Help the Weary on their Way.

BY CALEB DENNY.

It is a simple thing to give
A kindly word, a cheering smile,
To those who in misfortune live,
Whose days no pleasures e'er beguile;
And better far it is to bless
Than heed not sorrow or distress.

Happy the man who hath the power,
And hath the will, to uphold the weak—
To aid the poor in darkest hour,
And words of sympathy to speak;
For he in all the grateful land
Among the best beloved shall stand.

There is no nobler one than he
In all the world; nor can be found
More natural nobility
Than that which his pure life has crowned
With acts of love, with goodly deeds,
Which bravely meet misfortune's needs.

Misers we find where'er we turn,
Cold-hearted men who worship self,
Whose every noble prompting spurn.
Whose god is gold, whose joy is pelf;
But though his coffers groan with weight,
Vain is the miser's vast estate.
Riches are good when rightly used,
To elevate and bless the race;
Riches are evil when abused.
Gain to purchase power and place;
Wealth is a glorious thing to own
When garnered not for self alone.

So let us strive the best we may
To aid all fainting souls along,
And lead them out into the day
From darkness, so they may grow strong;
And for our willing sacrifice
We'll win the Love that never dies.

Thomas Chatterton.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In the ancient English city of Bristol, there is a stately
and beautiful church, several centuries old, called St. Mary
Redcliffe. It may not be true, as the sexton informed
me once, that it is "the largest parish church in England;"
but it is of great magnitude and very great beauty, and
filled with the most quaint and interesting monuments.

There are effigies of knights in armor lying flat upon their
backs, with their legs crossed, and their hands joined as
if in prayer. There are statues of ancient benefactors of
the church, noble painted windows, curious and elaborately
decorated chapels, and above many an ancient grave there
hang the armor, the sword, the spear, and the banner of
the hero who sleeps beneath. Among the objects in this
grand old church which arrest the attention of American
visitors, are the armor and banners of Admiral Sir William
Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania.

In Europe, where they know nothing about rotation in
office, or the one term principle, it is not uncommon for
places in church and state to descend from father to son
for many generations. It was so with the sextonship of
this church. For two centuries the office of sexton had
remained in a family named Chatterton—the incumbent
being generally named Thomas Chatterton. In 1748, when
sexton John Chatterton died, he was succeeded by his
son-in-law, who appears to have held the office only
until John Chatterton's son was old enough to take it.

Thomas Chatterton, father of the wonderful boy poet
of the same name, was of this family of sextons, though
not himself the heir of the office. Being, however, in the
way of church employment, he received the place of sing-
in the choir of the Bristol Cathedral, and afterward the
mastership of a free school. He was a jovial, dissipated
man, fond of reading, a composer of music, a writer of
convivial songs—one of those good fellows who abound in
cathedral towns, the delight of every circle except that of
their own homes, of which they are the blight and the
curse. He died in 1753. Three months after his death,
his son, Thomas Chatterton, the ill-starred child of genius,
was born. His mother, left without property, set up a
girls' school, took in sewing and ornamental needle-work,
and in these and other ways supported, in an honorable,
frugal manner, her aged mother, her daughter, and this
marvellous boy. She was a good, kind woman: but as
little able to appreciate or understand her son as at then to
comprehend a soaring falcon which she had hatched from
the egg.

At five, he went to the free school at which his father
had been master. The teacher soon sent him home as an
incorrigible dunce. He could not, or would not learn to
read. He was wilful, and objected to reading, as he said,
out of a small book. But one day his eye was caught by
the decorations of an old sheet of music of his father's,
which his mother was tearing up for waste paper; and, as
she used to say, he fell in love with its illuminated capital
letters. He now became interested in his letters, and was
taught to read from an old black-letter Bible. From this
time, reading was his passion. He read from early morn-
ing till bed-time, if they would let him, and nothing pleased
him so much as the quaint letters and curious spelling of
old books and parchments.

In one of his father's closets there was a quantity of
parchments, ancient deeds, conveyances, and other docu-
ments, which his father had taken from some sealed chests
in an upper room of the church. He delighted to copy
the old letters, decorations and embelishments. He would
shut himself up, when he was only seven or eight years
of age, in his little attic bedroom, with a piece of ochre, some
charcoal dust some black lead powder, and there he would
remain, hour after hour, copying and imitating the ancient
manuscripts, and making drawings in the antique style,
issuing at length begrimed and black from his work.

He appeared to pass the whole of his boyhood in antiq-
unity; for although from seven to fourteen he attended a
Bristol charity school as a boarding scholar, yet he spent
Saturday afternoons at home, roaming about the old church,
musing upon its inscriptions, or else shut up in his garret,
composing poems, such as he supposed might have been
written three centuries before. It seemed as if the good
priest Rowley, and his patron Canynge, and other worthies
buried in the old church, were the only real persons with
whom he associated. They loved, revered, believed in;
but the citizens of Bristol whom he chanced to know
were commonplace mortals indeed, with whom he jested,
and whom he deceived and played upon, as an elderly per-
son may with a child. He amused himself once by making
out a long pedigree for a pewterer of his acquaintance,
pretending that he found it in the old church; and he
frequently produced pieces of antique verse upon parch-
ment, which he said were written by Thomas Rowley, a
priest of the city of Bristol in the time of the Roses.

Not a soul suspected that these antique poems could be
his own. To show the power of the verse which he wrote
when he was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, I will copy a
stanza from one of these poems, the spelling of which has
been modernized:

And now the battle closed on every side,

And face to face appeared the Knights full brave;
They lifted up their bills with mickle pride,

So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,

They were commonplace mortals indeed, with whom he jested,
and whom he deceived and played upon, as an elderly per-
son may with a child. He amused himself once by making
out a long pedigree for a pewterer of his acquaintance,
pretending that he found it in the old church; and he
frequently produced pieces of antique verse upon parch-
ment, which he said were written by Thomas Rowley, a
priest of the city of Bristol in the time of the Roses.

Not a soul suspected that these antique poems could be
his own. To show the power of the verse which he wrote
when he was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, I will copy a
stanza from one of these poems, the spelling of which has
been modernized:

And now the battle closed on every side,
They lifted up their bills with mickle pride,
And many wounds unto the Normans gave.

And when their might in bursting waves is fled,
Like cowards steal along their oozy bed.

And when then* might in bursting waves is fled,

So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,

They lifted up their bills with mickle pride.

So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,

and one who was almost as proud as he was gifted, was
obliged to take his meals with the servants and sleep with
the foot-boy. His master was a limited, ill-tempered man,
who held poetry and literature in savage contempt, and
who, if he caught his apprentice writing verses, would
tear them up and throw the pieces in his face. One ad-
vantage, however, he had in the office of this man: he had
plenty of time to pursue his studies, and manufacture his
documents.

Among his chance acquaintances was a pompous, shal-
low antiquary named Barrett, who was engaged in writing
an elaborate folio history of Bristol. No antiquary was
ever more guillible than this one. Chatterton supplied
him with an abundance of ancient records, descriptions of
old churches, castles, and crosses, wholly his own compo-
sition, but which he said he had found in the ancient
cheats of the church. Barrett incorporated them into his
history without questioning, rewarding the boy occasion-
ally with a few shillings. From his tenth year, Chatter-
ton sent poems to a weekly paper in Bristol, and occasion-
ally palpied off upon the editor some antique description,
his own composition, of an interesting event in Bristol
history. At sixteen, he was a frequent contributor to the
London periodical called The Town and Country Magazine.

The dream of his life was to go to London, get his po-
ems published, and become a great and famous author.
As preparatory to this, he wrote to Horace Walpole, au-
thor of a work upon painters and painting, offering to sup-
ply him with " several curious manuscripts " relating to
ancient Bristol painters, and enclosing a few as specimens.
At first Walpole was delighted, and cordially thanked his
correspondent. Soon, however, with the aid of some of
his literary friends, he discovered that the " curious manu-
scripts " were manufactured, and refused to have anything
further to do with the lad—as was natural. There never
lived but one Chatterton, and Walpole cannot be blamed
for not understanding at a glance, and at a distance, so
strange and difficult an enigma. He ought indeed to have
been startled at some of the Rowley poems which Chat-
terton sent him. He was not insensible to their merit,
but his indignation at the attempt upon his credulity closed
his heart against the poet.

To London, however, Chatterton went, when he was
seventeen years of age, in quest of fame and fortune, full
of confidence in himself and in his future. Boy as he was,
he had an appearance of maturity beyond his years. His
best and kindest biogriapher, Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Uni-
versity College, Toronto, describes him as having a proud
self-reliance. He wrote home to his mother in the highest
spirits, and plunged into literary life with amazing vigor
and buoyancy. He wrote essays for the political papers in
the style of Junius; he wrote satirical poems and political
squibs; he wrote the words of burlettas played at the
theatre; he wrote anything and everything that he could
sell; holding, however, his Rowley poems in reserve for a
time when he could bring them out in becoming style. His
and style. Seven teachers are employed daily for six
hours. The chapel is situated in the third story; though
class-rooms, five in number, are models in point of furnish­
ment: the desks are all new, and of the latest approved make
stone-front mansion, situated in one of the finest parts of the
city, within a square of the Cathedral. It has been re-fitted
numbers one hundred and fifty pupils; and this number
Academy of this city bids fair to rank among the foremost.

Among the many educational institutions conducted by
the Congregation of the Holy Cross, we think St. Joseph,s
habits were perfectly temperate and regular, and when he
had an occasional piece of good luck, the first use he made
of it was to send home presents for his mother, his sister
and his grandmother. He loved his mother dearly, and
wanted fame and fortune as much for her sake as his own.

For a few months he lived by his pen—frugally and pre­
cariously, it is true—but still he lived. Literary labor
then was most meanly compensated indeed. He would
get eight pence for writing a song, and a shilling for a long
essay. The only considerable sum he ever received was five
guineas for a burletta in verse. He would not go in debt.
If he had no money, he starved, and sometimes when he was
starving he was too proud to accept a dinner. Even to
the last, he was a solvent person; for he had in the offices
of magazines accepted articles enough to give him daily
bread for some weeks longer, if he could have brought him­
sel so to make known his situation. When he had passed two
or three days without food, he went to his room and swal­
lowed poison, and he found was the next morning with limbs
and features distorted, a frightful corpse. At the time of
his death, he was seventeen years and nine months old.

His poems were published some years after, and they
yielded a sum of money for the benefit of his sister, who
was living in extreme poverty. A monument has been
erected to his memory in the church-yard of St. Mary
Redcliffe. But his best memorial is Dr. Wilson's work,
named above, in which the mystery of his life and genius
is interpreted with equal charity and acuteness.

Correspondence.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, CINCINNATI, OHIO,
October 5, 1872.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: We feel sure that any reports per­
taining to education, its progress and the encouragement it is
receiving in other places will find a place in your columns.
Among the many educational institutions conducted by
the Congregation of the Holy Cross, we think St. Joseph's
Academy of this city bids fair to rank among the foremost.
This you will admit is no idle boast, when you bear in
mind that it has not completed its first year and yet it
is remarkable he ever has seen. It is the result of years of
studies, and has been the recipient of a German
address but the only words of which he understood were
"Gott," and "Himmel"—"God" and "Heaven." After
this we were treated to music, and the orator of the
day, Master Joseph Cahill, a youth who has not seen six
summers, pressed through the crowd, "interviewed" his
Reverence, gave his views on the "situation," and then
came to a sudden close by asking "just a little favor,"
recrea­
tion. After the laughter caused by this address had subsided
and the speaker had subsided the Bishop good-naturedly granted the request of the venera­
able petitioner and dismissed the happy group with his bless­
ing. And thus ended a pleasant afternoon that will long be
remembered with pleasure by all who were present. I will
conclude by adding the pupils are already acting on the
Bishop's suggestion and are preparing an invitation for
Father General.

A VISITOR.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.—The New Haven Palla­
dium says: "Mr. Henry Bushnell, of this city, has in­
vented a machine which, it is said, Mr. Thurston, the cele­
b rated patent lawyer of Providence, calls the most re­
markable he ever has seen. It is the result of years of
thought, is made to utilize the power which there is in the
ebb and flow of the tide. It is so made that whether the
tide is rushing in or out a wheel will turn the invention,
consisting in preserving a constant motion of the wheel.
This power will be used to pump air into a large cistern,
from which pipes will extend over a city, the compressed
air being used as a motive power. Mr. Bushnell intends
to set up the first tide wheel in the Quimpiac River,
where, he says, the tide rushes in and out with a force
equal to about seven thousand horse-power."

"Rain on every recreation day," says an enthusiast.
Discipline.

Education, in its true sense, does not consist alone in imparting to the mind a knowledge of certain sciences, but also, and chiefly, in developing and training the youthful mind in such a way as to render it capable, in the highest degree, of using its natural powers to the best advantage, and in accordance with the destiny, temporal and eternal, of an intelligent being.

To do this it is not sufficient to provide learned teachers for the young—teachers who will initiate them into the mysteries of science, or train them up in the accomplishments which, however desirable when possessed in connection with sound principles and a well-balanced disposition, are worse than useless when found in one devoid of those qualities which constitute the good Christian citizen. It is, first of all, required to develop in the mind of the young a love of order,—a habit of self-control, and a disposition to submit cheerfully to legitimate authority; and for these qualities, combined with knowledge and a proper religious training, can alone render the accomplished scholar a useful member of society, and enable him to fulfill properly his destiny as a reasonable being created for a life of everlasting happiness.

But to develop those qualities, which, though natural to man, are still too often but imperfectly brought out, on account of the restraint necessarily imposed upon the selfish propensities, a careful, constant and judicious training is indispensable.

This training we call discipline, and it essentially consists in a watchful guardianship over the growing man by those who, in a spirit of gentle firmness, check the impetuosity of the yet untrained temper, incite the lagging to exertion, and, in a word, by practical lessons, teach those under training the superior advantages of order, self-control and a dignified obedience to authority.

We need not stop to demonstrate the utility—nay, the necessity—of such discipline. We have but to glance over the records of crime and trace back the history of the criminals to be fully convinced that early discipline is necessary; for in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it will be found that those who by their crimes have become a terror and a curse to society are persons whose early training in this particular was unfortunately neglected.

Some, it is true, who received careful attention in this regard while young, have been found in the ranks of crime, and others who were neglected afterwards became good and useful citizens; but these cases are exceptions, in both instances, and due, undoubtedly, to peculiar circumstances, or to some extraordinarily evil or virtuous impulse of individual disposition. The rule is: as the youth is trained, so will the man be.

It is, no doubt, irksome, and often painful, to be checked in an outburst of youthful independence and obliged to control those impulses which would lead us to act contrary to good order and our own real interests, but a little reflection will show us that it is better for ourselves that it should be so; for unless we have acquired a habit of self-control we cannot hope ever to exercise much influence in society, and a habit of this nature cannot be acquired without doing violence to the selfish part of our nature.

We hope that all young men who read this, especially our students, will see the advantages of good discipline, and instead of feeling angered and spiteful when corrected for a fault, rather thank those who administer the correction. Their future usefulness and respectability depend, in a great measure, upon it.

Notes by the Way.

The Minims are now enjoying their new play-hall.

Quite an improvement has already been made in front of the Novitiate, and still the work goes on.

Elocution is appreciated by the students, and the classes are largely attended.

"St. Edward's Day" is now the topic of conversation and all look forward to it with pleasure as a day of jubilee.

We are glad to see that our students have succeeded in brushing off the rust contracted during vacation, and are in excellent working order.

Bro. Albert has been appointed prefect in the Senior Department. He is to continue teaching, however, in connection with his new office.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for August and September. It contains much information highly valuable to those directly engaged in agriculture, and interesting to all.

One evening last week the Professor of Elocution gave a reading in the Seniors' study-hall which deservedly elicited great applause from those who had the pleasure of being present. We hope the Professor will give us another such treat before he goes.

The Library Movement.—The movement set on foot by the Rev. President of the University to institute a circulating library from which all might obtain reading matter to pass away their leisure hours is being well received by the students. All feel, to a greater or less extent, the need of a library of this sort, and the liberal proposition made by the Rev. President cannot fail to give strength to the movement.

Personal.

Rev. Father Spillard paid us a little visit last week. We were happy to see him looking so well.

Mr. Schneider has been appointed to teach Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German, at New Orleans, La.

Rev. Father Future paid us a short visit this week. He is looking well, and is as witty and interesting as ever.
THE SCHOLASTIC.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

OCTOBER 4, 1872.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


J. F. Edwards, Secretary.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—Director of Studies.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4.

PREPARATORY COURSE—SENIOR DEPARTMENT


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


Arrivals.

Physicmon Lilly, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Arthur E. Voorhees, State Line, Indiana.
Nathaniel J. Mooney, Amboy, Illinois.
Patrick J. Byrne, Chapins Creek, Kansas.
Louis Busch, Chicago, Illinois.
Wallace J. Converse, Chicago, Illinois.
Frank McKelian, Wabash, Indiana.
John S. McNally, Buchanan, Michigan.
John O’Connor, Niles, Michigan.
James Dunne, Niles, Michigan.
John Daly, Niles, Michigan.
Peter Daly, Niles, Michigan.
J. Lavelle, Niles, Michigan.
Louis Scalla, Niles, Michigan.
George McColum, Muskegon, Michigan.
John Nelson, South Bend, Indiana.
William McGuirk, Niles, Michigan.
Henry Egledrum, New Lowell, Indiana.
William Haney, Sorinsville, Indiana.

The sun has shown his face several times during the past week, to indicate that an “Indian summer” may intervene between now and winter.
Society Reports.

ST. EDWARD’S LITERARY.

The St. Edward’s Literary Association has again reorganized, and all its members confidently trust that they will be able to sustain that good reputation which it has ever held at Notre Dame.

The officers for the ensuing session are as follows:

President—Rev. A. Lemonnier.

Vice President—J. D. McCormack.

Corresponding Secretary—T. L. Watson.

Recording Secretary—W. J. Clarke.

Treasurer—J. E. Hogan.

Librarian—T. J. Murphy.

Assistant Librarian—D. J. Hogan.

First Censor—J. W. McAllister.

Second Censor—C. H. Donnelly.

The following gentlemen have been elected members of the association since the reorganization, viz.: Messrs. J. D. Hogan, D. J. Hogan, C. Walters, and J. E. Kelly.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. J. Rourke, an old member of the association.

T. L. Watson, Cor. Sec.

Twenty-Ninth Annual Festival of Saint Edward at Notre Dame.

Patronal Feast of Very Rev. E. Sorin, C.S.C.,
Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame University.

Saturday Evening, October 12, 1872.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Entrance March, University Band.

Music—Quatuor (Konzel), University Quartet.

Latin Address, M. M. Poote.


Address from the Senior Department, R. Staxey.

Music—Quatuor—(Konzel), University Quartet.

Address from the Junior Department, L. Hibben.

Chorus—(From William Tell), Vocal Class.

German Address, J. Eisenman.

Music—Quatuor—(Konzel), University Quartet.

Address from the Minin Department, H. Faxon.

Music—Quatuor—(Konzel), University Quartet.

Address from the Faculty, Prof. Howard.

PART SECOND.

'TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJUROR.

By the Thespians.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Peter, Czar of Muscovy, T. Watson.

Admiral Varsoff, J. Eisenman.

Baron Van Clump, D. Maloney.

Count de Marseille, C. Dodge.

Van Dunder, H. Walker.

Peter Stainslitz, C. Berdel.

Van Block, R. E. Boyle.

Hans—Van Dunder's Nephew, W. Clarke.

Officer, W. Dodge.

Waiters, Workmen, Guards, et al.

Music, University Band.

AFTER PIECE.

LEFT THE STAGE.

A COMIC DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

By the Thespians.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Messes. T. L. Watson, C. Berdel, and M. M. Foote.

Music—Quatuor—(Konzel), University Quartet.

Closing Remarks, Very Rev. Father General.

Music—March, University Band.

Salmagundi.

The vintage is over.

STEAM is in season and on hand.

The demand is—"more foot-balls."

Now is the time for good long walks.

MATCHLESS MISERY—Want of a cigar-light.

FLOORING rooms is said to be very slow work.

Senator Trumbull spoke in town last week.

The classes in Natural Science have commenced.

All the students take plenty of physical exercise.

Boats, etc., are in constant use on recreation days.

An inquiring Junior inquired: "Who is that Sall. Magundy?"

The Studio is elegantly fitted up; it shows great taste and order.

The road from the Scholasticate to the College is to be improved.

The St. Cecilians are having their society-room thoroughly renovated.

Somebody wants to know who this Mr. Anonymous is that writes so much.

We hear a great deal about "bad" colds; who ever heard of a good one?

We had one very hot day last week. The Almanac man must have made a mistake.

"No one should presume to wear a diamond pin who is not versed in Oriental languages."

One who knows says that petty annoyances are like rubbing a cat's fur the wrong way.

The Minims and Juniors are evidently "warm-blooded," as they do not seem to mind the cold.

One of the students kicked the foot-ball over the exhibition hall, clear of the ridge—a good kick.

"When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it."

The leaves on some of the trees heretofore have assumed a yellowish tint and commenced to fall.

The right way to retain a privilege is to abuse it, (?) for then you will be sure to get another when you ask it.
Obituary.

It becomes our painful duty to record this week the death of MOTHER M. OF ST. EUSEBIUS, who departed this life, on the 9th inst., at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

Mother Eusebia had been Directress of Studies in St. Mary's Academy for several years, and the high state of perfection to which she had brought the studies of that excellent institution testifies to her superior ability as an organizer of classes, while the solid scholarship of the graduates who have gone forth from St. Mary's each year since her appointment is an unmistakable guarantee of her learning and of her talent for teaching; for, it should be remarked, apart from the onerous duties of General Directress of Studies, she had for years taught the higher branches of study in the Academy, and given the final master touch to the education of its graduates.

By the death of Mother Eusebia, St. Mary's has lost a talented, accomplished, and noble Sister, and education has been deprived of an energetic and able promoter.

We sympathize with the good Sisters of the Holy Cross in the grief which they must all feel at the great affliction to which they have been subjected, and we sincerely regret the serious loss which education has sustained in the death of one so highly gifted. Yet the will of God must be done, and in our sorrow we can only say: "She did her work nobly on earth,—may her reward be exceeding great in heaven."

Feast of St. Maurice, Yonkers, Sept. 22, 1892.

Very Rev. A. Granger:

Dear Father and Friend: I write to make a request of you which is most sorrowful, and yet has its own proper joy in the pious dispositions that prompt it: My child—my dear son Maurice—wishes me to beg of you the privilege that he may die at Notre Dame.

The physician who has attended him almost throughout his sickness has pronounced his life near its close; and ardently desiring to prepare himself with all fervor for the great change that awaits him, he wishes, while his strength is sufficient, to return to the spot where his early piety was strengthened during some happy years of his boyhood, and there yield up his innocent life to the God who gave it. At home, where every physical comfort and most tender, domestic intercourse surrounds him, he cannot find that spiritual atmosphere so characteristic of Notre Dame, and for which he longs in the path his feet must tread.

His affectionate heart, it is true, clings to these dear members of his family circle, but, as he said to me a few days ago with tears dropping from his eyes, "the parting will be bitter, for if I leave them I shall go knowing I have looked my last; but, after all, it will be only anticipating death which will in a few weeks later tear me from them. And oh, I cannot die here, where though I can go to the Sacraments, I shall not have the daily and hourly comforts of religion that I need. And perhaps God will accept the sacrifice since I make it for my soul."

Will you accede to his request, and receive him into the infirmary or elsewhere where the sisters and the priests may prepare him for his last end? I will watch with him at night, for while God leaves him to me I will never leave him. He needs no medic and I will, of course, pay our expenses. Please mention what they will probably be. Direct to me, care of J. D. Bradford, Yonkers, N. Y.

Hoping that your answer may be speedy and favorable, I remain,

Truly and respectfully,

Valeria S. Williams.

[The request was of course granted immediately.]

Never Tempt a Man.

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of Intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed its sway, and he reflected, seriously:

"How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be chief of the noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? Ay—I will drink no more!"

And he solemnly resolved that, henceforth, he would drink nothing stronger than water. Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way, to stop and dine with the governor.

John, the governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board, occurred a scene which we will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day, the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is very fine. Will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me. "'John,' said he, 'you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! If I should taste your beer, I should never stop till I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again, while you live, tempt a man to break a good resolution.'"

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Democritus could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chief in awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yankee, in Norwich. Recently I visited the grave of the old chief and there above his moldering remains, repeated to myself the inestimable lesson.

Epitaph for a Musician—Here lies a finished artist.
From Abroad.

ST. ANGELA'S ACADEMY, MORRIS, ILLINOIS.

The young ladies of the above institution had a gala time on the 4th of October. It being the annual commemoration of the great saint after whom the superior is named, interesting exercises, consisting of an original drama arranged for the occasion, addresses in English and German, the presentation of some valuable pieces of philosophical apparatus, with greeting and special present from the graduating class, occupied part of the afternoon. In music, the easy rendering of difficult pieces such as the fantasie "Cromatique et Fugue en Ré Mineur," by J. S. Bach, and Schubert's "Erle King," transcribed by F. Liszt, evinced the high order of talent and culture to be found at St. Angela's, which, when joined to the elegant, graceful appearance of the young ladies as they performed their different parts in the tastefully festooned hall, produced a very favorable impression on the invited guests. The happy day wound up with a fancy dress ball, and so bright and blissful was that fair hall to the light-hearted occupants that the spirit of Saint Francis might have entered—brought in a delicious lunch, and ordered all to the fairy land.

SPECTATOR.

Advertise in The Scholastic.

We have concluded to take a limited number of choice advertisements this year, should our business friends conclude to patronize us in this department.

This arrangement, however, will not interfere with the reading matter, as we propose printing the advertisements on a separate sheet, to serve as a cover to the present SCHOLASTIC. This will be done as soon as a sufficient number of advertisements are secured.

ADVERTISING RATES:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>1 column</th>
<th>3 columns</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 page</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>$30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 column</td>
<td>$5</td>
<td>$15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 columns</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>$30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Advertisements for a shorter time than one year, at proportionate rates. Address EDWARD SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred students. Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

W. H. WATSON, President.

For further particulars, address REV. A. LEMONNIER, O.S.C., President.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

AGENTS may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by addressing WOOD'S LITERARY AND ART AGENCY, Newburgh, New York.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEAVE</th>
<th>ARRIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Express,</td>
<td>9:25 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>via Main Line</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Express, via</td>
<td>9:15 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson ville, Ill., and Louisi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ana, Mo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Night</td>
<td>6:10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Express, via Main Line</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis and Springfield Lightning</td>
<td>7:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Express, via Main Line, and</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>also via Jackson ville Division</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.</td>
<td>7:20 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Except Sunday. + On Sunday runs to Springfield only. + Except Saturday. 1 July y. § Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Fullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago. Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO. CHICAGO.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9:00 p.m. Arrives at New York 11:30 a.m.

2nd train " 5:15 p.m. " 6:45 a.m.

3rd train " 9:00 p.m. " 11:30 a.m.

Connections at Catskill with trains North and South, and at Mannsville with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. MCCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

H. W. GWENIN, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.

P. H. MYRICK, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Pittsburgh. Second day.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

| LEAVE SOUTH BEND | GOING EAST |
| 30 a.m. | 4:25 a.m. |
| 12:35 p.m. | 4:25 a.m. |
| 3:15 p.m. | 4:25 a.m. |
| 5:25 a.m. | 4:25 a.m. |
| 6:35 a.m. | 4:25 a.m. |
| 8:00 p.m. | 6:00 a.m. |

GOING WEST.

| LEAVE SOUTH BEND | GOING WEST |
| 4:30 p.m. | 9:00 p.m. |
| 3:30 p.m. | 9:00 p.m. |
| 4:20 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. |
| 5:00 p.m. | 10:30 p.m. |
| 6:30 a.m. | 10:00 p.m. |

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. H. FAINE, General Superintendent, Cleveland.

J. W. CAHAY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. J. MILLER, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

J. M. TOLCHARD, Freight Agent, South Bend.

NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

Gorge, 5:30 a.m.; 8:00 a.m.; 3:00 p.m.

Freight, 6:30 a.m.; 8:00 a.m.

General, 5:30 a.m.; 8:00 a.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 9:00 a.m.

Freight, 1:00 a.m.; 4:00 a.m.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

To Joliet, 8:00 a.m.; 4:15 p.m.

To Chicago, 8:30 a.m.; 4:45 p.m.

To St. Louis, 4:00 p.m.; 9:30 p.m.

To Kansas City, 4:00 p.m.; 9:30 p.m.