Purple Days.

With just the faintest chill of death,
The full, fair Indian Summer comes;
By morning draped in hoary breath,
Her noonday robe of strange perfumes;
At evening trailing weird-like shades,
O'er midnight still her beauty looms.
As ever, through fields and opening glades,
She drives the dark November glooms.
Not yet, she cries to the winter wind,
Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear,
Not yet, to the northern snows that blind,
Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!
How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,
While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,
And smiles, despite their mournful dirge.
Last, lovely smile of the parting year!

Daniel O'Connell.

BY P. J. COONEY.

'Tis said, and I believe it to be true, that the greatest sons of Erin bring up the rear line of her heroes and her sages. In reading her history you will see inscribed on every page the names of her illustrious sons—of Oliam and Brian, of the O'Neills, of Desmond and Sarsfield—of Burke, Curran, Grattan, Sheridan, Phillips, Shiel, and a host of others equally illustrious—exalted spirits and heroes, who battled bravely in their country's cause, and whose desire it was to make known the sufferings of their country throughout the world and endeavor to alleviate or bring them to an end.

But after studying, after comparing all those great men that adorn the pages of her glorious history, I would say that O'Connell was, pre-eminently, the greatest of them all. It would seem as if he were destined by the Almighty as the Moses who was to deliver his people from bondage. The Irish people were indeed sorely afflicted; never was there a nation, except it be that other glorious Ireland of the north, Poland, which suffered so much, and yet remained steadfast to its principles. God wished to try His people, and He saw that the cup of their bitterness was about to overflow, that there was scarcely a ray of hope left, then He thought fit to send one who would regenerate His people and deliver them from the thraldom of slavery and ignorance into which they were forced.

Daniel O'Connell was born on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year, as he himself says, when the stupid obstinacy of British oppression forced the reluctant people of America to seek security in arms, and to commence that long and bloody struggle for national independence which has shed glory and conferred liberty, pure and sublime, on the American people. Never was Ireland in a more abject condition than at that period; the fact is, the heart of the Irish nation seemed as if it were broken—

"Abject the prostrate people lay,
Nor dared to hope a better day,
An icy chill, a fatal frost,
Left them with all but honor lost;
Left them with only trust in God,
Poor pariahs on their native sod;
The lands were gone their fathers owned,
Their Faith was banned, their prophets stoned,
Their temples crowning every height,
Now echoed with an alien rite.
Or lay a desecrated pile.
With shattered cross and ruined aisle;
Letters denied, forbade to pray,
And white-winged commerce scared away."

Such was the system which then prevailed in Ireland, and which has been condemned before the world by the tribunal of indignant civilization as an outrage on humanity. It is ardently to be hoped that it will never be imitated in any land calling itself Christian. This perfidious system, however, was soon to receive its death-blow, for an all-wise Providence had willed it; the hour of God's mercy had come; a nation was soon to regain a portion of its rights. Daniel O'Connell received the rudiments of his education from a poor priest who, being outlawed and hunted, at this time found refuge at the house of O'Connell's father. From this priest he first learned the tenets of his religion. At an early age he was smuggled off to France to complete his studies. For, as you know, in Ireland
which gave to Catholics the right of franchise, the right to hold property in their own name, to educate their children, to enter the different professions, and to command in the army and navy. O'Connell availed himself of these privileges, and entered the Ten's Court; having passed through the four years of probation required, he was called to the Irish bar in the memorable year 1798. Anyone who is familiar with Irish history, and especially with that part of it relating to the period of '98, may conceive what must have been young O'Connell's feelings. That which he had seen in France he was to behold with a hundredfold reverence in his own country. England had, through the outrageously unlawful acts of her mercenaries, driven the poor people to desperation, and in this way brought about a pretext which enabled her to cripple the growing power of the Irish nation. O'Connell saw the cruel fate which awaited his beloved country, forced as she was without arms or ammunition to resort to violence in order to defend her rights. He was a witness to massacres, tortures, the pitch cap and the triangle; he heard the cries of anguish and despair resound from the dying wretches in the fatal castle yard; he saw the canals run with blood; he heard the agonized wail of countless bereaved ones fill the air,—and all for no other purpose than to rivet around his country's neck the chains which tyranny had forged.

At this period, then, when Ireland lay prostrate—without law and without protection—when her once fertile fields were covered with the blood of the best and bravest of the land; and when the country was teeming with the Hessian mercenaries of England—the same who helped her in the vain endeavors to enslave our own country—at this period it was that through the foulest perfidy Ireland was deprived of her Parliament—Ireland, which, one thousand years previous, stood among the foremost of the nations of the earth. When England, France, Spain—when all the nations of the East bowed in humble subserviency at the feet of haughty Rome, there was to be seen in the far West, looming above the waves of the turbulent Atlantic, a beautiful oasis of freedom,—and that was Ireland; but now, and by a system of the most unprecedented perfidy, she is degraded into a miserable little province.

"In one brief hour the fair image had faded,
   No aisle of flowers lay glad on ocean's green,
   But in its stead, deserted and degraded,
   The barren strand of slavery's shore was seen."

Heretofore, O'Connell had taken no part in public affairs, but this last, and, I may say, crowning act of English perfidy, aroused all his energies; and while the blood-red clouds were yet hovering over his country, he came forward. Bravely, indeed, Curran and Grattan stood by their country to the last, but now they had grown old and feeble in her service, and were no longer able to fight in her cause. They were, however, to be succeeded by one who was in every way a worthy successor. O'Connell was young, active, possessed of powerful intellect, and indomitable will and determination. Coming forward, then, in such a contest, in behalf of the oppressed against the oppressor, he had many obstacles to surmount. He had to arouse the spirit of personal and political independence among his Catholic countrymen, whose successive defeats had hitherto thrown them into the greatest despondency. O'Connell was, however, the man for the emergency. His great abilities were soon recognized, and in a few years he became the virtual leader of the Irish Catholics. The Government, ever watchful of its own interests, soon perceived the position which O'Connell had assumed,—then began the struggle. He incurred the hatred of the Government and its supporters; he was harassed on every side; he even ran the risk of his life, as is proved by his duel with D'Esterre. The Catholics, and in fact the majority of Protestants also, always employed him as their counsel, and whenever an occasion presented itself he took advantage of it to make public addresses. In 1833 he formed the Catholic Association, and in the course of a few years this Association, which at first numbered but thirteen members, ran up to millions. The cry of Emancipation was no longer uttered in faint whispers, but resounded in thunder tones throughout the land. O'Connell's voice was to be heard in the village and on the mountain side; he stirred his countrymen up to a high pitch of indignation, his eloquent voice making them sensible of their degradation. Never was there such intense excitement, and yet at the same time the country was most peaceful. The people were determined on gaining their religious freedom, and for this purpose they rallied around O'Connell to a man. In 1828, when the agitation was at its highest, O'Connell became a candidate for the representation of Clare in Parliament, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. The conservative party were dismayed at the audacity and the success of O'Connell, and it sent consternation to the heart of the Tories. Being a Catholic, he would not take the test oath, and in consequence was obliged to withdraw. The agitation soon reached a most formidable height, and caused great alarm among the conservatives, and finally even those who had most strenuously opposed the claims of the Catholics had to concede emancipation.

So, after a struggle of twenty years, O'Connell came off victorious,—he wrung the freedom of his countrymen from Napoleon's conquerors. Seven millions of Irishmen were now at liberty to serve God. On the first day of the session of 1830, O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons, being the first Catholic who sat in either the English or Irish Parliament for one hundred and forty-five years. It was the greatest victory, the grandest triumph of justice and truth over old-time prejudices that the world has ever witnessed.

To the glorious object, then, of the emancipation of his people did O'Connell devote his talents, his energies, and his influence for twenty years. But he was not to stop here; for sixteen years longer did he continue, as became the best of Ireland's statesmen and patriots, to wring concession after concession from the enemy. That ringing manly voice was ever heard in its imperative demands for justice to Ireland. At length he had grown old and feeble, and to augment his sufferings, he beheld his country a prey to a visitation of Providence, the most terrible that the world has ever witnessed. He beheld on every side his country, men dying in all the horrors of famine. The sight of that fair country's desolation caused the nations of the world to tremble. The famine and plague, however, were not sufficient: those vampires, the exterminating landlords, were levelling the cottages of their impoverished tenantry to the earth. The emigrant ships, with their cargoes of wretched, starving human beings, were floating like so many funeral hearses on the Atlantic. This was too much for the great soul of O'Connell. He had fought bravely against the enemies of his country, but he could not contend against the decrees of Providence. He directed his
footsteps towards Rome, there to send up one last appeal to Heaven in supplication for his afflicted country. He was not destined to reach the Eternal City. He died in Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847. The birthplace of America's discoverer was a fit place for the death of Ireland's liberator. Truly may we say for Ireland he lived and for Ireland he died. The voice of history will be insufficient to attest the achievements of this great man. Marching at the head of ideas, he won by the power of his genius victories such as Alexander or Napoleon never achieved with the sword.

A Journey Out West.

[The following extract from a letter, descriptive of a journey to Salt Lake City, was lately received here, and will be read, without doubt, with much interest by our subscribers.]

SALT LAKE CITY, October 23, 1877.

* * * We had a very pleasant journey; scenery fine, weather magnificent, and made such easy stations that we had no opportunity to get tired. Chicago one day—Joliet another—Morris another—Omaha another—then Columbus, then Ogden, and finally Salt Lake City.

Gand pasture lands lie west of Omaha. I experienced the same sensations in going through them that I have so often felt at sea; the train can be easily transformed into an ocean steamer, while the interminable prairie mingling its distant and softening color with the subdued azure of the autumn sky can be likened to nothing save the ocean's boundless expanse. The undulations of the vast plain recall the grand ocean's swells—and the evening sun with his halo of undulant light—sweeping away for miles towards the wide Laramie Plains about ten o'clock at night, a bright light was seen along the northern horizon—it was a long line of vivid flame, stretching for miles, with a broad band of dark smoke-cloud above; nearer and nearer it came—the flames leaping higher and higher, the smoke ascending, and on its dark surface reflecting the fire's brilliantly tinged light—sweping away for miles towards the bluffs, leaping and jumping as it were with the wind, and brightening the wide expanse of prairie with that fearful light. I have never seen anything possessing such majestic brilliance as the night grows and the rapid advances of the prairie fire.

As we pass over the Laramie Plains we notice a great change in vegetation. The entire face of the country is covered with a short dried-up grass, growing in little bunches. Though it gives the country a dried-up look of desolation and sterility, yet it is the richest grass ever known in the world. It is the famous buffalo grass, and covers thousands of miles of the plains, northward, southward, and westward. It is rarely over two or three inches in height; it grows in little tufts, broad and dense. It is said to be exceedingly rich and sweet, and retains these qualities as much when dried up as when green. Stock of every description will not touch any other grass so long as a tuft of the buffalo grass can be got. I have told you of the shepherd kings—here let me introduce one of the "Great Cattle Kings," a Mr. Orilf, through whose domains the railroad runs for one hundred and fifty miles. Do you not think he is "monarch of all he surveys?" What wonderful plains! their vastness fascinates me! first great uplands of enormous sweep, then boundless grassy plains, anon all the grandeur of vast monotony and desolation; boundless plains—boundless sky—that stretch of blue—that waste of brown. The cars steam on for hours and hours, and never a tree, river, bird or animal, home or life of any kind. I cannot描述 my sensations; they were simply overpowering. As we approach the
mountains the Colorado plains show more verdure. Just think! Into this vast area of plains there can be poured nearly all the population of Europe or Asia! It is twice as large as Hindostan, and as large as the whole of the United States east of Chicago.

And now we catch our first view of the mountain. We notice before reaching Cheyenne the white head of Long's Peak, which can be seen a distance of one hundred miles. Its snow-clad summit is over 14,000 feet high. I was anxious to stop at Cheyenne, the Magic City of the Plains, but the connections West are not good. Shall stop over, B. V., on our return; if time permits will write you from there.

We intended stopping at night and travelling by day, but as there is but one passenger-train west once in twenty-four hours, had to abandon this project. Did not regret it, as it enabled us to see another of the grand sights that I would not willingly have missed, sunset in the mountains! The hills reddened as if under the full blaze of a great furnace; the sunbeams lit up the crags and cliffs, and even the rocks and stones, in all their detail, bringing out projecting slopes from deep gloom into clear light and throwing back the vales and cations into deepest, blackest gloom. Every rock and precipice seemed close at hand, and shone and glanced with such radiance that you could trace the rents and crevices and mark the pine trees clinging to their sides. As the sun sank, so rose the light, rushing upward, swinging over the hills in crimson mist; gorgeous flaming streams of bright yellow and red were suddenly shot out over the sky. Oh, if such colors were transferred to canvas with one-fourth of their real brilliancy the eye would be pained and the artist accused of gross exaggeration; but here in nature there is nothing repulsive to the senses or painful to the eye. On the contrary one sits spellbound, fascinated, gazing at this grand illumination covering the western heavens—breaking through a confused mass of dazzling purple-edged clouds massed against a glowing burnishad sky, darting out bright arrows through the rifts and rents, and striking full upon the mountain tops. The sun sank, and slowly the colors fled. A gauzy half-transparent cloud light, airy and delicate in its color as the inner petals of the rose, then soft grey clouds; the mountains were aghost with parent cloud-light, airy and delicate in its color as the inner petals of the rose, then soft grey and pale rose-tints mingled, pale, faded slowly upward, and a grey dull death hue spread over the entire landscape. A moment more and the dark pall of night rested over all. But not for long, and then came the moonlight panorama.

To the northwest rolls the lofty range of the Black Hills, whose sharp-pointed peaks rise some two thousand feet above us, and we are now over seven thousand feet above the general level. To the south we see the massy chain of the Rocky Mountains; looking eastward, along the track we have passed, it stretches far away to the dim horizon as one vast expanse of natural curiosity, which form the most interesting part of the route from ocean to ocean, and have made it world-wide in fame. And then to think that the sights we saw form but a little portion of the whole! We passed through Echo Cañon, entering almost on a level with the rocks. As we descend, they grow more and more huge, more perpendicular and colossal in form. We must look up at an angle of nearly 90° to scan their summits. There is "Castle Rock," with its huge arched doorway, red-colored front, and roofed in grey. Next the "Swallows' Nest," perforated by thousands of holes, chiseled out by the action of water and wind. Now a whole town of castles! Here the "Kettle Rocks,"—huge grey boulders, hanging on the ledge, looking like immense caldrons. Now the rocks are capped in red, with gray sides; now they change, and for miles they are deep yellow. What a field for geologists! Now we come to the "Narrows." Thermopil of classic memory I am sure could not have known a finer strategic point in war times. And here it was that the Mormons assembled and piled up huge fragments of rock to roll down on General Johnson's army in 1857. Look at Steamboat Rock—as big—yes, bigger—than the "Grand Republic," with its huge red projection like the prow of a gi
ganile propeller; a little cedar, like a flag of green, shows its head on the bow. There is another Steamer in the rear—it is called the Great Eastern. Now we pass the Witches' Rocks, or the Egyptian tombs.

Three things in nature make us feel very small, and even the atheist must feel that he stands in the presence of Divinity. The ocean, with its ceaseless roar; the mighty plains, in their solitude, and with their sense of loneliness; and the mountains, in their towering greatness—with heads almost beyond the ken of vision and crowned with perpetual snows.

Oh, I must not forget to mention the group of witches—huge beings clothed in grey. One of them has the decided Gracian bend. On the high bluffs near them—far beyond the reach of man—the eagles of the west build their nests. Precisely one thousand miles from Omaha stands one solitary green tree! Another hour's ride through the same magnificent region—passing the Devil's Gate, the Devil's Slide, etc., etc., and we emerge from one of the grandest scenes in nature into the lovely valley of the Great Salt Lake Basin. Though the Lake itself is not in sight, the mountains on its salzando are crowned with snow, and the sun lighting up their sides. Now we are in Salt Lake City. Ah, you may be sure we were more rejoiced to see the dear Sisters than all the great views we passed over, and I think they were just as glad to see us. They have a beautiful building,—boarding and day-school,—and in another part of the city an hospital.

You may have heard that I suffered much from inflammation in my eyes. "No wonder," you'll say, "after seeing so many sights." Well, when they got better I went upon the roof of the Academy, and this is what I saw. Below me, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. Every square contains ten acres, every ward contains nine squares. There are twenty-one wards, all filled with houses surrounded with gardens and orchards. The streets are all at right angles—all the same width, 133 feet. They are bordered by fine shade trees, and streams of clear water from the neighboring mountains run on both sides of the streets. The whole horizon—north, south, east and west—is bounded by mountains whose summits are covered with perpetual snow, and the grey sides slope down to this beautiful basin or valley, in which lie nestled the Great Salt Lake, Utah Lake, and many other smaller ones. The land, rich in the extreme, irrigated by countless mountain streams running in all directions; the mountains, rich in all minerals, from gold to coal; the valley, the most fertile that can be imagined; the climate very mild—thermometer never going below zero. And then those beautiful streams of water running down from the mountains, filled with fish. Well I just wish I could put a trout at the end of each of these many lines I have written you; what a capital dinner you would all have!

If you are not worried with the subject, just put these sheets aside, and, when I return, D. V. I'll use them as notes for all the rest I have to tell you. In the mean time, with much love to you all, and reminding you not to forget me in your prayers, I wish you all

"A fair good night,
Rosy dreams and slumbers light."

—Don't waste your mornings in anticipating your afternoons, nor waste your afternoons in regretting your mornings. Decide quickly, act promptly, and improve the time and opportunity within your reach.

The First Mission at Notre Dame.

The first attempt at the erection of a mission in Southern Michigan, according to the testimony of the few of the tribe of the Pottawottamies still to be found on the spot, was made, perhaps, as early as 1675. The successful achievement of the project was accomplished in 1830. Father Allouez, in that year, attended by Deblon, after having coasted Lake Michigan from Green Bay, entered the St. Joseph River, so called in honor of the patron Saint of Canada, and making advance against its tide, proceeded until, some twenty-five miles (fifty by the river) from its mouth, he reached the locality now the seat of the inviting town of Niles. About half a mile up-stream from the heart of the town—a narrow belt of boggy lowland lying between it and the river—rises a semicircular bluff, at the base of which, and through the soil of the marshy level, runs a brook which empties its slender contribution of supply into the St. Joseph. On this bluff, up till within twenty-five years since, if not now, the traces were plainly distinguishable of a fortification, the cross planted at the time of its construction, and still to be seen, in the rear of it, indicating by whom, and for what use, it was built. Here, conveniently established within an encampment of Miami on one side of the river, and three several settlements—one at Pokegan, a second on the shores of what are now known as the Notre Dame Lakes, and the third and principle one, close by the fort—of the Pottawottamies on the other, Allouez built a chapel (a brewery occupies the site now), and near by, a log cabin for his own accommodation. His labors were carried on successfully, and without the occurrence of any extraordinary event to invest them with special interest. After a faithful service of several years, he died in the summer of 1690. His ashes repose in the graveyard of the Catholic mission at Niles. The establishment was kept up, part of the time under the ministry of Chardon, "a man wonderful in the gift of tongues, speaking fluently nearly all the Indian languages of the Northwest," until 1739. In that year the French garrison of Fort St. Joseph was attacked by a party of English soldiers, the engagement resulting, after a fierce contest, in the defeat of the French. The survivors of the garrison, including the priests, were carried away, prisoners, to Quebec. The mission, thus violently dissolved, was not reorganized for nearly a hundred years. In 1830, Father Stephen Badin pitched his tent in the vicinity, revived the faith among the Pottawottamies, built a chapel on the little St. Mary's Lake, near South Bend, bought a section of land, which, conveyed to the Bishop of Vincennes, through him was dedicated, in the interests of education, to the church, and is now the seat of that notable institution—of learning—the University of Notre Dame.—Nestis Black-Robes, or Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border.

—He was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor as the new man came in with a column where a stick was desired. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phrasing?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! Boil it down" thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.—Pomeroy's Press.
Scientific Notes.

—Sir Allan Young is contemplating the dispatch of the Pandora to the Arctic regions again, next spring. The vessel will be refitted for the purpose, and its owner will probably try the Spitzbergen route, instead of that by Smith's Sound.

—Dr. Garlick, who has had long experience in hunting and rearing trout, states, in Forest and Stream, that the yearling trout are never over three inches long. Unlike many other species, this fish grows slowly during the first two years.

—Twenty tons of alabaster have been imported from Italy by an organ company of Boston. It is to be sawn into blocks and manufactured into the recently discovered substance, "lithophone ivory," and used entirely for the keyboards of organs and pianos.

—A petrified wasp-nest has been found near Eureka, Nev., by blasting in the solid rock forty feet below the surface of the ground. On breaking it open, some cells, larva, and two perfectly-formed wasps were found, also petrified. The rock is a granitic sand stone of sedimentary formation.

—A French chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers on street signs and public buildings. This liquid dissolves readily in a weak solution of alcohol, and absorbs carbonic acid; and, on being exposed to the air, it enters into a joins compound with it, and is removed from the air. The preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious.

—Preparations for Prof. Nordenskiold's voyage along the north coast of Europe and Asia, by way of Behring's Strait, are being rapidly forwarded. Prof. Dickson, of Gotenberge, defrays the greatest part of the cost of the enterprise, and King Oscar, of Sweden, contributes a considerable amount in aid of it.

—From the refuse matter left after distilling alcohol from grapes M. Carpene has succeeded in obtaining a red coloring liquid. This liquid dissolves readily in a weak solution of alcohol, and may therefore be employed in imparting a desirable hue to wine, instead of the poisonous substances at present employed for that purpose.

—Herr H. L. Zelittes read a paper on the ancestry of the common house-dog, at a late meeting of the Dresden Naturalists' Society. The author has been studying the subject for eleven years, and concludes that the dog, Canis familiaris, does not descend from either wolves or foxes, but from the jackal and the so-called Indian wolf, Canis lupines.

—One of the attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1878 will be a Bench-Show. Dogs will be exhibited under six classes.

—A Swedish paper states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Koms, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This stinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, that is the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have been accumulated. On European coasts we now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula and several parts of Russia was a result of the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards the British coasts. This is a repetition, says Nature, of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The uncustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to find new homes in North America.

—The first complete English version of the "sonnets of Michael Angelo has been made by Mr. J. A. Sonymans from the autograph edited by Signore Cesare Guasti.

—From the records of the notes made in the cold summer of 1879, it is ascertained that the temperature of Greenland was once much more mild than at present. Plants have been discovered in a fossil state there which cannot now present a sign of life. The Atlantic, also, ice has been found much further south than formerly. Is another ice age slowly making its approach?

—Art, Music and Literature.


—An engraving of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler's famous work, "The Roll-Call," is rapidly approaching completion.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton intends shortly to publish a volume of her poems, to be called by the pretty Tennessysonian title of "Swallow-Plights."

—The Tauchnitz collection of English authors now comprises 1,669 volumes. Of these, 1,597 are by British authors, and the remaining seventy by American authors.

—Mr. A. B. Duraut, the venerable painter, although now in his 83d year, still works industrious in his studio. He has been sketching the scenery about Lake George this season.

—The seventh volume of the revised Encyclopedia Britannica is nearly ready. Among the writers are Prof. Michael Angelo's competitive design of "Soldiers Surprised Bathing." The drawing is of undoubted authenticity,—the name of Michael Angelo being written by himself several times on the sheet which contains this and also two or three other slight sketches.

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—Entire success is claimed for the enterprise of subterranean telegraphy in Germany. The wires between Berlin and Halle have been in use for two years, and the conductive power has increased, no fault having yet been detected in the insulation. The line is formed by a cable of seven thin copper wires twisted together so as to be a single conductor; they are laid in India-rubber, and laid in a trench which is dug and afterwards filled in by a steam excavator. The trench dug by this machine is uniform; if one metre deep and half a metre wide. The work in ordinary soil is said to go forward with great expedition, and underground wires will soon be laid between all the chief cities.

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—A Swedish paper states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Koms, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This stinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, that is the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have been accumulated. On European coasts we now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula and several parts of Russia was a result of the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards the British coasts. This is a repetition, says Nature, of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The uncustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to find new homes in North America.

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—The late Lord Lytton left not only a complete play, founded on the Captivity of Plautus, but "an original comedy of modern life," entitled "The House of Darnley," which has been commended to the request of the present Lord Lytton, by Mr. Osgibh, by the addition of each act, and was to have been produced in London at the reopening of the Court theatre. In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants, while the roses are yet wet in the morning of early summer, and while the roses are yet wet, the tender flowers are torn off by the laborers, with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet room in the church tower and forgotten. After nearly a hundred years of neglect and oblivion they have just been accidentally found and have been transferred to the Leipsic Museum.

—A. M. Sullivan's work, heretofore announced, on "New Ireland," has been completed at the request of the present Lord Lytton, and will be produced in London at the reopening of the Court theatre. —The Pall Mall Gazette says: "It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that the prevailing difficulties, splendid ecclesiastical works can be undertaken, and that by the labors of those very monks who are now deprecated and harassed in a thousand ways.

—Mr. Hamerton on "Drawing," and Prof. Robertson on the "Decalogue." —The late Lord Lytton left not only a complete play, founded on the Captivity of Plautus, but "an original comedy of modern life," entitled "The House of Darnley," which has been commended to the request of the present Lord Lytton, by Mr. Osgibh, by the addition of each act, and was to have been produced in London at the reopening of the Court theatre. In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants, while the roses are yet wet in the morning of early summer, and while the roses are yet wet, the tender flowers are torn off by the laborers, with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet room in the church tower and forgotten. After nearly a hundred years of neglect and oblivion they have just been accidentally found and have been transferred to the Leipsic Museum.

—The Parnasse Francais," a volume which will perform for French poetry the service which Mr. Emerson has rendered to our own in his English "Parnassus." He has selected representative and characteristic French poems from 1550 to the present time, omitting passages that do not admit of home and school reading, and has accompanied them with an interesting introductory essay and much valuable information as to authors, etc.

—The Gazette des Beaux Arts contains an article by M. Louis Courajod, in which the theory is advanced that Leonardo da Vinci was the sculptor of the bust of Beatrice d'Este which stands in the Louvre. The work was for many years attributed to Desiderio da Settignano, but Mr. Manesi proved that Settignano died twelve years before Princess Beatrice was born. The interesting suggestion that Da Vinci was the author of the beautiful marble is supported by arguments, yet with our present knowledge, is incapable of demonstration.

—The "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," edited by Mr. Pierce, will be ready, in two large volumes, early in November. There will be two portraits, one from a daguerreotype taken when Mr. Sumner was between 45 and 50, the other from the picture of him as a young man, containing an article by M. Louis Courajod, in which the theory is advanced that Leonardo da Vinci was the sculptor of the bust of Beatrice d'Este which stands in the Louvre. The work was for many years attributed to Desiderio da Settignano, but Mr. Manesi proved that Settignano died twelve years before Princess Beatrice was born. The interesting suggestion that Da Vinci was the author of the beautiful marble is supported by arguments, yet with our present knowledge, is incapable of demonstration.

—The Notre Dame Scholastic.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame Ind., and of others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the sixteenth year of its existence, greatly improved, and with a larger circulation than at the commencement of any former year.

The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

Choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary 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.

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Hazing.

Every year in the months of September and October we read in the papers of numerous cases of hazing freshmen, and not unfrequently are some of the victims made to suffer on a bed of sickness from the effects of being held under a pump, thrown into a stream, or some other such cruelty. How the officers of a college can allow such a thing as "hazing" to take place, or those students guilty of the practice are not instantly expelled, are things which we cannot understand.

The barbarous custom of hazing has never been an "institution" in Catholic colleges. The infliction of pain upon new comers—treating them as if they had fallen among the savage set of Indians—is so opposed not only to everything Christian, but to every thing refined and gentlemanly, considered without reference to any higher rule than the amenities of civilized life, that hazing has never been an acknowledged and time-honored custom in Catholic colleges. We are rejoiced to see that some places, in which hazing has been practised, have taken measures to put a stop to this savage use of might over right.

In connection with this it comes natural to speak of a kindred subject. Although hazing is not the spirit of Catholic colleges, though the great majority receive new-comers in a friendly manner, and limit themselves to quizzing any little eccentricity of character manifested by a late "arrival," or in bringing him down a "peg or two" if he "puts on too much style," yet it must not be supposed that at all times all the students are of the class of real gentlemen. The authorities of a college cannot know the character of all young men who apply for admittance, and it happens that young men, frequently with a specious exterior, are admitted, who, sooner or later, prove themselves to be by nature and previous education of the class of "roughs." Such young men show their true colors by neglect of class duties, by insubordination, by grumbling and complaining of rules that are conducive to the happiness of the whole college, though, like all general rules, they may prove a little irksome at times to individuals.

Their vulgarity and other qualities of the specious "rough" crop out in a thousand different ways,—in their boorish and impolite behavior to their professors, and in their tyrannical treatment of those of their fellow-students whom they imagine they can maltreat with impunity. Add to this their boasting of deeds which, likely, they have never done, except in imagination, deeds which honorable young men would be ashamed to do, and would consider themselves insulted were such actions attributed to them, and you have the "rough" pretending to be a student; the ass in the lion's skin.

Such cases, it is true, are rare; and, unless the vulgarity of the subject is ingrained, dyed in the wool, the discipline of the college and intercourse with students of culture usually soften down the "rough" and give him both the manners and sentiments of a gentleman.

In case, however, he be in corrigible, then the extreme measure of dismissal is resorted to. Thus hazing and ungentlemanly manners are prevented from becoming fixed institutions in our colleges.

The Good Student.

If a young man at college really and truly loves study, nothing save sickness will restrain him from being a student in the true sense of the word, and from making good use of the means at his command for studying. The fact is, when we hear people complain of want of time for studying we discover that they are in reality attached to some other pursuit, which prevents them from devoting to study the time proper to it, or that they are not possessed of the energy and the spirit which should animate the true student. They hear a companion praised, and will join in praising him because of the great amount of information he has acquired, and they will wonder in what manner it was that he managed to gain it—but when they themselves are urged to emulate him in his course, they give the pitiable excuse that they have not time. They say that they would have time if they give themselves up to their own ease, or to some other thing which serve to amuse them, but they have not the energy and the spirit which should animate the true student. They hear a companion praised, and will join in praising him because of the great amount of information he has acquired, and they will wonder in what manner it was that he managed to gain it—but when they themselves are urged to emulate him in his course, they give the pitiable excuse that they have not time. They have time for play, and for everything else which serve to amuse them, but they have not the time to study; they have time to spend in reading some frivolous or worthless novel, but they have no time for solid reading. They have time to waste in making things look taste in their desks, but they have no time to spend in adorning their minds with the knowledge which comes through hard study. How foolish! They have no time? They have the time, if they will but use it. In most cases they fall in their studies because they fritter away time, because they give themselves up to their own ease, or to genuine idleness.

If they had the same energy and determination, the same noble and laudable ambition that other young men whom we have in our mind's eye possess, they might through the learning they would acquire become distinguished during their college life, and in after years become able men. But they have no energy, no ambition to excel; they fail to become good students while at college, and in after-life will be compelled to take a low or mediocre position.
among their fellow-men. They are capable of studying, but they lack determination. Every great difficulty frightens them, and they despair of overcoming it before they have tried to do so. They know that in six years they will have a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, but they possess the idea that because they have seen others by hard work master these languages and other studies besides; yet they themselves do not succeed, because they have lost their time in indulging their own ease, not endeavoring to solve the difficulties which present themselves, but going to their teacher to be taught for the labor of study.

M. S. R. R., who went to his home in Toledo, Ohio, after he had spent six years in the law firm of Rissill & Gorrill, Toledo, Ohio.

The young man whose mind was well calculated to receive instruction pass through college without much success, because they have seen others by hard work master these languages and other studies besides; yet they themselves do not succeed, because they have lost their time in indulging their own ease, not endeavoring to solve the difficulties which present themselves, but going to their teacher to be taught for the labor of study.

With people of this turn of mind, the worst of all is the almost utter impossibility of convincing them that hard work on their part is what is required. They attribute the success of their companions to the brightness of their intellect, giving them no credit for the long hours they have spent in toil and labor. Some, no doubt, are naturally bright and apt at learning, but are young men who are not so, and yet who attain a high position in spite of all difficulties, and succeed, too, simply by their energy and application. On the other hand we have seen many young men whose mind was well calculated to receive information pass through college without much success, because of his fatal habit of preferring his own ease and comfort to the labor of study.

No: if a young man is really desirous of becoming a good student all that is necessary for him to do is to give all his time and attention to the matter; to be prepared for class; and, no matter how many times he may fail, to stick to his work until he has overcome the difficulty which he may have to encounter. Unless he does this he can never expect to become a good student.

Personal.

—Fred Rudge, of '67, is in England.
—Lawrence Cable, of '46, is banking at Sandusky, Ohio.
—T. H. Quinn (Commercial, of '77) is residing in Philadelphia, Pa.
—William Campbell, of '77, is practicing law in Philadelphia, Pa.
—Jos. E. Marks (Commercial, of '73) is clerking in a bank at Chicago, Ill.
—P. J. Mattimore (Commercial, of '77) is stopping at his home in Toledo, Ohio.
—Philip Kelly (Commercial, of '74) is clerk in the Massie House at Portsmouth, Ohio.
—A. H. Mitchell (Commercial, of '75), is in the grain business with his father at Chicago, Ill.
—Timothy McGrath, of '77, is living in Springfield, Ill. Tim is teaching the young idea how to shoot.
—Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, honored Notre Dame with his presence last Wednesday.
—Wm. S. Meyer (Commercial, of '75) is clerking in a wholesale hardware store at Portsmouth, Ohio.
—Richard Calkin (Commercial, of '77) is keeping books for the law firm of Rissill & Gorrill, Toledo, Ohio.
—James Noonan (Commercial, of '74) occupies the same position in the engineer's office on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., Cleveland, Ohio.
—Rev. L. J. Letouerneau went to Mt. Clemens, Mich., this last week, to visit his mother on the occasion of her eightieth birthday.

—James C. O'Rourke, who was at Notre Dame, last year, has made up his mind to lead a religious life, and has joined the Society of St. Paul, in New York city. We wish Mr. O'Rourke all happiness in his new life.

—At the Tri-State Medical Convention, held lately at Evansville, Dr. A. M. Owen, of '67, took a prominent part, and at the banquet given the last day made a most happy speech. Dr. Owen is one of the professors in the Evansville Medical College, and has a large and lucrative practice. His place is taken by Rev. Father Toohey, C. S. C., on the mission. His place is taken by Rev. Father Francis, C. S. C., late Vice-President at the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, Wis.

—The following, received from a subscriber in Nevada, shows that the writer is a young man of good sound sense: "Dear Sir:—For a good while past I have been receiving your little journal, and have found it a source of much pleasure and instruction to me, for the scope of its articles I found unlimited and to reach far beyond those usually found in daily or weekly papers. The nature of the articles is such as to furnish wholesome mental food, and I only wish that I could take the place of those few sensational sheets found at every street corner all over the country, and which are doing more to corrupt the youth of the country than anything else I know of. It is an old saying that 'Those who dance should pay the fiddler.' I think that will hold good also in regard to papers, and as I think I am somewhat indebted to you for the Scuolastico, I enclose two dollars; if I owe more, be kind enough to let me know. You are the little journal I respect the most welcome visitor I have. It takes precedence of all others, and is the first one of the many I receive.

As large oaks from little acorns grow, And dangers do likewise, I expect some day to see you show A paper of much greater size. I do not mean that worth and size Go hand in hand together, For a sheet though small can oft comprise Twice the worth of any other.

Local Items.

—The Minims now number forty-one.
—Navigation on the Lakes has closed.
—The Seniors now have a reading room.
—Isn't it odd that the only 'ology not taught is tautology?
—The first snowstorm of the year occurred on Monday, the 5th.
—The psalms sung at Vespers to-morrow are all from the Common of the B. V. M.
—Never was it known that the students generally got such good notes as this year.
—The St. Catillac's are under obligation to Rev. Jno. Ford for a handsome present.
—A sacred concert will be given at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, to-morrow evening.
—Bulletins were made out last week, and are by this time in the hands of parents and guardians.
"Sweet" is derived from the Latin *sensus*. The "man" was removed because he turned sour.

There were several interesting games of rat and hand-ball played by the Juniors during the week.

—the members of the Choral Union, under the directorship of Bro. Leopold, are making marked progress.

—the Juniors still continue to take their usual walks out in the country, and no doubt are benefited by so doing.

—Although usually regarded as a medieval coin, the ducat can be found mentioned in the *Encyl*-1. V. 945.

—What with any number of flowers, the room of the St. Cecilia Philomathem Association has the appearance of a hot-house.

—On Wednesday afternoon, the 51st ult., the Seniors played a most interesting game of foot-ball. The victorious side got a barrel of apples.

—A valuable addition in the shape of a little steampump, lathe, tools, etc., was lately made to the workshop attached to the laboratory.

—the awning on the wainscot is by no means as perfect as a *vier teres aigue rotundae*. Like other laminaries, he is apt to be a little flattened at the polls.

—in the List of Excellence published last week the names of Ambrose Herzog and Luke Evers should have appeared. They were elected yesterday.

—There will be a meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Senior Department) to-morrow evening. Everyone desirous of joining should send in his name.

—the Curator of the Museum gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a valuable classified collection of minerals donated to the Cabinet of Mineralogy by Dr. Miller, C. P. S.

—Any of our friends wishing to advertise with profit should address Prof. J. A. Lyons, who is now preparing his *Scholastic Almanac*, and will have it out the first of next month.

—the St. Aloysius Philodemiac Association hold meetings regularly every week, we are told, but as we never receive any word from the Secretary of the Association we have to take our informant's word for it.

—it is said that it would be a good thing to have lamps along the side aisles of the church, as it becomes dark about a minute before Vespers begin, and the lamps along the main aisle do not cast light far enough.

—at the 10th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club, held Monday, Nov. 5th, the principal business was the admission to membership of Mr. Spalding, who will be found mentioned in the *Encyl*-1. V. 945.

—the readers in the Senior refectory are: J. P. McHugh, Sunday; P. J. Cooney, Monday; J. Fitzgerald, Tuesday; A. R. Schmidt, Wednesday; L. D. Murphy, Thursday; W. Ohlmau, Friday; J. J. Quinn, Saturday.

—Everyone should mark in his Vesperal the psalms to be sung at Vespers. Every week we give the names of the psalms, or the pages on which they may be found in the Vesperal, and this should be seen to before going to church.

—Next Thursday, the 15th inst., Rev. Father Zahn will commence his course of Science Lectures. The subject of his first lecture will be "Water and its Elements." It will, we understand, be profusely illustrated by brilliant experiments.

—the *Tenerum*, a spicy little hebdomadal published in Monroe, Mich., gave two of the students a "puft" last week on account of their names on the Roll of Honor. These two young gentlemen are of course of honor.

—the expression "pard" for "partner" is much older than Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Even in Shakespeare we find: "Full of strange oats and bearded like the pard"; and Mewer has "Oh! blame not thy pard if he play not the "hurly-burly.""

—the 9th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatric Society was held November 1st. Declarations were delivered by Masters Lemarie, Glubons, Lang, McNells, Scanlan, Riez, Burns, Sievers, McCarty, Van Mourick and O'Hara. Master H. Granling was elected a member.

—the ibis was worshipped in Egypt as a god, and being continually confined in temples amid the suffocating fumes of incense, was exposed to constant danger of asphyxiation. In Media, where they were looked upon merely as common birds, they escaped this danger and thrived amazingly. Hence the proverb: *In Media tutissimus ibus.*

—an organization meeting of the Reading-Room Association was held Nov. 1st. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Director, Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C.; Secretary, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Vice-President, A. J. Hertzog; Recording Secretary, V. McKinnon; Treasurer, Wm. Dechant; Censors, J. Houck and J. Fitzgerald.

—we find ourselves under the disagreeable necessity of hinting again at that threadbare subject, exercise. Some of our students are more like statues on the Campus than living beings. Stir yourselves, lads, and you will find how much you will be benefited both in body and mind.—*Columbia Message*. Have we not a few of those "statues" amongst our students?

—the fourth regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary took place Sunday, Nov. 4th. Essays were read by the following: Geo. Cassidy, on the Rosary; F. McGrath, on the Origin and Origin of the Knights of Columbus, on the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas. At this meeting Master W. McCarty was elected a member of the Association.

—the was reading the account of some trouble in an Episcopal congregation occasioned by the Ritualistic proclivities of the clergyman in office: "The reverend gentleman insisted on preaching in his surplice and stole,—"Oh! he stole, did he?" said Mrs. Partington. "Then I don't wonder at the configuration. If a man of his ambiguities is unpreachable, who shall we look to for moral suasion?"

—the 15th of this month—next Monday—is the third anniversary of the death of Rev. R. H. Gillepsie, the founder and first manager of the *Scholastic*, and the founder of the St. Aloysius Philomathic Society, the Thespian Society, the old Philo-Historic Society, the St. Cecilia Philomathem Association, and the old Society of the Holy Angels. Rev. Father Gillepsie was also the originator of the old Progress, a manuscript paper, the forerunner of the *Scholastic*.

—a professor at a social party in a certain town not a thousand miles from here was requested to entertain the company with some music. Having a high opinion of his audience, he gave them some classical selections. But they failed to appreciate it and called him "Yankee, Doodle." He compiled, playing the piano in the right hand, and the accompaniment in a different remote key in the left. The applause which followed greatly modified the professor's opinion of his audience's musical culture.


—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st, as the sun was setting in the distant West, there might have been seen, not a "solitary horseman wending his way over a distant mountain," but about 80 or 90 Juniors on the Campus, trimmed in red and blue colors, to designate their respective sides, struggling with might and main to get a football within the wished for goal. The game was for a barrel of apples, and was one of the hardest contested games we have ever witnessed. The struggle commenced at 3 o'clock, and it was nearly 5 when a shout of victory went up from the victorious "reds." E. J. Pennington, a New Orleans boy, assisted as captain for the "reds." His red and blue cap, fulfilling the same duty for the "blues." Those who distinguished themselves for good play were Messrs. Sierva, Lemarie, Burger, Pennington, McNells, Walker, and Mewer has "Oh! blame not thy pard if he play not the "hurly-burly.""
Donnelly, Sugg, Walsh, Keenan, Bannon, Baker, and Bloom.

We forgot to mention in our last issue a large and beautiful classified collection of shells and minerals procured for the Cabinets of Natural History and Mineralogy. Among the minerals are many doubly terminated crystals, which, so far as we see, are sure to be interesting to the students of Crystallography. The crystals of Staurolite, Biotite, Chalcopyritolite, Beryl, Leucite, Corundum, Mica, Biotite, Plagioclase, Galena, Selenite and Tourmaline are unusually perfect. We carry many beautiful specimens of Agate, Iaculomite, one in particular which is very large, Petrified Wood, Pellucid and Smoky Quartz, Chalcedony, Amethyst and also a large number of valuable specimens of rare marbles and ores of silver, including several fine specimens of Ruby, silver, lead, iron and copper.

"Work while you work, and play while you play. That is the way to be happy and gay." The boy that plays generally happy, and so is the student that works hard in preparing his lessons. And why should he not be happy? He knows that he is a source of pleasure to his parents and friends, that his monthly bulletins speak of him in the highest praise, that his professors and prefects hold him in their highest estimation. While, on the other hand, the boy that does not study in the study-hall nor join in the games on the Campus, but goes skulking about during recreation, is always unhappy, never satisfied with himself or any other one that is with him. One of the best records of all the students that have ever attended the University is that of a student who remained here several years, and was a leader in all field sports, besides belonging to the Boat Club as well as dramatic, religious and literary societies.

We particularly call the attention of all the students to the lectures on Natural and Physical Science to be delivered during the ensuing term. The Commercial students especially, and those who do not expect to remain long enough to complete the Classical and Scientific Courses, should make it a point to attend all these lectures, without exception. The lectures will be suited to the capacity of all, and will be illustrated with experiments which will impress the laws and principles enunciated indelibly on the minds of all. The lectures on Chemistry and Physics will be a resume of these sciences, and even should a person devote to them no further study, he will, by giving proper attention to the lectures delivered, acquire a general knowledge of them which may be of the greatest service to him in after-life. Father Zahm has just received a large number of charts to illustrate lectures on Physics and Chemistry which will spare no pains to make them interesting and instructive.

The 10th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathic Society was held on the 5th of December, the 5th of December, were delivered by Masters C. Clarke, J. Perry, M. Burns, R. Mayer, R. Keenan, and J. Healy. Essays were read by Masters W. A. Wildicombe and G. Cassidy. The debate, "Resolved that a Classical Education Develops the Mind More than a Scientific One," took place at this meeting. The following are the names of those who took part in the debate: affirmative—Masters W. A. Wildicombe, F. Bloom, F. Cavanaugh, M. Burns, and G. Cassidy; negative: Masters J. A. Burger, J. Healy, G. P. Sugg, C. Clarke, and R. Keenan. The superiority of the classical over the scientific education was ably advocated and maintained by those on the affirmative side, while the negative side advocated equally strong arguments in favor of the scientific education, in consequence of the able manner in which those who advocated the respective sides argued the question the President reserved his decision for some future occasion.

Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Father Walsh and Bro. Leander honored the Society with their presence.

Prof. Howard's Lecture.

Prof. T. E. Howard delivered last Thursday evening in Phelan Hall a most instructive lecture on English Literature. We hope to be able to publish the Lecture entire in a week or two.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Lyrics.

Founded on the Popular Superstition that the planets are inhabited, or are at least capable of accommodating a possible floating population.

Area—Dixie.

Choral: Oh, I wish I lived in Saturn—
I do—not you?

Away—away—sweeter ring
And live and die in Saturn.

J: Away—away—
Away up here in Saturn—Repeat.

At the utmost verge of the Solar system
I picked up a telescope and hit him in the eye
Away—away—beyond old Saturn's ring.

[The above is merely a sample of how popular melodies may be made the vehicle of disseminating valuable scientific deductions and hypotheses.]

Roll of Honor.

[in the following list are the names of those students who during the past week, while under exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

Senior Department.


Junior Department.


Minist Department.


Class Honors.

[in the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the past month.]

Arts Course, Course of Modern Languages, Fine Arts, Etc.

And ye, O sad mourners on both sides the main,
Look on to the time ye shall all meet again,
Where the air ne'er responds to the sound of the knell,
Where sighs are not breathed, and where tears never fall.

St. Mary's Academy, Oct. 31

—Some very significant mementoes found their way on a path of hot-house flowers to a much esteemed client of St. Charles Borromeo, last Sunday.
—A delightful walk was taken a few days ago, and the young ladies were treated to all the apples they could eat at the farm-house which formed the terminus of their walk.
—A very full and interesting description of the scenery along the route to Salt Lake City, given in a letter from Mother Superior, was read in the Study-Hall on Sunday evening.
—The Monthly Certificates were distributed after the reception of points by the young ladies. Cards with the Beatitudes printed on them were also given on the same evening.
—On the 31st ult. the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Chapel, and Nocturnal Adoration was enjoyed by the members of the religious associations, as a fitting prelude to the celebration of the Feast of All Saints.
—The instruction after Mass in the Chapel of Loreto was upon the first Beatitude. The unusual fear of poverty was contrasted with the spirit imparted in the very first incident connected with the life of our Blessed Lord, that of His birth in the stable, and of the very first condition to which, in His public teaching, He attached the blessedness of heaven.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

In Memoriam.

A tribute to Sister Mary of St. Thomas, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and sister of Rev. D. Tighe, of Chicago. A few days before her death she had the happiness of making her profession.
O, why should we weep, since her voyage is o'er?
Why, why should we grieve, since her tears flow no more?
For earth holds no gem time could add to her crown;
Even Heaven could not carve a more brilliant renown.

The choice of Heaven's Monarch, the spouse of our Lord;
Ah, who would not enter her blissful award?
And who would recall her from Truth's fadeless clime
Back, back to earth's cloud-land of falsehood, of crime?
Adored evermore be the will of her Spouse,
Who claimed her, just crowned with the grace of her vows.

They told her the cords of her earthly-life were riven:
"O, welcome," she cried, "to the sweet will of Heaven!"
And as a lone exile prepares to go home,
She waited the moment her summons should come.

Berewed priest of God, she is more now to thee
Than ever in lifetime her true soul could be.
The choice of her young life, oh, is He not thine?
Earth holdeth no union more strong, more divine.
The warmth of eternity beams on the love
So tender on earth, now cemented above.

Berewed ones in Erin, green Isle of the wave,
Ye mourn o'er the sod of a newly made grave;
O'er the tomb of a husband, a father, whose smile
Was the light of your home in that far sunny Isle;
But check the hot tears, for though sorely bereft,
There is joy in your woe: consolation is left.

E'en now, as we trust, in our Lord's Sacred Heart,
The father, the daughter have met, ne'er to part.
### THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

**1878. NEW YORK. 1878.**

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union. The **Daily Sun** is a four-page sheet of 22 columns, price, by mail, post paid, 55 cents a month, or $6.50 per year. The **Sunday** edition of The Sun is an eight-page sheet of 28 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter specially prepared for it. The **Daily Sun** has met with great success. Post paid, $1.20 a year.

### The Weekly Sun

Who does not know The **Weekly Sun**? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counselor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the family and the fireside. Terms: One Dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest news-paper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address

**PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, New York City.**

### THE "AVE MARIA,"

Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

(16 pp. Imperial 8vo.)

**Published Every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind.**

**PPEVED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX., AND MANY EMINENT PRELATES.**

Among the many contributors to the **Ave Maria** may be mentioned

- Aubrey de Vere
- Grace Bayley
- Henri Lassabre
- Anna H. Dorsey
- Rev. A. A. Laming
- Eleanor G. Donnelly
- Lloyd Fullerston
- Eliza Allen Stark

The Author of "**CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS!**

THE MISSSES HOWE, THE AUTHOR OF "**TITONE,"** etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

### TERMS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>订阅时间</th>
<th>价格</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five Years</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
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</table>

All communications should be addressed to the **REV. EDITOR OF THE "AVE MARIA,"**

Notre Dame, Indiana.

**Dealers Supplied by the American News Company.**

**JAMES BONNEY**

**THE PHOTOGRAPHER,**

Corner Michigan and Washington Sts.,

**SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.**

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**THE SUN.**

### Table of Honor

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Misses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>M. Ewing, S. Moran, C. Boyce, E. Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>M. Usselman, C. Orlmayer, H. Millis, M. Brown, L. Neu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Misses J. Cooney, A. Harris, A. Henneberry, A. Reising, M. Mullen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Misses T. Whiteside, M. Plattenburg, N. Davis, A. McFarland, L. Ellis, A. Ewing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th</td>
<td>Misses C. Ortmeyer, L. Spier, E. Miller, H. Mullen, C. Van Namce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th</td>
<td>Misses E. Wooten, R. McFadden</td>
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**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>Misses B. Wilson and T. Pleins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>Misses F. Cregier, B. Anderson, H. Hoag, M. Lambin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Misses B. Reynolds, M. O'Connor</td>
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**GENERAL DRAWING CLASS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Misses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>Misses M. Usselman, C. Orlmayer, H. Millis, M. Brown, L. Neu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>Misses P. Gaynor, E. Lange</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>Misses D. Gordon, A. McGarath, N. Davis, E. Thompson, A. Varnell, J. Kingsbury, L. Whiteseide</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th</td>
<td>Misses J. Cooney, A. Harris, A. Henneberry, A. Reising, M. Mullen</td>
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**PAINTING IN WATER-COLORED PAINTS.**

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**THE WEEKLY SUN**

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**PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, New York City.**

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**For Neatness, Order, Amability, and Correct Department.**

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**PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, New York City.**
Attorneys at Law.

BROWN & HARVEY (E. M. Brown of '90), Attorneys at Law, Cleveland, Ohio.

SPER & MITCHELL (S. Mitchell, of '73), Attorneys at Law, No. 232 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

THOMAS B. CLIFFORD, of '69, Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner for all the States, 296 Broadway (cor. Fulton), New York. Special attention given to Dispositions.

FANNING & HOGAN [D. J. Hogan, of '74], Attorneys at Law, Room 2nd, Ashland Block, N. B. Corel. Clark and Broad Sts., Chicago, III.

JOHN F. MCHugh, of '73, Attorney at Law, Office 65 and 67 Columbus St., Lafayette, Ind.

DODGE & DODGE [Chas. J., Notary Public, and Wm W., both of '74], Attorneys at Law. Collections promptly made. Office, Dodge's Block, Burlington, Iowa.

O'Ville T. Chamberlain, of '01, Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Office, 50 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.


William J. Clarke, of '74, Attorney at Law, 227 Court Street, Belling, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

John D. McCormick—of '73—Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Lancaster, Ohio.

Civil Engineers & Surveyors.

O. M. Proctor, of '77, Civil Engineer of City and County of Elkhart. Office, 67 Main St., Elkhart, Indiana. Special attention given to Hydraulic Engineering.

Arthur J. Stace, of '01, County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Weekly Newspapers.

The Catholic COLUMBIAN, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. Terms, $2 per annum. D. A. Clarke, of '70.

The AVE MARIA, a Catholic Journal devoted to the Blessed Virgin, published every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind. Edited by Rev. Father of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Subscription price, $2.50.

The Young Folks' Friend, published monthly at Logansport, Ind., 50 cents per annum. Subscriptions solicited from the friends and students of Notre Dame. Arthur C. B. Martin, of '76.

The South Bend HERALD, published weekly by Char. Murray & Co., (C. A. Wielbly, of '74) $1.20 per annum.

Hotels.


The Bond House, A. McRey, Prop., Niles, Mich. Free back to and from all Trains for Guests of the House.

The Matteson House, Corner of Wa-bash Ave. and Jackson St., Chicago, Ill. All Notre Dame visitors to Chicago may be found at the Matteson.

Visiting Cards.

Calling Cards.—no two alike, with name neatly printed, for 10 cents. E. B. Wilson, Mishawaka, Ind.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—June 24, 1877.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th><em>Mail</em></th>
<th><em>Day</em></th>
<th><em>Expt</em></th>
<th><em>Kail</em></th>
<th><em>Atlantic Express</em></th>
<th><em>Night Express</em></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Chicago</td>
<td>7:00 a.m</td>
<td>9:00 a.m</td>
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<td>5:15 p.m</td>
<td>9:00 p.m</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mich. City</td>
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<tr>
<td>Niles</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
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Niles and South Bend Division.

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<th><em>Atlantic Express</em></th>
<th><em>Night Express</em></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. So. Bend</td>
<td>8:30 a.m</td>
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<td>8:30 a.m</td>
<td>6:00 a.m</td>
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<td>Niles</td>
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*Sunday exception.*

The Naturalists' Agency has been established at 1223 Belmont Ave., Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving collectors of objects of Natural History an opportunity of buying, selling or exchanging their duplicates or collections. A specimen sent from any part of the world by mail. An illustrated monthly bulletin of 8 pages sent free. I received the highest award given to any one at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and the only award and medal given to any American for "Collections of Minerals.

My Mineralogical Catalogue, of 50 pages, is distributed free to all customers, to others on receipt of 10 cents. It is profusely illustrated, and the printer and engraver charged me about $500, before a copy was struck off. By means of the table of species and accompanying tables most species may be verified. The price list is an excellent check list containing the names of all the species and the more common varieties, arranged alphabetically and preceded by the species number. The species number indicates the place of any mineral in the table of species, after it will be found the species name, composition, streak of lustre, cleavage or fracture, hardness, specific gravity, fusibility and crystallization.

Owing to an increase in stock, it has become necessary to obtain a larger and more convenient location. This has been found at No. 1223 Belmont Avenue, about 2 squares from the Trans-Continental Hotel.

Collections of Minerals.

For Students, Amateurs, Professors, Physicians, and other Professional Men.

The collections of 100 illustrate all the principal species and all the grand subdivisions in Dana and other works on Mineralogy; every Crystallographic View; and all the principal Ores and every known Gemstone. The collections are labelled with a printed label that can only be removed by soaking. The labels of the $5, and higher-priced collections give Dana's species number, the name, locality, and in most cases, the description of the Mineral. All collections accompanied by my Illustrated Catalogue and table of species.

Number of Specimens | $2 | $5 | $10 | $25 | $50 | $100 | $250
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<td>Crystals and fragments</td>
<td>$5</td>
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<td>$50</td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$50</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>$250</td>
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<tr>
<td>Students' size, larger</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$50</td>
<td>$75</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>$250</td>
<td>$500</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amatur's size, 25 cts.</td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$50</td>
<td>$75</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>$250</td>
<td>$500</td>
<td>$1000</td>
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<tr>
<td>High School or Acad. size, $2.50 in. shelf specimens</td>
<td>$50</td>
<td>$100</td>
<td>$250</td>
<td>$500</td>
<td>$1000</td>
<td>$2500</td>
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<td>College size, #400 in.</td>
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<td>$250</td>
<td>$500</td>
<td>$1000</td>
<td>$2500</td>
<td>$5000</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Send for the bulletin stating where you saw this advertisement.

A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy. Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, and of the American Optical Society, History, Central Park, New York.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

On and after Sunday, May 13, 1877, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

### GOING EAST.

- **3:33 a.m.** Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9:00 a.m.; Cleveland 11:41 a.m.; Buffalo 1:00 p.m.
- **11:33 a.m.** Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 1:20 p.m.; Cleveland 2:25 p.m.; Buffalo 3:35 p.m.
- **7:16 p.m.** Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 9:35 p.m.; Cleveland 11:46 p.m.; Buffalo 1:00 p.m.
- **9:12 p.m.** Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 10:00 p.m.; Cleveland 11:15 p.m.; Buffalo 11:30 p.m.
- **4:38 and 4:58 p.m.** Way Freight.

### GOING WEST.

- **3:43 a.m.** Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:33 a.m., Chicago 6:30 a.m.
- **5:03 a.m.** Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m.; Chicago 1:20 a.m.
- **4:38 p.m.** Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:35; Chicago 8:00 a.m.
- **8:03 a.m.** Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9:00 a.m.; Chicago 11:30 a.m.
- **8:45 and 9:25 a.m.** Way Freight.

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**Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.**

**CONDENSED TIME TABLE. JUNE 24, 1877.**

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, 
Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

**GOING WEST.**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 1</th>
<th>Fast Ex.</th>
<th>No. 2</th>
<th>Pac. Ex.</th>
<th>No. 3</th>
<th>Night Ex.</th>
<th>No. 4</th>
<th>Mail</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>Leave 11:45 a.m.</td>
<td>9:00 a.m.</td>
<td>1:50 p.m.</td>
<td>5:00 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>2:55</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>3:10</td>
<td>15:30</td>
<td>5:55</td>
<td>11:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlville</td>
<td>4:40</td>
<td>5:20</td>
<td>7:15</td>
<td>13:55 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>4:40</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>8:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>4:15</td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>3:50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline, Leave</td>
<td>7:50 a.m.</td>
<td>7:25</td>
<td>9:55</td>
<td>7:35 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td></td>
<td>7:35</td>
<td>10:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima</td>
<td>10:40</td>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>12:55 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wayne</td>
<td>1:40</td>
<td>1:55</td>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>9:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>3:45</td>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>10:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**GOING EAST.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 4</th>
<th>Night Ex.</th>
<th>No. 5</th>
<th>Fast Ex.</th>
<th>No. 6</th>
<th>Pac. Ex.</th>
<th>No. 7</th>
<th>Mail</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave 9:10 a.m.</td>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>5:15 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>2:40</td>
<td>1:35</td>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>4:00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima</td>
<td>5:55</td>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>8:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>10:10</td>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>4:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline, Leave</td>
<td>11:45</td>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>4:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>12:05</td>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>5:05 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>13:35</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>4:35</td>
<td>5:05 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlville</td>
<td>2:50</td>
<td>7:45</td>
<td>3:40</td>
<td>4:05</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>4:05</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>5:05</td>
<td>11:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chester</td>
<td>6:25</td>
<td>1:30</td>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>11:30 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>2:30</td>
<td>4:00</td>
<td>12:30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

THIS IS THE ONLY LINE
That runs the celebrated Pullman Palace Cars from Chicago to Baltimore, Washington City, Philadelphia and New York without change. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices at the lowest current rates.

P. R. MYERS, G. F. & T. A.

---

**PATRICK SHICKLEY,**

**PROPRIETOR OF THE NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY'S 'BUS LINE!**

For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, I refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

**F. SHICKLEY.**

**Look to Your Health.**

Boland's Aromatic Bitter Wine of Iron is the best Spring remedy for impoverished blood, physical exhaustion, or impaired digestion. Ladies troubled with ailments incident to delicate constitutions will find it invaluable.

**Depot, Boland's Drugstore, 53 Clark St., opposite Sherman House, Chicago, Illinois.**

Sets 'Em Up.

**HENRY BLUM** on hand with a full stock of Imported and Domestic CIGARS and TOBACCOS at the "STUDENTS' OFFICE," 54 Washington Street, SOUTH BEND, IND.

**TOWLE & ROPER, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN CIGARS & TOBACCO, 41 & 43 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

**SEND FOR PRICE LIST.**

**EDWARD BUESSE,**

**DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY.**

All Kinds of Engraving Done.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

---

**M. Livingston & Co., ARE THE Leading Merchant Tailors in South Bend. 94 MICHIGAN ST., SOUTH BEND, IND.**
Chicago, R. I. & Pacific.

Through trains are run to Leavenworth and Atchison, connecting with trains for all points in Kansas and Southern Missouri. This is acknowledged by the traveling public to be the

**Great Overland Route to California.**

Two express trains leave Chicago daily from depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman streets, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express...</td>
<td>10 00 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peoria accommodation..................</td>
<td>5 00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night P. M. Express..................</td>
<td>8 00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. M. SMITH, H. RIDDLE, General Superintendental Agent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO KATAS CITY AND DENVER SHORT LINES.**

Union Depot, West side, near Madison street bridge; Ticket offices at depot and 122 Randolph street.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City and Denver Express via Jack. sonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.</td>
<td>8 40 pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield and St. Lou.'s Ex via Main Line.</td>
<td>9 00 am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago and Pudueo Railroad Express.</td>
<td>9 00 am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stouten, W. J. and Burlington Ex.</td>
<td>12 30 pm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. McMullin, Gen. Sup't.</td>
<td>5 00 am</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**C. & N.-W. LINES.**

**THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**

Embraces under one management the Great Trunk Railway Lines of the WEST and NORTH-WEST, and, with its numerous Branches and connections, forms the shortest and quickest route between Chicago and all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, California, and the Western Territories. Its

**OMAHA AND CALIFORNIA LINE**

Is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, China, Japan and Australia. Its

**CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE**

Is the short line between Chicago and all points in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and for Madison, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and all points in the Great Northwest. Its

**LA CROSSE, WINONA AND ST. PETER LINE**

Is the best route between Chicago and La Crosse, Wisconsin, Rockford, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter, New Ulm, and all points in Southern and Central Minnesota. Its

**GREEN BAY AND MARQUETTE LINE**

Is the only line between Chicago and Janesville, Watertown, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Appleton, Green Bay, De Pere, Green Bay, and Green Bay, and the Lake Superior Country. Its

**FREEPORT AND DUBUQUE LINE**

Is the only route between Chicago and Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, and all points via Freeport. Its

**CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE**

Is the old Lake Shore Route, and is the only one passing between Chicago and Evanston, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Waukegan, Racine, Kenosha and Milwaukee.

**FULLMAN PALACE DRAWING-ROOM CARS**

are run on all through trains of this road.

**UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.**

**INDIANA.**

**Founded 1842.**

**Chartered 1844.**

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1856, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students. It is situated near the City of South Bend, Indiana, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. The Michigan Central and the Chicago and Lake Huron Railroads also pass near the College grounds. In the organization of the house everything is provided to secure the health and promote the intellectual and moral advance, of the students. Three distinct courses of study are established: the Classical, the Scientific, and the Commercial. Optional courses may also be taken by those students whose time is limited. It is a separate Department in the Institution at Notre Dame, for boys under 13 years of age.

**FOR SALE.**

In the immediate vicinity of Notre Dame, and very conveniently located in regard to Church and Markets, a very desirable property consisting of three large enclosed lots, a good two story frame house, well arranged and finished, good stable, carriage shed, coal house, young trees, grapes, shrubbery, etc., will be sold at reasonable figures to a good buyer. For further information, address P. O. Box 33, No. Notre Dame, Ind.