NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 8, 1881.

Our Staff.

G. E. Clarke, ’81.
G. F. Sugg, ’81.
T. F. Clarke, ’83.
W. B. McGorrisk, ’82.
F. W. Bloom, ’81.
H. C. Sims, ’82.
W. H. Arnold, ’83.
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I.

THE PRAIRIE SUNSET.

Some say that Vulcan is not really dead,
And that he labors still within his caves;
That all his olden glory has not fled,
But proudly still o'er all the wide earth waves.

Behold the prairie sunset. Let the eye
See what a golden glory lights this gorge,
And how the vast horizon glows with flame.
And this has brought to them the thought of Vulcan's name,
And proved the storied god's exalted worth.

II.

NUEVA MEJICO.

The glamour of the old romantic years
Hangs over thee, Nueva Mejico,
And o'er thy landscapes and thy towns appears
The rare, quaint coloring of the long ago.

The air we breathe is pregnant with the wine
Of memories of the grand historic past;
The musty odor of old times is thine,
And in these nature has herself surpassed.

If on this earth there be a Lotus land,
That land, Nueva Mejico, is thine;
For, floating o'er thee, seen on every hand,
The glories of the past and present shine.

III.

MEXICO.

Mexico! land of romance and of dreams,
Land o'er which flit the furtive ghosts
Of Cortez and his followers, whose wild schemes
Led them to battle with the Aztec hosts!

Fair land, where nature revels in delight,

Where most luxuriant verdure gladdens man,
Where mountains rise up in majestic might,
Where there is greater wealth than sense can span.

Dear land, where it is always summer time!

Henry Clay.

Henry Clay, possibly the greatest political orator and statesman America ever produced, was born in Hanover County, Virginia, not far from the birth-place of the illustrious Patrick Henry, on the 12th day of April, 1777. When he was quite young, his father, who was a respectable Baptist clergyman, died, leaving him and his widowed mother in rather uncomfortable circumstances. Young Clay's resources not permitting him to go through a classical course of studies, he received only a limited education during the short time he attended a common school, and that was obtained only by the greatest industry and hard labor on his part. But although his career was begun under such difficulties and hard trials as these, he was destined by Divine Providence to take in after-life an active part in the legislation of the United States, and to become a shining star in the galaxy of orators and statesmen of his native land.

In 1793, Clay, who was then only fifteen years of age, entered the office of Peter Tinsley, Esq., clerk of the High Court of Chancery, in the humble capacity of office-boy. While in this position, he devoted all his spare moments to hard study, thereby adding a great deal to his limited store of knowledge. Little did Mr. Tinsley think that his office-boy would, ere long, take such an active part in the government of the nation, or preside over the important discussions of his fellow-countrymen in the halls of Congress. At the age of nineteen, Clay commenced the study of law; and at twenty, having been admitted to the bar, he removed to Lexington, Ky., to practice his profession. Here, probably the better to acustom himself to the principal part of his profession—that of declaiming,—he joined, shortly after his arrival, a debating society, in which he commenced his career as an orator. At the commencement of his first effort at debate he was so much confused and embarrassed that he addressed the President of the Society by the appellation of "Gentlemen of the
jury." This, of course, called forth—at his expense—a
burst of laughter from his listeners. But he soon gained
complete mastery of himself, and surprised his hearers by
the delivery of a speech the eloquence of which was
probably never excelled by him in after-life. In the course
of his speech he put forth such a force of convicting ar­
gument that he was ever afterwards regarded as "the
leading champion in all the debates of the society," and
his fellow-members, who in the beginning derided him,
were now forced to acknowledge him their superior.

Having seen how this great statesman began, let us fol­
low him in his rapid success in the political world. In 1805,
being then only in his twenty-sixth year, he was elected to
represent his district in the Kentucky Legislature, where
he highly distinguished himself. In 1806, on the occurrence
of a vacancy in the United States Senate, he was chosen to
fill the unexpired term, at the termination of which he
was for the second time elected to the Legislature of his
adopted State, and was highly honored by the members of
that body, who, for several consecutive years, chose him
to be their speaker. In 1809, he was again elected to the
Senate, to fill another vacancy. While in this office, Mr.
Clay always took a chief part in the debates of the prin­
cipal subjects before Congress, and warmly advocated intern­
al improvements, domestic manufactures, and a protective
tariff. His many eminent orations on these and other im­
portant questions gained for him a reputation as a politi­
cian attained by few American statesmen. It seemed
that the American people were unwilling to part with the
important services of this distinguished man. His term
in the Senate had no sooner expired than he was elected
to the House of Representatives of the United States, and
took his seat on the 4th of November, 1811. On the first
day of the Congressional session the members showed
the great esteem they entertained for him by unanimously
electing him their Speaker—a mark of respect and honor
never before bestowed upon a new member. This exalted
position he maintained, with the exception of two short
intervals, until 1825, when President John Quincy Adams
chose him for his Secretary of State. At the close of Mr. Adams's
term, Mr. Clay retired to private life, hoping to procure
the rest which, in consequence of his laborious duties, he
so much needed. But his countrymen would not permit
him to remain inactive, and they again sent him to the
United States Senate, there to employ his valuable ser­
vices in their behalf. This was in 1821. He remained in
this office until his resignation in 1843, during which time
he did a vast amount of good for his country. One of
the most important of his services while in the Senate was the
introduction on the 12th of February, 1833, of his famous
Compromise Bill, which, for so long a time, kept at a dis­
tance that terrible conflict by which our country was del­
uged in blood. This bill was vigorously opposed by Dan­
el Webster and others; but Mr. Clay, in a speech overflow­ing
with sentiments of the purest and noblest patriotism,
replied to their arguments and secured its passage. Be­
sides the Compromise Bill, Mr. Clay, while in the Senate,
rendered many other important services to his coun­
try.

On the 31st of March, 1842, on the occasion of Mr.
Clay's resignation of the senatorship, the Senate chamber
was filled with a large audience, eager to hear his farewell
address. While the stillness of death reigned over this vast
assemblage, Mr. Clay rose, and in a most pathetic and
eloquent speech addressed the multitude. In the course
of his address he showed how feebly the honorable but
laborious position of Senator compares with the happiness
to be derived from leading a private life, surrounded by a
loving family circle, and the great pleasure implied in
that one word—home. He also dwelt at some length, and
in an able manner, on the generosity and kind-heartedness
of the Kentucky people in showering upon him, although
only an adopted son, the greatest honors in their gift, and
in treating him as a favorite rather than a foster-child—a
glowing, but at the same time a truly deserving tribute.
He also offered an humble apology to any, of his brother
senators whose feelings might have been wounded by any
language unintentionally used by him during the exci­
tement of debate; asking their forgiveness, and begging
them to forget their differences. He also advanced the
idea that their little personal disputes be buried in the oblivion of
the past. He concluded his farewell address by saying:
"May the most precious blessings of Heaven rest upon
the whole Senate, and each member of it, and may the
labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation
and the advancement of his own fame and renown.
When you shall return to your constituents, may you receive that
most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards— their
cordial greeting of 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'
Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting,
and a friendly farewell." The pathetic strain in which
these last few sentences were uttered brought tears to the
eyes of many of the spectators, some of whom were Sena-
The stage broke down on Bitter Creek, and the passengers 
tations of his office, and the great degree to which he ex­
ted himself in debating on the Slavery Question and 
important discussions, greatly impaired his health, 
loss was deeply felt in the Senate, and deplored 
year of his age.

During the last fifty years of his life, which he spent 
probably did more for its prosperity and advance­
anny other statesman of his day. On the 10th 
all that was mortal of this great orator and 
Statesman was laid to rest in the cemetery at 
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and he died on the 39th of June, 1853, in the seventy-sixth 
year of his age.

Perhaps every person who is somewhat advanced in life 
can remember some incident of his early life which he 
would like to forget; something that resulted from the 
freshness and vast inexperience of youth. I remember one 
which I have spent a good deal of time trying to forget.

Just before the Union Pacific Railroad reached Bitter 
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James K. Polk. In 1848, Mr. Clay was again 
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Western Learning.

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Dr. Walsh, the President of Maynooth College, has published a "Tractatus de Actibus Humanis," a work that cannot fail to be of great service to ecclesiastical students, and especially for those who use Gury's text-book.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 623 feet long, 254 feet wide, with 157 columns sixty feet high, each one the gift of a king—it was 100 years in building. The large pyramid was 461 feet in height, and eighty-one feet on the sides. The base covers 16 acres. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth, in Egypt, contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and contained 350,800 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The wall of Nineveh was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

"There is always," says a recent eminent writer, a "period of 'grind' so very distasteful that many a student will declare that he 'hates music,' and wishes to give it up, when a little perseverance would make of him an excellent musician." And, accordingly, as numerous examples prove, if we only refer to the many "mechanical" artists we often listen to, everybody of good general education and a moderate taste for music can accomplish something. The love of art often exists without great talent for it. But cultivation can do much; it can conquer obstacles and at times become heated. Only the best glycerine can be employed with advantage, but when it is of a high grade the results leave little to be desired.

A timely interest is given by the death of George Eliot to the new edition of her masterpiece, "Romola," just issued by the American Book Exchange, New York. It shows her work at its best and strongest, and at the same time gives the reader the opportunity to acquire a lasting familiarity with the scenes and society of medieval Italy. It is one of the few really great historical novels of the world. It is issued in handy and beautiful form, extra cloth binding, simple but rare elegance and taste in design, and like the other issues of "Literary Revolution," its cost is a most nominal, viz.: 25 cents. It is one of a series intended to form a library of classic fiction, which will include one representative and characteristic work of each of the great authors who have won lasting fame in the realm of fiction. Life is too short and too full of work to permit the reading of all that is beautiful and valuable in these creations of the imagination. But even very busy people can find time to read one book by each of the score of authors who have won immortal fame and place in the affections of the people. Not to acquaint yourself with them is to be ignorant of much that is most important and most interesting in the history of nations and of men. Not to possess them is to be deprived of most fruitful and profitable sources of enjoyment. Among those issued or nearly ready are Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer's "Pompeii," Irving's "Knickerbocker," Cooper's "Mohicans," "Tales of Norman Barons," "Adventures of Do," "Quixote," and "Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt." Full catalogue of standard publications will be sent on request, by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

Scientific Notes.

An investigation made by a Berlin physician into the facts and data relating to human longevity shows the average age of clergymen to be 65; of merchants, 62; clerks and farmers, 61; military men, 59; lawyers, 58; artists, 57; and medical men, 56.

The average weight of the brain of a fish, compared with the weight of its body, is as 1 to 5.65; that of a reptile, 1 to 1.321; a bird, 1 to 2.12; a monkey, 1 to 20; a horse, 1 to 7.98. The average weight of the brain of a man, compared with that of his body, is ordinarily as 1 to 30.

Engineers of steamships have found that the best lubricants are glycerine for the cylinders and castor-oil for the bearings. When castor-oil is used, the main bearings seldom become heated. Only the best glycerine can be employed with advantage, but when it is of a high grade the results leave little to be desired.

A solution of 5 per cent. phosphate of ammonia will prevent ladies' clothing from burning with flame, and a solution containing 5 per cent. alum and 5 per cent. phosphate of ammonia will make lino, gut and wooden stuffs. The clothes lose their inflammability, however, by wetting or washing.

The manufacture of bottle corks is a considerable source of wealth in France. The annual production of corks amounts to 1,369,000,000, and it is valued at about $3,100,000. The value of the raw material is estimated at about $600,000. The French Government has formed a number of plantations of the cork oak in Algiers, Africa. Parts of the United States are well adapted to the successful cultivation of the Quercus suber or cork oak.
—The discovery of beds of genuine anthracite in the Far West is one of the surprises of recent explorations in that region. Bituminous coal is common enough west of the Mississippi, but anthracite has never been found there and was generally believed to be confined to the "wildest prospectuses." That there are inexhaustible beds of anthracite in the Old Place range, and that the coal compares well with the Pennsylvania variety, is shown by Dr. Holub in a paper "On the Central South African Tribes," just published in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute. Mr. Holub remarks in connection with the Bushmen that these people, "regarded as the lowest type of Africans, in one thing excel all the other South African tribes with whom acquaintance I made between the south coast and 10° south latitude. I have in my possession about 300 sketches on wood and stone and ostrich-shells, by various tribes, but every one who knows anything about these people will agree that these Bushmen are superior to any of the others."

—Prof. Boyd Hawkins has lately shown in his "Early Man in Britain" that "although the Neolithic men were immeasurably above the Cave-men in culture, they were far below them in the arts of design"; and further, that the Cave-men "possessed a singular talent for representing the animals he hunted, and his sketches reveal to us that he had a capacity for seeing the beauty and grace of natural form, not much inferior to that which is the result of long-continued civilization in our own country and very much higher than that of his successors in Europe in the Neolithic age." That this faculty of design or artistic aptitude is still independent of advanced or advancing civilization is shown by the Cave-men," says of its sample of this Mr. Holub in a paper "On the Central South African Tribes," just published in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute. Mr. Holub remarks in connection with the Bushmen that these people, "regarded as the lowest type of Africans, in one thing excel all the other South African tribes with whom acquaintance I made between the south coast and 10° south latitude. I have in my possession about 300 sketches on wood and stone and ostrich-shells, by various tribes, but every one who knows anything about these people will agree that these Bushmen are superior to any of the others."

—An editorial in The Catholic Herald for January the 1st, entitled "Thoughts on the Idealism of Berkeley," is well worth reading. The subject-matter of the article is illustrated with numerous anecdotes that are far below them in the arts of design; and further, that the Cave-men " possessed a singular talent for representing the animals he hunted, and his sketches reveal to us that he had a capacity for seeing the beauty and grace of natural form, not much inferior to that which is the result of long-continued civilization in our own country and very much higher than that of his successors in Europe in the Neolithic age." That this faculty of design or artistic aptitude is still independent of advanced or advancing civilization is shown by the Cave-men, "regarded as the lowest type of Africans, in one thing excel all the other South African tribes with whom acquaintance I made between the south coast and 10° south latitude. I have in my possession about 300 sketches on wood and stone and ostrich-shells, by various tribes, but every one who knows anything about these people will agree that these Bushmen are superior to any of the others."
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

all back. Perhaps the exchange editor has taken a vaca-
tion to write up that oblivious notice. When it is finished, we
suppose a new Era will dawn. We like the Cornell Era, although we have sometimes yielded to the tempta-
tion of poking fun at its exchange editor—he of the foreign
"economy." He cannot pay us back in our own coin, if he
wishes, and as much as he pleases, between now and
February. We mean to resign our editorial quill then, and
let somebody else try his hand at it. We think we
have had too and work enough during the last year and a
half to satisfy any "fighting editor or writing editor." We
shall hereafter lay aside the quill, and try to work our
way through life with the printer's stick and the Goose.
But we may say, gave us POP, as well as George H. Miles and
Mrs. Anna H. Dorse, Francis S. Key, the author of the
material for poets as well as poetry. At Father Ryan's
reading, letters were read from H. W. Longfellow, Oliver
Street, and John Boyle O'Reilly, the gifted editor
of The Pilot, at once a poet and prose author of distinc-
tion, as well as a patriot and hero. Several of Mr. O'ryan's
poems have been translated into German by Herr
Karl Koorte for use in his volume of "Selections from
American Poets," just published in Leipzig. The fol-
lowing page was appended to Mr. Longfellow's
letter to Rev. Father Ryan:

"P. S. When you call yourself "the last and least of those
who rhyme," you remind me of the graceful lines of Catullus to
Cicero:

Gratias tibi maximus Catullus
Amo, pesmus omnium poeta.
Quanto in optimus omnium patrons.

"Last and least," can no more be applied to you than 'pessi-
mus' to Catullus!"

On Thursday evening Father Ryan was tendered a com-
plimentary banquet by a committee of gentlemen, of whom
Mr. John B. Piet, the eminent Baltimore publisher, was
chairman. Hon. Wm. J. O'Brien, ex-M. C., presided at the
banquet, which was given with true Maryland hospi-
tality.

We are glad to learn that The Homeless Boy, published
by the Catholic Protectorate of St. Louis, Mo., under the
direction of Rev. John J. Hennessey, has met with such
signal encouragement that it will hereafter be issued double
its present size. Here is the announcement, verbatim:

"Our next number of The Homeless Boy will be double the
present size, and filled with the choicest morsels the market
has to offer. We hope to be able to supply more of the
way of an illustrated prayer, but, as a friend used to say,
'the promises are like pie crusts' and we have been treated to
pie crusts, but we are going to give our readers a splendid
Homeless Boy, rigged out in the latest style, and
smiling all over."

It is no wonder The Homeless Boy is appreciated. Aside
from the fact that whatever is written is given to the poor
homeless orphans by whom it is printed, the editor is a
most genial and winsome man. He always writes as
if in a good humor, pleased with himself and with every­
body. Then, too, he is a splendid guy, off jokes and bon mots in any number of languages—not
by any means the worst or least in the English. The
latter he can catch on the bound or fly, as he likes, and
throw it where he pleases. A lady correspondent says his
paper is "too sweet for anything but there aren't
enough of it." The way the editor intends to avoid such
an objection is future to double it (the paper), somewhat
after the fashion of navigators "doubling Cape Horn," we
suppose. We hope he will never want a horn of
Plenty for his paper or his orphans, though we pre-
sume he hasn't got it yet, from the fact of his starting a
printing-press boom to give employment and a trade to
the boy editor. The editor is not a very small writer, and
the radical editor of the Homeless Boy paper as it is, but there is so much of the editor there that
he needs a larger sheet on which to spread himself. We
hope he may get it. The subscription price of The Home-
less Boy is 50 cents a year; 10 copies for $1; 20 for $2; 50
for $1.

The Watertown (Wis.) Gazette is one of the sacci-
papers it has been our good fortune to meet during our brief editorial career. It seems to possess a live wag
of its own, and the way he fixtures that quill is to
arrange such terms with our successor as will please
him.

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by the Catholic Protectorate of St. Louis, Mo., under the
direction of Rev. John J. Hennessey, has met with such signal encouragement that it will hereafter be issued double
its present size. Here is the announcement, verbatim:

"Our next number of The Homeless Boy will be double the
present size, and filled with the choicest morsels the market
has to offer. We hope to be able to supply more of the
way of an illustrated prayer, but, as a friend used to say,
'the promises are like pie crusts' and we have been treated to
pie crusts, but we are going to give our readers a splendid
Homeless Boy, rigged out in the latest style, and
smiling all over."

It is no wonder The Homeless Boy is appreciated. Aside
from the fact that whatever is written is given to the poor
homeless orphans by whom it is printed, the editor is a
most genial and winsome man. He always writes as
if in a good humor, pleased with himself and with every­
body. Then, too, he is a splendid guy, off jokes and bon mots in any number of languages—not
by any means the worst or least in the English. The
latter he can catch on the bound or fly, as he likes, and
throw it where he pleases. A lady correspondent says his
paper is "too sweet for anything but there aren't
enough of it." The way the editor intends to avoid such
an objection is future to double it (the paper), somewhat
after the fashion of navigators "doubling Cape Horn," we
suppose. We hope he will never want a horn of
Plenty for his paper or his orphans, though we pre-
sume he hasn't got it yet, from the fact of his starting a
printing-press boom to give employment and a trade to
the boy editor. The editor is not a very small writer, and
the radical editor of the Homeless Boy paper as it is, but there is so much of the editor there that
he needs a larger sheet on which to spread himself. We
hope he may get it. The subscription price of The Home-
less Boy is 50 cents a year; 10 copies for $1; 20 for $2; 50
for $1.

The Watertown (Wis.) Gazette is one of the sacci-
papers it has been our good fortune to meet during our brief editorial career. It seems to possess a live wag
of its own, and the way he fixtures that quill is to
arrange such terms with our successor as will please
him.
a new mahogany suit. As for that other Queen Cues, Burpee, to compromise by all means, and the sooner the better. He is neither useful nor ornamental. He gives a poor imitation of Artemus Ward in one point only, his bad spelling: in every other respect he is as dissimilar to Ward as can be.

College Gossip.

—How is this for eloquence? Hypocrite, from hippo, a horse, and brittle, a horse's egg; therefore, horse judge.—Ex.

—"What is the first thing to be done in case of fire?" asked Professor Stearns. "Sue the insurance company," promptly answered the boy at the foot of the class, whose father had been burned out twice.

—The University of Michigan exceeds annually about $3,000 in postage. It ought to be increased every year. Don't rail at us for saying so. The city of New York has but one Post, and its inhabitants claim to be the best posted people in the world.

—Wonders never cease. While industriously driving our quills, what should come boldly into our august presence but a cat. A real live purring cat to walk into the room of a medico! No resident of Ann Arbor art thou, O felix.—University.

—Mrs. Chisum, of Rome, gave $10,000 for the establishment of a college at Atlanta for colored youth, which bears her name. It is supported by the Freedman's Aid Society, and the rest of the $40,000, which it cost, came from the Freedman's Aid Society.

—"I say, man," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here, just now?" "No, I didn't see any kind of a sickle. Mister; but just now I seen a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a pair of less and a linen collar. You can kid me about it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seen it myself."—Ex.

—At Harvard the old recitation system in mathematics has given place to lectures, except in the prescribed courses in algebra, geometry and trigonometry, which form a conglomeration of the common acedemical instruction, and in the study of advanced analytics, the calculus of infinitesimals, quinquencies and mechanics, text-books are used only as works of reference, or as texts for the lectures.—Ex.

—The Oberlin authorities have rescinded the law against baseball, and now the students at that institution are at liberty to play as much as pleases them. They have secured a new and much better baseball field than the old one, and seem inclined to give baseball a front place in the college pastimes. A communication from an Oberlin student to the College Rambler makes it appear that the prohibition to the college buildings.

—About $38,000 have been subscribed towards the project University College, Liverpool, England. Of this, about £7,000 is for the Roscoe Chair of Art; Lord Derby gives £10,000 for a chair of Natural History; Messrs. Rathbone £10,000 towards the King Alfred Professorship of Modern History and Literature; Messrs. Brown, Greenfield and Barron £10,000 to found a chair of Ancient History; and Mrs. Grant £10,000 for the foundation of a chair in some branch of science.

—The syndicate appointed by Cambridge University, England, to consider the memorial from head masters of the schools on the subject of the obligation of passing an examination in Greek, recommend that the existing obligation to satisfy the examiner for the previous examination in the two classical languages be relaxed in certain cases, and that a knowledge of the two principal languages of Continental Europe might fairly be recognized as a substitute for that of Greek or of Latin.—Harvard Echo.

—It is alleged that the Chinese instructor at Harvard College is greatly disturbed by the amount of a volume of poems on which no American critic has ever been able to pass an adverse judgment, since there is no western scholar who can interpret its teetle-chrelo-

—The Echo states that Harvard's share of the gate-money at the game with Columbia is $854.80. It is but little, when one considers the expense entailed by sending a team abroad. It is only natural that students should have the honor of their Alma Mater at heart; but their efforts are not always appreciated, nor are the expenses consequent upon intercollegiate contests given the consideration they deserve. This consideration, and that of the loss of time entailed upon the student, are enough to cast a doubt upon the propriety of intercollegiate contests of the kind, although we think they will hard prove a good and useful training for those who care to undertake them.

—Mr. Hun Hua, the Chinese professor at Harvard, is described as an acute reasoner and close observer. He has learned to speak English fairly, and he spends most of his time reading, for his college duties amount to nothing, as he has had but one pupil, and at present has none. His contract is for three years, whether there are any students in his class or not. The Springfield Republican tells this story of him: Great was his surprise one morning to receive a printed communication from the College officials, which he took to be a dismissal. Rushing at once to a professor near by, he thrust the circular into his hands, exclaiming in an indignant and injured tone: "Tree year; boy, no boy!":—N. Y. Graphic.

—Stonyhurst, the great Roman Catholic College of England, stands about three miles from Ribchester, in Lancashire, on an eminence commanding extensive views. It was built at the close of the sixteenth century by Sir Richard Sherburne, and passed in 1754, by bequest of the Duchess of Norfolk, whose mother was a Sherburne, to the college. The Dowager Duchess, whose mother was a Sherburne, to the Roman Catholic family of Wilmot, which some years before gave a Cardinal to the Church. The size and arrangement of the rooms rendered the mansion easily convertible into a Catholic seminary. For many years the English Catholics had also a famous seminary at Prior Park, near Bath, once the seat of Pope's friend, the celebaret Ralph Allen, but this was given up about fifteen years ago.

—Rev. Father Yenni, S. J., the well-known author, recently celebrated at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Al., the fiftieth anniversary of his admission into the illustrious Order of which he is so illustrious a member. The effects of Mobile, who know him so well and esteem him so highly, came to greet the old man on his festive day; whilst many gentlemen, once his pupils, and now the grandfathers of some of his boys, were delighted to have an opportunity of expressing their gratitude and love. The day passed off right merrily, and everyone was pleased. Rev. F. Yenni is a Tyrolean by birth, and came to America in 1847. For the last thirty-three years he has been a professor of Latin and Greek at Spring Hill, and in the mean time has composed Latin and Greek grammars that have been universally praised and admired in Europe and in the United States.
The Notre Dame Scholastic, January 8, 1881.

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.

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.

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Many of the three hundred students at Notre Dame come from great distances, and when the Christmas holidays came it was either impossible, or was deemed unwise that they should go home. About one hundred of them remained at the University, and passed an exceedingly merry time, unless their looks very largely belied their feelings. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, the holiday week was ushered in, in excellent fashion, and from that time forward the festivities never flagged. A most enjoyable entertainment was given on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th. Mrs. Ray, of Chicago, favored the boys with a few beautiful selections, vocal and instrumental. Songs were sung by Messrs Orrick and Garrity, followed by humorous readings. Dancing followed the singing, and the merry-making was kept up until the hour for retiring.

In good season on Monday the Juniors, headed by Masters Orrick and Grever, began the work of canvassing for contributions to the Christmas tree fund. They went about it in good earnest, and on the day following, met the Masters Orrick and Grever, departed in search of another victim.

On Wednesday morning several boys, marshalled by Orrick, armed themselves with a little hatchet, and started for a place two miles distant, where they proposed to cut a Christmas tree. Just before dinner they arrived with their treasure, which they had borne on their shoulders for the whole distance.

Meanwhile the Seniors had not been idle. They had been making preparations on an extended scale for a masquerade, which should completely outshine any previous attempt at entertainment. And on Friday evening the great event took place. About forty young gentlemen masqueraded; the variety of their costumes varied from the grotesque to the sentimental, and many were the fruitless guesses made as to who were the wearers of the various masks. When the unmasking came, great were the surprises.

An elegantly gotten up German military officer proved to be Dennis Harrington, and the bewitching young lady with whom he danced so frequently was (tell it not in Gath) the grave and dignified Geo. E. Clarke. Master O'Neill appeared in the most grotesque of all the costumes—that of a faded negro beauty—and excited much merriment by his well-acted part. The rollicking Irishman was well personated by T. Kavanagh, and H. O'Donnell concealed himself behind a false front of aldermanic proportions.

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"Very Rev. Father Corby has given us an order on Brother ——, for $3 worth of goods," said Grever.

"Yes," said Orrick, "and Father Walsh has given us a great big book—oh, it's fine—and something else besides," and Orrick rolled up his eyes with the delighted expression peculiar to a Mississipi darkey at camp-meeting.

"Besides," added Grever, "Father T. Lincoln Maher, D. D., has given us three inkstands, worth a dollar apiece, and some penholders."

"And we have about fifteen dollars in money," said Orrick.

"Well," we rejoined, "with so much, you surely don't expect us to give you anything."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Orrick. "Can't get too much, you know. I'll put you down two dollars. How'll that do?"

"It will do—for you," we replied.

"You'll give it, won't you?" he urged.

"Oh, certainly," we said. And forthwith Masters Orrick and Grever departed in search of another victim.

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Every night, when no special entertainment was on the programme, the students of both departments amused themselves by "tripping the light fantastic" in the rotauds, the music being furnished principally by Messrs. Newman, Hoffman and Mosher. Towards the end of the holidays a much-welcomed new comer made his arrival in the person of L. Florman, of Deadwood, who was reported able and willing to play both piano and violin. He was immediately impressed into the service, and one hour after his arrival the person of L. Florman, of Daadwood, who was reported away from home and friends, to abide forever in that unknown land, from which no one has ever returned even if he were. The next day the lively nature of the boys was again manifested by "tripping the light fantastic" in the rotauds, and the glad and happy home where "the glad soul of sorrow in thinking of our departed brother, yet, knowing that death is "the good man's path to eternal joy," we cannot but feel that in submitting to the fiat of the Almighty our departed brother has gone from a land of exile to that bright and happy home where "the glad soul has not a wish uncrowned," In the words of Robert Blair, we are led to exclaim:

"Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wished-for shore.
Prodigious change!
Our base turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
Losses his felloes quite; all thanks to Him
Who scourged the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-days fail not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary-worn outs expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and like a bird
That's hampere'st, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, oh, then,
Each earth-born joy grows wise, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught! Oh, how he longs
To have his passport signed, and he dismissed!
'Tis done—and now he's happy?"

At a meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, held January 6th, '81, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Michael H. Bannon, '78, which occurred at his home in Waukesha, Wis., Dec. 31st, 1880:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to Himself our lamented friend, Michael H. Bannon, and
WHEREAS, We, in behalf of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, desire to present a token of esteem for our departed associate; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we have lost a good, earnest, pious and exemplary fellow-member; and while we submit to the benign and gracious decrees of the Almighty, we cannot suppress our sincere and heartfelt sorrow that one so good has departed from our midst; yet we feel a consolation in the thought that he is now enjoying the reward of his saintly life.

RESOLVED, That we condole with the grief-stricken parents and friends of the deceased, and also to the Notre Dame Scholastic and the Waukesha papers.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the paper of our Association, and that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also to the Notre Dame Scholastic and the Waukesha papers.

In Memoriam.

DIED.—THOMAS MALONEY, at Harvard, Ill., on the 21st ult., (the feast of his patron saint, St. Thomas the Apostle) of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days. Aged about 57 years. Resipescat in pace.

Deceased was born in the parish of Ballana, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, Dec. 23th, 1825. Came to this country in 1849, and settled in Rutland Co., Vermont, remaining there until the spring of 1856, when he came West, and in the fall of that year removed to Harvard, where he remained.
morning, to assume the duties of a professor in St. Joseph's College, in that city. Our best wishes accompany him.

holidays at the University with his son, Mr. J. Worley of sons of the Minim department, arrived here last Tuesday week. "Bob" is doing a good and profitable business in the University with her son, W. Ray, of the Minim department.

Cott City, Md.

melted Notre Dame.

—Rev. J. Carrier, C. S. C, of St Lawrence College, Canada, send a cordial New Year's greeting to the Scholas-

The Farmer and Fruit Grower at Anna, Illinois, and we are glad to learn incidentally that himself and paper are prospering finely. Harvey is a chip of the old block, his father being also an editor. The fact that the son follows in his footsteps shows that he was an exceptionally good editor and had no reason to regret his calling. The Farmer and Fruit Grower has a large circulation in the great fruit and grain region of the West, Southern Illinois, the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. Success to you, Harvey, old fellow; may you ever prosper. Your old friends at Notre Dame, and among them the prefects, send you a kindly greeting.

—Rev. James E. Hogan, '74, is now pastor in Galena, Illinois. He has, we understand, a very fine congregation, to whose spiritual welfare Rev. Father Hogan attends with the ardent zeal which always characterized him.

—Rev. A. Gall, of Indianapolis, has been here for the last week, visiting her son, Master Eddie Gall of the Junior department. Both left for home last Tuesday morn-

ing. Eddie will return during the coming week.

—F. Weisenburger, '75, is doing a rushing business at Defiance, O. He is, we are informed, about to forge hyme-

necul letters with an accomplished young lady of To-

ledo, O. Success, bliss, and happiness supreme, be thine, Frank!

—Rev. J. Carrier, C. S. C, of St Lawrence College, Can-

ada, send a cordial New Year's greeting to the Scholas-

tic and to all its contributors. He is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and desires to be kindly remembered to his many friends at Notre Dame.

We are sure that the many friends of M. H. Bannon ('78), Waukesha, Wis., will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at his home, in the above mentioned place, Dec. 81st. The resolutions of the different Societies appear in our editorial column.

—We learn from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror that at the semi-annual ordination of students of St. Mary's Seminary, which took place in the Cathedral on the 18th of December, Messrs. James J. Quinn and John P. Quinn, of the Class of '78, were honored with the tonsure. This was at the end of their first year at the seminary, which speaks well for the two 66 ofes of Notre Dame.

—Harvey Bouton, '60, is publisher and proprietor of The Farmer and Fruit Grower at Anna, Illinois, and we are glad to learn incidentally that himself and paper are prospering finely. Harvey is a chip of the old block, his father being also an editor. The fact that the son follows in his footsteps shows that he was an exceptionally good editor and had no reason to regret his calling. The Farmer and Fruit Grower has a large circulation in the great fruit and grain region of the West, Southern Illinois, the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. Success to you, Harvey, old fellow; may you ever prosper. Your old friends at Notre Dame, and among them the prefects, send you a kindly greeting.

—The Miami County Sentinel has the following personal concerning J. L. Farrar, '73:

"On the first of January John L. Farrar will sever his connection with the firm of Farrars & Carpenter, and Will C. Farrar, son of Col. Farrar, will be admitted to the firm. Mr. Farrar has practiced law in Miami County for nearly 30 years, and increasing age has brought a desire for more leisure than he has hitherto enjoyed. There is not now the incentive to
Preps' Christmas tree.

Year's evening.

meerschaum pipe during the holidays.

letters, etc.

caned President Corby handsomely.

prefectorial chair.

Saturday night.

the holidays.

inimitable.

querade.

baby.

pendent circumstances, and his reputation as an attorney is
eroded and sent to Seneca, Ill.

by soft-heeled Juniors.

Senior.

tation and emoluments his father and uncle have already at-
given to the profession, will in time earn for him the reputa-
well-known all over this part of the State. Will Farrar is young

and energetic, and the attention and study he has thus early
given to the profession, will in time earn for him the reputation
and emoluments his father and uncle have already att-
tained."

Local Items.

—Qui sive?
—And still they come.
—"Pull down the curtain, boys."
—"Mi-kinglish's brother is here!"
—Classes were resumed last Monday.
—The Masquerade Ball was a success.
—"Darlin" returned Tuesday afternoon.
—Sugg's jokes were sadly missed last week.
—Could you recognize "Molko in the masquerade?"
—The stuff was well represented New Year's evening.
—Ask "Tommy" to show you that pretty (?) little doll-
baby.
—Ask Wilder what he thinks about the "Pillow Bri-
gade."
—"Who will care for father now?" wails the home-sick
Senior.
—All say that the "Marshal" took the cake at the mas-
querade.
—All concede that the "Marshal" in a harlequinade is
imitable.
—Be careful not to write 1880 at the head of your
letters, etc.
—Bennet and Sol Henock were the first arrivals after the
holidays.
—Cornucopias and hanging-baskets were at a discount
Saturday night.
—The Faculty were lunched by the President on New
Year's evening.
—It looks like old times to see Bro. Paul seated in the
prefectorial chair.
—Frank Mattes won the $12 air-gun that was on the
Preps' Christmas tree.
—Several pair of "Dem Golden Slippers" were received
by soft-heeled Juniors.
—The valise "that went to New York" has been recov-
ered and sent to Seneca, Ill.
—J. H. Fendrick is a small boy, but he can say that he
can President Corby handsomely.
—The St. Cecilians presented Bro. Leander with a costly
meerschaum pipe during the holidays.

—Master E. Gall left for Indianapolis, Tuesday morning,
where he will spend a week in recuperative exercise.

—The members of St. Joseph's Novitiate read addresses
in Latin and English to Very Rev. President Corby on
New Year's Day.

—It is to be hoped that the "Corporal" will regain his
health in his trip abroad. His literary efforts have greatly
debilitated him.

—The oyster supper, which followed the masquerade
party, was well gotten up, and partaken of by an appreci-
ative assemblage.

—Our young friend who won the parcel with a French
name, and on opening which found a roll of Bologna
sausage, is inconsolable.

—The Christmas week of 1880 was the most enjoyable
and lively ever spent at the University—at least, so say
they who remained here.

—if there's one thing which more than another disgusts
a man, it is to hear a pot calling a kettle black—we are
here speaking figuratively.

—Bro. Leander is under obligations to Mr. A. Rohrbach
and the members of the St. Cecilia Society for favors re-
duced during the holidays.

—One of the boys that remained received the assuring
intelligence that 100 years from now he would not know
whether he spent Xmas here or at home.

—Anyone having a book in his possession entitled
"Egypt and Sinai" will confer a favor on the owner by
leaving it with any of the prefects in the Preparatory de-
partment.

—President Corby has the warmest thanks of the mas-
queraders for the grand oyster supper with which he re-
galed them after the grand pow-wow was over.

—The Minims and Preps. return thanks to Rev. J.
Shea, C. S. C., for the hospitable treatment they received
at his hands on the occasion of their visit to the St. Joe.

—"Glad to see you back!" "Hope you had a pleasant
time!" "Did you see Tom and Jerry?" etc., are among the
many greetings which strike the auricular nerve on each
new arrival.

—It is really too bad that all the masqueraders were
obliged to unmask at the oyster supper, for there were
several who looked more charming in their masquerade
dress than when divested of it.

—in an item of the last number of the Scholastic,
which referred to a certain party who had abused one of
the terriers, our typo made us say "disagreeable" instead of
"disgraceful," as it should have read.

—The President and Faculty of the University paid
their compliments to Very Rev. Father General on New
Year's Day. Prof. Howard delivered the address, which
met with a happy response from Father General.

—Let each student procure a copy of the Scholastic
Annual, now for sale at the Students' Office. Outside
parties wishing a copy of this interesting and instructive
Almanac should address Prof. J. A. Lyons, the compiler.
Price, 25 cts.

—At the Solemn High Mass, on New Year's Day, Very
Rev. President Corby was celebrant; Rev. Fathers O-
Keeffe and Kiresh were the assistants; Masters Brown and
Guthrie were servers-in-chief, and J. P. O'Neill was the
efficient censer-bearer.
"Our engraver" received several "sausages de Bolognse" at the distribution on New Year's evening—very appropriate, indeed! His next efforts at engraving will no doubt produce something porcine in appearance, porcine in design, porcine in execution and presentation.

"Which is the worst," said a teacher to a small student, "to hurt a boy's finger or his feelings?" Small boy: "His feelings." Prof.: "Good, my little man; and why is it worse to hurt a boy's feelings than his finger?" Boy: "Because you can't tie a rag around them."

There were over one hundred dollars' worth of Christmas presents distributed from the Preps' and Minims' Christmas tree on New Year's evening. The tree was beautifully illuminated and tastefully decorated, and reflected credit upon all who had anything to do with its preparation.

The Faculty called on Very Rev. President Corby New Year's morning, and were very ably represented by Prof. Unsworth in a scholarly address. Father Corby responded in a few well-chosen words, thanking them for this mark of esteem and assuring them that it was duly appreciated by him. Calls were made at Very Rev. Father Granger's rooms during the day, but he was absent, at St. Mary's Academy.

On New Year's Day, Father Corby, the Very Rev. President of our University, celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his first Mass, by singing High Mass in the Church at Notre Dame. That he may live to celebrate fifty more such anniversaries is the ardent wish of those who know and love him.

The mocking-bird is a mere skeleton since Charley Tinley left. Some say that repining for Charley is the cause of its present skeleton-like form; while others, and perhaps with more truth, assert that its repining after the food which the "Marshal" neglected to furnish is the cause of all the mocker's misfortunes.

We believe that had there been no "bull-dozing" in drawing for that box of cigars we would have been the lucky one. "Nick" should be brought to account for the high-handed crime he perpetrated on that occasion. Avoid our path in future, "Nick," if you have any regard for the appearance of your physiognomy.

Master Fred Fischel has graduated, so to speak, from the Minim department, and is now a full fledged Prep. If Fred succeeds as admirably in the Prep as he did in the Minim department, we may safely predict that when June—the month of pinchbugs and crabs—arrives, he will have won for himself a record of which he may well feel proud.

The Adeste Fideles was, we are informed, well sung by Masters Grever and Echlin at Midnight Mass. We had the pleasure of hearing them on New Year's Day, and we believe that, although they received no drilling at the hands of the vocal music teacher, very little improvement could have been made over their singing on this occasion.

Those of the Minim department who remained here during the holidays spent the time most pleasantly. They wound up their amusements by taking a trip to the St. Joe farm—their favorite resort—where they had a most enjoyable time. They were accompanied on their trip by members of the Faculty, and by Messrs. Grever, Guthrie, A. Brown, Ruppe and O'Neill, of the Preparatory department.

—Forget not that
"Of all the passions which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
That which the heart with strongest bias rules
In pride, that never-failing vice of fools."

A gold-headed cane, valued at $75, was presented to Very Rev. President Corby by Master J. H. Fendrick of the Junior Department on returning from his pleasant Christmas vacation. It bore the following inscription: W. Corby, C. S. C., from his little friend J. H. F. President Corby has been the recipient, during the holidays, of many flattering testimonials of the esteem and admiration entertained for him by the students of the University, but we doubt very much whether he was more pleased with all put together than with Master Fendrick's costly gift.

There was a Tartarous looking individual among the masqueraders Friday night. He looked as if he had just been vouched forth from the infernal regions. We would like to know the name of the individual who said that he believed it was the "Corporal"—the "Corporal" was heard from last week, and is still in the land of the living. He's gone, 'tis true, but like Catiline he will return; and then we shudder when we think of the fate in store for those who said on the appearance of the diabolical-looking character, "Behold the Corporal's spirit!"

The students of Notre Dame celebrated New Year's eve by a masquerade party in the rotunda of the University building. For the nonce the immense rotunda floor, and halls emptying into it, which heretofore have resounded only to the decorous footsteps of students, were given up to the heavy tread of kings and emperors, the antics of harlequins, the tender paces of Iovellano Italians and the representatives of Donnybrook, the Scotch Highlands, sunny France, Yankeeedom, and every other part of the world. No gathering of students ever had a better time or felt happier when the new year dawned.—South Bend Tribune.

Our friend John has not yet put in an appearance. We have been informed that he reasoned in this way: On Monday the Professors will merely assign lessons for Tuesday; on Tuesday class won't amount to anything, as it will take the boys a day or two to get settled down to study; Wednesday will be recreation day, consequently, no class; Thursday will be a holyday; Friday is an unlucky day, and not a safe one to travel. If I start on Saturday I will be obliged to stop at some station over Sunday, as no trains run on the Lord's day. I will leave on Monday morning, if I awake in time to make the train, and don't you forget it.

Of the many deputations which waited on our Very Rev. President on New Year's Day, for the purpose of extending to him the compliments of the season, there was none, perhaps, which gave him more pleasure than that of the professed members of the Congregation, who, headed by venerable Brother Vincent,—now a nonagenerian,—met President Corby in the large College parlor. Bro. Vincent was spokesman, and, in a few words, presented the Very Rev. President with the congratulations of all present. President Corby responded in a very feeling manner and gave all present the assurance that their efforts to afford him a warm New Year's reception were successful, and gave him an immense amount of pleasure.

Bro. Lawrence has always prided himself upon being a remarkably good marksman with the air-gun, and it...
was a just pride; for we have often heard the bell ring and saw the "Bello" appear in response to the summons from his unerring aim.—In other words, he could hit the bull's-eye more times in an hour than any other person in the Prep. department. In vain had he been looking for a rival for some one with whom he might be required to pull the trigger carefully, when last week he "met his match" in an unpretentious individual (as far as marksmanship is concerned), embodied in the personality of Master G. J. Woodson, of Fort Laramie, Wyoming Ter., who, as Bro. Lawrence informs us, can hit the bulls-eye every time. In justice to Bro. Lawrence, it might be well for us to say that he does not feel a bit bad about his defeat, but rather rejoices in knowing that he has at last found one who can successfully cope with him in target-shooting. Now that all out-door sports have an embargo placed on them, various in-door amusements are resorted to, and among these target-shooting is not by any means an uninteresting one.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, sent his New Year's remembrance to the Tribune in the shape of a huge pyramidal cake, or series of cakes, frosted into one large cone, covered with confections. It looked for all the world like a mountain transported from Candy Land, which had been stormed by fairies who used bonbons for ammunition. This cake was surmounted with a tiny golden staff, bearing a white satin banner, with the legend "A Happy New Year." It was flanked by bottles of Bordeaux of the vintage of 1875, and California wines of 1878, and was guarded by the rich amber-colored Le-Grande Chartreuse. This is one of the richest wines of France, and was made centuries ago by the Carthusian monks, who have a monastery at Chartreuse. Accompanying the doceur was this characteristic advice from Father Sorin:

"The following Parisian etiquette must be strictly observed in disposing of the three accompanying articles: otherwise, nobody can say what might happen:
1. They form neither a meal nor a lunch; for in either, people eat and drink, and the disposition of the above is neither the one nor the other: it is a Parisian dessert.
2. This dessert is intended for twelve joyous guests, for whom the cake is divided into two parts, perfectly equal; one facing east for Bordeaux, and the other straight west, towards San Francisco. The company are thereby divided into two respectable bodies.
3. The eastern guests show first, in most elegant style, how to finish both cake and wine without eating or drinking, viz.: by carefully, and cautiously, and politely dipping the one into the other.
4. Ten minutes after the disappearance of both, the Chartreuse is poured out into twelve liquor glasses, and leisurely gulped to the last drop, each one looking at some one else inquiringly, trying to ascertain how he or she or they like it.
5. If the little Parisian dessert has given satisfaction, the party will show their appreciation in one same way, viz.: by returning basket and bottles to Notre Dame for another supply, twelve months hence; otherwise, the giver could not persuade himself that he has succeeded in pleasing his best friends."

Among others who were so happily remembered by the Very Rev. Father General are Hon. T. S. Stanfield, Ex-Mayor Miller, Mr. James Oliver, Mr. Clem. Studebaker and Judge Turner. All will follow out the happy conceit of the Illustrious founder of Notre Dame, embodied above, and all wish him "Many happy returns of the day."

—South Bend Tribune.
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Dubuque and Sioux City Express ...... *10:00 a.m. * 2:30 p.m
Pacific Fast Express ................. *10:30 a.m. * 3:30 p.m
Kansas and Colorado Express ........ *10:30 a.m. * 3:30 p.m
Downer's Grove Accommodation ...... *5:35 a.m. * 1:35 p.m
Aurora Passenger .................... *5:35 p.m. * 7:35 a.m
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Going North. STATIONS. Going South.

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2.25 a.m., Chicago and St Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.; Buffalo 8.50 p.m.

11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m. 12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m., Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.35 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m., Chicago 6. a.m.

5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.

0.93 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.55 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m. 4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

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