

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 9, 1883.

No. 39.

Music.

Ah, touch again those shining keys,
Evoke their sleeping melodies!
Thy playing is a mystic sea,
Whose billows break in harmony.
I hear it, while the dusky walls
Expand and arch in palace halls
Where down the fretted marble spills
The crystal of Granada's rills.
Soon hidden by the stormy crag
Where Freedom lifts her mountain flag.

I hear the pibroch rouse the glens,
The muffled march of gathered clans;
I see the steel and proud ensign
Of those who fought in Palestine;
The voyage of the Genoese
With crazy crafts on stranger seas.

Hark! what fierce and deep despair
Trembles in that angry air?
'Tis a nation's fury floats,
Whirlwind like, along the notes.
Prisons burst and tyrants died
Where it rolled its fatal pride.
Merrier now the numbers rise
While dancing pleasure past me flies.

Now soft as Love, now wailing sharp,
I catch the swell of Eire's harp,
And wild notes, from the southern canes,
Tell the black bondsman's human pains.
But faintly by the vesper star
Through Seville sounds her own guitar,
Where dark-eyed girls from casements lean,
Fairer than all the starlit scene,
And rise tall spires that rift the clouds,
High-springing over kneeling crowds.

And all this fairy world of spells
In two white hands contented dwells!

MARION MUIR.

Books.

Knowledge, says Addison, is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. The vast hoards of knowledge bequeathed to us by antiquity have been handed down in two ways, to wit: by tradition and by books. The transmission of knowledge by tradi-

tion was accompanied with many difficulties. Not only did it require much time and wonderful memories, but even with these in the favor of both orator and listener, much was lost of the vast stores of thought and cumulative knowledge of ages. With the death of the historian died the history.

But the natural thirst for knowledge, planted in the human mind, prompted it to devise a means whereby man's thoughts and history might be preserved from the destruction of time, the defect of memory, or the changeable nature of man which led him to color his knowledge to suit his fancy. And so, gradually, from the Egyptian papyri, tablets of baked clay, bark, leather, and wood, grew the invention of paper, printing, and books.

In books man found the choicest of treasures. They do not burden the memory. They receive into their hearts the author's thoughts and history, and transmit them to posterity, unchanged. They make fame immortal. Time cannot impair, nor death destroy their memories. As they transmit the history and experience of men, they are the mirrors of the past, the guide-posts of the future.

Without them, man's mind was warped and his nature degraded; philosophy lame and science fettered; law uncertain and letters unheard of;—mankind was clouded in darkness and ignorance.

With them, the veil of night is drawn and we look out upon the light of day. They unfold the history of the past and preserve a record of the present. They enlighten our minds and elevate our natures. They teach the young and entertain the old. Their pages are the repositories of immortal thought. In whatever light we may view them, they cannot fail to impress us with the part they play in the drama of life. Our thoughts and our characters are moulded by the books we read.

They are the stones that form the foundation of our lives. Though costly ornament may decorate the structure and render its finish pleasing to the eye, even disguise with all the embellishments of architectural beauty the crude work at the base, still the strength and life of the house rests on the rugged stone which marks the corner. As the strength of a house is in proportion to the strength of the stone that forms the base, so the strength of our characters and the depth of our thoughts are as the books we read.

There are books, as there are different grades of stone, for every conceivable style of intellectual

architecture. The granite of philosophy, the marble of religion, the sandstone of sentiment—each has its place in the construction of the character, in proportion to the strength and beauty of the edifice. Thought is the granite of the mind; virtue, the marble of the soul; folly, the sandstone of the character. Those books that encourage thought, extol virtue and cultivate piety should alone enter into the construction of our intellectual house.

Books are the food of the mind. If they are good, they nourish it; if bad, they poison and kill its nobler attributes, and leave but the wreck of God's grandest gift to man.

Good books lead out the mind, and, like the mother bird tempting her fledglings to try their wings, they tempt the powers of the mind to stretch their wings and soar into illimitable thought. "They lead us whither alone we would not find our way."

There are many books which require no thought, says a learned writer, for the simple reason that they made no such demand upon those who wrote them. These books are to be rejected by us, or, at least, to be used sparingly. They imperil the strength of our house.

The mind, when deprived of thought, is like the body when deprived of exercise. Thought is the life of the mind. Thinking is living.

Therefore those works are most valuable that set our thinking faculties to work. Nor are they difficult to find among such authors as Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, St. Thomas Aquinas, Thomas à Kempis, Burke, Carlyle, and Emerson. Whosoever the author be, if he set the mind to work and start it on a voyage of discovery in the realms of truth and purity, he has one, at least, of the essentials of a good teacher.

Books are like individuals; indeed, are themselves but their author's better self separated from all his personal faults. Our most intimate companions are the authors of the books we read; hence the wonderful influence they exert over our lives. As those books are good or bad, so are our thoughts, our sentiments and our actions. Books have a larger share in forming our lives, characters, and destinies than our associates among men. Books are the channels through which our thoughts are drawn, which shape their course.

Among the eager crowds who press around a great orator and drink in his sublime eloquence, how few there are who retain the substance of his thoughts! Clothed in beautiful language, they pass before us like a bird whose brilliant plumage dazzles the sight, for a moment excites our admiration, then wings its flight away; or, like the sunbeam which penetrates an opening in the clouds, fills the room with light, and is gone. The only trace is the memory of its beauty or the brightness it has shed.

With books it is different. The author's thoughts remain forever clothed with the beauty of their birth. They are ever before us. We read and re-read them, and, before we are aware, they color our thoughts. Their notions are, in a measure, ours. Our con-

victions in later years are but the outgrowth of our early education; our ideas, but the children of our text-books. The sentiments of the books we read are the flesh and blood of our intellectual characters.

One turns to a good book as to a true friend. When we are weary of the cares of life, weary of the world's coldness and selfishness, we may repair to our chambers, where peace and quiet reign, and there, in the midst of the shades of the past—the living souls of the dead—compose our ruffled passions, and soothe our restless, aching hearts in the pages of some dear old book. Be our spirits what they may, there is always a book to satisfy them. Joyful or sorrowful, thoughtful or fanciful, hopeful or despairing, there is ever a silent friend within our library to suit our mood.

Books are the truest of friends, the most dangerous of enemies. They may be temples of truth and purity, or loathsome sepulchres of sin and iniquity. Great care is therefore to be exercised in the selection of books, lest, perchance, the tropic beauty of their foliage attract the unwary reader and lead him into a marsh with venomous reptiles slumbering in its depths.

"A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond." A bad book is the spirit of evil clothed in the beauty of face and form, by which, acting upon the imagination, it leads the mind and soul to the lowest pits of degradation and despair. The object is to rest the devil.

A book is good or bad as it teaches truth or falsehood.

Bad books may be classed under three general heads,—the heartless, the wicked, and the foolish.

That book is bad which leads out into the unbounded space of thought until the mind knows not which way to turn that it may find truth, and then abandons the helpless charge to the snares and wiles of infidelity and skepticism. That book is bad, which, under the cover of eloquent and attractive language, expresses thoughts, ideas and sentiments which deal death to the soul. That book is bad which has no other object in view than the gratification of sentimental folly.

But what is the test of a good book? Is it one whose only object is to inspire thought?

There are no set rules by which we can prove the worth or worthlessness of a book. Like food, books that agree with one may disagree with others. But there is a test by which we may know whether or not a book is good.

That book is good which excites the mind to healthy activity without blighting the purity of the soul. That book is good whose atmosphere is truth, whose sentiment is virtue, whose language is purity. That book is good which, leading the mind into the ocean caves of thought, discloses rare pearls of wisdom; which teaches man to be true to his God, to himself, and to his fellow-man; which, leading the soul through the garden of thought, reveals the choice and beautiful flowers of the mind, and points out, with warning finger, the deadly nightshade of the garden. The good

book is not, like the desert mirage, deceitful. It leaves not its reader bewildered in the maze of false philosophy, till his heart sinks within him that it may pour its deadly poison into his mind under pretext of reviving him.

The good book, like God's book of Nature, may contain all things, but each for a particular and good purpose. Its aim is pure and noble and good. If there be aught of evil in it, it is but to heighten the charm of the good. To excite in the heart a love of truth, of purity, of morality, besides to excite thought, is then, or should be, the chief aim of a book.

A book should be honest, and, like a mirror, reflect the imperfections of life as well as the beauties.

The chief merit, however, consists in its practical usefulness. It should be interesting, for a book gains little hold upon its reader which cannot interest him. Whether or not the reading of a book has been profitable to us depends upon whether or not it has better enabled us to discharge our duty towards God and our fellow-man.

If God creates the thoughts in the mind of the author who perpetuates them on his written page, we should not only profit thereby, but our neighbor also. Our minds are ennobled or debased by those thoughts which fix our attention. If our minds be elevated, so also shall be our actions.

Works of fiction often operate as powerfully for good as the most carefully-prepared sermons. The mind needs recreation as well as the body. A good novel often acts upon the mind and heart like a strong stimulant upon a debilitated body. If the author be a good one and his works pure and true,—that is, true to nature, portraying human character as it is,—like Thackeray, Scott or Dickens, one may not only read but profit by reading. But there is great danger in the use of novels. They are an intellectual ether that lulls the mind to sleep, perhaps, to death.

Says a great writer: "God has not only arranged that we should inherit the accumulated wisdom of our ancestors, but, that we should inherit, if we choose, the accumulated wisdom of the whole human race." And how? By studying the lives of great men. A great man, he says, is an embodiment of all the knowledge and resources of his own times; his words and deeds are recorded for the benefit of posterity. In this way, we are virtually possessing ourselves of the excellence and wisdom of *all* men by the study of the *great* men. They are the *foci* of all the virtue and wisdom of the land. They have lightened up the darkest vistas of history like the fixed stars the blue vaults of heaven. We read their biographies, and, as it were, acquire their feelings, thoughts and actions. The force of sympathy and imitation leads us to the highest conceptions and the practice of all that is great and good.

From biography we go on to history. Man's curiosity prompts, nay, urges him to seek knowledge. He wishes to add to his own experience the experience of others. The standard histories unfold to us the past, its lessons, and its advice. Human nature is always the same. It has been

the same since the creation of Adam. The experience of the present is but a repetition of past experience. Empires rise and fall; kings succeed kings, and the world moves on, still in the old rut of centuries. History gives us the collective reason of ages. It prefigures the future in the retrospect of the past. Before its judgment-seat kings and princes descend from their thrones, shorn of that false grandeur and nobility with which flattery clothed them.

So history not only instructs us in the experience of the past, but, by analogy, guides us in the present. We contemplate in the study of history the greatest heroes and patriots, sympathize with them, follow them with unabated interest in their struggles and trials, and greet with satisfaction their success. Their example inspires profound admiration. Admiration begets emulation, and we find ourselves striving to imitate them; and, imitating them, we find our views becoming larger, our hearts purer and our aims nobler.

Books of poetry and the Drama also serve to excite noble thoughts and deeds in the hearts of men.

The poet unfolds the beauties of nature. Now, thrilling us with wild, grand strains of poetic music, like the notes of a cathedral organ; anon, soft and gentle; now, rising and swelling till the soul, by a living death, bursts the confines of the body that holds it, and is lost in the beauty of other lands and other scenes. With Milton, we rise to the gates of Heaven, and drink, with thirsting hearts, its beauties and its joys; or, with the immortal Dante, shudder on the brinks of the Inferno, appalled at its terrors. Now, listening to some quaint, old Legend with Longfellow; now, wandering through green fields with Bryant; now, lost, as Enoch Arden, upon some far-off isle on ocean's breast with Tennyson—our soul drinks in the beauties of poetry, and we are peaceful and happy.

The Dramatist holds up to our eyes the traits and characters of men. Next in importance to a knowledge of God is the knowledge of man. By the knowledge of human character we learn our weaknesses, and are enabled to correct them. One writer compares the Drama to a scientific guide-book, wherein one may find the different characters of man described as the nature and character of plants or animals. Hence the drama is useful, in so much as portraying all characters it teaches us which to avoid and which to favor with our friendship. It not only holds up to our eyes the characters of others, but our own. In some ideal creation of the dramatist we see the duplicate of ourselves. Our imperfections and weaknesses are not only made known to us, but this knowledge, striking home to our hearts, incites us to correct our faults and become better men and women. It makes us see ourselves as others see us, and seeing, we feel our littleness and try to do better.

Passing on to the immense field of philosophy, who shall measure the benefit of books in this grand department of human knowledge? They teach us to fathom the depths of the sea, to explore the pathway of the stars, and to analyze and comprehend the curious and wonderful phenomena of

material creation. They lead us from the observation and study of the beauties of the mineral kingdom and vegetable life to the animal; and from the animal, through its various stages of development, to the ultimate perfection of earthly existence, man,—and we are lost in astonishment in the contemplation of God's Omnipotence.

Proceeding to the works of mental philosophy, which teach us how to analyze and study the faculties of the human mind; and to those of moral philosophy, which prescribe the rules of human conduct, and develop the qualities of the heart,—we are again confronted with the invaluable utility of those silent repositories of living thought, books.

Truly, they reveal to us the art and law of life, the science which determines the fundamental certainty of human knowledge generally. With them we exhume the buried ages of time, and solve the mighty problem of existence. What, indeed, were philosophy without the aid of books? They enable us to penetrate its depths, and comprehend its beauties and its worth. A little philosophy, like the wings of human invention, tempts the foolhardy to their own destruction. Only those who plunge within the depths of philosophy can know its worth and its wisdom. But with the aid of books we can fathom its depths and its shoals.

Books are the wonderful lamps which shed their light upon our understanding and brighten the darkness of ignorance. Books are the charms that, like the lamp and ring of Aladdin, unfold to us beauties of the highest conception. Books spread out their wealth before us and invite us to help ourselves. Like springs of crystal water to the famished wanderer, they offer to our thirsting souls the nectar of immortal thought and bid us drink, drink, drink.

When we think of the vast hoard of intellectual wealth which has been transmitted to us from ages past, we are lost in amazement at its immensity, and are apt to lose sight of those noble ships which have brought their precious cargos safely across the billows of time and laid the precious treasures at our feet. All hail to books, the silent voices of forgotten minds, the living oracles of a buried past!

The writer of this essay, believing with Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun, lays no claim to having advanced original ideas and thoughts upon this mighty subject. He has simply aimed, with the knowledge derived from reading the great masters, to present his ideas upon the subject, not doubting that they may be colored, even suggested, by the authors whom he has read.

Himself but a novice in the vast study of literature, with comparatively little or no experience, presumes not to advise others, nor to suggest rules and methods for the study of the beauties of literature. Those who seek such counsel he refers to the learned writers who have exhausted the subject with their thought and study.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, 83

The Antigone of Sophocles.

The Play of Antigone, which is to be produced by the Hellenists on the 19th inst., has been a universal favorite both in ancient and modern times. It was written by Sophocles, at the age of twenty-two, and gained for him not only literary renown but substantial political reward.

In giving a brief argument of this famous play, we begin where the "Ædipus Rex," familiar to all our readers, concluded. After the abdication of Ædipus as King of Thebes, the sovereignty was awarded to his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, who were to rule by turn for periods of a year each. This power they basely used to send their blind, ill-fated father into exile. At the close of a year, Eteocles, refusing to yield the throne to Polynices, the latter fled to Argos, and, aided by his diplomatic marriage, obtained a large army against his fatherland. In the mean time both he and Creon endeavored to obtain possession of Ædipus, who was sojourning at Coloneus, a suburb of Athens. So far from yielding, the ill-fated king hurled the most terrible curses on his unnatural sons, prophesying that they should die each by the other's hand. When Polynices, gloomy and dispirited, is leaving for Thebes to meet a speedy death, he takes a tender farewell of his sister Antigone, who, having been her father's faithful guide through all his wanderings, abode with him in his exile. His last request to her is, that she will perform for his corpse the rites of burial. A moment later is detailed the awe-inspiring death of Ædipus, and the promise of Theseus to send Antigone and Ismene back to their native land. And now we come to the argument proper of the play.

The curses of Ædipus have been fulfilled. The two brothers lie dead upon the field, and the Argive host has fled in the darkness of night. It is early morn when Antigone and Ismene are discovered speaking outside the palace gates. Creon, as military dictator of the city, has already issued a proclamation ordaining that Eteocles shall be buried as a patriot, with all the accustomed rites; but that Polynices, a traitor, shall lie unburied—

"A feast for hungry vultures on the plain."

But the noble-hearted Antigone, who, with bleeding feet, had led the grief-worn Ædipus,

"Naked and hungry, by the wintry storms
Or scorching heat afflicted;"

who had given her sacred promise to a brother still in death, knew there was one Theban the tyrant could not subdue; and she has called aside her sister to tell her of the proclamation, to hear her sentiments, and to gain her glad assistance in a bold design. The dialogue well brings out the two opposing characters. Ismene is not bold enough to disobey the law, and beseeches her sister to be prudent; but Antigone rejects her counsel with angry disdain.

ISMENE:—"Ha!

Wouldst't thou dare to bury it, when thus we are forbidden?
Alas! I tremble for thee!"

ANTIGONE:—"Tremble for thyself, and not for me!"

Whate'er befalls, it cannot be so dreadful
As not to die with honor."

As they retire from the scene, the chorus enters. Space forbids us to notice, save very briefly, their several songs. As they enter, the sun is rising, and its rays, falling over the waters of Dirce, give beauty and joy to the morning. Their song is naturally a triumphal chant over the flight of the Argive host. As they conclude, Creon, the new-crowned king, sweeps upon the stage and delivers a coronation address. It is a long justification of his harsh proclamation concerning Polynices, which is now proclaimed as a royal decree. The chorus have scarcely expressed their concurrence in his views, when the guard rushes upon the stage. After a rather saucy parley with the king, he announces that the corpse of Polynices has been covered with the necessary handful of earth, but how or by whom none can imagine. At this point, the chorus suggest a supernatural agency; but Creon, rudely answering them, orders the guard to hurry back, and, removing the burial dust, to watch closely, and should the deed again be attempted, to seize the perpetrator.

Then follows the beautiful stave, by the chorus, commencing,

"πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ τοῦδ' ἐν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει."

"Many are the mighty things, and nought is more mighty than man."

As they conclude, the leader, in great grief and consternation, announces Antigone, the niece of the king, who is led on the stage as a common malefactor, between some soldiers headed by the chuckling guard. Creon, returning from within the palace, interrogates the *phulax*, who gives a circumstantial account of the capture. Then Creon (turning to Antigone),

Speak, thou who bendest to earth thy drooping head!
Dost thou deny the fact?

ANTIGONE:—Deny it? No!

CREON:—How darest thou, then, to disobey the law?

ANTIGONE:—I had it not from Jove or the just gods
Who rule below, nor could I ever think
*A mortal's law or power of strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immutable, eternal, not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.*

After a little parley, Ismene is brought upon the stage. The fear of death and the love of her sister are rending her soul; and in her confusion she accuses herself of the crime, yet with a reservation that would allow Antigone to save her. The latter, with her nerves strung to an unnatural pitch, rudely rejects her gentle sister's prayer to die with her. Ismene now attempts to become an intercessor and reminds the king that Antigone is betrothed to his only son; but all in vain! Both are led off the stage; the one soon to be freed, the other soon to die. The fourth scene is between Creon and Hæmon. The king is evidently uneasy, fearing a violent declamation against his cruelty. But Hæmon is at first so dutiful and conciliatory that the king, commending his behaviour, exhorts him to forget Antigone. He, on the other hand, pleads for his betrothed, on the ground of public policy; for her death will excite sorrow and indig-

nation among the people. Soon, both become excited, and, finally, Hæmon, threatening suicide if his betrothed is put to death, leaves the scene. Thereupon, the angered king gives orders that she shall be at once immured in a rock, and left to die. Then, the chorus, reflecting on the ardor of Hæmon and the self-abnegation of Antigone, sing the beautiful stave—"ἔρως ἀνιῶται μάχῃ," etc., whose first strophe may thus be rendered:

O love, invincible in the fray, who fallest upon the brute creation, who slumbers on the downy cheeks of the young and the fair; who roamest o'er the deep, for all creatures own thy sway; thee neither the gods above nor men below escape; and mad is he who feels thy power.

As they conclude, Antigone is led over the stage on her way to death. Her swan-like dirges are of exquisite beauty. At her exit, the venerable Teiresias is led upon the stage. The old gentleman is still pretty hearty and addresses the king, who is about seventy, as "ω παῖ." As of yore, he is led by a small boy, probably the son of the one he had in "Cedipus." He warns Creon to desist from his impious course, else he will bring down upon himself the most terrible woes. But the tyrant, like Cædipus before him (but with less excuse), reviles the prophet, charging him with love of gain. As the god-inspired seer retires, the chorus pluck up courage to suggest that never has he erred in prophecy, and Creon, by this time really terrified, sets out to release Antigone. Now the catastrophes, related by the two messengers, begin. Antigone is found hanging dead in her tomb. Hæmon, who is near, becoming frenzied at the sight of his father, after a vain attempt at patricide, plunges his sword into his own body, and, throwing his arms about his loved Antigone, expires. Eurydice, the wife of Creon, hearing of Hæmon's death, herself commits suicide within the palace. Creon, crushed to the earth by these accumulated woes, is led demented from the stage.

This, briefly, is the argument of the play; we have neither the time nor ability to write a critique upon it. We might call the attention of our readers to the beauty of all the choruses, to the great number of religious and political maxims, tersely and elegantly stated throughout the play, and, finally, to the poetic beauty of Hæmon's death. Of the various characters introduced there are but few differences of opinions. Antigone in this play and the "Cedipus at Coloneus" seems an almost perfect character. Hæmon is an Athenian pleader, rather than a Theban prince. Creon is a cold, self-important, stubborn and yet timid man, totally unfitted for autocratic power. The "gentle Ismene," all the commentators to the contrary notwithstanding, is a noble-hearted girl, and the natural outgrowth of female life in the Grecian states.

This little essay, though long contemplated, has been rather hurriedly written; it only aims to begin what the libretto will so well complete. There is nothing very dreadful about a Greek play, and if our fellow-students will but purchase librettos, they will follow the dramatic portions with interest equal to the delight with which they will enjoy the lyrical.

ΕΞΑΡΤΕΑΟΣ.

Books and Periodicals.

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Justin H. McCarthy. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The above volume will prove useful to the student of history, and especially to all who are interested in the agitation which is going on in Ireland. (And who is not?) There are many who have not the time to read a more voluminous work, and this little book will enable him to contrast the present with the past. The printing is good, and the binding substantial. As for the literary value of the work, it is sufficient to say that it has been written by Justin McCarthy.

PATIRA. A Novel. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a very readable and interesting tale, though the plot requires the description of too much crime. This, however, is compensated for by the virtues of the heroine, who bears with Christian fortitude the sufferings to which she is subjected, and dies virtually a martyr. Her character calls for the presentation of Christian truths and principles, especially in conversations with *Patira*—a waif, abandoned in infancy and brought up without any knowledge of God or religion. The conclusion of the story would lead one to suppose either that *Patira* is a *misnomer*, or that a sequel is to appear in which we shall learn more about him. The translation has been well done, with the exception of a few expressions not idiomatic English. The publishers have performed their part with credit to themselves; the print is large and clear, paper good, and the binding attractive.

—*St. Nicholas* for June is crowded with pictures, and appropriately ushers in the summer with an interesting article by I. N. Ford on the *Tribune* "Fresh-air Fund," through which so many thousands of poor city children have been enabled to taste the pleasures of a two weeks' vacation in the country. The frontispiece is a charming picture by Miss L. B. Humphrey, illustrating Miss Mary J. Jacque's verses, "Great-grandmother's Garden"; and there is a "Decoration Day" poem by Celia Thaxter. Harry M. Keiffer has an entertaining paper entitled, "First Days in Camp." Frank R. Stockton writes an exciting boy story, "On the Refuge Sands," with a shipwreck and a rescue; while the girls will be interested in the "Baptist Sisters," by Sarah J. Prichard. Installments are given of two serials "The Tinkham Brothers," by J. T. Trowbridge; and "Swept Away," by Edward S. Ellis. Young natural historians will read with profit Ernest Ingersoll's "A Good Model," and the silk-culturists will turn eagerly to learn about the working of the "Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America," in the "Work and Play" department. Among the rest of the contents are contributions and drawings by Maurice Thompson, Malcolm Douglas, J. G. Francis, R. B. Birch, and many others.

—*The Century* for June contains many interesting articles and fine pictures. Among the pa-

pers contributed are, "England and Ireland," by Prof. Bryce; "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson," by Henry James Jr.; "The Native Element in American Fiction," by James Herbert Morse; Mr. Howells's story, "A Woman's Reason," is continued, and a new sketch, called "Split Zephyr," is presented by Prof. Beers, of Yale. The pictorial features include a fine portrait of Tennyson, together with numerous cuts illustrating H. H.'s paper on the Franciscan Missions in California. "Topics of the Time" discusses "The Present Aspect of the Irish Question," "The Outlook for Statesmen in America," "Over-organized School Systems," and "Two Rich Men," meaning William E. Dodge and Peter Cooper. The second bundle of "Open Letters"—the new editorial department—offers pithy remarks on "The Dynamite Policy," by P. T. Quinn, an Irish-American, who discountenances murder and conspiracy; on "Nathaniel Hawthorne Again," by James Herbert Morse; "Mr. Cable's Readings," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Barnay as Mark Antony," by Miss Emma Lazarus; "Indian Education and Self-support," by Miss A. C. Fletcher, who has made a special study of the subject; "The Galloping Horse in Art," by George Snell, a Boston artist, who upholds the conventional attitudes given to the horse by artists, against the conclusions of the author of "The Horse in Motion," and who has the humorous support of a silhouette in "Bric-à-Brac" representing a Horse Race (after Muybridge) at a Country Fair."

Exchanges.

—The *College Journal*, from Willamette, Oregon, has been visiting us for some time, but until now we could only take a brief glance through its pages. It is fairly edited, neatly gotten up, and, all in all, equals in ability the large majority of college papers.

—The *Otterbein Record* publishes an interesting account, from a correspondent, of "A Communist Meeting in Paris"; also a sensible article on "The Use of College Libraries" in which it is suggested that one be appointed to deliver lectures relating to the library and its use.

—A contributor to *The Chronicle* has set a good example for those college papers that will have stories in their literary department. M. M. D.'s "Confessions of Four Years" describe the course of many a student who entered college with the best of prospects only to have them blasted by the indiscreet liberty allowed in many places, where students can do as they please and are compelled to act the part of men before reaching the years of discretion. M. M. D.'s "Confessions" will strike many a sympathetic chord, and, it may be, serve as a note of warning before such warning is too late.

—In striking contrast to the essays at the so-called Inter-State Oratorical contest is the prize essay entitled "Cosmopolitism" published in the current

number of *The 'Varsity*. Although we cannot agree with some of the statements in the latter paper, and, apart from the impressions it receives from its code of falsified history there is an occasional straining of the argument, the paper has a scholarly tone. What is not the case with the prize orations, this one is coherent, and written in good English.

—The adipose Exchange-editor of the little K. M. I. *News* having worked himself into a red heat, the Ex.-editor of the Lawrence *High School Bulletin* adopted the humane resolution of sending a Babcock Fire Extinguisher from Massachusetts to "put out," or extinguish, the said Exchange man, should any dangerous symptoms be evinced in future. It seems they came near burning up, or down, at K. M. I. lately; it is not said that the fire was communicated to the building by the Ex.-editor of the *News*, but the Lawrence *Bulletin* seems to infer, and leads others to infer, that it did. Well, we don't know anything about the matter, personally. If the *Bulletin* is right, the K.-M.-I.-cal charge in the Babcock will no doubt prove useful in future incipient flames.

—The *Lariat* is indignant at the action of the authorities of Wabash College in regard to Commencement expenses. The outgoing class, it seems, is compelled to meet the expenses of music, programmes, decorations, batons, the opera house, and a number of incidental minor bills, besides the usual \$5 graduation fee from each of its members. The *Lariat* acknowledges, however, that "the members of the executive committee of the college have, after much consultation and many sleepless nights, concluded to come to the rescue of the present graduating class by giving them \$25 towards defraying the Commencement expenses." The trustees have also secured a church building for Commencement exercises this year, and yet the students are not happy, although this relieves them of the expense of hiring a hall. Perhaps the assertion of a writer in the *Oberlin Review*, that "a certain amount of grumbling is necessary to digestion," has some truth in it. Still, we cannot forbear sympathizing with the Wabash fellows in their Commencement grievance.

—The *Penman's Art Journal* for May is a splendid number. Prof. H. C. Spencer's "Lessons in Practical Writing" have reached the twelfth number; having gone through the various preliminary points of penholding, position, movement, and calligraphic principles, spacing, etc., word-writing is now reached. Abundant material for practice is promised for the June No. Prof. D. T. Ames, the editor, continues his series of articles on business writing; "Article V" treats of "Letter-Writing" and is illustrated with engravings. Benjamin F. Kelley, a lineal descendant, probably, of the ancient *καλλιγραφεῖς* or "fine writers," (Kelley, it is needless to say, is of Greek extraction) contributes a curious and interesting article on "Ancient Writing-Masters"; Prof. Chandler H. Pierce, of Keokuk, Iowa, a paper on "Incorrect Penholding—Its Causes and Effects—Remedies and Cures."

The *Art Journal* is an excellent paper for students, and teachers will find much that is instructive and interesting in its pages. It is a pity, however, that its editors stoop to cull for its pages such items of "news" as that copied from the New York *Herald* about a Spanish Bishop denouncing a "liberty-loving" press and relegating it to the dominions of Pluto. That is where the advocates of the "Black Hand" and dynamite belong, but the editor of the *Penman's Art Journal* should know by this time that the one-hundredth part of what is charged to Catholic Bishops and priests by such papers as the *Herald* is not true, has not a vestige of truth in it. The editors of the *Penman's Art Journal* would act wisely by excluding such stuff as these religious or anti-religious news items from their paper. A strictly neutral business policy would undoubtedly be the better one.

—With a new heading of enigmatical pattern, and the table of contents upon its first page, *The Princetonian* has its wishes fulfilled and now appears weekly instead of fortnightly. Princy's new head is a study, an æsthetic study, and evolved from such a deep depth of æstheticism that the enraptured beholder never tires looking at it and evolving new beauties from its æsthetic contortions. Among other things we notice the mystic number Three holds a conspicuous place, beginning, intersecting, and ending the title; the E's are in a playful mood, lolling on their backs,—it may be, taking a lunar observation; while the A, indignant at being crushed in wicked playfulness by the I and N final, has arisen in its wrath, rested its hands on the head of the I, and kicks the wicked N in the pit of the stomach. Princy's head is as pleasant to look at as a baseball match or a boat-race. But, trifling aside, *The Princetonian* starts out well as a weekly. There is at least a fair share of editorial and contributed articles. The editors are elated at the amount of latent dramatic talent at Princeton, brought forth in the play of "David Garrick," recently enacted there. They say: "We feel that a spirit has been awakened that, within proper limits ought to be encouraged, for in such a play there is a vast amount of education for the participants, and for the audience, to say the least, much proper amusement." So say we, all of us. Is it not rather strange, though, that Notre Dame has been so many years ahead of Princeton in placing good plays on the boards, and thus obtaining a "vast amount of education" in the Western wilds that had not been dreamed of in older Eastern Colleges? Just think of it!—"Julius Cæsar" by the Thespians, "Macbeth" by the Columbians, "The Prodigal Law Student" by the Philopatrians, "Henry IV" by the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, and the Greek drama of Sophocles' "Antigone" in rehearsal for Commencement week by the Greek Classes—all in the course of one session! What say ye to that, Princetonians? Do you think, as do some, that the Eastern Colleges are ahead of those in the West in point of scholarship or rational amusements? We wot not that they lead us in either one or the other.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 9, 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
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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.

—News has reached us of the elevation of Very Rev. Julian Benoit, Vicar-General of the diocese of Ft. Wayne, to the dignity of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Mgr. Benoit has ever been a kind and true friend to Notre Dame, and all here rejoice, and congratulate him upon his well-merited promotion.

—The essays on "Books" now being published in the SCHOLASTIC are the final essays in competition for the English Prize Medal. We must say, however, that we cannot publish all the essays, as our space is limited and but one more number can be devoted to that purpose. As it is, we present those first handed to us, without attempting in any way to pronounce upon their merits or seeking to forestall the decision of the judges.

—In referring to the refusal to confer the customary honorary degree on the governor of Massachusetts, the *Harvard Daily Herald* thus commits itself:

"... Never before has the case arisen where a firm stand could be taken as regards a man's public life and character; never before has a decision been made on a man for whose record any apology could be asked or offered.

So although precedent of a kind is easily brought forward why a degree should be conferred on the *office*, yet the case of conferring it on the *man* is something radically different than ever before."

If the Harvard men were to "scan the list" a little more closely, they would find instances when a man's "public life and character," etc., were not taken into consideration, as, for instance, in the case of U. S. Grant, and R. B. Hayes. But, apart from this, Gov. Butler is an honest, upright, intelligent man, one that can stand by his record, and though Harvard, the child of the State, may seek to snub its chief executive, yet we are sure the people will be far from endorsing its action.

—The Libretto of Sophocles' "Antigone" is now in print. As previously announced, arrangements for the printing had been made with the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., New York, who had kindly offered the use of their stereotype plates without charge, but at a later date the favor was thankfully declined, and arrangements made for the printing at the University. Full founts of Pica and Long Primer Greek type, cases, etc., were immediately ordered from the Johnson type-foundry, Philadelphia, and as time would not permit of a special translation being made by a member of the Faculty, as originally intended by President Walsh, one was ordered by a cablegram from England. For the latter favor, and many others in the course of the work, the Greek Classes are indebted to Prof. A. C. Unsworth, of the department of English Literature.

On the receipt of the material from Philadelphia, the room of the Professor of Greek was for the time being changed into a Hellenic printing office—*Attic* some called it, but objection was made to this term as the room is on the second floor. However this may be, it is certain that *Attic* jokes without number were cracked by the Hellenists in the breathing spaces during the course of the work, and time passed as pleasantly as if they were in the reading-room or on the campus. Rev. Prof. Stoffel, C. S. C., who seems to live in a Greek element, took charge of the work, and in less than two weeks the Libretto was finished, all the work being done during spare hours.

The Libretto is a splendid book of 136 pages. The Greek text and the translation are on opposite pages, so that those who do not understand Greek can follow the play intelligently. The printing is clear, the paper good, and the cover of a neat pattern. The first eight pages are taken up with dedication, argument of the play, and cast of characters, from which we learn that about forty students take part in the drama. The book is worth at least \$1.50, but is sold for \$1 to the public, and for 50 cents to students, a merely nominal sum, intended to help to pay expenses. Those who desire copies should send their order to Rev. N. C. Stoffel, C. S. C.

—If any student on leaving college should be foolish enough to form the resolution of bidding good-bye to books, and of never doing any more serious

study, considering that, having spent some years in an institution of learning, or that, having gone through a course of studies, he is thereby qualified to assume the rôle of a leader among those with whom he is henceforth to be associated; it would be hard to determine whether he were more deserving of pity than contempt. In the case of a graduate, such folly would be all the more unreasonable. His studies should have convinced him above all things of the comparative insignificance of his knowledge—that although he has acquired some learning, it is as a drop to the ocean, which no mind is powerful enough and no life long enough to compass fully. Learned and superior-minded men are always humble; and it is no paradox to say that it is precisely because they know much that they feel how little they know.

The young man who leaves college holding his head high and expecting to be regarded among the *plebs* as a superior being, is destined to receive some hard knocks, and the quicker they come and the harder they are (if it be possible thus to rid such a fool of his inflation), the better. It is well to bear in mind that all the distinguished and respectable men in the world are not "college learnt." There are many among them who are not able to converse long about the Greek and Latin authors; to write poetry and the like; but they often have attainments quite as, honorary and very much more useful. We have no wish to decry classical knowledge: we are simply illustrating the kind of learning that is a "dangerous thing" when the principal purpose that it serves is to foster pride.

No matter how talented a person may be, how long or how thorough the course of studies he has pursued, how much information he has acquired, there still remains much to learn. In view of this, we can afford to be modest, all of us. An eminent American physician who had been a student all his life, who had travelled extensively in the interest of his profession, and was famous for great and varied learning was heard to say, shortly before his death: "I am just beginning to realize how much there is of which I know nothing."

One of the best resolutions a student can take on leaving college is not to part company with books. They are the friends that never fail, the companions whose presence is always profitable, the best society. A love of books is a blessing which we hope every student of Notre Dame will bear away.

The St. Cecilians.

One of the great events of the scholastic year is the Annual Summer Entertainment of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, the oldest dramatic association in the College. Ever since its organization, this Society, year after year, has made these exercises a noteworthy feature in the College annals, and one particularly agreeable to the hosts of friends that regularly assemble on the occasion. The exhibition of this year, in point of excellence, proved no exception to those of former years, and possessed additional interest from the fact that it

was commemorative of the "Silver Jubilee" of the Association. It was intended to make the exercises complimentary to Very Rev. Father Sorin, whose arrival from Europe had been daily expected; but it became necessary to forego this pleasure as the venerable Superior, to the regret of all, did not arrive, and owing to the nearness of Commencement time, the Exhibition could not be deferred.

On Thursday evening, therefore, a large audience assembled in Washington Hall, and the Cecilians presented their programme as announced in our last number. The musical numbers were up to the usual high standard, the Band and Orchestra displaying, as heretofore, the proficiency which they have attained under the direction of Prof. Paul. A novel and pleasing feature was the piano number, "Boccacio March," for eight hands, which was given with correct expression by Masters C. Porter, H. Porter, W. Schott, and G. Schaeffer.

The Address of the evening was read in good style by A. Browne, who, whilst welcoming all in the name of his Society, expressed regret at the absence of Father General, and formally dedicated the exercises to Rev. President Walsh. Master Jos. Courtney then stepped forward and read the prologue, a portion of which is as follows:

Upon these boards, within this stately hall,
You've seen the noble Cæsar's rise and fall;
Here soldiers brave with martial step have trod,
With aspect stern obeyed their General's nod;
Here, not long since, the cruel Brutus slew
Him whom he seemed to love with heart most true;
The blood of Cæsar, too, has stained the floor,
Here lay his corse all clotted o'er with gore.
The tyrant's blood for freedom's sake must flow,
That freedom, glorious freedom, e'er may grow—
Unfurl her banner in the chainless breeze,
And spread her blessings o'er the land and seas.

Once more, your patience here we humbly ask,
Whilst we to-night go through our arduous task.
The noble Harry soon will greet your gaze—
The jolly Hal in Falstaff's palmiest days.
And we will show how noble spirits rise
From mires of vice to noble ways and wise.
Exalted minds, like others, sometimes fall,
Until aroused by honor's touching call;
And then, with zeal, intensified by shame,
Imprint their names upon the scroll of fame.

Nor is our Play devoid of pomp and power,
The royal presence, nor the festive hour;
For gorgeous Windsor meets your wond'ring gaze
With all its regal pomp of by-gone days;
The tented field where sparkling sabres shine,
The eager soldiers all drawn up in line,
The lords in council plotting 'gainst their foes,
The deadly struggle, soldiers in their throes;
All these in quick succession shall appear,
And other scenes to sadden and to cheer.

And Falstaff, too, will doubtless you amuse,
His quaint expressions, and his quainter views.
He boasts of valor which he never knew,

Of killing heroes which he never slew;
His cup of sack's his glory and his pride,
For that he lived, with that, perhaps, he died.

We welcome all to this our play to-night,
And hope it will amuse you and delight;
We'll try our best to make Cecilia's name
Much honored by our friends at Notre Dame.

The play, King Henry IV, which the Cecilians had chosen was one excellently adapted to display to advantage the varied and excellent talent which the Society possesses. The characters of the Drama representing the manifold varieties of human nature, the grotesque and humorous in *Falstaff* and his companions, the versatile in *Prince Hal*, the fiery and impetuous in *Hotspur*; all call for an unusually good *corps* of performers and we may say that on this occasion they were well presented: A. Browne as *Hotspur*, D. Taylor as *Sir John Falstaff*, C. Porter, as *Prince Hal* and M. Foote as *Henry IV*, are especially deserving of mention for the general appreciation of the spirit of their respective rôles which they manifested. G. Schaeffer, as *Prince John*; E. Dillon, as *Earl of Westmoreland*; M. O'Connor, as *Sir Walter Blount*; M. Dolan as *Earl of Worcester*; H. Dunn, as *Earl of Douglas*; W. Mug, as *Earl of Northumberland*; H. Bush, as *Sir Richard Vernon*, displayed great fire and warmth in the presentation of their characters. The parts of *Poins*, *Bardolph*, *Gadshill*, *Peto*, *Francis*, and *Roby*, were well taken by Masters Jeannot, McDonnell, Bacon, Reach, Schott, and Brice. Master Warren made a capital "Sheriff," and J. Smith portrayed the genial "host."

The mounting of the play was all that could be desired. The costumes were rich and appropriate; the scenery new, and especially painted for the play by Prof. Ackermann. The new scenes met with special marks of commendation from the audience. Soon after the play, the curtain was raised, and the characters of the Drama were discovered artistically grouped, and by the aid of the usual red lights, etc., a fine tableau was presented.

All in all, the Entertainment was successful, and highly creditable, not only to those who took part in it, but also and especially to their veteran President, who, during the twenty-five years of its existence, has guided the Association through varying fortunes.

At the request of President Walsh, Rev. Father Shortis, the genial Chaplain of St. Mary's, closed the evening's exercises with a few very happy remarks. The audience then dispersed, amid the strains of a "Grand March for Retiring" by the Band.

A.

June Examinations, Commencing Friday, June 15, 1883.

BOARDS OF EXAMINERS.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Secretary; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. J. O'Brien; Prof. Lyons, Prof. Edwards, Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Hoynes.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Prof. Devoto, Secretary; Prof. Stace, Prof. McSweeney; Mr. E. Arnold.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. J. M. Toohey, presiding; Bro. Marcellinus, Secretary; Prof. Lyons, Prof. McCormack; Bro. Philip Neri.

SENIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. J. O'Hanlon, presiding; Rev. E. Giles; Mr. J. Burke, Secretary; Mr. J. Irman, Mr. Campbell; Bro. Remigius, Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Luke, Bro. Anselm.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. Thos. McNamara, presiding; Mr. J. Sullivan, Secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Leander, Bro. Thomas Aquinas, Bro. Paul.

BOARD OF MODERN LANGUAGES—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Mr. J. Irman, Secretary; Mr. Van Roosmalen, Mr. Tillman; Bro. Philip Neri, Bro. Anselm.

BOARD OF FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Bro. Basil, Secretary; Bro. Leopold, Bro. Stanislaus, Bro. Celestine, Bro. Anselm, Prof. Paul.

Personal.

—S. A. Marks (Com'l), of '75, is in Cheyenne city.

—John M. Gearin, '71, is State Treasurer of Oregon.

—John G. Ewing, '78, will deliver the Alumni Oration at Commencement.

—Frank C. Luther (Com'l), of '78, is running a hotel near St. Paul, Minn.

—Judson Fox, of '70, is Freight Agent for the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., at Ottawa, Ill.

—Will Van Valkenberg, of '78, is conducting a large and prosperous hardware business at Huntsville, Ala.

—Joe Marks (Com'l), of '75, is "roughing it" through the Western wilds, bent on pleasure and recuperation.

—Rev. E. J. Flynn, Port Jervis, N. Y., and Rev. Patrick Foley, San Francisco, Cal., were welcome visitors to the College during the past week.

—Rev. H. Kittell, who resided at Notre Dame during the year 1880-'81, has been transferred from Lockport, Pa., and appointed assistant pastor of St. John's, Pittsburgh. His many friends here will be glad to learn that he is now perfectly restored to health.

—C. C. Craig, Class of '85, has just entered the U. S. Naval Academy. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends and classmates at Notre Dame, and says be sure and send him the SCHOLASTIC. We will do so, and with it our best wishes of success to him in his new profession.

—T. F. McGrath, of '77, paid a flying visit to his *Alma Mater*, Wednesday. Frank sails for Europe next Saturday, where he will remain several months, visiting the principal points of interest in the Old World. We hope that his sojourn abroad may be a most enjoyable one.

—Prof. E. A. McNally, '65, has been re-elected County Superintendent of Schools at Huntington, Ind. His popularity and efficiency are shown by the fact that no candidate was placed in the field against him. A number of the "old boys" are here yet who remember with pleasure the days when they were under the tutelage of Prof. McNally; they are glad to hear of his success, and hope to see him at Commencement.

—Ed. W. Robinson, of '78, is engaged in an extensive lumber business, at Millview, Florida. In a letter recently received, he speaks of the affectionate feelings entertained towards his *Alma Mater*, and the fond recollections he has of his school-boy days. He sends his regards to all his old friends, but regrets his inability to attend the Commencement exercises. He has our best thanks for "Personals" received, and we would earnestly commend his example in this respect to all the old students.

—Many an old student will be pained to learn of the death of Allen Potter (Com'l), of '74. The sad event occurred last March, though the news reached us only a few days ago. After leaving Notre Dame, Allen engaged in business at his home in Kalamazoo, Mich. During the present year, he started out further West, and stopped at Cheyenne city, where he died suddenly, shortly after his arrival. While a student, he was a general favorite among his companions. All his former Professors, and many here who yet remember him, extend to the family of the deceased their heartfelt sympathy.

Local Items.

—"Anon, anon, sir!"

—Now for the examinations!

—They did not get the *switches*!

—"The better part of valor is discretion."

—Where were the ushers on Thursday night?

—We hope our successors will enjoy that cement-walk.

—The Band is rehearsing vigorously for Commencement.

—The "Boards of Examiners" appear in another column.

—The Bull-fiddles got in their work heavily at "The Picnic."

—Muldoon's three o'clock bulletin, Wednesday, was startling and interesting.

—R. E. Fleming, who had been quite sick for some time, is now convalescent.

—The Juniors will not enter into the contest for the University Baseball championship.

—B. Anselm is actively engaged in the preparation of the music for the "Antigone."

—Many compliments were paid the beautiful scenery of the play on Thursday night.

—The poetry, the cigars and the boy who read the address were well—perfectly adapted to the occasion.

—What a great commotion doth the mention of Barnum's Circus arise! How is it with the genial Secretary?

—The "old reliable" has been doing heavy work of late, putting in its besticks before the examinations.

—All are hard at work now preparing for the Examinations, and it is said they will be as searching as possible.

—The Library has received many and much-needed improvements in the shape of glass cases, tables, etc., etc.

—The St. Cecilians were photographed in costume with the electric light, after the performance of Henry IV.

—Beautifully colored programmes for the entertainment of Thursday evening were issued by the SCHOLASTIC press.

—Our botanical editor and astrologer looks well as the Pirate chief in Gregori's new painting of the "Landing of Columbus."

—The twenty-fifth Annual Banquet of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will be given Tuesday next, the 12th inst.

—Mr. G. L. Dobson, representing the Penn. R. R. Co., will visit the College next week to accommodate with special rates all those students going East.

—MODEL REHEARSALS—The St. Cecilians'. And why? Because those who have no speaking parts in the play sit at tables and prepare their duties for the morrow.

—The "Romans" were successful in their search for slippery elm, Thursday afternoon, as the bare trunks of several trees on the banks of the picturesque St. Joe can testify.

—The beautiful ruby cut glass in the vestibule of the Palace is greatly admired by all. The æsthetics enjoy this as well as the other beautiful objects which surround them.

—The grounds around the College are being fixed up for Commencement. An extra force has been put at work, and everything will be in apple order for the great occasion.

—The shrine of St. Aloysius—on the road to what was of yore known as the Scholasticate—is in a sad state of ruin and decay. Might we suggest that it should be attended to?

—The finest costumes in any play at Notre Dame for twenty-five years were those used by the Cecilians in Henry IV. Some of the richest had been made to order for the occasion.

—The "Hardly Ables," consisting of Messrs. Larkin, Clarke, O'Reilly, Molloy, Gray, Hofstetter, Godfroy, McIntyre, and others, will play a nine, captained by W. Cleary, Sunday afternoon. No cards.

—Bro. Francis, Prefect of the Minim depart-

ment, took the Princes to the top of South Bend's famous stand-pipe, Thursday afternoon. They aver that the Palace looked magnificent in the distance.

—Messrs. R. Anderson and T. Flynn, and Master J. Nester and A. Eisenhauer have been busy of late, re-organizing the different departments of the Library, under the direction of the librarian.

—Hon. Aaron Jones has the thanks of the Library Association for a fine set of The Complete Works of Charles Dickens, in 12 Vols.; Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott, 15 Vols.; and Abbott's Civil War, 2 Vols.

—Prof. Edwards is indebted to Master J. Henry, of Cincinnati, for a collection of coins; to Master C. Darling for specimens of Chinese papers; to Mr. Ruger, of Lafayette, for a well-preserved scorpion, donations to the Cabinet of Curiosities.

—Last Thursday, the third championship game of baseball was played between the Universities and Stars of the East, or, as they are better known, the Blues and Whites. After a well-contested game the N. D. U's won by a score of 15 to 12.

—Some enterprising Juniors have made a beautiful grass plot surrounding the exterior of their reading-room. An unæsthetic individual had the audacity to remark to us that it took three Juniors to do the work of one man. Our silence said more than words.

—The "Princes" are joyous over the fact that their Park is in such a flourishing condition for the return from Europe of their beloved Patron. And now that all the flowers are in, the name which the SCHOLASTIC was so anxious to know will be revealed. *Place du Palais* will henceforth be called SAINT EDWARD'S PARK.

—A piece of music has been composed, which, when produced, will attract great attention. It is entitled "Z.'s Descent from Pikes Peak." The expressiveness of the composition is beyond description. A weird and striking movement for three violins and trombone vividly portrays the fall from a refractory mule. It will be brought out at an early date.

—On the 3d inst., a match game of baseball was played between the pupils of the Manual Labor School and the second nine of the Junior department. After a hard struggle, the eagle of victory perched upon the banner of the former by a score of 10 to 7. The game was umpired by B. Fabian who gave entire satisfaction by his prompt and correct decisions.

—All we can say about the Dome this week is, that the masons are busy on the brick-work, and the carpenters are hoisting lumber by the *whole-sale*. One would be looking around for a *grain-elevator*, or something of that kind, were he to see the immense shaft that has been constructed for coaxing *delicate* timber upwards. But it does its work well, and that's enough. The steam-drum is acting as heretofore, and—everything is lively.

—The Park in the *Place du Palais* promises to

be one of the loveliest spots in Notre Dame. The floral display, in richness, rarity, abundance and variety, cannot be surpassed even at *par excellence* æsthetic St. Mary's. However, even though we should be dubbed a *boobe*, we think a big tree or two would add immensely to the *tout-ensemble*, as it were. This has been suggested to us by the advent of the long-looked for hot-spell, which, of course, made us think of *shade* and *then* trees—big ones!

—The *Niagara Index* has the following notice of the drama "If I were a King," published by Prof. Lyons:

"The slightest acquaintance with dramatic interests in college will convince one that it is a difficult thing to find a good drama for male characters only. Such compositions are rare, and if college histrionic societies do not possess effeminate members whom they can clothe in female garments, they experience more trouble in selecting a play than in arranging for its performance. We acknowledge the receipt of the above-mentioned drama, and after perusing it, we are constrained to pronounce it a very successful effort. It is composed by a member of the Faculty of Notre Dame University. Written in blank verse, the diction is graceful and elevated, the plot is most interesting, and it is well adapted for college dramatists. The plot is adopted from the story of 'The Sleepers Awakened,' and it recounts the adventures of a shepherd boy who intercepts an assassination scheme against his king, and who succeeds his sovereign on the throne. The noble sentiments of the shepherds contrasted with the cruelty of their overseers and the beautiful language employed in the production render it of high merit. If our dramatists have not matter enough already, we suggest that they try this play. It is neatly printed in pamphlet form."

—The first public rehearsal of the operetta *Une Fête Champêtre*, last Saturday evening, was very successful. The music for this "gem," better known as "The Picnic," was written by J. R. Thomas. It was produced here with great success in 1872, under the direction of Prof. M. T. Corby. However, its presentation then was devoid of many striking features which characterize the present production. Chief among these differences may be mentioned the present orchestral accompaniment, the score of which has been arranged for twenty-two instruments, by B. Anselm, the Director of Vocal Music. Another point of difference lies in the number and strength of the quartette chorus, numbering as it now does more than 50 voices. The effect, when orchestra and chorus are combined, is sublime, beyond description. The same, however, cannot be said of the *solos*. Here the orchestra on last Saturday was too strong: they have yet to feel that they are but the background or the shading of the picture, the principal feature of which is the singer, whom they *accompany* and not overshadow. In this respect only was the performance defective. And, in fact, this is saying a great deal for a first rehearsal. Everyone knows that it is not at the first meeting that players and singers feel in harmony with each other, that at least one rehearsal is required, and oftentimes more, before that perfect sympathy can be made to exist, which ensures a perfect representation. Therefore we say that, for a rehearsal, the performance on Saturday evening was an unqualified success.

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Saint Mary's Academy.

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—By mistake, the name of Minnie Schmidt was omitted from the list of those who drew for the badge for politeness.

—The examinations in Catechism took place on Sunday, Rev. Fathers Walsh and Zahm conducting them in the higher classes.

—The First Preparatory Class was granted a walk on Tuesday, as a reward for two perfect competitions in Physical Geography.

—Miss Mary Chirhart, of the First Preparatory Class, received 100 for her perfect lessons in Syntax, the most difficult part of Grammar.

—In the course of two months, Catharine Fehr and Minnie Schmidt, of the Second Preparatory Class, worked respectively 858 and 904 extra examples, not numbering those of their ordinary Arithmetic lessons.

—On Sunday, the Rev. Father Fitte, of the University, at the invitation of the French Classes of the Academy, delivered a beautiful sermon in French, on the "History of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

—The young girls who drew for the badge for polite and lady-like deportment, on May 3d, were: Josephine Spengler, Elizabeth Dignan, Mary Dillon, Clara Richmond, Effie Johnston, Dora Best, Manuelita Chaves, Mary Hetz, and Minnie Schmidt, the last-named being the fortunate possessor for the coming week.

—On Thursday, the time-honored festival of St. Angela was observed as usual. It was complimentary to the beloved Prefect of the Christian Art Society. A beautifully illuminated manuscript copy of the Life of St. Angela was among the offerings of the day. Little Margaret Mary Otis presented two tiny vases, which, at the Entertainment, were placed beside the exquisite floral gift from the French Classes, and which bore the device "*Bonheur*"! Every number of the programme was perfectly rendered, and the eulogium of the object which drew the company together was happily presented by President Walsh, of the University.

A Few Points in the Last Debate.

In the SCHOLASTIC issue of May 19th will be found a notice of a discussion by members of the First Preparatory Composition Class. Some of the arguments we present below. The statement, "This is the Age of Buffoonery," was treated affirmatively by several. Elizabeth Considine sums up her arguments in substance as follows:

"The strongest proof that the present is an age of buffoonery is that irreverence and levity are so universal that they seem to infest all classes

of society. The commandments of the Church and of the Decalogue are broken with impunity. Those who commit these acts of defiance to the laws laid down by a Supreme Authority are encouraged, and often loudly applauded, by those who regard themselves as fit to assume the position of public teachers.

"There are influential men who make it their boast that their children have never entered 'any kind of a house of worship in all their lives, though they have arrived at the age of maturity.' The laugh is turned on church-going people.

"To caricature and mock holy men and religious ceremonies is looked upon as harmless by a large class of so-called educated people. Sacred subjects are parodied, and even sublime works of art are imitated and rendered hideous. The works of even so great an artist as Raphael are not exempt. In shop windows, the two Cherubs, so beautiful, and so well known to those who admire the 'San Sisto' of the great painter, are sometimes presented, with the forms of the angels, but with the faces of the lowest brutes. Little children are brought up to look upon such mockeries as of no importance, and they fall into such habits before they are old enough to know the harm which results."

Mary Dillon adduces the instance given in Holy Scripture of the children who mocked the prophet Eliseus, and who were destroyed for their effrontery, as a proof that disesteem of the venerable and worthy is punished by Providence, and says: "What if such open punishments should befall every act of irreligion at the present day? They would be of hourly occurrence, and hundreds would perish."

Again, death, the most momentous and solemn of all events, that which no mortal being can escape, and which seals the destiny of the soul, is made the subject of jest, and is counted of very little importance. As a natural consequence, Christian truths respecting eternal rewards and punishments are treated as fables, and in the minds of youth, Greek and Roman mythology appear as deserving of respect as the requirements of the Christian faith.

Miss Ella Harris brings forward the almost universal use of idle gossip and slang in society and by the press, as a proof of the affirmative. No one seems to feel that dignity and seriousness should mark social intercourse or pertain to reading-matter. On the contrary, the "Merry-Andrew" is the favorite of most circles, and even persons possessed of some respectable amount of intellect stoop to pander to this vitiated taste. She mentions the long list of comic writers, who have been made so popular of late, while Irving, and Longfellow, and the like, are voted as "dry and uninteresting."

Miss Helen McCawley, on the negative, brings forward the argument that in the better classes of society the spirit of buffoonery is as strongly reprehended as ever; there, the only passport is solid acquirements, and serious though cheerful manners. Clownish amusements and slang speeches

are the exclusive possession of the "circus and the minstrels." The educated will not dispute with them their claim, nor emulate their habits.

She mentions the wonderful discoveries of the age, which have given fresh impetus to the noblest intellectual life. Though the founders of many religious orders of the present were not of this age, yet, were this an age of buffoonery, how could the immense army of scholars, and self-denying men and women, be found to carry out the works which they began? Never were institutions of learning spread more widely over the globe than at the present day.

Memoirs of Beethoven.

(CONCLUSION.)

The silence of his companion, after a while, seemed to strike Beethoven, and, leaning his head over, he said: "You are very still, Ries, are you not?"

Ries answered: "I am still because I am listening."

"What do you hear," asked Beethoven, astonished.

"I am listening to the shepherd, who sits with his back to us over yonder at the edge of the woods, playing very prettily on a flute he has cut out of elderwood."

Beethoven listened for some time, "I do not hear a sound," said he, "you must have mistaken."

"No, indeed," said Ries, astonished, in his turn; "true, the sound is distant, but do you not see the shepherd?"

"Certainly, I see him," answered Beethoven, who had now risen and was looking toward the wood. "I see, too, he has a flute at his mouth. Hark! Let me listen again." Then there was another pause. Suddenly Beethoven's face was as pale as a corpse, and Ries, too, turned pale, for he had known that his teacher had for some time suffered from a slight defect in his hearing, and guessed what a fearful discovery of himself his master had just made. He grew dizzy with horror, and said, in a tremendous voice: "It really seems as though our flute-player has grown dumb," though he still heard the shepherd's flute plainly.

Beethoven answered not a word. He was pale as death; thick drops of cold perspiration rested on his forehead; his eyes started, fixed with horror, and his features took the stiffness of marble. Within, with a horrible pain, came the cry: "The cloud! the black cloud! Beethoven, Beethoven! man of tone, thou shalt hear nothing more; thou art deaf!" As if struck by lightning, he sprang up, made a sign to Ries, then started gloomily on his way home. Despair struggled in his heart; but who may judge the combat? Surely his colossal symphony of symphonies proves the depth of his submission, though nature often complained. Who can tell the secret joy of that heart when, through the open window, his eyes again beheld that "black cloud," out of which burst a terrific storm. Beethoven heard not the thunder's fearful clash, but he smiled. His soul recognized the

call of its Creator, and sped away to everlasting, harmonious rest. (Beethoven died March 26, 1827.)

Roll of Honor.

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