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H. C. SIMMA, '83.
W. H. ARNOLD, '82.
R. E. FLEMING, '82.

Nature.

[From the New York Sun, January 14.]

If Nature does not to the soul respond,
We still should thank her that she does not chide;
The soul for sympathy must look beyond
The boundaries of this earth, though they be wide.
And yet the yearning heart should not complain,
For the fair world is full of glorious things;
The blue sky's broad expanse, the verdant plain,
The ocean, and the coastless song it sings,
The birds, the trees, the flowers, the mountains grand
Are ever eloquent, though they be mute,
And breathes a language we may understand.
More musical than strains from Pan's sweet lute.
Aise, sad soul! repose on Nature's breast,
And she will give to thee a blessed rest.

Eliot Ryder.

Moliere.

The age of Louis XIV was undoubtedly an age prolific of great men in every profession, great writers, great orators—both at the bar and pulpit—great statesmen, great generals, great saints, and great sinners, and all patronized by a great king, Louis. It needs a great man to form and mould an age, and it must be admitted that the king contributed in no small degree to influence, during a long reign, an age which he was wont to call l'état c'est moi! Indeed he had a taste for greatness, and this may justly be regarded, according to John Muller, as "the source of the benefits which he rendered to the arts and sciences."

It was under such a patron that Molière set about reforming the French stage, for it was reserved to him to renovate and give a fresh turn to the theatrical performances. Jean Baptiste de Poquelin, the real name of this comic writer, was born at Paris, 1622, and received a fair education, as he was destined by his father to succeed himself in the office which he filled, of valet de chambre and upholsterer to the king. The young Poquelin made notable proficiency, as his teachers Gassendi, Chapelle, and Bernier testify; and had he made good use of those talents, the future father of French comedy might have done good service to his country, nor would he be the least among the many geniuses whom his tutors, the Jesuits, have given to that ungrateful people. At an early age, the indisposition of his father placed this young man at court and very soon he accompanied the king to NARBONNE. Here the French theatre began to flourish through the genius and talents of the great Corneille, and it was here that the young Poquelin imbibed a strong passion for the stage. Having formed at the time a company of his own, and either according to custom or from regard to his parents, as his profession was then deemed disreputable, he changed his name to Molière. His company had some success, but disappears during the troubles of the Fronde; but after the restoration we find him at the head of a travelling troop.

In 1662, Molière brought forth at Lyons his first comedy, written in verse, for he was not only a dramatist but a poet. The "Etude" was interesting and much admired, notwithstanding a want of connection and some incorrectness of style. This piece was acted again at Bezieres, where the Prince Conti, who had known Molière at school, was staying. The "Précieuses Ridesules" is a delicate satire on the prevailing affectation of the character of bel esprit, and on the pedantry and affectation of learned females, in language, thought, and dress. This play had the desired effect, for in Paris the spectators recognized themselves, and benefitted by the satire. One of his greatest pieces is "The Misanthrope," and although there are more interesting comedies, still this is a satire that may be compared with those of Horace or Boileau. "The Tartuffe" is, however, one of his masterpieces, for it is written in a beautiful style and possesses much interest. In this play the hypocrite, or rather hypocrisy, is admirably personified; the characters are various and true, and the dialogue is elegant and natural. It would seem that in this especially "he held the mirror up to nature." Many of his plays were written and even prepared hurriedly, which accounts for some lack in the plots; but even in those may be found much of the wit so peculiar to Molière. It is to be regretted, however, that even in his best pieces there is so much to be lopped off before they could be produced in the presence of a modest audience. Even "Le Misanthrope," one of his masterpieces, was sufficiently in delicate to be acted in the closet rather than on the stage. It speaks ill for the taste of those who admired and applauded the most impious, the most obscene pieces. "Scaramouche" was once represented at court, and even the king was so much surprised that he said to the great Condé on leaving the theatre: "I should like to know why the people, who are so scandalized at Molière, say nothing of 'Scaramouche.'"
The formation of a constitution is at all times an arduous task, yet the universal danger of the hour urged American patriots towards its establishment and holy and sacred principles armed them for the task. "History, like a hand-maid, waited upon them and presented to their choice the wholesome lessons of experience." The salutary ideas that they chose, culled and garnered from time immemorial, were immersed into legislative wisdom, refuted in the crucible of debate, and issued in a sublime manifesto, so vast in conception, so worthy in purpose that all acts assimilated to it are in it merged, lost. The boldness of their act, echoed and re-echoed, shook the very foundations of aristocracy, aroused that innate spirit of independence that forever dwells in human breasts and rang the death-knell of religious fanaticism. An epoch was marked, a brighter era dawned and stamped its incipiency on the records of civilization. A nation, carved from a vast solitude that was to give birth to a countless multitude, was ushered into existence. This was not an asylum for the assassin or the pirate; the insolvent debtor, or friend of novelty; the progenitors of ancient Rome, but was destined to be a home for the down-trodden of every land, the oppressed of every creed, and the innocent victim of iniquitous legislation.

Molière was endowed with an observing mind, and was ingenious in catching the outward marks of passions and emotions, and exhibited the tone, the actions, the language, the feelings, nay, he laid bare the most secret recesses of their hearts. "His comedies," says La Harpe, "properly read, may supply experience, because he has depicted, not mere passing follies, but human nature, which does not change." It is only one that has tasted the dregs of that bitter cup that can sufficiently delineate the extravagancies and depravity to which human nature can descend. There is a reward for virtue which is unknown to the depraved, and Molière was no exception; for even in private life, in his domestic relations, he was not happy; and he that could make merry on the stage, at the weaknesses of others, could not guard against his own. He died as he lived, in the midst of his performance, being seized with a fit of apoplexy; he passed with a smile on his face to meet his reward. The circumstances of his death suggested the epithet which his friend Bechat wrote, but of course it was not placed on his tomb:

"Rossius hic situs est, parva Molilëus in urna. 
Cui genus humanum indère iussus erat;
Dum indit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere sacra neta.

Molière never became a member of the Academy, because all actors were excluded, nor would he on principle give up the stage. That body, however, erected to his honor a bust with this verse of Saurin:

"rien ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre."

Lessons Taught Us.

BY GEORGE E. CLARKE.

"Even ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre."
art, science and literature illuminated our career, marked us as a nation of greatness, caused the attention of other nations to be fixed upon us, and the proudest argument was, "I am an American citizen." But liberty tends to licentiousness; and domestic aggressors, under the thin veil of hypocrisy, begin to give us fear. Personal aggrandizers, and mobs who know no law, flaunt their colors at our threshold. That ennobling attribute which gave to us disinterested patriots, heroes and commanders, illustrious and gifted statesmen, seems to have become extinct. Obedience and stability, the pillars and props of our existence, have a crumbling appearance.

A spirit opposed to patriotism, warring with rule and order, contemning law and authority, and subverting the very foundation of government itself, is charging the atmosphere. Fluctuation in momentous affairs portends a reign of laxity and licentiousness in graver ones. An era of demagogism, shoddism and snobbish affectation begins, and at once becomes the recipient of our encouragement. The sensationalism of pulpit orators is another innovation. Campaign speakers refrain from rebuking their constituents for their faults and errors, but pander to their vicious tastes, warp, cringe, and crawl at their command. Wisdom, common sense, justice and veracity are drowned in the shouts and clamors of maddened auditors. And that other safeguard of the principles of Government, the press, has degenerated, perverted its use and transcended its bounds. Too frequently edited by men of ordinary abilities and unprincipled views, its issues, scattered broadcast, deluge the land with ideas the most impure and corruptions. Manipulated by the bigot with bounded conceptions and narrow judgments, which shut out the bright rays of truth, miscoloring and falsifying facts, it cries sectarianism at its opponents. These, with imitating the "booted and spurred" in formalities and liveried servants, aping the ne'er-do-wells of territory and libelled of name, are now made the objects for contempt. They who have never hoisted false colors, who have never been bought to fight, who have never thrown their arms around the pillars of the Constitution, seems to have become extinct. The Government disbanded the schools of the Irish nation, On what authority are such actions based? The English Government disbanded the schools of the Irish nation, taught a crime, yet the fields of literature bear lasting impressions of their genius. The effusions of the "sweet son of song," imbedded in gracefulness of thought and richness of conception, rank him among the masters of song. And in that other sphere, where "senates tremble as they praise," their exponent is he who by moral suasion for a quarter of a century agitated the minds of the British Empire and cared not content until his object was secured. But perhaps nationality is not the occasion for hatred towards that people of valor and virtue. One of the crimes (? of Mary Queen of Scots was that she was a Catholic. Can the same be applied to this race, as the majority of them revere that faith and glory in it? Remember, that Europe's greatest statesmen suggested every means, tested every instrument and exhausted all their energies to destroy this enemy of their designs, but they failed most completely, and the hydra-headed monster (?) still lives. We had hoped that that feeling of which the ruins of Charlestown Convent so plainly speak had long since disappeared. We had hoped that as the trammels of despotic oppression had been broken, freeing us from everything of an extraneous nature, we were wholly free, and that spirit born in another world, fed by the slaves of bigotry, had not been wafted to a land where there should be no distinction but that which merit would originate. But our hopes have not been realized. The events of the day convince us of it. The place of birth seems now to make a partition of rights. The descendants of a race whose forefathers feared not to immolate themselves on the altar of the commonweal, priding, as they justly should, in a land prolific in great hearts, a land treated as Egypt and Phœnecia were by Greece and Rome, "plundered of territory and libelled of name," are now made the objects for contempt. They who have never hoisted false colors, who have never been bought to fight, who have never thrown their arms around the pillars of the Constitution, that it might fall upon their fellow-men—why are they treated with such bitterness? Should they not resent it? They should; and that spirit of which the Irish people are so characteristic, good them to it. Until recently, owing to inexperience, they have been hurried on by the fiery declamation and honeyed words of deceitful politi-
and He would make you sorry for it, would you refuse
classical one, why not avail yourself of this precious
opportunity offered you? God has placed it in your way,
That desire to give you a good education, a complete
tain this end without trouble. He has given you parents
say all this without reflection. You must know that God
Virgil, and Horace! much better to read a dime-novel
without the classics. What nonsense to study Cicero,
can read, write, know all the intricate points of book-
A Prep's. Idea of the Advantages Derived from
Whether a young man, who possesses the means and
talents, should acquire a complete classical education is
a question which must always be answered in the affirma-
tive. For why is man placed in this world? Is it merely
to satisfy his carnal appetites and desires? Indeed not; for
then man would be nothing more than a brute, and this certainly is not what he ought to be, for
he is composed of soul and body; the former, besides, is
superior element, and it needs to be cultivated, to be re-
ified, like gold in the fire, in order that it might ap-
proach in perfection the ideal of its Creator. But how
can this be done? How can the soul, the heart, attain this
culture, unless it is, so to say, properly moulded there-
unto by experienced minds that have gone through the
schools of training and have become imbued with the
principles of science and art, and are able to impart that
which they have learned themselves? But, you ask,
what has all this to do with a complete classical educa-
tion? Why will not a commercial course do as well? I
can read, write, know all the intricate points of book-
keeping, and can make a living, and a good living, too,
without the classics. What nonsense to study Cicero,
Virgil, and Horace! much better to read a dime-novel
than rack my brains about the labored lines of these dead
authors. This is very easy talk, but consider that you
say all this without reflection. You must know that God
created you for a certain end, and that you can never at-
tain this end without trouble. He has given you parents
to take care of you, and He has blessed them with riches.
They desire to give you a good education, a complete
classical one, why not avail yourself of this precious
opportunity offered you? God has placed it in your way,
and He would make you sorry for it, would you refuse

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**Art, Music and Literature.**

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**H. Drachmann is the foremost living Danish author.** His latest work is a fairy tale, "Eastward from the Sun
and Westward from the Moon."

France received five medals at the latest closed Exhi-
biton of Ghent—Cormen, for his "Cain;" Morst, for his
"The Good Samaritan;" Bastien Lepage, for his "Joan of
Arc;" Pelouze, for his "The First Leaves;" and Rodin
the sculptor, for his "The Age of Brass."

A second concerto by Xavier Scharwenka, was pro-
duced at the second Gesellschaft Concert, Vienna,
and created a deep impression upon advanced musicians, who
do not stick to the ideas of musical antiquity. Opinion,
however, is divided as to which is the greater work—his first or second concertos. The former has long since been acknowledged by critical Vienna as a masterpiece of modern classical writing. The compositions of the two Scharwenkas and Moszkowski have made a wonderful impression when we consider that the gods of pianolo-literature in Vienna, Chopin and Mendelssohn, could not be applied to you than pessimism, but "Erin's Flag," he would prove himself not only a true poet but a great one. That strong and thrilling poem will be read and admired long after many of the most popular poets of our day have passed into oblivion—Ae Maria.

—The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopie edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which was on view last year at the Paris Exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only 5 centimetres long by 3½ centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 versions of which were somewhat less than 8 centimetres long. The type with which this curious book was printed was cast as long ago as 1831, but DO complete verses occupying a space of somewhat less than 8 square centimetres. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1831, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue the work. In 1873, a fresh attempt was made to set up the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the book of some 300 pages occupied more than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fratellini; the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Gheche. The eye-sight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the Allgemeine Zeitung, from whose article this note is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the most magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been named "Lo Dantino," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies are to be struck off, and will shortly be put upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up—Gala Universe.

—American ingenuity, stimulated to almost supernatural efforts of conception by the favorable results of the experiments recently made with a view to tunneling the bed of the British channel, has put forth an amazing project for connecting Great Britain with the United States by a Transatlantic railway. The devisers of this scheme proposed to sink upon the Atlantic bed an iron tube some 5,000 miles long, and 26 feet in diameter, through which two trains might travel simultaneously with perfect convenience and safety. Mr. Edison believes that he can perfect an electric locomotive to draw the trains along through the tube in 30 hours from shore to shore, and the cost of the whole line, rolling stock included, is not to exceed one hundred and sixty million dollars.

—From a letter from Mr. Longfellow to Father Ryan, the Southern poet, on the occasion of a reading by the latter of some of his own poems, at the Baltimore Academy of Music, on the evening of Dec. 17, contained the following pleasant reflection: "If you call yourself the least of all poets, and least of those who rhyme, you remind me of the graceful lines of Catullus to Cicero: 'Receive the warm thanks of Catullus, the least of all poets; as much the least of all poets as you are the greatest of all advocates.' Least and least can no more be applied to you than "pessimism."—Ae Maria.

—The smallest book ever printed since type was first invented is a microscopic edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which was on view last year at the Paris Exhibition. The whole volume of 500 pages is only 5 centimetres long by 3½ centimetres wide. Two sheets of paper sufficed to contain all the 14,323 verses of the poem, 30 versions of which were somewhat less than 8 centimetres long. The type with which this curiosity was printed was cast as long ago as 1831, but no complete book had hitherto been turned out in it, the difficulties for compositor and reviser being so enormous that the attempts were given up time after time, no one being able to continue the work. In 1873, a fresh attempt was made to set up the "Commedia," and some notion of the difficulty experienced may be gathered from the fact that the book of some 300 pages occupied more than five years in its completion. The text is that of Fratellini; the reader was a certain Signor Luigi Busato, and the compositor Giuseppe Gheche. The eye-sight of the latter is irretrievably ruined. The writer in the Allgemeine Zeitung, from whose article this note is extracted, states that he is unable to form a judgment as to how the corrections were carried out, for even with the most magnifying glass he was unable to follow the text continuously. The edition has been named "Lo Dantino," the "Little Dante." A thousand copies are to be struck off, and will shortly be put upon the market, after which the type will be at once broken up—Gala Universe.

—John Pope, pupil of Couture, associate of the New York National Academy, one of the founders of the Artist's Fund Society and an enthusiast in his profession, died at his home in Fourth avenue some days ago, bellevry of his 80th. After forty years of labor, he had found the secret of perfect art. A man more thoroughly enraptured with his calling never lived. He painted while daylight lasted, and then spent the evening in producing the crayon drawings so much admired in the exhibitions at the Academy of Design. Though as a portrait painter he excelled, the dream of his life was to produce strong figure pictures, in which the background of landscape would form as effective a part as the figures themselves. This was his ruling passion in life, and as he neared the end the passion grew stronger. On the evening of his death, as he lay back on his pillows very weak and ill with a hemorrhage of the lungs, his wife, who with her two children was watching at his side, was startled by his suddenly rising in bed and crying feverishly: "Quick! give me my palette and brush. I must paint! Don't attempt to stop me. I can do it now, for I just discovered the art through the influence of visions of exquisitely graduated music. It is plain as day at last!" His wife, alarmed at his excitement, made a weak attempt to dissuade him, but as she listened to his dictations, it was evident that his end was very near, she humored him. His paints, brushes, and canvas were brought to him, and his tearful relatives arranged the coverings of the bed so that they would not break off the draughts. He began his work with a haste amounting almost to frenzy. "At last, at last," he cried "I have the beauty which all my life and over all the world I have been struggling for." He painted faster and faster, evidently believing that the canvas would show the beauty that he conceived, although it was in truth a sad realization of the conception. It was late in the day when he began his death-bed picture. It grew darker and darker as he went on, and his sobbing family sat around him powerless to ease his last moments. At last it grew so dark that even he in his excitement noticed it. "Let us go to the studio," he cried, suddenly. "No; no; not to-morrow. Wait until to-morrow; you must go to the studio," he exclaimed, making an effort to rise. The tax upon his strength was too great; without another word he fell back on his pillows dead.

Scientifico Notes.

—American ingenuity, stimulated to almost supernatural efforts of conception by the favorable results of the experiments recently made with a view to tunneling the bed of the British channel, has put forth an amazing project for connecting Great Britain with the United States by a Transatlantic railway. The devisers of this scheme proposed to sink upon the Atlantic bed an iron tube some 5,000 miles long, and 26 feet in diameter, through which two trains might travel simultaneously with perfect convenience and safety. Mr. Edison believes that he can perfect an electric locomotive to draw the trains along through the tube in 30 hours from shore to shore, and the cost of the whole line, rolling stock included, is not to exceed one hundred and sixty million dollars.

—It has generally been held that metallic substances impregnating the soil were not absorbed by plants; that the plants possessed a species of selective power, in virtue of which they rejected everything of an injurious nature. This is not strictly true, since there are exceptions to the rule. The species of violet (Viola odraminaria), which flourishes on the waste heaps of certain parts of the zinc mines of Rhenish Prussia, have been found to contain considerable quantities of zinc. Mr. Diculafall, a noted French mineralogist, now add his testimony to the inaccuracy of the opinion, by proving the presence of copper in plants which grow on rocks belonging to the copper-bearing series. In some instances he was able to obtain a distinct reaction of copper with ammonia in one grain of ash. It is not improbable that investigation would disclose the fact that other metals are also taken up by plants.

—Dr. Felix L. Osvald's article on "The Drink Problem" in the International Review for December is a discussion of the evils of intemperance from the physical rather than the moral point of view. Dr. Osvald states that in Great Britain the consumption of fermented and distilled spirits has increased since 1850 at the average yearly rate of 9½ per cent.; in France at the rate of 2 per cent.; in Northern Germany the manufacture of malt liquors has doubled since 1850; and in the United States the consumption of intoxicating drinks has advanced at a rate exceeding our rapid growth of population by one-fifth. It is a still more suggestive circumstance that wherever, for any cause, the use of distilled drinks has appreciably declined, the want has been supplied by other and even more deleterious stimulants. In Paris alcohol is in part displaced by absinthe and calisay, in Belgium and Peruvians by coca, and in San Francisco by opium. In London and St. Petersburg many users of high wines have abandoned them for ether-drinking, and in Savoy and the adjoining Swiss Cantons arsenic-eaters are the only abstainers from alcohol.

—H. H. Warner deserves to be held in lasting remembrance by all who are interested in the advancement of science. He has the following to say to American astronomers: "Learning numerous facts, or details, that I have learned, is not all that I have done for astronomy. I have been struggling for."

—The Notre Dame Scholastic.
1. —The comet must be unexpected and telescopic, excepting only the comet of 1819, which is expected to reappear during the coming year. Condition 2.—The first discovery must be made in the United States or Canada. Condition 3.—Immediate notification by telegraph must be made to the Superintendent of the Western Observatory, who will cause the same to be cable to Europe, and will also send notification to astronomers in this country by special circular or associated press dispatch. Condition 4.—The telegraph must give the time of discovery, the position, direction and daily route of motion with sufficient exactness to enable at least one astronomer to find it. Condition 5.—In the event of any dispute which may arise regarding priority of claim or non-conformity with the conditions named, the decision shall be referred to Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. and Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton Observatory, and the decision shall be final. The above offer, unless previously renewed, will expire January 1st, 1889.

The Portfolio

Exchanges.


—The Brunonian and The Vassar Miscellany set a good example by giving proper credit to all their excerpts. Every note, large or small, even a two-liner, is credited, and these notes make a fine appearance—a much better one than with the ubiquitous "Ex." If we were about to start a paper we would call it the "a;," then we would be sure of getting credit not only for what we wrote ourselves but also for the brain-work of others.

—The Catholic World for February has the following table of contents: I, The Genesis of Faith; II, The Wrath of the Achenes; III, A New Book on Freemasonry; IV, Protestant Proselytism in Ireland; V, A Life's Decision; VI, The Ecclesiastical Press in Germany Before the "Reformation; VII, The Fight with the Dragon (Poems); VIII, A Work of Culture; IX, The New Rhetoric; X, Catholics and Protestants Agreeing on the School Question; XI, New Publications: Protestantism and the Bible—Irish Distress and its Remedies—Anglican Ritualism—Irish Saints in Great Britain—Life of Alfred Millet, S. J.; XI, X Book Notices: A History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Allegheny from the Establishment to the Present Time—Young Ireland—Ceremonial Institutions—Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory—Synopsis of an Article on the Zodiakal Light—a History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the First Ten Centuries—Claims of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop to Apostolical Right and Valid Orders Disproved—The Church and the Moral World—The Spoken Word; or, the Art of Extempore Preaching, its Utility, its Danger, and its True Idea, with an easy and practical Method for learning it; XI, X Book Notices: History of Penmanship—Settlement of Discovery, the position, direction and daily route of motion with sufficient exactness to enable at least one astronomer to find it. Condition 5.—In the event of any dispute which may arise regarding priority of claim or non-conformity with the conditions named, the decision shall be referred to Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. and Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton Observatory, and the decision shall be final. The above offer, unless previously renewed, will expire January 1st, 1889.

The man that "wags" his tale in the office of the Waterlous Gazette proposes that the people of the United States buy General Grant a farm and set him to work. He says Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Jackson bought farms when their terms of office in the presidential chair expired. The Gazette man's proposal in regard to Gen. Grant isn't such a bad one after all. To us he says: "Now, look here, you Scholarman man ... if you want recreation why don't you endeavor to collect the many bills due your excellent Scholarman ... Shucks! talk about being vexed! We wish we could be vexed as you are, then we might publish a better paper." We are not sure of that. "Well, we would be vexed by yourself. That's me," "You seldom have time for more than one careful reading of any article, but one reading of "The Dangers of City Life" impelled me to a second, and that to a third, and even yet we are in a state of indecision as to whether the writer means it or not. We read clauses speaking of the benevolence and bounty of the Creator, and think it is 'sober earnest.' Then we glance at the last sentence, containing that artistic and euphonious couplet: "This is our work." We are loath to admit a lack of comprehension, but really—"

T. P. The Pennan's Art Journal donned a new dress of type with the January number, and we are glad to learn that the subscription list has nearly doubled in number within the past year. The valuable "Lessons in Practical Writing," by the senior editor, D. T. Ames, are continued, and, throughout, the Journal editors evidently spare no pains to make the publication a valuable resource to all who have any regard, not only for the artistic in penmanship, but for improvement and excellence in plain business writing. To those, particularly, who wish to acquire a correct system of penmanship, and who dare not time to take lessons from a teacher, The Pennan's Art Journal will prove of invaluable assistance. Anyone who reads The Pennan's Art Journal for a year and continues to write a poem for two eligible hands—clear and rigid; the editors seem to possess the faculty of communicating their enthusiasm to their readers, and the contents of the paper are so varied that even the most indifferent reader will always find something to interest him. The editors of "Editorial Notes" and "Fancies," edited by B. F. Kelley, are spicy, and the reader will inevitably find here some nuts to crack as a finale to the more solid repast. The Journal is a monthly, and the price of subscription only $1 a year. Office of publication, 306 Broadway, New York.

—The American Catholic Quarterly Review for January was received some time ago, but the pleasure afforded by a perusal of its admirable matter cannot be put into words. As a review it is a credit to the American Church, and we are glad to learn that the publication a valuable resource to all who have any regard, not only for the artistic in penmanship, but for improvement and excellence in plain business writing. To those, particularly, who wish to acquire a correct system of penmanship, and who dare not time to take lessons from a teacher, The Pennan's Art Journal will prove of invaluable assistance. Anyone who reads The Pennan's Art Journal for a year and continues to write a poem for two eligible hands—clear and rigid; the editors seem to possess the faculty of communicating their enthusiasm to their readers, and the contents of the paper are so varied that even the most indifferent reader will always find something to interest him. The editors of "Editorial Notes" and "Fancies," edited by B. F. Kelley, are spicy, and the reader will inevitably find here some nuts to crack as a finale to the more solid repast. The Journal is a monthly, and the price of subscription only $1 a year. Office of publication, 306 Broadway, New York.
stick closely to the truth at all times. He says the latest story about Sarah Bernhardt is that she fell into a thimble and it took three hours to find her. The Gazette man should be more explicit when giving news items. This one is very much like the Rom comedy concerning the runaway team, which knocked the driver against a tree, and serious consequences were feared—whether to the man, the tree, or the team, was not stated. Now what is it in the present case—a thimble, a very light Sahaara, or a big stretch of the Watertown editor's imagination?

—An editorial in the University Press says, "Nobody has appeared who is philanthropic enough to suggest any kind of an answer to the enquity made some time ago as to who the lady was in the crowd of students who were so willingly made more interesting and profitable." It is singular that nobody can be found willing to wrestle with this abstruse problem. Perhaps some of the fair dames in St. Mary's classic halls—of whom, if report be true, visitors can scarcely find words to express the happy faculty possessed by the young ladies to add interest to everything they engage in, from a taffy-pull, to begin with, up the grade of culinary lessons to metaphysical problems, or a grand concert, or art display—would be willing to come to the aid of our Wisconsin friends. Don't all speak at once. By the way, we would like to have a practical test of the vaunted culinary proficiency of the young ladies at St. Mary's. —evidence of their standing in art, in the display in the parlors and St. Luke's Studio, and of their music at the entertainments, but never yet have we had an opportunity for a practical test of their skill. We would frequently heard of it; but that is all. If it be within the range of the possibilities that they can satisfy us on this score we would gladly set our doubts forever at rest. We should like to know positively whether the world has not yet advanced so far that a young lady (or any number of young ladies) is still able to get up a passably toothsome repast—not a lunch, mind you, but a square meal; and this, too, all the work of her hands; for too many cooks of either gender permitted to have anything to do with it. If an invitation were extended, we think we should have no hesitancy in constituting ourselves into a board of examination on this important matter; or, if we be not permitted to resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole, we feel confident our brother pencil-slingers will have no objection to serve with us. What say the fair editors of The Chimes?

—The editor of Church's Musical Visitor keeps his paper up to the high standard of former years. Musical topics of the month are always edited with ability and able articles from various sources grace and enrich the pages of this popular monthly. The article entitled "All who Speak can Sing," in the January number of the Visitors, was a fine effort on the part of the editor, giving practical hints for respiration,piration, articulation, pronunciation, style, etc. The writer says truly that everybody who can speak can sing; although everybody who can speak is not likely to make a good vocalist, yet with cultivation and practice he can sing in some way, and correct the harshness of his voice.

"A fine voice," he says, "is truly a gift of nature, but, where nature has given an indifferent voice, I hold that with judicious cultivation it may be greatly improved upon; and so with dramatic reading, for where the organ is naturally weak, by practice, under the guidance of a good master, it may be come strong. In speaking, as in singing, if the voice be produced incorrectly, it will in time completely ruin the organ; whereas, if properly advised, it would otherwise have been an effective one. When nature has been so good as to grant one the privilege of a fine voice, I think the least one can do in return for nature's goodness, is to have it properly cultivated. What a splendid thing it is to be a good vocalist! I think it is wonderful for one person to stand up and transfix an audience of thousands by simply singing. It only shows what a marvellous gift it is, and how those who have fine voices ought to appreciate them, and be grateful for them."

Collego Gossip.

—Hillsdale College has 148 students.

—The new buildings for St. Mary's College, Surrey, England, have been completed.

—The total amount thus far expended on the Catholic University of Sydney, Australia, is $129,000.

—"There is room on the table," the Senator said.

—As he placed his hand on the Freshman's head.

—At the Catholic University of Ireland the chair of Gaelic is occupied by Professor O'Looney,—a man that is not "lusty," by any means.

—The Amherst boys think that they should not be obliged to attend church twice a day unless their Prof.s are placed under a like obligation. Go it, boys!

—A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost any extra if my son wants to read and write, as well as row a boat?"—University.

—Prof.: "Mr. A. what does Libius say of Brutus, sir?"

—Student, (prompting): "Last of the Romans."

—Prof.: "Lacesseroniulus." Student: "No, sir; you didn't quite catch the sound, sir."—Trisect.

—Temperance lecturers will find a fine field for their labors in the University of Michigan. Of the 1600 students now attending that famous institution, only 36, we believe, have donned the red ribbon.

—The Michigan Supreme Court, in the scandal originating at the State University, has exonerated Douglas on all points, placed Rose in the attitude of a defaulter, and saddled the costs on the university.

—The Marquis of Bute has subsidized St. Benedict's College, Scotland, with $5,500 per year to enable the faculty to procure the services of two professors from the National Universities to assist the present staff.

It is reported, though with what degree of truth remains to be seen, that the French Jesuits contemplate opening four new colleges beyond the frontier, one at Monaco, one beyond the Pyrenees, and the others at suitable places.

At the English College, Valladolid, Spain, Mass is sung every Saturday by the students as an act of reparation to the Blessed Virgin for the insults offered her by the fanatical English soldiers, who dragged her image through the streets of the city three hundred years ago.

—The boys at Rutgers have to stand on their merits in Greek. The Faculty has secured a set of Greek textbooks of which there is no existing translation.—Index.

—Are you sure there are no two-legged ponies within call? If not, then Rutgers is not worth noticing—it is a backward place, and too dull for anything.

—A smile, quite sarcastic, his conscience were, As he left that dread chamber Of mystical lore.

—The cause of the blindness that filled pleasure's cup

—It: he knew not his lesson, And was not cut up. —Ex

—It seems that at one of the boarding-houses at Ann Arbor, the University men must develop considerable energy in order to have a successful wrestle with the butter. They may be successful at baseball, or football, but this does not ensure plebeians success with that rank affair, the butter. Here is a clipping from The Visitor:

—At one of our Boarding-houses the students are required to attend church twice a day on Sunday unless their Prof.s are placed under a like obligation. So, what say the fair editors of The Visitor?

—Are you sure there are no two-legged ponies within call? If not, then Rutgers is not worth noticing—it is a backward place, and too dull for anything.

—A smile, quite sarcastic, his conscience were, As he left that dread chamber Of mystical lore.

—The cause of the blindness that filled pleasure's cup

—It: he knew not his lesson, And was not cut up. —Ex

UnknoVnS.—Our sympathies are with you. Do not mourn because your landlord gave you the bounce for placing the clipping from our column on your breakfast plate. You should rather com the little literary clip from the Faculty Gossip column is a clip from the University.
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 FORTIETH year of
its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the
favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore
sent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects con-
ected 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.
sides this desirable attainment we have a tone of firmness and grace in carriage imparted to our every movement, to say nothing of the satisfaction felt in being conversant with the various military movements. We are informed that in parts of New England attendance at these drills, and participation in them, are demanded of those attending the high schools and academies.

While we do not deem it a necessary part of one's education, we are strongly in favor of seeing all who possibly can avail themselves of the chance now afforded for obtaining a knowledge, however superficial and unfinished of military science. While we cannot coincide with those who would persuade us that this science is of such importance as to demand a place in the University curriculum, we must say that it is worthy of every encouragement from the Faculty, and the attention of every student. Two hours a day, the noon and evening recreations, will be taken up with this interesting exercise, and under the able drilling of Capt. Cooke, we are confident that the Notre Dame Cadets will make a splendid and creditable showing at the Commencement Exercises next June.

The heavy mental strain which is experienced by every student during Examination week was completely relaxed by the arrival of Prof. W. C. Lyman, of Chicago, III., who entertained us most enjoyably on Saturday and Sunday evenings in the rotunda of the University. Prof. Lyman is an accomplished elocutionist, and a pointed mimic of the awkward positions frequently assumed by young men when in the act of addressing an assemblage. His mimicry of the awkward positions were so realistic that the audience was satisfied we were to have a comic piece, and it is very difficult to render it effectively. Prof. Lyman was equal to the task; and the long and prolonged thunder of applause which greeted the effort spoke volumes for its success. The exercises of this evening, though most enjoyable and instructive, were but preparatory to the grand one which took place the following evening, Sunday. A regular programme had been prepared for the occasion, and a glance at it satisfied us that a rich elocutionary treat was in store for that evening. We were not only not disappointed in our anticipations, but found that the evening's Entertainment far surpassed our most enthusiastic expectations. The heading of the programme told us that we were to have "Dramatic, Heroic and Humorous Recitals" by Prof. Walter C. Lyman, late of New York, now of Chicago, under the auspices of the Euglossins," and the first thing on it was an "Overture" (Tancred), by Prof. Paul and Baur, the former of whom manipulated the violin, and the latter the piano; a duet, in which the violin was the principal, finding a beautiful and perfectly executed support on the piano, the whole giving entire satisfaction to the audience, which was evinced by the loud applause at its conclusion.

Prof. Lyman then took the floor and said that he was about to play upon the most difficult and sensitive of all instruments—his audience—the strings of which were composed of the feelings of each individual present. Prof. Lyman had tuned his instrument the night previous, and when he drew his first bow, "The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia," across it, he found it under complete control of his masterly touch; and this was the ease, not only while listening to the recital of the perilous situation in which the lovers were placed for the purpose of exhibiting the skilful marksmanship and satisfying the ambitious cravings of a proud king, but throughout the entire programme our visible and sympathetic feelings were the principal ones played upon by Prof. Lyman, for the time, although the other chords were occasionally handled. "The Frightened Teuton" was a laughable recitation of the Professor's experience with a young Teuton on a certain occasion. The Prof. was then quite young, and ambitious to be looked upon as a great dramatist; he accordingly was accustomed to betake himself to a distant forest, where, with the trees and birds as an audience, he would exercise his vocal powers. It was on his return from one of these rehearsals that the events, immortalized under the title of "The Frightened Teuton," took place. He had been rehearsing his rôle preparatory to taking part in a drama on the following evening. It was none other than "Othello," in which the Prof. was to take the principal part—that of the Moor. He had hardly cleared the forest when one of the most tragically wild and difficult passages of his rôle occurred to him. Not wishing to retrace his steps, and seeing no one near, he thought he would rehearse it on the spot; it was that portion of the third act where "Othello" takes "Iago" by the throat," commands him to give ocular proof of "Desdemona's" unfaithfulness, or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, thou hadst better have been born a dog, than answer my wak'd wrath." In the mean time, a terrified Teuton, unperceived by the Professor, was sitting against a fence but a few feet distant. As the Prof. spoke, he advanced in tragic style towards the trembling listener, who was sure that he was the object of the Professor's fiery wrath,—which he, no doubt, thought was the frenzy of a maniac. Trembling like an aspen leaf, he exclaimed: "Mein Gott im Himmdl" which was the first intimation the Prof. had of anyone's presence; it took the Professor some time to assure the youngster that he was not "Iago," and that death was not imminent.

This recitation was followed with a piano solo by Prof. Baur, which was well received by the audience. "The Closet Scene from Hamlet" was next on the programme, but, by request, "Sheridan's Ride" was declaimed instead. So animated, faithfully and gracefully depicted were Sheridan's Ride and the Battle, that we imagined ourselves at the scene of the events. "The Lost Pantaloons"...
given in a novel and highly entertaining manner, keeping the audience in continual roars of laughter. Prof. Paul then favored us with one of his many choice selections on the piano, and as, he always and deservedly is, warmly applauded. "European Guides" (Twain), was the next treat. "The Conduct of American Tourists in Foreign Countries" was characterized and humorously described, showing that even the handwriting of such a great man as "Chrestomope Columbo" failed to elicit their admiration or any comment save that "we have boys in America who are only fourteen years old, and who can leave Christopher's writing in the shade." Columbus's bust, or even the Egyptian mummy, has naught of interest for the American; and this to the utter horror of the gabby Italian guide, who is utterly at a loss to account for American indifference, and completely nonplused when told to "pull down his vest." The eccentricities and vivacious actions of the Italian guide, supplemented by the ridiculous cool indifference of the American, and the perfect manner in which both were personated by the Professor, made the "European Guides" one of the most entertaining recitations of the evening. We were next entertained by Profs. Paul and Baur, who played a lively and very pretty duet. This was followed by the "Spanish Duel," which was, in our opinion, one of the best rendered pieces of the evening; for in its rendition the elocutionist showed up the art in all its delicacy, grandeur, and sublimity.

"The Rival Orators" was a good get-off on our friend Eliot Ryder, who, Prof. Lyman said, was his schoolmate. He prefaced this selection by remarking that it is a well-known fact that handsome children make very ugly-looking men. Eliot Ryder, or "Helly," as they used to call him at school, because he was so mischievous, had been a remarkably handsome boy, and is consequently so—well, we were left to draw our own conclusions. He said that he and Eliot had always been rivals in everything, especially in oratory. They had a public contest once for a very beautiful prize, and as he [Lyman], being the better elocutionist, had won it, he proposed to show us how "Helly" declaimed on the occasion. This he did, and in such a ludicrous manner that you could hear "Mary's Little Lamb," "Helly's" piece for the contest, bleating. Eliot Ryder was present, and for the time being was the observed of all observers; and the affair being an old reminiscence of his school-boy days, he, of course, took it good-naturedly, and laughed as heartily as anyone present.

The evening's Entertainment terminated with the "HyPOCHONDRIAC KING," which Prof. Lyman repeated by special request. We have already referred to this piece in speaking of Saturday night's Entertainment, so further reference to it is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that it was rendered as well, and excited as much laughter, and received as much applause,—and perhaps more, for the Minims were present,—as on Saturday evening. Mr. G. Clarke, of the staff, then arose, and in a few appropriate words thanked Prof. Lyman, in the name of the students, for the pleasure which he had afforded them, and expressed the desire of seeing him very frequently at Notre Dame University. Prof. Lyman gracefully bowed his acknowledgments, and replied that it had given him great pleasure to entertain such a large and appreciative audience, and hoped that he would again have the pleasure of doing the same.

Among those present on this occasion we noticed Very Rev. Fathers General and Granger, President Corby, Rev.

Local Items.

—Old Noah.
—"I like dot pie."
—"Give us a rest."
—Have you a cousin?
—"How are you, Smith?"
—New arrivals every day.
—And Eddie, he was sick!
—"Dexter" has returned.
—Oh! sliding down the hill.
—And "Plato" he was sick.
—Solon has lost his dignity.
—The Examinations are over.
—Can you play a heavy part?
—Say, do you know "Helly"?
—Beware of "Charley Ross!"
—"And the king he was sick."
—"Schmit, make yourself out."
—Who has those music books?
—"I insist on McG—singing."
—The Boston man is not satisfied.
—Brigham belongs to the Thespians.
—How many Iowa men in the Band?
—Ask Plato about the oyster cracker.
—"I thought your name was Simms."
—When are we to have the next soirée?
—Dennis, give back "Georgie" his ring.
—Mary had a little lamby, lamb-lamb.
—The second session began last Tuesday.
—Duzen "sports a fine pair of "gun-boats."
—Mercury 19 deg. below 0 yesterday morning.
—Fuller and Miller are the names that rhyme.
—"Did you think I was going to lie about it?"
—George says he is not the author of that joke.
—How did you like the singing of the Iowa men?
—Prof. Lyons was not in Chicago last Wednesday.
—See how your name and percentage look in print!
—The "Corporal" graduated last Monday morning.
—Severe snow and wind storm last Monday afternoon.
—January has bid us farewell! so has the "Corporal."
—Excellent singing at Mass and Vesper last Sunday.
—J. W. Start is assistant Librarian to Prof. J. F. Edwards.
—High Mass was sung by Rev. D. J. Hagerty last Sunday.
—The Thespians will soon commence rehearsing for the 23d.
—The Minims couldn't "get on" that large pair of pantaloons.
—"Have you heard about the new Collegiate dormitory?"
—"Mack" has a standing invitation to the steam-house.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

—When he can't play he says his lips are cooked—good excuse.
—The Academia held a special meeting on Thursday evening.
—Not a "local" in the "box" Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.
—There was a $30,000 fire in South Bend last Friday morning.
—The "tooth-pick" came very near being "chewed up" last week.
—There was no meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity on Sunday night.
—We know of a certain Senior who was completely sold and deceived last week.
—Bro. Albert was welcomed on his return from the St. Joe with great enthusiasm.
—The music furnished by Profs. Baur and Paul on Sunday evening was first class.
—Some very smart boys in the Minim department—read their average in another column.
—A beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has been placed in the Students' study-hall.
—Harry Kitz found out at the Minims' Examination that he was over 370,000,000 seconds old.
—Dancing in the rotunda last Tuesday night. Good music for the same by Bloom and Maher.
—Masters J. Metz and A. Molander, Minim department, have our thanks for favors received.
—Nobody wishes to risk a box of cigars on Mother Jordan's predictions? All right, we're satisfied.
—Masters Guthrie and Gordon were acolytes-in-chief on Sunday last, and Master C. Echlin, leader.
—President Corby granted the boys recreation on Tuesday. It was needed after a four-days' examination.
—Rev. Father Frere has a novel little mill for grinding well, he doesn't grind coffee in it. Call and see it.
—The severity of the winter does not prevent the Seniors from walking around their Campus during recreation.
—The average of each student was read in the different study-halls by Vice-President Walsh on Tuesday morning.
—Vice-President Walsh and Rev. Father Stoffel were kept busy all day Tuesday and Wednesday in classifying students.
—The Scholastic Annual for this year is as bright as a paper, pp. 76; price 25 cents—Home Journal, (Detroit).
—Some remarkably close and exciting games of hand-ball were played, on Tuesday afternoon, in the Minim department. lively ones were also reported from the Junior and Senior departments.
—We have been informed that Prof. J. F. Edwards has been requested by President Corby to deliver a course of lectures on politeness during the present session. We are sure that they will be both entertaining and beneficial.
—We now know how to account for the many homely individuals at Notre Dame. Prof. Lyman has put us in possession of the secret. "They were all handsome when young and, like "Helly," grew ugly-looking as they grew older."
—The Logic Class claims to be able to "scoop" anything in the house. But, alas, they were ignominiously scooped at the late Examination. For further particulars, see the Rev. Prefect of Discipline—but put the question gently.
—A beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has been placed in the Students' study-hall.
—Several improvements have been made in the Seniors' recreation-hall since Christmas. The windows on the south side have been enlarged to twice their former size, and walls have been improved in appearance, and, Altogether, the hall has a more cheerful and lightsome appearance than formerly.

—Mr. Harrington, there no longer exists any difficulty as to the playing of the cymbals.
—The Seniors have a good play-ball orchestra which furnishes excellent music for those wishing to "trip lightly" during the dull recreation hours of winter.
—Our young friend, P. B. J., tells us how to teach a dog arithmetic: "Tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time." Seed us another.
—Prof. Lyons, A. M., will, we are told, deliver a lecture on "Voice Culture," sometime during the month. We are sure that it will prove both interesting and instructive.
—Monday, the 31st inst., was the 17th anniversary of Rev. Father Condon's ordination. That he may live to see many returns of the same is the heartfelt wish of the SCHOLASTIC.
—"Duena" and "Marah" are said to be the best ice-choppers in Northern Indiana. They cleared off the Washington Hall steps in about twenty-five minutes last Tuesday afternoon.
—To-morrow, the 5th Sunday after Epiphany, Missa Pararemorum will be sung; Vespers, of a Confessor, Bishop. Hymn, Late Confessor (of a Confessor, not Bishop). Page 51 of the Vesperal.
—Some remarkably close and exciting games of hand-ball were played, on Tuesday afternoon, in the Minim department. lively ones were also reported from the Junior and Senior departments.
—We have been informed that Prof. J. F. Edwards has been requested by President Corby to deliver a course of lectures on politeness during the present session. We are sure that they will be both entertaining and beneficial.
—The Scholastic Annual for 1881 contains the calendar, postal information, etc., with spicy and entertaining reading matter. University of Notre Dame: J. A. Lyons, paper, pp. 76; price 25 cents—Home Journal, (Detroit).
—Mr. Bro. Basil informs us that there are more students taking lessons on musical instruments than ever before in the history of the University. This speaks well for the reputation of the University, from a musical standpoint.
—Rev. Father Condon's ordination. That he may live to see many returns of the same is the heartfelt wish of the SCHOLASTIC.
The St. Cecilia Philo-
matical Association was held Feb. 1st. Master W. Cleary read a well-written essay on "The Creation and the Bible". 

F. Quinn's essay on "Extravagance" was one of the best read before the Association this year. "A. T. Stewart" was the subject of J. Ruppe's composition, which was well written. "College Life" was well described in a nice little essay by E. Fischel. Master C. McDermott gave a brief sketch of Galileo. The subject of E. Orrick's speech was "The State and the Church". A portion of the drama, entitled "Rienzi," was well rendered by J. O'Neill. The "Wrong of the Indiana" was well told in his usual graceful manner. Master F. H. Grever read a well-written criticism on the exercises of the previous meeting. Public readers for this week are as follows: C. Tinley, C. McDermott, A. Rodino, W. Cleary, J. O'Neill, C. Brinkman, N. Ewing and F. Quinn.

Bro. Albert, C. S. C., deserves the thanks of the students of the University for the unsparing efforts he has made in endeavoring to secure for them the enjoyment of as much plausible exercise of mind as possible. The second last issue of the Scholastic, we suggested that the snow-plow be used in removing the snow which covers both lakes and prevents us from enjoying the pleasant sport of skating. In the second last issue of the Scholastic, we suggested that the snow-plow be used in removing the snow which covers both lakes and prevents us from enjoying the pleasant sport of skating.
ake is now flooded over, and from present indications, good skating may be had to-morrow and the day after. The operation of flooding the lake is a simple one, sufficient water being obtained by damming the outlet. The telephone, too, is a simple affair, but it took a genius like Edison to invent it.

--The editor of The Notre Dame Scholastic says, in last week's issue, how a man came up to his office and wanted to see the devils, and when fantastic mallets was about to make his appearance, the man fled. The devil might scare the Hoosier, or any one living around Notre Dame, but the only thing that will scare the average Watertown man is the presentation of a bill—not a mule's-to—and he never forgets it. Send that clay pipe out this way, and we'll send a long-necked black bottle to the applicant, and then, so help me, if we were born rich instead of handsome—Watertown (Wis.) Gazette.

We said we would keep the pipe till the owner called for it. Perhaps the editor of the Gazette has a particular claim on that pipe? Was the frightened 'Hoosier' no Hoosier after all, but a Wisconsinan and a travelling correspondent for the Gazette? The Gazette man probably knew he had a weak point when he proposed the bottle, but we don't tumble that way. He's a rum'un, this editor of the Watertown Gazette, but we are too much of a Roman to be bribed by his black-bottle fire-water—keep the pipe. If you come this way, though, we'll have no objection to using it as a calumet.

Examination Averages.

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W. Ayers, 67; A. Browne, 95; J. H. Bennett, 87; F. Boone, 76; J. M. Boose, 81; C. Brinkman, 65; M. Butler, 89; V. G. Butler, 87; J. H. Burns, 87; Alfred Bodine, 94; W. Barron, 85; M. Block, 85; G. Castaneda, 88; A. Coghlan, 89; L. W. Coghlin, 84; J. C. Conn, 83; M. J. Cavanagh, 87; W. Cleary, 65; F. Cantwell, 73; H. P. Dunn, 78; G. W. De Haven, 86; F. Doelz, 95; J. W. Devitt, 91; H. Devitt, 85; A. Dennis, 78; N. H. Ewing, 84; T. Flynn, 87; J. Flynn, 84; J. Parrett, 77; J. H. Fendrick, 81; R. E. Fleming, 90; E. Fischel, 88; F. Fischel, 83; L. Florman, 71; J. Friedland, 77; G. Gordon, 93; L. Gibert, 84; E. Gall, 88; A. Gall, 78; J. W. Guthrie, 85; F. Greaves, 88; W. G. Gray, 88; E. Knecht, 78; F. C. Konch, 84; F. Kollars, 79; J. J. Kollars, 84; C. Kollars, 80; S. Livingston, 70; F. Mattes, 78; J. Mendel, 85; J. Maker, 86; W. P. Mahon, 90; F. M. Phibbs, 88; J. Morgan, 79; G. McDermott, 83; O. Murdock, 78; S. Murdock, 78; J. F. Martin, 90; F. McClinon, 77; A. Manning, 81; H. Morse, 80; M. McNulty, 78; N. Nelson, 88; E. O'Connell, 87; J. P. O'Neill, 83; L. O'Donnell, 83; C. F. Perry, 85; F. Prenatt, 85; E. Prenatt, 91; D. Paul, 85; G. Rhodius, 88; A. Rohrback, 89; H. L. Rose, 88; G. F. Rose, 87; G. F. Reitz, 90; Jas. Runge, 88; Geo. Silverman, 92; H. Selig, 92; W. E. Smith, 84; E. Smith, 83; D. C. Smith, 79; A. Schmit, 58; G. Schenckle, 54; Geo. Schafer, 79; J. W. Stark, 91; J. M. Scanlan, 94; G. W. Schindler, 80; E. Gaine, 91; T. Tinley, 68; F. Quinn, 88; F. W. Woebker, 83; F. Wheatley, 90; J. Whalen, 78; T. Williams, 88; B. Zink, 81; J. Thompkins, 86; W. Young, 85; C. B. Van Dusen, 98; J. B. Zettler, 88; A. Zahn, 90.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Ayers, 67; A. Browne, 95; J. H. Bennett, 87; F. Boone, 76; J. M. Boose, 81; C. Brinkman, 65; M. Butler, 89; V. G. Butler, 87; J. H. Burns, 87; Alfred Bodine, 94; W. Barron, 85; M. Block, 85; G. Castaneda, 88; A. Coghlan, 89; L. W. Coghlin, 84; J. C. Conn, 83; M. J. Cavanagh, 87; W. Cleary, 65; F. Cantwell, 73; H. P. Dunn, 78; G. W. De Haven, 86; F. Doelz, 95; J. W. Devitt, 91; H. Devitt, 85; A. Dennis, 78; N. H. Ewing, 84; T. Flynn, 87; J. Flynn, 84; J. Parrett, 77; J. H. Fendrick, 81; R. E. Fleming, 90; E. Fischel, 88; F. Fischel, 83; L. Florman, 71; J. Friedland, 77; G. Gordon, 93; L. Gibert, 84; E. Gall, 88; A. Gall, 78; J. W. Guthrie, 85; F. Greaves, 88; W. G. Gray, 88; E. Knecht, 78; F. C. Konch, 84; F. Kollars, 79; J. J. Kollars, 84; C. Kollars, 80; S. Livingston, 70; F. Mattes, 78; J. Mendel, 85; J. Maker, 86; W. P. Mahon, 90; F. M. Phibbs, 88; J. Morgan, 79; G. McDermott, 83; O. Murdock, 78; S. Murdock, 78; J. F. Martin, 90; F. McClinon, 77; A. Manning, 81; H. Morse, 80; M. McNulty, 78; N. Nelson, 88; E. O'Connell, 87; J. P. O'Neill, 83; L. O'Donnell, 83; C. F. Perry, 85; F. Prenatt, 85; E. Prenatt, 91; D. Paul, 85; G. Rhodius, 88; A. Rohrback, 89; H. L. Rose, 88; G. F. Rose, 87; G. F. Reitz, 90; Jas. Runge, 88; Geo. Silverman, 92; H. Selig, 92; W. E. Smith, 84; E. Smith, 83; D. C. Smith, 79; A. Schmit, 58; G. Schenckle, 54; Geo. Schafer, 79; J. W. Stark, 91; J. M. Scanlan, 94; G. W. Schindler, 80; E. Gaine, 91; T. Tinley, 68; F. Quinn, 88; F. W. Woebker, 83; F. Wheatley, 90; J. Whalen, 78; T. Williams, 88; B. Zink, 81; J. Thompkins, 86; W. Young, 85; C. B. Van Dusen, 98; J. B. Zettler, 88; A. Zahn, 90.

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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Route / Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2.25 a.m.</td>
<td>Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 3.50 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.05 a.m.</td>
<td>Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:12 p.m.</td>
<td>Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:16 p.m.</td>
<td>Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m., Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:21 p.m.</td>
<td>Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

GOING WEST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Route / Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2:43 a.m.</td>
<td>Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:05 a.m.</td>
<td>Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m., Chicago 8.30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:33 a.m.</td>
<td>Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9:55 a.m.; Chesterton, 9:47 a.m.; Chicago, 11:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:16 p.m.</td>
<td>Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2:12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2:52 p.m.; Chicago, 4:40 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:50 p.m.</td>
<td>Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:58; Chesterton, 6:15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Western Division Time Table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EASTWARD</th>
<th>MAIL</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>20</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7 35 a.m.</td>
<td>9 00 a.m.</td>
<td>5 15 p.m.</td>
<td>10 30 p.m.</td>
<td>3 30 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Crossing</td>
<td>8 09</td>
<td>9 10</td>
<td>9 32</td>
<td>7 35</td>
<td>10 35</td>
<td>3 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller's</td>
<td>9 10</td>
<td>9 47</td>
<td>11 02</td>
<td>7 35</td>
<td>12 35</td>
<td>3 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesteron</td>
<td>9 32</td>
<td>11 20</td>
<td>8 20</td>
<td>1 50</td>
<td>5 30</td>
<td>5 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ois.</td>
<td>9 47</td>
<td>11 02</td>
<td>7 35</td>
<td>12 35</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laporte</td>
<td>10 05</td>
<td>11 20</td>
<td>8 20</td>
<td>1 50</td>
<td>5 30</td>
<td>5 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elkhart</td>
<td>11 50</td>
<td>12 16 p.m.</td>
<td>9 15</td>
<td>2 25</td>
<td>6 25</td>
<td>6 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Bend</td>
<td>12 16</td>
<td>13 50</td>
<td>9 45</td>
<td>3 35</td>
<td>6 45</td>
<td>6 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago and St. Louis Express</td>
<td>10 30</td>
<td>9 00</td>
<td>6 45 a.m.</td>
<td>10 30 p.m.</td>
<td>10 10 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limited Express</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td>3 30</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.
J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Cleveland.
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CHARLES PAIN, Gen'l Sup't.
Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Mall</th>
<th>Day Express</th>
<th>Day Accum.</th>
<th>Atlantic Express</th>
<th>Night Express</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Chicago</td>
<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>4 00 p.m</td>
<td>5 15 p.m</td>
<td>9 10 p.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mich. City</td>
<td>9 25</td>
<td>12 15 a.m</td>
<td>6 35</td>
<td>7 40</td>
<td>11 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niles</td>
<td>10 45</td>
<td>12 15 p.m</td>
<td>8 05</td>
<td>9 00</td>
<td>12 48 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
<td>12 53 p.m</td>
<td>1 40</td>
<td>9 30</td>
<td>10 28</td>
<td>2 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson</td>
<td>3 45</td>
<td>4 05</td>
<td>11 50 a.m</td>
<td>5 00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Detroit</td>
<td>8 45</td>
<td>8 45</td>
<td>8 00</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Mall</th>
<th>Day Express</th>
<th>Night Express</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Detroit</td>
<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>4 00 p.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mich. City</td>
<td>9 25</td>
<td>12 15 a.m</td>
<td>6 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niles</td>
<td>10 45</td>
<td>12 15 p.m</td>
<td>8 05</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kalamazoo</td>
<td>12 53 p.m</td>
<td>1 40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jackson</td>
<td>3 45</td>
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<td>11 50 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Detroit</td>
<td>8 45</td>
<td>8 45</td>
<td>8 00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH* *GOING SOUTH*

Lv. So. Bend—6 30 a.m Lv. Niles—7 05 a.m 4 15 p.m

N. Dame—6 52 6 38 N. Dame—7 40 4 48

Ar. Niles—7 54 7 15 Ar. So. Bend—7 45 4 45

*Sunday excepted* *Daily* *Saturday and Sunday excepted*.

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