Sic Vita.

BY DR. HENRY KING.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring’s gaudy hue,
Or sliver drops of morning dew;
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring’s gaudy hue.

The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Letter from Abroad.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—I am now far away from Notre Dame, where I spent so many years receiving an education—but I have not forgotten my dear old College, or the Scholastic, or my promise to the editor before I left the United States for Europe to send the Scholastic an occasional letter—telling of some of the places I visit and the interesting sights in this old country.

Last Wednesday morning, the 17th, I left Coblenz on one of the best Rhine steamers, and four hours’ ride brought us to Köln. The banks of the Rhine, with their vine-clad and widely-romantic hills, studded with numerous old moss-covered castles or castle ruins, each of which has some enchanting legend entwined with the history—give to the fair river a charm and interest which never fall to delight the tourist and to excite the patriotic pride of the German heart. The beautiful Rhine has been so often celebrated by writers ever since the noble river was well-known, that the subject is now a rather threadbare one. Even in the time of Horace, as we learn from his poetry, this theme had become commonplace. So you need not fear that I am going to fill up this space by elaborating the charms of the Rhine. Although we are tired of the pen-picture, I assure you that the real scenery is worthy beholding. But our fast steamer, aided by the rapid current, hurried us along, and we were soon in sight of Köln. The city, with its high bridge, grand Cathedral, massive structures, crowded houses and numerous lofty church towers, looked very imposing as we approached. I began that same evening to visit points of interest, and since then I have spent my time in seeing and examining all that attracts the tourist’s attention. The city was founded by the Ubii, a Germanic tribe, and not long afterwards Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, planted here a colony of Roman veterans. Some portions of the old wall which enbraced this settlement are at present standing, and the Church of S. Maria in Capitol, is so called from being situated on the site of the old Roman Capitol. Cologne was early one of the most flourishing German cities, and also the first to nurture the arts. Several monuments of mediæval architecture still adorn the city, while the paintings of Meister Wilhelm and Stephen Lochner are to this day viewed with admiration. Cologne at present is wealthy and prosperous; and one of the principal commercial cities of Germany. The city has 138,000 inhabitants, and is encircled with a chain of strong forts, garrisoned by 7,000 soldiers. Diez, lying just on the opposite bank of the river, possesses a population of over 14,000. The streets of Cologne are narrow and rather crooked; but as the names of those running towards the Rhine (E. and W.) are painted in red, and the streets at right-angles to these (N. and S.) are marked in black, it is easy to find one’s way all over the city. I have frequently heard Cologne spoken of as a dirty city, yet I cannot say that my visit here has convinced me that such is the case. Many of the old streets are poorly drained, and as the people throw their slop-water into the gutters, of course they present a disagreeable appearance. With this exception, I think Cologne might easily be called clean when compared with other cities, particularly the older ones of Southern Europe. Many of the more ancient dwellings are interesting specimens of old domestic architecture, while the new houses present a fine appearance. The city is one of the most musical in all Germany, and some of the greatest musicians in the country are connected with the Conservatoire. There are many establishments here for the manufacture of eau de Cologne, but those of the Farinas surpass all others and are justly celebrated. Cologne is a Catholic city, has an Archbishop, and eighty-ninths of the people adhere to the faith of their forefathers. The city has many fine churches; and all around, such as we are wont to see in Catholic countries are numerous shrines and pictures of the Madonna and saints, before which the good people now and then pass and, heedless of the mocking gaze of strangers, devoutly breathe a prayer to the Almighty. The principal at-
traction at Cologne is the Cathedral. These Catholic people, believing that the best should be given to the Most High, are proud to tell you that the finest monument their city contains is the House of God. This Dom is, I think, the most perfect Gothic temple in the world. To the lover of classic art, especially to one who is familiar with the ruins of Greece and their reproduced styles as found in the monuments and churches of Italy and elsewhere, there is a charm about classic art, which makes it supremely beautiful and appropriate wherever it is found. Nevertheless, pure Gothic, with all the parts pointing to heaven, and the lofty towers piercing the sky, as it were, leading our thoughts to the very throne of the Living God, is undoubtedly most consistent with our religion and best suited to the Christian house of worship. As early as the year 1248 the cornerstone of the Cathedral was laid, and the building was not completed until a year ago, the 14th day of August, 1880. Indeed, the interior is not yet finished and will not be for a long time to come. Almost 300 years before the Deformation had being, the erection of the Cathedral of Cologne was begun, and last summer it was dedicated to the worship of the Eternal One, according to the manner intended by those who first entertained the design of this construction. How like the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church is this wonderful edifice! It has seen the rise of all the Christian denominations now existing, save the one established by Jesus Christ, in which the projectors themselves were believers, and for which religion this work was first intended, and to whose purposes it is now consecrated. At the ceremony of a year ago, the royal family and thousands of spectators were in attendance. But the Archbishop, who, above all others, should have been there officiating and whose presence more than that of all others would have delighted the pious Catholics of Cologne, was absent by reason of the persecuting laws now enforced against the Church in Prussia. But to return to the Dom. It stands in an open square not far from the Rhine, about 60 feet above the river. The shape is that of the Latin cross, the nave being flanked with double aisles. The choir is semi-circular, and this magnificent pile on all sides is adorned with monstrous flying buttresses, turrets, cornices, gurgors, and a profusion of other elaborate stone ornamentation. The main façade is a superb piece of Gothic workmanship, and is in exact keeping with the original stone ornamentation. In the centre of the façade, over the main portal, is an enormous rose-window, and surrounding the façade the two highest towers in the world rise to the great height of 511 feet. Just at the intersection of the nave and transepts there is another tower, 357 feet high. Galleries run around the top of the building both out and inside, and from these one beholds with mixed feelings of astonishment and admiration the gigantic, yet harmonious, proportions of this marvellous structure. But, like the king's daughter, the beauty of the Catholic temple is within, and the Cologne Cathedral is not at variance with this universal custom in the Church. I have already told you that it will be long before they will entirely complete the ornamenting of the interior; still, as it is now, the effect of the tout ensemble is singularly magnificent and deeply impressive. The adornment of the inside, as already carried out, is of the greatest excellence, displaying splendor of design, richness of material, and artistic execution. Everywhere on the ceilings and walls, in the nave, transepts, tribune, chapels, the treasures of art are seen in the stained-glass windows, in wood carvings, in tapestries, in bronze, in gilt, in silver, in paintings in oil and in fresco, in statues and reliefs of marble. A mellow subdued light pours in through the large windows of stained-glass of the 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, and 19th centuries. This last of the present century, is the most beautiful modern stained-glass I have ever beheld. The brilliance and clearness of its color prove that this art is fast approaching the perfection of the lost one. The treasury contains the remains of the Magi, encased in a golden reliquary of Romanesque workmanship, executed in the latter part of the twelfth century. The bones of the Magi were brought from the East by St. Helena, and removed successively from Constantinople to Milan, and thence to their present abode. Yesterday, Sunday, I assisted at the High Mass in the Cathedral, and I was delighted with the piety and devotion of the people. Oh how heavenly it was to hear that vast congregation sing together with united hearts and voices the praises of Jehovah in the majestic German language! This morning, I ascended to the top of one of the two highest towers, and from this dizzy height had a magnificent view of the city—a forest of houses, the Rhine, its adjacent country for miles, and the distant seven mountains. But I must write about something else besides this wonderful temple, which no pen can adequately describe, and which attracts so many thousand people annually to Cologne.

The largest open space in the city is the Neumarkt. It possesses rows of trees, and is used by the soldiers as a parade-ground. On one side of the square, two horses' heads are seen projecting from the top story of a well-preserved old house. With these two images are connected one of the numerous legends which make the Rhenish district a quasi enchanted land. Boiled down, the legend runs in this wise: During the plague which raged Cologne about the middle of the 14th century, there lived in this house a gentleman, Von Adoct, and his wife, Richmodis. They were wealthy, tenderly loved each other, and, as the neighbors frequently remarked, they were very happy. But their happiness was soon interrupted. Prau Richmodis caught the fever and was soon laid on her bier. The afflicted husband with his own hands strewed flowers over the body, and placed favorite jewelry upon her person and costly rings on her fingers. According to the custom then prevailing here among the higher classes, she was placed in the chapel of the Holy Apostles' Church previous to interment. That night, the undertakers approached the body to steal her valuable jewelry, and in attempting to remove a ring from her finger they roused her from the trance which had been mistaken for death. The thieves fled before the supposed ghost, and Richmodis was horrified at the thought of her danger. Summoning all her strength, she returned home. The door was locked, and she cried out for admission. The sorrowful husband heard her voice, but incredulously said he would sooner believe his two greyes would break from their stalls and trot-up stairs and look out the windows than that his wife could return. Instantly the clatter of hoofs is heard, and the horses rush up the stairs and look out the third-story window. With inexpressible joy, Von Adoct received his wife, whom he had thought dead. She became entirely well, and the two lived blissfully together for many years. The image of the two horses commemorate this most singular occurr.
ence, and the street is called Richmodis Strasse.

More anon.  

The King of Sweden has just completed a drama entitled "The Castle of Kronberg."

—Mr. Charles D. Warner will succeed to the position of the late Jas. T. Fields as editor of the projected series of "American Men of Letters."

—Mr. Francis Parkman, who has been in London for some time consulting colonial documents in the interest of his work on "Montcalm," is about to return to America.

According to a German authority, the work entitled Notre Dame de Lourdes, by M. Lasserre, has had a greater number of readers than any book of modern times. It is now in its 130th edition.

—Mr. E. A. Freeman is about to place before the public his "Sciences from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice." It is intended as a companion work to his "Historical and Architectural Sketches."

—Mr. Paul Soboleski has just written and published a history of the "Poetry and Poets of Poland" somewhat after the manner of some of our English Anthologies. It will be a most welcome addition to the literature of the day.

—William Black, the novelist, once called on Carlyle and after a little conversation, the philosopher remarked: "You know Scotland very well, I see. I've read your novels with great pleasure. They're very amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some work—when are ye goin' to write some real books—maun?"

—The contralto singer in St. Joseph's Choir, of Philadelphia, is Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose poems ought to be known to all Catholics. As this choir will, it is said, sing at the Yorktown Celebration, Miss Donnelly's fervor and religious feeling—characteristic of her singing as of her poems—will add to the devotion of the grand event.

—Prof. Thos. Mitchell is about to give out the first one of two volumes on "Cosmogony; the Geological Antiquity of the World. Pantheism, Atheism, Evolution, Infallibility and Deism, refuted by Scripture, Philosophy, and Science." He denies totally the theories of Glacial or Carboniferous periods. He credits Darwin, Huxley, and Lyell to be thoroughly absurd. It is a work which will no doubt command wide attention and much discussion in certain circles.

When Charles Dickens had decided to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be best worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six languages, to his amazement and dismay. That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

—Who that has any music in his soul has not listened with delight to the exquisite strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen?" but how many admirers of that beautiful ballad now remember its author, Nicholas Crouch, now an aged man. He was one of the singers of the National Band. Subsequently he accepted an engagement at Drury Lane, and while in this position wrote songs for Miss Tree and Madame Malibran. He was one of the singers at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and was associated with Marrat on the Metropolitan, of which he was musical critic. Emigrating to America in 1849, Crouch experienced various and severe changes of fortune. He fought with the confederates in the Civil War, and was seriously wounded. At the conclusion of the war he became a farmer, and ultimately a varnishier at Baltimore, where he now is, struggling under the weight of years. If the statement of the New York paper be correct, it is not pleasing to reflect that one who has by his musical works ministered so much to the higher tastes of the people, and who, moreover, was once the intimate friend of Thackeray, of Jerrold, of Rogers, and of Campbell, should now be wearily finishing his career in a Baltimore factory.

—The Lord's Prayer in Maori.—Rev. J. L. Ahern, of Cleveland, who is in New Zealand in search of health, has written a letter to Rev. Wm. McMahon, from which it appears in the Catholic Universe these paragraphs are taken. Pronounce the letters as you would in reading Latin but thicken 's' and 'd': The blessing or sign of the cross. Ki te iroa no te Matua me te Tamaiti, me te in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

—To mautou tara o nga ra hotos. Kia koe our brand of the day (a) nil. I wish you were here. No mau ki a matou tana.

—O me tukua hara me matou hoki e whare forgive our sins as we also for the love of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be best worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six languages, to his amazement and dismay. That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

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THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

The steam being admitted and withdrawn alternately from this broader portion, the water is drawn in in front and expelled at the rear, and thus the ship is driven forward. At a trial voyage lately made in presence of German and foreign engineers and marine officers, the hydromotor seemed to dispense with all complicated machinery. On the consequence of this there is a great saving of space. Then, by means of the motor, 90 per cent. of the steam power will be applied to the production of the stream of water, whereas with former appliances so much had to be expended on the engines and pumps that hardly 20 per cent. could be used for the same purpose, and hence results a proportionate gain in rapidity. In the next place, the motion of the vessel can be regulated from the pilot deck by means of a lever placed there, or the ship can be brought to a stand-still. Moreover, in heavy storms, where the ordinary helm is useless, the ship with the help of the hydromotor can be made to turn with ease. In the first place, hydraulic power, the tubes through which the water escapes being provided with knee-pieces by which the direction of the stream can be at once altered. Should the vessel spring a leak and take in great quantities of water, the water would be expelled by the hydromotor and thus stopping the ship's course; and, on the other hand, should a fire break out, the speediest remedy would be at hand by pouring on great quantities of water. Even the amount of fuel required will be very much diminished, so that in this respect also the hydromotor compares favorably with the best systems of locomotion on the water now in use. As Dr. Fleschher cannot carry out his plans in Germany on as large a scale as he would wish, for want of support, he in

We have mislaid the last number of Brodie's Graphic Monthly, but having read it carefully we can safely say that it is an excellent number in every respect. Mr. Browne has had large experience as a reporter and teacher, and he is therefore competent judge of the matters of which he treats. The article "Is Phrasing a Speed Promoter?" in the July number, is well calculated to set at rest any anxiety entertained by the student of phonography to master a few thousand phrases, more or less, in the hope of improving his speed by a several per cent. on both his mental and physical faculties. Mr. Browne asserts positively that excessive phrasing is a drawback rather than a help, as it but takes the work from the hand to overtax the brain, and he supports the assertion by the practice of the best stenographers in Congress, and everywhere in this country and in Europe. The notes of A. P. Little, Dennis F. Murphy, Theo. F. Shuey, Jas. J. Murphy, Miss Alice C. Nute, Robt. H. Boswell, John J. McElhone, R. T. Atkins, J. K. Edwards, and Edward Pocknell are called in testimony. The Messrs. Murphy, Shuey, and others are reporters to the U. S. Senate, and Mr. McElhone is chief of the reportorial force of the House of Representatives, so that names in higher standing could not be brought to the fore. A fac-simile page of reporting notes is given in each number of the Graphic Monthly; the wild state in which some of these are written show the strain upon the reporter under a fast speaker. Brodie's Graphic Monthly has very materially advanced the interests of stenography in the United States during the six years it has been published, and the portraits, sketches, fac-simile reporting notes, etc., cannot fail to give it especial interest among short-hand writers of every school. Price of subscription, $2 a year. See advertisement.

The ball has been spun; the college exchanges are pouring into our sanctum. Besides those already mentioned, Student Life for June, accompanied with a handsome Art Supplement of 20 pages, has come to hand, and makes a very fair showing for Washington University. The Art Supplement is a step in the right direction; the engravings are creditable, but we cannot help saying that the hodge-podge of letter-press by which they are surrounded is far from adding to their favorable effect. Student Life, too, makes some crude efforts at illustration; if persisted in, they will at least keep the boys out of mischief and ceiling of his friend the cook's apartment in an attic—too, makes some crude efforts at illustration; if per­
some of our Profs. read and followed it, it would prove beneficial in two ways. As for "Women's Rights," argued from the Lives of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, the composition is true, but the facts are so fully distorted—so fearfully distorted—that we feel half inclined to show them up in their true light. Owing to the fact that we are not yet fully recovered from the heat and concomitant influences of the past summer, we have concluded to let Student Life's lip-laid history pass for the present. Student Life's exchange editor is hard on the Eastern papers. He says that "when fine typography shall make up for lack of brains, the Eastern college papers will become respectable before that time." We don't agree with him; there are many exceptions. Having crushed The Berkleleyan—or left it for dead—and unhorsed the Knights of the Quill at Harvard, he attacks The Argo, but we opine he will find "Ephraim" a foe more worthy of his steel; if, the ex-detector of Student Life doesn't lose his scalp and "pony" in this new contest, he may consider himself born to good luck. Next comes The University Magazine, from the University of Pennsylvania, which this month is taken up chiefly with local matters; the Amherst Student, containing some well-written editorials, a Grove Poem of four and a half pages by S. J. Murphy, readable for its quaintness; Oberlin is happy in one new Freshman. And here is The Niagara Index, with a couple of well-written essays and several good editorial articles; a new exchange editor makes his bow to the public with this number, and we hope he will add as much to this college from that source as his predecessor. Cornell Era has much to say about the boat-race abroad and Mr Shinkel's course; it thinks circumstantial evidence is against Mr. Shinkel, but that popular feeling should be restrained until both parties are heard and a final decision is reached. The Era editors have so far taken a manly course in this matter. The Cornell Sun devotes a column to the boat-race question, but it only beats around the bush without raising the real Issue. This month contains an entirely new list of names in its editorial board; some of them are familiar as contributors, however, and the Scholastic has had occasion heretofore to notice favorably their compositions. Many of the editorial notes of The Hamilton School Magazine for August are admirable for their discriminating in various matters pertaining to systems of education; they have, too, the additional merit of brevity. The Viteoie and the Reporter, of the Iowa State University, have been consolidated, and the joint issue will hereafter be known as The Viteoie-Reporter. The Racinian College Mercury is to the front with a number of able editorials on local college matters. We sympathize with the Racinian in the loss of their pie-shop; of two able editorials on local college matters. We sympathize with the Racinian in the loss of their pie-shop; of two editorials on local college matters. We sympathize with the Racinian in the loss of their pie-shop; of two

New Publications.

—We have received a beautiful song, entitled "Write to the Sad Old Folks at Home." The "Song Friend" says: "It is a good, plain, wholesome song, good words and expressive melody." Sent on receipt of 50 cents in stamps, by Theodor Wolfram, Mansfield, 0. TIBETIAN LAMINAE, OR LAMINAE PITHUS. By C. J. Lundy, M. D., Professor of Diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat in the Michigan College of Medicine, Detroit.

We have received from the author a copy of the foregoing lecture, in neat pamphlet form, reprinted from The Physician and Surgeon, Ann Arbor, Michigan. The great praise bestowed upon the lecturer and the medical department of the University of Michigan after the delivery of the remains seems to be well deserved. Heinz, Virchow and Mackenzie seem to have been well digested, and the lecturer supports their position and his own by citing cases treated by himself and other prominent physicians and surgeons in this country. It is gratifying to know that Dr. Lundy began his medical course at the University of Notre Dame, and received his medical certificate here in 1870. His studies in pharmacy and medicine are conducted in the University of Michigan and the Bellevue Hospital College, at New York, after which he practised in Michigan for a while, until he received the appointment of resident physician at his old Alma Mater, the University of Notre Dame. We recommend this excellent book to the public with this number, and we hope he will in time meet with a like measure of success after graduation.

College Gossip.

—The average expense for each member of the graduating class at Yale for the whole course, of $390,25 each.—Oberlin Review.

—Fully five hundred of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England assembled recently at Stonyhurst College, North Lancashire, to celebrate the eighty-eighth anniversary of the foundation of the college, when the Jesuits as a body returned for the first time to England since the Reformation. A young student named George Gruggen, fifteen years of age, recited and translated from memory the whole of the Fifth Book of the "Odyssey." There are now three hundred boys members of the principal Roman Catholic families in the United Kingdom at Stonyhurst.

—The morals of college boat-racing are, according to the Examiner, quite as bad as those of horse-racing. Thus does it comment in regard to the affair of the Cornell crew: "The first is that it will be a wet blanket on future college boat-races. Now that it is confessed that American college students may be expected to turn out sharpers, it will be some time before a crew from this country will have the assurance to ask students from an English university to meet them. This will save a vast amount of wasted time and muscle and do away with a great deal of gambling and miscellaneous wickedness. The disgrace that has been brought on American colleges by their self-constituted representative may thus prove to be a blessing in disguise. Another thing that may result from the affair is the reconsideration of the whole question of college boat-racing by the college authorities. Boating as an athletic exercise simply is doubtless an excellent thing. Any reasonable quantity of such boat-racing should, and no doubt will be, encouraged in every college. But boat-racing with the avowed object of racing with other colleges, involving a long course of practice and training, which must interfere with college duties, with its accompaniments of gambling and dissipation, is a crying evil that no college ought to tolerate. If we had a son to send to college this fall we should, certain that he would not be sent to college for boat-racing of more importance than commencement, that does not give more honor to muscle than to brains, that does not take more pride in its accomplishments than in its scholars."

—Catholic Review.
The Garfield Memorial Day at Notre Dame—President Walsh's Address.

Last Monday, the funeral ceremonies over the remains of President Garfield were held at Cleveland, O. On the same day also, throughout the country, the people of the different sections assembled in the churches and halls to testify their sorrow and regret for the loss of one who had gained so strong a hold on their affections.

The heart of the nation was touched, and the general and spontaneous evidence of sorrow all through the land is strong evidence of the great faith the people had in the integrity and manhood of our departed Chief. Neither creed nor color nor race were for the moment thought of; all was forgotten but the one fact that America was one family, a united nation and a people whose appreciation of their leader was sincere, and whose grief at his loss could not be bound by prejudice or party ties. At Notre Dame the services were solemn and impressive. The College and Washington Hall were hung in mourning, and at 2 o'clock p. m. the Faculty and several hundred students assembled in Washington Hall to attend the memorial services in honor of the lamented dead, and we question if in any part of the country a service was held in which the assemblage was more deeply impressed than at Notre Dame. The deep silence among the students, and the quiet and subdued manner in which all spoke, every action was indicative of a feeling far beyond the common, and to everyone it was an apparent fact that, in loyalty to country, in love and obedience to her laws, and in deep and filial respect for her rulers, Notre Dame has no superior in the land. The somber look of the buildings in their mourning garb, the deep booming of the minute-gun in front of the College, the mournful dirge, and the deep, settled look and quiet demeanor of all formed a scene not often witnessed at Notre Dame and gave food for reflection to many a thoughtful mind, which, we trust, will be productive of much good in the future. The services were opened by a dirge by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band, followed by addresses from Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University; Rev. D. E. Hudson, Editor of The "Ae Maria," and by Messrs. W. B. McGorry, E. C. Orrick, and others of the students.

President Walsh's Address.

Rev. President Walsh's address was an outburst of eloquence. He spoke substantially as follows: They had met this afternoon to fulfill a sad and solemn duty. They were assembled to join their voices to the general chorus of grief that was now swelling up from millions of hearts throughout the land and throughout the civilized world. America to-day, in particular, and the world in general, deplored the loss of one of the finest types of manhood that the great Republic had ever produced—of one who had followed many walks in life, filled many conspicuous stations and earned the admiration of mankind in all;—of one who had experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune—who had eaten the crust of poverty in his youth, and had died the conqueror of kings,—who had earned his daily bread and his intellectual culture by the labor of his hands, and who had lived to reach one of the highest and most enviable positions which it is granted man to attain—the scholar, orator, soldier, patriot and statesman—James A. Garfield.

In his loss they lamented both the man and the official. He was one of those stately, self-reliant types of manhood of which the country is so justly proud; and his career was a striking illustration of the illimitable possibilities which America gloried in offering to men of brain and brawn—to citizens of intelligence, of energy, and of character. The lines of Tennyson which on a memorable occasion he had so appropriately quoted, seemed like a prophetic forecast of his own whole career. For he, too, like Lincoln, was a

"Divinely-gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village-green;
Who breaks his birth's inviolable bars
And grasps the skirts of happy Chance
And breathes the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil stars;
Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to grasp the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a nation's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

With nothing to rely on but his stout heart and towering intellect, he had breathed the stormy sea of political strife, and buoyed up by the encouragement and cheers which merit like his can never fail to win from a nation like this, had been carried ever onward and upward with the flood-tide of uninterrupted success. He had struggled up from obscurity and poverty to eminence and fame; he had conquered circumstances by his indomitable perseverance and industry, and his life now stood as an inspiration to the youth of the land, and even in the midst of the calamity which the nation mourned it was a vindication of the land and the institutions which he had loved so well and in the service of which he had died.

America mourned him as a man, and deplored the fact that the inspiration of his example—that the influence of his noble life—his spotless character—and matchless ability would be no longer a living force to be felt throughout the land. But deep as was the grief felt for the individual, it was yet overshadowed by the affliction into which the nation had been plunged for the loss of the official. In his sad fate, fifty millions of Americans lamented the untimely death of their beloved Chief Magistrate, of one whose rule had not been imposed by force upon unwilling necks, but was the result of the nation's spontaneous choice. Brief as was the period during which he held the helm of state, it had yet been long enough to foreshadow a great administration. He recognized the fact that he was the Chief Magistrate of a nation and not the executive of a faction, and the nation and the world had confidence that the duties of his exalted station would be discharged faithfully and conscientiously—"with charity to all, with enmity to none." All felt that corruption would find no lurking-place in the Government of which he was the guiding spirit,—that, rising superior to sectional feeling and partisan bias, he would enforce the supremacy of the laws in every State and territory of the Union; that in his keeping the national honor and national credit were safe. All this the country felt and rejoiced at.

And to-day, the feeling of sorrow that promise so fair had been so soon blighted was deepened by a sense of humiliation that in the zenith of his triumphs and fame, in the full vigor of his physical and intellectual powers, he had fallen a victim to the methods of the Nihilist and the Carbonaro—had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin whose insane greed of notoriety had humbled the nation in the dust and filled the world with mourning.

But the ways of Providence are mysterious, and not frequently that which appears to man a hopeless evil may eventually be the source of abundant good. From this standpoint, it might perhaps be possible that the great calamity was not an unmixed evil. The blood which General Garfield was not destined to shed on the battle-field for the preservation of the imperilled Union might perhaps have been necessary to cement the re-established Union more firmly together. And, in fact, what a gratifying spectacle had not the land witnessed within the last few months! The assassin's bullet might be said to have destroyed the "Solid North" and the "Solid South." Since that memorable day in July, there had been no democrats and no republicans; sectional bitterness had been laid aside, and the whole country, irrespective of class, creed, or partisanship, had hung over the bed of pain and anguish on which the President was stretched— tearfully, prayerfully, sometimes with hope, but finally with despair. Every bulletin that issued from the chamber of sickness had marked in the life of the nation a period of agitation, anxiety, hope, or fear. And if, as there was good reason to trust, from this time forth should date an era of better feeling and better understanding; if his deplorable fate should have the effect of softening the asperity of partisan warfare; if the people who gathered around and wept over his grave should throw therein and bury forever the sectional bitterness, the partisan hostility, the dissensions which he had labored so manfully to heal, then, indeed, would it be true to say that his death, no less than his life, had promoted the country's welfare.

Longfellow had beautifully said:

"Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Travelling downwards from the sky,
Still shine on mortal sight.

"So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the path of men."

President Garfield was dead, but, like the "star quenched on high," the light which he had left behind him would shine for ages to come on the path of his countrymen—to cheer and encourage to renewed effort those who were struggling with adversity, and to guide America's public men from the narrow ways of partisanship and sectionalism to a higher, nobler, and broader statesmanship.

In conclusion, the virtues of his private life were demonstrated. He was a devoted son, a fond father, a faithful husband; throughout his career, whether as student, teacher, lawyer, soldier, Congressman, or President, he had endeavored to follow the path as far as the light which he enjoyed enabled him to see what the right was—generous, large-hearted, incapable of bearing malice or giving offense, to know him was to be his friend,—and there was reason to hope and trust that the favorable judgment which all who knew him on earth were so ready to pronounce upon him, had been ratified above.

Mr. Wm. H. Arnold, Secretary of the Committee on Resolutions, then read the following, drawn up by him after only a few moments notice:

History chronicles no sadder event than the death of our late President, Jas. A. Garfield. And, to-day, with heavy hearts the 50 millions of free people in this land deeply mourn his loss. He was a brilliant star whose course was always upward until it reached the zenith and shines in immortality. He was a man whose every public act was intended for the good of his loved country. In war, in political, civil, and private life, he was ever great, and ever an example—wise, sincere, simple, zealous, dutiful, and loving. These qualities have endeared him to all who ever knew him, and together with his public service—the high position he held when he fell a martyr, and...
The sad circumstances of his sufferings and death, all combine to make this the greatest national calamity. Wherefore, 

**Resolved**, That we the students of Notre Dame from all parts of these United States, irrespective of creed or political feelings do unanimously lament his loss and shall ever hold his memory sacredly enshrined in our affections.

**Resolved**, That we shall ever endeavor to emulate his example, the purity of his life and the noble qualities of his heart, the breadth of his statesmanship, his culture as a scholar and an orator; in a word, his virtues as a man, in whatever position duty placed him. Further,

**Resolved**, That we hold the people will best honor him by thus looking upon him as a model, and by following in the pathway of patriotic duty which he has so often and eloquently marked out.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

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The memorial services in South Bend were of a solemn and impressive character. All the immense shops, factories, and the places of business were closed. The memorial services took place in the afternoon, in the court-yard, and were attended by thousands of citizens and by many from Notre Dame. Mayor Ham presided; on the stand sat the Citizens' Committee on Resolutions, the clergymen of the various city churches, the orators of the day, and many of the chief persons of the neighborhood, among whom were Very Rev. Father Sorin, representatives of the press, and others. Mayor Ham opened with a brief and touching address, and the resolutions being read, Rev. P. P. Cooney, the first of the two orators of the day, was introduced. Mr. A. B. Miller, editor of the South-Bend Tribune, who had been himself an officer in the Army of the Cumberland, says:

"It was most appropriate and fitting, selecting Rev. Father Cooney to speak on this solemn occasion. As Mr. Colfax was better acquainted with Garfield's private and congressional life than any of our citizens, so was Father Cooney, of Notre Dame, better acquainted with his military life. For more than a year, Father Cooney, as Gen. Rosecrans's Chaplain and Gen. Garfield as his chief of staff, messed together, marched together, and were on the bloody battle-fields of Stone River, Chickamauga and lesser ones together. We have it from Garfield's own lips how he served and admired 'the brave Chaplain of the 58th.' Between these two men there existed the warmest friendship, that neither time or distance failed to dim, and when, a few short months ago, Father Cooney was in Washington, the old staff comrade, then just inaugurated President, dropped all the cares of office to welcome his old staff comrade through two of the bloodiest battles of the war. These two men, earnest Christians, patriotic as the trial by battle could make them, lived over again the days of camp and field. Under these circumstances, it was peculiarly appropriate that Father Cooney should address the meeting."

Rev. Father Cooney, as reported in the South-Bend papers, spoke substantially as follows:

He opened his address by referring to the widespread grief, the deep gloom in which the nation was shrouded to-day, with 50,000,000 of people grieving as one family over the death of a kind and virtuous father. No human language could express the emotion which made human hearts almost stand still at the words, "President Garfield is dead." He then referred to his personal knowledge of the man during their companionship on the staff of Gen. Rosecrans. This Garfield himself called one of the most brilliant and satisfactory years of his life. His duties called forth the most sublime qualities of the man.

It was during these times that Father Cooney heard from his own lips the story of his life, so familiar to all now, and which the speaker hastily sketched. He told of Garfield's personal bravery as he saw it at Stone River and Chickamauga, and stamped it as of that kind which in Bonaparte's army would have raised him to Marshal of the Empire. Continuing, the speaker said:

Garfield was soon elected to Congress from his native State and on the 5th of December following, he resigned in the army and went to Congress, after nearly three years of the most brilliant military service. He was even advised by his brother officers to go to Congress, for they knew the value of his splendid abilities, to serve in proper legislation at that critical time. His magnificent career since then is familiar, not only to the people of the United States, but also to the English-speaking people of the world. Schooled as he was in the seminary of pov­erty, and imbued as a consequence to incessant labor and industry, the shining virtues of justice and mercy took possession of every ligament of his heart. Hence, in the multiplicity of his accomplishments, in the versatility of his powers, in the grandeur of his achievements, in the strength of his intellect, in the loftiness and range of his ambition, in his sway over the intelligence of the country, and in the wisdom of his policy, he had no equal. His eloquence was like the irresistible Niagara— sweeping away all opposition and bringing conviction and persuasion to every soul who heard him. No wonder, then, that in the Chicago convention all eyes should be turned to him as the one best fitted for the office of the presidency; and, on account of the unblemished character of his private and public life, he was looked upon as the only bond strong enough to bind together the discordant elements of his party. He was nominated and elected, and after four months' experience in the faithful administration of the Government, every one, even his political opponents, had to exclaim: "What a splendid President we have!" I had the great pleasure of being present at his inauguration, and I shall never forget the grandeur of the scene. Before not less than 30,000 people, he delivered his Inaugural Address, in his own inimitable style. His aged mother and his wife were sitting behind him. The moment he had taken the oath of office, and was President of the United States, remembering all that he owed to his good mother he turned around and embraced and kissed her. The vast assembly were struck with a deep emotion which burst it into perfect silence, and at the sight, even grey-haired men shed tears of edification. This public act, in recognition of the 4th Commandment, this outpouring of a soul filled with filial affection, revealed unmis takably the goodness and gratitude of his heart. It was the act of a hero. But his conscientious discharge of duty and his adherence to religious principle and the best interest of the Republic, in the aggregate, stamped it as of that kind which in Bonaparte's army would have raised him to Marshal of the Empire. Thus looking upon him as a model, and by following in the pathway of patriotic duty which he has so often and eloquently marked out.
mother, who now, bent under the weight of eighty years, mourns her irreparable loss. If we bow in reverence before the sculptor who with his chisel moulds a piece of marble almost into life, what honor should not be paid to her who has moulded the mind and heart of such a son to a greatness that shall outlive the monuments of either brass or marble? May she yet live to have a portion of witnessing the dedication of a monument to the memory of her son, which shall, in some measure, be commensurate with the grandeur of his character and the deep love of the American people whom he served so well. Let that monument soon rise over his grave, in Lakewood Cemetery, to perpetuate the memory of his example for future generations and to record a nation's gratitude. Let it be the renewal and perpetuation of the life of James A. Garfield.

When Father Cooney had concluded, the Hon. Lucius C. Hubbard (of ’81) delivered a long and most eloquent address, concluding as follows:

"And now as we lay away the mortal remains of the man we loved to honor, and while to us the clang of the tolling bells close with his own eloquent words: 'The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down through the centuries, and through them have been mingled the discord of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian, to the humble listener, there has been a divine melody running through the songs, which speaks of hopes and halcyon days to come.'"

Local Items.

—The Minims now number 51.
—"Tige" studies law now, gentlemen.
—Some of the Freshies are rather too fresh.
—We return thanks to our friends for locals.
—Stuffy and Van look lonesome without Sam.
—A Collegiate dormitory was started last week.
—"Stuffy" is a masher. Did you see that picture?
—The funny men this year are from Iowa and Michigan.
—The Band made its first appearance Monday, and was very good (?) for the first time.
—There are prospects of a good boat-race on the 13th as the crews are well matched.

—The Seniors' football arrived Wednesday and was immediately put into active use.
—The speeches of Messrs. McGorrick and Orrick are pronounced by all very able efforts.
—Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., delivered the oration in Court House Square last Monday.
—Several Seniors counted only 49 Juniors engaged in that game of football last Saturday.
—Another "Ohio man" arrived last week. Do they intend to monopolize this place also?
—Did you hear Brutus and Cassius last Saturday from eleven to twelve? They did nobly.
—The Junior Cadets have had their first experience in the "Set up." They did remarkably well.
—The lighting paid us a passing visit last Saturday night and severed the telephone and telegraph wires.
—Kuhn's family is very troublesome. Witness the advice given by him to one of them on Tuesday evening.
—The Seniors did fairly in their capacity as drill-masters. A little more life and energy, boys, and all will be well.
—Messrs. McGorrick, Orrick, Arnold, and O'Neill are deserving of great praise for their efforts of last Monday.
—Prof. Unsworth's Astronomy Class is very well attended,—a fitting compliment to the abilities of the Prof.
—The boat crews are practicing daily. It looks as if there would be a tight race, as both crews are determined to win.
—The fifteenth Minim has arrived, but it is the seventy-fifth that is to secure Very Rev. Father General's Parisian dinner.
—The minute-gun on Monday was well handled by Bro. Sebastian, Bro. Marcellinus, and the Editor of the Scholastic.
—How about the Fire Department? An occasional drill would not injure their proficiency; and in time of need, it might prove advantageous.
—Smart elocutionist: "I come not here to talk; therefore, I'll sit down." And he went to his seat and sat down.
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impressed with the loss which the nation has sustained. The fact that Garfield was once a college student, a college professor, and a state legislator prior to being elected to the Congressmen of this University by the closest tie of college brotherhood. The memorial services consisted of a dirge by the Notre Dame University Cornell Band and addresses by Master E. P. Nash, President of the College. Master E. E. Hudson, Editor of The Ane Maria. Both gentlemen spoke most feelingly and paid the highest tribute to Garfield's manhood and statesmanship. Addresses were also made by several of the students. Minute-guns were fired, and the great bell of Notre Dame, the largest in the United States, tolled a requiem for the statesman resting in peace in the cemetery by the lake. At St. Mary's, too, appropriate symbols of mourning, made by deft fingers of Sisters and pupils, were displayed, and appropriate exercises held in respect of the memory of the President.

South-Bend Tribune.

On Saturday, several of the members of the Senior football club waited on the Junior club and challenged them to a friendly bout at football. The Juniors readily accepted the challenge, and after agreeing upon Umpires, they started over to the Senior Campus. The grounds were measured off and goals put in position; an invitation was sent to the College Faculty and a number of students accompanied them to the grounds, quite a sprinkling of ladies being among the number. Everything being in readiness, the game was called as the bell on the College Chapel chimed two. Both clubs took it very coolly for a few minutes, the ball remaining at the goal. When they shortly commenced to warm to their work, however, and a fine exhibition of play was witnessed, the Juniors and Seniors cheering their respective clubs when an advantage was gained. For a while it seemed that both clubs were evenly matched, and that the struggle was to be a hard one for both teams. Such was not the case, however, as soon as the Juniors had settled down to work the first goal was taken by them in fifteen minutes. The Seniors, nothing daunted, called for a game immediately, and two minutes after the first bout they were again struggling against fate for victory. For the first four or five minutes a duel was kept up between both teams, the ball remaining at the goal. They then commenced to warm to their work, however, and a fine exhibition of play was witnessed, the Juniors and Seniors keeping the ball out of their goal. For a while it seemed that both clubs were evenly matched, and that the struggle was to be a hard one for both teams. Such was not the case, however, as soon as the Juniors had settled down to work the first goal was taken by them in fifteen minutes. The Seniors, nothing daunted, called for a game immediately, and two minutes after the first bout they were again struggling against fate for victory. 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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Going North</th>
<th>STATIONS</th>
<th>Going South</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>LEXINGTON</td>
<td>LEESBURG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:40</td>
<td>Michigan City</td>
<td>8:33 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:20</td>
<td>La Porte</td>
<td>8:58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:50</td>
<td>Stillwell</td>
<td>8:50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:23</td>
<td>Dunkirk</td>
<td>4:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:28</td>
<td>Lake Benton</td>
<td>3:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:58</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>9:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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