Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, BY REV. DANIEL E. HUDSON, C. S. C.

The biographer of Frederic Ozanam relates that when his health failed, and he was recommended to travel, the Faculty of the Sorbonne, fearing it might retard his convalescence forbade him to touch a pen during his absence. But the impulse to write off to some absent friend an account of every place of interest that he visited proved irresistible. One of his brothers, on remonstrating with him for his disregard of the prohibition which had been laid upon him, was silenced by the touching argument: “I cannot see a beautiful landscape without longing to pass on my enjoyment to some one else.” A feeling akin to this, young gentlemen, must be my explanation for appearing before you this evening in the rôle of a lecturer. Some time ago, I was presented by a kind friend with a beautiful new edition of the writings of our famous American poet, Longfellow, and in enjoying their perusal I felt the desire of sharing my pleasure with others; remembering, then, a promise I once made to your worthy President, it occurred to me that I might at the same time secure by Wordsworth, who, more than any other English writer, has created the taste for dispassionate poetry, he could never have acquired the reputation which he enjoys. Since Byron’s death, poets of his school have almost ceased to write, and the field has been left to the undisputed possession of their competitors. Naturally enough, those among them whose writings, while appealing to the popular taste, are characterized by deep and genuine pathos, have secured the honor of universal popularity. Pre-eminent among these writers is Mr. Longfellow. And if the quality of greatness can justly be ascribed to every author who leaves an impress on the age in which he lives, he ought to be esteemed a great poet as well as a true one. His works are household words wherever the English tongue is spoken, and in every land and language of Europe he is considered the representative of American song. It has been doubted, I know, whether Longfellow’s popularity contains in itself the elements of permanence, and if he is not one of that class of writers who, stealing silently into public favor, seem fated, as the years roll on, to pass as silently into oblivion, remembered only as we remember the vanished joys of our childhood. For myself, I have no fear that the fame of America’s favorite poet will not prove enduring. What has moved men’s hearts once, has power to move them always. The story of Evangeline, which every reader finds so beautiful, so touching and tender, will live as long as the language in which it is written. The reputation of Longfellow rests mainly on this exquisite poem; and it must be confessed that much of what he has written principally commends itself to the attention of the world of letters as coming from the pen of the author of “Evangeline.” Unlike Tennyson, however, Longfellow never publishes anything that would detract from his fame, although he has written many pieces that have not in the least enhanced it. “Ultima Thule,” his latest volume, contains hardly anything of striking merit, and this is the verdict, as far as I have been able to learn, of the author of “Evangeline.” Unlike Tennyson, however, Longfellow never publishes anything that would detract from his fame, although he has written many pieces that have not in the least enhanced it. “Ultima Thule,” his latest volume, contains hardly anything of striking merit, and this is the verdict, as far as I have been able to learn, of the most enthusiastic admirers of Longfellow’s muse; yet there is no one who regrets its appearance in the least.

In saying that Longfellow’s wide popularity as a poet is mainly due to “Evangeline,” I would not wish to be understood as implying that it is the only great poem that he has composed. “Hiawatha” is considered by many, whose judgment is entitled to the highest consideration, an equally creditable production. Be this as it may, it has never won a large number of admirers. “The Task” is a poem, that, with all its excellence, few persons read; and I venture the prediction that before Longfellow has been dead many years, some one will say the same of “Hiawatha.” Poets ought to be the best judges of poetical compositions, and yet the poems held in the highest esteem by them are not always those that are admired universally. The work of an author most regarded by the public at large may be said to be what his popularity rests upon. Were it not

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Our Staff.

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for some particular poems which command general attention, many of our best poets would hardly be read at all. What I have said, then, of "Evangeline" is based upon a decision rendered by universal opinion.

Most of you whom I have the honor of addressing are still young, and you will be called young for a decade of years more. It will be no reproach, therefore, to your literary culture, to presume that your course of reading up to this time has not been very extended, and that there are many things contained in the writings of the author whom we have made the subject of this evening's monologue with which you are not familiar.

I shall not rehearse "Excelsior," those well-worn verses which Longfellow is said to have composed after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner; or the "Wreck of the Hesperus," that beautiful poem which, I have heard, the author was led to write because the words "Norman's Woe," associated with disasters at sea, seemed to him so impressively sad; or the "Psalm of Life," so pregnant with noble aspirations which can never fail to call forth responsive echoes in young hearts. These minor poems of Mr. Longfellow have been read and admired, belauded and overrated, quoted and misquoted, even parodied, wherever English literature is known. Let us forsake the beaten track, and seek for fresh flowers in the more unfrequented by-ways.

Of Longfellow's prose works, I do not purpose to speak at length; charming though they be, and exhibiting the same general qualities as his poetry, they are by no means as widely read. "Kavanagh" is full of beautiful passages, and not devoid of a vein of genuine humor; but as a story it is almost without interest. The character of Mr. Churchill is the only one strikingly delineated; the others are merely sketched. "Hyperion" is even less of a story than "Kavanagh," though in some respects superior to it; the characterization is less faint, and the landscape painting vivid and beautiful; the narrative, however, is not continuous. Either Mr. Longfellow does not comprehend, or he disregards, the fundamental laws of story-telling. The plot of his narratives, whether poetical or prose, is always subordinate. "What captivates the reader," to use the words of an eminent critic, "is the rapid portraiture of the finer feelings of the heart, the contemplation of the beautiful in man and in nature." It must be said, however, in justice to Mr. Longfellow, that although not closely connected, all the little incidents with which his prose writings are diversified are significant, artistically composed, and most of them delicate and touching. Some of his sketches possess a remarkable power and pathos. I should have been glad to quote one or two; but they would suffer by abridgment, and I fear to lay too severe a stress upon your patience.

"Outre-mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea," is a handful of the brightest and most graceful sketches of travel in France, Spain, and Italy to be found in our literature. "Driftwood" is a collection of odds and ends appropriately named. I may here take leave of Longfellow's prose writings. With the exception of "Outre-mer," much as I admire his genius, I cannot say that I have ever read any of them more than once. So much for my own taste; and I venture to say that the number of those who re-read "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" is not large. The Longfellow whose name is a dear and familiar one wherever our tongue is spoken, is rather the Longfellow of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline."

"Hiawatha" may be a great work, but it is certainly not a felicitous exhibition of the author's powers. The meter is awkward and ungracious; the attention of the reader, in spite of himself, is diverted from the thought to the mode of expression. The poem cannot be appreciated until the ear has familiarized itself with the meter. But aside from this, there are other drawbacks; the subject-matter is not abundant, the incidents are few, and the thread of connection slight. The characters of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, too, do not stand forth in the memory with distinctness of outline; as some one has well said, "They are phantoms rather than persons." The descriptions of scenery, however, and certain of the pictures of Indian manners in the poem, are most charming; here we see Mr. Longfellow at his best.

I must not omit to call your attention to the handsome way in which the poet introduces his song. The beauty of the vestibule may lead you to investigate for yourselves, in some leisure hour, if you have not already done so, that of the temple.

"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles Through the green lanes of the country, Where the tangled barberry bushes Hang their tufts of crimson berries Over stone walls gray with mosses, Pause by some neglected grayeward, For a while to muse, and ponder On a half-effaced inscription, Writ with little skill of song-craft, Homely phrases, but each letter Full of hope and yet of heart-break, Full of all the tender pathos Of the Here and the Hereafter;— Stay and read this rude inscription, Read this song of Hiawatha!"

Now let us take up the beautiful story of "Evangeline," which I regard as Mr. Longfellow's most successful work. In the first place, the subject was happily chosen; and in a higher degree than any other of his writings this poem exhibits continuity of purpose and completeness of execution. Whatever may be said of the meter, there is a tranquil dignity about it admirably suited to a narrative of such singular pathos. So great indeed is the power of the story, such is its beauty and sweetness, that those to whom the kind of verse which the author has chosen to employ is at first disagreeable, learn to love it.

The most prominent characteristic of Longfellow's muse is tender melancholy; indeed, in the wide range of his poetry there is hardly a trace of humor. Perhaps no more pathetic poem than "Evangeline" was ever written; at least it is a story to which many a reader, affected by a mysterious sadness in following the wanderings of the heroine, has paid the homage of tears. The key-note of the poem is struck in the prelude:

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood­land the voice of the huntsman? Where is the thatched-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,— Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven,— Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed! Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean, Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pre."

The story opens with a charming description of the
Acadian village from which Evangeline and all the rest of the inhabitants went forth when the land—now called Nova Scotia—was given over to the English, two hundred years ago. The first person we become acquainted with is Father Felician, the village priest.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Passed in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and uprose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then there is Benedict Bellefontaine, the farmer, and father of Evangeline. Then there are Basil Lajeunesse, the blacksmith, and his son Gabriel, Evangeline's lover.

Evangeline herself is thus described:

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her brows.
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatter blessings upon them.

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings.
Brought in the olden time from France, and since as an heirloom
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations,
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
Of a woman.

All this is charming, and gives the reader a picture of "that maiden of seventeen summers" which he cannot help loving.

Gabriel and Evangeline

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the Church and the plain-song.

Thys passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

But the peace of the village where the inhabitants "dwelt in the love of God and of man" was rudely disturbed. English ships appear in sight; and an order comes for all to meet on the morrow in the church to hear his Majesty's mandate.

Basil, the blacksmith, comes to the house of his friend Benedict Bellefontaine to announce the ominous news. After a while their thoughts turn to their children, who are already betrothed. And while they are speaking, René Leblanc, the village notary,

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
enters, and the marriage contract is signed and sealed.

Next morning the sun rose pleasantly over the village, cheering up every heart with its warm rays. Long before noon, all sound of labor was silenced, and the people locked together to witness the marriage ceremony.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.

Suddenly the church bells sound! The people enter the sacred portal with anxious, quick-throbbing hearts. Then the royal proclamation is read from the steps of the altar by the British commander, and the unhappy villagers are sentenced to transportation, and their lands and dwellings declared forfeit.

"As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the halitones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing by the herds, and seek to break their enclosure:
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed all that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Fifteen years of my life I have labored among you, and taught you.
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another?
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
Sobs in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak.

While they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the
Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elias ascending
to heaven."

On the fourth day the villagers were hurried down to the
sea-shore and forced to embark, they knew not
whither.

"Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,
Sang as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising to­gether
their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic
missions:

'Sacred Heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub­
mision and patience!'"

Benedict Bellefontaine, broken-hearted, dies on the
shore, and is buried in the sand.

"Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had
departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the
maid
Kneel at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her
terror;
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head
on his bosom."

Gabriel and his father become separated, and are car­
ried off in different ships. Father Felician, drawn to
Evangeline by her great affliction, is sent with her to em­
brace in another vessel. Meanwhile the village has been
set on fire, and the last sight the exiles see of their be­
loved home is the smoke and flames ascending to heaven.
Scattered like flakes of snow,

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered
from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the north to sultry south­
corn savannas,—

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited
and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering
all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her
extended,
Drearly and vast and silent, the desert of life, with
its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed
and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead
and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is
marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach
in the sunshine."

And so Evangeline wandered on for many a long year,
ever seeking her lover. The description is so wonder­
fully graphic that every scene is indelibly engraved on
the reader's mind as with sympathizing heart he follows
her footsteps. She hears of Gabriel again and again, and
once passes near him; but they always miss each other.

Father Felician, Evangeline's faithful protector and the
companion of her wanderings, tries to console her

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it
ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.

In concluding the first part of the poem, the author
thus happily expresses his purpose:

"Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's
footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year
of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course
through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam
of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at inter­
vals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
grace and glories that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous
murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reach­
es an outlet.""
poor, the afflicted and abandoned. One Sunday morning some years, a pestilence appears which carries off many of the inhabitants. Evangeline was everywhere among the city of Penn, where she becomes a Sister of Mercy. After
Thus ends the story of Evangeline.

Thus in the evening of life we find Evangeline in the "Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches Dwells another race, with other customs and language. Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom. In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy; Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun. And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story, While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wall of the forest."

What power and pathos! The beauty of the narrative and a desire to present it to you as a whole have led me to give this epitome instead of a series of disconnected quotations, for which I should have to make an apology to you and to the author. I trust you are not wearied. Considering this poem as Mr. Longfellow's greatest work, and the character of Evangeline the sweetest and noblest in the world of modern poetry, I have dwelt upon it longer than I would otherwise have done. I wished also to illustrate the religious aspects of Longfellow, and to show that he is always most Catholic when he is most beautiful. All that is in the highest degree pure and lovely in this exquisite poem, it is plain, emanates from a perception, however faint it may sometimes appear, of the truth and beauty of the Catholic Church. And let me say in praise of the author that it could only have been written by a pure-hearted, earnest, benevolent man.

Another of the most important of our author's longer poems is the "Golden Legend," though it must be said that his success in the line of dramatic verse has not been very marked. The work is a sketch of the Middle Ages, and abounds in scenes illustrating the manners and religion of that good old time. These constitute its greatest charm. The incidents are few. I must limit myself to two of what I regard as the most beautiful pictures in the poem. The first is the old illuminator, Friar Pacificus:

"It is growing dark! yet one line more, And then my work for to-day is o'er. I come again to the name of the Lord! Ere I that awful name record, That is spoken so lightly among men, Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen; Pure from blemish and blot must it be When it writes that word of mystery!"

"Thus have I labored on and on, Nearly through the Gospel of John, Can it be that from the lips Of this same gentle Evangelist, That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed, Came the dread Apocalypse! It has a very awful look. As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse,
All me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
Jestan in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trumpet of doom, in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Let my part, too, be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgement Day,

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as many a geographical
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
How sweet the swallow's twitter under the eaves!
There now, there one in the nest.
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And shall sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.

He makes a sketch:

"I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hillward rides a gallant train.
They do not partake, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to clasp;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor.
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful saint,
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint."

The Abbot Ernestus is thus portrayed:

"Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
But the shadows are dispelled.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shals of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Darker, darker, and more wan,"

"Paint the dusky windows red;
Round me, o'er me, everywhere.
All the sky is grand with clouds;
And the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shals of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
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The Notre Dame Scholastic
His taste was pure, exquisite, and refined; in the 18th year, graduated at Mt. St. Mary's College, Md., in his 18th year, gave a glimpse of the wealth of genius that he possessed, and we hope the reader will be charmed with his work. In the present instance it was compulsory reading for us, but we think it has done us good, even if it has not succeeded in convincing our opponents. We are inclined to think that the facts in the present controversy are considered, we would have acted in the same way if it were the Presbyterian College Journal instead of the Courier. We had right on our side, and our task of defense was made easy by the fact that the subject was one of great interest to the public. We urge upon our readers that in the present controversy we are not one of the party who is deserving of the name. Similarly favorable notices appeared in the N. Y. Times, Herald, Tribune, Evening Mirror, and Express. In April, 1859, the year in which Mr. Miles married, his elegant comedy "Senor Valiente" was brought out in New York, Boston, and Baltimore on the same night, and proved a decided success.

It is a genuine American play, presenting a picture of New York society at the time it was written. Towards the close of his life Mr. Miles projected a series of critiques of the tragedies of Shakespeare, but only one of these appeared, A Review of "Hamlet," in the Southern Review. It is a masterly production. Of it the writer in The Catholic World says: "We have seen Hamlet, represented by the greatest living actors, every performance standing well with wonderful effect, but we confess that until we read Mr. Miles' Review of Hamlet we did not understand this most exquisite creation of Shakespeare's genius. All the ideas involved in the old play are fully developed and made plain to us. The King of Denmark is satisfactorily explained away in this critique." Mr. Miles was engaged upon a scintilla of "Macbeth" at the time of his death, which took place at his residence, Thorncrook, near the town of Ayr, on the 23rd of July, 1870, in the 47th year of his age. We hope the author of the beautifully written and critical sketch of this young American author will not permit the memory of a man of genius to be effaced from the annals of our literature.
victions. (The problem has often occurred to us: what value have our prejudices in forming an opinion of that

Scho­jokes and poetry of Beloit. The best articles in the

ure without detriment to it. We therefore print it entire,

get neither the nastiness of Oberlin nor the abominable

abled him to produce in this lecture an article at once val­

ary treat. Only those who know Father Hudson well can

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tangled up in his disclosures. He has given the names of many professional abortionists, and the means whereby they destroy life. He tells of the tricks of his trade, quack nostrums advertised to cure all diseases, and impostors who prey on the public credulity. He cites instances wherein he robbed graves, and how one day he stole five bodies from the Blockley almshouse. He tells of twenty-five concerns in this country and Europe by which degrees are sold. He avers that fully twenty thousand bogus diplomas are current in America, and forty thousand more in Europe. He gives the authorities a lever by which they can uproot every diploma-dealer in America. Buchanan's papers also detail his trick to make the public think he committed suicide. A man dressed to resemble Buchanan jumped off the ferry-boat at night and was rescued by a man in a skiff stationed at the proper spot. As a result of the exposure of Buchanan's business, the charters of several concerns that probably not one of all these words was written in Pitman's style on an English post-card, or even dictated. Such a number of words (25,000, we believe) in a style of stenography used in the superior to any other in use. The claim was disputed by the disciples of Pitman in England, and a prize was offered for the largest number of words written in Pitman's style on an English post-card, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The card of the winner, Mr. G. H. Davidson, is said to have contained 32,383 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin." It will be identified that probably not one of all these words was written, that is, had all its sounds expressed or even dicated. Such short-hand hints at words, but does not write them.

The complete series of lessons, exercises, etc., now given in The American Short-Hand Writer gives an excellent opportunity to learn the Pitman system of phonography. Students who cannot devote a special hour to the study, under a teacher, can with the Short-Hand Writer take it up during their free time. Anyone, young or old, can with a little perseverance acquire a sufficient mastery of it to make it in time a practical help in study, reading, or business. To become a reporter, however, requires not only a special talent, but considerable study and practice with word and phrase signs.

Ladies also have of late years turned their attention to phonography, and with considerable success. It is true that very few of the gentler sex act in the capacity of reporters—and this is but proper—but the uses and benefits of phonography are manifold. It comes into successful play in almost every mercantile business, and clerks, male or female, possess in it an able adjunct. We understand that it is taught at St. Mary's Academy for young ladies, near by. Some of the copyists, or transcribers, of the notes taken of the Congressional reports at Washington are ladies. A remarkable achievement in phonography was that of the lady to whose kindness the Boston Herald was indebted for the accurate and almost verbatim report of Carl Schurz's fine speech in German at the reception by his Boston countrymen. The speech was translated off-hand into English shorthand notes as it was taken, instead of being taken in German and afterward put into English, as is generally the case. Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, of London, is regarded as the greatest shorthand writer in England, and his facility at taking both French and English equally well is considered a marvel. But when he takes a French speech, his notes are in French. In the Canadian Parliament there are two sets of shorthand reporters, one to take the speeches delivered in English, and the other those delivered in French. But the mental process necessary to such a work as that of the Boston lady will be seen to be remarkably complicated. First, there is the following of the speech in German, which must have been with the strictest attention. Then there was the instantaneous translation of the German words into their equivalents. And thirdly, there is the rendering of the English shorthand characters, while the ear is alert to catch the German. The quickness of wit demanded by such a performance is wonderful, and, as far as we know, it is unprecedented in the recording of public speaking. The lady gained her skill in this way, by practice in taking notes in German universities. There are several systems of phonography, but the one most in use seems to be that of Pitman, which Mr. D. L. Scott-Browne, of Browne's Phonographic College, N. Y., and editor of Browne's Phonographic Monthly, claims is the standard in America, being used, he says, "by the Congressional reporters here and in Ontario, and by about ninetenths of the reporters throughout the country." The systems of Graham and Munson, based on that of Pitman, are also extensively used, and strong efforts are now making to bring Lindsey's tachigraphy into notice. The publishers of the latter system make us a proposal to furnish plates of the alphabet and exercises gratis, for publication in the Scholaristhe, but as we are not sure of its superiority, and Pitman's being in more general use, we decline the offer for the time being.

—On Thursday evening, April 28th, Rev. J. A. Zahn lectured in Phelan Hall to about two hundred students on "Electricity and Magnetism." It proved to be an instructive and interesting one. The Rev. lecturer said that the great mass of facts bearing on the subject precluded the possibility of entering into details. All that he could hope to do was to give us a general outline of the subject, by calling our attention to such points as would be most worthy of consideration. He said that he proposed to make the experiments of the evening in such a manner as to show the progress of discovery in magnetic-electrical science, exhibiting them so as to make them appear, not as isolated facts, but as parts of one consistent whole. The lecturer then defined magnetism as being a property possessed by certain substances, especially an ore of iron, sometimes called magnetic iron ore, steel, and free iron, capable of attracting certain other bodies. Bod.
The Rev. lecturer then gave the derivation of the word magnet, saying that it is derived from Magnesia, a town in Asia Minor, where the magnet was first obtained. It is also called a lodestone—from the Saxon word loden, lead—because it was used especially by surveyors and navigators as a guiding or leading stone. The Chinese call it the directing or guiding stone. It was formerly called the love-stone, because of its apparent affection for iron. The French term for magnet has a similar signification. The Romans sometimes called it quick-stone, because it seemed to endow other small particles of iron with life. The Old English called it sail-stone of adamant. The lecturer then went on to show how the attractive properties of the magnet were known from the earliest times, relating the well-known story of the Greek shepherd, who, while watching his flocks one day on Mt. Ida, had his attention drawn to a peculiar mineral which was exerting an attractive force on his iron staff. The Chinese, who have forestalled the Europeans in so many important discoveries and inventions, and who were by many ages their predecessors in so many things pertaining to intellectual advancement, were acquainted with the attractive, and even the directive properties of the magnet long before the Greeks. Despite these facts, little attention was given the subject of magnetism until the time of Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth of England, who, in 1600, published a work in Latin, in which are mentioned nearly all the facts and phenomena now known regarding magnetism. One of the most obvious properties of the magnet is that of attracting iron, steel, etc. This the lecturer illustrated by taking a box filled with large and small nails, many of which, when the loadstone was placed in the box, adhered to it. Besides the loadstone, or natural magnets, continued the lecturer, there are also artificial magnets, made of iron or steel. When made of iron they are called temporary magnets, because they retain their magnetism only while in contact with another magnet, or while a current of electricity is passing around them. When made of steel they are called permanent magnets, because, like a natural magnet, they retain their magnetism. Artificial magnets are made by bringing pieces of iron or steel in contact with magnetized bodies, or by means of electricity. This, the Rev. lecturer beautifully and strikingly illustrated by using the large box magnet, which, he said, is the largest one in the United States.

Artificial magnets are more powerful than natural ones, and, consequently, with them all the properties of magnets can be best illustrated. The magnet is made still stronger by bringing the poles together, when we have noticed that while the magnet attracted one end of the needle, it repelled the other. The effect was reversed on using the opposite end of the bar magnet. This gave rise to one of the most important laws of magnetism, viz: "Like poles repel and unlike poles attract." This law was illustrated by bringing two needles with red and white papered ends in contact with the magnet. This directive tendency of the magnet was not known to the Europeans prior to the twelfth century; or if known, was not utilized in navigation and surveying. The Chinese are said to have been acquainted with its attractive tendency two thousand years before Christ. The first mariner's needle was a single sewing needle, thrust through a cork, and allowed to float through water. The reason why the needle points in a northerly direction is that the earth, like the magnet, has magnetic poles which cause the magnet to assume a north and south direction. The magnetic and terrestrial poles, however, do not coincide. Sir John Ross (no relation to our "Charley"), the great navigator, found the North magnetic pole to be at 70 deg. 5 min. N. lat., and 96 deg. 48 min. W. long. The South magnetic pole has not yet been discovered, but is supposed to be in 75 deg. 5 min. S. lat., and 154 deg. 2 min. long. The angle which the direction of the needle makes with the earth's meridian is called the declination of the needle. This declination or variation of the needle varies in different places: at Notre Dame, it is 3 deg. 45 min. E.; at Pittsburg, 0; at New York, 6 deg. W.; and in Baffin's Bay the needle points due West. A line of no declination connecting points in which the needle points direction north and south, forms very nearly a great circle around the globe.

Our attention was then called to the needles "dip," or inclination, a term signifying the angle which a needle, delicately balanced, and then magnetized, makes with the horizon. At the magnetic equator the needle is parallel with the horizon, consequently the "dip" is 0. From the equator to the poles the "dip" constantly increases until it reaches the poles, when it assumes a vertical direction. The dipping needle and large bar magnet were here brought into requisition to show the "dip" in various parts of the magnet. The changes in declination and inclination of the needle were then fully explained.

The Rev. lecturer then spoke at length of the connection between electricity and magnetism, and of the production of electro-magnets, and their uses. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, was the first to experimentally verify, in 1819, the connection between electricity and magnetism. This discovery, though a simple one in itself, was the one which led to all the astonishing, startling inventions and discoveries in electricity and magnetism that have since been made; for without it, the electric telegraph, and the thousand-and-one practical applications of electro-magnetism, would have been impossible. Oersted's experiment was here made by the Rev. lecturer, when we observed that the needle was deflected as the wire, through which the galvanic current was flowing, was brought near it. He then referred to the discoveries in relation to the same point made by Arago and Ampere, all of which he illustrated. He again called our attention to the large magnet, gave a detailed description of its component parts, and by a number of interesting experiments with the same, gave us a very accurate idea of the properties of electro-magnets. One of these experiments was an attempt made by Kuhn and Healey, Senior department, who thought that they had muscle enough to pass a bar of iron between pointed pole-pieces, without touching them. They failed signally, and were loudly applauded for their unsuccessful efforts. Several of the younger boys had their pocket-knives permanently magnetized.

Soon after the discovery of electro-magnetism by Oer-
sted, the world was startled by the invention of the tele- 
graph, the greatest and most useful application yet made
of electricity and magnetism. Then it was utilized in the
construction of electric bells for fire alarms, chronographs,
electric clocks, etc. Finally it was proposed to use it as a
source of power in place of steam and other forms of en-
ergy. The principle of the application of magnetism in
all these cases is the same; it depends on the movement
of the armature of the electro-magnet, which can readily
be affected by passing a current through its coils. The
mighty electric telegraph is nothing more than an electro-
magnet, in connection with which, for convenience sake,
several accessory apparatus are generally used. The
old fashioned Morse sounder and instrument and electric bell
were exhibited at this stage of the lecture. We were then
shown the working of the electric motor and pump, prac-
tically illustrating the conversion of electricity and mag-
etism into mechanical power. The inventions of Prof.
Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, and the late Dr. Page were inter-
estingly described. The reason why the electric motors
are not more extensively used is, that they are too expen-
sive. They cannot supersede steam-engines, insomuch as
the steam-engine's energy is generated by the combustion
of wood or coal—natural products; whereas, the energy of
the electric-motor is developed in the battery by the action
of sulphuric acid, or some other chemical solution on zinc;
sulphuric acid and zinc being artificial, and, consequently,
more expensive than natural products. The Rev. lect-
urer then produced the famous electric light from plat-
nium wire and carbon points; explained the principle
electric illumination, and gave us an idea of its nature
and effects. He then entered into an explanation of the
cause of these curious and mysterious agents.
Rev. Father Zahm concluded this interesting lecture,
during which he was frequently interrupted by well-mer-
ited applause, by saying: "As yet we know nothing defi-
nite about the cause of the properties of the magnet, and
probably never shall—certain of the ancient philosophers
deemed it impossible to arrive at a knowledge of the cause
of the properties of the magnet—the stone par excellence, the
divine â€œfer d'âˆ©uvre, as they called it, and contented them-
selves by saying that it was a secret which the gods had re-
served to themselves. Probably we would show our wis-
dom if, in imitation of them, we were to acknowledge it
to be one of those mysteries in nature which we can never
comprehend. Indeed, it might be said that outside of
facts, our knowledge—if knowledge it can be called—of
magnetism is based on theory electro-magnetism. All the
reasons heretofore assigned to account for the causes of
magnetism, and the variations to which it is subject on the
earth, and the needle, is only hypothetical, and may to-mor-
row be shown by some student of nature to be untenable.
This is, however, only another proof of the extent of our
ignorance; of how little we know of the real nature of
those mysterious forces of nature which are constantly
startling us by the varied and wonderful effects to which
they give rise. In truth, the more we study nature, the
more marvellous all its operations appear, and the more
do we feel compelled to acknowledge mysteries in the
natural as well as the supernatural order. None but the
skeptic and the blind materialist would fail to see in the
delicaté adjustment and wonderful manifestations of the
forces of which we have been speaking the hand of one
who is as infinite in power and wisdom, as He is in goodness
and love,—one to whom we owe thanksgiving for the pleas-
ure afforded us in the contemplation of the beautiful and
mysterious in nature, as well as for those things that are
useful and essential to our existence."
We hope that Father Zahm may soon again favor us with
another of his interesting lectures.

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**Personal.**

—All our Watertown friends are well.
—President Corby was in Chicago Tuesday.
—E. Raymond, '77, is residing with his parents in Chi-
cago, Ill.
—Bro. Rudolph, C. S. C., returned from Lafayette, Ind.,
Tuesday evening.
—Civil-Engineer Stace has been under the weather for
some time past. Hope he may soon recover.
—Anson, '68, is Captain of the White Stockings, the
champion Baseball Club of the United States.
—Rev. D. J. Hagerty was called to Chesterton, Ind.,
Tuesday, to assist Father Kroll, who met with an accident
last week.
—Mrs. G. Woodson, of Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, Terr.,
is here visiting her son, Master G. J. Woodson, who is just
recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.
—Harry Faxon, '75, spent Saturday, Sunday and Mon-
day at the University. We were happy to see Harry look-
ing so well. He is travelling for one of the largest firms
in Chicago.
—Rev. Father Delehunty has at last concluded to take
an overland trip to San Francisco, Cal. He will be absent
for several weeks. We are sure that Rev. Father Ford,
Director of St. Aloysius's Home, whose faithful assistant
Rev. Father Delehunty has been, will keenly feel the
absence of him who has so ably assisted him in the dis-
charge of his manifold and onerous duties of office. We
hope that Father Delehunty may enjoy himself hugely in
the China of America.

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**Local Items.**

—"It's as sweet as honey."
—Guy is steadily improving.
—No Society reports this week.
—May devotions every evening.
—"Ed" is looking after Grubbs.
—That "chincilla" has been found.
—"Duzen" excels as a lithographer.
—Philopatrians some time next week.
—What has become of the fire-department?
—"Oh, my gold watch is ruined, destroyed!"
—"Buttercup" is Captain of the "Kearneyites."
—Let all join in the singing of the litany to-night.
—The bath-tubs are receiving a new coat of paint.
—The evening recreations are the most enjoyable.
—"Marshal" is an aspirant after oratorical honors.
—And now our friend John has become a type-setter.
—The Boat Clubs practice every evening, after supper.
—Read the lecture on H. W. Longfellow in autoher-
place.
—The "coal-heavers" are bad men to meddle with. Eh,
Augusto?
—The Academy of Music is about to receive the finish-
ing touch.
—Extensive improvements are being made on Mt. St.
Vincent's.
—Vice-President Walsh celebrated last Sunday's 10.
o'clock Mass.
The Minims have decorated Raminagrobis’s neck with a gold collar.

“Judy” has a new driver. What has become of our gallant knight?

The Surveying and Botany Classes were out on “biz” last Wednesday.

Let all join in singing the praises of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Wanted: Every student at Notre Dame to send us personal letters and local notes.

Everyone was satisfied with Father Zahm’s lecture last Tuesday evening.

We confidently hope to see our young friend G. Woodson around in a few days.

Three wild ducks on the lower lake, Wednesday. Where were the Nimmors?

The singing of the evening May hymns have been all that could be desired, thus far.

Capt. Cocke is uniting in his efforts to perfect the N. D Cadets in the military art.

Ask our friend from “Egypt” if he can tell the difference between an ape and a monkey.

“Geawge” is wrathful. He says that the “fat boys” have a monopoly of a certain affair.

Are you troubled with spring fever? Call on the Rev. Prefect of Discipline for an antidote.

They say that our Vincennes friend got an invitation to the steam-house, Sunday afternoon.

South Bend is well and largely represented here every Sunday, since the fine weather began.

Let one make the best use of the few weeks that now remain of the scholastic year.

Burdeet’s wit is nowhere, we are informed, when compared to that of the Seniors’ "funny man."

“Pete” was out hunting Tuesday afternoon. More than one bird fell with the pull of the trigger.

The Scholastic thanks the Rev. Editor of The Ave Maria for many favors during the past week.

Bro. Emmanuel, Director Senior department, made a pleasant call to our sanctum, Tuesday morning.

Rev. Father Zahm will soon give us one of those interesting entertainments with the magic lantern.

Rev. Father Granger has given the Minims a handsome small bell, for which he has his best thanks.

Geoffrey, Senior department, drew five hundred Havana cigars at Pollack’s Donation, last Monday evening.

The Minims have organized a new baseball club, known as the “Kearneyites.” They play on sandy grounds.

To-morrow, the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, coming on the 19th, is to be complimented on their gentlemanly deportment throughout the entire lecture.

The B. B. League, Junior department, desire us to express their thanks to Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C, for favors received.

All may witness a “Public Benefactor” at the coming Philopatric Exhibition. Public benefactors are scarce mortals nowadays.

The seminarians at Niagara Falls College must be heavy batters. They used up five balls in playing a game one day last week.

—That fellow’s the worst tricker at the University.

He always disguises himself before coming over here. He has a white wig,” etc.

Boston papers speak of a boy catching a butterfly at the South End. We would like to see him handle a bumble-bee at the same point.

Has the University given up the idea of having any more series? Things look that way. At all events, let us have one during the coming week.

Those who attended Rev. Father Zahm’s lecture, Thursday evening, are to be complimented on their gentlemanly deportment throughout the entire lecture.

How many Cadets would be able to write a letter in military form, if required to do so? This form of correspondence should be familiar to every Cadet.

Some would do well to remember that the bathroom doors were made for one purpose only. A certain individual was evidently not aware of this fact one day last week.

By the way, cannot the regulator of the Chimes be induced to expedg a little time in putting them in proper shape? We have not heard them play for a long time.

Pollack’s Grand Donation came off last Monday evening. No prizes were drawn by any of “our folks,” though Sordy says “that he came within one of the gold watch."

The Minims’ uniform is made of Navy-blue, a sky-blue stripe extending down each side of the pantaloons. We have yet to see a reater or more becoming uniform for boys.

Prof. J. A. Lyons was on the sick-list this week. We are happy to state that he has now fully recovered, and has resumed the professional duties devolving upon him as Professor of Elocution.

Our poet has at last been made joyful by the smiles of fortune. He went fishing Saturday afternoon, and caught several fine-looking bass. He says that he detests “taffy,” so we’ll give him none.

“Sammy” would like to again meet that man who sold him those six sour oranges. We are sure that the fruit vender’s desire to again see Sammy, or some one like him, is none the less ardent.

Masters D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, R. E. Costello, J. H. Dwenger and P. Trissari, of the Minim department, had the best notes for lessons, conduct and duties for the week ending April 29th.

The May devotions were inaugurated with time-honored solemnity, last Saturday evening. President Corby preached the opening sermon, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mr. R. E. Fleming, Scholastic Staff, and Mr. H. Rose, constitute the Junior study-hall Faculty for the month of May. “Charley Ross” and “Corby” will hold that important office during the month of July.

Master G. Woodson will be unable to act the role which had given him for the Philopatric Entertainment. We hope, however, that he may be well enough to be present. Master Schaefer will assume Guy’s rôle.

We are happy to state that our young and esteemed friend Master G. J. Woodson, who had been dangerously ill with pneumonia, is convalescent, to the great joy of his many friends of both the Minim and Preparatory departments.

And now it’s not “Did you see the elephant?” but “Have you seen the alligator?” If you have not, ask “Dan” or “Sally” to escort you to Phelan Hall, where you may see the carnivorous amphibious reptile. He’s perfectly harmless.

On the afternoon of the 1st inst., a game of baseball was played on the Juanita grounds between the Atlantics of the Manual Labor School and a picked nine of the Senior department, which resulted in a victory for the latter, by a score of 14 to 9.

We have been accorded an invitation to the annual meeting of the Inter-State Collegiate Oratorical Association, to be held in Jacksonville, Ill., May 3d to 5th. We thank the Illinois College Oratorical Association for their kind invitation, which we found impossible to accept.

—More interest is being manifested in the National...
morning. This afforded good healthy exercise to seventy- two young men, while giving great pleasure to hundreds of spectators.

Informed that our friend C. J. B., Prep, department, is preparing a Letter-Writer for Schools and Colleges, which he will publish some time next month. We await its appearance with eager expectation. It cannot but be an excellent work, for all know that C. J. B. has been a leader among his seniors.

—The following are the names and positions of the members of the young America B. C. Minim department.

Bro. Amandus, C. S. C, Director; A. Campan, Captain and pitcher; D. Taylor, catcher; A. Molander, s. s.; C. F. Costello, 2nd b.; T. McMahal, 2nd b.; H. Metz, 3rd b.; S. Yrisari, 1st f.; J. Monoreny, c. f.; T. Van Mournick, r. f.

—The students of the first class in the Minim department who gave satisfactory duties for the month of April in arithmetic and grammar were Masters D. G. Taylor, who received 43 perfect grades C. C. Echlin, 14th; J. S. Courtney, 29; A. A. Molander, 29; J. A. Kelly, 29; R. Costello, 28; H. Metz, 23; T. Mcgrath, 21, and E. Howard, 20.

—"Cheary Rose" gives it as his candid opinion that Rev. Father Zahm produced that electric light, Thursday evening, by some slight off-hand performance. He says that it took a powerful steam-engine to generate the same light in Forepaugh's Circus, last summer, and he don't believe that Father Zahm has the strength of a steam-engine.

—On Wednesday morning a game of baseball was played between a nine of the Preparatory department and the "Young America" of the Minim department, which resulted in a tie at the end of the 9th inning, and, the Captains consenting, was declared a draw game. Score, 10 to 10. Time of game, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Scorers, C. C. Echlin; Umpire, Bro. Amandus, C. S. C.

—Raminagrobis, the Kilkenny cat, which was the subject of last Saturday evening's essay, drew the same crowd of the finest lively riggs in South Bend, they would have beheld one grand exception to the general rule. They would have thought that Vanderbilt was taking to visit the Minim's. It's a fine, gray, like the Juniors and Preps. We hold an opinion to present one's self, and of receiving others, in company, with a graceful propriety, and the easy and polite demeanor. We should be qualified for the best company, by a graceful deportment. Father General's numberless friends, that God may spare his position well. Tracy and Zettler make first-class captains.

—The "Cnissodioctotes" were victorious by a score of 23 to 11.

—On Friday, the 6th, the Feast of St. John before the Latine Gate, the Catholic members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, at the Minim receiving Holy Communion, for Very Rev. Father General's invitation, St. John being his patron Saint in religion. They afterwards invited him to their Hall, where Master D. G. Taylor presented an address in behalf of the Association. This Very Rev. Father General has imitated, and in many points bears a striking resemblance to his patron, no one can fail to see. Like the beloved disciple, he has a tender love for the Blessed Virgin, whom he has in a special manner "taken to his own" and constituted the Queen of Notre Dame. Like St. John, the gospel of his kind and affectionate heart is one of love. St. John was miraculously preserved from the fury of the boiling oil, which proved to him to be a refreshing bath; and did not the venerated Founder of Notre Dame undergo the ordeal of the boiling caldron on the 23d of April, 1879? But, like St. John, God wonderfully preserved him, and brought him out of the flames a stronger man; renewed, as it were, in youth and vigor for the great work of rebuilding. It is the heartfelt wish, not only of the Sorins, but of Very Rev. Father General's numberless friends, that God may spare him to attain the long years of St. John's age.

—The students of the Minim's Cadet suite should be grey, like the Juniors and Preps. We hold an opinion to the contrary. In other universities, not only do the different departments, but even the various classes wear a distinctive uniform. The Minim's have, in our opinion, and of many others, not only the prettiest, but the only uniform that would look well on boys. Let the Preps., Juniors and Seniors wear grey, if they choose; but let the light-hearted, happy Minim's wear the blue.

—The "Wranglers" and "Dreadnoughts" played a game of ball on the Mutual B. B. grounds last Wednesday morning. The services of four umpires were called into requisition before the game was concluded. Johnson, capitained the "Wranglers," and Snyder the "Dreadnoughts." The "Wranglers" won the game. Scoring was rather small—25 to 30, in favor of the "Wranglers.

—The Detroit Evening News has arranged for three grand pleasure tours from Detroit to the sea and return; a trip of over 2,600 miles, excluding Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, the Great Lakes, and the White Mountains, N. H. The Eastern terminus is Portland, Maine (only 100 miles, or four hours from Boston). The excursion will leave Detroit July 1st, 14th, and 21st, tickets being good to return until September 3d. Tickets for the round trip, $20. A circular will be sent free on receipt of stamp, or a handsome illustrated guide-book will be issued about June 1st and will be sent to any address on receipt of 20 cts. Address, W. H. Brearley, Detroit Evening News.

A game of baseball took place on Wednesday afternoon between the "Cnissodioctotes" and the "Pterno­ glyhi" B. B. Clubs of the Senior department. The "Cnissodioctotes" is composed of the following players: W. Brown, c.; Fishburn, p.; E. Howard, d. 1st b.; G. Johnson, 2nd b.; E. E. Taggert, 3rd b.; E. Thompson, 2d b.; Tracy, 3d b.; Garrity, l. f.; St. c. f.; English, r. f. Marlett, Brehmer, Zettler, Johnson, Healey, Zahm, Nosh, Taggert and Mathers constitute the "Pterno­ glyhi." Brown, catcher for the first-named Club distinguished himself by excellent playing behind the bat, making several difficult catches. Brown never disputes the umpire. Marlett, catcher for the "Pterno­ glyhi," held his position without making an error. Tracy, Captain and 3d baseman of the "Cnissodioctotes, captured three hot liners on 3d base, making two neat double plays. Zettler, Captain and short-stop of the "Pterno­ glyhi," held his position well. Tracy and Zettler make first-class captains.

—They say poets, like the average newspaper men, are seldom blessed with a superabundance of the world's riches. Had those making such assertions seen our poet last Saturday evening, as he drove up the avenue tvith one of the finest looking gentlemen, he would have beheld one grand exception to the general rule. They would have thought that Vanderbilt was coming to visit the Minims. It's a fine, gray, like the Juniors and Preps. We hold an opinion to present one's self, and of receiving others, in company, with a graceful propriety, and the easy and polite demeanor. We should be qualified for the best company, by a graceful deportment. Father General has imitated, and in many points bears a striking resemblance to his patron, no one can fail to see. Like the beloved disciple, he has a tender love for the Blessed Virgin, whom he has in a special manner "taken to his own" and constituted the Queen of Notre Dame. Like St. John, the gospel of his kind and affectionate heart is one of love. St. John was miraculously preserved from the fury of the boiling oil, which proved to him to be a refreshing bath; and did not the venerated Founder of Notre Dame undergo the ordeal of the boiling caldron on the 23d of April, 1879? But, like St. John, God wonderfully preserved him, and brought him out of the flames a stronger man; renewed, as it were, in youth and vigor for the great work of rebuilding. It is the heartfelt wish, not only of the Sorins, but of Very Rev. Father General's numberless friends, that God may spare him to attain the long years of St. John's age.

—The students of the Minim's Cadet suite should be grey, like the Juniors and Preps. We hold an opinion to the contrary. In other universities, not only do the different departments, but even the various classes wear a distinctive uniform. The Minim's have, in our opinion, and of many others, not only the prettiest, but the only uniform that would look well on boys. Let the Preps., Juniors and Seniors wear grey, if they choose; but let the light-hearted, happy Minim's wear the blue.

—The "Wranglers" and "Dreadnoughts" played a game of ball on the Mutual B. B. grounds last Wednesday morning. The services of four umpires were called into requisition before the game was concluded. Johnson, capitained the "Wranglers," and Snyder the "Dreadnoughts." The "Wranglers" won the game. Scoring was rather small—25 to 30, in favor of the "Wranglers.

—The Detroit Evening News has arranged for three grand pleasure tours from Detroit to the sea and return; a trip of over 2,600 miles, excluding Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, the Great Lakes, and the White Mountains, N. H. The Eastern terminus is Portland, Maine (only 100 miles, or four hours from Boston). The
I tr •'TEmjiwmtr-T--

7th Prize drawn by ticket 35,602
2d " 14,136
1st Alternate 34,957
2d " 4,094

4th Prize drawn by ticket 6,771
3d " 33,303
1st Alternate 18,344

5th Prize drawn by ticket 33,630
3d " 31,993
1st Alternate 43,933
2d " 23,611

6th Prize drawn by ticket 30,231
Ist Alternate 30,688
1st Alternate 31,993
2d " 30,688

—The third game between the Star of the East and Juanitas took place on the grounds of the former Wednesday afternoon. President Corby and several members of the faculty witnessed the game, which was characterised by fair playing on both sides. Clarke and O'Donnell made two base hits; Dever captured a hot liner sent by Sugg; Kuhn, Smith, Bodine, Noble, and "Bennie" made neat fly-catches; O'Donnell send O'Connor his positions behind the bat with ability, making several excellent and difficult foul catches; Bloom is an effective pitcher, and bothered the batmen on the opposite side not a little. Gallagher, pitcher for Juanitas, was severely punished. Fumbling, and other errors, lost the game for the Juanitas. The following is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STAR OF THE EAST</th>
<th>JUANITAS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T. F. Flynn</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. O'Donnell</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Bloom</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. Devoto</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Noble</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. McGorrisk</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Dever</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Welch</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Smith</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 24 7 Total 29 1

Roll of Honor

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week had, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT


*Omitted by mistake last week

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT


*Omitted by mistake last week
Class Honors.

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

### COMMERCIAL COURSE


### MINIM DEPARTMENT


### Arithmetic


### List of Excellence

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past—Director of Studies]

### COMMERCIAL COURSE


### SHORT-HAND

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Please mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

### Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 7, 1880. TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

#### GOING WEST.

| No. 1 | Fast Ex. | 12.05 A.M. | 9.15 A.M. | 1:30 P.M. | 7:30 P.M. |
| No. 7 | Pac. Ex. | 1:15 A.M. | 10:20 A.M. | 3:05 P.M. | 10:15 P.M. |
| No. 8 | Night Ex. | 2:20 A.M. | 1:20 P.M. | 5:30 P.M. | 12:30 A.M. |
| No. 5 | Limits Ex. | 1:05 A.M. | 12:00 A.M. | 6:00 A.M. | 9:00 A.M. |

#### Pittsburgh, LEAVE 12.05 A.M., 9.15 A.M., 1:30 P.M., 7:30 P.M.

- **Alliance**
  - 2:20 A.M.
  - 1:20 P.M.
  - 5:30 P.M.
  - 12:00 A.M.

- **Orrville**
  - 3:00 A.M.
  - 2:00 P.M.
  - 6:00 A.M.
  - 9:00 A.M.

- **Crestline**
  - 7:25 A.M.
  - 6:15 A.M.
  - 9:45 A.M.
  - 1:40 A.M.

- **Crestline**
  - 7:50 A.M.
  - 6:25 A.M.
  - 9:55 A.M.
  - 1:45 A.M.

- **Forest**
  - 9:25 A.M.
  - 8:18 A.M.
  - 11:28 A.M.

- **Lima**
  - 10:40 A.M.
  - 9:30 A.M.
  - 12:33 A.M.

- **Plymouth**
  - 1:15 P.M.
  - 10:38 A.M.
  - 3:49 P.M.
  - 5:35 P.M.

- **Chicago**
  - 7:00 A.M.
  - 6:00 A.M.
  - 9:00 A.M.

#### GOING EAST.

| No. 8 | Fast Line | 12.05 P.M. | 9.20 A.M. | 11:15 A.M. | 1:30 P.M. | 5:15 P.M. |
| No. 2 | Morn. Ex. | 12.05 P.M. | 9.20 A.M. | 11:15 A.M. | 1:30 P.M. | 5:15 P.M. |
| No. 4 | After Ex. | 12.05 P.M. | 9.20 A.M. | 11:15 A.M. | 1:30 P.M. | 5:15 P.M. |
| No. 6 | N. Y. Ex. | 12.05 P.M. | 9.20 A.M. | 11:15 A.M. | 1:30 P.M. | 5:15 P.M. |

#### Chicago, LEAVE 12.05 P.M., 9.20 A.M., 11:15 A.M., 1:30 P.M., 5:15 P.M.

- **Plymouth**
  - 1:40 P.M.
  - 10:45 A.M.
  - 3:00 A.M.
  - 5:15 P.M.

- **Lima**
  - 5.50 P.M.
  - 4:55 P.M.
  - 7:16 P.M.

- **Chicago**
  - 7:00 A.M.
  - 6:00 A.M.
  - 9:00 A.M.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.
2.25 a.m., "Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.
Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.
11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.
9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 p.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.
12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m., Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.
Buffalo, 4 a.m.
6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST.
2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.
5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.38 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.
5.33 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.
11.06 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.
4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EASTWARD</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>20</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>7 35 a.m.</td>
<td>9 00 a.m.</td>
<td>5 15 p.m.</td>
<td>10 20 p.m.</td>
<td>3 30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand Crossing.......</td>
<td>8 06 &quot;</td>
<td>9 31 &quot;</td>
<td>6 50 &quot;</td>
<td>10 56 &quot;</td>
<td>3 50 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miller's.............</td>
<td>9 10 &quot;</td>
<td>10 25 &quot;</td>
<td>7 20 &quot;</td>
<td>11 06 &quot;</td>
<td>4 10 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chesterton...........</td>
<td>9 47 &quot;</td>
<td>10 52 &quot;</td>
<td>8 20 &quot;</td>
<td>11 52 &quot;</td>
<td>4 45 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oils................</td>
<td>11 02 &quot;</td>
<td>11 22 &quot;</td>
<td>9 13 &quot;</td>
<td>12 10 p.m.</td>
<td>5 20 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laporte..............</td>
<td>10 06 &quot;</td>
<td>11 25 &quot;</td>
<td>9 30 &quot;</td>
<td>12 20 &quot;</td>
<td>6 30 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laporte..............</td>
<td>10 48 &quot;</td>
<td>12 35 &quot;</td>
<td>9 45 &quot;</td>
<td>12 40 p.m.</td>
<td>6 50 &quot;</td>
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<td>South Bend..........</td>
<td>11 05 &quot;</td>
<td>12 50 &quot;</td>
<td>10 15 &quot;</td>
<td>12 50 &quot;</td>
<td>7 15 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mishawaka...........</td>
<td>11 15 &quot;</td>
<td>13 00 &quot;</td>
<td>10 45 &quot;</td>
<td>13 25 &quot;</td>
<td>7 45 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elkhart.............</td>
<td>11 40 &quot;</td>
<td>13 30 &quot;</td>
<td>11 15 &quot;</td>
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<td>8 15 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Toledo..............</td>
<td>11 50 &quot;</td>
<td>14 00 &quot;</td>
<td>11 45 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleveland..........</td>
<td>12 45 &quot;</td>
<td>14 50 &quot;</td>
<td>12 30 &quot;</td>
<td>15 00 &quot;</td>
<td>9 15 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buffalo............</td>
<td>13 10 a.m.</td>
<td>15 40 &quot;</td>
<td>13 30 &quot;</td>
<td>15 30 &quot;</td>
<td>9 45 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York............</td>
<td>7 20 a.m.</td>
<td>9 45 &quot;</td>
<td>14 50 &quot;</td>
<td>16 00 &quot;</td>
<td>10 15 &quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Aqt., Cleveland.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l. Manager.
CHARLES PAIN, Gen'l. Sup't.