff," he admits that no one but himself is to blame.

—We are indebted to the Cornell editors, presumably,—and they have our thanks,—for a copy of the Cornell University Register for 1882-3. It contains 123 pages, including a valuable index for reference. The Honors are a new feature. Those for General Excellence will be given next year. Honors for Distinguished Excellence in Special Subjects begin at the September opening. Students who desire to be admitted as candidates for these honors must give notice in writing to the Registrar within fourteen days after the day of registration of the spring term. The special examinations for honors will be held in May.

—The *South Bend Evening Register* has opened a column of "Notre Dame Notes" in

which the chief events at the College are summarized. We were not a little surprised, a few days ago, on taking up a Baltimore paper, to find in it an account of Rev. Father Sorin's trip to France credited to the *South Bend Daily Tribune*. The South Bend papers seem to be pretty well known throughout the country. The city of South Bend itself, which has a population of only about 18 or 20,000, has a world-wide reputation as a manufacturing place, being as famous for wagons, carriages, and agricultural machinery as Sheffield is for its cutlery.

—Strict attention and unremitting labor are essential to success in business. In many instances men work very well until they have succeeded in making what they regard as "a good start;" and then they relax their efforts, enter into "society," cultivate the fashions, and endeavor to conform to social standards that make serious inroads upon their income. Meanwhile they become careless in a measure with respect to business. The many calls upon their time and the dignity of their social status forbid them to devote to it their strict attention and unremitting labor. Nevertheless they indulge the hope that their prosperity will move forward with steadily increasing momentum. That hope, however, is a delusion and a snare; for the course in question necessarily leads to disappointment and failure. In the ratio in which business grows, there should be a corresponding increase in well-directed work and strict attention to affairs. It is only after "a start" has been made that a business man fairly begins to attract general notice, and then he is trusted and patronized in proportion to his intelligence, foresight, industry and attention to business. On the other hand, indolence, unreliability, lack of punctuality, and even trivial inaccuracies in charges, not to mention extravagance in private matters and excessive interest in social concerns, inevitably give rise to distrust. And distrust spreads over a business man a dark and ominous shadow—a shadow visible to the whole community in which he lives. Under its depressing influence it is practically impossible for his business to flourish. Disaster pursues and soon overtakes him, and ruin summarily closes his career.

All Talk.

Every observer has noticed that there is a wide difference between men and women in regard to the facility with which they talk, chat, and carry on conversation. And it is hardly necessary to add that most women are favored very much alike in the possession of conversational powers. When surroundings are favorable, they exhibit great readiness and remarkable resources in the way of talking. Visit a lecture-room, a concert-hall, or a theatre, before the exercises begin; enter the waiting room of a depot, or stand in a crowd on the platform as a train is about to arrive or depart; participate in a social gathering, or hearken to the

prattling that rises above the clattering of knives, forks, plates, etc., in the dining-room of a hotel, and you can hardly fail to notice that three or four women manage to talk as much and make as loud a noise as eight or ten men! Is it not, therefore, relevant to ask, "How do they manage to talk so much—what can they find to say?" But that question is by no means easy to answer, and it may be as well to frankly admit the fact.

In the same spirit of fairness, it must be acknowledged that it is by no means uncommon to find men who vie with women in that particular—to whom the question equally applies. They are not, as a rule, effeminate men; nor do they possess in marked degree the traits that ordinarily distinguish women. Hence it is manifest that the latter are far from enjoying a monopoly of the "gift of gab." It must be conceded that men have among them a fair percentage of individuals who can talk in a manner worthy of a woman's rights convention—talk incessantly! Their tongues are busy anywhere and everywhere. The resources of their loquacity appear to be boundless. And yet they seldom say anything that makes a deep impression or seems to be worth remembering. Gossip disparaging to neighbors is the chief staple of their prattle. And that does the person who hears it no good, ought not to be repeated, and is not worth remembering. Information that cannot properly be communicated to others is of very little value. In fact, it serves measurably to destroy the hearer's sense of freedom; inasmuch as it imposes upon him an obligation to retain the secrets of others. And the more sensible portion of mankind have no desire to listen to such secrets or hear disparaging remarks regarding the character and personal concerns of neighbors. They do not desire to receive, or in honor be bound to keep, such rubbish in the mind.

People who talk so incessantly ordinarily have less judgment than those who say but very little. The reason is manifest. Gossip is the garbage upon which loquacity "feeds and grows fat." To a shallow mind only is indulgence in it natural. However, a mind of that description takes a superficial view of everything, and whatever addresses itself to the senses becomes the subject of conversation. We may see all the rocks in a shallow brook, and we may notice that the water, as it passes over them, makes more noise than the flow of a deep stream. To the shallow mind things that are seen, touched, heard or imagined, compare with the rocks in the brook—they are exposed to the general view as opportunity offers; and the flow of consciousness, in passing over them, makes much noise—keeps up a vigorous prattle. On the other hand, a deep mind, like the water of the deep stream, makes comparatively little noise. It realizes that it has no right to charge the attention of others with disparaging remarks about neighbors, or idle prattle of any kind. It has too much dignity and self-poise for that. Hence, it holds its peace when the occasion forbids it to deal with topics of interest, or, by way of diversion, to treat wittily things impersonal and wholly harmless. The reason, ever

vigorous and vigilant, pronounces judgment upon thoughts and premeditated acts; and thus imprudent opinions are held in reserve, while injudicious doings are avoided. Such appears to be the distinction between the mental traits of persons who chat incessantly and those who are comparatively reserved and silent.

Botanical Report.

APRIL 17th, 1883.

The season has been tolerably late this year, so that up to date comparatively few specimens have been examined. The rapid progress of vegetation during the last five days, however, leads us to believe that next week's report will not be so jejune:

March 18 (Palm Sunday) witnessed the first appearance of down on the buds of *Populus tremuloides*, the American aspen. The cold weather following was an effectual check to further developments.

April 3. *Corylus Americana*, our native hazel, and several species of *Salix* exhibited flower-buds in various stages of progress.

April 9. The sapphire stars of *Hepatica triloba* began to gem the river bank, where it turns toward the south near the Indian graveyard. They are now to be found in abundance in every copse, forcing their way through the dead leaves that protected their early sprouting from frost.

April 14. The golden calyces of *Caltha palustris* have unfolded amid a wealth of rapidly growing verdure, with which they clothe the borders of the rivulets near St. Patrick's spring.

April 15. Not far from the same sunny and sheltered region, the nodding pale racemes of *cardamine rhomboidea* appear, amid promising sprouts of anemone and other spring blossoms.

April 16. *Acer rubrum*, the red or soft maple, was first observed in bloom in the avenue leading south from the College.

April 17. The river flats are fragrant with the fully opened staminate catkins of *salix discolor*, attracting multitudes of bees and other insects, bearing away the yellow pollen on their wings.

NEAL H. EWING,

Secretary.

Personal.

—Robert O'Brien (Com'l), '81, is connected with the firm of Gegenheimer Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.

—George Rhodius (Com'l), '82, is now engaged in the office of the County Trustee, at Indianapolis, Ind.

—Guilly Otero (Com'l), '75, is cashier and one of the managers of the San Miguel National Bank, Las Vegas, N. M.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder is expected to visit the College during the coming week.

—Anthony Burger, '78, graduated with honors on the 15th inst., at the Pennsylvania Medical College, Philadelphia. He returns to his home at Reading; where he will enter upon the practice of his profession. We congratulate him upon the success which attends him, and offer our best wishes for his future.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. J. French, C. S. C., of '76, a short time ago received the first of the major orders at the hands of Bishop Elder, in Cincinnati. About the same time, Mr. M. J. Regan, of '74, made his religious profession. Both gentlemen are efficient professors in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati.

—A member of the Faculty has received a letter from Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., formerly Professor of Natural Sciences at Notre Dame, now holding the same position in St. Laurent College, Montreal. The Rev. Father wishes to be remembered to all his old friends: they are many here, and have not forgotten him.

—We were pleased with a visit from the Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, of '56, the energetic pastor of St. James's Church, Chicago. Accompanied by his cousin Rev. Father Dunne, he passed a few days at the College on his return from an extended trip to the East. Anent Father Riordan's trip, the following appeared in the *Catholic Review* of last week:

"Father Patrick W. Riordan, who has built in Chicago one of the most beautiful and expensive churches in the West, without fair or festival, is in town getting plans for new marble altars. Father Riordan, when asked of the difficulties he experienced in his novel method of church-building, admitted that it was hard and slow work, but when it was accomplished it was worth to him and his parish all the labor and anxiety it had cost him. The Catholic tone of the people was preserved and heightened. They had learned to give with pleasure, and as a Catholic duty, and now he had no difficulty in getting from them whatever he told them was necessary."

—Very Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., of '54, resides at New Orleans as acting Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the South. Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C., formerly professor at Notre Dame, is the President of St. Isidore's Institute, New Orleans. The following report of an exhibition lately given by the pupils, is taken from the *Morning Star*:

"Last Wednesday evening, at 5.30 o'clock, an enjoyable entertainment was given in the exhibition hall of the Institute by the pupils of St. Isidore's College, Third District, of which Rev. J. Scherer, C. S. C., is President. Owing to the unfavorable weather the audience was not large. Among the Rev. clergy present were Very Rev. Father Cooney, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Rev. Father Chasse, acting Chancellor of the Diocese, Rev. Father Boudard, Chaplain of the Ursuline Convent, and Rev. Father Smith, of St. Mary's Orphan Boys' Asylum. The well-arranged programme was carried out to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The pupils acquitted themselves of their respective parts in a manner that reflected credit on themselves and on their efficient instructors. On the conclusion of the exercises Very Rev. Father Cooney delivered a beautiful address, in the course of which he said that many parents had placed their children in the Institute because they valued the faith and virtue of these children more than jewels.

Their children could obtain an education in the public schools, to which hundreds of indifferent Catholics send their children, but they preferred to send them to Catholic institutions in order to have instilled into their minds principles of Christian virtue which will make of them Christian men as well as good citizens."

Local Items.

- Give us an item.
- Keep off the grass!
- Walk on the paths!
- The *burros* are to the front again.
- When are we going on that "picnic"?
- Our Milwaukee friend has promised to reform.
- Competitions next week in the Preparatory Course.
- New attractions are daily added to the rooms of the Lemonnier Library.
- The Band boys will soon begin to prepare for their evening open-air concerts.
- Reports from the societies should be handed in not later than Thursday noon.
- Place du Palais, Place Royale, or Place aux Princes*—which shall it be? Answer soon.
- The Academics will, ere long, hold a public disputation. It will prove the event of the season.
- The President of the Horticultural Bureau should return and enter upon the duties of his office.
- A solitary craft hath appeared upon the raging waves. Who can tell us of the mysterious crew?
- "Books" is the subject of the final essay in the competition for the grand English prize Medal.
- To-morrow, 4th Sunday after Easter, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers p. 45. Hymn p. 47.
- Our "occasional" typos are making rapid progress in the new departure—that of setting Greek types.
- The "whooping up" affair, which occurred the other morning, was far from creditable to those who took part in it.
- The Orchestra has regular rehearsals twice a week. It is now in a flourishing condition and possesses a fine *repertoire*.
- New York or Baltimore "Counts" are below par with him now. He takes nothing but *trid. squam*.—one dozen raw for supper.
- Those Colorado quadrupeds will only tolerate the *princes*. If the "darlings" attempt to get on their backs, they are repulsed by kicks.
- The new steam pump for hoisting the material for the Dome, gives perfect satisfaction. It does its work steadily, swiftly and economically.
- A lone Indian, sole survivor of a tribe once famous and powerful in these parts, appeared, a poor, forlorn tramp at the College, the other day.
- A grand checker tournament was held during the past week. Master H. Hess is the champion for the month of April, and Richard Reach takes second place.

—"Arbor Day" will be duly celebrated some time during the coming week. Members of the various Senior societies will plant trees in different parts of the premises.

—The more the work on the Park advances, the better the beauty of the design can be seen. When finished it is expected to be the most beautiful spot at Notre Dame.

—The entertainment which was to be given last Sunday evening, has, at the request of some friends, been postponed. Due notice will be given when preparations are completed.

—Several interesting and exciting games of football have been played by the Juniors during the past week. Will some benign Junior volunteer reports of these athletic sports?

—There is a fine opening for an old student in a good paying drug business in a desirable locality. For further information address VERY REV. W. CORBY, C. S. C., Watertown, Wis.

—An esteemed friend suggests the formation of a branch of the "Invincibles" for the purpose of applying dynamite to the colored statues in the Park. Let the local dudes see to it.

—The military company is very likely to be re-established among the Juniors. We notice that a select number hold regular drills every evening. We hope they will continue the work.

—The hall of the Academy of Music has been thoroughly renovated and will soon be ready for use. With the many improvements made it is now a model of convenience and elegance.

—Do not be afraid to put your local items in our box. You know where it is. Turn a little to right as you enter the printing-office, and there behold the box! Hesitate not, but at once deposit your contribution.

—The librarian says that the works of Dr. Brownson are in great demand with the boys. A further proof of the great interest newly awakened in the learned Doctor's works by the uniform edition published by his gifted son.

—Among the scenery which is being constructed from the production of "Macbeth," is one representing a magnificent "Gothic Banqueting Hall in the Castle of Inverness," which Prof. Ackermann has just completed. It will attract great attention.

—A secret meeting of the "Dudes" was held last Wednesday evening, in room number blank in the College. A dude of Langtry fame was elected "Grand Dhudeen." It was decided not to visit Chicago, the necessary funds not being procurable.

—The Curator of the Museum returns thanks to B. John Chrysostom, for his kind efforts in securing the fine *tridacua squamosa* which arrived last week. The shells weigh nearly 400 pounds, and are among the largest specimens of the kind in the country.

—The Archconfraternities had an unusually interesting and instructive meeting last Sunday. Father Zahm delivered his lecture on "The Church

and Modern Science," which was greatly appreciated by all. Upon the conclusion of the Lecture, a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. M. T. Burns, and, without waiting for a second, unanimously carried.

—Now that he is free from all care and anxiety attendant upon the regulation of the steam, our active little landscape gardener can be seen, *sans* coat and *sans* vest, energetically and industriously directing his *corps* in a general cleaning up of the premises. In fact, general activity prevails everywhere, and the beautiful appearance which revivifying nature gives to earth's surface is still further enhanced by the labors of our aesthetes.

—B. Frederick, the master painter, has been presented with a small, but beautifully-finished, mirror for one of the parlors. It is the gift of Mr. F. Schneider, of 80 & 82 Market street, Chicago, from whose establishment was procured the cut and ground glass for the College doors and transoms. He it was, also, who furnished the stained and ground glass for the Cathedral of New Mexico, and St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, Wis.

—The *Amerique*, on which Very Rev. Father General made his trip over the Atlantic, arrived safe on the 14th. Rev. President Walsh gave the "Princes of Notre Dame" extra "rec." in honor of the occasion. The *princes*, as well as all at Notre Dame, rejoice that the venerated and beloved Founder is safe on *terra firma* once more, but hope that he will make his visit to the Old World as brief as possible and gladden them by his presence among them very soon.

—That famous *barouche* met with a grave mishap last Thursday morning. The cavalier in charge attempted a "short cut" to his regular place of destination, but while on the way one of the forward wheels collapsed with consequences—too disastrous to relate. However, as far as the reporter could learn, nobody was hurt; it is said, however, that the "noble steed" was left an undue length of time in charge of the wreck. N. B.—Later advices state that the *barouche* is on its wheels again and doing duty as of old.

—Owing to the break in the dam at Niles, sturgeon and other large fish, so well known to the "old-timers," now come up the river in great numbers. Last week, a fine large sturgeon was caught, six feet in length and weighing about 150 pounds. The Juniors bought it and carried it to the College in triumph. It made a good square meal for the whole department. Such occurrences revive many a "fish story," and amusing reminiscence among the "old folks," who, in days of yore, had their great adventures on their trips to the "fishery."

—The 17th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Monday, April 16th. The question "Is the French Language more Useful than the German?" was made the subject of a warm debate. On the affirmative side were Masters René V. Papin, J. Devereux, and C. Harris; on the negative, J. Hopkins,

W. Stange and W. Ray Moss. Well-written articles were read on both sides. The decision of the question is deferred until the next meeting. C. Metz read a good composition. Master F. Mullen, of Milwaukee, Wis., and J. Anglin, of Warsaw, Ind., were admitted to membership.

—Arrangements for securing the Academy of Music from attacks of the fire-fiend are now being completed. B. Wilfred, the machinist in charge of the work, had his apparatus set up and tested this week. The test took place in front of the College, and was satisfactory in every respect. The apparatus is, we believe, from the plan of architect Edbrooke. It consists of perforated pipes, forming a square, with another perforated pipe bisecting the square at right angles, and arranged in such a manner that a heavy spray of water covers the entire stage. In case of fire, the greatest danger is to be feared from the large quantity of canvas scenery and with the new apparatus the scenery and floor can be drenched in a moment, from above.

—One of the merriest of the many merry parties the Academy of Music has seen this season, gathered there last Saturday to enjoy an evening devoted to social pleasure. Cards of invitation had been sent by Prof. Edwards to all the young Masters of the Preparatory department who had received less than fifteen notes since last September. When the guests had arrived, one of the Professors read from the note-book the names of those who had a clean score for the past eight months. As each name was announced, the happy owner was greeted by the hearty applause of his companions, advanced to the upper end of the hall, where he was presented, by the head prefect of the department, with a beautiful bouquet of tea-roses and pansies. Each of the other guests received from Mr. D. Taylor, the Master of Ceremonies, a *boutonnière* of choice flowers. A grand march was then organized, and led by Masters Foote and Caveroc, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," performed by the Juniors' Orchestra, assisted by the Crescent Club Orchestra. *Quadrille* then followed *quadrille* until collation was announced, when all again fell in line of march, each taking rank according to the excellence of his record; those having a clean score occupied the posts of honor at the tables. B. Lawrence, assisted by Masters Schillo, Seegers, Rhodus and W. Henry, superintended the refreshment department. Before retiring, each guest gracefully expressed his thanks to the host.

—The Greek room is nearly completed, and is quite a little gem of classic elegance. Above the door the inscription, *ΕΛΛΗΓΡΑΜΜΑ*, serves as a neat introduction to the interior where everything is in perfect keeping. The ceiling is in imitation of the Grecian style of sunken panels, and the Doric columns frescoed on the walls present in pleasing relief four large tablets, the two on the right containing familiar passages from Hesiod, and the other two, appropriate selections from Proverbs. These are given below:

Τῆς ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάρουθεν ἐθήξαν
Ἀθάνατοι μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐπ' αὐτήν,
καὶ τρηχὺς τὸ πρῶτον ἐπὶν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται,
Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἤπειτα πέλει, χαλεπή περ ἐοῦσα.

Ὡ υἱὸν ἀνθρώπων, λάβετε παιδείαν καὶ μὴ ἀργύριον,
καὶ γνῶσιν ὑπὲρ χρυσίου δεδοξίμασμένον.

Κρείσσων γὰρ σοφία λίθων πολυτελῶν, πᾶν δὲ τίμιον
οὐκ ἄξιον αὐτῆς ἐστίν.

On either side between the tablets is a group of bust-portraits, on one side comprising the pagan authors, with Homer conspicuous in the middle, and on the other side representing the Christian classics by St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, and others of the Greek Fathers. Prof. Ackermann—who, by the way, was a student at the famous University of Bonn,—designed and did the painting. He has decorated many halls throughout the State, and has here shown himself perfectly at home on classic ground. He deserves special praise for his masterly handling of the subject, and has the warmest thanks and congratulations of the Hellenists. Great credit is due to the Rev. Professor of Greek for his untiring energy, and the result is fully compensating.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bowers, Brady, Burns, Bolton, J. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Coll, T. Carroll, Clarke, A. Coghlin, Conway, Clements, Claffey, Delaney, Donohue, Eisenhauer, Ewing, Fitzgerald, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fenton, Fleming, Farrell, F. Gallagher, Golonski, J. Gallagher, Godfroy, Gooley, Galarnean, Harris, Johnston, Kleiber, Kane, Kolars, Kimmell, Koehler, Kuhn, Kavanagh, Kelly, Larkin, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, Meyer, Monaghan, McErlaine, Mullen, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, McIntyre, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Mathers, Noble, Noonan, Newman, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Reilly, O'Brien, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Rogers, Ruger, W. Ryan, Scholfield, Spencer, Stover, C. Smith, Saviers, Solon, Tingley, Terrazas, Whalen, Warner, Yrisairi, Zahm, Zähle, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Brice, Bush, Browne, Brewster, Berthel, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Cassilly, Cain, Droste, Danielson, Duffin, C. Dennis, W. Dennis, R. Devine, J. Devine, Dwenger, Dunn, De Haven, Dillon, Dorenberg, Dolan, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, Curtis, H. Foote, Fishel, Foster, Fisher, Grothaus, Hagerty, W. Henry, J. Henry, C. Hornaday, Hibbeler, Hess, Hermann, Halligan, Hannavin, Holbrook, Hagenbarth, Hickey, Howard, Handy, Johnson, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, Keegan, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Livingston, Leffingwell, McCawley, Mug, Mason, Metz, McDonnell, Murphy, Major, Miller, Nester, Ohnick, Porter, Robb, Rothschild, J. Ryan, Reach, Schott, J. Smith, Schillo, Seegers, Shannon, Stark, Schaeffer, Subert, Talbot, Taylor, Violette, Warner, Wilkinson, Walsh, Wright, Wallace, Weber, Waixel, Warren, Zeigler, Ruppe.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Papin, J. J. McGrath, Chaves, Metz, Schmitz, Johnson, McGordon, Welch, F. Otis, Cummings, G. Costigan, Devereux, W. Prindiville, Krause, B. Lindsey, Moss, Hopkins, Studebaker, Thomas, W. Devine, F. Stamm, A. Kelly, W. Walsh, Stange, Schmauss, Wright, Morrison, L. Young, J. McGrath, Schicker, G. Stamm, Sommers, Dirksmeyer, Rebori, Coad, Masi, C. Young, Spencer, C. Lindsey, Bunker, Huestis, Colwell, Beall, D. Prindiville,

Whitney, McPhee, Luther, Cain, Landenwich, McGuire, Fix, Stewart, Delaplane, F. Mullen, Ackerman, Roberts, Kellner, Adams, A. Otis, McNaughton, E. McGrath, A. Devine, Quinlin, Lare, Noonan, E. Costigan, Smith, C. Tomlinson, W. Tomlinson, Dungan, A. Mullen, Hynes, Keefie.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

Messrs. Kahman, Saviers, Ludwig, Jas. Heffernan, Grever, Kengel, Whitman, Ruger, Magoffin, Mug, W. Murphy, P. Yrisarri, Spencer, Zeigler, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, Coll, J. Carroll, Bush, Schott, C. Porter, F. Johnson, F. Ryan, J. Armijo, Schaeffer, Austin, H. Foote, E. Fenlon, D. O'Connor, McErlaine, Marlett, Mason, J. Eisenhauer, Garrett, Hibbeler, Courtney, Kerndt, Grot-haus, Berthelet, Schillo, Wile, Kolars, Whalen, Wheatly, Jno. Heffernan, McIntyre, Guthrie, Ashford, Bolton, Farrell, Dillon, Violette, Chelini, O'Donnell.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Hess, J. V. O'Donnell, Kahman, Courtney, Kauffman, Mug, McIntyre, Mullen, Shannon, Freeman; French—Messrs. Fenlon, Schott, J. Smith, Cavaroc, Gibert, W. O'Connor, O'Donnell; Spanish—Messrs. F. Terrazas, A. Terrazas, Delgado; Linear Drawing—Messrs. M. Foote, Schaeffer, Seegers, Fehr, Pillars, Wilkinson; Artistic Drawing—Messrs. Zaehle, Drover, Delgado, Morris; Vocal Music—Messrs. Johnson, D. O'Connor, J. Devine, Schaeffer, R. Devereux, Wile, Gibert, H. Foote, M. Foote, Guthrie, Coll, Kuhn, O'Neill, Keller, Murphy, Grever, Larkin; Elocution—Messrs. Tinley, Clarke, O'Neill, W. J. McCarthy, Solon, Otis, Cleary, Coll, Guthrie, Kolars, Yrisarri, Larkin, Conway, A. Coghlin, O'Brien, Fitzgerald, Grever, Saviers, Noble, Flynn, Morse, Zahn, Burns, Bolton, Browne, Taylor, Wile, R. Devereux, Metz, Bush, Dunn, McDonnell, Spencer, Austin, Ryan, Claffey, T. Lally, Ashford, Fishel; Tele-graphy—Messrs. J. Heffernan, Golonski, Pillars, J. Fenton, McCawley, Wheatly; Instrumental Music ———; Phonography ———.

COLLEGIATE COURSE. *

Latin—Messrs. Quinn, Ewing, Gray, Otis, H. Smith, McIntyre; Greek—Messrs. Quinn, Ewing, Dickerson, Otis, H. Smith; Philosophy—Messrs. Steele, Donahoe, Arnold, Tinley, McCarthy; English Composition—Messrs. Mug, Keller; Rhetoric—Messrs. Grever, Heffernan, Saviers; English Literature—Messrs. W. Cleary, A. Coghlin; Criticism—Messrs. Ewing, Steele; Algebra—Messrs. Reach, H. Smith, Mathers, E. Yrisarri, C. Murdock; Geometry—Messrs. Mug, A. Coghlin, J. Smith,† M. Foote,† Dolan;† Trigonometry—C. Kolars; Surveying—Messrs. Kolars, Guthrie; General Geometry and Calculus ———; Astronomy—C. Tinley; Mechanics—R. Anderson; Physiology—J. Grever; Botany—W. H. McCarthy; Zoölogy—D. Saviers; Chemistry ———; Physics ———; History—Messrs. Kuhn, Morse, J. Keegan, Dickerson, A. Coghlin, Jas. Heffernan, McCarthy, O'Neill, Saviers.

* From last week.

† From last month.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Arithmetic—Masters A. J. Kelly, J. Chaves, J. Schicker, Schmauss, W. Walsh, Schmitz, Cain, Bunker, C. Lindsey, Coad, Colwell, Roberts, B. Otis, Smith, McKey, A. Devine; Christian Doctrine—Masters J. J. McGrath, Hopkins, McPhee, Luther, Spencer, G. Stamm.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the floral offerings to the Chapel of Loreto were profuse, and of remarkable beauty.

—On Friday evening, in the Juniors' study-hall, a beautiful badge for "polite and lady-like deportment" was awarded the department. Manuelita Chaves, Mary Dillon, Caroline Naylor, E. Johnston and Mary Otis were the candidates for the prize. It was drawn for, and Mary Otis was the winner. Every week the Juniors are to repeat the award. The lists are open to all.

—An informal meeting of St. Teresa's Literary Society was held on Thursday evening. The question "Resolved that War is Justifiable" was discussed. The members of the Graduating Class defended the affirmative, those of the First Senior Class, the negative. On Sunday, the arguments, *pro* and *con*, were presented, in presence of the Rev. Chaplain and a number of visitors. The proofs on either side were so strong and so well sustained, and the subject-matter of the discussion so important, that to pronounce a decision would be difficult; the question, therefore, was left open.

The American Princess: Her Dominions and Subjects.

"How absurd the idea!" we hear you exclaim, as you hear the title of our little contribution to *The Mystical Rose*. Wait a little, if you please, good friend, or you may prove yourself guilty of rash, or, at least, premature judgment.

We are not without our palaces, our carriages with footmen in livery. Our glorious Union itself and the various States which compose it have their "coats of arms." Can we doubt that we have nobility, aye, even royalty, in our beautiful nation? No, we cannot, and without further parley let us introduce you to our princess and her dominions.

We will not speak at present of her ancestry, but will simply state the fact that she dwells at the royal residence of her father, and will tell you how she once came near losing her patrimony.

"My child," her father said to her one day, "you are now of an age at which it becomes necessary for me to reveal to you some knowledge of the great wealth to which you are by your birth entitled, and I must also instruct you respecting the proper means to be employed by you, in order to retain and enlarge your present lawful possessions: nor must I longer defer warning you, my dear child, against the enemies who, covetous of your riches, will endeavor, by every means at their command, to deprive you of them."

"Enemies! my dear father," responded the

child, "I have never cherished ill-will towards any one in all my life! Dear father, why should I have enemies?"

"To try your constancy to your friends, my daughter; and, furthermore, to prove whether you are truly worthy of the great destiny which awaits you."

"Perchance I am in truth unworthy, dear father," said the princess, a deep blush suffusing her face, and tears starting to her bright eyes.

Her father, with an earnest look, which the child could not interpret, replied: "God alone knows. Alas! dangers beset our feet wherever we go; but, my child, should you succeed in vanquishing your foes, your birthright can never be wrested from you; if, on the other hand, they succeed in overcoming you, it will become my painful duty, not only to disinherit you, but, bitter as the thought now appears, I should be obliged to disown you altogether."

"O my father!" cried the princess, with a shudder, "I could imagine no greater calamity, and you may be sure that nothing on my part shall be wanting to prevent such an alternative. But, dear father, I am not able to wield the sword. Look at me. I am but a child. How am I to oppose armies skilled in the arts of war? What am I to do?"

"Fear not, my child, that I shall forget your necessities. I shall see to it that you are provided with a well-disciplined army and navy, and your military force shall be led by a commander who will never betray you."

"O, father," interrupted the princess, "must my claims be the occasion of bloodshed? Is there no means whereby to avoid the contest?"

"Not any," answered the father. "But, my child, you must no longer be left in ignorance of your enemy, his locality, his hatred, and his artifices."

The emperor now led his little daughter to the balcony, and, adjusting a telescope, bade her look through the glass at the scene before her. "What do you behold, my child, at the left of the landscape?" asked the father.

"Oh, my head swims, I can scarcely see! What I behold is like a troubled dream"; and the child turned away and covered her face with her hands.

"But look again, and answer me," urged the father.

This time, with more courage, the child gazed, and then said: "It is a very strange and sickening sight which I behold. I see men, women and children who seem under the influence of some intoxication. I see very brilliantly-lighted houses, but they appear so frail that I am sure I should be afraid to live in one of them, and the inmates conduct themselves like maniacs. In truth, dear father, the sight makes me so dizzy that I can scarcely see."

"Do not shrink, my child," said the father; "it is of the first importance that you observe carefully the scene before you."

"If such be the case, dear father, I will nerve myself and be more brave," said the child. "As I look more steadfastly I behold carriages, horses, rivers and bridges; rail trains and engines, stores, public edifices; rich palaces, banners and shipping;

everything wavers and sways and glances in the light, like soap-bubbles in the air. The view is very extensive, but very wearisome to my poor eyes, dear father; you will pardon me if I express my hope that the estates destined for me do not embrace this landscape."

"You might in time become accustomed to these things, my daughter, and learn not only to endure them, but even to admire them."

"Oh never, never!" answered the child.

The emperor was evidently well satisfied with this conclusion, though he said nothing; but he changed the position of the telescope, and turned it in the opposite direction, at the same time bidding his daughter to look through it once more.

"Now, tell me," said he, "what you behold?" As the little princess gazed for one moment, she became so agitated by her emotions that this time she drew back, and fell upon her face at the feet of her father. For some time she was unable to move, but her father lifted her gently from the floor, and said, with an expression of pleasure on his countenance: "What did you observe that had the power to affect you so deeply, my child?"

A look almost angelic was upon her face, as she replied: "O father, the scene was too beautiful to look upon and live! All the happiness which I have ever experienced is nothing to compare with the rapture of the moment in which I gazed upon the scene presented."

"What in particular did you observe, my child?" said the emperor.

"Dare I presume to speak of it? O father, I saw mountains of a grandeur of which before I had not the faintest idea; valleys of a verdure, and rivers of a brightness which I cannot pretend to describe. Never before did I feel how weak language is to express what is in the soul. I saw temples of matchless glory; monuments that surpass the highest conception of the sculptor's art—and O the inhabitants, father! Beauty, dignity and grace shall never again appear to me, except when I shall, perchance, be so blest as to once more behold the vision, the glory of which so overwhelmed my spirit."

"Ah!" said the father, "it will rejoice you to know, my child, that the kingdom you beheld, enchanting as you confess it to be, shall certainly become your own, provided you prove victorious over your enemies. But from the country on the left, my beloved child," continued her father, "behold your foes already parading their mercenary ranks in the light of the morning sun; let me give you the names of some of the principal officers, that you may know them in future."

A swaggering prince, in tawdry dress and flaunting regimentals, like another Goliath, came forward, boasting, and swinging his sword as if in defiance of the world. There was no end to the troops which followed him. "What is the name of that ruffian?" asked the little princess, as she clung closely to her father's side.

"That is a famous Indian sachem, my child, but he has been so universally admired that he has been appointed Commander in Chief of the entire forces of

Human Duplicity, and is known, the world over, as General Pride. You see him accompanied by his military suite, Major General Human Respect, Brigadier General Worldly Stratagem, and three Lieutenants, Lieutenant Avarice, Lieutenant Deceit, and Lieutenant Envy, not to mention inferior officers, as Sergeant Indolence, Corporal Gluttony, and the like."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Adderly, Beal, Black, C. Babcock, Clarke, Chirhart, Castleman, Dillon, Dunn, Dolan, Eldridge, Feehan, Ginz, Hamilton, Heckard, Harrigan, M. Hawkins, Halter, Harris, Johnson, Keenan, King, Kirkham, Kearns, Lancaster, Mohl, McCauley, McCarten, Mooney, Maginn, Neu, O'Connell, Quinlan, A. Ryan, Reiser, Sullivan, E. Slattery, T. Slattery, Schmidt, Stackerl, Schmauss, Todd, Van Patten. *2d Tablet*—Misses Barlow, Campbell, C. Donnelly, Danforth, Gove, Hunt, Legnard, Munger, Murphy, Madole, M. A. Ryan, V. Reilly, Taylor, Wiley, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Chaves, Dignan, M. Dillon, B. Haney, T. Haney, Hawkins, Johnston, Nevius, Mary Otis, Richmond, Shephard, Schmidt, B. Snowhook. *2d Tablet*—Misses Considine, Coyne, C. Ducey, Fehr, Grist, Hibben, Halsey, Morgan, Naylor, Spengler, Van Horn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burtis, Barry, Chapin, Campau, J. English, Lindsey, McKennon, Morley, Martha Otis.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of pupils best in classes—according to competitions held during the month.]

History—Misses Feehan, Dillon, Wiley, Clarke, Fox, Wright, A. Ryan, Lancaster, Fendrich, M. A. Ryan, Todd, Sullivan, Keenan, Barlow, Call, J. Reilly, E. Slattery, V. Reilly, Ramsey, Munger, Fenlon, Heckard, Morrison, Dignan, L. English, Williams; Astronomy—Misses M. A. Ryan, Johnson, Wright, J. Duffield, Laffer, Fendrich; Literature—Misses Fendrich, M. A. Ryan, Todd, Donnelly, Sullivan, Shickey, Laffer, Walsh; Chemistry—Misses Johnson, Keenan, Dunn, Gove, Call, Ginz, Barlow, E. Slattery, J. Duffield, V. Reilly, Crawford, Ramsey, Shickey, Laffer, Walsh; Philosophy—Misses Dunn, Gove, Crawford, Danforth, Munger, Madole, Fenlon, Dignan, Williams, J. Duffield; French—Misses Call, Donnelly, Walsh, Taylor, A. Ryan, L. English, Sullivan, M. A. Ryan, L. Wallace, Malboeuf, Crawford, Dunn, Mohl, E. Slattery, Morrison, Adderly, Fenlon, A. Duffield, Snowhook, Edith Wallace, Richmond, Van Horn, Moshier, Chaves, Lucas, Alexander; Rhetoric—Misses Dunn, Keenan, Gove, C. Ginz, Call, Barlow, Mohl, J. Reilly, V. Reilly, Lancaster, E. Slattery, Crawford, Ramsey, L. Wallace, Halter, J. Spengler; Botany—Misses Gove, Dunn, Slattery, Barlow, Ramsey, V. Reilly, Keenan, Spengler; Grammar—Misses Kirkham, C. Richmond, Kearns, Van Horn, W. Moshier, Eldridge, Schmidt, Fritchman, Mooney, B. Haney, Dolan, E. Wallace, Snowhook, Ewing, F. Schmauss, Hibben, A. English, Spotwood, McGrath, Malboeuf, Lucas, Fisk, Halsey, Rodgers, Fehr, C. Ducey, M. Dillon, A. Duffield, Shephard, Morgan, McCauley, Chirhart, Murphy, Harris, A. Babcock, Legnard; Arithmetic—Misses Harris, Hunt, M. Dillon, A. Babcock, Fritchman, McCauley, E. Wallace, Lucas, Schmauss, Legnard, Morgan, Quinlan, Mooney, King, M. Schmidt, Hibben, Van Horn, Rodgers, Coyne, Snowhook, Fehr, Halsey, Moshier.

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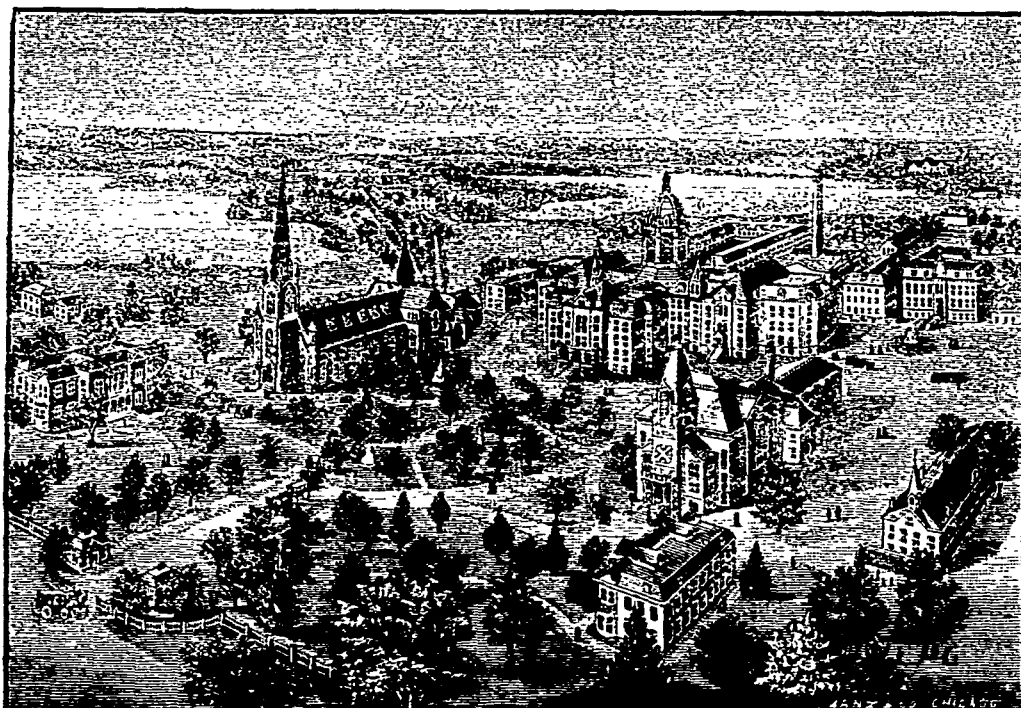
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On and after Monday, Jan. 1, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.32 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.25 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.00 p.m.

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

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

12.20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo 3.55 a.m.

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

GOING WEST:

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. W. CARY, Genl. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

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

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

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