

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME III.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

NUMBER 3.

Self-Command.

The great business of life is that of self-control, since without it every other advantage is lost. The conqueror of empires, if not master of his ambition, if he has not learned self-command, is but a slave.

Alexander, Xerxes, Napoleon, expert in military tactics and successful in their application, were captives beneath the iron sceptre of their pampered love of power, which they never sought to restrain. Origen, Tertullian and Lammenais, mighty in eloquence, erudition and theological knowledge, were weak because under the dominion of pride; whilst the list of literary celebrities who have electrified the world with "thoughts that glow and words that burn," of politicians who have outwitted the wisest of artists, who have infused the cold canvas and marble with the grandeur of their genius, is almost endless; and yet of this vast number—who though envied for their skill in commanding the passions of others,—how many were in abject servitude to their own!

Since, then, genius, learning, influence, are worse than useless without the power of self-control, every youth with an upright conscience will not fail to exert himself to obtain this power. Imagine Spartan stoicism refined and purified by Christian faith, and you have the example of the sway that the superior powers of the soul should exert over the impulses of the human spirit. Christian self-command elevates the standard of the Spartan, takes from it the merely animal motives, and imparts the highest possible character to every act. It is this self-command which it is our object to recommend.

To succumb to our own inclinations takes away the vigor of the soul; and the more debased those inclinations, the more effeminate and helpless does the spirit become; whilst to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle and renders us superior to our surroundings. In this world of changing fortunes, where a man is to-day a prince and to-morrow a beggar, this is indeed a most important lesson to acquire.

We know it is the custom to regard whatever is not absolutely sinful, as in itself quite innocent; but the young person who is in earnest to make the most of life, will accept no such easy rule. Created to a supernatural destiny, he would deem himself as mercenary, as insulting the Giver of that sublime destiny, should he not convert in different actions into means for improvement. He will hoard the maxims of strict virtue as the miser does his gold; and whomsoever either by precept or example detracts from his practice of those maxims, he will treat as his worst enemy. He who yields to his appetites and passions, with the declaration that he is unable to help himself, is no more or less than a moral coward. His manhood

has departed. He is not brave enough to resist, and has given up the contest. The throne of habit has been usurped by evil; and his holy angel guardian, dishonored and rejected, is no more recognized. He yields because he *will*,—not because he *must*; for it would be impious to believe that God had ever imposed this *necessity* upon any of His creatures.

We have said that to triumph over ourselves gives soundness to principle, and renders us superior to our surroundings. This is consolation alike to the hero and to the saint. It is encouragement also to those who are engaged in the strife which we all must sustain against the foes who beset us on every side. And what is this triumph but self-abnegation, regardlessness of personal satisfaction—for the attainment of a nobler purpose: namely, that of moral independence; an independence imparted and strengthened by charity? But hold! are we not representing the means as superior to the end? We trust not,—but only demonstrating that selfishness, even in a refined sense, would incite us to the practice of self-command and the corresponding virtues. We are showing the advantages from a practical point of view.

Self-gratification is a merely animal impulse, whilst self-sacrifice is obedience to the noblest suggestions of our being. It distinguishes man from inferior creatures; and yet how many wrong themselves by giving free rein to the instincts they hold in common with the brute, whilst they crush those heavenly tendencies which render them "but little lower than the angels!"

The daily examination of conscience incumbent upon the Christian will aid each one to detect his progress in self-command. Delicacy in noting every failure will point out the practices to be avoided and the customs to be encouraged in order to acquire full control of human nature. Many, awakened in the prime of life to the fact that the energies of their youth have been squandered, mourn the hopeless wreck induced by their own folly. They count their broken resolutions, their faithless vows, their former levity of purpose: but to no avail. To establish the habit of self-command required too great exertion for them. They foolishly confessed themselves unequal to the task; and now they are gathering the fruit of cowardice. May their misfortune be our admonition. A good resolution made in the morning, scrupulously kept throughout the day, charged at night on the journal of a good conscience, is one grand installment of a priceless fortune; and to sum up the weeks and years of life by these daily victories over self-love is to make a triumphal progress which the heavens themselves delight to honor.

The human soul is so constituted as never to rest in evil; hence all satisfaction derived from vitiating practices is short-lived, and followed by remorse. Peace, interior tranquillity which no misfortune can disturb, is the product of self-com-

mand. Happy they who learn this lesson, for they are proof alike against the keen shafts of adversity and the flattering dangers of prosperity. They have discovered the secret of happiness and are in possession of the surest passport to eternal bliss.

The Law.

In the mind of the ignorant and unthinking man, the Law is a thing of terror, a sort of cyclopean cave where nothing but vengeance and tortures are manufactured, with the special view to entrap and punish, for any cause or for no cause, when the opportunity occurs. Ideas similar to these we have often heard asserted by persons *claiming* to be intelligent and educated, as well as by those whose misconduct had well deserved punishment.

Yet, without Law, society would be a body without a soul: a *rudis indigestaque moles* without order. Left to themselves, and held together by no constraining power, men would be constantly arrayed in hostility against each other; and in such a contest, it is easy to see that the strong man would always be in the right, and the weak man always in the wrong. But, happily for justice, physical force is not the arbiter of right and wrong; and neither can the vindication of the one nor the punishment of the other be left to the whims of the individual. Every nation, and every independent community, ordains laws and administers justice suitably to the genius and wants of its people; but the law, as such, and the aim and the end of the law are essentially the same everywhere.

Whether you call it Common Law, Civil Law, or Municipal Law, it is still "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong"—in a republic as in a monarchy, in a democracy as in an empire. Indeed it matters little to the honest man under what form of government he lives,—for the law will protect him; while he who violates this "rule of civil conduct," will find as little mercy and as exacting justice in a republic as in a monarchy. "Give to every man what belongs to him:" "Thou shalt do no wrong:" says the Divine law; and, under all its forms and modes, human law adopts and applies these eternal principles of justice and equity in enforcing the fulfilment of those social obligations which it had declared to be right, or in punishing the transgressor for the commission of those things which it had prohibited as wrong. In reality, this very "rule of civil conduct" is the Divine rule of man's conduct, modified and made applicable, so far as man can do so, to human acts, and to the reciprocal duties and obligations incident to our condition and relations in society. Says the Divine law: "Owe no man anything." Says the human

law: "Pay every man what you owe him." What is the difference? Man simply imitates, and obeys a Divine model. In this, however, is the moral greatness, the stability, and the power of all the laws which human wisdom enacts for the direction and government of mankind. The Creator is primarily the author of all law; He made nothing independent of a law, and therefore subjection to a law of some name or kind is the normal condition of every created thing,—from man, created little below the angels, to the insect that dies after a day's existence; and from the sun rolling in his noonday majesty through the broad blue heavens, down to the little bee that banquets on the breath of the rose!

It follows, then, that the study and the knowledge of the law must be, except that of theology, the highest, the noblest and the most intellectual, as well as the most liberalizing profession into which the young man of education can enter. It is a fact worthy of remark that the truest patriot, and the most distinguished men of all ages and countries have been lawyers; and history bears this honorable testimony, that in the members of the legal profession popular liberty has ever found the boldest defenders, and despotism the most unflinching opponents. The heroes of Bunker Hill and of Yorktown simply exploded the mine which the eloquence and patriotism of Patrick Henry laid beneath the power of England in this country, and the memories of Curran, Grattan and O'Connell shall live in the hearts of Irishmen so long as history shall record the sufferings of the Irish people.

The bravest army that ever marched to battle had its camp-followers who robbed and plundered while the soldiers fought; the medical profession has its quacks, and so the law too has its pettifoggers, or its hangers-on, who under the garb of the lawyer too often succeed in bringing disgrace on the profession around whose skirts they hover. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a more despicable class of humanity than that which is known by the significant name of shyster, or pettifogger; he feasts on the misfortunes of his fellow-men, and you are as sure of finding him around jails and police courts as the traveller in the desert is of finding a carcass in the vicinity of the vultures circling above his head. It is certainly a misfortune that such men should ever be admitted to the Bar. But neither the law nor lawyers can be fairly blamed for this. That bad men, and incompetent men—not a few—disgrace the profession, is an undeniable fact. But, while this is true, let the blame be put where it belongs; and, to remedy the evil, let us remove the cause. The cause is twofold: first, the qualifications demanded for admission to the Bar are so few, and the standard of ability practically required is so low, that anybody who has thumbed a law-book over for a few months can succeed in being dubbed a "lawyer." No education, no fundamental training is required. A little familiarity with the vulgar scurrilities of the comic Blackstone, or a slight knowledge of the definition of a contract as laid down in some equally profound work—like Haines' Treatise for those sages of the law called justices of the peace—is all-sufficient. The farce called an "examination" is soon over, and out springs your full-fledged "Attorney and Counsellor at Law!" What he gains at the legal bar, he spends at the saloon bar. The latter is his element. But can such men be lawyers! . . . The next difficulty is with parents. They think that the possession of a few law-books, and two or three months spent in a lawyer's office, are all that is required to fit

their sons for the labors and responsibilities of the lawyer. This is a fatal mistake. A collection of badly-arranged facts backed by what is called brass or repulsive impudence, may do for a while, just as the impulse given to a stone causes it to skim in safety, for some distance, the surface of the water; but as, ultimately, the one sinks, so does the other fail. The mechanical lawyer is a curse to the community where he "operates;" "let no such men be trusted."

A good education and a thorough training in the theory and fundamental principles of the science of Law ought to be required of every man seeking admission to the Bar. We are pleased to see that the University of Notre Dame is now carrying out this idea. It is the only proper course for a law-student to follow; and we only wish, for the sake of Society and for the sake of a noble profession, that more of our law institutions would adopt a similar system. We are satisfied that the course now pursued in the Law Department of this University presents advantages of the most superior kind for the student of Law. Here too, study is a matter of duty, and not a matter of choice, with the student. Experience, with few exceptions, shows that the undisciplined student makes a very indifferent, if not a positively bad, practitioner, J.

A Hero.

By PATRIC.

"Arma virumque cano."

In ragged Sniptown lived a wight
Renowned in many a windy fight;
A nimble Nero, skilled to flee
The face of every enemy.

"Knight of the shears," by heralds styled,
What tho' his blade was ne'er defiled
With human gore? it might have been,
For, man-defying was his mien!
A brazen thimble was his shield,
An earthen floor the glorious field
O'er which he pricked with needle lance,
And trained his warlike "goose" to prance!

His breast heroic often swelled
At that of how his sires excelled
The puny race of modern men.
By heart he knew both how and when
One of those doughty chiefs of old
"His seven-at-one-fell blow-quelled!"

Full oft, by button-hole, he swore
That Adam, who lived long before,
Had wrought at that most ancient trade
Ere yet young Cain with Abel played,
Of whom a lengthy tale he told.
Retailing, too, he bought and sold
New garments, and cur tailed the old.
So thus, with song and joke, he plied
His craft, and all the world defied.

A little man he was, 'tis true,
In body,—but to mental view,
Of soul gigantic; which, confined
Within its compass, like to wind
Within a bladder, made it swell
And grow rotund as diving bell.
"Quos ego"—but let trump of Fame
His nameless deeds aloud proclaim
In honest old Chaucerian rhyme,
Thro' all the corridors of Time,
In tones of thunder, till the sound
Awaken Echo, and rebound
From earth to heaven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dr. Bogglesby's Bear.

CHAPTER II.

Includeth Various and Other Matters, and in particular, treateth of the Views of Professor Gobble, and of the Sentiments of sundry individuals of the Bogglesby Family thereon.

"Man," said Professor Gobble, helping himself to some more cucumber, "Man is an Omnivorous Animal."

A hostess less confident than Mrs. Bogglesby in the resources of her larder, might have felt some agitation at this announcement, particularly in view of the Professor's well-known high moral principle of always seconding his precepts by example, in carrying out which he had already devoured unspeakably large portions of beef, eggs and ham, custard, onions, chicken soup, hominy, mince pie, preserved peaches, and gravy. A mind less elevated above the sympathies and solitudes connected with sanitary considerations, might also have been alarmed lest the Professor's digestive apparatus might not be equal to the struggle; but Mrs. B. had long regarded the cultivation of the intellect as alone worthy of the Sphere of Woman, hence she beheld the Professor's proceedings with a mild metaphysical smile, whilst little Joe Bogglesby implored for pudding in vain.

"Can you tell me, Professor," inquired she, "why the Athenians called their judges *dikastai*?"

"The term *dikastai* or *die-casters*," said the party thus appealed to, "was applied by the Athenians to their judges, because when a criminal was brought before them accused of any crime, they thought it about an even chance whether he was guilty or not, and therefore found it most expeditious as well as most satisfactory to all concerned to decide the matter by a throw of the dice."

"In the event of an unfortunate throw, then," said Mrs. B., "the wretched criminal was doomed to abbreviation by the headsmen's sword."

"Not at all," replied the Professor. "The principle that 'the pen is mightier than the sword' was early known and publicly recognized. The criminals thus convicted were therefore immured in a pig pen. This soon brought them to a sense of their guilt, which they always acknowledged, and begged to be set at liberty."

Here a loud crash interrupted the conversation, and woke up Dr. Bogglesby, who was enjoying his after-dinner nap in his easy chair, with his red silk handkerchief over his face.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "the bears surely hasn't broke—"

No; it was little Joe Bogglesby, who, driven to desperation by not getting any more pudding had arranged the mustard, pepper, vinegar, &c., as ninepins at one end of the table, and had just succeeded by various nods and becks of encouragement in inducing his infant sister to bowl at them from the other. Hence the crash.

"Joseph, my child, go out into the garden and play," said Mrs. B., "and tell Jemima to come in and pick up the *débris*."

"The what, ma? And can't I have some pudding before I go?"

"Professor," asked she, "do you consider pudding as conducive to the development of the infant mind?"

"Eminently so, my dear madam," said the Professor benevolently.

"Then, Joseph, you may eat as much as you like. Help yourself."

"Yes, ma; I'll try and eat enough to devil up my mind."

"Oh, Joe! you naughty boy," said Matilda Jane, "you swore!"

"So did ma; and I guess it isn't any harm to say that,—is it, ma?"

But his ma heard him not, being deeply engaged in pursuing the conversation on the various modes of capital punishment prevalent among civilized nations. That of pelting unpopular characters with rotten eggs, appeared to her as singularly felicitous.

"Yes," said the Professor, "mathematics—exact mathematics, teaches us that the product of the egg-streams is always equal to the product of the means—that is of the meannesses by which these personages have drawn upon themselves so severe an expression of general odium. The punishment is therefore proportionate to the guilt, and what a gratification that must be!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by another crash.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Bogglesby, waking up again. "That must be the Bear."

And it was the Bear!!! S.

THE END.

LA PORTE, IND., Sept. 26, '69.

REV. FATHER:

Much gratified as I was to have heard from you, your intimation that I would forget you struck me no less with surprise than the receipt of your letter, received last Friday.

I trust that you are in the enjoyment of the best of health, such for instance as I now enjoy. My health actually was never better, while at the same time I am having, in the very expressive language of the day, a "bully" time. If at all possible for me to come down before two weeks, it will assuredly give me very much pleasure.

I was very sorry indeed that I could not return to the University at the beginning of the session, more so perhaps from the fact of losing so much time, as well as of being deprived of the pleasure of seeing and mingling with my friends,

"The ancient pickets
Upon the contended field;"

but since the beginning of the year is passing away, and seeing that there is no possibility of my returning before February, I merely say with Coleridge:

"Since 'tis past, 'tis past recall,
And since 'tis past, recall
Must be forgotten."

The copy of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, *vice* SCHOLASTIC YEAR deceased, was received last evening, and perused very eagerly by our whole family. Permit me to congratulate you upon the very elegant appearance which it now presents, and upon the very auspicious commencement which it has made with its third volume.

Thank you very much for your kind offer to publish "any correspondence" which will be sent to you from here! I will try and send you some "copy" this week, though I know of nothing much to send besides the report of St. Rose's Academy here. In about two weeks I intend going to Pittsburgh, to keep books until I return in February; while there, I shall pick up *notes of interest* (I don't mean commercial paper, but interesting facts) and endeavor to let you have reports regularly from there, about the mines, glass and iron works, etc., etc.

I am here a member of a new boating organization, known as the "Star of the West Rowing Club." We have forty members, possessing four outriggered boats, each thirty-eight feet in length and capable of holding four persons and a coxswain. Besides these, we have eight sculling

boats, single person's boats. Our uniform consists of white flannel, with the letters S. W. in black velvet in front; cuffs and collars of the same material; pants, regulation blue, with broad gold band on sides; cap of light blue silk, with gold band one inch broad. Our flag and colors are both blue, with single star in the centre; belt, blue, with gilt black letters raised on back, and position in the boat engraved on clasp in front. Such a uniform costs from forty to fifty dollars. We are all disciplined both in military and naval ways, under the superintendence of an old colonel of the Ninth Indiana Volunteers.

But I see my letter is coming to an unreasonably long length, so I will close.

Please give my best regards to Very Rev. Fathers Sorin and Granger, and to Rev. Fathers Corby, Spillard, Battista, Carrier, Vagner, D'Arcy and Lauth; to Brothers Florentius and Benoit; to Profs. Lyons, Von Weller, Ivers, Stace, Tong, Corby and Girac, and especially to the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association,—more particularly to the incumbent of my old office,—and to Messrs. Staley and Mahony for their advancement. (Don't forget J—E—, please.)

Accept best wishes for your welfare and hospitality, from

Yours very sincerely,
D. J.

ST. ROSE'S ACADEMY, LA PORTE.

REV. MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent has the honor to report to you that the institution above-named is in the most flourishing condition now that it has been for three years, the term of its existence under the name and title of St. Rose.

Previous to that time, the *boys* and *girls* had been indiscriminately mixed in school; but for the said term it has been determined to make a *young ladies'* academy exclusively; such it has been, and this year more ladylike, if possible, than ever. As a body, you, Reverend Sir, with all your experience, have never seen better-behaved pupils. Among those who more particularly deserve "honorable mention," I have been requested by the good Sisters of Holy Cross here to name the following:

Senior Department.—Misses Emma Webber, Elizabeth Conlin, Margaret Hall, Caroline Hall, Ella Boyce, Ella Williams, Mary Lynch, Sarah Woodward, Henriette Ingram, Nettie Wile, Catherine Martin, Edmonia Archibald.

Intermediate Department.—Misses Mary Ingram, Margaret Everhart, Alice Everhart, Mary Cavanaugh, Susan Blakeman, Bendina Steinfeldt, Louisa Forrester, Louisa and Emily Gnüchtel.

Primary Department.—Misses Mary Graf, Sarah Lynch, Annie Lynch.

By giving the foregoing a place in your excellent paper, you will but do justice to the good and deserving, a favor to them in particular and to the community generally, while at the same time you will oblige the Sisters of Holy Cross, and

X. Y. Z.

RT. REV. BISHOP LUERS, D. D., passed through Notre Dame last Thursday, and stayed only a few hours. He is in excellent health.

W. A. WALKER has sent a very interesting letter to one of his friends here, and together with it many compliments and kind words for all his companions and ourselves. Mr. W. A. Walker is now at Ensiedlen, in Switzerland. The remembrance of dear Notre Dame is foremost yet in the heart of our dear traveler.

[A short Prologue, and a shorter Epilogue for a long Play.]

BY PATRIC.

"The Seven Ages."

PROLOGUE.

A prologue, friends, I thot to speak,
Recounting, word by word,
And day by day, and week by week,
And year by year, the thots that stirred
Our heroe's heart to—

But why waste time, since you have eyes,
And ears—and tongues have we:
I am to *act*, not eulogize—
And you, to see!

So, if the prologue's short—excuse me, pray,
The curtain rises now—behold the play!

[*Mise-en-scène.*]

SHAKESPEARE.—All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

ACT I.

1ST MR.—At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;

ACT II.

2D MR.—Then the whining school-boy, with
his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school:

ACT III.

1ST JUN.—And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow:

ACT IV.

2D JUN.—Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth:

ACT V.

1ST SEN.—And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part:

ACT VI.

2D SEN.—The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound:

OMNES.—Last scene of all,—
That ends this strange, eventful history,—
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything!

PROLOGUE.

Dear—Friends—so: kindly—gathered—here—
We—hope—to—meet—you—all—next—year!

PROFESSOR LYONS' BIG ALBUM.—This mighty enterprise was unfolded to our wondering and admiring gaze the other day, and awakened many pleasing reminiscences by the sight of the old familiar faces that passed as *phantasmagoria* before our enchanted view. Prof. L.— is also getting out some splendid pictures of the University and its environs in three colors; which without prevarication or circumlocution we may confidently say are eminently calculated to supply a want that has long been felt. Everybody should have two or three. S.

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The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC can be obtained at the Students' office.

HAVING had frequent calls for back Nos. of our two preceding vols., we would advise such of our patrons as intend binding the current volume to preserve the 1st No., as owing to its being out of print at our office we shall be unable to supply the deficiency.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Festival of St. Edward, at Notre Dame, Ind.

PATRONAL FEAST OF VERY REV. E. SORIN, S. S. C.,
Superior-General of Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame.
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Opening March,.....Notre Dame Band
Overture,—Quartette—(*Mozart*,).....Orchestra
Song and Chorus, (Solo, J. F. Edwards,) under the direction of M. T. Corby,
A. M.,.....Vocal Class
Address, (Senior Department,).....J. Shanahan
Wild Flowers,....."Lucia di Lammermoor"
French Address,.....H. P. Morancy
The Secret,....."Claribel"
Address, (Junior Collegiate Department,).....Charles Dodge
Man the Life-boat,.....E. Blaine Walker
Address, (Minim Department,).....Eddie DeGroot
Cornet Duo,....."Mendelssohn"
Solo and Chorus—"Who founded Notre Dame,".....Choir
Music,.....Notre Dame Band
Music,.....Orchestra
Prologue,.....H. P. Morancy

THE ENCHANTED HOSTELRY! Or, The Seven Travelers.

A SPECTACULAR MELODRAMA, IN THREE ACTS, PERFORMED BY THE THESPIAN SOCIETY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. F. X. DERRICK, S. S. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Aubrey,.....	J. A. Fox	
Aloysius,—his Page,.....	J. C. Eisenman	
Peter, the Poor Scholar	Travelers. {	R. L. Akin
Bill, the Blacksmith,		T. Watson
Tom, the Wagoner,		H. Morancy
Jack, the Butcher,		P. Clarke
Joe, the Gardener,		T. Dillon
Jem, the Game-Keeper,		L. Wilson
Teddy, the Tinker,		M. Deeban
The Landlord of the Hostelry,.....	Jas Wilson	
Melancardios,—the Enchanter.....	L. M. Logan	
Ghosts, Demons and Sylphs.		
Epilogue.....	J. C. Eisenman	

SYNOPSIS OF THE THREE ACTS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1st—Garden of Lord Aubrey. Peter, parting from Lord Aubrey, is warned of the Enchanted Hostelry. SCENE 2d.—Room in the Inn. Melancardios shows the Landlord the Demon of Unreality. SCENE 3d.—Road through a Forest. Four of the Travelers meet. SCENE 4th.—Another Road in a wood near the Hostelry. All the Travelers meet.

ACT II.—SCENE 1st—Room in Lord Aubrey's Castle. Lord Aubrey prevails upon Aloysius to aid him in his design. SCENE 2d.—Room in the Hostelry. The Seven Travelers go through their military drill. SCENE 3d.—The Road near the Hostelry. Lord Aubrey instructs Aloysius to be obedient to his directions. SCENE 4th.—The same road as in last Scene. Aloysius is at last ensnared into the Hostelry by Mysticus.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Room in the Inn. Melancardios discovers that Mysticus has become powerless. SCENE 2d.—Another Room in the Inn. Lord Aubrey meets Aloysius and restores him to his senses. SCENE 3d.—The same room as in scene first, act third. Melancardios meets his just fate. All the travelers are rescued and restored.

During the play the following pieces will be performed by the Orchestra:

Waltz—*Lanner*. Body Guard Galop—*Bilce*
Grand Quickstep—*Herzog*. Celestial Waltz—*Labitzky*.

ADDRESS FROM THE SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

ON ST. EDWARD'S EVE.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

Since first the priest, Copernicus,
Swept out his orbits, thus and thus,
Since modern science first began,
Led by that childlike, godlike man,
For years the conquering lord of day,
Rejoicing on his onward way,
Was held to be a moveless light
Whose seeming motion cheats the sight.
But knowledge, as the poets sing,
While little is a dangerous thing.
When science grew more old and wise
A grander vision met her eyes,
A mightier pathway in the skies;
A wider orbit then was found,
Out, out into the deep profound,
Wherein the sun is speeding on,
Forever, ever to be gone,
Till suns and planets shall be none;
When God shall call their motions in,
And Heaven's eternal rounds begin.
The science, thus, which had withdrawn
His daily motion from the sun,
More sublime motion did return
Beyond where stars and systems burn.
His planet motion round the earth
To starry motion giveth birth:
The daily round was silvery time,
The starry bound is golden prime;
His march is onward from the olden,
From the silver to the golden.

So you, O priest so wise and calm,
Planning your scheme for Notre Dame,
Like that great priest, Copernicus,
Swept out your orbits, thus and thus.
But grand as was your primal thought,
And mighty as the end you sought;
Yet grander was God's secret plan,
More vast His work than you could scan;
As still the field oped to your view,
More rich and broad it daily grew,
And more was shown than erst you knew.
So outward, onward, upward ran
The widening orbits of God's plan;
So year by year revealed some sign
To unfold yet more His great design.
How your great heart within you swelled,
As all this goodness you beheld;

As good to better ever ran,
And best was found where good began,
The new came ever from the old
As silver glorified to gold.
And as the sun, more grand and calm,
Sweeps on his way, so Notre Dame,—
Her march is onward from the olden,
From the silvery to the golden.
Forever be her march thus on
Till suns and systems shall be gone
When God shall call their motions in
And Heaven's unending rounds begin.
And may thy years, now silvered o'er,
Stretch out unto the golden shore.
Thy child, now passed her silvery time,
Moves proudly on to golden prime;
Thou art the Moses led her on,
Till, lo! the wilderness is gone;
Thou too the Joshua, for the Land
Of Promise waits on thy command.
And more than Moses, Joshua, or
Copernicus, thy favors are:
Thine were the clouds when day begun,
Thine too the glow of noonday sun.
O may the Queen of heaven and earth,
Thy guide and patroness since birth,
Still guard this shrine which thou hast given
To honor her and God in Heaven;
Still shield thy honored head from ill,
Still keep thee here to guide us still.
And when the angels come for thee,
A blessed patron may'st thou be,
Protecting from the throne above
This dear retreat, which still must prove
The tender object of thy love.

The Thirteenth.

The 13th of October, the Feast of Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Order of Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame, at last arrived. The old students looked forward to this feast as to a day on which they might, with a just pride, display their abilities to a large and appreciative audience. The new students awaited the day to see what a celebration at Notre Dame meant; and the little Minims made big eyes whenever they spoke of the fine things they would have for dinner on St. Edward's day. On Tuesday evening the bells announced the opening of an entertainment in Washington Hall. On repairing thither we found that Father General had just entered and was taking his seat amid loud acclamations.

The entertainment consisted of music—vocal and instrumental, addresses, and a dramatic representation. The members of the Brass Band, under the leadership of Prof. M. Boyne, did what was not expected from them at this time of the year. The instruments were well tuned, and the pieces played were selected with much good taste, and were very creditably performed. Judging from the decided effects produced on this occasion, and from the untiring energy and good musical appreciation of the leader, we may expect from the Band this year music worth hearing. The Orchestra, as usual, took a conspicuous place in the evening's programme, and rendered valuable assistance. The Choir took part in the song, "Founder of Notre Dame," which was well rendered with the assistance of an orchestral accompaniment. Mr. James Dickinson sang the solo with exactness as to time and pitch, and the chorus was effective throughout, with the exception of a little roughness and lack of power in the high notes of the trebles, which is to be ex-

pected in unformed voices. Addresses were read by Messrs. Shannahan, Morancy, C. Dodge and master Eddie DeGroot—all full of compliments on the success of the past, and good wishes for the future.

After the addresses came the play, "The Enchanted Hostelry," or the Seven Travelers,—a melodrama, in three acts, written by Prof. A. J. Stace and brought out under the management of Mr. F. X. Derrick, S. S. C. In the plot of the play, a character by the name of Melancardios, the enchanter, through the influence of Mysticus, the spirit of unreality, brings under his control, by a suspension of the higher powers of their intellects, seven travelers, who while in this state of mind are made to perform curious things, such as performing on different kinds of musical instruments, singing sentimental songs, going through the military drill with umbrellas, dancing, and such like. The travelers are finally liberated by Lord Mowbray, the evil spirit chained, and the enchanter punished by death. Many good witticisms are introduced, and the spectacular character of the production is rendered highly interesting by the abundant supply of ghosts, demons and sylphs.

Mr. J. A. Fox, as Lord Mowbray, exhibited marked improvement in acting, and showed that he has in reserve voice and ability sufficient to make him successful. Mr. J. C. Eisenman took the character of Aloysius, spoke with perfect articulation, acted with self-possession and sang sweetly to the accompaniment of a guitar, which he did not play, but fingered very well, considering the number of the rehearsals. The seven travelers were: Peter, the Poor Scholar, taken by Mr. R. L. Akin; Bill, the Blacksmith, by T. L. Watson; Tom, the Wagoner, by H. P. Morancy; Jack, the Butcher, by P. Clarke; Joe, the Gardener, by T. Dillon; Jem, the Game-keeper, by L. Wilson; and Teddy, the Tinker, by James Deehan. Of these, R. L. Akin and L. Wilson distinguished themselves by their distinctness of utterance and their naturalness in the characters they assumed. Mr. James Wilson played the landlord of the hostelry well. Mr. L. B. Logan showed a good conception of the character of the Enchanter, and his action was well suited to the voice. The Spirit of Unreality, taken by Mr. G. Atkinson, was all that was expected from a good voice and a good judgment. All the members of the Thespian Society did comparatively well, and under their present management may they continue to improve.

At the conclusion of the play, Very Rev. Father General rose to tender his thanks, first to the members of the Faculty for their coöperation in the tribute of respect which he had just witnessed; next, to the students who took active parts in the musical and dramatic performances; and lastly to the kind visitors who did honor to the occasion by their presence. He then, in a very eloquent and interesting manner, exhorted the students of the University to be thorough in their course of study, and concluded by promising to establish between the colleges of the Order in France, Canada, and the United States, a correspondence in the language of colleges, Latin, which he trusted would last for years and be productive of much good.

On the morning of Wednesday, Rev. Father General officiated at a solemn high Mass, and preached a highly interesting sermon on the necessity of submitting to lawful superiors. The Choir rendered one of Cherouvrier's even-voiced Masses, and a *Magnificat* adapted to the *Gloria* of Mozart's twelfth Mass. In the morning the Faculty, in a

body, waited on Very Rev. Father General to tender their compliments, after which he was serenaded by the Brass Band. At twelve o'clock commenced the substantial feast so anxiously expected by the Minims but enjoyed as well by many others, among whom was, Mr. Editor, your humble subscriber,

M. T. C.

Law Department of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

FACULTY.

Very Rev. W. Corby, S. S. C., President of the University; P. Foote, A. M., Principal of the Department, and University Professor of Law; Rev. F. P. Battista, Professor of Ethics and Civil Law; T. A. Moran, Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law; L. G. Tong, M. A., Professor of Commercial Law.

All the branches necessary for a thorough legal education are included in the Course through which the student is required to pass, before being entitled to graduate; and although it is intended to qualify the student for admission to the Bar of the various states of the Union, still special attention will be given to the practice of the Western States.

The course of studies embraces, chiefly, Ethics; Constitutional and International Law; Common Law, in all its divisions; the Law of Contracts; Equity; Criminal Law; Commercial Law; the Law of Evidence, Pleading and Practice.

The usual, and it may be added, the unprofitable system of *lecturing* is discarded, and in its stead is adopted the use of such text-books as are universally admitted to be standard authorities on the principles of Law. In addition to this, and for the purpose of imparting a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of his profession to the student, the members of the class shall be required, from time to time, to argue cases, draw up pleadings, and conduct law-suits according to the rules and formalities of regular courts of justice. The entire course for those just commencing, is intended to be completed in two years, or in four terms; which last correspond with the terms of the other departments of the University.

It is hardly necessary to say, that in many substantial features, the advantages to the law-student are of a superior class. In the first place, the prescribed course is not only much longer, and more fundamental than that pursued in the majority of law-schools, but also in the matter of education, and in general qualifications, a higher standard of perfection is required in candidates for graduation. Again, being entirely separated from the distractions incident to cities, and to large communities, the student is free to devote his time and energies to the solid attainment of the knowledge of a profession which while it is the most honorable, is also, in point of study, the most exacting into which a young man can enter.

For particulars address VERY REV. W. CORBY, S. S. C., President of the University.

T. A. CORCORAN, A. M., graduate of the Class of '65 has been elected by the people's ticket Senator of the State of Ohio.

We congratulate the young Senator on his elevation. We had long since predicted for him a brilliant career. Mr. Corcoran was an earnest student whilst at Notre Dame, and began here to mark out his glorious future.

The New Church.

Since the building of a new church was determined upon by the authorities of Notre Dame, generous donations have been forwarded from various parts to the Secretary of the Association of "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart," under which title the new church is to be erected. These donations were the results of an appeal made in the pages of the *AVE MARIA* to all its subscribers. We have often thought that we should also take a vigorous part in helping to forward the noble scheme, and deem it now our duty to open a subscription list in the columns of the *NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC*. We have received from Rev. Father Corby, President of the University, and from Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Order, the encouragement desired before opening our list of subscriptions and publish below the letter which Very Rev. Father Sorin has kindly written us on this matter:

NOTRE DAME, October 12, 1869.

To the Editors of the *Scholastic*:

REV. DEAR FRIENDS: You wish me to state what part you should take in the great movement now forming the chief object of interest here, viz.: the building of the new church.

I do not hesitate a moment to say that you should strive, by all means, to create among your readers—all of whom are your best friends—the deepest and warmest interest in this momentous enterprise. You should not imagine that because a number of them are non-Catholics they are forsooth indifferent towards beautifying Notre Dame. My experience of many years' standing here has long since convinced me that Notre Dame has been encouraged and helped, and materially and substantially assisted, by non-Catholic friends, even more than by those of our own Church. A glance over your tableaux of donors on the walls of the University, and lastly around your large Bourdon,—will bear me out in my assertion which, I well know to be a fact.

Your new church, less than anything else ever undertaken at Notre Dame, cannot fail to enlist the sympathies and heartfelt support of all your patrons and well-wishers, regardless of their religious or political creeds. It is a need for the comfort of your increasing students and your Faculty, and alike for your numerous visitors, who should certainly be accommodated with suitable seats, a thing almost out of the question in the old chapel.

The sight alone of that poor shabby barn, or ruin-looking church, strikes every eye as a building no longer in keeping with your stately pile of houses towering over it; it seems to stand there to excite pity and call the louder for the monument now intended in its place.

I have said purposely "a monument," and every one should know that the call is made for no common object (who cares for a common object?); but, of a truth, for a monument of which not only the institution, but all its friends and the country itself, should be justly proud.

The model adopted,—that of the "Jesu" which is no mean church in Rome, while the same heads off all others in Canada; the architect selected,—Keeley of New York, unquestionably the first one in our States for religious edifices,—will be a double guarantee to every donor that the funds which liberality and devotedness to the cause of education and religion will place at your disposal will show to the best advantage in the grand structure.

I am fully convinced you will meet with gener-

ous souls who will feel glad and happy to associate themselves in this noble work and to record their names among the efficient benefactors of it. Make it known to your friends, and keep it before them a while: I will never forget the displeasure I have caused to some of our most devoted patrons by involuntarily forgetting to apply to them when we were calling, as we supposed, upon all our friends. I am in earnest; and positively say: give a chance to each and all—that when the list of donors is closed, it may not lack a single name deserving to be handed in honor and praise to posterity. E. SORRY.

The names of those subscribers and friends who shall generously correspond to our appeal shall be mentioned not only in our semi-monthly issue, but also on a grand tableau wherein the names of all the donors to the new church shall be carefully preserved for future ages.

We beg to remind all those who intend to help in the building of our magnificent church, that now is the time for making an effort. The work must be begun at once, and therefore useless delay would prove very prejudicial to the undertaking. Send at once, if not all, at least a part of the offering you intend to make. If you cannot send the whole sum now, state at least to what amount you wish to subscribe, in order that we may form an idea of what we can realize. Again, if you do not wish to have your names published in full, in connection with your contribution, please inform us of it. However, we wish to remark that in an enterprise of this kind, in which example is productive of much good, none should hesitate to subscribe his name and thereby add in broad daylight a stone or two to the grand structure.

A member of the Faculty.....\$100.00.

The Lawyer.

In the study and application of his profession, the lawyer necessarily acquires in an eminent degree the qualities of justice, generosity and conservativeness; because in the discharge of his peculiar duties he is constantly called upon, in one way or another, to give practical effect to that "rule of civil conduct" which has been instituted by the "Supreme power," to the end that the harmony of society may not be overturned by the conflicting passions and the selfish ambition of men; and that, while rights shall be protected, wrongs shall be punished. *Nihil simul inventum est, et perfectum: New inventions are imperfect and unreliable*,—and hence the lawyer has nothing in sympathy with the clamorous demagogue, nor with the more honorable but no less ruinous visionary who, in the name of a chimerical progress, would destroy the reality and wisdom of ages for the sake of an abstract perfection.

DURING the first days of this month we were honored with a visit from Rev. Dr. WHITE, of Washington, who in company with the venerable Father Young, O. S. D., passed a few days at the University. The two Rev. gentlemen also visited St. Mary's, and there were treated to some splendid music.

The name of Doctor White is endeared to the readers of Catholic literature as that of the translator of Chateaubriand's great work, the "Genius of Christianity."

Rev. Father Young, now fifty-two years a priest, is well known to American-born Catholics, and during his long career has won to himself the respect and esteem of all.

Arrival of Students

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

OCTOBER 4th.

James A. Murphy, Keokuk, Iowa.
Edward Forrester, Laporte, Ind.

OCTOBER 5th.

Henry H. Graves, Chicago, Ill.
Robert L. Long, Burlington, Iowa.

OCTOBER 6th.

Virgil McKinnon, Chicago, Ill.
James B. McClain, Henderson, Ky.
Charles W. Palmer, Indianapolis, Ind.

OCTOBER 9th.

William Ryan, New Orleans, La.
John Moon, Rochester, Minn.
Edward Raymond, Chicago, Ill.

OCTOBER 11th.

Hugh Beam, Wellsville, Ohio.
Frank Troutman, Chicago, Ill.
Eddie De Graff, Winona, Minn.

OCTOBER 12th.

Albert Armstrong, Chicago, Ill.
Charles H. Ilgenfritz, Clarksville, Iowa.
Rufus H. McCarty, Mottville, Mich.

OCTOBER 14th.

William Evans, Lincoln, Illinois.
James J. Primm, Lincoln, Illinois.
Frank Morris, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.

H. Barlow, G. Mc. Atkinson, J. M. Gearin, G. Hatchett, A. Leslie, H. P. Morancy, E. B. Gambee, J. M. Duffy P. Hohler, J. McGinnity.

Oct. 8th.

W. K. Roy, B. Walker, A. Mooney, J. Broderick, W. McBride, J. McCallister, T. Dillon, T. Grier, J. C. Page, P. Fiederspiel.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.

J. Gwinn, J. W. Wilstach, S. McArthur, F. A. Witle, J. McFarland, F. Kaiser, T. Foley, R. Smily, T. McNamara, H. Wright, R. Delahay.

Oct. 8th.

K. I. Espy, B. Luhn, D. P. Brown, L. McArthur, W. Dodge, C. Dodge, C. Vinson, J. Glynn, H. White, W. Mayer, J. Thomson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

E. Haydel, H. Trentman, P. Dolmaore, M. Smyth, H. Quan, H. Jones.

Honorable Mention.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

First Greek.—M. Mahony, J. McClain.
Second Greek.—W. Waldo, J. E. Garrity, T. Johnson.

Third Greek.—John Zahm.

Fourth Greek.—J. Dickinson J. J. McBride, T. Watson.

Fifth Greek.—A. W. Arrington, J. Edwards, D. Hogan, J. Nash, D. Egan, F. Dwyer, J. E. Shannahan, H. Barlow, C. E. Duffy.

First Latin, Translation.—W. Waldo, A. W. Arrington, J. E. Garrity.

Theme.—D. Tighe, G. Atkinson.

Second Latin, Translation.—J. Zahm, M. Mahony, J. Edwards.

Theme.—T. Johnson.

Prosody.—J. Edwards, M. Mahony.

Third Latin.—J. Dickinson, J. E. Shannahan, J. R. Staley, H. P. Morancy.

Fourth Latin.—D. Egan, E. B. Gambee, Robinson, F. P. Dwyer, J. McGlinn, T. Watson.

Fifth Latin.—J. Eisenman, M. Carney, J. Hogan, F. Kaiser, C. Hutchings, J. Nash, J. McBride.

Sixth Latin.—J. Gearin, J. Walsh, L. B. Logan, H. Barlow, E. B. Walker, F. Bodeman, C. Walter, J. Coppinger.

Seventh Latin.—C. Dodge, Wm. Dodge, John McGinnity, S. Dum, J. Thiel, S. Rowland, J. Brannock, N. Mitchell, Charles Marantette, E. W. McFarland.

Second French.—A. Reilly, J. Gearin.

Third French.—W. Clarke, G. Breunig, O. Baker.

First German.—D. Clarke, J. Wilson, C. Duffy,

Third German Sr.—J. Leunig, F. Bodeman, W. Roy, B. Mathers, C. Swenk, J. E. Shannahan, L. Gibson, J. Lacy.

Third German.—T. Dillon, J. Broderick, T. H. Grier, J. A. Fox, L. Hurst, J. Fleury.

J. McGuire, F. Kaiser, N. Mitchell, T. Lappin.

Reading.—L. S. Trudell, J. McGinnity, A. Fox, W. C. Hunt, S. B. Magwire, C. Swenk, A. Scheffer, F. Brown, J. W. Ryan, M. Green, J. Roberts, W. Bannister.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

First German.—L. Hilsendegen, J. Staley, J. Rumely, E. Schuster, W. S. Mayer, A. Hoerber, B. Luhn, B. Vogt, F. Witte, O. Baker, H. Hug, J. Wey, G. Hug, J. Kline.

Second German.—C. Berdel, C. Walter, J. Doherty, R. Delahay, F. Karst, J. E. Hannaher.

Third German.—J. Walsh, S. Legault, H. White, W. Dodge, H. Ackhoff, W. Clarke, H. Potter, T. McNamara, Z. Vanderveer, J. Taylor.

Reading.—H. Hayes, L. Marshall, O. Baker, E. Lyons, L. Boyles, W. Fletcher, J. Kline, B. Roberts, J. McFarland, E. Schuster, J. Hurley, M. Moriarty, L. L. McArthur, J. Thomson, J. Rumely, A. Barth, W. Gross, L. A. Roth, J. Wey, C. Vinson, E. Hathaway, H. White, W. Taylor, J. Shanks, J. Hannaher, F. L. Karst, B. Luhn, T. Burns.

"I Want to go Home."

MR. EDITOR: I'm indignant, so I am, and therefore, I put this indignant question to you: Have you, in the still night, ever heard a homesick urchin wailing over departed joys? So have I. It's not a thing of beauty, and neither is it a joy forever; I don't like it. I guess no one else would, under the circumstances,—nor under his window either. A few nights ago my slumbers were ruthlessly invaded by the most unearthly lamentations I ever heard. I could no longer sleep; so I got up and went to the window, through which I peered into the outer darkness. It was a trying moment, but I mustered up sufficient courage to ask:

"Who is there?"

Sadly, lamentably,—aye, despairingly—came the answer:

"I want to go home!"

"Who are you?" I said.

"I want to go home."

"Where is your home?"

"I want to go home."

"What's your name?"

"I want to go home."

"Is 'I want to go home' your name?"

"I want to go home."

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I said with great indignation:

"Look here, *Mister*, in these parts I'm a stranger to fortune, and to fame unknown: have you no regard for the feelings of a stranger?"

"I want to go home," was again the doleful reply.

"Then, why don't you go?" I said.

And he didn't go. Merely this, and nothing more.

LARRY DOOLIN.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The second, third and fourth meetings were held at the appointed time and usual place. Masters L. Hayes, J. Hannaher, B. F. Roberts, J. Walsh, O. Baker, after having fulfilled the required conditions, were unanimously elected members of the Association. Those who distinguished themselves in declamation were Messrs M. Mahoney, C. Dodge, C. Burdell, H. O'Neill W. B. Clarke, J. W. Sutherland.

The President then paid a well-deserved compliment to the old members; especially to Masters V. Hackmann, M. M. Foote, D. J. Wile, L. Wilson, P. J. O'Connell, J. Deehan, etc. etc., many of whom will become distinguished Seniors.

W. B. CLARKE, Cor. Sec.

NOTRE DAME, Oct. 2, 1869.

REV. MR. EDITOR: Although but a short time since we troubled you for space in the columns of your accommodating paper, we are again necessitated, on account of our defeating the Juanitas, who, as yet, have every year taken the championship from us. As we told you before, we do not despair of the championship, but on the contrary feel more confident of success. Below is the score.

STAR OF THE WEST.	O	R	JUANITAS.	O	R
Branock, p.	1	5	Wilson, c.	2	4
Dooley, c. f.	3	4	Maguire, r. f.	3	1
Marantette, 1st b.	3	3	Coppinger, 2d b.	0	3
Taylor, 2d b.	3	3	Roy, p.	1	3
Vanderveer, c.	2	3	Montague, s. s.	3	1
Dum, s. s.	1	5	Shephard, 3d b.	1	0
Klein, l. f.	1	4	Rehm, 1st b.	2	1
Nash, r. f.	3	3	Murphy, l. f.	4	0
Forestal, 3d b.	4	1	Deehan, c. f.	2	1
Total...	21	31	Total.....	18	13

Reorganization of the "Quickstep B. B. C."

MR. EDITOR: You will please insert in your valuable paper the following:

The reorganization and election of officers of the Quickstep B. B. C. took place at the first regular meeting held, Oct. 5th, 1869. The election resulted as follows:

Director, Brother Emmanuel; President, A. Trentman; Vice-President, O. Tong; Secretary, M. Smyth; Field Captain 1st nine, E. Haydel.

On Wednesday Oct. 6th, 1869, they defeated a picked nine of the Juniors, as may be seen by the following score:

MINIMS.	O	R	JUNIORS.	O	R
Haydel, c.	3	6	Shanks, c.	3	0
Trentman, p.	4	6	Burns, p.	3	1
Dolimore, s. s.	3	5	Canivan, s. s.	3	1
Dwyre, 1st b.	4	4	McCall, 1st b.	5	0
Smyth, 2d b.	1	7	Dolimore, 2d b.	3	1
Tong, 3d b.	3	4	Lyons, 3d b.	3	0
Weldon, l. f.	3	7	Rumely, l. f.	4	0
Campeau, c. f.	3	6	Fitzgerald, c. f.	1	2
Berry, r. f.	3	6	Shea, r. f.	1	2
Total.....	27	51	Total.....	27	7

Here and There.

THE WEATHER.—For the past two weeks the weather has been very pleasant, with the exception of a few frosty mornings and an occasional cloudy day. The weather of course has been fully enjoyed by *Base-ballists* especially, and to no slight extent by the "perambulators".

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—The Eastern Star, which appeared last year above the horizon of Base-balldom and visible only at Notre Dame, recently suffered an almost total obscurity, continuing until a few days since, when it strangely turned about—and, passing before, slightly eclipsed the luminous body by which it was previously obscured.

THE STUDENTS' MAIL.—The delivery of the students' mail takes place each day at 3½ p. m., a time anxiously looked for by nearly every student. It is amusing to witness the students proceeding from all parts of the recreation grounds and congregating around the prefect in anticipation of receiving a letter.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—A performer on one of our new gymnastic apparatuses—parallel bars—suddenly became, as a glass drinking vessel—a tumbler.

GYMNASTICS.—Our gymnastic apparatuses have lately been repaired, also an addition of two pairs of parallel bars has been made to them. But these serve only when the weather will permit of outdoor exercise. Why may we not expect to have an indoor gymnasium for use in winter and disagreeable weather?

BASE-BALL.—The season has been unusually favorable for this very excellent exercise, and we need not say was taken advantage of. Match games appear to be the order of recreation days; Junior *versus* Senior and Minim *versus* Junior,—each again playing against the clubs of its own department, and all taking turn about at beating and being beaten.

MINSTRELSY.—On Monday last a couple of Italian minstrels, violinist and harper, visited Notre Dame and favored the students with some of the latest popular airs. It is of course, needless to say that the accustomed hat was passed around by one of the players.

FEASTS.—Feasts, not fasts, indeed seem to be very general nowadays with the Minim and Junior Base-ball Clubs. We learn that they enjoyed a few splendid feasts last week.

VELOCIPEDE.—His constitution is much shattered.

LUNCHEONS.—If the Minims and some of the Juniors do not procure enough to sustain "the inner boy," it is not because there is no such a time as 3½ o'clock p. m.

Prof. J. ACKERMAN,—formerly of this University,—and lady, visited us last week. We were pleased to greet, after an absence of ten years, the talented artist whose fine fresco paintings decorate our halls and preserve his memory ever fresh among us.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.—Two meetings of the teachers of Music were called by the Director of Studies during the week just elapsed. Their object had special reference to the text books and the division of the two courses lately created. Ample information will be given on this subject in our next issue.

Liszt at his Residence in Rome.

The church of San Francesca Romana, added to its classical site, its possession of the tombs of a holy Roman patrician saint, and of a great Umbrian painter, Gentile de Fabriano, has another attraction, which will make it hereafter a classical spot to the musical student. A great musical poet (Liszt, the inspired rhapsodist of the piano, at the very point of perfection in that instrument) lives under the roof of the Olivetan buildings, which are at the back of the church of San Francesca Romana.

Last winter, in January, the day before Liszt left Rome for Weimar, a friend introduced me to the great musician, who courteously expressed a hope that we might meet again this spring after his return from Weimar.

During the winter I have formed the acquaintance of a young priest, who is the intimate friend and pupil of Liszt—Don Zefirino Falcioni. This young gentleman lives with his mother and brother, an old priest, in a charming little house on the Palatine Hill. There he was born, on the ground of the Palace of the Cæsars.

His uncle, a *beneficiare* of S. Maria Maggiore, has charge of the small interesting old church, St. Sebastiano al Monte Palatino, which Prince Barberini is now repairing. This church, the adjoining garden, the house, with its occupants and accessories, the entrance-hall down stairs, whose walls are hung with prints of old musical composers; the young musical priest's room above, with its library of quaint old books, busts and portraits of great musicians; piano, holding a laurel-crowned bust of his idol, friend, and master, Liszt—all make up a spot full of romance. My imagination always flies off on voyages of discovery in the region of fiction whenever I go there. Through Don Zefirino, as we call him, I received a fortnight since an invitation from Liszt to call upon him; and last Friday afternoon I went with Don Zefirino, accompanied by a lady friend. We found some gentlemen in the saloon. Liszt received us most cordially, and after a pleasant little talk said to me in a low voice—

"If you can wait until after these gentlemen leave, I will play for you."

During their visit I had time to examine the celebrated musician and his surroundings. Liszt is known to be singularly free from all luxurious tastes. His reception-room is a large, spacious one. The floor is covered with a simple drugget. On the day I was there, the large table, which stands in the first corner, had on it a plain white cover, some pamphlets and well used books, and a paper-weight or two of simple fashion. In the other corner, near the large full-grand Chickering piano, was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Beside this was a small table, with papers, photographs, and two small busts—one of Wagner, the other of the young King of Bavaria, who jilted his pretty young cousin. The only thing on the plainly papered walls was a map of the seven hills of Rome. The other furniture consisted of chairs and two sofas, covered with common brocatelle, and the curtains to the windows were of the simplest white muslin. But the view from these windows made amends for all shortcomings in the way of upholstery. The *Via Sacra* passes under them; the Arch of Titus and Palatine Hill lie in front, and by being a little out there can be seen to the left the ever graceful profile of the Colosseum against the tender throbbing blue of the beautiful Roman sky.

Liszt, too, must be described, while we are waiting for his visitors to leave. He is fifty-seven—for, like kings and queens, his birth is registered, and there can be no evasion,—but he does not look so old by ten years. The Abbé's costume is very becoming to him, for he has a well-shaped leg and foot. The shoes had on them gold buckles, but the rest of the dress was very plain—black silk stockings, knee-breeches fastened at the knee with three

black buttons, and a long black coat, made something like a woman's *polonaise*—the orthodox Abbé dress.

Liszt's hair is thick and long, as in his pictures, but streaked with gray. The expression of the eyes is benignant and dignified, and his eyes are a bright, keen gray. The wild, melancholy look, and defiant expression of the mouth and long firm jaw, which can be seen in early pictures of this remarkable man, have disappeared entirely, if they ever existed. He is called homely by a great many; but when I admire a gifted person I never think of good or bad looks; to me, such faces are always just the ones that ought to belong to their owners. "It must be admitted," said a friend to me, "that Liszt has six huge warts on his face."

Yes, I remember noticing them—a superb one on the forehead, just above the nose—and I thought when I looked at them how well they agreed with his face; they added to the individuality. But, after all, in the expression of Liszt's face lies the charm; it is kind, courteous, gentle, and yet dignified. He is accused of being haughty and conceited. I saw nothing of it. I did notice a high air of poetic exaltation—a happy, free, independent expression, which was extremely attractive.

Liszt's manners are easy, quiet, and genial, and he converses freely in French, German and Italian; English he speaks slowly, but well. After his visitors had left, he rubbed his hands and said gaily: "Now we will have the music while it is fresh."

But just as he said this the door opened; a new visitor entered who had to be attended to, and we waited another ten or fifteen minutes. During that time I noticed his hands. They are slender; the fingers long and thin; well-kept, good shaped nails; but the thumb was the wonder. We have been amusing ourselves over Desbarolles' "*Mysteres de la Main*" this winter, and we carried on a *sotto voce* conversation over those marvellous thumbs. They are the longest I ever saw, and reach up to the first joint of the forefinger. "The thumb is the whole of life," all old chiromantists have said, and Liszt's certainly seems to be one proof at least of this. We examined as well as we could his other fingers, balanced them with these thumbs, and used all our superficial knowledge. The result was that of most fortune-tellers who know the fate they prophesy. Liszt's fingers are finely formed. They express idealism and poetry, susceptibility, analytic order. They are smooth and flexible, which implies inspiration, tact, and egotism. But every quality is balanced and controlled by these long thumbs—powerful will speaks in the first joint, and logic in the second; and these, united to the fine fingers and firm hand, according to Desbarolles, give activity, power of execution, and lead on to fortune.

The second visitor left, and Liszt said, as he took a seat at the piano. "Since you are interested in Chopin, I will give you something of his."

To see Liszt playing is as fine as to hear him. His mobile face expresses every varying emotion and feeling in the music. He seemed one with his instrument. I forgot to examine how he made his wonderful trill, which is more like the nightingale note than any other piano trill I ever heard; and when he ended one and passed on to the other musical passages I thought of

—"her poet soul she flingeth
Over pain to victory."

The music went with the same keen sweep as the bird-note does. I could not analyze or note any way or manner of his playing while I listened, except this,—his perfect stillness, his quiet pose. That firm hand, long, those upple, smooth fingers, and powerful thumbs, drew out the music as if it had been harmonious breath; and the face was lofty, smiling, gentle, serious, just as the music came. I was not surprised as I had expected to be,—not overpowered; but his music made me perfectly happy; it seemed to be full and satisfactory.

"What did he play?" I have been asked very often since. If he had not told me I should not have known. Two or three gleams of some of the Chopin Etudes peeped out here and there, but flitted off just as my memory tried to seize on them. After a while a mystic confusion began, and a mazourka glided swiftly by. It was a beautiful shadowy dramatic fantasia, and sometimes Liszt looked just as he does in the popular picture which almost every American music-loving girl has hanging over her piano—"Matinee with Liszt"—in which Czerny, Berlioz, and Ernst are listening to this king of pianists.

"But what did he play?" my friends repeat.

"Three etudes and a mazourka of Chopin, arranged by myself as a fantasia," was Liszt's reply when asked.

I thanked him after he was through, and we took our leave. He accompanied our little party through his ante-room to the head of the stairs, shaking us by the hand cordially many times, and repeating his courteous invitation to come again to see him; and so ended my "*Matinee bei Liszt*."—Choir.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

September 26th, 1869.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Lindsay, M. Dillon, E. Henry, G. Hurst, A. Walters, J. Forbes, M. Foote, E. Barber, A. Holman, M. Jennings.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class: Misses A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, B. Newland, E. Longsdorf. *1st. Sr. Class:* Misses F. Mesmore, A. Rhinehart, K. Carpenter, Z. Selby, C. Foote. *2d Sr. Class:* Misses E. Heckman, M. Sherland, G. Hogue, A. Hurst, B. Leonard. *3d. Sr. Class:* J. D'Arcy, K. O'Toole, M. O'Toole, M. Doty, J. Walker, J. Wade. F. Woolman, E. Hunter.

First Preparatory Class: Misses C. Leoni, G. Leoni, C. Grannis, L. Martin, P. Smith, A. Schollard S. Carver, F. Sharp, C. Sharp, A. Montgomery.

Second Preparatory Class: H. Mathers, C. Hoerber, R. Hoerber, E. Whitfield, F. Fox, R. Fox, M. Carpenter.

Third Preparatory Class: M. Landgraff, A. Hayes, M. Stocker, H. Entsler, M. Coffey, M. Clarke, M. Kreutzer.

Oct. 10, 1869.

Arrivals.

Miss B. Gardner,	Albion, Mich.
" E. Horton,	Chicago, Ill.
" S. Pierce,	Fond du Lac, Wis.
" M. Kirwan,	Ottawa, Ill.
" E. Kirwan,	"
" L. Pierce,	Plymouth, Ind.
" L. Dooly,	Waukegan, Ill.
" J. Swegman,	Delphi, Ind.
" R. Hutchinson,	Chicago, Ill.
" M. Hutchinson,	Chicago, Ill.

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 3d.

Misses B. O'Neil, M. Kellogg, J. Walker, Unruh, A. Schollard, S. Carver, A. Mather, R.

Hoerber, C. Hoerber, E. Whitefield, M. Landgraff, M. Hays.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—A. Mulhall, A. Ewing, E. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, B. Newlan, E. Longsdorf.

First Senior Class.—Misses E. Lindsay, H. Niel, F. Mesmore, A. Rhineheart, K. Carpenter, Z. Selby, C. Foote, M. Edwards, B. Brian.

Second Senior Class.—Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, M. Warren, E. Henry, C. Heckman, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, A. Clarke, L. Ramsdill, A. Hurst, J. Forbes, B. Leonard, A. Walter, K. Parks, L. English, S. O'Brien.

Third Senior Class.—Misses A. Mast, M. Foote, G. Hurst, J. Kinseller, E. Sarber, A. Holeman, J. Darcy, K. O'Tool, M. O'Tool, M. Doty, J. Wade, F. Woolman, E. Hunter, K. Robinson, Jennings, Qhaley, K. Zell.

First Preparatory.—Misses C. Grannis, A. Montgomery, P. Smith, K. Moore, N. Carpenter, F. Sharp, C. Sharp.

Second Preparatory.—Misses F. Fox, R. Fox, M. Carpenter.

Third Preparatory.—Misses M. Wicker, J. Tucker, E. Price, M. Stocker, L. Entsler, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, M. Clarke, C. Coles.

Table of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 10th.

Misses A. Mast, J. Wade, F. Woolman, L. Quaily, V. Leoni, J. Leoni, C. Grannis, C. Sharp, J. Sharp, F. Fox, R. Fox, M. Entzler.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses A. Mulhall, A. & E. Ewing, G. Arrington, A. Cunnea, A. Carmody, C. Bertrand, M. Cook, B. Noolan, E. Longsdorf.

First Senior Class.—Misses E. Lindsay, H. Neil, B. O'Neil, F. Mesmore, A. Rhineheart, R. Carpenter, C. Foote, B. Bryan.

Second Senior Class.—Misses M. Dillon, L. Marshall, E. Henry, M. Tuberty, M. Sherland, J. Hozne, A. Clark, M. Kellogg, A. Hurst, B. Leonard, A. Walter, K. Parks, S. O'Brien.

Third Senior Class.—Misses M. Corcoran, M. Foote, G. Hurst, J. Kinseller, E. Sarber, J. Darcy, M. Doty, J. Walker, L. Hunter, Gennings, Whaley.

First Preparatory.—Misses L. Martin, A. Montgomery, P. Smith, K. Moore, A. Schollard, S. Carver.

Second Preparatory.—Misses A. Mathews, C. & R. Hoerber, E. Whitfield, M. Carpenter.

Third Preparatory.—Misses M. Landgraff, M. Hayes, E. Forestal, J. Maker, M. Stocker, M. Coffey, M. Lacy, A. Banta, S. Roach.

Tables of Honor.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 3d.

Misses A. Clarke, M. Quan, A. Robson, M. Roberts, L. Thomson, J. Wilder, M. Letourneau, L. McFarlane, M. O'Mara, M. Reynolds.

Oct. 10th.

Misses B. Cable, M. Walter, G. Darling, L. Davis. A. Byrne, M. Kreutzer, N. O'Mara, L. McKinnos.

Honorable Mention.

Misses B. Cable, M. Walker, M. O'Meara.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses M. Letourneau, I. Wilder, M. Kearney, L. Mackfarlane, I. Thomson.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses J. Kearney, J. Quan, G. Darling.