Faith.

BY DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

In Autumn, when the sheaves are down
And russet coats are lying low
Under the bows whose leaves are brown
And shaken by the midnight blow;
When evening clouds are tinted more
Than during August's harvest reign,
And robins southward turn and soar
To warmer climes and nests again;
Then wild auroras deck the skies
And star-lit depths with luminous mist,
And spiral jets of flame uprise
To skip and wanton, zenith-kissed,
Flashing upon the path of night
A rainbow beam of beauty rare.
As though a ray of heaven's own light
Had pierced the azure veil up there.

So often when the storm-clouds roll
Towards us, and dire despair
And darkness fill the drooping soul,
Too weak for tears, too worn for prayer,
A golden gleam of tender faith
Comes quivering up the spirit-sky,
As 'twere the dear-remembered wraith
Of one for whom we fondly sigh,
To tell us of a silent power
Beyond mere mortal, surface scan,
That guides the universe each hour
And dries the cheek with weeping wan.
What were the world without that breath
That to the weary soul belongs?
A waste of barren life and death
Unsoothed by seraph smiles and songs,

Hannah More.

Among the miscellaneous writers of the period in which she lived, few, if any, deserve a more honorable place than the subject of this sketch. Indeed, the truth of this may be plainly seen from the fact that a man of such taste and judgment as Professor Horne, in his treatise on "English Literature," places her at the head of the school of miscellaneous prose writers, as he does Cowper at the head of the poets, and Sheridan at that of the dramatists. "She was a bright star," he says, "in the firmament of letters of that time"; and the same author adds that, "of all writers of her day, of either sex, none exerted by their writings a purer influence; and she is entitled to lasting remembrance for the services which she rendered in improving and elevating the standard of private morals. She was pre-eminently the moralist of her generation." Nor do I think that she merits less praise for the ardor and assiduity with which she devoted her whole life to the education and instruction of youth. Even those that have not been engaged in teaching have some idea of the drudgery of a class-room; and it was especially in the time of Hannah More that a kind of heroism and self-will was needed in order to apply with devotion and energy to a life-task, irksome in the extreme.

Miss Hannah More, or as she was usually in later years called, Mrs. More (although she was never married), was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1740. At an early age, however, her father took up his abode at Bristol, where, while yet in her teens, she opened a day school. She was scarcely eighteen when she made her first attempt as an authoress. Her first production was a pastoral drama, which was one of her first productions, was
published. This volume, which included a prologue to Hamlet, was published in Bristol, and in a few months the drama passed through three editions.

The success which attended the "Inflexible Captive," together with her most popular tragedy, "Percy," which was continued during several consecutive nights, would have induced many to persevere in a course likely to lead to distinction. Having applied herself to another kind of composition, in which she was not less successful than in the drama, she published her two legendary poems, "Sir Ered of the Bower," and the "Bleeding Rock," which were so favorably received that two thousand copies were disposed of in a few weeks. Nor was another small volume received with less public approbation. The "Essay for Young Ladies," however, was rejected, from the compilation made by the authoress herself, on the ground that the "Treatise on Female Education" was a better work, and would answer the same purpose.

In the year following, 1782, Hannah More published a collection of "Sacred Drama," which are truly worthy of commendation. To this volume was added one sufficient of itself to immortalize her name. I refer to the poem entitled "Sensibility," and which was addressed to Mrs. Boscawan, a widow lady, with whom Miss More had been long acquainted. This poetical epistle is really a master-piece. Instead of casting fiery darts at the characters of her contemporaries, or abusing them with faint praise and affected friendship, the authoress enumerates the living ornaments of the literary sphere, and touches the distinctive excellencies of each, without flattering or overcharging the piece, so as to make it doubtful whether the writer was joking or in earnest. Four years later on, Miss More's prolific pen produced two other poems, or rather two satires, which were well worthy of her. "Florio, a Tale," is an admirable satire, but not an ill-natured one; it is on the frivolity of the young gentlemen of that time. "Bas Bleu, or the Conversation," takes its title and subject from literary meetings held in a house in Portman Square. "The Blue Stocking Club" takes its name from one of the members of the club, conspicuous for always wearing such an article of dress. These were soon followed by "A Poem on the Slave Trade." We are not surprised to see her take up a subject which occupied the minds of everybody possessing a spark of philanthropy at that time. Miss More could not remain silent on the nefarious traffic of African slaves, which was no less conduciive to immorality than repugnant to the spirit and precepts of Christianity.

About this time, Miss More began to perceive that societies, zealous societies (?)—the French Revolutionary plan being their standard—began to circulate among the lower classes publications of a mischievous tendency; and it was with a view of counteracting this evil that she wrote a tract, entitled "Village Politics in a Dialogue Between Two Mechanics," which was so favorably received that the author was induced to continue her labors for the instruction of those who were in danger of being deceived by the propagators of sedition and infidelity. "The Cheap Repository," which was published in monthly numbers, and contained such edifying tales as "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "The History of Mr. Fantom the Philosopher and his Man Wilson," "The Two Shoemakers," "The Two Wealthy Farmers," "The History of Black Giles the Painter and his wife Rachael," "All for the Best," "A Cure for Melancholy," and many others, well written, and well calculated to make a lasting and salutary impression on their readers, met with such a favorable reception that in a few months were sold over seven hundred thousand copies; and before a year the sale had reached the enormous sum of one million.

In 1791, Miss More, with her sisters, retired to Bath, where they purchased a cot, and there took up their abode in a private residence, where they might live away from noise and bustle. It was during this time that she wrote her work on "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education." This work was severely criticized; and the authoress was even accused of leaning towards Calvinism. About this time she was asked to pen her sentiments on the proper course of instruction to be adopted for the infant heiress of the British throne. To this she reluctantly acquiesced; and in 1805 published in two volumes the result of her personal observations, without however, giving any name, and under the unassuming title of "Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess." The work was dedicated to Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, to whom was given the tutorship of the princess Charlotte of Wales. Both in the dedication and the preface the author guards against manifesting that she had received any instruction for the composition of the treatise.

The success of Hannah More was not confined to those branches which we have mentioned. She was not less successful as a novelist. "Caelebs in Search of a Wife" was so favorably received that in one year six editions were called for. In this, her first attempt at novel-writing, her object was to exhibit the dispositions, the manners, attainments and principles which she deemed necessary to ensure domestic happiness. Two years later on she published two valuable works—"Practical Piety; or, the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life," and "Christian Morals"—which were intended as a last farewell to her friends and patrons and the public. But her withdrawal was only apparent; for in 1811 she again came forward with a most able production, "An Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul." From what I have before me concerning this work, I see that she judiciously avoids any reference to his writings, but merely exhibits in the person of the great Apostle of the Gentiles all the qualities of a Christian life; nor could she find on record a brighter example of human perfection for the edification and encouragement of the reader. One volume more will bring us to the end of her literary labors. Most of the "Modern Sketches," that go to make up this book, have hitherto appeared in the "Christian Observer"; but having received from the hand of our authoress a more lively form they seem as interesting as though we read them for the first time.

To close this sketch without giving an extract from her writings would leave it incomplete, although we can judge comparatively little of an author's ability from mere quotations. "They diligently," she says, "look out for the faults of others, but are rather lenient to their own. . . . They overlook essentials, and debate rather fiercely on a least doubtful points of doctrine; and form their judgments of the piety of others rather from the plausibility of their arguments than from their humility; they always exhibit in their conversation the idiom of a party, and are apt to suspect the sincerity of those whose higher breeding and more correct habits discover a better taste. . . . They make no allowance for the difference of education, habits and
The Dog.

"Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I said,
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.'" —Cowper.

Although "Sancho" and "Nep" might rightly deserve the praise of Cowper, I shall refrain from relating their most valorous deeds. Only the other day I was told that "Nep" caught a rat on the fly; and I have also seen "Nep" picking off burrs from "Sancho" with his teeth, all of which seems to us very curious facts when we come to think that they are the actions of mere animals. When "Bean," Cowper's favorite, swam into the river to get the water lily which he himself could not reach with his cane, Cowper stood stupefied, and there and then composed that beautiful poem, a verse of which I have placed at the head of this article.

When I resolved to write on the dog I had not so much in view the habits of that animal as their varieties, and the traits characteristic of them. The domestic dog, *canis familiaris*, is claimed by some to have had for a parent the wolf; by others, the fox is honored as being the progenitor of our canine friend and ally. Whoever their progenitors may have been, one thing is sure, namely: that all the various dogs which have been brought under the subjection of man are evidently members of one single species, capable of variation to an almost unlimited extent.

Let us then consider some of the most useful and interesting varieties. We can hardly conceive of an animal which is better formed for speed and endurance than a well-bred greyhound. The greyhound is used in running down the hare, in which act are exhibited his grace, swiftness, and endurance. It may not be out of place here to remark that the greyhound cannot hunt by scent. His narrow head and sharp nose, however useful they may prove to the animal in cutting the air on his swift course, prevent the nasal nerves from fully developing themselves, thus rendering the sense of smell very imperfect—a circumstance noted in many other animals.

The large and handsome animal, which from its native country is called the Newfoundland dog, is a member of the spaniel group, which is characterized as being possessed of great mental powers, and therefore capable of almost any degree of instruction. One of the leading traits of this animal is its self-possessing dignity. Who has not witnessed its noble gait and bearing? Who has not laughed at the tricks played on this noble animal by some mischievous, forward puppy, who received for its presumptive liberty a look of calm contempt, or, when having carried its pranks too far, received a quaint punishment for its insolence? I will not here repeat the oft-told story of the big dog dropping its insolent little tormentor into the water, and then rescuing it from drowning. But sometimes, as in the case related by Rev. J. G. Wood, the little tormentor has to pay for his annoyances by death. The case referred to is with regard to a dog which, being provoked beyond all endurance by continued annoyance, took up its little tormentor in its mouth, swam well out of the way, and then rescuing it from drowning, left its tormentor to drown. But a more curious example of canine sagacity is told us by the same author. "One of these dogs," says he, "was one day attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and, after the manner of bull-dog's 'pinned' him by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and spying a pailful of boiling tar, he bolted towards it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the pail. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run, bearing with it a scalding memento of the occasion."

Lately, a dog called the pomeranian, fox-dog, or, commonly known as the "loup-loup," has come into great demand as a house-dog and companion. This dog is entirely useless for anything more than a mere companion; but it is very intelligent. It has long white fur, and a bushy tail, and assumes a very distinguished appearance, of which the animal, judging from its actions, is not ignorant. The color varies from cream to black; but those in greatest favor are the pure white. The spaniel variety of dogs may be classed under two general heads, namely: sporting and toy spaniels, the former used by sportsmen, and the latter as simple companions. The field-spaniel is noted for its
intense love for hunting, and the readiness and intelligence with which it executes its master's wishes. Two varieties of field-spaniels are known by the names of "Springer" and "Cocker," the former being used for heavy work and the latter simply to hunt woodcocks. When the spaniel is at work, it swings its tail from side to side, a movement affording considerable pleasure to the huntsman witnessing it.

The most celebrated, but extremely rare, "toy" dog, is the little Maltese. It is far the prettiest and most lovable pet-dog known. The hair of this dwarf dog is so long that when he is in rapid motion his shape is altogether lost. One exceeding barely three pounds in weight is the little Maltese. It is by far the prettiest and most intense love for hunting, and the readiness and intelligence that when he is in rapid motion his shape is altogether lost. One exceeding barely three pounds in weight is the little Maltese. It is by far the prettiest and most intense love for hunting, and the readiness and intelligence.

In the "good old boot-blacks" to help them in increasing the number of and "Cocher," the former being used for heavy work and the latter for light work. The most intelligent. The most wonderful stories are told of the boot-black is stationed on one side of a bridge across the Seine, and the little pooodle on the other. As the passers-by move over the bridge, the little rogue runs up to them, and with its forepaws bedaubus their boots or shoes with mud; and when its supply of mud is exhausted, it will run down to the edge of the river and take up a new one. The Mexican lapdog is the smallest of the dog family; so small that a stuffed specimen in the British museum is invariably taken for one of those toy-dogs which sit upon a pair of bellows, and when pressed gives forth a nondescript sound, intended for the legitimate canine bark.

We come now to the more useful varieties cf the dog family, placing the bloodhound at the head of the list. This magnificent animal is now rather scarce, as its use has become entirely unnecessary. In the "good old times" it was used by detectives for the purpose of tracking and securing robbers; for if the animal were once put on their track he would follow it up with unerring precision, and distinguish it by its scent from among a hundred others. But two things could baffle the bloodhound when on such an errand, and they were water and blood. The bloodhound is so irascible in temper that even its masters sometimes dare not approach when it has captured its prey. The color of a genuine bloodhound should be either a black-and-tan, or deep fawn; no white should be found except on the tip of the tail.

The pointer is built on a light model, with a sufficiently wide muzzle to permit the development of the olfactory nerves, and with limbs so light and wiry that it can almost equal the greyhound in point of swiftness. The pointer is chiefly used in bird-hunting; when the sportsman enters a field with two pointers, a motion of the hand is sufficient to send one to the right and the other to the left. When either of them scents a bird, he stops suddenly, arresting even his foot as if it were raised in the air, thrusts forward his head, his body and limbs becoming fixed, and his tail stretched out straight behind him. This position is called a "point," from which they have received their name, "Pointers." So well trained are these dogs, that if one points the other will remain so quiet as to avoid raising more game than the sportsman can presently shoot. The most useful dog to the farmer is the faithful shepherd dog. Being constantly exposed to the weather, it needs the protection of a very thick and closely-set fur. Its feet are very strongly built. The muzzle is pointed; but their eyes are large, bright, and very intelligent. As a rule, it cares very little for petting, except from its master. We have seen, with astonishment, how this dog will manage a whole herd of cattle or sheep; a word is sufficient to have him start off on a new mission. When the crossroads this dog appears to its greatest advantage. What six men could not do there, he accomplishes alone; told by his master, he will take his station, and will prevent any animal from taking any but the road desired. The bull-dog is, with the exception of the game-cock, the most courageous animal in the world. The best qualities ever attributed to a bull-dog are dullness and bruitishness; and, in fact, men could hardly think that this animal possessed any other qualities. This opinion I shared until quite recently, when an opportunity was given me to observe the habits of one of these dogs, and a better dog I never saw. He was gentle almost to a fault, never taking offence; he was docile, obedient, and wonderfully intelligent. His master had not only taught him the ordinary trick of sitting up and presenting the paw, but he had trained him to hold up a lighted pipe or cigar in his mouth, which no one dared take away till smoked. The nearest punishment that his master could inflict upon him was to beat him with a straw—a punishment he felt so keenly that it could only be resorted to for a very grave offence. The shape of this remarkable animal is worthy of notice. The fore-quarters are particularly strong, massive, and muscular; the chest, wide and roomy; and the neck singularly powerful. The hind-quarters, however, are so feeble, that we would be led to imagine these parts to be those of two different animals.

I shall now speak of a dog that is well known for his singularly mild and placid temper, one whose special delight seems to be to protect the weak, whether they be men or animals. This variety of dogs, called mastiffs, is especially characterized by their most determined courage, and by their great gentleness, two qualities which make them the best watch-dogs, in which capacity they are very apt to fail, by either manifesting a too great zeal for protection, or too much neglect on account of gentleness. The mastiff is, as it were, a combination of the bloodhound and the bull-dog. The upper lip is pendent like that of the bloodhound, but possesses the hoary muscular development of the bull-dog.

Lastly, I come to speak of one more, and the most common variety of the dog family; it is the terrier, with all its numerous variations of crossed and mongrel breeds. Four genuine breeds are generally recognized, namely, the English and Scotch, the skye and the little toy-terriers. The English terrier possesses a smooth coat of hair, a tapering muzzle, a high forehead, a bright intelligent eye, and a strong muscular jaw. As its instincts lead it to dig in the ground, its shoulders and forelegs are well developed; and so well does it know how to use these latter, that it can make a deep burrow in a very short time. The animal is not particularly large, generally not weighing much more than ten pounds. The color of the English terrier is generally black or tan. The richness of color indicates the animal's
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Hans Köhler, the once famous bass singer, is dead.

—Our Sullivan has finished his cantata "The Martyr of Antioch."—

—Chicago's Academy of Music was destroyed by fire last week.

—A new opera, "Le Molte Romaine," by Sig. Burigo di Villalflorita, has been produced at Adria.

—Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Whittier, and Browning have each passed three-score years and ten.

—It is reported that Von Balow is about to lose an arm by amputation. Some disease makes the operation a necessity.

—Max Bruch's cantata, "Das Lied der Gloke," was given at the Detroit Musical Festival for the first time in America.

—Detaille's latest picture in oil—a military review—was painted for Mr. John T. Martin, of Brooklyn, as a pendant for one executed last year for the same gentleman, representing a cavalry horse. The work is some four feet long.

—The Council of the Royal Institution have invited Mr. Turner, of the University of St. Petersburg, to deliver a course of five lectures on Russian literature next spring. His subjects will be Pushkin, Lermontof, Gogol, Turgéneff and N. Krassol.

—Mr. Richard Markham, who last year won a place among favorite writers for children by his book "Around the Yule Log," will contribute to this year's Christmas chaser a story called "Abroad the Mavis," in which the children of the former story make a cruise around Long Island.

—Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, the "Historical Works of Simeon of Durham" will soon be issued. The editor of the work will be Mr. Thomas Arnold, M.A., a son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and a convert to the Catholic Church.—Catholic Standard.

—A new departure in the way of publications of standard poems and familiar works is "The Parchment Library," which will have covers in limp parchment in antique style, and will be carefully printed on handsome paper. The volumes announced are Tennyson's "Princess" and "In Memoriam," "Selections from Shelley" and "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.

—The disagreements of Lord Bulwer-Lytton and his literary spouse are a matter of social history. It is claimed that the dowager Lady Lytton is the author of "A Blighted Life," recently published, in which her poet son, "Owen Meredith," or, politically speaking, the late Viceroy of India, is described as "a miserable hound," Sir Edward Lytton as "a loathsome brute," and Charles Dickens as "a foul blackguard."

—A quantity of articles of virtu from the recent great sale of the Denuitoff collection at San Donado, near Florence, is now displayed at the rooms of Shopfer & Co., New York. One article is a revolving table, depicting in rich mosaic the taking of Bouneaux by the Russians, the work of Gioacchino Barberi, signed by him, and dated 1833. The relics of Napoleon, of which there had so large a number, are here sampled by the writing-desk, dressing-table, and mirror that the banished Emperor used at Elba.

—The death of Offenbach, the composer, which occurred last week, has been bewailed in some papers with phrases that imply that the world has lost something which it could ill spare. This looks well in print; and there is nothing that gives a newspaper-man such an easily earned reputation for charity and good-heartedness as the impartial distribution of funeral wreaths. Offenbach should have died with the Empire, whose creature he was—an obscene fungus arising out of Napoleon III corruption. He piped lascivious airs that the people who made a burlesque of all virtuous airs that the people who made a burlesque of all virtuous

value. The nose and palate of the genuine terrier should be black, while a light tan patch should be found over each eye. The tail must be rather long and fine, and the legs as light as is consistent with its build. The Scotch terrier is very much like the skye terrier, except that in the former the hair is more woolly. They are as faithful and affectionate in disposition, and as brave as any of the dog breeds except that epimele of courage, the bull-dog. We have often laughed at a little terrier, weighing about ten pounds (Tuck), chasing a horse just as bravely and fiercely as a bull-dog, which circumstance very forcibly reminded us of the fly and the bull in Hog's fables.

Many more and most interesting facts might be told of the dog; but this was not my purpose in writing on the subject. I rather wished to treat of the differences in form and habits of this animal than relate anecdotes of him, for there are already many number of them told, which are as interesting as they are instructive.

A. M. K.
innocent amusement when they give Offenbach a place beside those who have made the world better while making it more cheerful.—Catholic Review.

Scientific Notes.

—Paper stoves are the latest development of German ingenuity.
—Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, is engaged on an important work on fishes, which will contain many illustrations.
—Dr. Hector, of the New Zealand Geological Survey, expresses his opinion that in Westland and Otago vast auriferous tracts remain as yet untouched.
—As Sir William Thompson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its light by combustion, would burn out in less than 6,000 years.

It is reported that 250,000 holes were bored in the execution of the St. Gothard Tunnell, 950,000 pounds of dynamite consumed, and 1,650,000 drills worn out.

—The reports of the British Inspectors of Mines for 1879 show that 1,037 lives were lost in the mines of the United Kingdom in that year against 483 in 1878; the number of persons employed in the mines was 533,587.
—Prof. Sayce, it is stated, intends to go to the East in the course of the next winter for archaeological investigations. Among other places he will visit Cyprus, Tarsus, and Damascus, where he will examine some private collections.
—Dr. J. Voorn, of the Hague, intends publishing a detailed bibliography of the sponges, and it is to be hoped that all authors of works or papers on this interesting group will send copies of their writings to him at 73 de Ruyter straat, Haag, Holland.

Analysis of the air at New Orleans, from September 9th, to November 24th, last year, during the prevalence of yellow fever, revealed a series of extraordinary variations in the amount of free and albuminoid ammonia to the million of cubic feet of atmosphere, and these corresponded very curiously with the progress and fluctuations of the epidemic. Thus, on September 9th, the analysis showed 129,35 grains of free, and 350,56 grains of albuminoid ammonia to each 1,000,000 cubic feet of air. Ten days after, the amount of albuminoid stood at the extraordinary figure of 400,75 grains; this was its highest point, and, with many fluctuations from day to day, it gradually declined, as the epidemic wore out its fury, until, on November 24th, the amount was only 47,25 grains. The curve of the free ammonia was less regular, but the decline has a general correspondence with that of albuminoid.

—Prof. Swift, Astronomer of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., discovered another large comet on the evening of October 10th. The fact was noted in the associated press dispatches, but some important and interesting details which could not be telegraphed are herewith given. The new celestial visitor is in the constellation of Pegasus, right ascension 21 hours, 30 minutes, declination north 17 degrees, 30 minutes. Its rate of motion is quite slow, being in a northwesterly direction, so that it is approaching the sun. It has a very strong condensation on the north 17 degrees, 30 minutes. Its rate of motion is quite slow, being in a northwesterly direction, so that it is approaching the sun. It has a very strong condensation on the north 17 degrees, 30 minutes.

—As Sir William Thompson has shown, the sun, if it were composed of solid coal and produced its light by combustion, would burn out in less than 6,000 years.

—Professor A. S. Zerbe, Ph. D., is one of those rare articles, not often met with, that are very instructive as well as entertaining, and that show that they come from a highly cultivated mind.

—The Hamilton School Magazine (published by the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.) has in its issue for November a short article on "The Schools of Germany," which gives some interesting facts and figures. History in the public schools of the Domion also receives attention, and the Kindergarten system is looked into with anything but praise as the result. Solutions to examination papers in the last number will prove interesting to those engaged with mathematicians and kindred sciences.

—The Catholic World for November has reached us. It is a very good and interesting number. The following are its contents: 1, "Decline of The Study of Metaphysics; 2, Alexis De Tocqueville; 3, Genesis of the Catholic Church; 4, Goethe's Declaration to Faust (Poem); 5, A Woman of Culture; 6, A Missing Page of Catholic American History; 7, The Bee At the Altar (Poem); 8, The Church under Elizabeth; 9, Nathaniel Hawthorne; 10, My Raid Into Mexico; 11, Public Education Before the Reformation; 12, Lake George, 1880 (Poem); 13, Sisyl Keith's Inheritance; 14, New Publications.

—Donohoe's Magazine is always a welcome visitor to our table. Mr. Donohoe keeps up his credit as a veteran journalist by his able management of the magazine. The eclectic method, the success of which is so well exemplified in Little's Living Age, gives Mr. Donohoe advantages of which he fails not to make good use. But, besides the selections, there are also original contributions. That on "The Irish Novelist," by the Rev. J. V. O'Conor, in the present number, contains much that is interesting. The style of writing is of a high order, and the amount of information thrown into a little space shows extensive reading and a philosophic mind. But it seems to us that some of Rev. F. O'Connor's conclusions are altogether too bold, if not unacceptable. Allowing their full meed of credit to the estimating Irish writers as the author of "The Collegians," the author of "The Luck of the Irishman," and the inimitably droll as well as poetical author of "Handy Andy," we cannot permit that another favorite of ours, Thackeray, be snubbed so unceremoniously without interference. We have not read Thackeray so close as to be able to enter into a discussion of the literary merit of his works, but we believe the writer in Donohoe's Magazine has yielded over much to silly prejudice and has him great injustice. Otherwise Rev. J. V. O'Connor's article is a good one, although rather a one-sided affair, (as the productions of some of our Irish newspaper contemporaries are wont to be, which causes a great drawback to the enjoyment of their many excellences). One-sided affairs, no matter how excellent they may be, are apt to cloy.

Exchanges.

—And lo! the Cornell Sun once more throweth its beams askant our western horizon. There is nearly a column of "Sun Strokes!" The beams of that Sun must be rather strong, judging from its effects.

—The American Art Journal is always a welcome visitor. It contains much interesting matter regarding art and artists. Messrs. Thomas and Delano have largely increased the size of the paper lately, and it keeps up its former high reputation in the art world.

—The College Mercury, Racine, has been enlarged, and, we are told, will retain its present form as long as it remains under its present management. The Mercury is edited with considerable ability, is light and gossipy—perhaps a tripe too light; but in this it no doubt seeks to adapt itself to popular favor, and to fill a want as a student's idle-hour paper.

—The Heidelberg Monthly Journal turns out to be, as we expected, a most welcome visitor. The essays are of a high order, and are written with evident care. The leader of the present number, "The Litorinus," by Prof. A. S. Zerbe, Ph. D., is one of those rare articles, not often met with, that are very instructive as well as entertaining, and that show that they come from a highly cultivated mind.
of intellect. The novelists' exercise this power almost without effort. Their stories appear to grow under their pen. There is no inforced genuine inspiration. The sentences of love are as clean cut and rhetorical as if he had polished them with unsleeping pains. Yet we know that he wrote with great rapidity, and that the printer went to the printer with scarcely a correction. Thackeray passed hours over a sentence, and then spoiled it in trying to improve it. The Irish novelists, on the other hand, enable one to rush into the thoughts, feelings, joys, and sorrows of the creations of their brains, and then let their characters fall into social blunders. In the description of human passions, the capabilities of human daring, the play of human passions, the capabilities of human daring, are depicted in the most agreeable respect. They were penetrated with a deep sense of the beauty of Irish character and scenery, and their tales breathe a Jason and Jocasta thought, a helplessness of the mind triumphed over the frail tenement of clay. We are inclined to think that the stories of the "O'Hara Family" would be colored with the dark tints of despair and woe. Compelling them to have been written by a man who would probably join issue with this particular exposition of his Excellency's views. A declaration of an objection to the new endowment is expected to remove the college, which the new endowment is expected to remove in a year or two.

Scene at a Geometry examination: Student: "The gentleman who is scribbling will leave the room." (Eighteen men rise suddenly from their seats with a sheepish expression of countenance.) Student: "Perhaps I should have said the gentleman who is not scribbling." —Amherst Student.

Scene in English History: A student who had failed to look at his lesson has tried to generalize on the personal character of Henry VIII. Professor: "What do you think, Mr. H., is not found in the lesson?" Student: "I was following your advice, professor, and read that between the lines." Professor: "Oh! well you can't read between the lines till you have read the lines."—Ez.

A Professor asked his Bible History Class: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a lioness of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? What's this?" Quick thought brought a little fellow innocently replied: "The jawbone of an ass, sir!"—The Jumbo.

DEAR FATHER:—I like college first rate, but it will be a couple of weeks before I can feather an oat just right. Tell mother to send me a double-soled pair of pants. I slid for third base on my best ones, and they looked like a campaign banner after a gale. It's lucky I practiced on your meerschaum before I came. It's a strong album they sell here. Affectionately your son, James Fresh.—New Haven Register.

Professor: "Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the zodiac the moon will appear next July?" Student: "I—ah—don't—think—I—a—can, sir." Professor (thinks he has been caught): "That's right; Cancer. You want to be prompt, though.

Professor: "Mr. M., what will the elevation of the moon be at that time?" Mr. H.: "High, sir." Professor: "Next?" Mr. H.: "Low." Professor: "Now do you think, Mr. P., P.? (who can't imagine any other position): "Jack, sir."—Brunonian.

CLASSES in Mental Philosophy. During the recitation a large dog enters the room and proceeds to make himself at home. At the request of the Professor, a burly Senior attempts to remove the canine. Dog objects. Among the scoffs and jeers the Professor did not fix on the comicality of the situation. The dog rose suddenly from his seat, and with a sheepish look at the Professor, said, "Silence for a moment, and then Professor remarks: "Ah! gentlemen, Mr. P. — seems to understand the post-torial argument very well."—Ez.

Lord Lorne, in his speech at St. Thomas, has implicitly given an inkling of his opinion concerning the comparative worth of the study of Classics: "Keep up a knowledge of your ancient language; for the exercise given to a man's powers of imagination, and the education given by the ability to express his thoughts in two languages is no mean advantage. I would gladly have given much of the time devoted in boyhood to acquiring Greek to the acquisition of Gaelic."—The New England Magazine.

"Donahoe's Magazine contains a fund of instruction and entertainment for all, and especially for readers of Irish birth or descent."—The Varisty.

To Dartmouth belongs the honor of having published the first college paper. It was issued in 1800.

Professor to student in Physics: "I will let you mention how a wave of light travels." Student: "It comes sort of a-screw-like quirkily."—Ez.

Oberlin College has secured donations to the amount of $150,000 toward an endowment of $350,000. There have been heavy annual deficits in the expenses of the college, which the new endowment is expected to remove in a year or two.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the fourteenth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—In our last issue we said that the Academia would be organized during the coming week; this, we are happy to say, has been done. A list of the members will be found in the local column. As yet there are but a few members, but we hope that ere long many more will have joined our ranks. The chief object of the Academia is to form a staff of contributors to the columns of this paper. Meetings will be held every fortnight, at which different literary topics will be discussed, and the interests of the Scholastic looked after. Last year no Academia was organized; we know not why, but we do know that in former years the Academia was one of the best conducted and most beneficial organizations in the University. Of course, only those capable of writing good articles for the Scholastic are eligible to membership. "We said before THAT anyone SCHOLASTIC would be entitled to membership. This shall still hold good, for in this way we are sure that we will have more members than if we were to make some other and perhaps harder conditio sine qua non. The Scholastic is the students' organ, and through its columns should we make known everything and anything which may be of general interest to all who have ever been connected with our Alma Mater. We are sure that the Academia of '80-'81 will not be behind that of any former year.

The retreat for the students, which commenced on Thursday, the 28th inst., terminated on Monday morning last, and not on Saturday evening, as we stated in our last issue. As we stated before, REV. FATHER LAUTH, OF SOUTH BEND, conducted the exercises of the retreat, and to the satisfaction of everyone. We are certain that all profited by what they heard and saw during those few days; and we are sure that the retreat of '80-'81 will prove a great blessing to many. It will not doubt be the means of effecting a radical change for the better in all, and for many it will prove to have been the real starting point of their lives. We have known many whose vocation was made known to them during a few days thus spent in prayer and recollection, who had vainly endeavored for years before to discover that important and vital knowledge.

Many may feel inclined to think that days spent in retreat—in prayer and union with God—are lost; that a retreat is unnecessary, useless. To such we have but to say: "Look at the business man. Does he go on from year to year without stopping for a moment to ascertain his commercial standing? Does he not devote certain days of the year to a careful examination of his books, in order to find out whether his business is to him a profit or a loss?" The necessity of such a course of action is obvious to everyone. Were the merchant to proceed blindly in his business transactions, paying little or no attention to them, by not retrenching all unnecessary expenses, he would in a short time find himself a bankrupt.

It is even thus in the spiritual order of affairs in our relations with God. We are all, or at least should be, engaged in the same business—that of securing a blissful eternity. Our principal business is that of saving our souls. In order that we may be successful in this respect, it is necessary that we should lay aside worldly cares for a while, in order that we may devote a few days to this important business exclusively. 'Tis for this reason that in Catholic Colleges, ever alive to our dearest interests, retreats are annually held. This year the retreat was well attended; and with very few exceptions, our Catholic students seemed to fully realize the importance of making it well. Such were they who did make it well; and its influence, always good, will be felt by them until the time for the next annual retreat will have arrived. Our non-Catholic students, of course, were not required to participate in the exercises of the retreat; their classes went on as usual. A change for the better is already discernible in many of the boys; esto perpetua!
apparently insignificant, ultimately brought about their ruin. We once heard tell of a man who held the pardon requested to make all possible speed to the jail of O, in which the condemned man was confined, and have him set at liberty. The officer started in haste on his errand of mercy, but wishing to see a friend of his who lived on the road to C, he said to himself: "I have but 7 miles to go, and two hours to do it; I'll just stop here for a few moments to see my friend." So saying, he dismounted, entered his friend's house, and was soon engaged in pleasant conversation. At length, however, he betook himself of his errand of mercy; but found that he had spent a much longer time at his friend's house than he had intended. He was soon in his saddle, spurring his horse onward with the energy of despair. The sequel is easily imagined. He reached the jail in time to—we wish we could say save—the doomed man hanged. This was the result of procrastination.

The result is often fatal, in an educational point of view, to the student. He begins by putting off his duties from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, etc.; and when his college career ends, he finds himself uneducated, unqualified to occupy any position of trust and responsibility. "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day" is a motto which should be engraved in indelible characters on the memories of all our students. When you have something to do, do it. If you can get a lesson this hour, why put it off till the next? Have a time set apart for everything, and do everything at the prescribed time.

By paying attention to these little things now you will form in yourselves habits of regularity and punctuality, which will remain with you when you have reached manhood's stage, and which will be the great open secret of your success through life.

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Judging from the great number of unprincipled men who move in society to day, vitiating it with their moral corruption, one would be led to suppose that the task of becoming a gentleman is a most burdensome, unpleasant, and impossible one. Judging from the immorality and licentiousness which pervades the mass of the people, and from the frequent and open commission of the most hideous crimes, one is led to believe that virtue has a mere nominal existence, or that it is something far above the reach of the majority of our people. Let us find, if we can, the cause of this sad state of affairs. On looking around us, and observing the actions of its constituents, we find that the condition of society to-day is really deplorable. Money—wealth—is the god of the people, and for its procurature and accumulation men will cast aside the very last principles of honor and honesty, and think it a mighty smart business transaction if they but succeed in creating their fellow-man out of a neat little fortune; caring not whether by this robbery—that's what it is—their fellow-man loses his constitution or not. That's only a secondary consideration; first become rich, no matter in what manner, and then you are at once looked upon as a gentleman. You will be surprised to see what a large host of friends (?) surround you; you must move in the best circles of society; your company is constantly sought after, and cultivated with a surprising degree of persistency. You can with impunity perpetrate deeds which from a poor man would be the personification of crime, but which in your case are mere eccentricities. You can say things which, were a poor man to utter them, would be condemned in unmeasured terms; but for you, they are words perfunctory—persiflage. Why is this the case? Simply because you are rich. A man of wealth nowadays is a man of power; no questions are asked as to how you came into possession of your wealth; it suffices to know that you are wealthy. This is precisely the reason why young men just starting in life are so zealous in the pursuit of wealth. In it they see immunity, and social influence. A young man may start out on life's journey with the best of intentions; with a desire to accumulate riches, which is in itself laudable; and with a firm resolution of becoming rich only by the employment of honest means. But he gradually loses sight of his good resolutions; and seeing others making more rapid strides than himself in this direction, and meeting perhaps with a few business reverses, which engender discouragement and despondency, he soon adopt means for the attainment of his object which are not honest.

What do we behold to-day in the political field of action? Do those seeking political preferments employ honest means for the purpose of obtaining government offices? Are they prompted by the same pure and disinterested motives that were the main spring of every action of our patriotic forefathers—the founders of our glorious and prosperous Republic? Is it not rather because most of these offices mean high salaries, and chances for appropriating to personal use the Government's money, that they are so eagerly sought after? We are sorry to be forced into the belief that this latter is the case. We see the most corrupt and fraudulent means employed by the candidates of all parties to secure their election. Men do not blush to tell you that they would never have been elected to office had they not bought so many votes. Men will not hesitate nor blush to tell you that they accepted so much money for their vote—their only sovereign possession, the sign and deed of their liberty. In view of these facts, we must conclude that the majority of our public men and private citizens have trampled every manly principle underfoot; and that society cannot but feel the evil effects of this almost general corruption. Nowdays we are but very little surprised to hear of a public official's embezzling thousands of dollars because of the frequency of the occurrence. We are not much surprised to read of the scandalous and immoral conduct of our high functionaries, and for the same reason. We have advanced so far in moral and intellectual progress as to look upon these actions as matters of course, concomitants of office. Such are the men to whom we are obliged to look for good example; such are they who are called gentlemen.

Gentlemen? what right or title have they to the name? Office? Office cannot, does not make the gentleman. Wealth? we know of wealthy men whose claim to the title of gentleman would be as proper as that of a dog to rationality. By what right, then, are these men termed gentlemen? By no right; but by a mistaken idea which many people have of that term. It is used too indiscriminately, too impartially. By gentleman is meant a man who is gentle, kind, courageous, and virtuous. Latterly these characteristics are attributed to a man of wealth, no matter what his character may be. Hence it is that we said at the beginning that it is almost impossible to be-
come a gentleman, in the true sense of the term; or, if not impossible, at least burdensome and troublesome, for men see that all that is necessary in order to secure the respect and esteem of the world is to be a man of allucence. 

Post nummos virtus—Money first, virtue afterwards—is an expression well suited to the present tendency of society. The almighty dollar is looked upon as the almighty god. The consequence is that we are to-day face to face with infidelity and socialism. The socialistic cry for the equalization of property is but the result of the money-making mania which has taken possession of the majority of mankind. Seeing the great wealth amassed by millions, and believing it impossible for themselves to become rich, and that money-making is the great and only object of life, the socialists cry: “Down with the rich! Equalize the riches of the world so that all may be fortune-holders or, we'll cause anarchy, confusion and revolution to take the place of wealth, order, and peace.

We believe that wealth, or at least that never-ceasing, constant endeavor for its acquisition, is the cause of society’s present state of corruption. It has been the spiritual ruin of more than one man. No wonder that the Inspired Book exclaims that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven. This is a severe expression; but the actions of the majority of rich men corroborate its truth. We do not mean to say that it is a crime to be rich—we do not mean to insinuate that the effort made to become rich is always criminal. Wealth is a blessing, if properly used—it comes from God. The ambition to become rich is laudable, provided it be kept within its proper limits. The great danger lies not so much in wealth as in its fraudulent acquisition, and the improper disposal of it when acquired. Many of us may be the sons of wealthy parents, and as a consequence a large share of their property—a fortune—may be left us. We, however, must be very careful not to allow what, if properly used, is a blessing to become a curse to us. We should accept it as coming from God lor the purpose of enabling us to do a great amount of good, such as helping those less fortunate than ourselves, by giving them freely of our store, and by giving liberal contributions for the erection, support and preservation of charitable institutions, etc.; then indeed will our riches prove to be one of the most powerful means of attaining life’s only great object—Heaven. If wealthy, as we said before, we will find a host of individuals claiming and appearing to be our friends; but if, by a sudden and unavoidable stroke of insufficiency, we become reduced to a state bordering on pauperism we shall soon be made aware of the fact that we are friendless—those who but a short time since flattered us with their attention, and almost killed us with kindness, will be seen deserting us one by one, until, like rats deserting a sinking ship, they have all left us.

To find out who are our sincere friends when we are rich, we have but to become poor. Should we, however, not meet with any reverses of fortune, we should, to assuage our true friends, be obliged to resort to a stratagem, similar to that employed by a man who, matrimonially inclined, and having several lady admirers, resolved to put their protestations of affection to the test. ‘Twas his birthday; and having previously let several of his relations and other friends into the stratagem, he prepared a grand banquet, to which all his friends were invited, his admirers being of the number. He resolved to reign death, and see what effect it would have on each one of the latter. Accordingly, when the convivial rejoicings were at their height, he suddenly threw up his hands and fell to the floor. This created considerable, though not very serious excitement, as all thought that it was a fainting spell. He was removed to his chamber by those friends with whom he had previously arranged matters, and who, soon returned, in an apparent state of great excitement, saying that he was dead. This news brought the day’s festivities to an end. All present expressed their sorrow at the sad and unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and then many took their departure for home. As for his lady admirers, they all took the matter very coolly and indifferently, save one. This one’s grief was inconsolable; she could not be consoled or comforted. The others, on the contrary, did not shed a tear, but soon took their departure for their respective homes. A few hours afterwards, they were surprised to hear that their friend had only been in a trance, and had entirely recovered, having in the mean time found out all that he had desired. The rest of the story can easily be imagined. There was a wedding shortly after, which some of the bridegroom’s former friends, for various reasons, did not attend. It is even thus with the majority of those friends, or rather parasites, whom wealth draws around us. They hang around us until our money is disposed of, and then it is that they appear in their true colors—the basest sycophants.

Wealth, then, being the generator of so many and so great evils, is to be used with the utmost caution by those possessing it, and not to be so persistently sought after by those who have it not. The great secret of contentment and happiness in this life lies in being contented with what we have, and making the best possible use of it. A man’s character is not to be established upon the dollars he may possess—for did he possess the riches of Creesus, it alone would not make him a gentleman—but upon his intrinsic worth, upon those traits of character which when combined make him a model man—a gentleman.

Obituary.

It is with reluctance that we call upon our pen to perform the sad task of chronicling the death of one of our little friends, Master J. McElvogue, of the Junior Department, who departed this life last Sunday morning, at 10 o’clock. His death was rather sudden, as he had been sick but two or three days, and then the nature of his sickness was not such as to give the least alarm to anybody. On Thursday evening he called on the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, stating that he was not feeling very well; and that he would like to go to the Infirmary that evening. His request was immediately complied with; and there was nothing to indicate that there was anything serious the matter with him, during his stay there, until last Sunday morning, when he suddenly took a spasm, which lasted but a few minutes. Every possible attention was given him; and he seemed to have recovered from its effects when a few minutes before ten o’clock he complained of a pain in the region of the heart, which terminated fatally in a very few minutes; not, however, before he received the last absolution. Master McElvogue was but fourteen years of age, and resided at Joliet, 111. This was his first year at Notre Dame, coming here last September. He was a most exemplary young boy in every respect, and
always gave complete satisfaction to his Professors and Prefects. He was indeed a child of bright promise, and would no doubt have made his mark in the world had not the Ruler of the Universe ordained otherwise. Like the pure white lily, he blossomed for a while, and then in the full bloom and fragrance of innocence, was plucked by the Almighty to bloom forever before His own bright Throne.

His relatives arrived here on Monday evening, and his obsequies took place the following day, "All Souls' Day," at ten o'clock. After the singing of the Libera, the procession was formed in front of the Church. Its order was as follows: acolyte, cross-bearer, acolyte; Society of the Guardian Angels, students of the Minim, Junior, and Senior Departments; Brothers of the Holy Cross, seminarians, clergy, celebrant and assistants, hearse and pall-bearers.

With slow and solemn step the procession moved to wards the College Cemetery, while the Benedictus was solemnly chanted by the clergy. The cemetery was soon reached, and in a few moments after were entombed the mortal remains of little Johnny McElvogue. After a prayer for the repose of his soul had been said, the students, with sad hearts, wended their way to the College. The deceased was a member of the Junior Archconfraternity; the resolutions of the society will appear in our next issue. The parents, and other relatives of the deceased, have the heartfelt sympathy of the Faculty and students in their bereavement.

Angels are chanting sweet welcomes of love
To dear little Johnny, with Jesus above;
Heaven hath called him while pure, undefiled.
Dry thy tears then, sad parents, 'tis well with thy child.

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Personal.

—All are well at Watertown.

—L. Haney, '73, is book-keeper for J. Rietz, Evansville, Ind.

—"Hai!" Hunt, '75, is clerk for Hunt & Co., Burlington, Iowa.

—G. W. Cox, '63, is practicing medicine at Denver, Colorado.

—Jack Walker, '63, or '64, is editor of the Inter-Ocean, Denver.

—F. Retigg (Commercial), '76, is living at Alimosa, Colorado.

—John O'Connell, '74, is in the banking business at Desmoines, Iowa.

—E. Davenport, '76, is with the firm of A. D. Morse & Co., Davenport, Iowa.


—J. Gillespie (Commercial), '74, is with Duncan & Co., Insurance Agents, Burlington, Iowa.

—Mr. Donnelly, of Michigan City, has been spending a few days with us. Mr. Donnelly is always welcome at Notre Dame.

—Bernard Kratzer (Commercial), '77, is now living at Silver Park, Custer Co., (State?) where he has gone for the benefit of his health.

—Rev. Father Carroll, of Chicago, who, we are happy to say, has entirely recovered from his late severe illness, was the guest of the Rev. Prefect of Discipline on Wednesday and Thursday.

—We glean the following from the Cleveland Catholic Universe in regard to James B. Gray, of '75-'76: At St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Akron, Ohio, October 7th, 1880, by Rev. T. P. Mahar, D. D.,—also celebrant of the nuptial Mass—James B. Gray, of Carroll, Iowa, and Miss Maggie E. Dolan, of Portland, Maine. Mr. Gray is a cousin to the Rev. gentleman who officiated. We wish the newly married all happiness.

—Our friend and classmate, Mr. J. G. Ewing, of Lancaster, O., (of the Class of '77) dropped in to see us last Saturday. John is the very picture of health. He reports all the old boys, whom he met, as doing well. He informs us that W. J. Clarke ('74), of Columbus, is about to be blessed by his boat to an accomplished young lady of that city. We shall be pleased to chronicle that happy event as soon as it takes place. John could not remain with us long, as he was obliged to be in Lancaster on Tuesday—election day. Come again, John, and make a longer visit.

—The following were among our visitors this week: Mrs. T. Byrne, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Kamm, Mishawaka, Ind.; The Misses Wagner and Miss Ebel, South Bend; Miss L. Schuler, Allegany, Mich.; Misses Dunn, Ewald, Tudor, Berrien Springs, W. H. Myer, Columbus, N. Y.; Miss O. Clark, Orleans, Ind.; Miss E. Bell, Rollins Prairie, Ind.; Misses L. Poorbaugh and Dickerman, Goshen; G. W. Lyon, H. Friedman, Mrs. Silverman, Chicago, III.; Mr. H. Coquillard and lady, Detroit, Mich., and Miss B. Coquillard, South Bend; Mr. F. Spencer and lady, Lawrence, Mich.; Miss Donnelly, Chicago; G. T., G. J. and Miss A. Howard, Mrs. E. F. Thompson, Edwardsburg, Mich.; Mrs. H. Pastles, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. S. Thall, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Selig, Washington, D. C.; J. G. Ham, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. Ackerman, Boston, Mass.; Miss Sarah Clark, Valparaiso, Ind.; James and Nellie Eberhart, and Miss H. Ward, Mishawaka, Ind.; John T. Taylor, Chesterton, Ind.; Miss M. Dean, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mr. Ralph S. Tarbell, of the Tribune Company, South Bend.

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Local Items.

—Well!

—Retreat over.

—"Wake up, Joe."

—Here we are again.

—Hurrah for Garfield!

—"Who cut that lasso?"

—Who has that sprinkler?

—"Professional handballist." Eh?

—Our friend John sports a new satchel.

—Our "Bloated Bond-Holder" rejoiceth.

—Our friend John has no ear for music.

—Bulletins were made out on Wednesday.

—Croquet is about played out for this season.

—Our press is in perfect running order again.

—Some of our democratic friends have the blues.

—Handball and lasso-whirling are all the go in the Juniors.

—"Tony" is the champion bycclist of the Minim Department.

—What doth it profit a man to go walking and lose his whole soul?

—Cannon rejoiceth: his uncle has been elected Senator from Illinois.

—"Mede" still wears that beautiful (?) Hancock and English badge.

—Messrs Clarke, Hagan and Bloom have our thanks for favors received.

—A scrub game of football was played in the Juniors with us long, as he was obliged to be in Lancaster on Tuesday—election day. We shall be pleased to chronicle that happy event as soon as it takes place. John could not remain with us long, as he was obliged to be in Lancaster on Tuesday—election day. Come again, John, and make a longer visit.

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---A grand Requiem and Dies Irae, for four voices, were sung by the Choir on Tuesday.

---And "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious" by the election of Garfield.

---Our friend John informs us that he has a stiff neck. We know that long ago, Johnny:

---President Haney has displaced Thursday, Nov. 25th, as a day of national thanksgiving.

---The "Solid South" won five cents on Wednesday afternoon. J. W. G was not disappointed.

---There was anything but an agreeable odor emanating from the gas-house last Saturday afternoon.

---In the Herald, printed in the Bohemian language, in New York city, is received by one of the Juniors.

---Missa de Angelis, which had been arranged in three parts, was passably-well rendered by the Choir on Monday last.

---Masters Guthrie, Gordon and Ewing were the head- servers on Monday and Tuesday, and Master C. Tinley, censor-bearer.

---The Sorin Missa de Requiem, on Tuesday, Rev. Father Grainger was celebrant; Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Condon being deacon and subdeacon.

---Our friend John threw his lasso around the pedal extremities of the wrong man last week; the consequence was that Bro. Polycarp had an extra job that same day.


---The annual meeting of the Editorial Board was held on the 3rd. Master F. Farrelly delivered a declamation. Songs were sung by H. Suen, D. O'Connor, J. Courtney, and T. V. Mourick. Master W. Hanavin, played an organ solo.

---They say that the "Justice," or rather the "Injustice," voted in three different States on Tuesday. He voted in Chicago at eight o'clock, in South Bend at two o'clock, and in Niles two hours later. The "Squire," and rage kneweth no bound; he swore "Revenge! Revenge!" is his cry.

---We found the following query, on entering our sanctum the other morning: "How can we always have just what we like?" By simply liking just what we have.

---Very Rev. Father General has the best thanks of the Minims for his festival cake. It is easier to imagine than to describe the delight of the small boys as the splendid eight-story pyramid made its appearance. Very Rev. Father General is indeed very kind to his Minims, and it is not surprising that such substantial tokens of affection on his part attach them to him.

---The following are the students of the Minimim department who have given the best duties since the beginning of the session.

---The first regular meeting of the Academia was held Wednesday, Nov. 3d, for the purpose of reorganization, and for the election of officers for the present session. The following is the result of the election: Director, Editor of the Scholastic: President, C. E. Droste, 59; J. S. Courtney, 55; and in the 2d Class for Arithmetic, W. F. Hanavin, 28; F. Fliesch, 28; W. M. Olds, 25; A. J. Van Mourick, 25; H. Meiss, 19; W. T. Bertieht, 15.

---He who steals my gold, steals trash—Shakespeare.

---But he who steals my apples from the valise of a friend, by means of lock-picking, ought to be thrashed.—Horticulturalist.

---And the thrashing should be done with a "hand-flail."—Ed.

---He who will try the experiment suggested will be able to describe what a thrashing feels like when done.—Burglar.

---A worthy citizen of the bond-holding persuasion (not 1000 miles from here) was on his way to the polls last Tuesday; and being invited to a seat in a passing vehicle, was asked by the driver what ticket he intended voting. He replied that he was a high premium bond, and prohibitive stiff man. The alternative was then offered him of a Democratic ride or a Republican walk; but he politely declined either, and returned homeward, saying that Garfield would be elected anyhow.

---During the spiritual retreat, just closed, several chapters from Father Muller's "Prodigal Son, Or, The Sinner's Return to God," were publicly read for the girls; and then, there has been a great demand for the book. The style is simple, and full of earnest tenderness, and the volume abounds in historical incidents and classical allusions. Those who desire a copy of this work can procure it from Fr. Pastei, No. 53 Barryce Street, New York.
We are happy to announce the arrival of Prof. Paul, of Chicago, at Notre Dame. Prof. Paul is a thorough musician, and will give a new and much needed impetus to the Musical department. He has called the members of the Band together on Wednesday afternoon; and after being introduced to them, gave them an idea of the course he intended to adopt as their leader. By request, the Professor played a selection on one of the pianos, which convinced all present that he is possessed of that difficult instrument. We welcome the Professor most warmly.

We noticed our friend, J. M. B., in quest of victims for lasso practice at a certain hour on Tuesday. He soon espied a large and ugly looking canine almost as homely as Scrooge—consigned through College Park. J. M. B. "laid" for him; and at the opportune moment let fly his lariat, which, true to its errand, encircled the canine's neck.

His half-uttered shout of triumph was cut short by an unexpected tug, pins, nails, old cinder, made a sudden jerk, which wrested the lariat from our friend's hand, and in a few moments was hid from view by the cloud of dust which the rapidity of its flight raised. B— is now a saddler, but wiser for his lesson.

— Vice-President Walsh, the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, and Bro. Leander, C. S. C., were present at the presentation for that prize which we offered last week to the person who would spell, the letters of the names of those who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.

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July 18, 1880. LOCAL AND THROUGH TIME TABLE. No. 19.

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<th>STATIONS</th>
<th>Going South</th>
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<tr>
<td>1:55 a.m.</td>
<td>LEAVE</td>
<td>ARRIVE</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>1:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Michigan City, 9:55 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>1:45 **</td>
<td>La Perce, 10:05 **</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:55 p.m.</td>
<td>1:16 **</td>
<td>Stillwell, 10:41 **</td>
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<td>11:24</td>
<td>10:46 **</td>
<td>Walkerton, 11:00 **</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:54</td>
<td>11:58 a.m.</td>
<td>Plymouth, 11:55 **</td>
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<td>9:58</td>
<td>11:14 **</td>
<td>Rochester, 12:17 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:55</td>
<td>10:23 **</td>
<td>Denver, 1:05 **</td>
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<td>9:09</td>
<td>10:54 **</td>
<td>Peru, 1:30 **</td>
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<td>8:59</td>
<td>Bunker Hill, 1:56 **</td>
<td>1:01 **</td>
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<td>8:52</td>
<td>Kokomo Junction, 3:24 **</td>
<td>1:12 **</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:54</td>
<td>8:14 **</td>
<td>Dayton, 3:16 **</td>
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<td>7:13</td>
<td>8:30 **</td>
<td>Noblesville, 4:00 **</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:49</td>
<td>7:50 **</td>
<td>Indianapolis, 5:00 **</td>
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