There is an undefinable species of sentimentalism attached to the idea of those hours when the world has acknowledged as great. Anecdotes of the manner in which they work, their hours of working, eating, and sleeping, the food they eat, their likes and dislikes,—in fact, all that can in any way be said of them, is devised by an ever eager public with, perhaps, more avidity than any other kind of reading. This taste is one which is easily accounted for. The descendants of Adam and Eve are curious by nature; and, instinctively, we look with admiration upon all which shows of genius. Great authors are unquestionably persons of genius; hence it is in no way remarkable that we should feel, in an especial degree, an interest in all that we may be able to discover concerning them.

In studying the habits of authors, we may learn much. Many of them have set us valuable examples, and if there is that in the career of others which is bad, we should still profit by a review of their practices, since it ought to have the effect of confirming us in our purpose to avoid all that which is not what it should be.

The young man who has decided to become an author is somewhat confused by the different methods employed by various men of literary genius in the execution of their tasks. Victor Hugo does his work early in the day; this was also the practice of Lamartine. The elder Dumas worked altogether at night. He would place on a table a huge pile of paper, pen and ink, a dish of quartered oranges and a bowl of powdered sugar; then, he would sit down, having stripped off his coat and vest, and sat in his shirt-sleeves, in a small study, at a table littered with papers, an abundance of books and pictures scattered around, writing rapidly with a quill pen, his manuscript, which he frequently left lying where it fell, for days at a time. Now, which of the two ways is the most profitable—that of Victor Hugo, of choosing the morning for his work, or of Dumas in performing his labor at night? In the consideration of this question, much may be said on both sides. One person will argue that, a man being freshest in the morning, his thoughts are brighter at that time. Another will tell you that it takes several hours for a man to become thoroughly waked up, and that, as the day progresses, he grows more and more wide awake. Each argument has a glow of reason; but, as men differ in many other things, so they may also differ in this.

To return to Victor Hugo, who, since the death of Dickens and George Eliot, is unquestionably the greatest novelist now living. With him it has been a life-long habit to rise at five o'clock. Immediately after rising, he goes to his study, and begins his work. He writes standing, and uses a thin blue paper of folio size. He blots a great deal, and corrects his phrases time and time again. He uses none but goose-quill pens. Upon finishing a page, he carefully spreads it out to dry. When the day's labor is ended, he collects the sheets, which he holds close to his eyes,—for she was very near-sighted. The penciled manuscript was always nearly the same as the language which afterward appeared upon the printed page. She did nearly all her work by day light.

Thomas Campbell rose early, and did the most of his work before breakfast. Christopher North wrote at night, and sat in his shirt-sleeves, in a small study, at a table littered with papers, an abundance of books and pictures scattered around, writing rapidly with a quill pen, his thoughts kindling more and more as the hours went on.

It would be impossible to lay down any rule upon the question of what hours the author should choose for the work. With this, circumstances have much to do. Duties of various kinds may render literary work by daylight impossible; or physical health may preclude the power of working at night. I am warmly an advocate of night work. I believe it is brighter and better than that which is done in the daytime, and one would not have to look far to prove that the virtues of “the midnight oil” are by no means mythical. The argument that it is unhealthy to work at night, is certainly a groundless one.

It is true that no man can hope to preserve uninteruptedly his powers of usefulness, if he does not eat, at regular hours, a sufficient amount of sleep, and obtain a requisite amount of exercise. The result of a man's work, is not done by your night worker. He may take his meals at convenient hours, and so long as he retires when he feels weary, and does not arise until he feels thoroughly rested, he has nothing to fear from night work.
Much depends upon an author's mood. This "inspiration to write" is something which many persons speak slighting of, as though it were nothing more than an imaginary bugbear. But it is something real to the author. It is a mighty thing, and capable of any amount of work, unless he is "in the mood." "With the best advantages, with perfect seclusion and every facility for concentration and marshalling of thought, authors," says Thackeray, "cannot write"—"They are afraid of the strangeness of humor, which render them intellectually prostrate and utterly unable to command their known and tried powers. The muse of poetry is the ficklest of jades, as everybody knows; but it is her moods which (if there be here a "prose") is a whit more staunch or trustworthy. Perhaps Thackeray is the best modern example of the vagaries of mood in writers. For weeks together he could not put pen to paper to do anything like justice to himself, and for this he scolds Mr. Anthony Trollope rather unfairly attacks him on the score of industry. "Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose," are epithets which the lesser throws at the greater novelist, merely because, as he says, Thackeray "could not be induced to spend an allotted task on a single day." "Idle" seems a vulgar accusation to hurl at a man of Thackeray's genius and achievements. The writing of books like "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" can scarcely be said to be his "day-work." The author's mood is as sensitive as a blacksmith's labor would be so considered.

"If such an author was idle," so was Dickens, who frequently had to give up his work in despair, in spite of the strong desire to continue it in an active mood. "He was utterly lost in misery," he writes, at a time when his strength was the most vigorous, "and can do nothing. I have been reading "Oliver," "Pickwick," and "Nichleby" the other day, but I can't get together for notes from me while I am at work; but you know your man." Dickens was always nervously exact in the arrangement of his writing-room, and in one of his letters from a strange place he relates how he had to "alter the disposition of the furniture," before he could write a line. "I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now and can think—I have begun to do so every morning,—with a distinct feeling that I am being descriptive of the greatest person and event. I often think of the line, 'Our forefathers' genius,' but I can't get it to come into proper perspective. It is a bit of a bugbear. But it is something real to the author. It is a vague modern short-hand; clear, neat and regular. Voltaire: very regular, steady and straight; evidently not indicating nervousness. John Boyle O'Reilly: manly and vigorous, yet graceful. Bret Harte: variable, sometimes very bad, small, full of indecision; a very hedge-row of letters, and scarcely legible. Napoleon: still more illegible; no letters formed at all. Bayard Taylor: clear and legible as printed lines. John G. Whittier: scratchy, and at times difficult to read. Maurice F. Egan: backhanded, and lines running up hill. Longfellow: labored, and his handwriting is so bad that it would be something if I could write nothing. "Even Milton is said to have admitted that his faculties were much stronger at some times than at others, and Dryden used to diet himself for a task in poetry, eating raw meat to inspire vivid dreams. It is unfortunately very true that an article never looks as attractive in manuscript as it does in type; when printed, new ideas frequently suggest themselves. But here is where the author may profitably put himself through a rigid course of training, in order to become a business-like writer of prose, without any fear that the mind once made up, any person may soon bring himself to pronounce upon his ideas while in manuscript with as much positive correctness as when they have appeared in print."

Another thing of great importance is the handwriting. It has been said—and, unfortunately, with a great deal of truth—that all literary geniuses write bad hands. The handwriting of authors is a subject which has never been treated of very interestingly. I will give you a few examples: Sir Thomas More: lines crooked and tumbling down hill. Robens: manly, bold, with a careless ease and clearness, indicating nervousness. Thackeray: very regular, steady and straight; evidently not indicating mastery of hand. Lord Bacon: very like an elegant modern short-hand; clear, neat and regular. Voltaire: very regular, steady and straight; evidently not written rapidly, but with a continuous ease, which might denote a very strong determination to master a hostile mood. "I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now and can think—I have begun to do so every morning—with a business-like air of the Christmas book." Again, later: "I am sadly strange, and cannot settle. You will have lots of notes to Mr. Forster that 'the fit is not on him,' and he must go for a ride or a walk. From Italy he writes one au­thor's mood is as sensitive as a blacksmith's labor would be so considered.

The London Globe,
which a child of ten might readily read at sight. This idea that it is fashionable, or indicative of genius, to write a blind hand is a monstrous one. No person who respects himself or his fellows indulges in it. But, you remark, Horace Greeley was a wit and a great man, and did it never occur to you that when Horace Greeley founded the Tribune, he wrote a very passable hand, and that it was not until he had become secure in his position that he resorted to that industrious, laborious, fat, wretched, drab, scraw, the memory of which attaches to his name as a lasting disgrace? While we are young our habits are easily formed: and, when once they take shape, though they be good or bad, they lead to high or low conclusions. Study then to make your penmanship elegant, and you will find it a lasting cause for self-congratulation.

Since I last appeared before you, one of the world’s greatest authors has died—Thomas Carlyle. It has long been fashionable among thoughtless persons to sneer at this truly great writer. Because he was a rationalist, because he agreed with very few persons, because of his inordinate vanity, he has been passed by with contempt. But Carlyle’s writings have many beauties. In my last lecture I spoke admirably of Emerson as a great writer. A learned editor has taken me severely to task for so doing, and has condemned Emerson and Carlyle in the same breath. This is not wisdom. No person reads either of them now in like sense that is read the study of history does not ignore Hume because of his pronounced atheism, nor our own Parkman because of his bigoted at titude toward the Catholic Church. It is necessary to perceive that authors should be judged not by the author, but by the value of what he writes, with a fair understanding, at the outset, of the quicksands of error to be encountered, the student is in little danger of having his judgment improperly biased by reading the works of any author of dignity. It is not the thoughtless passages of Emerson and Carlyle which make young men into the paths of infidelity; it is the flippant sensationalism of such writers as Eugene Sue and many of the latter-day German novelists. To the young man who seeks to make an author of himself, I would unfalteringly say: “Study Carlyle!” Imitate his virtues, and of the latter-day German novelists. To the young man who seeks to make an author of himself, I would unfalteringly say: “Study Carlyle!” Imitate his virtues, and

Inauguration of Hon. James A. Garfield as President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 5, 1881.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—The sun arose, according to promise, behind a dense bank of murky clouds, while the heavens, which had fairly howled the night before at Hayes’s exit, simmered down to tearful exclamations of intense regret at parting with the Democratic Congress.

Thus came in inauguration day, March 4th, 1881. The processions which through the thoroughfares of the Capital city grew denser and denser, pushing, crowding, surging along with pasans of victory in their three-days’ empty mouths, or Garfield and Arthur badges on their patriotic bosoms. As early as four o’clock in the morning, bugles were heard the beat of drums and the tread of martial feet, moving towards their positions in the great line of well-fed and gaudily-dressed militia men from the various sovereign States, each company of which deemed itself the life of the parade, and the one at which were levelled the field-glasses of men and the bouquets of the fairer sex. The procession was divided into five sections, the first of which escorted the President and Vice-President-elect to the Capitol, where the inauguration ceremony was performed, which was joined on the return of the presidential party by the other divisions passing in review before the President and party at the Executive Mansion. It is estimated that there were at least 32,000 men in line, while the spectators numbered among the hundred thousands.

The procession was a grand and imposing demonstration, and surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in the District since the grand review of the Army of the Potomac in 1865. It was composed of regular corps, artillery and marine’s, state and district militia companies, and civic organizations from all parts of the country. The National Guards of Pennsylvania, numbering about 6,000 strong, and uniformed like the United States Regulars, presented a grand appearance, and marched well; others among the organizations in line deserving special mention, and who commanded attention by their soldierly bearing or novel appearance, were the first Ch. relad trooper, who acted as Mentor to the Executive Mansion, a fine body of men, about 40 in line, in French chasseur uniform and helmets with yellow plumes. The Central City Veteran corps, of Syracuse, uniformed after the old Continental style—knee-
The Republic Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., in black suits and uniformed Guards, with white ulcers, a notable feature; the Young Republican Club; the Garfield and Arthur Club, of Brooklyn; the Washington, D. C., Light Infantry; the National Rides, of the D. C., one of the best known in the nation; the Pathetization of the female operators along the avenue of march. The whole affair was of such a creditable showing to all participating organizations that no one did ill, but that some did better than others is the best that can be said of it. The Harmony Legion, of Philadelphia, was all that its name implies, with the one exception that they wanted to establish a grave-yard harmony among all those who happened not to meet with their approbation. They commenced their tocuhing of the flails and flapping the drums, with its like never before in Washington. March 5th, have not suspended,—a more scurry set of ruffians and a greater disgrace could not have been contrived to disgrace the occasion.

At 11 o'clock, the first division started for the Capitol, escorting the President and Vice-President-elect. When the party reached the destination, they were escorted to the Senate chamber, where Mr. Arthur, the Vice-President-elect, was sworn in; they then proceeded to a grand stand arranged on the central portico of the east front of the noble edifice, the Capitol of the United States. And here was witnessed the majesty of the American form of government,—the simplest, quietest, yet grandest ceremony ever performed in the history of a Government,—namely, the surrender of the people's charge to the people's choice, the submission of the powers that should be, by the first in all the land who was rendered to him who was but a common citizen the reins of government, retiring himself to private life and the rank of a simple citizen, without a murmur or objection. With the best interest and pride the elevation of her husband: and the discharge of the duties of that high office which, if virtuously performed, will crown his name with national immortality. Where, but in this land of liberty, this home and government—namely, the surrender of the people's charge to the people's choice, the submission of the powers that should be, by the first in all the land, to the new President? This was the occasion. And now the moment arrived when the President would occupy, with his court, the front seat on the pile of the rotunda, receiving with vigorous handshaking the congratulations of his friends.

Thus closed the constitutional part of the programme. The procession re-filed into line amid the boom of cannon, the music of the bands, the cheers of the multitude. The President, who rushed forward to see the President and his family as they took their carriages to return. The first division then marched up the Avenue on its return to the White House, the people cheering and waving handkerchiefs, flags, and banners, as the President's carriage passed. At the Executive Mansion the President reviewed the procession, and in a few hours the organizations broke rank, the people quietly wended their way homeward, and the inauguration of President Garfield was a thing of the past. At night, a grand inauguration ball was given at the new National Museum building, and was attended by the President, Mrs. Garfield, ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, and the elite of the city. A grand display of fireworks took place in the White House lot, just south of the Treasury building, surpassing anything of the kind ever witnessed hereabouts before.

Yours, etc.,
E. P. A.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Ambre is a great favorite in New Orleans.
—Copoul is continuing his successes in Paris.
—Albanis has made a remarkable success at Brussels.
—Suppe's "Fatinitza" has been given at Rouen, with success.
—Boston listened to the 595J performance of "Pinafore" recently.
—Mr. Carl Rosa is contemplating an English operatic tour in the United States in the fall and winter of 1882-3
—The American poet's "Evangeline" is to be set to music by Sozzi, the libretto having been arranged by Ghislanzoni.
—Mr. Thayer, American Consul at Trieste, has abandoned work on his fourth and last Beethoven volume, owing to ill health.
—Wagner's "Flying Dutchman " was recently performed, for the first time, at Ghent, where it met with a most enthusiastic reception.
—Marieotte De, an Egyptianized Frenchman and author of the story on which the libretto of "Aida" is founded, died recently in Cairo.
—Wagner has already concluded arrangements with leading artists for the forthcoming performance of the "Tetralogy" and "Pinafore " at Beyreuth.
—The memorial in honor of Joseph Haydn, to be erected at the Esterhazy Gardens of Vienna, is approaching its completion, and will most likely be unveiled in the coming spring.
—The melodrama of " Precioso," immortalized by Weber's music, has just been revived at the Royal Theatre at Cassel, where the work was first performed in 1831, the present being the one-hundredth time of its production there.
—A Collard, an English musician, has invented a new device. He asserts that by doubling the last four bars he has improved the tone of the lower notes, while giving increased power, ease and brilliancy to the instrument generally.
—Herr Xavier Scharwenzka, the gifted pianist and talented composer, has recently caused a "favor" by his performance at the Philharmonic Society at Vienna, of his two piano-forte concertos before a numerous and critical audience.
—Maurel, the pupil and successor of Faure, the great French baritone, has been engaged at the Paris Opera for...
three years. His salary is to be $2,000 a month during the first year, $3,500 the second, and $4,000 the third. His contract also stipulates for a three-months' holiday each year.

—Mr. Edward Butler, an English flute-player, who for some years accompanied Pagoda-Rosa in the United States, died recently from an extraordinary cause. One bitter cold night he was playing with the orchestra of the Westminster aquarium when his overcoat was stolen, and Mr. Butler was compelled to brave the snow storm in his ordinary evening dress. Consumption of the lungs was the result, and he died within a few days.

—Joseffy, the Russian pianist, was engaged to play at a charity concert in New York. But when he found that Arbuckle, the cornetist, was also to perform, he refused to take part in the concert. This uncharitable action cost the cornet player an engagement, and gave him great offence. So he writes a letter to the press, denouncing Joseffy as a "snob" and a "puppy" and giving a long list of artists with whom he performed in public.Plainly the pianist made a mistake of a kind which, fortunately, is not common in this country.

Scientific Notes.

—Glass blowing is a trade that takes a long time to learn. A good glass worker takes as long as ten years before he becomes thoroughly and reliably skilled. It is also laborious, but it pays very well. A good glass blower averages about one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, a cutter one hundred and ten dollars, and a gatherer seventy-five dollars. The work is all done by the piece, and both cutter and gatherers are dependent on the blowers for the amount of work which they do.

—Prof. Tyndall says that "burning" of zinc is to be regarded as one of the most serious drawbacks to the general use of the electric light. Zinc, it is known, may be burnt in air—that is, oxidized; it may also be burnt or oxidized in acclimated water, but it has to displace the oxygen from the hydrogen for this to occur, and four-fifths of the heat produced is used up in this process. Thus it is that when zinc is thus burnt, only the remaining one-fifth is available for the purpose intended. The rate of the burning makes no difference—one ounce of zinc, for example, always gives out the same amount of heat.

—A knot of manzanita roots about a foot long, which grew so as to represent a man resting upon the head of a dragon with one foot, while the other foot and arm are uplifted, as if the figure was in the attitude of hurling a dragon with one foot, while the other foot and arm are uplifted, as if the figure was in the attitude of hurling a

—The Lariat continues to be edited with marked ability. Although a change of editors has lately taken place, we think the last number one of the best that we have seen. The editorial is upon matter-of-fact subjects, but not at all dry, idealism enough being injected to make it sappy. As usual, The Lariat is strong in poetry. "X. Y.," in an article on "Atheism in Colleges," attributes the evil to a want in philosophy, and thinks a change desirable. A case of "Couldn't help it" is racily expounded.

—The Scholastic comes to the front as regular as the week rolls around. The Lariat is much obliged for its kindly words regarding to the improvement of its air. Had it spoken in terms of praise of any paper, its tendencies seem to be censure rather than praise. We take pleasure in commending the exchange editor of the Scholastic, for it is not an easy thing for a student to publish an article that the editors are Pagan or Ingerollian; although there appeared some articles on creeds that were little liberal, and we believe it was announced in the local that there were quite a number of followers of Ingersoll in college, yet the latter statement was a mistake, as there was no foundation for it whatever. We prefer to have a healthy discussion of opinions and are not afraid to publish an article for fear it will not meet the approval of the faculty. It is a fault with the greater part of college papers that everything seems to be written in sympathy with the instructors. —The Lariat.

We are glad to learn from the editors of The Lariat that at Wabash there is no love lost on those who are endeavoring to replace the teachings of revelation by pantheism, which is nothing else than paganism in a new dress, gilded and varnished to take the popular form. The fact that there are now about one thousand so-called "religions" in existence, each seeking to propagate its doctrines, does not perform or do away with the fact that there exists a Religion established by divine authority. That a religion exists is a fact; if anyone be in doubt as to whether the one thousand it is, he has but to examine their claims and see which possesses the strongest. Such a task may seem long and tedious, but a sure way of shortening it is to ask for light from the Author of light, who who alone can give it. The attempt to saddle the evil consequences of jarring sectarianism upon religion is a great mistake, and the fact that evil and uncertainty have resulted from it does not give a shadow of excuse for the pantheism
of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, any more than for the revolting polytheism of ancient Greece and Rome.

—One of the handsomest publications is the Illustrated Scientific News, published by Munn & Co., New York. Embodying three or four pages, full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. Ornamental wood-work, pottery, vases, and objects of modern and ancient art are finely shown. The March number contains, among other things illustrated, a full description of the manufacture of paper hangings, with engravings; how the deceptive curve is produced in casting the ball by the baseball pitcher, his attitude, how he holds and handles the ball; how it is thrown, etc. The number before last contains engravings of Capt. Eads' proposed ship-bridge across the Isthmus, and a novel hydraulic railway locomotive. In addition to all this, it contains many valuable recipes for artists and housekeepers. This number will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at $1.50 a year, and sold by all news-dealers.

—The Glionian Monthly for January comes to us rather late, and with an editorial note in the exchange department circumscribed, indicating either that the Scholaric is not received or that it is addressed to the old Polyhymnians, we are adrift in the tide. The Glionian Monthly has a "Sheer Nonsense" department, but it is to be regretted that all sheer nonsense in the paper is not confined to its limits. The local department editor sets up a lot of agreeable expressions indulging in slang words and phrases a few. We do not like to see girls, or young ladies if you will, indulge in slang; it is as offensive, we think, as tipping or profanity in a young man. Slang is vulgar in a young man; some may think it makes girls seem smart; so it does, but not in an elevating sense, and refined and accomplished young ladies should be sprightly and witty without detracting from the dignity that will at all times characterize the true lady. One of our editors, at the mouth of a snake, somewhat taken with the naivete of the young lady who, when asked if who (where she lived) possessed a refined society, answered, "Oh, yes! you can bet your boots we're a cultured lot here (and) but in the long run it must sink her several degrees in his estimation if he himself possess the refined sensibility of a gentleman. Among the "Sheer-nonsensical" items we see one about an improved Exceder Kidney Pad. We have been thinking that ninetenths of those pads are humbugs, and we are glad to see some one bold enough to state the fact in print. The editor showed commendable courage in this instance. We are constantly besieged with letters and circulars and blank agreements for advertising pads, hop-bitters, and what not, and we have no faith in them, and do not want to make our paper a medium for such humbuggery. All in all, the present number of The Glionian Monthly is far below the standard, although there are some fairly written articles, such as the one on the speech delivered by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at $1.50 a year, and sold by all news-dealers.

—From the report of the secretary and treasurer published in The Chronicle for February we learn that the net profits of the paper for the first semester of the scholastic year are $349.28. The editors have generously donated the proceeds of their profits, together with a sum that was contributed by the donors, to the present number of The Chronicle. "Amazonian Pictures," purporting to be written by Dr. Verissimo de Mattos, and translated from the original Portuguese by Prof. J. B. Steere, a beguine, but do not open auspiciously; as yet there is only a beginning, and the subject may gather interest as it proceeds. Why The Chronicle insults its Catholic readers—if it has any, and we have reason to think it has not many—by publishing blasphemous "Le Papae" is a mystery to us. Hugo's assertions, or inferences, in these lines, are the outcome of a bitterly pre-judiced heart, and a gratuitous insult as uncalled for as it is undeserved. To the honest reader it may say that it is the first time we have noticed anything of the kind in its columns.

—The substance of the following excerpt from The Chronicle, University of Michigan, conveys some striking truths, which we hope will be spread abroad. The future of the paper shows considerable promise. The Chronicle, some time ago, made similar suggestions, holding up as precedent the fact that the writers of ancient Greece, who are still regarded as models, studied but one language for culture alone, and through the medium of their works have been learned, the study of the languages for the sake of discipline, we have repeatedly heard gentlemen, such a course pursued, but it seems to us that more would be gained if the study of German afforded quite as good mental discipline, we have repeatedly heard gentlemen, such a source, and from one of the ablest as well as most important sources of information, namely, the papers and periodicals of the learned world, we can only say that it is the first time we have noticed anything of the kind in its columns.

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—From the report of the secretary and treasurer published in The Chronicle for February we learn that the net profits of the paper for the first semester of the scholastic year are $349.28. The editors have generously donated the proceeds of their profits, together with a sum that was contributed by the donors, to the present number of The Chronicle. "Amazonian Pictures," purporting to be written by Dr. Verissimo de Mattos, and translated from the original Portuguese by Prof. J. B. Steere, a beguine, but do not open auspiciously; as yet there is only a beginning, and the subject may gather interest as it proceeds. Why The Chronicle insults its Catholic readers—if it has any, and we have reason to think it has not many—by publishing blasphemous "Le Papae" is a mystery to us. Hugo's assertions, or inferences, in these lines, are the outcome of a bitterly pre-judiced heart, and a gratuitous insult as uncalled for as it is undeserved. To the honest reader it may say that it is the first time we have noticed anything of the kind in its columns.

—The substance of the following excerpt from The Chronicle, University of Michigan, conveys some striking truths, which we hope will be spread abroad. The future of the paper shows considerable promise. The Chronicle, some time ago, made similar suggestions, holding up as precedent the fact that the writers of ancient Greece, who are still regarded as models, studied but one language for culture alone, and through the medium of their works, the study of the languages for the sake of discipline, we have repeatedly heard gentlemen, such a source, and from one of the ablest as well as most important sources of information, namely, the papers and periodicals of the learned world, we can only say that it is the first time we have noticed anything of the kind in its columns.
inclined to flag. That "Rouge et Noir"s praise is not alto­gether undeserved we are not so void of judgment as to allow, and modesty does not consist in a pretended total blindness to the fact that we possess some little merit—this would be only a hypocritical kind of vainglory—but in not overestimating that merit, and in not being pulled up beyond measure at words of praise that redound more to the credit and reputation of the Church and of the order, as he is, than they do to the honor of those of whom they are spoken. There are in this world magnificent souls and little souls—the one, ever willing to condone slight faults and seeming "not to notice them," but only the good traits in the character of persons, none pleases us better, or comes up to what we term a first­week. One cannot fail to admire the fearless and independent manly and liberal view taken of the "Chinese Question"; BooJI of Scripture Reference, compiled by Rev. L. E. Lam­staff of the Journal was really refreshing. But we are forced to one of two conclusions, viz.: either the students at Notre Dame are not capable of making the most of their immediate disposal all written revelations by the corresponding firmness by our confreres of the college press, and we shall not complain. We try to avoid being blinded by prejudice. If we show a fault, we must be aware that the reading-school is not a riding-school, and not even an old one, that the Senior class does not understand that the Seniors have the effects of his exertion as to be enabled to attend to his work. Furthermore, the Senior class does not have a large bequest, number sixty, that the library has half of all the subjects treated in both Testaments, with their corresponding texts in full, or reference thereto. It is possible that the ridiug-school is not a sectarian college.—We learn from the index of this work. The prac­tical advantages to be derived from such a book are at once apparent. It will prove a valuable aid to the American clergy; it by the variety of the edition, the editors, at his position, to illustrate the truths of our holy faith by copious quotations from the Sacred Text. It will prove equally serviceable to the theologian and to the moralist, teaching at their immediate disposal all written revelations bearing upon any given subject. It will prove a powerful auxiliary in the hands of every intelligent Catholic, whatever his sphere in life, who is brought into daily contact with Protestant friends, and who should be ready at need to meet objections or charges with appropriate re­plies in accordance with the injunction of the apostle: Sanctify the Lord Christ in your heart, being always ready to satisfy every one that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you. 1. Peter, 3–15. Catholics are charged with ignorance in general, and with ignorance of the Holy Bible in particular. Tais charge has been literally dashed, by repetition into the ears of non-Catholics, and to-day thousands upon thousands, even of well­meaning Protestants, are content to accord it an unhesitating acceptance. The publication of this book by a Catholic priest, with the sanction of his ecclesiastical superior, may produce no effect upon those who know not the truth, but it will certainly open the eyes of all who are not wil­fully blind to facts, will change their erroneous impres­sions to a conviction that the Church, far from being op­posed to the study of what is called biblical knowledge, looks with favor upon every attempt at its dissemination among her children. The work can be had by applying to Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, Seneca County, N. Y. Price five dollars.

College Gossip.

—The Wabash College Library contains 18,200 volumes.
—It took a Harvard student only two years to conquer Latin, but he was four years learning how to throw the lariat so as to enable him to earn thirty dollars per month on a Texas ranch.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Endymion" appears to be a favorite subject for college essays just now, and not unwisely, for the "University Journal" was really refreshing. But we are forced to one of two conclusions, viz.: either the students at Notre Dame are not capable of making the most of their immediate disposal all written revelations by the corresponding firmness by our confreres of the college press, and we shall not complain. We try to avoid being blinded by prejudice. If we show a fault, we must be aware that the reading-school is not a riding-school, and not even an old one, that the Senior class does not understand that the Seniors have the effects of his exertion as to be enabled to attend to his work. Furthermore, the Senior class does not have a large bequest, number sixty, that the library has half of all the subjects treated in both Testaments, with their corresponding texts in full, or reference thereto. It is possible that the reading-school is not a sectarian college.—Virginia Univ. Mag.

—We learn from The Pilot that the alumni of Seton Hall College entertained Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan at a banquet at Peoria's, New York, on the 17th ult. Archbishop Corrigan was President of Seton Hall College for a number of years, relinquishing that trust only when appointed coadjutor to Cardinal McCloskey. R. Duncan Harris is the President of the Seton Hall Alumni Associa­tion.
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 Fourth year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—It was with regret that we read, in the Herald of the 2d inst., of Mr. Charles L. Murray's intention of abandoning the journalistic areas, in which, as editor of the Herald, he has won such honored distinction and done so much for the party in whose interest the Herald is published—the Democratic party. Mr. Murray's successor will be Hon. Henry A. Pied, late of the Plymouth Democrat.

—Elsewhere will be found a portion of the second of a series of lectures on "Authorship" delivered on Thursday of last week by Mr. Elliot Ryder. We would be glad to present the entire lecture to our readers this week, but want; those who are not married, or who have no one dependent on them for support, generally spend the greater part of their slender salaries in ways that result in a benefit to the institution to whose advancement they have devoted their lives.

Many are under the impression that a few of our colleges (for instance, Georgetown, Fordham, Seton Hall, Our Lady of Angels, and Notre Dame) are richly endowed. Is this true? It is not. Notre Dame has not received one cent for an endowment. She has received at various times assistance from an appreciative public. After the late fire, money poured in from all quarters to the amount of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars; insurance received, forty-five thousand dollars; total about seventy thousand dollars, which does not cover more than one-third of the entire loss. We never hear of a wealthy Catholic leaving a bequest of ten, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars to one of our colleges, but we do hear of any number of persons bequeathing large sums to state and sectarian institutions of learning. We hope the time will come when our wealthy laymen will take more interest in our sanctuaries of learning; then we will have colleges and universities worthy of the names they bear. If the members of our religious orders have accomplished so much by their own unaided efforts, how much more could they effect were our wealthy laymen to assist them by endowing professorships and lecture courses, or founding libraries and museums of art and science. A few of our people present a statue, chalice, or illuminated window to the chapels or churches attached to our educational establishment; this is all very good and praiseworthy, but what
our colleges need are donations of money, books, scientific
instruments, and money to endow lecture courses and
professorships.

—We have many times felt ourselves called upon to re­
fute the popular opinion that American Catholics were
not a literature-producing people. Americans have been
compared to Spanish, French, and Italians in a way that is
not flattering. But, while we repel any such wholesale
statement, we must admit that there is too much truth in
the Protestant assertion: "All your American Catholic
literary men are priests." "If," says our Protestant ac­
quaintance, "we are to include theologian dogma, and its
discussion, into the ranks of general literature, why shall
we not also admit treatises on medicine and the law?"

Our neighbor has a very considerable show of reason in
all that he says. It is upon their laymen that Catholics
must depend for their literature, after all. Of the great
names of English literature, we find comparatively few
which are the names of clergymen. In this country, owing
to a variety of influential circumstances, Catholics have
not had that representation in literary circles which we
could have wished. John Gilmary Shea is a representa­
tive name, and it is to him that we have long looked for
productions of literary excellence.

But it is those of the present day and generation whom
we may expect to make the name of "Catholic" a re­
spected one in the literary circles of the United States.
Three young men have already done some good work, and
and it is interesting to glance over the methods they em­
ploy. John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the Pilot, is 37
years old. No man has the interest of the Church more
at heart than Mr. O'Reilly, and no man is doing more to
promote its welfare. As editor of the Pilot, he wields a
tremendous influence; and as a poet and romaner, he has
commanded recognition from the patrons of American
literature,—the great men among whom, being Protestant,
are not extravagantly friendly to Catholics; yet their lit­
ery conscience compels them to admire all that is good,
from whatever source it comes. Mr. O'Reilly has written
a few poems on purely Catholic (that is, religious) themes,
but the major portion of his poetry may be classed as
secular. As a writer of simply religious poetry, he would
never have gained a reputation outside of Catholic circles,
and his work would have been confined to a sphere which
is, unfortunately, all too limited. But, in his wise way, he
sends to that fountain of Methodism, Harper's Magazine,
a poem, and it is published. Does anyone think that it is
not read by quite as many Catholics as though it had first
appeared in the Pilot? And the good which may result
from the appearance of a Catholic writer in Protestant
publications, through the copying of the press, and in other
ways, is incalculable.

Another young writer of promise is Mr. Maurice Francis
Egan, who was recently made the associate editor of that
bulwark of Catholic journalism, the Freeman's Journal.
Mr. Egan is but 28 years old, yet he has done work which
augurs a brilliant and prosperous future. Possessed of
rare culture, forcible, yet exquisitely graceful, in all that he
writes, at once a poet and a critic, Mr. Egan is one whom
the literary galaxy may add to its number with pride. But
Mr. Egan, unlike Mr. O'Reilly, does not seek outside chan­
nels for his work. For years he has been training him­
self to perform the duties of a Catholic journalist; and, as
he once remarked to us, "Louis Veuillot is my model, and
to reach greatness in the way that he has reached it will
fill the measure of my ambition."

Here we see a striking contrast in two representative
men. One spreads his work wherever it will do good;
the other confines himself to one channel. That both men
will do much good, we do not doubt. What we question,
is: "Which course is the wiser one?" Another represent­
tive Catholic litterateur of promise is Mr. Elliot Ryder. His
methods of work differ somewhat from those of either Mr.
O'Reilly or Mr. Egan. Unlike those gentlemen, he does
not exercise control over the columns of an influential
journal. Nor does he, as does Mr. Egan, seek an especial
sphere in which to labor. His poems are nearly all of
them published in the New York Sun, where they find a
universal audience, since that model of newspapers not
only has a larger circulation than any other American
journal, but is universal in the sense that, unlike the
magazine, it goes into the homes of people of all religious
faiths and of all degrees of society. Mr. Ryder is known
as a poet for the same reason that Mr. O'Reilly and Mr.
Egan are always thought of as poets,—not because he has
written no prose, but because his prose is that of a jour­
nalist, and, consequently, rarely appears over his signature.
Mr. Ryder has some of the attributes of Mr. O'Reilly, and
some of the characteristics of Mr. Egan. He works con­
scientiously, but not exclusively. Knowing him to be a
thorough Catholic, we could not, of course, imagine him
as editing a distinctively Protestant paper; but it would
not at all surprise us if he were to accept a position on
any secular journal of respectability. We heartily wish we
had many more writers of Mr. Ryder's capability engaged
just as he is.

We watch with interest the progress of O'Reilly, Egan,
and Ryder. O'Reilly has already done much. We hope
he will do much more. Egan and Ryder are hardly more
than beginners. They have begun admirably well, how­
ever; nothing but perseverance is needed to develop their
powers. Let them both be prudent. It was the Psalmist
who complained that "the zeal of mine house hath eaten
me up." Twenty-eight and twenty-five years are not ad­
vanced ages: and in a career where so much has to be
learned before it can be made a successful one, one should
not fear to be too modest and cautious at the outset. One
of the greatest failings with which young authors are af­
dicted is a too great love of controversy. This is some­
thing we do not approve of. Better far present instructive
facts in an entertaining way, and train people to look for
knowledge, instead of presenting the same information in
the form of a controversy, thus fostering in them the love
of watching the progress of a quarrel,—a tendency which
human nature already shares in too great a degree.

Let controversy, then, be avoided: and let our promising
young authors concentrate their efforts in writing for
their audiences those things which flavor of the good, the
true, and the beautiful.

—We can safely assert that college journalism is not ap­
preciated as it should be, at least by the majority. They
seem to give it little or no thought. They think it a good
thing in its kind, and that is all; useful for those who have
some talent and inclination for journalism, but of no con­
sequence—or, at least, not necessary for the professional stu­
dent—for the engineer, the law, the medic, the art student,
or the student of commercial law and accounts. We have no doubt that the class of people who under-rate this seemingly insignificant matter will one day find that in this they have made one of the greatest mistakes of their lives, and will regret that they had not seen their mistake in time to correct it or evade its full consequences.

"But," they will say, "I haven't time; too many classes," etc. They forget that it is only the busy, and really overworked, man that has time for anything, as was truly remarked by the editor of The Catholic Review, when speaking of Very Rev. Father Sorin's drama. They forget that the half-hours, or even quarter-hours, spent in idle chatter or reading trashy literature could be turned to good purpose, and would amount to a great deal in a year. The University has an editorial bearing on this subject that we would like to submit for the consideration of those who think lightly, or do not make the trouble to think at all, of the advantage to be derived from writing for the college paper. Although we are not so blindly egotistical as to set ourselves up as models, we challenge attention to the fact that no one in the University has more classes than the members of the editorial corps of the Scholastic, averaging about six each, and yet we contrive to do something in the way of public writing for our own advancement and benefit, if not for the instruction and entertainment of others. Thus, too, while, we think, we keep our standing in class as well as those who do not write.

There is not a busier man around the college than our exchange editor, and yet he manages to read the exchanges and work up several columns a week for the paper. Of course he has to make a sacrifice of his leisure moments, and his inclinations too, but does he do it all the same. Others have more leisure than he, yet they think they have no time to do anything. Owing to pressure of other duties, and thinking he had contributed his share for the advancement of the paper, he resigned the editorship of the exchange department, but so far we have found no one willing to take the position. Why? It is evidently the will, and not the ability, that is wanting. To such as think lightly of the utility of writing for their college paper we commend the following very ably written article from The University for careful perusal:

"College journalism furnishes one of the greatest opportunities for culture incident to student life. To load the mind with the ideas of others, to answer a set of questions proposed by professors, and to get a certificate of graduation from these same gentlemen, is much too often thought to be the highest object that a college student may seek. We opine this is not so. Without something more vital than all this, the education we obtain is a cumberose quantity of mental lumber, the answers to questions a part of the wonders of automatism, and a diploma, if we receive one, but a splendid lie. It is well said there is no royal road to learning. Not learned professors aided by the furnishings of a college, nor books, nor all that genius and learning can devise, can make a scholar of a student; but there is a natural way, and that is by learning to think, independently, calmly, forcibly; well, in short, in such a way that we shall be glad to preserve a record of the ideas by even laborious efforts to commit them to writing. Learning is a building process, whose agent must be one's self, else all the mind can grasp is as so much gross material, shapeless and lifeless. Most of us are trying to carry or drag just such a burden of mental stuff, for stuff it is, until by individual effort we make it a part of ourselves. To whatever degree of learning we aspire, in whatever sphere we aim to act, this is true. There is no set of life in any vocation that cannot be best done by a thoughtful person.

"But what has this to do with college journalism? you ask. A great deal. In whatever degree college journalism proves a success, in just that proportion has this mental engineering been manifested. It virtually says to students: 'Come, let us build thoughts; let us begin to construct the mental houses we hope to live in; let us plunge together into the whirlpool of public life.'

"The memorizing of ideas is a process of acquisition and conservation, but great mental power cannot be gained by this process alone; there must be energy spent as well as gained, and spent, too, publically. True intellect is no smouldering fire to spend itself at the hearth of the soul that alone loves it. Something of character, of genius must vivify it and form it into action in the public arena. Why do we see so many brilliant flashes of intellect spent like a meteor's light, and followed by mental gloom? It is because the mind that manifests action has no genuine architect. Educated though it may be, its ideas lack correlation, union, design and independent life.

"However well a mind is built up in secret, it requires an impetus of public experience to carry it safely over the billows of practical life. Nothing will nerve or ennervate a mind like the sense of danger: and unless the mind becomes accustomed to the dangers of life by public experience, it is not fit to grapple with the odds that every one must meet in a successful career. A mind built up only by secret thoughts is like a paper defense against the forces it must meet in public life, while like a strong fort is the mind that by activity before the public eye has learned the tactics of such warfare. Think as we can, write as we may, it is alone the experience gained by putting our thoughts before the public that gives us the momentary power necessary to carry us beyond danger, the organization of mind that can defy all the foes that may beset our path.

"The college journal is peculiarly a proper agent for the development of these splendid faculties. It meets us at a time when, if ever, the mind is alert for improvement. Very properly, it is not the exponent of knotty problems in metaphysics, but makes our every-day hopes and struggles the sphere of its action. There is no person but wastes more time every week than would be necessary to aid, by some manner of thought-building, in making the college journal a success; and, while we do not advocate the waste of a student's time, or the dissipation of his energies, we do assert that some time should be spent by every student in putting some thoughts on record for the columns of his college paper. He cannot afford to do otherwise, if he hopes for success in public life; his whole destiny may be affected by the experience. Let him do it for his own sake, because the effort is likely to furnish an inspira tion for most glorious future work and achievement.

Personal.

—Rev. Father Hagerty returned from Chesterton, Tuesday morning.

—P. J. Hagan, late of the Staff, paid us a flying visit, Saturday afternoon.

—Mr. J. P. Van Dusen, of Benton Harbor, Mich., visited the University last Tuesday.

—J. Minogue, '74, is in the grocery business with his father on Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

—Rev. D. J. Hagerty accompanied Father Kroll to Chesterton last Saturday evening.

—J. F. Bricc (Scientific, of '79) is the Professor of Education in Calnau College, Saylor, Iowa.

—Mr. O'Connor, father of Masters D. and R. O'Connor of the Senor and Minima departments, spent Wednesday at the University.

—Mrs. D. Coghlin, Toledo, Ohio, spent Sunday and Monday visiting her sons, Masters A. and W. Coghlin, Prep. department.

—A. Herb (Prep. of '79-'80) is preparing to accompany
his parents on a trip to Europe. We hope Master Hierb
will enjoy himself during his journey abroad.
—C. J. Hagan is in the office of J. W. McCoy, Attorney
at Law, Fairmont, Marion County, West Virginia. We
wish Charley every success in his journey through life.

Local Items.

—G—, there is the door.
—"That's a regular D. C. L."
—Next Thursday is St. Patrick's Day.
—"Barney" says that he never said it.
—The "Median" has finished anatomy.
—Oh So! please send us one. Will you?
—"Charley Ross" Is a poet of no mean ability.
—"Why don't we drill?" is asked on all sides.
—The man of the "horrible nerve" is in trouble!
—Several jokes from the "funny man" this week.
—The Captain's owl has gone the way of all owls.
—Pete regrets that he ever studied "Projectilization."
—"Boxes from home" are things to be desired these
days.
—The snow is fast disappearing before the sun's warm
rays.
—Prof. Lyons has our thanks for a package of New
Eras.
—Boone regulates the window-blinds in the Junior
study-hall.
—Bro. Francis Xavier has the thanks of the Sorins for
favors received.
—It was trying to rain and snow at the same time, last
Tuesday morning.
—"A Celebrated Case" can be seen in Washington Hall
next Wednesday evening.
—Our friend John found Dan a rather heavy piece of
furniture to carry around.
—To-morrow Missa Parsælorum will be sung. Vespers,
of a Confessor not Bishop.
—Notre Dame will send forth a large number of first
class telegraphers in June.
—"Gr. Edmund" observes fast; James S— eats fast:
—Music to the right, music to the left; we're just bored
with it now. And such music! 0 Mozart!
—We noticed three stray bovines circumambulating Lake
St. Joseph last Saturday afternoon.
—Music to the right, music to the left; we're just bored
with it now. And such music! 0 Mozart!
—"G. Edmund" observes fast; James S— eats fast:
—W. B. eats fast; Dick R— eats too fast.
—The Sorins rejoice. Their orpheonic representative,
Master D. O'Connor, is with them once more.
—Don't read the editorial on the advantages of college
journalism in this week's SCHOLASTIC—It concerns you.
—Bob: "Say, Tom, are you awake?" Tom: "What do
you want?" Bob: "Lend me a dollar," Tom: "I'm not
awake."
—Last Monday, the festival of the great St. Thomas
Aquinas, the philosophers and theologians were granted
a holiday.
—"Judy" was around on time last Tuesday morning.
She appears none the worse for Friday's exhibition of her
"ageility."
—Sancho's ugly disposition is beginning to manifest it-
self in a series of protracted howls at regular intervals
during the day.
—Professor in Grammar: "Master B—, what is the
feminine of hart?" Master B—, (promptly)—"Gizzard,
sir." [Red light.]
—The weather has moderated to such a degree that the
Preps. use the handball alleys located at the western ex-
tremity of their Campus.
—It's too bad after getting your letters addressed to Box
—South Bend, to have them re-directed to F. O.K.'s
office. Some do not think this O. K.
—Mr. Daly, the University horticulturist, is doing good
work in caring for the trees at the St. Joseph Farm and
preparing for a large crop of apples next fall.
—Mr. Hay found some difficulty in ascertaining the
amount of cloth required to becomingly envelop the
delicate (?) bodies of Dan and "Stonewall."
—Prof.: "Young man, do you know what I am teach-
ing?" Student: "Yes, sir; German," Prof.: "No, sir;
a crowd of blockheads." (Tally one for Prof.)
—Many of our exchanges had well-written accounts of
the Entertainment given by the Thespians on Washington's
Birthday. We would gladly publish them if we had the
space.
—We noticed an article in one of our exchanges about
boy inventors. We hope that they will soon invent a boy
who will not whistle through his fingers, and yell on the
streets at night.
—The Minims take a lively interest in handball. Among
the best players in that department are Masters
Tourtillo, Droste, J. Bender, Echlin, Snee, Kitz, H. Metz,
and Van Mourick.
—The 14th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and
Dramatic Association was held Saturday evening, March
5th. Masters Costello, Echlin, Snee, and Courtney deliv-
ered declamations.
—"Says Salty to Fatty: "Where shall we go?"
"Oh," replied Fatty, "we'll call upon Fig."
"No," says G. Edmund, with a flow of his barberyn,
"We'd better go up, and see our friend Barney."
—We caught a glimpse of the smiling countenances of
"Medc" Castanedo, Johnson, "Jim," Guy, and others,
last Wednesday morning. They look as happy and con-
tented as ducks in a mill-pond.
—It's hope that keeps us up,
It's hope that keeps our memories green,
It's hope that makes our lives sublime,
It's soap that keeps us clean.
—Charley Tinley may be seen slowly wending his way to
the butcher-shop every day at 8:30 o'clock. He, on
such occasions, acts in the capacity of travelling agent for
Mocking-bird & Co., No. 7, Cecilia Hall, University Build-
ing.
—Somebody with benevolence, or perhaps malevolent, in-
tentions, peradventure forgetfulness, left a necktie and
scapulars in our sanctum. We wish the owner of these
articles to call for them as soon as convenient; we do not
need them.
—Van, Sam, and the "sailor boy" were going to give
the Boney boy a drubbing, on account of a local which ap-
ppeared in last week's SCHOLASTIC, but desisted when the
"slimy doctor" and the man with the "horrible nerve"
came to Boney's assistance.
—Young Hopeful: "Pa, do you know what is the dif-
ference between you and the moon?" Parent: "No, my
son; I do not." Young H.: "Why, you see the moon gets
full once a month, but you get—" That little boy has
stopped asking conundrums.
—Some of our would-be-tall students imagine that they
become taller by contact with the tall. Laboring under
this mistake, they always endeavor to find a place in the
rear of the ranks. They look like rat-terriers in the midst
of a drove of giraffes. Fall in according to size.
—We are sorry that we cannot publish the beautiful poem
sent us by the "Hero of the Eighteenth Century." The
sentiments to which the poet gives utterance are admirable,
though ill-suited to the tastes of all who bask in the sun-
shine of the enlightenment of the great nineteenth century.
—Our Rev. Prefect of Discipline could hardly contain
himself with the joyful emotions that he experienced
when, one day last week, we informed him that we had
observed a large flock of wild ducks flying westward. We
pale the powder and shot when ducks again visit our
lakes.
—The contract for furnishing the Notre Dame Cadets
with uniforms has been let to Mr. John Hay, of South
Bend, who, with his excellent outfit, Mr. John Pailing,
was last week taking the Cadets’ measures. Each uni-
form will be made at the remarkably low price of
$10.
—The members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Associ-
ation return a unanimous vote of thanks to Prof. Acker-
man for services rendered the Association. Very Rev.
President Corty and Father O’Keefe are tendered the
thanks of the Association for favors rendered them during
the last few weeks.
—In reply to a long communication from the “Commit-
tee on the Inspection of Parsing Duties,” of which Mas-
ter J. W. Start is President, W. F. Mahon, Vice-President;
and E. Gall, Secretary, we shall only say that, if the facts
are as represented, “Sammy” should be presented with
a large leather medal.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1881.
By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame.
This is the sixth year of the Scholastic Annual, and it
is very creditable to Professor Lyons, whose taste and dis-
cernment are apparent in the well-arranged and selected
contents.—Catholic World.
—Bro. Charles, the Prefect of the Academy of Music,
has now reached his 64th year. To look at him, one would
scarcely believe him to be fifty, and yet this despite the
fact that for forty-three years he has had the laborious duties
which fall to the lot of a prefect. That the good Brother
may live long after he has passed his three-score and ten is
the sincere wish of the Scholastic.

The “Babes” of Burlington may not have been heard
from, the “Corporal” may not have been heard from,
but our wandering and genial friend, Sol. Hancock, has
made himself felt by his kind and generous present of
one, oneshell, not one hundred cigars, to one of the pro-
fessors. Thanks, a thousand thanks, generous friend! May
the generosity of your heart never grow less.
—The proprietor of the butcher-shop is already prepar-
ing for those enchanting little creatures that sing so prettily
during the summer months, especially at night, when, in
the privacy of the chamber, we endeavor to take that
rest which nature demands of us. We have reference to
that pryer into man’s feelings—the mosquito. Screen-
doors made the shop look summer-like, Tuesday afternoon.
—Very Rev. Father General examined the Elocution Class
in the Minim department last Monday. He expressed himself highly pleased with the progress made
since his last visit, and encouraged them to spare no pains
to attain perfection in this branch. The members of the
Elocution Class tender their deepest thanks to Very Rev.
Father General for the pains he takes to make them good
elocutionists.
—Here is the way printers often get reporters into a
heap of trouble. One of the latter, in describing the belle
of the evening at a fashionable party, wrote: “Her dainty
feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy
boots.” What was his horror on reading in the paper next
morning to find, “Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that
might be taken for ferry-boats.” He had to hide himself
for a week from her big brother, who was after him with a
club.
—We are informed that our friend “J. Willie” went
into ecstasies on reading our marine-news item of last
week, and to the pleasure afforded our friend in read-
ing such items, we exceedingly regret that our inability
to procure such items, this week, must needs deprive
him of that pleasure. We will—but hold, we omitted to
say that last week that if old Sol got down to business in
good shape, the ice on the lakes will have entirely disap­

—The 17th and 18th regular meetings of the St. Stanis-
laus Philopatrian Society were held Feb. 18th and March
4th respectively. Master G Kipper presented himself and
was elected. Declamations were given by the following:
G. Grace, E. Westhain, A. Browne, A. McClellan, J. Bennett,
G. Woodson, A. Mendeil, D. C. Smith, G. O’
Kane, E. Smith, J. Whelan, L. Florman, H. Dunn, G.
Schneider, H. Selis, L. Gibert, S. Livingston, J. Flyn, an
Prof. Baur were then invited to be present, and after
the literary exercises were concluded he tried the voices of
the members and made selections for the various choruses.
He closed the exercises by performing a beautiful piece on
the organ.
—A certain astute Prep., wishing to take a rise out of
some of his Michigan companions who were relating
wonderful things seen by them since their brief ad-
vent to Mother Earth, sarcastically exclaimed, with a
scary toss of his head and snap of his fingers: “Oh, that is
nothing at all compared to what I saw while crossing the
Missouri on a ferry-boat. “What was it? what was it?”
cried all. “I saw,” said he, “a spunky horse fly over
the river with nothing on but his reins, while a real
“Impossible! How could a horse, without wings, fly
across a river? That is only another of your fishy stories,”
shouted the listeners. “You little Michiganers, goings
of venerable Michigoes, I did not say that a horse
fly over the river, but that I saw a horse fly over the river.” It
is needless to say he soon had to fly from the shower of
snow-balls flying around his upper story.

The 23d regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philo-
mathean Association was held Monday, under the chair-
man, Father O’Keefe. Father O’Keefe introduced the
following public readers for this week are T. Healy, A. Bodine, W.
Gray, N. Ewing, H. Rose, W. Cleary, E. Orrick, J. Fen-
drick, E. Pischel, C. Tinley, F. Grever, and C. McDermott.

—The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the
visitors to our sanctum, its pages generally being replete with
the improvements in the appearance and general tone of
the Scholastic.

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I concluded you would not object to a line or two from Hal.

To one and all, merry cheer and my kind respects.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

A Drama in Five Acts, Prepared for the Occasion by the Members of the Columbian Club.

Music between each act by the University Orchestra and the Notre Dame Cornet Band.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
List of Excellence.

(THE students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.


The following names should have appeared in the List of Excellence for Book-Keeping last week: T. Bourbonii, A. Korty, D. Dunsen. The growing interest in Phonography has created a demand for a Periodical to teach the Art, in a series of Lessons, comprehensive, detailed and thorough.

The American Shorthand Writer taking the initiative, is the only Magazine in the World that teaches Phonography. A full course given every year, one complete Lesson each month, and the Exercises of all Learners corrected through the mail free of charge. Those who prefer to learn in a briefer time than one year, may join our Correspondence Class and go through an entire course in either 10 or 20 weeks.

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MEMBER, this is the most direct route for all points WEST and SOUTHWEST. For further information, time tables, maps or folders, call upon or address

JAMES BONNEY,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER,
Corner Michigan and Washington Sts.,
SOUTH BEND, - - IND.

The Scholastic Annual
FOR 1881.

CONTENTS.

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LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

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

GOING EAST.

2:25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9:50 a.m.; Cleveland 3:30 p.m. 
Buffalo, 8:50 p.m.

11:05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3:35 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.

2:43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:23 a.m.; Chicago 6 a.m.

5:05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50 a.m.; Chicago 8:20 a.m.

6:05 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 6:50 a.m.; Chesterton, 9:47 a.m.; Chicago, 11:30 a.m.

11:16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2:13 a.m.; Chesterton, 2:23 a.m.; Chicago, 4:40 a.m.

4:50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:33; Chesterton, 6:15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EASTWARD</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>10</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:35 a.m.</td>
<td>9:05 a.m.</td>
<td>10:20 a.m.</td>
<td>10:20 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand Crossing</td>
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<td>9:31</td>
<td>10:50</td>
<td>13:55</td>
<td>18:30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miller's</td>
<td>9:10</td>
<td>11:22</td>
<td>12:40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laporte</td>
<td>10:05</td>
<td>11:32</td>
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<td>16:00</td>
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<td>South Bend</td>
<td>11:05</td>
<td>12:32</td>
<td>14:00</td>
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<td>Mishawaka</td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>12:38</td>
<td>14:05</td>
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<td>Elkhart</td>
<td>11:40</td>
<td>13:05</td>
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<td>17:30</td>
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<td>Toledo</td>
<td>5:25 p.m.</td>
<td>7:35</td>
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<td>Cleveland</td>
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<td>6:00 a.m.</td>
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<td>13:45</td>
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<td>Buffalo</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
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<td>New York</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>1:45</td>
<td>4:55</td>
<td>8:05</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>12:00</td>
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W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.
J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.
J. H. PARSONS, Supt. West Division, Chicago.
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l Manager.
CHARLES PAIN, Gen'l Supt.