

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 26, 1883.

No. 37.

The Hermit's Ignis Fatuus.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, '83.

"What e'er induced thee, holy friar,
To enter cell so grim and bare?
To what vain hope dost thou aspire,
In what reward dost hope to share?
What vain delusion, luring lamp,
Like *ignis fatuus*, bids thee tramp
O'er wastes so barren, wilds so wide,
With naught but lightning's gleam to guide
Thee o'er the trackless plain? Oh! say,
What calls thee from the world away?"

"The peace of God be with thee, child!
'Twas on a summer evening mild,
A youth, light-hearted, free and gay,
I strayed into the fields to play.
I wandered on through field and wood
Until I came where a churchyard stood;
O'er mounds which marked the solemn spot
Where ashes lay, long since forgot,
I wandered, leaped and played until
A verse upon a tomb did fill
My soul with such a saddening pain,
I stopped to read the lines again.

"They told of a maiden young and fair
Whose heart beneath the green mound there
Was broken with a weight of grief
Which found alone in death relief.
A lover—'twas the tale so old,
In accents sweet his fondness told—
Had woo'd and won, but faithless proved.
It had my pity deeply moved;

"And so, through boyish pity, I
Prayed for the maid who there did lie,
Till broken hearts and prayer had led
My thoughts to Him whose Heart has bled
For love of me on Calvary's height.
Then o'er my soul there came a light
Which filled it, and a gentle voice
Seemed pleading, *Be My Heart thy choice;
My way, thy way; My Kingdom thine,*
In melody which seemed divine.

"I straightway from that lonely grave
Came to this cell my soul to save,
And through long years of toil and care
My soul has found a refuge here;

My heart, when sad and full of grief,
At yonder shrine has found relief;
And here until my dying day
Shall I remain to watch and pray.

"You'd know what lures me, thoughtless child,
And guides me o'er the trackless wild
Of life's beguiling, stormy sea?
'Tis the hope of heaven, an eternity
Of happiness with Christ, my Guide,
The Lamb of Calvary crucified.
He, my delusion, bids me bear
My trials here. The load of care,
So heavy now, will lighten, son,
When time and tide their course have run.
My *ignis fatuus* is the light
Which shines from Calvary's awful height."

The Laws of Nature.

"Happy is he who lives to understand, not human nature only, but explores all nature, to the end that he may find the laws that govern each." Those laws, which govern the material world, those mute, unchangeable decrees of nature, those evidences of an Almighty power, constitute a study no less beautiful than sublime. Effects and consequences of apparently mighty causes (but in reality simple ones), are daily, nay, hourly, developing themselves in countless varieties, and ever at each new shape that nature assumes, she seems the more worthy of our admiration; but to all these varying beauties of our daily paths, we are apt to become insensible; habit renders them familiar, and we gaze upon them with indifference or apathy, and thus, by a morbid insensibility, receive ungratefully and unthankfully, those numberless blessings which are perpetually flowing from the unspeakable goodness of our bountiful and All-wise Creator. Even, whilst enjoying that provision, which is made for every want of our physical and intellectual being, by the beautiful economy of nature, the Giver is too often concealed, by the infinitude and splendor of His gifts, to awaken ourselves to a sense of our own dependence—to enkindle within ourselves the perception of His wonderful greatness, and thereby return to Him the only meed He asks, and which 'tis ours to give—the fervent adoration, love and veneration, of a grateful heart. To excite every emotion of gratitude, it

would be well for us, now and then, to study Him where His hand has most distinctly shown itself—among the beauties of nature. It is good for us, now and then, to turn aside from the busy haunts of men, and, unrestrained, unwitnessed, commune silently and fervently with our Creator. Nature, serene and cloudless, ever breathes around her that peaceful serenity so necessary to contemplation—that calm stillness which unlocks the pent heart, and turns thought inward—that blending harmonising influence, which charms while it melts the soul, and renders every impression more vivid, while it weakens too our insensibilities to many a beauty of which we before were unconscious, and which now are seasoned to a perfection by our own peculiar feelings. At every step do we see multiplied evidences of a Great Author: reason contests the palm with fancy, and science follows to unravel the mysteries of creation. Mind, united with sense, for it is not eye alone that takes in the beauties of nature, nor ear that drinks her sweet harmonies, but the soul's conception which inspires the enthusiastic admiration; and, the more excellent the soul, the more increased and enlarged its faculties, the more refined will be its enjoyment.

That vagueness of interest, that undefined satisfaction with which the admirer of the mere material beauties looks on the sublime and picturesque, is to him who regards their spiritual emanation, increased to an inexpressible felicity—he revels in a rapture of delight. The dewy morn, the silent eve, the glowing mid-day,

"The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,"

incite not only his pleasure but his awe and wonder. He perceives and conceives, he tastes and enjoys, and in all that, he recognizes the workings of Almighty power, and, adopting the language of the poet, he exclaims, "My Father made them all!"

Light is in itself a mystery; philosophers themselves disagree as to what are its component parts. How minute must be its every particle, how swift its velocity, moving in one second 200,000 of miles; passing from its great focus to the earth in eight minutes 15 seconds. The twilight, or crepusculum, which precedes and succeeds the sun, and prepares us, at one for the night, at another for the day, affords us one of the most treasured portions of the twenty-four hours: its dimness is a beautifier, and its mellowness a softener; like a veil thrown upon the face of day, it hides defects while it heightens charms. How perfect is the regularity and order of the different changes of even one day and night! The rosy light of morning wakes the earth to gladness, and all nature seems to join in giving praise to the new-born day.

The lark, high poised on wing,
Sings first his matin hymn,

and soon unnumbered songsters join their choral strains to his, to greet the presence of the

radiant Sol; the tender flower shakes off the dew-drops from its folded petals, and opens wide its closed leaves; it raises its drooping head, renovated by the sunlight and the genial warmth, and flings upon the gentle air a "feast of nectared sweets, where no rude surfeit reigns." The breeze wafts to our senses the odor of its beneficence. We hear the voice of God's power in the rustling of the forest. We may derive, not only pleasure, but instruction, from the examination of the queenly rose, or the modest violet, the field daisy, the very weed which grows beneath our feet, in such wild luxuriance, all afford us specimens of the great botanic family. 'Tis a pleasant occupation to count pistils, stamens and petals, and assign to each their rank and genius. The rough, coarse granite, analyzed, yields the rosy tinted felspar, the almost transparent quartz, and the sparkling mica. The minuteness, the greatness, the care and order, delight us: thus we may go on forever tracing in

"Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of powers divine."

Day passes away, and night usurps her place; unnumbered stars light up the dark-wrought canopy, while Dian, chaste and cold, flings from heaven to earth her silvery mantle. A profound silence reigns, and "while creation seems to sleep," man walks abroad in all the potency of mind, in all the majesty of thought."

"The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;" planets and stars infinite gem the "spacious firmament" with living beauty, and again the contemplative may find food for thought and devotion. He looks upon those trembling orbs, seemingly no larger than a point, and recognizes in each the centre of a mighty universe, round which unnumbered planets roll. These are the lights distinct and clear of other worlds, almost immeasurably distant. And he goes on peopling the mighty space with stars whose light has not yet reached us though the swiftness of light be almost incalculable. Suns upon suns, systems upon systems, meet, if not his gaze, at least his mind's conception, until at length his soul, like the wearied dove, seeks a quiet resting-place: he looks for some point, some centre, to this great infinitude, this boundless whole. That centre and that point is the throne of the Most High. And, oh, how pure must be the worship of that bowed heart, how prostrate its humility, when, after gazing on the wonders of earth and air, he thinks of the mercy and loving kindness, combined with greatness of power; and whilst he exclaims, "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord!" his swelling heart bids him add, "How ravishing Thy love!"

M. Y. H.

The Missionary Bishop.

I hold that he deserves the ring,
The purple, crosier and the mitre,
Whose burden has been none the lighter
For ever doing the best thing.

That he who brings the Christian light

To strangers on a foreign shore,
The church he builds, he should rule o'er.
And then, his age, a blessed sight

May see: an empire round him grow
With faith unshaken in his God,
Where he, the "Black-robe," first had trod,
With burning zeal and youthful glow.

T. E. S.

A Small Catechism of Intemperance.

BY DR. JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

"It is the duty of every physician to speak plainly on this subject, because it is his painful task, day by day, to treat the most terrible and fatal diseases, for the origin of which he can assign no other cause than the use of alcohol."—*Dr. W. B. Richardson.*

What is intemperance?

Intemperance is the abuse of alcoholic liquors.

What do you mean by alcoholic liquors?

All drinks that contain alcohol—everything, from beer to brandy.*

What, in brief, is the effect of intemperance on the mind?

Intemperance gradually ruins the mind. It damages the whole nervous system. It is one of the chief causes of idiocy, insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, sleeplessness, and other diseases of the mind and nervous system.

What is the effect of intemperance on the moral nature of man?

Intemperance destroys morality. It weakens will-power. Reason soon ceases to rule. Character vanishes. The abuse of alcohol over-stimulates the feelings, emotions, and baser passions; and thus opens the door to vice, crime, and every kind of temptation. It leads to idleness, impurity, profanity, scandal, quarrelling, gambling, irreligion, blasphemy, murder, suicide, and other crimes nameless and numberless. It is stated that *seven-tenths* of all the crimes committed in New York city in the year 1882 came from drinking, and about *four-fifths* of all crimes of violence have their origin in intemperance.

What terrible conclusion must be drawn from the foregoing statement?

That so long as a man or a woman is intemperate, reformation of character is impossible.

Mention some of the evil effects of intemperance on the human body.

Intemperance strikes at the very root of good health. It soon gives the countenance a bloated, brutal aspect. It leads to chronic diseases of the

* The extraordinary ignorance that prevails as to what drinks do or do not contain alcohol, was well illustrated a few weeks ago. I was called in to see an injured carpenter. He said he was fifty-two years of age, was a strictly temperate man, and never used any drinks containing alcohol; but he freely acknowledged that every day, for over thirty years, he had drunk *two glasses of whiskey, a pint of beer, and a pint of ale*. The man was so ignorant that he warmly assured me *there was no alcohol in the whiskey he used!* This was all that thirty years' drinking had taught him.

heart, stomach, liver, eyes, arteries, lungs, bladder, and kidneys. "The nervous tissues," says a late scientific writer, "are, perhaps, the first to suffer; and the shaking hand and tottering gait are infallibly followed by a similar tottering of the intellectual and moral faculties. The stomach resents the constant introduction of ardent spirits, and soon refuses to properly digest food. The liver and kidneys give out in a similar way, and the impairment of their functions causes terrible dropsy. The heart gets fatty and weak,† the lungs lose their fresh elasticity, and soon there is not a tissue in the body which has not, in one way or another, succumbed to the ill-treatment to which it has been subjected."

Intemperance, then, must greatly shorten life?

Certainly it does. It brings death long before old age. The habitual drinker *must* decay prematurely. This is a just and solemn law that cannot be repealed by any corrupt legislature. Often death comes with the awful rapidity of a lightning flash, and the red nose and fiery face of the wretched toper disappear forever from the busy scenes of this world. No man can live *drunk* and live *long*.

What do you think of those who "take a drop just to keep out the cold?"

The man who "takes a drop just to keep out the cold" must be very ignorant, or very anxious to deceive himself. He is in a great hurry to dig his own grave. It has been proved again and again that one of the most certain effects of alcohol is to *lower the heat of the body*; and that, instead of enabling the exposed body to withstand the cold, it lays it more open to its attacks. This is the experience of Arctic voyagers, Napoleon and his marshals in Russia, and the good monks of St. Bernard.

Are alcoholic drinks necessary or useful to people in good health?

They are *never necessary or useful to people in good health*. Alcohol drinks are an unmitigated curse to the world; and I am firmly convinced that their administration is never justifiable, *except in case of sickness*.

What is the effect of intemperance on the family?

It destroys, as every one knows, the peace, happiness, and prosperity of millions of families. With a drunken father or mother in it, home becomes a hell. The presence of vice, misery, and poverty makes piety and education impossible; and the unhappy children naturally fall into the wild ways of their degraded parents. Thus the unspeakable evils of intemperance are transmitted from father to child. "Among the many inscrutable designs of nature," says Dr. Richardson, "none is more manifest than this—that *physical vice, like physical feature and physical virtue, descends in line*."

What is the effect of intemperance on society?

† The heart is worn out by over-activity; under the wild influence of alcoholic drinks, it beats about 22,000 times oftener in twenty-four hours than it would if left to the calm influence of temperate habits. It goes too fast to last long.

It has filled the world with misery and scandal. It arrests the progress of religion and civilization. It fosters every kind of immorality. The millions spent on liquor are lost. Sober people are burdened with countless paupers and orphans. Two-thirds of the poor children in asylums are the offspring of drunken parents. The jails, alms-houses, and penitentiaries are chiefly filled by those who have fallen victims to intemperance. The crime-stained wretch at the gallows commonly warns his hearers that "rum" brought him to such an elevation; and among the countless woes of the world there are few, indeed, that cannot be traced to intemperance.

What is the chief cure for intemperance and its awful effects?

Total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The vast majority of mankind cannot use such drinks "in moderation." Even in the hands of the wise and strong, alcohol is a dangerous instrument; but in the hands of the weak and foolish it is a murderous, two-edged weapon. The drunkard must be a failure in this world; and, according to St. Paul, he has little to hope for in the next.

—*The Ave Maria.*

The Weather.

The sun, he's scarcely ever seen,
He hides his face obscurely,
Or peeps an instant to retire,—
The season's winter purely.
There's not a songster on the trees
To show its tiny feather,
It sleeps in some dull, sheltered place,
In this unpleasant weather.

The little fragrant gems of spring
Now hang their heads so sadly,
And seem to say to passers-by:
"Now we are treated badly;"
The lambkins on the grassy lea
Are huddled all together,
They think 'tis time for balmy spring,
Instead of winter weather.

A cloud o'ershadows all the dudes,
Their aspect's quite appalling,
To spend the time within the house
To them is truly galling;
Their diamond rings and golden studs,
And shoes of summer leather,
Are useless to the dudes just now
In this unpleasant weather.

And Missy, too, must stay at home
And rock herself to slumber,
Or study "Latest Fashion Sheets,"
Or *Harper's Weekly* number.
But sad—yes, very sad it is
To shelf the hat and feather,
And leave the silks for moths to eat
In this unpleasant weather.

J. McC.

"The Best Beautifier."

In the present period of æsthetic evolution hardly any question is more frequently asked than "What is the best beautifier?" And a very perplexing and much mooted question it is, as the number and variety of the answers to it unmistakably indicate. The young man who parts his hair in the middle, signs his name "O Wilde Gebhardt," and wears corsets that would gladden the eyes of Lady Florence Dixie, may believe in the salutary influence of the magister of bismuth, *eau de mille fleurs*, or something of that kind. But the young lady who adores the sun-flower, sighs for the lily, weeps for the rose, drinks vinegar to improve her complexion, takes belladonna or acconite to make her eyes sparkle, wears a wig or "waves" to impart the fashionable shade and make-up to her hair, and exults in shoes that have heels like stilts, may prefer the distilled waters of the rose, warm poultices of oatmeal, or something else of like consistency. The countless others between the dude or finical fop and the dudess have likewise their special preferences. In fact, these preferences have such a wide range, and include so many different objects, that it would be a work worthy the skill of Linnæus, Cuvier or Lavoisier to analyze and classify them.

In all seriousness, is not such a spectacle ridiculous? The use of drugs and compounds calculated to heighten beauty and the exhibition of love of display in the prompt adoption of every nonsensical innovation of fashion, have been carried to ludicrous extremes. The mere fop has never, in any country, risen above the grade of a worthless parasite. Such a being is always a subject of disgust. Wearing clothes that seem a compromise between the dress of a woman and the garb of a man, the true nature of the person—a sort of Chevalier Eon—is unintentionally but unmistakably exhibited. The dude and the fop are nuisances, and the interests of public policy imperatively demand that nuisances should be abated.

No practical person expects to see the female butterfly of fashion exhibit any sense whatever, and hence very few remarks need be lost upon her and her foibles. Frivolous, shallow, inconstant, conceited, and almost totally wanting in the elements of dignity and character, the ideal sister of the fop and dude is a very pitiful creature. And, what is more, the efforts of these misdirected people to improve their appearance are usually quite unavailing. In fact, they prove more harmful than helpful in their ultimate effects.

The thoughts that men and women entertain, and the things they are habituated to do, make an impression more pronounced than the most powerful cosmetics. If their lives are pure, if their thoughts are refined, if their acts are honorable, if their works are calculated to raise them steadily higher in knowledge, if they are industrious and live in conformity with the purifying behests of religion, they can rely upon being invested by nature with a higher order of beauty than it is within the power of art to confer. There is no

standard of beauty that surpasses, or even compares with that of an expression distinguished by the marks of intelligence, culture, purity and dignity of character. The face of the infant, as well as that of the idiot, is dull and expressionless. And so it remains until the light of intelligence begins to irradiate it. And then how rapidly it changes! It assumes definite form. Expression and character come to it. No longer does it look dull, heavy and stupid. A bright light shines through the eyes and glows in the features. It is the light of consciousness and intelligence; and, combining with the expression produced by pure thoughts and a life of usefulness, it constitutes the most perfect and durable type of beauty known to mankind. It lasts all through life.

Art may heighten the effects and indications of mere physical or animal beauty, but the fop and creature of fashion are not generally endowed with a very high order of development in that direction. And even if they were, it is so transitory as to be hardly worth the time and trouble necessary to cultivate it. When the physical strength fails, that particular variety of beauty goes out and disappears as abruptly as the light of a tallow-dip. The lines and cross-lines of age furrow a comparatively vacant face, and hardly a vestige of beauty remains.

An expert observer can generally determine by a mere glance at a man what trade, business, vocation or profession he has followed; and how much easier ought it not to be for the practiced eye to read in the face of a person the drift of his life, whether for good or evil? Psychologists assert that when a thought is once formed in the mind it lasts forever. It may become obscured by the lapse of time and the pressure of varying circumstances; but still it remains, and is liable to be aroused and called up again by the stimulus of former associations. As has been said—

"Each lighter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears."

In view of such facts it ceases to be difficult to account for the potential influence exercised by thought in giving expression to the human countenance. The threads that enter into the warp and woof of a fabric give it the color and texture distinguishing it; and, in like manner, the thoughts that are indulged and cherished by the mind enter into its substance, manifest themselves in its operations, and reflect their shadings in the countenance. If they are pure, refined and honorable, so appears their possessor; but if they are mean, selfish and depraved, the person entertaining them cannot disguise that fact—inasmuch as their tendencies and shadings are manifest in his acts and visible in his countenance. Hence it may safely be concluded that a pure mind and a useful life constitute "the best beautifier." Genuine beauty comes from within, and it can never be indebted for its existence to cosmetics.

H.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—Mark Twain's new volumes, "Life on the Mississippi," will appear in a few days simultaneously in London and Boston.

—Mr. Froude, *The London Standard* thinks, "will surely be remembered as the most unlucky, the most injudicious, the most irresponsible of bookmakers.

—Franz Liszt has given 2,400 gulden to the Conservatorium of Vienna to found an annual scholarship of 100 gulden for the best pianoforte player. The aged Abbé, who is to spend the summer in Weimar, was present on the first of this month at a performance of his "Heilige Elizabeth" in Marburg, to celebrate the 600th anniversary of the completion of the Church of St. Elizabeth.

—Some time ago, Asgar Hamerick, Director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, composed a piece of sacred music, which he named "The Christian Trilogy," and asked permission, through Archbishop Gibbons, to dedicate it to his Holiness, the Pope. The Archbishop, a few days ago, received a letter from Rome, in which the Holy Father graciously signified his acceptance of the dedication.

—The editorship for the Rolls Series of what is known as "The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick," contained in Irish MSS. in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum, has been entrusted to Mr. Whitley Stokes. The life is composed of three biographical homilies, and each homily contains a few old Irish poems and proverbial sayings. Though written in a rude, disjointed style, it has great value for the historian and philologist, and throws some light on ancient Irish institutions.

—HAS DUST A MUSICAL VALUE?—The organ in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Williamsburgh, has not been taken apart and cleaned for the past thirty-five years. It is considered by the congregation the finest-toned instrument on Long Island. As it is to be taken down to-day, and the pipes cleaned of the dust which has accumulated in them, not a little interest is manifested in the work, since some people fear that the cleaning may injure the organ by robbing it of its mellow tone.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Trustees of the British Museum have lately received from Peking some typographical curiosities, in the shape of eight volumes containing portions of two Chinese works printed during the thirteenth century. These books are printed from wooden blocks, and display a marked inequality in the skill of the type-cutters. The paper, which is the ordinary Chinese paper, is in the case of one work much discolored by age. The volumes have evidently been carefully preserved, and at one time belonged to the library of a Chinese prince, who, in consequence of a political intrigue, was, in 1860, condemned to die by a "silken cord." Hence the dispersion of his library.

—Lovers of Handel's music will heartily wel-

come two volumes recently published in the edition of the German Handel Society. These are the two versions of his earliest oratorio 'Esther,' the one first written in 1720 for the Duke of Chandos, and the latter one arranged for the more public performance. The editor, Dr. Chrysander, remarks in his preface that this work has been more disfigured by arbitrary alterations than any other of Handel's, and the task of preparing a trustworthy score has evidently been one of the greatest difficulty. The second and latter version contains a large number of movements which have not been previously published, and a comparison of the two is most interesting as showing the pains taken by the composer to perfect his work.—*Athenæum*.

College Gossip.

—The Board of Trustees of Columbia College have decided not to make the institution co-educational.

—Brown University has just received \$100,000 for the endowment of a chair in Natural Science.

—*Argonaut*.

—The Senior class of Bates College will present to that institution a bust of Charles Sumner, valued at \$1,000.—*Argonaut*.

—The University of Vienna is said to have more than 200 professors; the University of Berlin, about 180; Leipsic, 150; Jena, 75.

—Columbia has been playing correspondence games of chess with several other colleges, and in every contest has come out victorious.—*Argonaut*.

—A Hartford architect says: "The best fire-escape is a cool head." Yes; but the desire to keep one's head cool is what causes the general demand for fire-escapes.—*Ex*.

—By a legal settlement at Providence, R. I., the bequests of the late George F. Wilson have been ratified, and Brown University will receive \$100,000, and Dartmouth College \$50,000.—*Badger*.

—The special feature of the new observatory at Columbia College will be a paper dome. This will be the fourth paper dome in the world. They have all been made by Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y., the manufacturers of paper boats.

—The Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, has lately received a notable addition through the generosity of Dr. R. Caulfield, of Cork, who has given sixty manuscripts, Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, and Hindi, collected by Col. Honnor in India.

—A law student at Lafayette, Ind., was surprised in the midst of an impassioned address before a sawhorse and twelve sticks of cord wood set on end. This laudable attempt at innocent practice was laughed at so much that he left town to escape the ridicule.

—The great cyclone of last Saturday which raged through Wisconsin caused some damage to

the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown. A part of the roof was blown off, and the south windows of the buildings were broken by hailstones.

—A circular issued by the United States Board of Education on "Comparative Statistics of Elementary, Secondary, and Superior Education in Sixty Principal Countries," shows that Ireland, with a population of over five millions, having 7,523 schools and over one-million of pupils, stands first on the list; the United States, with a population of over fifty millions and 188,918 schools, is second; Russia is twenty-fourth on the list.

—We find the following record of the Princeton Field-Day Sports (May 10) in the *Cornell Daily Sun*: Pole vaulting, 10 ft. 1¼ in.; 100-yards dash, 10½ sec.; running high jump, 5 ft. 6 in.; one-mile run, 4 min. 51 sec.; mile walk, 8 min. 23½ sec.; hurdle race (120 yards), 18½ sec.; 440-yards dash, 55½ sec.; throwing the hammer (16 lbs.), 77 ft. 1½ in.; 220-yards dash, 23¾ sec.; putting the shot, 33 ft. 5½ in.; half-mile run, 2 min. 16½ sec.; running broad jump, 18 ft.; bicycle race (two miles), 8 min. 14½ sec.; tug of war, won by '84.

At the Columbia College field sports (May 21) the following record was made: 100-yards dash, 10½ sec.; putting the shot, 33 ft. 11¼ sec.; one-mile run, 5 min. 11½ sec.; mile walk, 8 min. 23 sec.; quarter-mile run, 59½ sec.; open half-mile, handicap, 2 min. 4¾ sec.; 220-yards dash, 24¼ sec.; bicycle race (two miles), 6 min. 48 sec.; pole vault, 7 ft. 9 in.; running broad jump, 18 ft. 6 in.; half-mile race, 2 min. 13½ sec.; throwing the hammer, 84 ft. 8½ in.; running high jump, 5 ft. 2 in.; open one-mile run, handicap, 5 min. 46 sec.; tug of war, won by '84, 1 foot.

At the Cornell spring field meeting, May 13th, the 100-yards dash was made in 11¼ seconds. There were 9 contestants. The mile walk—2 contestants—8 min. 53½ sec.; the best running, hop-step-and-jump, 34 ft. 4 in.; the best standing broad jump, 9 ft. 10¾ in.; the 220-yards run—8 entries—24 seconds. A 21-lb. hammer (5 lbs. over the regulation weight) was thrown 56 ft. 6 in.; the baseball was thrown 315 ft. 6 in.; the best football kick was 159 ft. 7 in.; running broad jump, 15 ft. 4 in.; half-mile run, 2:19¼; pole vault, 7 ft. 1½ in.; ¼-mile run, 56½ sec.; mile run, 6:26; running high jump, 5 ft.

The following is the record of the annual spring meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association, held May 19th: One-mile walk, 8:03½; throwing the hammer, 86 ft. 11 in., beating the best Harvard record by 2 feet; 100-yards dash, 10¾ sec.; running high jump, 5 ft. 7 in.; 120-yards hurdle race, 10 1-5 sec.; half-mile run, 2 min. 4-5 sec., beating the best college record; running broad jump, 19 ft. 2 in.; 220-yards dash, 24½ sec.; one-mile run, 4 min. 41 sec.; putting the shot, 35 ft. 11 in.; pole vaulting, 7 ft. 7 in.; quarter-mile run, 55½ sec.

Exchanges.

—The *Bethany Collegian* is the name of a new college paper, started at Bethany, W. Virginia. From the matter and appearance of the first number we are inclined to judge favorably of the new venture. There is a fair proportion of original matter, student work, but not of a high order. We learn from the *Collegian* that Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Bethany, but in a rather perfunctory manner,—two solo songs, with piano accompaniment, and four speeches, varying in time of delivery from eight to eighteen minutes! From all the accounts we have seen, at none of the colleges is Washington's Birthday

celebrated with such patriotism and *éclat* as at Notre Dame.

—The equanimity of our Presbyterian brother of *The College Courier* seems to be sadly disturbed by the SCHOLASTIC's article in defense of the much maligned Alexander VI, and what he is pleased to call "the latest returns from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The dark cloud under which he, unconsciously and in good faith we hope and firmly believe, had enshrouded himself, has parted, and the ray of sunshine beaming through the rift having disturbed his nerves, he seeks safety in his own inward gloominess. Cheer up friend; from the sunlit summit of the Rock of Peter, which has witnessed the storms and sunshine of nearly two thousand years, we give you greeting of the approaching disappearance of the night of gloom that has overcast you.

—*Student Life*, from Washington University, straggles around this way semi-occasionally,—we hope it will come regularly, or not at all. There is some excuse for a daily, like the *Cornell Sun*, which is almost wholly taken up with local happenings, failing to put in a regular appearance, but no such excuse can be found for a monthly. *Student Life* seems to be creditable enough. A good article on "German in the Public Schools" and another on "Letters and Letter-Writing," with a letter from Sydney, Australia, to Chancellor Elliott, make a creditable literary department. The Exchange department is well conducted, although sometimes descending to points not worth noticing, as for instance the color of the cover of the *Occident* and other papers. By the way, *Student Life* itself has about the dullest-looking cover of all our exchanges. We have often wondered why it was that mediocre editors generally attempted to criticize others on points in which they themselves were most liable to criticism.

—Glancing over a large pile of exchanges we came across a number of *The Blackburnian* in which the Exchange-editor tries to take Mr. Geo. E. Clarke to task for the matter of his essay on Catholicity in America. He says: "The facts of history show, that Columbus by great efforts, accomplished his grand work, not with the aid and encouragement of the Catholic Church, but *in spite* of the prejudice and opposition of bigoted churchmen. Our friend's view of American history is colored too much by his religious prejudices." We think not; in fact we *know* it is not. The "facts of history" referred to by the Blackburn editor are something decidedly new, and we should like to know on what authority the statement is made. That there have been bigoted churchmen in all ages we are willing to admit, but bigoted churchmen opposed no obstacles to Columbus's voyage. On the contrary, it was the Prior of the Dominican Convent of La Rabida who interceded with Queen Isabella in Columbus's behalf, and induced her to further his plans, even at the expense of her jewels—and this when all hope in that direction had been abandoned. Such is the fact; it therefore behooves our friend to cor-

rect his "history," and see on which side lies the prejudice.

—Our genial new friend *The Ariel*, from Minneapolis, has issued a special number containing the six prize orations delivered by the Inter-State contest. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin are said to have been represented, but if the other States had no better representation than the self-constituted clique that went from Indiana, the contest could not, properly speaking, be called an Inter-State one. The first essay, by J. M. Ross, of Monmouth College, Illinois, though rather rhetorical than demonstrative, is well and carefully written. The second, by a young man from a college at Beloit, has the one merit of being adapted for public declamation. Its extraordinary misstatements are refuted by the essay itself, to say nothing of the unanimous testimony of European history. We fear this essayist's early education has been sadly neglected. The third essay, by a modest Hoosier who rejoices in the name of W. R. Asher, is modestly entitled "The Problem of Social Life." We regret to say that Mr. Asher takes a very gloomy view of civil society. He opens thus: "Indigence is the fatal *breath* which, if not *quenched*, must extinguish the torch of civilization." ("Quenched" is good!) "Here is the hideous morsel modern society is expected to digest" . . . "Our society has canonized (?) robbery as success; and *legalized fraud as law*!" . . . "From under the dark clouds of the Commune shoot rays of light 'parallel to the eternal law of right, and justice, and truth.'—"Ye gods! ye gods! it doth amaze me!" The fourth essay, by a youth from Wooster, Ohio, is the dreary development of a charming subject. "Individualism" is the title of the fifth essay, by Mr. S. B. Howard, of Iowa University. Ah, he's a genius! "A member of no church but the religion of progress"! If the papists had only had such a man as he in their communion! "The fatal mistake of Catholicism was that it allowed no individual thought. . . . The white-haired Galileo, lying prostrate at the feet of Urban VIII, pleading for his life because he had said 'it does move'" (!!!)

"ὁρᾷς τοῦτ' ὡς εἰρηνας ὡς ἄγαν νέος;"

Surely one should not talk of "Individualism" who on a grave historical subject can only repeat the inspiration of the school-marm.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

The sixth essay, by Mr. Stacey, of the State University of Minnesota, is a very creditable production and should have secured for the young orator a much higher place. The *Ariel* deserves the gratitude of the college press for its energy and enterprise in publishing the orations.

ONE of the strongest and most uniformly operative of human tendencies is to imitate, and hence the race is likely to grow generous and unselfish, precisely as it has constantly set before it models of generosity and self-abnegation.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 26, 1883.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SIXTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Among the other valuable medals to be presented on Commencement day will be one for Athletic Sports. The generous donor at present wishes to be unknown. The only condition he places to his gift is that it shall be bestowed upon the one showing the best record in baseball matches, and that in the *five championship games*.

—On last Saturday evening, the students, assembled in the hall of the College, listened to an able and instructive lecture by the Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J., the well-known Irish missionary and lecturer. The subject of "Temperance," upon which Father Murphy spoke, was one which, in view of the present commendable movement inaugurated among the students, was particularly interesting, and calculated to produce beneficial effects. The reverend speaker prefaced his remarks by expressing the pleasure which he felt that nowadays so many young people take such deep interest in the subject upon which he was to speak. He reminded his hearers that they were all here striving for something great; they all revealed the ambition of their minds to prosper in everything they attempted, and to leave "footprints on the sands of time." Entering upon the subject of his discourse, he spoke eloquently of the grand end for which man had been formed by his Creator and was placed in this world, and the wonderful gifts and powers of soul and body with which he had been endowed to further the attainment of this end. But great and sublime as these gifts undoubtedly were, they were debased and sacrificed through the curse of drink. Man is rendered incapable of giving to God that glory which all cre-

ation is ever sending forth; that divinely-bestowed Reason which should place him at such a lofty height in the scale of creation is dethroned; liberty and every moral gift sacrificed; in a word, the powers of mind and body destroyed; such are the fearful consequences of the vice of intemperance. These thoughts were developed at length, and in a manner to produce a deep impression upon all present. In conclusion, the good Father expressed the hope that his young hearers would make themselves truly free, by pledging themselves to practise the virtue of temperance, and never to be slaves to its opposite vice; and though he might not have the pleasure to meet them again, yet it would ever be a source of gratification to him to learn of the successful development and spread of their society.

Frequently throughout the lecture, the speaker was greeted with applause, and that his words found a responsive echo in many a heart was shown by the enthusiasm which then prevailed, and has since, for the "good cause."

—In a letter, accompanied with a beautiful address, recently received by the authorities of Notre Dame University, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, of New York, gracefully expresses his recognition of the tribute paid to him in the conferring of the "Lætare Medal." We are happy to be permitted to present both to our readers, who, no doubt, are already aware of the occasion which has called forth such a manifestation. In the letter which follows, some complimentary passages in regard to the University, are omitted by request:—

TO THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

When a University . . . decrees her Academic honors, it were rash to impeach her judgment. Yet when a Gold Medal, issued for the first time, was presented to me in your behalf with an address whose purely classic lines were animated by the highest gifts of poesy, the deep emotion that filled my soul could utter but the thought of my utter unworthiness of such a distinction. I could behold in myself no talent, learning or eminent service to religion and science that justified your choice. Love of the Church, love of my country, these indeed I have, and as I have labored animated by them, I receive with the deepest respect the honor you confer upon me, as a tribute to them.

With deep gratitude and respect, I present to Notre Dame my sincere homage.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

The accompanying address is expressed in elegant latinity, and printed upon parchment beautifully illuminated, with an elaborate arabesque and initial letter. These latter are exquisitely painted in colors and gold by Dr. Shea's gifted daughter; and at the same time that the work manifests the artistic talent and execution of the young lady herself, it reflects great credit on the good nuns who were her instructors. The whole is enclosed in an elegant framework of rough gold and maroon velvet. It reads as follows:

NOSTRÆ DOMINÆ UNIVERSITATIS FACULTATI
ET ALUMNIS

Num donis me vultis, amici viventes, opprimere vestris,
Qui mortuos inter perdulci gradiar amicos?

Ut quid relinquere charas vultis me cogere umbras,
 In lucem acturi, ac Magnum, invitum? Magnos habetis:
 NEWTONUM habetis, et virum scientia factisque præclarum,
 Ac medicos inter est EMMET, qui celeberrime eminet certe,
 Ecquid de CAROLO, legum perito, educam O'CONOR?
 Post leges sunt bella,—ita! bellorum ac nobiles duces:
 Nobilem ROSECRANS bene ornetis commeritis signis!
 Vel etiam artis insigni, LAFARGIO, honorem donate,
 Aut CORCORAN illi, theologo, digno merito, laude!
 Nostrumque denique EGAN, qui dulciter canit ornatè!
 En viri! En magni! quos juxta, videte, quam tenuis ego!
 Jam donum, amici, perenni manebit pro monito mihi:
 Quam longe ab eo consisto, quem me esse putastis.

JOANNES MARLÆ SHEA.

The letter to the Faculty, and the address, were accompanied by a collection of the writings of the generous donor, and a copy of the Rheinish Testament, with the following autograph letter:

A copy of the rare original edition of the Catholic Testament translated by the learned Dr. Gregory Martin, alone, and printed at Rheims in 1582; two similar volumes containing the Old Testament were printed at Douay in 1609-10, forming what is known as the Douay Bible.

As a translation, it is faithful and accurate: it is English, of the best period, before the old traditional Catholic terms were forgotten.

This volume is one to be looked upon with reverence. For generations it could be read in the British Isles only by stealth, as its possession was punishable with death.

J. G. S.

—Corpus Christi this year was ushered in by an unusually delightful morning. The cool atmosphere, the fragrance of the lilac hedges, fresh foliage of the trees, and new velvety lawns, all seemed to combine to give nature her most charming aspect. Immediately after the morning meditation, busy hands commenced to erect altars and arches. Numberless statues and pictures were placed in every available nook and bower on the line of procession around the lakes and in the groves and parks; rare paintings, tapestries and heavy festoons of evergreens decorated the College buildings, and from every pinnacle, turret and tower innumerable banners and flags displayed their beautiful colors with every motion of the air. Within the church, the soft colors of the rainbow, blended with the harmonious strains of the grand organ, and the fragrance of incense and flowers, united to lead the heart of man a willing captive to do homage at the throne of the Creator present in the Ever-Adorable Sacrament. Solemn High Mass was chanted by the Very Rev. President of the University, assisted by Father Francis as deacon, and Father Giles as subdeacon. The Divine Sacrifice completed, Father Giles addressed a few eloquent words to the congregation, in explanation of the feast, after which the grand procession was formed, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, with burning tapers; then followed, with appropriate banners, the Minims, Juniors and Seniors of the College, 400 strong; apprentices of the Manual Labor School and the Agricultural Department, 70 strong; students of the Novitiate, 40 in number; Brothers and Novices of the Holy Cross, 150. The University Cornet Band, of twenty

pieces; 30 acolytes, scattering flowers; 14 priests, in albs and chasubles, or copes; cantors, in surplices and copes of gold, followed by the canopy, under which walked the celebrant, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, supported on either side by the deacon and subdeacon.

The rich crimson canopy, embroidered with millions of little pearls, was surrounded by a guard of honor bearing torches. Then came Sisters and postulants of the Holy Cross, followed by representatives of the South Bend congregations, walking reverently in ranks, reading from their prayer-books or reciting the Rosary. As the procession passed down the aisles of the church, the great organ sent forth burst after burst of joyous hosannas from every tube of its large collection, the College chimes rang forth their most joyous peals, which were caught up and re-echoed by the bells of the convent, Professed House, Manual Labor School and neighboring chapels, while the deep solemn booming of the Mammoth bell in the church tower, and the martial strains of the Cornet Band made the very atmosphere ring with soul-inspiring harmony. As the procession, with its many-waving banners, slowly wound around the lakes, under gorgeous arches and passed beautiful altars and shrines, the scene was picturesque and edifying. Edifying indeed it was to see so many souls from all climes and nations—the child scarcely able to walk and the centenarian—all united in one grand, solemn act of devotion to the Most High.

The Philopatrians.

The eleventh annual entertainment of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place in the Academy of Music, last Saturday afternoon. Throngs of the Philopatrians' friends were present to encourage the young actors, many of whom were appearing on the boards for the first time. After an introductory march by the N. D. U. C. Band, supplemented with a selection by the University Orchestra, the curtain was rung up and discovered Master Henry Metz with an address which, for its size—'twas three feet long and two in width—has never been equalled at Notre Dame. But he was assisted in its delivery by Masters Caveroc, Hanavin and Henry. The Columbians, Thespians, St. Cecilians and Law Class were paid the most flattering compliments, and evinced their high appreciation of the same by frequent and loud applause. This address, together with a beautiful one in French, read by Master L. Gibert, was presented to Very Rev. A. Granger, in whose honor the entertainment was given. The Orpheonics were billed for a "Song and Chorus," but failed to put in an appearance. The "Office-Seekers," too, were anxiously looked for, but we suppose that they had not returned from the "hunt." The Band, however, supplied these missing links with appropriate selections. And now came the event of the evening, "The Prodigal Law Student," a beautiful and deeply interesting domestic drama in four acts; the leading rôles in

which were well sustained by Masters Metz, Warren, Brewster, Schillo, Wile, Gibert, Hanavin, and J. Ryan Devereux. So ably and naturally did these young gentlemen personate their assumed characters that we became oblivious of the fact that the "Prodigal Law Student" was a mere ideal conception, not a living reality. "Frederick" the Prodigal, found a worthy representative in Master Henry Metz, whose superb and graceful acting was the admiration of all. P. Warren, as "Mr. Martin," Frederick's father, was somewhat too tame at times when a little more *vim* or spirit would have made his acting faultless. E. Wile, on the contrary, as "Angelo," was rather impetuous at times; yet he proved himself to be the fond, trusting, and affectionate brother throughout the entire play. J. R. Devereux, "Gen. Watson, U. S. A.," made a skilful and brave commander, exhibiting his knowledge of military tactics most advantageously. A Schillo, "Pumpkin Nicodemus Geizhals," could not have been excelled in his artistic and side-splitting personation of the tight-fisted and cunning Wall Street Broker, his efforts being greeted with rounds of applause. Were we to continue the criticism of each of the leading characters, we should employ none but words of praise. A. Brewster as "Alfred," L. Gibert, as "Mr. Richards," C. Foster, as "Prof. Allgood," J. McGrath, as "Admiral Ross, U. S. N.,"—all acquitted themselves creditably, successfully. Among those who assumed the minor rôles, and who contributed very materially to the great success of the entertainment may be mentioned, Masters Cassily, Livingston, J. Nester, Fishel, Berthelet, Cavaroc, Ryan, W. Henry, Hagerty, T. McGrath, Seegers, Curtis, Dennis, Waixel, P. Yrisarri, Dorenberg, J. Henry, Hibbeler, Kengel, Subert and Danielson. After the grand tableau, which, by the way, was one of the most picturesque ever seen in Music Hall, President Walsh introduced Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., of Galway, Ireland, who made the closing remarks, in the course of which he bestowed the highest encomiums on all who had participated in the entertainment. To the untiring efforts of Prof. J. A. Lyons is the success of the Twelfth Annual Entertainment of the Philopatrians due. Him and them, therefore, do we congratulate on what certainly was one of the most interesting exhibitions of the year.

Botanical Record.

WEEK ENDING MAY 22, 1883.

In the hurry of preparing last week's report, the name of *Viola sagittata* slipped into the place of *Viola lanceolata* found May 9, on the borders of Cottin's Creek.

May 16.—*Ribes Cynosbati*, wild gooseberry, past its bloom; fence corners. *Prunus Americana*, wild plum, full bloom; roadside south of Kankakee. *Crataegus tomentosa*, pear thorn; same locality.

May 17.—*Cardamine rhomboidea*—the normal form; (*var. purpurea* is now past flowering)

springs near the lake—conspicuous for its pure, white blossom. *Ceanothus ovalis*, groves by lake and river. *Lupinus perennis*, lupine; north shore of St. Mary's Lake. *Synthyris Houghtoniana*; sandy bank of river. *Galium Aparine*, goosegrass; rich soil near river. *Arisæma triphyllum*, Indian turnip, groves near the old mill.

May 18.—*Syringa Persica*, Persian lilac; College park. *Smilax herbacea*, carrion flower; north shore of lake.

May 19.—*Aquilegia Canadensis*, wild columbine; river bank. *Sisyrinchium Bermudiana*, blue-eyed grass; by railroad track. *Convallaria majalis*, lily-of-the-valley, full bloom; gardens. *Primula grandiflora*, primrose, gardens.

May 20.—*Phlox pilosa*, near R.R. track. *Polygala Senega*, Seneca snake root; same locality. *Myosotis verna*, same locality. *Rumex acetosella*, sheep sorrel or "sour grass"; everywhere. *Podophyllum peltatum*, May-apple or mandrake; Johnson's woods. *Vaccinium vacillans*, same locality. *Erigeron bellidifolium*; groves near St. Mary's Lake.

May 21.—*Pyrus coronaria*, American crab apple; near river. *Hypoxis erecta*, star grass; border of lakes. *Smilacina stellata*; same locality; or, rather, higher and dryer. *Senecio aureus*, golden ragwort or squaw-weed; groves near lake.

May 22.—*Crataegus flava*, summer haw; near river. *Cardamine hirsuta*, small bitter-cress; wet places in woods. *Prunus Virginiana*, choke cherry; lake shore.

The delicate fronds of *Adiantum pedatum* and other ferns are now uncoiling in the woods, and offer the most beautiful forms of foliage to those who delight in the study of æsthetics.

NEAL H. EWING,

Secretary.

Personal.

—R. M. Fulton, '70, is in the wholesale furniture business, Dexter, Mich.

—Col. A. F. Boone, of La Vita, N. M., grandson of Daniel Boone, is a welcome visitor to Notre Dame.

—Our venerable Father Neyron, M. D., is still confined to his chamber, though we are happy to say that during the past week there has been a great improvement in his condition.

—Mr. H. Steis, writing from his home, Winamac, Ind., reports all the old students from his place enjoying good health and prospering. Henry wishes to be remembered to all his old schoolmates and friends, and promises to be here Commencement.

—Among those visiting the College recently were: Andrew Mullen, Chicago, Ill.; D. J. Wile, '70, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. L. Adler, Elgin, Ill.; James Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; O. R. Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind.; E. M. Dasher, Indianapolis, Ind.; Miss Marion J. Faxon, Chicago, Ill.; and B. Eisenhauer, Huntington, Ind.

—A Fort Wayne paper, announcing the sudden death in that city of Michael S. Kelly (of '75), says: "The city was shocked yesterday afternoon by the news of the sudden death of Mr. Michael S. Kelly, Assistant Cashier of the Hamilton National Bank, where he has been employed for twelve years. Mr. Kelly was one of our most popular young men. The circumstances of his death are quite pathetic." The paper goes on to state that Mr. Kelly, had called at the house of Mr. Flick, to whose daughter he was engaged to be married next month, and while there he was attacked with a fit of apoplexy, from which he died the following day. He was in the 25th year of his age, and had an exceptionally promising future before him. Mr. Kelly is said to have been a model student when at Notre Dame, and is kindly remembered by all the members of the Faculty and Community, who sympathize with his parents and friends in their sad bereavement. May he rest in peace!

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin writes from Rome as follows:

"....I have just returned from the Vatican, where I had a new audience, which I enjoyed even more than the two previous ones of 1882 and 1878. I never saw his Holiness so interested in listening to what I had to say of Notre Dame, rising so beautiful and so majestic from her bed of ashes. He said, repeatedly: 'Divine Providence had undoubtedly saved the Congregation *there*'; and he thanked God for it with all his heart. Before leaving the room, I opened *The Ave Maria*, and drew his attention to the Dome, now in process of erection, and begged his especial blessing upon it; when all at once he brought his hand on the page, and pressed upon it a loving Sign of the Cross. Then he added: 'I renew all my blessings of past years on this fine journal of Mary, and on all the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross; while the Old World saddens us on all sides, the New one gladdens our hearts wonderfully. May Heaven bless every member of our dear family more abundantly!'

"You may imagine with what a glowing heart I left the Holy Father's chamber; I felt ten years, at least, younger; or insured with a new lease of ten years more for myself and everyone in the dear Congregation, even my young Brother Vincent.

"To-morrow, D. v., I leave Rome for Lourdes, and expect to reach Paris on the 10th, to meet our good Bishop there, on his arrival, as agreed.

"Kindest regards to all around you; my love to my angelic Princes.

"Your devoted

"E. SORIN, C. S. C."

We are all glad to learn that our beloved and venerable Father Founder leaves Europe *to-day* for Notre Dame. May he have a safe return!

Local Items.

—There's a tidal wave—but it's temperate.
—That Philopatrian address was immense!
—What has become of our weather-prophet?
—The Prodigal Law Student will shortly be printed.

—The Euglossians know how to appear upon the stage.

—Our champion light weight is open for engagement.

—He most positively objects to that kind of advertising.

—Shillo, Metz and Warren were the "stars" last Saturday.

—Can it be called the Juniors' park? We pause for a reply.

—The Philopatrian "express train" takes everything, cake and all.

—The "Evangeline" has been hauled to the "dry dock" for repairs.

—Many *new* features were introduced into the Zouave drill on Saturday.

—Brewster and Shillo gracefully acknowledged the call before the curtain.

—Will some of our old-timers give us a history of the old white house near the lake?

—"Napoleon No. 4" (Ryan) was a host in himself. His martial speech took them by storm.

—My name is Nicodemus Pumpnickle Ge-fluhensteiner Geizhaltz—and don't you forget it!

—The Catalogue is being printed. We understand that, to a great extent, it has been re-written.

—"Muddy and Shankey" is the way one of the Freshies spoke of Moody and Sankey, one day last week.

—The Novitiate altar and the one at Calvary were the most elaborately decorated on Corpus Christi.

—As the work progresses in the *place du palais* the aesthetes are becoming better satisfied with the plan.

—The "Lightning Slingers" have made great progress under the instruction of their efficient Director.

—Owing to the threatening weather of last Sunday, the Minims' excursion to the St. Joe has been postponed until to-morrow.

—Levi was quite a gentleman last Saturday. He passed by *d'un pas de Senateur*, reading gravely the "Notre Dame Times."

—Bro. Francis Regis, the amiable Prefect of the Minims, has made some improvements in and around the Minims' play-hall and ball grounds.

—The finest appearance of the procession was made by the boys of the Manual Labor School with their beautiful blue regalia and silk banners.

—The Philopatrians return thanks to Mr. Elmer Otis, of the Senior department, for his kindness in superintending the drill of the militia in the drama.

—B. Augustus, the Director of the tailoring establishment has received a new stock of goods and is now prepared to furnish suits for Commencement.

—The "Princes," believing that "there is no royal road to learning," are quite in earnest at their studies in hopes to be rewarded in a *princely* manner at Commencement.

—It is said that a meeting was held by the anti-aesthetes, the other day, at which it was unanimously resolved, that the members should carry their hands in their pockets.

—The Chicago club of Notre Dame have

organized at this late day for the season. They would like to hear from the Juniors. F. Moneghan, of Chicago, was elected captain.

—Some of our little Minims, whose rich soprano voices will be heard in the "operetta," are evidently in earnest about their work. They often sacrifice their recreation for practice, and give an example to many an older singer.

—The members of the Band and the Orchestra will be pleased to hear that a kind-hearted friend intends to make them a present of a dozen new and patent music-stands. What will become of the old ones? Please ask the wood-chopper.

—Rev. President Walsh has the thanks of the Philopatrians for favors in connection with their late entertainment. The society also returns thanks to Bros. Leander, Lawrence, and Anselm, Professors Edwards and Paul, for kindnesses at the same time.

—Will some or all of our many friends—the more the merrier—send us "personals"? Information in regard to the "old boys" of Notre Dame, their whereabouts, and items concerning them, will prove of great interest to many a reader of our little paper.

—Thursday evening, Father O'Brien delivered a highly impressive discourse on the "The Real Presence." The subject was treated with his usual eloquence, and every word could be distinctly heard in every part of the church. We hope to hear him soon again.

—The "Romans" (Minims) took a trip into the country, Sunday afternoon, and ransacked the woods for sassafras, slippery-elm and flowers. They succeeded in procuring an abundance of the sought-for articles—the elm excepted. At least, such is the report from headquarters.

—The Manual Labor School has a dome, too. Though we can't really say why we should use the word "too"—as there is no other dome at present visible around the premises. Anyhow the institution above referred to used to have what was called an "ancient pinnacle" surmounting the belfry, which has now been replaced by a "dome."

—At the 15th regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club, held Sunday evening, May 20th, it was resolved that an unanimous vote of thanks be returned to Prof. J. F. Edwards for kind favors which he had extended to them. It was also resolved that thanks be given to Messrs. Tinley and Cleary, of the Thespians, for services rendered on the occasion of the entertainment.

—The 2d and 3d regular meetings of the Junior T. A. Union were held May 20th and 22d respectively. Much important business was transacted. The Junior T. A. U. will be represented at the Convention to be held by the State Temperance organization, at Terre Haute, June 12th. Messrs. Murphy, Metz, and Armijo took the pledge, and were unanimously elected members.

—The 27th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held May 20th. Messrs. Mug, A. Brown, D. Taylor, C. Porter and E. Dillon read essays. Recitations were given by

C. Reach, M. Foote, W. Jeannot and W. Schott. The following public readers were appointed for the ensuing week: D. Taylor, W. Jeannot, G. Schaeffer, J. Hagenbarth, W. Brice, J. Smith, and A. Bush.

—Last Tuesday, the Senior second nines played their first championship game, and although not as perfect as it could have been, it attracted many spectators. One of the features of the game was Murphy's pitching for Heffernan's nine. The other side assert that the balls came in corkscrew fashion, and were impossible to be batted. In consequence, victory smiled upon the "Mashers," who won by a score of 34 to 22.

—Mr. Millan, of South Bend, is superintending the construction of cement walks throughout the premises. They have been already laid between the church and the College, and will be extended thence to the Music Hall and the Juniors' Campus. N. B.—May the denizens of the printing-office venture to hope that a walk be laid between the College and their present abode? We can assure all interested that *our* æsthetes will not object to the "straight line," should it be followed. Let's have the walk at any cost!!

—The Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J., of Galway, Ireland, during his visit to Notre Dame, was given a warm reception at the Palace. Master J. J. McGrath, of Chicago, assisted by Masters R. V. Papin, of St. Louis, and W. P. Devine, of Chicago, presented the Rev. guest with a beautiful, poetic address in the name of the Minims. In replying to the address, the Rev. Father said he would never forget the pleasant time he spent at Notre Dame, and that the portion of it which he spent with the Minims would be a *red letter* hour in his visit.

—The 19th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held May 14th, in the usual place. After a criticism of the previous meeting had been read by the secretary, a debate was held on the question, "Is Mexico a Better Country than Canada"? On the affirmative side were Masters J. Chaves, J. Schicker, J. Anglin, J. Krause; on the negative, J. J. McGrath, F. Whitney, W. Moss. After hearing both sides, the President decided in favor of the affirmative. The victory is due to the vivid description of the advantages and beauties of Mexico, given by Master Chaves, who hails from that sunny clime.

—The 5th regular meeting of the N. D. T. A. U. was held Sunday evening, May 20th. Messrs. F. W. Gallagher, and T. R. Morris were unanimously elected members. The following members were elected to fill vacancies: Treasurer, E. A. Otis; Corresponding Secretary, J. Solon. At this meeting the members decided to have the N. D. T. A. U. affiliated to the State and National Unions. Messrs. O'Neill and Kuhn were appointed, as a committee, to tender Rev. Father Murphy a vote of thanks for the able, interesting, and instructive lecture which he delivered before the society, the students, and members of the Faculty, in Washington Hall the previous evening.

—At last, a part of the iron work for the Dome has arrived and is being put in place as rapidly as possible. What has been received; however, forms but the first portion of the perpendicular trusses which are to be imbedded deeply in the Rotunda extension. These are to be again surmounted by perpendicular trusses of equal length, after which the curved iron trusses to form the elliptic proper will be placed with iron plates to complete the Dome. We may now expect this work to go on rapidly. The delay heretofore has been in regard to the iron material, and now that this has been fairly started, we may hope for a speedy completion commensurate with the magnitude of the work.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Bowers, Brady, Burns, Bolton, J. Burke, V. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Cleary, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Conway, Clements, Jno. Delaney, Drover, Jas. Delaney, Eisenhauer, Fitzgerald, T. Flynn, Fleming, Farrell, Gray, Grever, Golonski, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Godfroy, Gooley, Grout, Galarneau, Harris, Johnston, Kleiber, Keller, Kolars, Kimmell, Köhler, Kuhn, Kavanagh, Kaufman, Larkin, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, Meyer, McCabe, Monaghan, McErlaine, Marlett, Mullen, C. Murdock, McIntyre, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Martin, Noble, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Neill, Otis, O'Reilly, Porter, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Rogers, W. Ryan, Steele, Scholfield, Spencer, C. Smith, G. Smith, Saviers, Solon, Tinley, Thompson, Terrazas, Twohig, Whalen, Warner, Wall, Yrisarri, Zahm, Zähle, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Adler, Bauerman, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Brewster, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cavaroc, Droste, Danielson, Dupke, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, Dunn, De Haven, Dwenger, Devine, W. Dennis, R. Dennis Divine, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, Fishel, Foster, Grothaus, Hagerty, J. Henry, W. Henry, Hibbeler, Hess, Halligan, Hermann, Hannavin, Hagen, Howard, W. Hetz, Handy, Jeannot, Johnson, Kahmann, Kerndt, Kengel, Keegan, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Livingston, Leffingwell, Ludwig Mug, T. McGrath, McDonnell, McGordon, Mul-kern, Miller, Nester, D. O'Connor, J. V. O'Donnell, Porter, Rhodus, Rothschild, Ruppe, Reach, J. Ryan, Schott, Schillo, J. Smith, Seegers, Shannon, Stark, Schaeffer, Subert, Talbot, Taylor, Wile, Walsh, Weber, Waixel, Warren, Zeigler.

MINIM. DEPARTMENT.

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

For the Dome.

Mr A. Mullen, Chicago, Ill.	\$10.00
Mrs. Wm. Malone, Bertrand, Mich.	5.00
Mrs. Bridget McKensie, Peoria, Ill.	5.00
Mrs. Mary Kavanaugh, " "	5.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Col. and Mrs. Otis, U. S. A., were among the notable visitors of last week; also Mrs. Dr. Rooney, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Miss Marion Faxon (Class '77), Chicago.

—On Friday evening, the Rev. Edward Murphy, S. J., of Galway, Ireland, gave at the May devotions an instruction which delighted everyone. His subject was "Mother, Home, and Heaven." On Trinity Sunday, at High Mass, he gave an eloquent sermon on the "Love of God."

—Eleven Juniors drew for the beautiful insignia of polite and lady-like deportment; namely, Josephine Spengler, Elizabeth Dignan, Mary Dillon, Catharine Ducey, Clara Richmond, Ada Shephard, Effie Johnston, Leota Fritchman, Manuelita Chaves, Mary Otis, and Caroline Naylor. Leota Fritchman was the successful one. The praiseworthy emulation of these little girls is the "five talents" put out at interest, which will bring fortunes for the future; the fortunes of gentleness and virtue.

—On Friday, at two p. m., the Academy enjoyed the honor of a visit from His Excellency, Gov. A. G. Porter. He was accompanied by Judge T. S. Stanfield, Senator Campbell, Judge Alward, J. Oliver, and C. Studebaker, of South Bend; Judge Robinson, of Spencer; Gen. Wm. Gross, of New Castle; Hon. D. F. Skinner, of Valparaiso; and Col. Gray, of Nobleville. The Governor addressed a few pleasant remarks to the young ladies, and was followed by Judge Robinson and Gen. Gross, each happily expressing their satisfaction in visiting the institution. Gov. Porter promised another visit with his suite, to be prolonged, when the University Dome is completed.

—On Thursday, a most valuable Lecture, accompanied by magnificent views, was presented in the study-hall, by Mr. Wilson, of Philadelphia. Many novel and important facts concerning the "Egypt of To-day" were communicated, and many old ideas respecting the monuments of ancient Egypt were rectified. "The splendors of a vanished nation" were strikingly presented, and the grief of the Moors in parting with their loved Alhambra, when Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of Granada, was easily comprehended when the eye rested upon the pictured edifice which the eloquent speaker declared to be the model upon which the wonderful palace of Spain was built. The memory of the evening is like a dream of Arabian enchantment. The "open seasme" to the charming vision, was the clear, rapid, and complete descriptions of the speaker, as the exquisite scenes were unfolded, or rather, flashed upon the sight.

Debate.

"Resolved, that in woman the knowledge and practice of Housewifery, all things being equal, is more promotive of domestic happiness, than simple intellectual culture."

AFFIRMATIVE.

It stands to reason that a merely intellectual education goes for nothing where a knowledge of housewifery is wanting in woman. The simplest mind cannot fail to comprehend this truth, and those who see not its importance are wilfully ignorant. Do not mistake us, and imagine that we regard domestic knowledge as the more essential; but that, compared with intellectual culture, as the phrase is ordinarily understood, it is equally so; to quote:

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, and live without heart:
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving;

He may live without hope: what is hope but deceiving,
He may live without love; what is passion but pining,
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Indeed, in the lady, what is intellectual culture unaccompanied by a thoroughly intelligent knowledge of domestic economy? What is mere book-learning, if this be the sole ornament of a woman, and she knows not how to provide her family the necessaries of life?

It is a fact to be deplored, that in all the pretended superiority of modern training, so little stress is laid upon this important feminine accomplishment. Young ladies are often sent out from our fashionable institutions as "completely finished," who, were they called upon to superintend the preparations for an ordinary dinner, would be like an elephant in a china-shop, ready to break everything within reach, but equally unable to repair the ruin they had wrought. Half of the young ladies of the present day, we are sorry to admit, are thus miseducated. Why is this? Simply because a mistaken idea attaches to the performance of domestic duties. Many have imbibed, and will hand down to posterity, the false notion that it is beneath the lady to soil her hands with labor. If asked to set a room in order, or to direct the management of a household, the reply will be, "O, I know nothing of such affairs; my time has been devoted to something higher." Were the father worth his thousands, a daughter of this description would soon dispose of his fortune. Will he delight in such a child? Far from it. In all probability he will sympathize with the following:

"Give me a girl who can handle a broom;
Sweep down the cobwebs, and clean up the room,
Who can make decent bread that a body can eat;
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to broil, and to fry, and to roast,
Make a good cup of tea, and a platter of toast;
And make her own garments, an item that grows
Quite highly expensive, as every one knows;
A common-sense creature, and still with a mind,
To teach and to guide: exalted, refined;
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined."

How many would establish the happiness of their home-circles, did they aim to answer this description! But it is too true that many a one would blush to think her own portrait was given in the above, and yet to be useful, as well as entertaining, should be the ambition of every right-minded young girl. Much of the folly that pervades society, and which well-nigh exiles innocence from its pale, is because, to quote an old rhyme,

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The "good old times," when mothers taught their daughters to "bake and brew," are passed, and the young ladies of our time are left to the mercy of "fashionable mammas," who are too much engrossed with society to think of instructing their children in anything whatever, much less in the homely practice of house-keeping.

European ladies of the higher ranks do not consider their education finished unless they fully understand the art of housewifery in all its details. The spirit of the present day, and in our country especially, is to shirk labor and study, and responsibility of every kind, and to think of nothing but of securing ease and self-indulgence, let it cost what it may. Justice, honesty, self-respect, are not too great a price. Reverses of fortune to-day are not uncommon. Business men fail everywhere. "The prince of to-day is the beggar of to-morrow." But in adversity, when the wife and daughters of a family are brave in meeting the change, the cross is lightened, and even sometimes brings the crown of contentment and domestic happiness, which never blessed the days of so-called prosperity.

But let us consider the other side for a moment. A rich man becomes a bankrupt. Foolish daughters, and their more foolish mother, torture themselves and everybody else to keep up appearances. The poor husband and father, who needs all their sympathy and assistance, meets with quite the reverse. What does he find instead? Reproaches and complaints greet him, till home is made hateful, and nothing short of sound and sterling religion will save him from utter desperation. Many a defaulter has been driven to his dishonesty by weak-minded women, who were too selfish to bear their share of the burden of adversity. Alas! They were brought up with that sickly, false idea that labor is incompatible with culture. Never was a more poisonous sentiment planted in the heart of a young girl. Never was a home made miserable by a more destructive maxim.

Maria Gætana Agnesi, born in Milan in 1718, and who at nine years of age composed a Latin discourse worthy of publication, likewise whose learning in after-years was prodigious, became at her mother's death the guide and instructress of her young brothers and sisters. She was but eighteen years of age. Afterwards, she voluntarily gave up her princely fortune, and even the circle of the distinguished and learned of which her father's house was the centre; for what? For the sake of labor; for the sake of serving others.

Not the noble, the charming, the grateful; not for those who were handsome, cultured, and wealthy like herself, but for the lowest, the most repulsive, the most unthankful; for the poor and the despised.

It was because she was *truly learned* that she was heroic in her actions. Christianity had taught her the most exalted of all sciences,—that of ungrudging, active, constant charity, in thought, word and deed. Let our so-called ladies measure themselves by this standard; by one who died almost in our own time, that is to say, in 1799. What she has done they may do. Why not?

It is a false, a ruinous education that teaches woman to despise usefulness, and to shun domestic duties. We could give repeated instances like the above, to prove how the home has been made like an Eden upon earth, by one loving, intelligent, true-hearted woman. Alas! on the other hand, too many instances could we cite, where not only homes, but hopes, temporal and eternal, have been sacrificed by the vanity of one so-called accomplished, but faithless, selfish, and indolent woman. But from the noble of *earth*, we turn to the Queen of Heaven. In Mary, whose intelligence at the first moment of her existence surpassed the combined science of all the learned of the human race, yes, of all the seraphic hosts of heaven, we find the most convincing proof of our position. As the humble housekeeper in the secluded village of Nazareth, we behold her, none the less beautiful, none the less thoughtful, none the less royal, but all the more lovely since she has proved the pattern of true womanhood, the world over, and for all time.

Mary, endowed with all the richest gifts of a sinless understanding, she who is the masterpiece of creation, she whom the Archangel saluted as the Mother of our Redeemer, she it was who proved herself the model of feminine frugality. The most trivial duties were performed by her with a diligence which cannot be surpassed.

In the Queen of heaven and earth, the "Queen of the fairest of seasons, sweet May," we are furnished with our most exalted example, our most invulnerable argument. We will close in the words of Mrs. Osgood—

"Let us work for some bread, be it ever so slowly,
Let us cherish some blossom, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! All labor is noble and holy,
And love and good deeds shall be prayer to our God."

Roll of Honor.

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Spengler, Dignan, M. Dillon, Ducey, Richmond, Fehr, McGrath, Shephard, Johnston, B. Haney, Fritchman, Chaves, Otis, Campau, T. Haney, Hetz, Naylor, Keifer. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Ducey, Schmidt, Hibben, Moshier, Best, Brown, Barry.

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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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