Our Staff.

G. E. Clarke '81.  F. W. Bloom '81.
F. H. Grever, '83.

Alone at Eve.

CHARLES SWAIN.

Alone at eve, when all is still—
   And memory, turns to other years,
How oft our weary hearts we fill
   With feelings dark and bitter tears:
The friendships of our youthful day—
   The hopes, which time could ne'er fulfill.
And voices, that have pass'd away.
   Return at eve—when all is still !—

When all is still except the breast
   That wakes to lone remember'd woe,
Of parted hopes, and hearts opprest;
There's ONE the broken heart can bind—
   Alone at eve—when all is still !

—Catholic Universe.

Argument of Mr. W. H. Arnold in the Debate
"Is the Legal Profession more Beneficial
than the Medical?" which took place in
University Hall, Nov. 18th.

We are called upon this evening to decide the question
"Is the Legal Profession more Beneficial than the Medi­
cal?" and it is our duty to prove that the latter is the more
beneficent; this I will endeavor to do, and will leave it
with our friends to decide how well. As first speaker on
the negative, I will premise that we, being persuaded of
the superiority of our profession over the law, have under­
taken to prove it to you; but if we fail, we wish that you
may attribute our failures not to our subject but to our­
selves, or opponents; for it is the doctor's part to act and
the lawyer's to plead. The first thing necessary in debate
is to define and understand the subject.

By the term legal profession is evidently meant the pro­
fession of the law of the courts and lawyers; not indeed
divine law, i.e., the Commandments; nor moral law, i.e.,
the obligation of man to man; nor political law, i.e., the
science of government; nor any of those laws known as the
rules of science. To prove this, I have but to show the
common acceptance of the term by such commonplace re­
marks as "I'll punish you according to the law"; or, "I'll
go to law to have my claims decided"; and, according to
the universal acceptance of the term, is meant the settle­
ment of questions in the ordinary law courts; for it is
there, and only there, that one man can punish another
legally. They cannot punish by divine law, they cannot
punish by political law; hence it must be inferred that the
meaning of the term is as we have stated. Then again,
the term, legal profession, cannot be made to embrace the
whole law, human and divine; for then it would embrace
the law of physics or medicine. I say it cannot mean
these; for in many instances the law—i.e., of the courts—
is opposed to divine law by making war upon God's
Church, as it is being done to-day in some of the European
States, and to such an extent as to amount to persecution.
Is this beneficial to man? It opposes natural law, by licens­
ing marriages of blood relations, the result of which has,
according to medical science proves, been an offspring whosis
mental qualities are blighted or imperfect. Is this benefi­
cial to mankind? Again, the term law cannot embrace the
divine and natural, because their very essence is justice; as this
is clearly shown by the expression we frequently hear:
"Well, that may be law; but it is not justice." And by that
maxim of the laws of England: "The king can do no
wrong." Yet we know that he generally succeeds in doing
much harm, from the fact that it was the practice of the
law that immolated several millions of Christians dur­
ing the ten persecutions; that drove liberty and the priest
from Ireland and Poland; that kept the Irish in cruel sub­
jugation, and reduced the noble Pole to slavery. Is not
law beneficial to mankind?

As law and medicine of themselves are inert and inac­
tive, we can only derive benefit from their administration
by their respective professors or ministers. The real ques­
tion then is, Which is more beneficial, the administration of
the law—as described above—by the lawyer, or that of
medicine by the doctor? The practice of medicine is of
early origin. We can trace it almost to the Deluge; for it
has been proved by many writers, notably Schultz, Le Clerc,
and Brambilla, to have existed just after that event.
Hence we know that doctors were in repute long before
there were lawyers, or any use for them; for medicine origi­
nated in the infirmities of man, and law in his corruption.
Men were not always corrupt; but were, and are ever, subject to sickness, accidents, etc. If God's Commandments were kept there would be no lawyer; but the peculiar constitution of man necessitates the doctor. As an instance of the honor in which medicine was held by the ancients I will recall the fact that the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans considered it one of the greatest gifts of the gods, and worshipped as its originators Serapis, Asclepius, and others. Second only to the bestowal of life did they estimate medicine, which they regarded as the science of preserving and rendering it happy. They, therefore, honored the ministers of this science—the physicians. As an example of the esteem in which doctors were held in ancient times, I need but mention Hippocrates, who was loved and honored by a whole nation. Referring again to history, we find that medicine has been practiced, found most helpful and indispensable not only by the more civilized peoples, as the Romans, Italians, and Moors of Spain, but also by the more rude—as the early Gauls and Britons. This will not allow a further history of the doctor; besides it is unnecessary, as it is chiefly by a comparison of the present benefits of law and medicine that I propose to win this debate. I will now treat the subjects not as what they were in the past, or may be in the future, but simply as they are; not the lawyer without the doctor, or vice versa, but both acting in their respective spheres, co-existing and working together for man's benefit.

The aim of law is to settle man's disputes with man, and to punish criminals. The aim of medicine is to ameliorate man's sufferings, and to save his life. The lawyer aims to preserve the peace; the doctor, to preserve the creature, without whom both would be unnecessary. If God's greatest work was the creation of man, certainly man's greatest work is to preserve and render comfortable the life thus created. The lawyer may secure to a man property, damages for personal injury, or punishment for crimes against his peace and liberty; but the doctor preserves to him that, in the event of his death, his physicians and family will care for his children, and thereby makes him man's greatest benefactor. If this instrument is not made use of, man will be afflicted and lose his life; the same as if he does not make use of the Church, he will be unhappy and lose his soul. You can see in the daily papers cases where forgers, thieves, and even murderers, by a lavish use of money purchase their freedom; while the poor mother is doomed to a prison cell for stealing bread to preserve the life of her starving babe, and all through the imperfections or incompleteness of the law. In all this great contrast rises the noble and almost divine profession of the doctor, which has for its chief object but one great and earnest endeavor—the health of mankind. While at his cozy fireside, or some well-stocked bar, the eminent lawyer nightly practices, the doctor—the messenger of mercy—goes through the driving snow-storm, the pouring rain, the pelting hail, to the bedside of the sick. "A saintly mother, a beloved father, a devoted sister or brother"—with scarce life enough to breathe—lie there, and oh with what eager, anxious longing do we await our good old friend, the family physician! And at the sound of his cheering voice kindly assuring us, how leaps the heart for joy to find that in his brain—well stocked with medical lore—he has a remedy to bring back the color to those faded cheeks and life to the sunken sides it is unnecessary, as it is chiefly by a comparison of the present benefits of law and medicine that I propose to win this debate. I will now treat the subjects not as what they were in the past, or may be in the future, but simply as they are; not the lawyer without the doctor, or vice versa, but both acting in their respective spheres, co-existing and working together for man's benefit.

Law does not fulfill its primary object in practice—often times falling to do justice, by punishing the innocent and freeing the guilty; by awarding damages to the undeserving through judges and juries who might be incompetent and influenced by mercenary or other motives. The ancient Persians punished these kind of judges by skimming them; were this method of punishment adopted by us today, most of their "Honors" would lose their skins, to the ruination of the leather market and the starvation of their executioners. The trouble with judges too frequently is that they need the doctor. Judge Humphreys, a recognized jurist on the District of Columbia bench, gave decisions one way one week, another way the next; his physician described his capriciousness to disease of the liver. This decision is a subject for after-thought. Fees, too, have a great weight with the lawyer, and are looked upon as the most important part of the law. Cases that are deserving of justice and consideration have been, and often are, held over till later; but better paying ones are settled. The object of the lawyer, as demonstrated by numberless instances, is often to keep a case in litigation as long as possible, by complicating points which might have been easily settled, as is instanced in the celebrated case from which the eminent novelist, Charles Dickens, drew his ideas of the Jaundice vs. Jaundice Suit, which he assures us was founded upon reality and not at all exaggerated. For assurance of the genuineness of this suit, I will refer my opponent to the preface in "Author's Edition of Bleak House."

It has become a common saying, "take $5 rather than sue for $500, for the quirks and quibbles of the lawyers will rob stock of all you have." Not so with the physician, whose chief object is to first effect a speedy cure and look for his fee afterward. While the lawyer can refuse an unpromising case, a doctor is compelled to attend all. It is true, as asserted by some, that since God has made men, He will take care of them physically; but He at the same time makes the physician the instrument of taking care of man, and thereby makes him man's greatest benefactor. If this instrument is not made use of, man will be afflicted and lose his life; the same as if he does not make use of the Church, he will be unhappy and lose his soul. You can see in the daily papers cases where forgers, thieves, and even murderers, by a lavish use of money purchase their freedom; while the poor mother is doomed to a prison cell for stealing bread to preserve the life of her starving babe, and all through the imperfections or incompleteness of the law. In all this great contrast rises the noble and almost divine profession of the doctor, which has for its chief object but one great and earnest endeavor—the health of mankind. While at his cozy fireside, or some well-stocked bar, the eminent lawyer nightly practices, the doctor—the messenger of mercy—goes through the driving snow-storm, the pouring rain, the pelting hail, to the bedside of the sick. "A saintly mother, a beloved father, a devoted sister or brother"—with scarce life enough to breathe—lie there, and oh with what eager, anxious longing do we await our good old friend, the family physician! And at the sound of his cheering voice kindly assuring us, how leaps the heart for joy to find that in his brain—well stocked with medical lore—he has a remedy to bring back the color to those faded cheeks and life to the sunken forms of those we love. On the field of battle, when shattered by shot and shell, the wounded lie moaning their lives away, how welcome is the doctor to relieve the pain and bind up the wounds, which the law, perhaps, has been the cause of! To the doctor may be aptly applied those lines of Scott:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."
suits? Does not the law foster and enforce a godless education? and is it not responsible for all the resulting crimes? Are the oppressive laws of Ireland, the laws of persecution in France, Russia, Poland, and the discriminating laws of Germany—these are, I say, beneficial?

To doctors is due, next to the power of the Almighty, the subjection of the terrible epidemic which devastated the Southern homes in '7(5)-9. The doctor, by his indefatigable researches and long experience, has discovered the means to avert such terrible diseases as the black death, small-pox, etc. Statistics show that formerly all weak children died; but now that doctors are so numerous, and notwithstanding the fact that each successive generation becomes weaker and weaker, most of these little ones are saved. The doctor eradicates the germ, and thus prevents the growth of the disease; he cures the cold, heals the bruise, dissipates malaria, etc., and thus prevents consumption, cancer, and contagious diseases; he mends the broken limb, corrects deformities, and saves from death in many cases. When Alexander was taken from the Cydnus, of what use would have been the knowledge of a hundred lawyers compared with the services of Philip his physician? To the doctors is due the credit of establishing the sanitary systems of the world; it is by following their directions the South has been spared a revisititation of the yellow fever. Another object of the doctor is to correct abuse of nature's law, and his influence in a moral light is not insignificant; his advice to his patient is always to abstain from anything which will weaken the body, or unnaturally stimulate the nerves; which, if obeyed, restricts the drunkard and checks the profligate. There is a library written in praise of the law and lawyer; but little concerning the doctor can be found in books. At this you may wonder. The reason is that the lawyer strives for political eminence and fame as an orator. He feels himself amply rewarded if he be regarded as a fluent speaker, a sharp man, a fortunate lawyer. The doctor works for the benefit of mankind; his life is not written, but his name and deeds are inscribed on pages of gratitude in the hearts of thousands. Then, again, the practice of medicine is not necessarily restricted by arbitrary rules as is that of the law; so that if a physician's experience detects an improvement he is at liberty to take advantage of it; but the lawyer must make the most of legal shortcomings. As a rule, when the lawyer gets a man into trouble it takes the doctor to get him out of it. A man of any or no character may be a lawyer, and interpret the law to the detriment of the people and his own personal aggrandizement—as in the case of Lord Bacon and Jeffreys; but a doctor's character and morals must be pure, or he cannot receive a diploma; and these must remain with him, or he will have no practice. Men who have no tie to honor, truth and justice, save natural promptings, are our most influential, noted, and best lawyers. The legal profession may have its Gascoigne once a century; but we have thousands of continual Hypocrites. The good Samaritan spoken of in the Bible, whom I shall call a physician in binding up the wounds of him who fell among thieves, and was beaten and robbed, did infinitely more good than a lawyer could have done in his endeavors to recover the stolen property and punish his assailants. And so it is all through life. We find greater benefits conferred by the doctor than by the lawyer, because the former follows the nobler profession; for what religion and the priest are to the soul, medicine and the doctor are to the body. Does the doctor not seem divine in his mission, likening himself unto Him who was the physician of men? He went about healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, curing the halt and the lame; and do not they? He gave his life that souls might be saved. In the great epidemics do they not give their lives to save their fellow-men? Can we hesitate upon this question? Does not the crown of victory already shine upon the brow of that angel of mercy—the doctor?

Snow.

BY R. E. FLEMMING.

Webster defines snow as "watery particles, combined into white or transparent crystals, or flakes, in the air." These flakes are of twenty different forms, all of which are readily observed by looking at them when placed under the microscope. Although one of these flakes is in itself comparatively nothing, yet, when thousands of them fall together, if the earth be not damp, it will in a few hours be covered to a depth of several inches with the flakey substance. The beautiful and exhilarating mountainous districts of Europe, which in the summer months are so pleasant to the sight of the tourist, are in the winter the scenes of terrible calamities in the shape of avalanches. An avalanche occurs when a large mass of the snow and ice, with which the mountains are covered, becomes detached from, and sliding down the mountainside, uproots trees, and destroys everything in its path, sometimes burying a whole village under its weight, if the village should unfortunately be located at the foot of the mountain, and in the avalanche's awful course. In Switzerland, misfortunes of this kind happen very frequently.

Another great danger resulting from heavy snows is, that when the summer's sun causes the snow on the mountains to melt, the rivers, swollen with the superabundance of water thus produced, overflow their banks, submerging cities, and destroying many lives and vast amounts of valuable property. These overflows are called inundations, and are very destructive. Many lives are lost every year during the violent snow-storms, which are of such frequent occurrence in the mountainous districts of Europe. Early in the morning of what, to all appearances, promises to be a delightful and pleasant day, the peasant sets out to visit a neighbor across the mountains, intending and expecting to return in the evening. It is yet the season of autumn, and winter—with its trials and hardships—is thought to be many days distant. The sun shines brightly in the heavens, beautifying all nature. On every hand, our traveller beholds the honest shepherds watching with contentment and happiness their little flocks. The little birds, from their nests in the rocky crevices, twitter joyfully in his ears as he passes by, and render the air alive with the music of their songs. In fact, all nature seems to have combined her charms for the purpose of making his journey a pleasant exercise. He reaches his destination a little before noon; and after spending a few hours in pleasant conversation with his neighbor on various topics, sets out for home with a light heart. He strolls along leisurely, unconscious of the danger he incurs in so doing, alternately singing and whistling a mountain lay. Towards evening, dark clouds commence to obscure the sun from his sight; the wind commences to blow; the air
ments of the devotedness to their fellow-men of France, and other countries. In these convents, the monks generously Monks of St. Bernard. These monks live in convents, situated in the mountains of Switzerland, 180 deaths of this nature are prevented through the instru­

tion of the devotedness to their fellow-men of the generous Monks of St. Bernard. These monks live in convents, situated in the mountains of Switzerland, and other countries. In these convents, the monks keep a great many large dogs, called, St. Bernard dogs, which are of great service in saving the lives of travellers lost in the snow. The fame of these dogs is world wide. After a snow-storm they are sent out early in the morning, carrying food, wine, etc., around their necks, and warm covering on their backs; and are closely followed by the monks, all in quest of the unfortunate traveller overtaken by the snow-storm. The dogs, having a keen sense of smell, very easily find the travellers, if any were lost in the vicinity of the convent. When one of these dogs finds a traveller, he immediately begins to bring him to consciousness by licking his face and hands. He then tugs at the coat of the traveller until he is aroused. The traveller then partakes of the nourishment strapped to the faithful dog's back, and the monks, arriving soon after, conduct him to their convent, where he remains until suf­ficiently able to resume his journey.

Snow, though the direct cause of many misfortunes, is also the source of innumerable pleasures, which are greatly enjoyed both by the old and young. No sooner has the snow fallen to a depth of a few inches than on every side of us may be heard the music of the merry sleigh-bells. In every direction, we see countless sleighs dashing along, their gay occupants muffled up in buffalo robes to protect them from the cold. The very horses even seem to take delight in the snow; and holding their heads erect, trot along in a gay and proud manner. The pleasure of a cutter-ride is mostly restricted to grown persons, perhaps in consequence of its attendant expense. But take a walk to some steep hill in the vicinity of a city or town, and there you will see scores of boys enjoying an exercise far more pleasurable to them than that of cutter-riding. It is that of coasting. The boys, on sleds, mostly of their own manufacture, give themselves a start at the top of the hill and then go speeding down the incline with the rapidity of a race-horse. The air is filled with merry laughter and the warning shouts of “look out!” “clear the track!” etc. After the boy has reached the bottom, he commences his weary march of trudging up the hill again, dragging his sled behind him. This is harder work than coming down; but he is amply repaid for his trouble, when, in a few minutes, he again speeds on his downward trip. This exercise, besides being very enjoy­able, is also very healthy. Another sport common among the boys is that of building snow-forts; choosing sides and commanders, and then fighting battles with snow-balls. This is called snow-balling, and is an amusement from which frequent accidents result. Snow, when very deep, can be travelled over with ease with the aid of what is called snow-shoes. These allow light frames, worn by persons to prevent their feet from sinking into the snow. Formerly, when there were not so many rail­roads out West as there are at present, these shoes were used by the mail-carriers when the snow rendered it im­possible to travel on their horses. They are used almost in the same manner as skates, and enable the person using them to travel over the deep snow very rapidly.

Art, Music and Literature.

—New York artists have sent some 175 pictures to the Philadelphia Exhibition.

—Mary Queen of Scots was the first sovereign of Euro­

to proclaim liberty of conscience.—Agnes Strickland.

—During his last illness, Offenbach, of comic opera fame, sent for a priest and received the Last Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

—Antonio Mascioni, a Venetian gondolier, has made the latest contribution to Dante literature in a volume entitled “Pensieri e Chiose sulla ‘Divina Commedia’.”

—Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the well known Catholic novelist, is a sister to Earl Granville, now foreign secre­

—Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the well known Catholic novelist, is a sister to Earl Granville, now foreign secre­

—Mr. James Redpath, the American journalist, who was indicted with Mr. Parnell and the other leaders of the Land movement, sailed for New York from Queenstown on the “Nevada,” Nov. 15th. Before he left Dublin, a resolution of thanks was passed to Mr. Redpath by the Land League for his past services.

—The grand prix of the Union Centrale des Beaux Arts has been awarded, after a competition, to M. Bouillard, a pupil of the French National School of the Dorsative Aris. The prize known as the prix de voyage, consists of 800 francs. The winner is obliged to make a journey, from which he must bring back sketches and drawings, as well as a journal showing that he has passed the time to his advantage.

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Scientific Notes.

—Mr. Chevenell, at the age of ninety-five, is giving a course of lectures on the science of chemistry, in Paris.

—According to Professor Read, of London, the world, by geological evidence, has reached the mature age of 600,000,000 years.

—Professor Huxley calls it "corolliflorid dioxyteleonous exozen, with a monopolaternal corolla and a central plement.s." If you are in a hurry, you can call it primrose in stead.

—A Mons. Lollot has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of over 800 feet, and contains twelve species of fish. The majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their months.

—It is interesting to note that the railway up Mount Vesuvius is lighted by fourteen of Siemens' and Halske's electric lamps. The illumination of the crater and the sides of the volcano is, according to the Elektrotechnische Zeitung, grand in the extreme.

—In many marshy, fever-plagued districts of Europe and America, the experiment of planting in large numbers the eucalyptus, or fever tree, has been tried for some years, and a late report shows that the result is the almost total banishment of fevers from those regions.

—The following are the heights of the principal monuments, etc., in the world: St. Antoine column at Rome, 135 feet; principal tower of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 145; Trajan's column at Rome, 145; Napoleon's column at Paris, 150; Washington monument at Baltimore, 180; the great obelisk at Thebes, 320; Bunker Hill monument at Boston, 233; column of Delhi, 262; Trinity Church steeple at New York, 264; the dome of the Capitol, 300; dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 320; tower of Manulius, 350; tower of the Cathedral at Saragossa, 469; dome of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, 465; Great Pyramid, 491.

—Edison's electric electric is said to have been completed. He tells the correspondent of the Indianaplois Journal the following: "I am going to give sixteen candles of effective light to a burner, which is about two candles more than an ordinary gas-jet. I am testing these lamps to see which break quickest; all the lamps are numbered, you see, corresponding to the numbers in this book, where is recorded a history of each lamp. I raise the light to seventy-candle power (about four times the strain they will ordinarily have to bear) and then I watch to see where they break. I have strengthened that spot, and am now after other weaknesses. These lamps must be produced by machinery in large quantities, and I want them engraved in exactly right. Edisons electric."

—Round's Printer's Cabinet is a large folio of 30 pages, devoted to matters pertaining to the Art preservative of all arts—Printing. It is one of the handsomest specimens of typography and press-work that we have ever seen, and has received no end of well-merited encomiums on these features of excellence.

—Our Little Ones for December is handsomely illustrated, and contains just such reading as little folks are sure to like. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) is the editor, and he seems here to display as much tact in choosing the pictures as he did formerly in his own writings for boys. Our Little Ones contains 22 pages, $1.50 a year. Russell Publishing Co., 149 A, Tremont St., Boston.

—McGee's Illustrated Weekly is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum. Among the excellent illustrations in the issue for Nov. 27th are several Rocky Mountain scenes, a portrait of Jay Gould, the great financier, a full-page picture of a revolutionary scene in New York on Evacuation Day, Nov. 25, 1783, accompanied by an interesting letter-press sketch of the event. "Pleasant Company makes the way short" is an excellent picture by Heywood Hardy, and "The First Four-in-hand in Blackville" is one of the best among the comic pictures which make McGee's Illustrated Weekly attractive to many. Published weekly at 80 West 11th St., New York. Price of subscription, $3 a year.

—The title of The Polytechnian Monthly has been changed to The Cionian Monthly. It is edited and published by the Cionian Literary Society, Female College, Winchester, Va. The November number has an erudite and passably well-written historical sketch, entitled "Was the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots Justifiable," with strong arguments and cogent reasons in favor of the negative side of the question. The locals are spirited. In a critical notice of the Alma Mater, the fair exchange editor of The Cionian very properly blows it up or speaking favorably of Miss Sarah Bernhardt, "the very monument of whose glory," adds this: "Cionian, 'ought to bring a blush to every modest woman's cheek.'"

—The Catholic Book News, of which No. 4 of the seventh volume is before us, is, properly speaking, a trade circular of the Benziger Brothers (New York and St. Louis), but it also contains interesting items regarding new and valuable books, and a splendid English and French letter, in each number. "Oxoniensis," the London correspondent of The Catholic Book News, is beyond doubt a scholar and a man well posted in regard to books and authors. We always read his letters with pleasure. As to the Paris letter, the only drawback is that it is published in French, and this is certainly a very great drawback, as it excludes many from the valuable information it contains. We advise the publishers by all means to have the French letter translated, and if they can only secure as good a one from Germany they will make The Catholic Book News a delightful visitor.

—The way of the G. C. N. Y. Free Press still continues to wag. He says that he has religiously refrained from perpetrating a single thanksgiving joke; but, wishing his readers a jolly turkey, and a good digestion for the same, he avers that he has his own peculiar gobbler, which he has been carving for the last ten weeks. This is, of course, metaphorical; a guinea percha gobbler wouldn't stand half that cutting, even without being axed to give way. Under the Big Interrogation Mark, one of the questions propounded is—What did Oliver Twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he can have) and another—What did Oliver twist—and Mr. Dickens saw him do it? Among their classic chickens before Thanksgiving? (We have some class-sick roosters at Notre Dame, ready for plucking, that he ca
sir; I would not." Another Prep, when we told him that one of the Canadian college editors wished to have the Boll of Ungentlemanly conduct of the Senior class abolished, said, "Oh, he is only jealous of us! If we had him here we would mount him and put a head on him!" or something to this effect. The Don Quixote of The Varisty may hence learn that there is a 'Principle of Opposition between himself and the students whom he wishes to benefit by his philanthropic notions. The Varisty man's weapon against us has turned out to be a boomerang, and in inexperienced hands this missile is not a little dangerous, as the 'Varsity knows.

—The Monmouth College Courier for Nov., gives a clear, sensible and cutting answer to the absurd charge, and ridiculously pretentious assumption of The Varsity, published in a previous number of the Scholastic. The exchange editor of The College Courier snubs the 'Varsity snob in the following style:

"The matter to which the 'Varsity calls the attention of the college press in its italicized editorial is, in our judgment, of trivial importance. No one can die of disheartening today, or less. Undoubtedly the authorities of a college have a right to prohibit the use of tobacco by students, if they see fit. This is a matter that is rarely the subject of discussion. Undoubtedly, only those students are in honor bound to respect the regulations of the college they attend. We heartily desire what is vulgarly known as a college to declare definitely on the side of law and manliness.

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus. And now, that the mountain has, after so much labor, brought forth the mouse, you are anxious to know what the 'Varsity man will do with it.

—The Concordiensis is the title of a neat and well-edited paper, from Union College N. Y., which comes with a request to exchange. We clip the following editorial for the benefit of the exchange editor of the Cornell Era and the editor of The Varsity, who seem to believe they may properly declare itself on the side of law and manliness.

"Although a member of the Senior class, and proud of that distinction, still we cannot acquiesce in any ungentlemanly conduct on the part of its members. We think we show our loyalty by not only approving what is right, but condemning what is wrong. The recent conduct of some members of the class is deserving of the condemnation of every right-minded student. We refer to the disorder which was rampant in the English class at one of the late recitations. Such conduct becomes boys rather than Seniors. It was decreed by the Faculty that a portion of the class should take the study of English words one day per week. There is no excuse for such conduct. The Profs. treat the members of the class in a gentlemanly manner. It is real, that he should receive such treatment in return. The study is a useful one, and the Prof. endeavors to dispel the horrible probabilities. Many are the strange and amusing hypostases that have been offered by them. A portion of the class should take the study of English words one day per week. There is no excuse for such conduct. The Profs. treat the members of the class in a gentlemanly manner. It is real, that he should receive such treatment in return. The study is a useful one, and the Prof. endeavors to dispel the horrible probabilities. Many are the strange and amusing hypostases that have been offered by them. The old frontispiece serves as a model to the exchange editors. We clip the following editorial for the benefit of the exchange editor of the Cornell Era and the editor of The Varsity. We trust there will be no more of it for the future.

—The Berkeleyan is a "diversity" of opinion between himself and the members of the class. The old frontispiece serves as a model to the exchange editors. We clip the following editorial for the benefit of the exchange editor of the Cornell Era and the editor of The Varsity. We trust there will be no more of it for the future.

—The Varsity's editor was always a little facetious, and like a society "wall-flower" he never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it. We are sorry for him, but it's his own fault. A portion of the class not only adhered to that habit, but operated upon the old frontispiece. The laying aside of the old title-page (it was not so old, after all—having been used but four or five weeks) is, we think, a step in the right direction, although the new one is not a little curious, as the 'Varsity knows. An item in the "Patriarch Student's" department informs us that the change is, in a measure, a compulsory one. The Sunbeam glistened upon the old title-page in such a way that the editor became satisfactioned that he dared not change it. The difference between it and the new one is not easily explained; but The Sunbeam gives an idea of the former, and we will try to throw some descriptive light upon the latter. A portion of The Sunbeam's remarks are introduced by The Varsity itself, as follows: "A slight taste of literary 'phiz' [what's that?] may be had for the reading of the Sunbeam. Our old frontispiece serves as a target for feminine cruelty; 'The most striking picture [what picture?] about it (the 'Varsity) resoundeth with the representation of a self-satisfied young man gazing sternly at a well-draped figure opposite, while 'mamma' looks approvingly on and gives her blessing." It is equally gratifying to the 'Varsity, to the Patriarch [what the deuce is this fellow, who calls himself a Patriarch, coying with young ladies for?] and I'll [sic!] cheerfully go through the drudgery of observations for a month longer. The old frontispiece serves as a model to the exchange editors. We clip the following editorial for the benefit of the exchange editor of the Cornell Era and the editor of The Varsity. We trust there will be no more of it for the future.

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of the vulgar word “Varsity” as a title. With equal propriety might he call his Alma Mater the “University” of Toronto as indolent in such a “perversity,” or attempt to justify it by saying that there is a “divinity” of opinion on the matter. There is no such word as “Varsity” in the English glossary, nor is it used by the college officers in their official capacity.

We do not wish to commit to such a space the good things in our various college exchanges as they deserve, or that we would wish. The fact is, we have been so much taken up with the antics of The Varsity that we have not time for anything else. A few weeks ago the editor of that paper commenced the preaching of a crusade against us, and put a stone in his sling to break our windows. Now he turns his face and sling in another direction. The editor of The Varsity forgets that he himself lives in a glass house, and although the fragments of glass came rattling round him in his contest with us, he will not now commit himself to the dreadful criticism of The Varsity pass without comment, as we happen to know that it lies under a misapprehension, on at least one point, namely, that “a padre is always the virtual editor of the Journal.” Here is The Varsity critique, in its entirety:

“The Georgetown College Journal objects to the tone of criticism which is generally adopted in regard to exchanges. It wishes not only to inaugurate a reform in this direction but also to publish some contributions, rushed to the President and delivered the poisonous production into the hands of the students, that it was prospering finely, had over a hundred dollars in the treasury, etc., all of which goes to prove that the Patriarch of The Varsity is lying under a grievous mistake when asserting the contrary. If the College Journal “deserves an inglorious extinction” for allowing itself to become “a cat’s-paw for the Faculty,” as the “Patriarch” says it, what fate does the journal deserve meanly will never be more perfectly expressed. Perhaps this kindness may touch his heart, and he may become one of our most devoted friends hereafter.

We do not much care, though; but it would be a pity the crusade should fail after such pains on his part, and the devotees of The Varsity in limine. The Varsity has a noble end in view, and when the organ of a university stoops to such meanness it deserves the contempt of everyone possessing a spark of manhood. The editors of the Georgetown College Journal desire no favor at our hands, for we never received a word of encouragement from them, but for the honor of college journalism we do not refrain from showing up to public contempt a sheet that so outrages truth and justice in order to gratify its personal spite against them. We are glad that this vile sheet has so far met with little favor from respectable papers; the following criticism from The University shows the esteem in which it is held: “The philosophical ‘Varsity is at hand, filled with careful and oil-ordered vessels, which, for the most part, are foreign to our needs;—at least to the needs of our scissors, though it fills a long felt want in the sanctum.” When The Varsity shows common decency, and pursues a more honorable course, we will be glad to give it the benefit of friendship; till then we can but hold in the sovereign contempt it deserves. Be it well known that we do not object to legitimate criticism; but criticism should be just, and given in a gentlemanly manner, and that of The Varsity is neither.

**College Gossip.**

- The Echo reports several cases of measles at Harvard.
- The students at Ann Arbor are donating money to build a gymnasium.
- Illinois College has four Egyptian students.—University Press. From Cairo, probably.
- Governor Porter of Indiana is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.—University Press. Yes, and he won the prize, too.
- The students of Cornell University have almost entirely abandoned the practice of smoking.—Vidette. In other words the Cornell stove-pipes have begun to "draw."
- There was a small boy with some powder, and in trying to make it go louder he succeeded so well that his friends couldn’t tell his remains from a dish of clam chowder.
- Art Class—Prof.: “What is a landscape painter?” Student: “A painter of landscapes.” Prof.: “Good. What is an animal painter?” Student: “A painter of animals.” Prof.: “Excellent. What is a marine painter?” Student: “Admirable. Go and tell it to them. Who’s next?”
- Scenes from the “Little Tin Gods on Wheels” were performed lately by the Beta Society at Vassar. The only drawback seems to have been that the words were sung so indistinctly as to be scarcely audible. Sung?—then there must have been music.—Greek music! Has Vassar anticipated us with a real Greek play?—Echo.
- The Spectator denies that the project of sending a crew abroad next summer has ever been seriously considered by Columbia. Even if there were no other reasons against such a step, it thinks it would be undignified for Columbia, after having defeated the English in their own waters, to send a challenge, for this should come from the defeated party.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the Notre Dame Scholastic has few 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.

The Notre Dame Scholastic contains:

Choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, old students should take it.

Terms, $1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address Editor Notre Dame Scholastic, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Among the many things necessary for our moral and intellectual improvement, none possesses more facilities for advancement than a proper choice of companions. We need not inquire into the past nor wait for the future to corroborate this statement, but content ourselves with an examination of the present for the purpose of ascertaining whether our.influence over the minds of our associates has been beneficial. This influence remains not only for the present but must also be felt in the future, when our sphere of action will have been enlarged, when moral conduct will have become more onerous and binding, and when others will look to us for good example, and when our actions will either censure the wrong doings of others or be made the excuse for our misdeeds.

In saying this, we do not wish to discourage the good intentions of those who have studied here; but few, comparatively, of the best writers among the students contribute to fill its columns, and out of a Faculty of thirty members but three, we believe, show their good will by giving us an occasional contribution. Now this is not as it should be; the paper does not belong to the editors—it is the college paper, the students' paper—and as such should receive a liberal support, not only from the students, but from the Faculty. All, without exception, should take an interest in it, and should not only contribute their mite to make it readable and spicy, but should also endeavor to extend its circulation. How few think of doing either! We make this appeal not only to the students now here, but to all the old students, to the Faculty, and to all who wish to see the Scholastic what it should be—a representative college paper, which it now is not. As things go now, a few willing shoulders have to bear the burden; and every spare moment of time, and some that cannot well be spared, is devoted to the weekly filling of its pages. It is an old saying that many hands make light work, and in the present case they would not only lighten the labor of the editors but they would also enable them to do better what they do, and fulfill the axiom Age quod agas. In saying this, we do not wish to discourage the magnanimous few who have hitherto helped us to bear the burden of the day, and the heats. Far from it. Their work speaks for itself, and has often called forth warm words of encouragement from the College Press, and other papers. This, we hope, will be a new incentive for their continuance in writing for the Scholastic. Most of our exchanges have spoken highly of us this year, and many of these have not hesitated to place us in the highest and best ranks of college journalism. This is indeed encouraging; for, young and inexperienced as we are, we cannot but feel a certain, and in this case pardonable, amount of pride in being placed, however undeservingly, on an equality with the oldest and best college papers published. To the editorial corps alone belongs not the credit bestowed by such well-edited and spirited publications as The Princetonian, Amherst Student, The University, Chronicles, College Courier, Milton College Journal, Vassar Miscellany, K. M. I., News, G. C. N. X. Free Press, and several others, which we do not now remember, but to all the students of the University who have thus far given us a hearty support. With them the editorial corps feel obliged to share the honors; and we ask them to renew their exertions in behalf of the 'representative of our Alma Mater. Some of our exchanges have gone so far as to assert that they can hardly believe that the Scholastic...
is edited by the students of the University, owing to the amount of erudition which they say it contains, and they incline to the belief that it is mainly edited by the Faculty and is not the product of ordinary students. This, of course, is rather flattering for us, and should urge us to increased exertions to make our paper better than it is at present. Some have objected to our type and paper; but we will remedy both, if possible, with the commencement of the second session. Others have said that the only objection they could see in us was that we were not *freely* enough, *e. g.,* not lively enough—too serious. We, however, do not think this a very grave fault; and are forced to smile (we are not serious then) at the inconsistency of journalistic opinion, when the very same week another exchange accuses us of juvenility; then it is we are forced to exclaim:

O the inconsistency of human hearts,
Which, sending forth capricious darts,
Would now encourage, now fault find;
Deranging, almost, the inventive mind.

Others, or rather another, takes exception to our publishing Rolls of Honor, Class Honors, Lists of Excellence, etc.; we have given laudable reasons and incontrovertible arguments for so doing, in our exchange columns, and do not propose to waste further time or paper in this connection. But more to the point. Though, as we said before, we have thus far been very liberally supported by many of the students in both the Junior and Senior departments, still we are not satisfied; for we are well aware of the intellectual standing of many who are well able to do so, but as yet have contributed nothing to these columns. Now it is our purpose, by pointing out to these young gentlemen a few of the many advantages to be derived from writing for the paper, to show them the golden chances for intellectual improvement and advancement that they are allowing to slip through their fingers by not availing themselves of the opportunity now offered them for improvement in written discourse. That you are benefited intellectually by writing for a paper or magazine (we here speak of such as have a good moral tone) is made evident from the fact that there was a time when many of our most distinguished and most successful journalists, like yourselves, commenced—wrote their first article. Each successive article was written more readily and in better style, until, in a few years, they who were once but beginners became giants in the journalistic arena. "It is a well known fact that Oliver Wendell Holmes's productions first saw the public light in the columns of The Collegian; the college paper at Harvard, about the year 1800.

We often hear such absurd expressions as "I can talk well enough, but cannot write;" "I find no difficulty in standing before an audience and speaking extemporaneously for half an hour, or more, but I cannot write." These, and like expressions, emanate from individuals who would be vindictive enough to retaliate in terms rather uncomplimentary if you were to tell them that they were mistaken. And yet they are. It is a fact the most palpable that a man cannot speak a word before it passes through his intellect—he must first think of the word he is about to utter. Now is there anyone, that can use a pen foolish enough to assert that he cannot place before him on paper the word upon which he is ruminating? We would like to form the acquaintance of such a man. We would, if we found such a person, give our most unflinching support to the Darwinian theory—at least, as far as such an individual would be concerned. No, it is not the case.

Such people only think they cannot write. They can, but will not; there's where the difficulty lies. Are not our most distinguished statesmen and orators good writers? Has it not ever been thus? There is indeed some truth in saying that a good writer may be a poor speaker. There are many reasons for this, which we will not attempt to enumerate here. Suffice it to say, that we know it to be the case. Who would have known aught of Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil, Homer, Chaucer, Spencer, Poe, Pope, Goldsmith, Cowper, and hosts of others, did not they render their names immortal by their writings? Their names would be like thousands of others—who, perhaps, might have become as illustrious, had they but employed the same means—forgotten. Many, besides immortalizing their names, have also made princely fortunes through the instrumentality of their pen.

It was but a few weeks ago that Lord Beaconsfield of England received the handsome sum of $50,000 for a single production, a novel entitled "Endymion." Yet had he not at some time or other made a start—commenced to write, "Endymion" would undoubtedly never have been produced. Milton, the literary king of the 17th century, who in point of erudition, invention and sublimity, is without an equal in the whole range of English literature, and who said that he "cared not how late he came into, only that he came fit" was at one time a beginner. Sir Thomas More," who," says Thomson,

"Withstood a brutal tyrant's sanguinary rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnati nobly poor—
A dauntless soul, erect, who smiled on death,"

was also a novice in the art, and so we can also say of the greatest literary geniuses that ever lived. But we need not necessarily refer to Milton or More as examples; we know a great many good, yes brilliantly, writers in the United States today, who began to write right here at Notre Dame, and whose first articles were published in The Notre Dame Scholastic—that same paper for which we now ask you to write. Do not wait for us to ask you individually, for we now extend all a most cordial invitation to write as frequently as possible. Some will, undoubtedly, say that they have no time to devote to writing articles. But let us see: could you not set aside an hour or two every week for this purpose? Twenty minutes a day would make about two hours a week, and we are positive that there is not a student at the University who cannot spare that much time every week. If you would not wish to commence at once by writing long essays, send us something for the local and personal columns. If your first communications are not published, be not discouraged. Persevere; you will at length be successful.

The Academia is ever ready to extend her literary arms and fold to her bosom in a fond embrace those who show themselves willing and capable of assisting her. We hope that ere this month, hailed by the birth of the Saviour of the world, shall have drawn to a close, the Academia's rank will have been numerically increased. Many say that they would write could they but find a suitable subject. To such we say, look around, take cognizance of the many interesting occurrences in the yards, class-rooms, study-rooms, society-rooms, recreation-halls, music-halls, etc., etc., and you will never be in need of a subject for your pen. Take but the initiatory step, and you will find that the time thus spent will be both agreeable and beneficial.
Personal.

—C. McGrath, '78, is residing in Chicago, Ill.
—Frank Kelly, '78, is keeping books at Norwalk, Ohio.
—Prof. A. J. Stace, '64, is visiting friends in St. Louis.
—Samuel Welty, '78, is attending school at Wheeling, Mo.
—Frank McGrath is attending school at Fordham, New York.
—Denis Hogan, '73, accompanied by his wife, is visiting Ireland.
—W. T. Ball, '77, has charge of his father's business in Chicago.
—W. Carnegrieve (Prep, '77,) is attending school in Chicago.
—H. C. Allan, '67, has been elected County Surveyor at Cline, Missouri.
—Jas. Delaney, '79, is book-keeper for one of the prominent business houses, at Spalding, Mich.
—S. Studebaker, '75, is giving his attention to agriculture on his model farm near South Bend.
—John, '79, we learn, is at home, assisting his brother in the prosecution of their father's business.
—Rev. J. A. Coghlin, of Nashville, Tenn., spent Thursday at the University, visiting many of his old friends.
—John Boehn, '77, is in partnership with his uncle in the flour business, and, from all reports, is doing exceedingly well.
—Mrs. J. J. McGrath, Chicago, was here for a few days, visiting her son, Master J. J. McGrath, of the Minim Department.
—John and Sydney Stubbs (Commercial, '62,) are prospecting for silver mines near Silver Cliff, the great mining camp of Colorado.
—M. D. Falvey, of Winamac, Indiana, (Commercial, '79-80,) was married Tuesday, Nov. 23d, to Miss Annie McLaughlin, San Pierre, Indiana.
—James McCormack, '67, is book-keeper in the firm of Gordon & Company; Broad street, Nashville Tenn. He is the happy father of two of the finest children in the State.
—We had the pleasure of a call this week from Mr. Augustus Erb, of Mishawaka, the artist who designed and made the sanctuary railing in the new Church, and the altar and other wood-work in the Chapel at St. Mary's Academy. Mr. Erb is a finished artist in his line. The ladies at St. Mary's have paid high eulogiums to his work, and say it is equal to any that is to be seen in the great churches of Europe.

Local Items.

—"Gouv'nor in, hey!"
—"The tale's daisy."
—"No tariff on apple sauce."
—The new press works like a charm.
—Guy feels proud of that fine fur cap.
—The "aquarium" is a thing that was.
—Look out for the "Corporal's" new novel!
—To-day three weeks will be Christmas Day.
—Just listen to him sigh when addressing you.
—The thermometer showed 20° at noon, Monday.
—The Minims spent Tuesday afternoon in skating.
—Bulletins were made out on Wednesday morning.
—The thermometer registered 10° Tuesday morning.
—Bro. Albert, C. S. C., has our thanks for favors received.
—"Fearless" called to see us on Wednesday afternoon.
—The Cecilians will soon commence rehearsing for the 14th.
—Master Soe is the best gymnast in the Minim Department.
—The Academia held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening.
—The Philodemics held their regular meeting Tuesday evening.
—Bro. Ireneus has our thanks for a couple of first-class Havanese.
—Six inches more of snow would give us excellent sleighing.
—The University Quartette played sweetly on Thanksgiving eve.
—C. Droste is said to be the best "glider" in the Minim Department.
—Why do the Minims resemble France? Because they have a Metz.
—St. Joseph's Lake is at last frozen over. Ice about six inches thick.
—Classes will continue until the evening of the 29th. Don't forget it.
—Start's Brass Band will soon commence their winter evening concerts.
—The "Turkish Reveille" is being rehearsed by the N. D. U. Cornet Band.
—The organ in Cecilia Hall has at last been tuned and repaired. Grande opus!
—Why do the Seniors resemble a captured fort? Because they have lost their Cannon.
—The Rotated Cats was well sung by Rev. A. Kirch at Vespers Sunday afternoon.
—Addressing letters to two or three post-offices is a good way—to have them lost.
—Rev. Father Shea, C. S. C., called to see us on Monday last. He is looking first class.
—Masters Gordon and Cleary were the head-servers at the High Mass on Sunday last.
—We hope to hear Prof. Paul play the large organ at High Mass and Vespers to-morrow.
—Sancho and Neptune went across the lake to see their old friend Pluto. They got the G. B.
—Wanted—Two hundred young men to write for the Scholastic. Don't all apply at once.
—A bicycle curriculum for the winter has been established in the Preparatory Department.
—Several members of the staff were gliding over the smooth surface of the ice on Thursday last.
—A large and substantial ice-house is in process of erection on the south bank of St. Joseph's Lake.
—The mural paintings in the Senior refectory are simply grand. Prof. Ackerman is the inimitable artist.
—Prof. Nittel, of the Berlin University, addressed the
members of the first German Class, Saturday afternoon.

—The custom of adding P. O. to the name of a post-office is more than useless. It is a relic of bygone times.

—Master G. Woodson, Preparatory Department, has the boss winter cap. It came all the way from Wyoming Ter.

—We are happy to state that Master F. Graver, who has been indisposed for the past few days, is himself once more.

—O. Reitig, Senior Department, has about thirty rabbit traps set in spots most frequented by these little quadrupeds.

—We understand that a few of the "Jokers" did not like some of last week's locals. Send us in better ones, will you?

—"Let's have peace," said a certain Junior to Bro. Thomas; but Bro T. would not—he knew the Junior meant pie.

—That "big" little Minim, Fred Farrelly, of Chicago, surprised himself in getting off mail at the printing-office this week.

—Our little friend Master G. Tourtillotte, Minim Department, has laid away his bicycle for the winter. He says it needs a rest.

—Very Rev. President Corby was present at the installation ceremonies of Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, on Sunday last.

—Charley has the epizooty. "We don't mean Charley Rietz of the Preps, but old Charley, the fast horse at the livery stable.

—Those who are interested in receiving mail matter at the Notre Dame Post-Office should have it addressed Notre Dame, Indiana.

—You will always meet with people who can edit a paper better than the editor. We generally give such people a wide berth.

—A key was taken from the Prefect's room on last Sunday evening. Will the person who took it be kind enough to return the same?

—Prof. T. E. Howard delivered a most interesting lecture on "History," Thursday last, an account of which will appear in our next.

—There are not, we think, a healthier or happier lot of boys in the State of Indiana than those of the Minim Department at Notre Dame.

—Bro. Bonaventure, the mail agent between Notre Dame and South Bend, finds his ride a rather chilly and disagreeable one during this cold spell.

—Every boy among the Preps can tell you just how many days intervene between to-day and Christmas. They've been counting up, you know.

—It is not often one sees a Coon (Kuhn) chase a rabbit, but such a thing was seen on the College lawn last Wednesday, after breakfast, by the Seniors.

—Master Fischel, of the Minim Department, received a large box of "goodies" from home on Wednesday last. He has our thanks for samples of the same.

—Several fine specimens of the finny tribe have been angling out of the St. Joe Lake during the past week. Excellent fishing from both lakes is reported.

—Tuesday being the anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame, the Minims—his favorites—were given a half-day's recreation.

—Bro. Eubaidus, the engineer and steam regulator at Mt. St. Vincent's steam-house, is very attentive, and tries to keep everyone comfortable these cold days.

—To-morrow, the second Sunday of Advent, Missa Para
dolium, page 38 of the Kyriale, will be sung. Vespers, of a Confessor Bishop, page 45 of the Vesperal.

—O. Reitig has at last succeeded in capturing several fine rabbits. He intends letting them be fired at by our Nimrods. He knows they will remain uninjured.

—They have a machinist "boring" the piston-cylinder of the printing-office engine. We wish all the rest of the professional "bores" could find similar employment.

—We will not publish Society reports which do not reach us by Thursday noon at the latest. Let the secretaries of the different organizations take a note of this.

—We are sorry to say that the Rev. Professor of Natural Sciences met with a painful accident last week. While out for a "glide" on St. Mary's Lake, he fell and sprained his arm.

—The Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary received Holy Communion in a body on Tuesday morning, the 58th anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame.

—The favorite amusements among the members of the Senior Department are hand-ball and skating. The bicyclists of that department have placed their "ponies" in winter quarters.

—Why not reorganize the German Association which existed and flourished here a few years ago? We are sure that it would be appreciated and well supported by the German students of the University.

—Our young and esteemed friend Master C. McGrath, of Chicago, was here during the past week, visiting his brother J. J. McGrath, of the Minim Department. We are sorry to say that he could remain with us only for a few days.

—Our friend John says that the red light was conspicuous for its absence at the Euglossians' Entertainment, and wishes to know why a red glare was not thrown over that scuffling scene. Please consult Professor Lyons.

—Junior: "No more apples, no more grapes.

No more getting into scrapes.

No more [see Pref]—well, I'll not now mention.

For fear I might get a detention."

—Last Sunday, the first in Advent, Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Hackett, with Vice-President Walsh and Rev. Father Hendrick as assistants. After the Gospel, Rev. P. Kollop preached a stirring sermon on the "Last Judgment."

—Bro. Moses keeps a large collection of beautiful house-plants in each of the lavatories, which give these places a bright and cheery appearance. The odor which greets one's olfactories on entering any of the lavatories is really exhilarating and delightful.

—Miss Clara Silverthorn, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, was married, on Thursday evening, at the home of her parents. Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Silverthorn, of Charleston, Ill., to Mr. Percy Palmer of Chicago. Very appropriately, Very Rev. Father Corby, President of Notre Dame, officiated.

—At Vice-President Walsh's last visit to the Minim Department the examined the Arithmetic Classes. Among those who deserve special mention are M. W. Olds, W. Berthelet, A. J. Van Mourrick, F. Fishel, F. Moroney, J. A. Kelly, H. Mets, J. Frain, A. Molinear, and A. Chir-

—Junior: "No more apples, no more grapes.

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—The third regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Nov. 28th, at which meeting Rev. Fathers Ganger, Staffel, and Walsh were present. The fifteen minutes instruction was given by Father Granger. Papers were read by F. Kuhn and F. Cavanaugh. The following were appointed to answer questions at our next meeting: J. A. Zscho, F. Bloom, D. Harrington.

—The 8th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philo-
patrian Society took place Nov. 28th. Recitations were given by L. Gibert, A. Rohrback, H. Dunn, J. Whelan, A. Kuhn, A. Rohrback, H. Dunn, J. Whelan, A. Kuhn, and J. A. Zscho. The custom of adding P. O. to the name of a post-

—When you send in local news, boil it down, boil it down! For the "Eds" might get the "bines.,"

Boil it down, boil it down!

And begin to cuss and swear,

Then in anger tear their hair,

And at you in frenzy stare.

Boil it down, boil it down.

—Some one is cruel enough to assert that the Nimrods who went in quest of rabbits on Wednesday morning and returned in triumph at a few minutes after twelve o'clock with several specimens of this rodent mammal, visited the
—The following, which we clip from the Austin {Texas} Daily Statesman, was undoubtedly of interest to the many friends of Mr. E. Orrick, and a selection from Campbell was made by E. Orrick. A selection from Madison, between Masters E. Orrick and J. O'Neill. Public readers; and of all, as it is one of the best means of becoming the antique, representing Paris and Apollo. Mr. Piper is 1st prize and the most artistic and useful designs, purchased by him in Paris during his last visit to the Studio. The affair took place in the Senior study-hall, and the exercises were allowed "unscathed to go," we are more or less inclined to give credence to the assertion. The leader beat time too loud, but rather too hard. Our leader did not beat time too loud, but rather too hard. The two checked at the number of specimens executed by the Artistic Drawing Class since the beginning of the session. Our surprise was the greater as the majority of the young artists have passed themselves. Among the Juniors, Eugene C. Orrick has just finished a course of solid object drawing; and is now giving his attention to blending and shading in India Ink and Sepia. H. P. Dunn exhibits three remarkably good specimens of figures and landscape, and is now engaged on a piece of Jupiter and the Gods. A. R. Hubback, G. Schaefer, and W. Ande are making marked progress, and each exhibits one or more good specimens in his respective branches. Frank Cantwell, E. Jacobs, and R. O'Neill have not followed their studies with any great progress, but develop a talent for any particular branch of the art. Bro. Albert is to be complimented on the marked success of his pupils.

—A brother-in-law of Dr. Cassidy's, writing from Sitka, gives the following account of a terrible storm which occurred there recently: "On the 26th inst., one of the most terrible storms occurred, the like of which, no doubt, was never seen on the Pacific coast before; the wind, which came from the S. E., blew with such violence as to drive the Jamestown, with six huge anchors, almost ashore; the only thing—humanly speaking—that saved us from utter destruction being the fouling of the weather anchors just in the nick of time. The seas, driven by the violence of the wind, came thundering in, sounding like the discharge of heavy artillery; and to add to our terror and consternation, at 1:30 p.m., there came a terrific shock of earthquake which almost caused us to think that the earth was about to come. The people of Sitka deserted their homes and ran into the streets, asking God to have mercy on them. A great number of houses, were shaken down and several persons hurt, but none fatally. The Indians,—not knowing what to make of it,—ran crying through the streets, asking what made the white man's Tyee (God) angry. The second shock came at 1:45 p.m., and several slighter ones during the night, and a very severe one at 5 o'clock next morning, which woke me from a sound sleep caused by the previous day's excitement; the last one came at 9:10 p.m., same day, which was the severest of all, and caused me to get up and fly from the ship for safety. (I was always a good runner.) The sensation it gives causes a shock which, for a moment, to be speechless with fear and terror; but as soon as one recovers his senses, he, somehow or other, wants to make tracks, but just where to go puzzles him.

—Prof. Lyons was under the impression that a Thanksgiving Entertainment was necessary to make our "cup of joy overflow" to the tune of five declamations and two orations, and that a performance on the piano by Prof. Paul, who is a most admirably executed, and who, on this occasion, simply surpassed himself. O'Neill has a charming and graceful delivery, and bids fair to become a formidable rival to Haverty. Garrity was as graceful as the most polished and refined French courtier in his delivery of "The Death of the Gladiator." A lively debate on "Inventions" took place between Masters E. Orrick and J. O'Neill. Public readers; and of all, as it is one of the best means of becoming the antique, representing Paris and Apollo. Mr. Orrick is a first prize and the most artistic and useful designs, purchased by him in Paris during his last visit to the Studio. The affair took place in the Senior study-hall, and the exercises were allowed "unscathed to go," we are more or less inclined to give credence to the assertion. The leader beat time too loud, but rather too hard. Our leader did not beat time too loud, but rather too hard. The two checked at the number of specimens executed by the Artistic Drawing Class since the beginning of the session. Our surprise was the greater as the majority of the young artists have passed themselves. Among the Juniors, Eugene C. Orrick has just finished a course of solid object drawing; and is now giving his attention to blending and shading in India Ink and Sepia. H. P. Dunn exhibits three remarkably good specimens of figures and landscape, and is now engaged on a piece of Jupiter and the Gods. A. R. Hubback, G. Schaefer, and W. Ande are making marked progress, and each exhibits one or more good specimens in his respective branches. Frank Cantwell, E. Jacobs, and R. O'Neill have not followed their studies with any great progress, but develop a talent for any particular branch of the art. Bro. Albert is to be complimented on the marked success of his pupils.

—Our young friend Master Walter Cannon when coming, from town a few days ago looked very much excited. Being asked by Benjamin D. Smith, whose forte is figure drawing, in which he excels, exhibits a life-size crayon head representing "Admiration." Mr.
shudder from head to foot to think of it! "What was it? what was it?" cried the listeners. "I was standing at the depot with the express coming down with lightning speed, running against time; and there I saw—horror of horrors! about ten yards from the depot, an interesting, curly-headed, six-year-old boy playing doctors on the track. He was apparently unconscious of the dastardly fate awaiting himself and his beautiful pet. The engineer whispered "Down brakes," the fireman rang his bell, and all the people cried out with one voice, "Stop! Stop!" the engine was stopped, but he never moved an inch. It was the six o'clock express ninety minutes behind time, and the engineer blew his whistle, and—" Oh hang the engineer and his whistle!" he said before the express left.

"What became of the boy? what became of that lovely boy, we want to know?" "That boy was on the other track all the time without our knowing it; and when the "engine" passed, he rushed like a sunbeam into his father's arms radiating with smiles and blushes." His audience finding themselves completely hoaxed, resolved themselves into a snowball manufacturing committee, sending their manipulations thick and fast after W. D.'s devoted head as it darted towards the distant horizon.

—The 30th of November, the Feast of St. Andrew, Apostle, on which Rev. Father Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of Holy the Cross, celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of his first Mass at Notre Dame, was a memorable day. Father General is a distinguished personage as Father General once followed by Messrs. Bloom, Noonan and Jones, who sustained their former reputation by a few felicitous remarks, after which we retired from the dining room, and remained in and about the hotel. Then some procured sleighs, and spent the afternoon in riding about the city; while others visited the places of interest, and were fortunate enough to meet F. X. Claffi-y, '76, and Jos. Skelley, '72 At 4:30 p.m. we visited the places of interest, and were fortunate enough to meet Father General, and F. X. Claffy, '76, and Jos. Skelley, '72.

—On Wednesday, Nov., 24th, fifty Seniors went on an excursion to Niles, a pleasant affair, and enjoyed by all. We met F. X. Claffi-y, '76, and Jos. Skelley, '72 at 4:30 p.m. at the depot, and proceeded by the Michigan Central employees. "The company," said the proprietor of "Pike's Hotel," and with the courtesy extended us by the Michigan Central employees. The committee deserve special praise for their excellent arrangements, and Bros. In control for the beautiful little excursion to Niles, and for the general demolition would take place; so we started forth to view the city, see the sights, and lock up old friends. The "Corporal" was the first to leave. With giant strides he went forth in search of a long-lost and dear friend. When last we saw him, he was standing on a retired street, gazing with anxious, longing looks at a house opposite. Mr. Kavanagh was present, and on being called on by Very Rev. Father General to reply to the address, declined, saying that no ill-will desire to "Our Victory," and expressed confidence in the increasing administration and in the prosperity of America. He pointed to "Our Victory," and expressed confidence in the increasing administration and in the prosperity of America. He was followed by Mr. J. F. Hagan on "Our Defeat"—who, in a few well-chosen words, smoothed over the late Democratic defeat, and expressed hopes for '84.

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Class Honors.

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

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.


List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly—Director of Studies.]

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R. R. CABLE,
Gen'l Ticket and Pass' Agent.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Going North</th>
<th>STATIONS</th>
<th>Going South</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.25 a.m.</td>
<td>Michigan City</td>
<td>9.30 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.30 *</td>
<td>La Porte</td>
<td>10.30 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.15 *</td>
<td>Shiloh</td>
<td>10.45 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.45 p.m.</td>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>11.50 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.45 *</td>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>12.30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.55 *</td>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>1.05 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.30 *</td>
<td>Peru</td>
<td>1.50 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.05 *</td>
<td>Bunker Hill</td>
<td>1.50 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.25 *</td>
<td>Kokomo Junction</td>
<td>2.05 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.15 *</td>
<td>Tipton</td>
<td>2.30 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.45 *</td>
<td>Noblesville</td>
<td>3.10 *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.15 *</td>
<td>Indianapolis</td>
<td>3.30 *</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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