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Music.

"By music, minds and equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft persuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts in her enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning envy drops her snakes;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage."

—Pope's "Cecilia"

Music is the poetry of sound. It embraces harmony and melody. As the ever-changing hues of the beautiful fleecy clouds as they float on the horizon of a calm summer's evening—as the gentle motion of these clouds as they pass and repass each other, now commingling, now dispersing, ever varying—such is harmony, moving on velvet wings that transport us into worlds of delight so gently and gracefully that nought but onward motion is felt.

Melody is the motion of silvery waves, bearing to us sentiments far beyond the power of language to picture sentiments as varied as nature, and enticed from the inmost recesses of the soul.

What a charm has music!—a charm which enchains but to elevate, a charm which can move the soul at will by all the varied emotions in her power to represent; emotions from the most reverent and humble devotion down to the wildest gushes of frolicsome joy.

And what a power has music! It will command obedience, it will command adoration, and will finally enslave, forging the fetters with which the willing victim is bound from that victim's own soul, from his natural appreciation of the æsthetic: the result of his perseverance—success—is a fetter; his love of innocent and elevating amusement is a fetter; his love of art, all the qualities which make him a musician, are so many shackles to bind him to the service of this most beautiful goddess.

Who doubts the power, the efficacy of music? Music is the channel through which flows the public worship of all denominations. Sacred music melts the heart to adoration; it is the garb of love, it is the suggester of heavenly ideas, it is a type of the infinite. Music influences the human voice, captivates; it is the whispering of consolation in the dark hour of trouble. When song is afloat, who hears the guttural voice of anger?—who the harsh voice of selfishness or brutalizing passion? No one. All is sunshine, smiles, happiness and good-fellowship. Then, sing for the wicked—for the disconsolate—for the sufferer—for the old—for the young; it can reach the hearts of all. It does not debase—it ennobles; it not only gives additional warmth, vigor

and fervor, but it gives refinement; it vitalizes the stupid, it gives to the creatures of *ennui* an emotional existence. Let music abound, and the sentiments it cultivates will be diffused everywhere.

Now why does not music abound? Why is it neglected by so many? Some urge that to acquire any proficiency, too long a time is expended; but we have known many who in a very few years became by their perseverance an honor to themselves and to their teachers. Others say they possess no talent for it—or, in other words, have no ear,—and of this number there are very many.

This objection—the one most generally used—is the least grounded. There are three hindrances to the cultivation of music; and these three are—physical inability, a false ear, and a false voice. With regard to the first, it is unnecessary to speak. With respect to the other two, they constitute an exception which is so very seldom met with that the rule may be said to be general. Everyone knows that all the senses are susceptible of cultivation; we see wonders in the education of the blind, through the medium of the sense of feeling; and every day we have occasion to see the improvement in sight; while no sense can be cultivated so easily and rapidly as that of hearing, because of the immense amount of practice in every day's experience. Let but the ear be capable of distinguishing the difference in pitch of two sounds, and this is a sufficient foundation for building the superstructure of a very refined sense. Everyone but the mute has a voice; those who say the contrary, let them note down the tones they use in ordinary and excited conversation. They will be very much surprised at their compass of voice; and to cultivate well the amount of voice they have, for singing purposes, would require several years. If you say you have no voice, no ear—cultivate, and you will be proud of your success.

To those who hold that musical attainments are only ornamental, I would answer that these are divided into two classes: The first class is composed of those whose means are limited, and look upon nothing in a favorable light but what will in future remunerate them handsomely. And they do well to acquire the useful first; but it were well to provide, for the future, as much of the ornamental as their circumstances permit. The second class consists of those in whose souls are seated the most sordid passions, and in whose small minds the love of gain leaves no room for generous sentiments.—— In the study of music, the diligence and perseverance of the pupil is taxed in such a manner that few meet with a satisfactory amount of success, and it is with difficulty that parents can persuade (for "*persuade*" is the word) their children to continue. Success is not generally attained, for pupils commence their music without earnestness, without seriousness—in the spirit of a recreation; as a study with which to be amused, and to amuse others, as they have

seen done by those who performed on an instrument brilliantly, or sang pleasantly. Soon, they find that success implies serious work, and their "practice" is gone through with carelessly or altogether abandoned.

When we behold the other side of the picture, and see the successful ones, we are encouraged. We look into the cheery parlor: some one has just received a new song—a gem,—a beautiful melody, sentiments happily expressed, a pretty chorus added; one plays the accompaniment, another sings the solo, and all sing the chorus oblivious of every care and intent only on their present enjoyment. At another time an instrumental piece (recommended by such or such a one) is procured: it is played; it is by one of the great masters; all join in the criticism, discovering new beauties:—what intricacy! what harmony! what progressions!—What is it intended to represent?—where and under what circumstances was it written? Here we see a new and important link which binds the social circle together. Conversations are the result on proportion, beauty, delicacy, taste, majesty, grandeur, sublimity; minds are interested and expanded, lawful pleasure is enjoyed, and refinement is cultivated. Parents are made happy in seeing the happiness of their sons and daughters. The minds of the young are diverted from vulgar amusements dangerous to morality and religion, and directed into channels which lead them to elevation of character and nobility of purpose. The home-circle is not nightly abandoned for coarser pleasures. Parents are comforted by the evening society of their children, and the final result is on all sides, happiness, than which there can be nothing more desirable to the human heart.

Among the fine arts not one holds a more prominent position. The biographies of the composers are almost all written while they are yet alive; they are written with the utmost research,—all the minute circumstances of their lives; their very souls are searched to find the source and causes of their inspiration; all the motives—that influenced their character, their religion, politics, morality, passions and affections. Of the honor in which they are held, we can only form an estimate by the magnificence and pomp of the late Rossini's funeral. Professional operatic singers are, during their life, spoken of as goddesses, queens of song; the stories of their fortune are in the mouths of everyone,—immense remuneration for their services is given them,—riches, honors and nobility bow before them. No profession is more remunerative and popular. None of the fine arts is more generally diffused; none have so many supporters. All countries are full of able journals advocating the interests of music; and in this country, ere long, its knowledge will be indispensable to a polite education.

If success is sought for, the best time to commence the study of music, vocal or instrumental, should be at as early an age as possible—while

the developing muscles are susceptible of training, while the mind is capable of receiving any idea when properly put, while there yet remains time to attain thoroughness before the responsibilities of life commence,—and finally, while study can be insisted upon by the teacher, and its neglect met by the reprimand which must be heeded.

Here at the University, for pursuing a thorough musical course, the advantages are superior to those offered in many of the colleges of the States. In most of the institutions supported at the expense of the State, music is not taught, and in the others it is not made a specialty. The capacious building here, separated from the main body of the college, offers many advantages. Opportunities for the study of organ, piano stringed and wind instruments; harmony, &c., are given, and the numerous musical organizations, such as the choir, orchestra, brass band, &c., give ample occasion to put into practice the instructions received in instrumental and vocal music. M. T. C.

Bishop Dupanloup.

The appearance and bearing of this illustrious prelate are strikingly dignified.

He has a head well developed, a complexion somewhat fresh and ruddy, and a countenance indicative of suavity and benevolence. He is of a medium size, with a *physique* well knit and proportioned, neither corpulent nor yet attenuated, as is generally the case with distinguished ecclesiastics subject to the austerities of monastic discipline.

In 1849 I had the pleasure and enviable privilege of making his acquaintance. He was then Superior of the College of Saint Nicholas, Paris, an institution in which young men preparing themselves for the priesthood study Latin, Greek and other preparatory branches. Having been a student of the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice, his attachment and veneration for his former professors, the Sulpicians, frequently led him to visit the College of Issy, which has been always conducted by members of that community. The readers of the *SCHOLASTIC* who have perused the pages of the *Catholic World* will not fail to remember an able article descriptive of this College as the "Nearest place to heaven." In that hallowed institute of piety and learning I first saw Bishop Dupanloup. He was in the midst of thirty or forty students, his former pupils, who clustered closely around him to enjoy his fascinating conversation. I could not then understand the mysterious attractions and magic influence which he exerted over them; but subsequently I had many opportunities of feeling their effects. His extraordinary influence is the result of the warmth of paternal feelings towards his pupils, his artless simplicity and acknowledged profound learning. Bishop Dupanloup before his elevation to the episcopal dignity was never engaged in active missionary duties. His ministry, I believe, had been almost exclusively confined to college exercises. It was in this quiet, secluded life he succeeded in accumulating the vast store of knowledge with which subsequently he enriched the religious literature of his country. In France prevails the custom of inviting the most distinguished preachers to deliver the Advent and Lenten sermons in the cathedrals and most important parish churches of the country.

It was on these occasions I had the pleasure of hearing the polished and Demosthenic periods of

the gifted Lacordaire, whose oratory so powerfully swayed the immense multitude who always assembled to hear him preach. On these occasions also the great Baintain was wont to introduce his cogent philosophical reasoning to aid in the enforcement of Christian maxims. And to these I would add the nervous, seraphic, brilliant De Ravignan, whose eloquence would keep spell-bound and almost breathless the most indifferent and irreligious of Parisian aristocracy. These were all remarkable men, but none of them seemed to me to afford so much real pleasure, and a sense of ease, as the great Bishop of Orleans. In the pulpit he is the very personation of ease, grace, and dignity; and before he has spoken three sentences of his sermon his audience cannot help being impressed that they are in the presence of an ecclesiastic peculiarly gifted, and distinguished for exquisite taste, culture and refinement. His magic influence in the pulpit is as great as that which he exerts over students. Whether this secret power is to be attributed to any one cause,—the voice, the gesture, or the eye, or all these combined—it is difficult to determine. From printed reports no one can form the faintest idea of the effect of his sermons. When a priest, his pulpit efforts when read in the journals were not considered by critics as productions of very great merit; they were considered to lack in unity, vigor, terseness, and other qualities usually expected in a great orator. Still, for all these apparent defects, he more than fully compensated in delivery, by his unction, pathos and earnestness.

I can never forget a trifling incident connected with his preaching. On one occasion, understanding that the circumstances in which he was placed required that he would compliment his old professors, the Sulpicians,—but aware of their aversion to praise and adulation, he could not help feeling considerably embarrassed. However, he was not to be deterred; he alluded to their influence and self-sacrificing lives in such good taste, and with a delicacy so exquisite, as to cause a feeling of relief and pleasure to the entire audience.

During the last few years, Bishop Dupanloup's sermons—indeed all his productions—have been more elaborate than anything he has previously written. If his earlier productions were defective in unity and strength, whatever he has composed since his elevation to the See of Orleans may challenge the analyzing power of the most fastidious critic.

At present, Bishop Dupanloup is known in the literary world as the ablest defender of the doctrine and claims of the Church.

His pamphlet on the Pope's "Syllabus" is a masterpiece in style and argument, and of itself sufficient to immortalize the name of Dupanloup. In this work he shows incontrovertably the hypocrisy and infamous conduct of Victor Emmanuel towards the Pope, and vindicates the wisdom of the Church in her relations with the great social questions of our times. He proves conclusively that the liberty of the press—liberty in matters of religion condemned by the Pope—could not be defended by any consistent Christian, Protestant or Catholic. It is not the heaven-born reality expressed by the word "liberty" that is condemned, but license, than which there is nothing more irrational, as it leads in its developments to the most shameless extravagances.

During the past week I have read in the journals his letter of advice and admonition to Père Hyacinthe, and the Father's unkind and discourteous reply. If Father Hyacinthe is resolved

to spurn the urgent entreaties of his former Bishop and personal friend, it will be, I fear, quite useless for any other friend to hope to exert any influence over him.

At present, the Père is being lionized by New York funkies and freethinkers, who hail his advent to our shores as a new era in the history of the Catholic Church on this side of the Atlantic. But what has Père Hyacinthe done to deserve all this adulation? For years, as we learn from his Superior's letters, he has been a disobedient monk, and now persists in violating the sacred vows of the monastic life. Whilst faithful to his vows and the ties that bound him to his Order, he was considered by the Protestant world as a mere supple tool in the service of the Church of Rome; but as he has *Protestantly* laid aside his gown and sandals, and learned the key-note of rebel angels, he is a hero and deliverer. His claim to the fulsome flattery of the ungodly of Gotham is no other than contempt for legitimate authority. What then can he accept from his admirers, to which De Lammenais, Calvin, Voltaire, and others of that ilk, cannot lay special claim? Poor Loyson!! Are those the fruits you should have reaped from the salutary lessons of the Sulpicians and the asceticism of a monastic life? Unbridled vanity is the baneful cause of your fall. The conscience-seared hirelings and irreligious harpies of New York may fawn and flatter, and succeed in making you believe that you are an extraordinary man; but be assured, no deference will be shown you that cannot be claimed by the Siamese twins, the giant and giantess of Barnum's Museum, and other monstrosities! But a truce to Père Hyacinthe's performances.

Bishop Dupanloup will be a conspicuous personage in the coming Council—perhaps the most brilliant, dignified and learned representative of the great Gallic Empire. M. M. H.

A Deserved Compliment.

We copy from the *Musical Independent*, published by Messrs. Lyon and Healy, of Chicago, the following tribute of praise so justly deserved by its recipient. At the same time we are glad to notice that our efforts to create aspirations to musical excellency are not witnessed with indifference:

"At the Twenty-fifth Annual Commencement Exercises and Silver Jubilee of the UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Indiana, we were glad to notice among the many other beautiful prizes, that of a magnificent GOLD MEDAL for excellence in the Musical Department.

"The happy and deserving recipient of this grand prize was the young and very talented Master Vincent H. Hackmann, of St. Louis, Mo., a modest, unassuming youth, not quite as high or pretending as might be expected from a lad of the same age and ability.

"Besides possessing a voice of uncommon sweetness and solidity, Master Hackmann is considered the best of the many excellent and accomplished performers on the violin and piano among the 500 students of Notre Dame, he having the part of first violinist in the University orchestra, and for the past two years has, with increasing favor, acted as leading soprano in the choir, so ably and efficiently conducted by Professor Max. Girac, LL. D., formerly of Chicago. We have seldom heard such a wonderful voice among boys; and professional singers on visiting the university have, not unfrequently, expressed their great sur-

prise at the vocal powers and musical attainments of this little genius.

"The medal—awarded principally for proficiency in the choir, the title of which appears in nicely engraved characters on the pin,—is of heavy solid gold, and in value and workmanship excels by far anything of the kind ever awarded for any particular branch at Notre Dame. The face is finely chased, having in the center a scroll of music in white enamel, supporting a beautifully enameled Greek Cross in sky blue, the whole surmounted by a finely executed lyre in relief. On the reverse is the following inscription:—"To Vincent H. Hackmann, of St. Louis, Mo., for superior excellence in Vocal and Instrumental Music. University of Notre Dame, Silver Jubilee, June 23d, 1869."

"We wish Master Hackmann success, and are rejoiced to see that Notre Dame has thought fit to confer such a magnificent *souvenir* upon its favorite little musician and much admired vocalist."

O, it is Nothing!

A handsome youth stood in the hall
Of a mansion old and grand,

And countless menials were at his call:

He was peerless in the land.

But the gold flew fast from the dainty tips

Of his jeweled fingers pale,

And the wines and viands that passed his lips

Were the wealth of mount and vale.

"Why be so prodigal," cried the wise,

"Of the goods thy fathers stored?"

But the youth laughed loud: "O while time flies,

My treasure I never shall hoard!"

O, it is nothing the gold I spend,

There is plenty from whence this came;

And while it shall last, nor my foe nor my friend

Shall its stinted measure blame.

So the years rushed on, and the young man's purse

Was drained, that his brutal desire

Might kindle the torch of a withering curse

And the flames of an endless fire.

"O, it is nothing!" the demons howled,

As they scooped his loathsome grave,

And their hideous faces triumphant scowled

On the wretch *too late to save*.

"O, it is nothing!" How many a crime

That has blackened and ruined a life

Would never have stained the white tablets of time

But for those false words in the strife.

For shame on the lips that would coldly belie

The monitor guarding the heart!—

Ah, better a thousand times over, to die,

Than to bid that blest guide to depart.

AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THE COLLEGE COURANT ILLUSTRATED.—This successful college, literary and scientific paper, published at New Haven, the seat of Yale College, has commenced a series of illustrated biographical articles. The first is a sketch and portrait of the new President of Harvard, C. W. Eliot. The portrait is a very excellent one. Sketches of other distinguished college men, with their portraits, will follow from week to week; also, views of colleges, and cuts of new scientific apparatus. Among the contributors to the *Courant* are a hundred or more of the ablest College Presidents and Professors in the country.

BONNEY is acknowledged to beat most of our neighboring photographic artists, and yet "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny."

Music.

"Music hath charms."

I am troubled with the sense of hearing: hence this disquisition.

We have all heard of the congregation somewhere in the rural regions who prepared to do their own singing; and, for that purpose, arranged themselves in two divisions, ladies and gentlemen, to respond in sweet accord to one another. Their only embarrassment was a lack of tunes: the hymns were numerous, but the airs were very few! In this difficulty they hit upon the happy thought of singing all their hymns to their two or three strains of music—making the words fit whether they would or not.

The delectable result may be imagined: long lines were rattled over so quickly that the sense was quite frightened out of the words, while very short lines were so lengthened and repeated "o'er and o'er again" that it seemed the singers had not well learned the use of their mother tongue. But the end was accomplished: the required hymns were screeched to the given music, and all by the rule of "make your words fit your melody."

Fable alone can give us a parallel to these musicians. It is the case of Procrustes, who made an iron bedstead for the accommodation of his guests. If they were too long, he cut off their legs; if too short, he stretched them out of their sockets, to make them fit his bed. And we may well imagine that the agony of those poor wretches brought music from their souls much resembling that of the tortured hymns of our rural congregation—the ladies and gentlemen who *make* the language fit the music, cut it off if too long, pull it out if too short.

The following are specimens said to have been "done" on those occasions:

The gentlemen begun—"Send down Sal, send down Sal, send down Sal,—Vation."

They meant to have sung,

"Send down salvation."

The ladies, in their turn, sweetly respond:

"O for a Man, O for a Man, O for a Man,—Shun in the skies."

They meant to have sung,

"O for a mansion in the skies."

An eastern editor has related that he once heard a city choir that rivalled those woodland songsters. The burden of their strain was

"O Sally, Sally, O Sally tear us."

It would be almost profane to say what *they* meant to sing.

We ourselves have heard rapturous, heaven-screaming strains that would rival any of these—music that would be ludicrous were it not abominable.

Now, the question in regard to singing is this: Should the words be made to fit the music, after the manner of Procrustes, or should the music be chosen to harmonize with the words?

It is true that Moore found his Irish melodies among the people, as did also Burns the sweet harmonies of his Scotch songs, and both wrote matchless words to suit the wild, sad music of their native lands—but Burns and Moore were poets. In their songs you find no torture of language striving to keep with the melody.

But where the words to be sung are already in existence, as is the case with the psalms and hymns of the Church,—common sense, as well as artistic propriety, demands that the music be chosen to harmonize with the sentiment and thought expressed by the language.

Without propriety, proportion, or the proper relation of things, there can be no true art: in fact, this harmony, in its broadest sense, is the very essence of all beauty, whether in art or nature, whether in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, or music. But what harmony is there in words of a certain meaning united with music of quite a different meaning? Is not such an unnatural union the greatest "fault of art" of which a musician can be guilty? Yet what a common fault it is.

Tried by the rule of good sense and artistic taste, to say nothing of religious feeling, what can be more absurd, more inharmonious, than the introduction of the tripping tones of the opera into the solemnities, the glories and the joys of our Church services! You enter a church to pray to strive to recollect yourself and become better for at least one hour in the week; your thirsty soul seeks all the refreshment that God's house may and should give. The silence, the decorum, the devotion of priest and people, the holy pictures on the walls, the lights and flowers of the altar, the smoke of the incense rising as a silent prayer to heaven—all these bring you into the very presence of God and His Blessed. The music is at first in religious harmony with all these, and lifts up your whole being in hope and thankfulness to the throne of Mercy. Such a sweet service as this, repeated Sunday after Sunday, would soon make you better, infusing into you, through God's grace, a life of happiness and holiness.

But the devil will not permit this. He springs into the choir, perching himself above the organ, as once before upon his rebel throne in Heaven, and there he rules in discord, fighting again with the angels and ministers of God in His very Sanctuary. The discordant music comes shrieking through the church, "Kyries" sung in the strain of "Glorias," sacred words repeated over and over again, made mere foot-balls, or rather tongue-balls, to suit the lively linguists of the singers. In their striving after "classical music," "operatic effect," &c., they seem to forget that "*Kyrie eleison*" means "*Lord, have mercy on us*," and that "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*" means "*Glory be to God on high*,"—they forget that Church music should be the very harmony of prayer and praise.

Yes, "Music hath charms," and thus it is that Satan transforms those innocent choristers into unconscious devotion-distractors. For a time you strive to continue recollected; after each distraction you return to pray, but it is of no avail; finally, the devil and the choir have their way. You pray no more, and leave the church with a dry, unsatisfied soul, scarcely better for having been in God's house that day. Is it any wonder that some pious but witty man, woman or child, I know not which, has named this fashionable singing in church, "devil's music?"

Akin to this want of harmony between the music and the words, is another "fault of art" in respect to the singers. In church, at least, a singer should be a believer. What a mockery it is to listen to the most solemn and beautiful words, joined with the most heavenly music, coming from the lips of one who neither knows nor cares what they mean!

Better, ah! far better, the most simple melodies, that are full of the language of the heart, the music in which there is a soul and a meaning. Let it be as fine as we can have it, for God should have the best we can give, but let it be sincere, appropriate, harmonious in the highest and best sense. Any other music in church is but an aid to infidelity instead of to religion.

QUISQUIS.

The Byron-Stowe Question.

It would require, indeed, a wiser head than is often found on human shoulders at the present day, to divine the use possibly to be extorted from the agitation of the "Byron-Stowe" controversy as it is now running through the printing press. In our humble opinion, better a thousand times would it be that so disgusting a topic be buried in the oblivion to which all ignoble and vitiating subjects should be consigned; but, alas, we fear there is no other excuse than this,—humiliating though it be,—that in modern literary circles, as in sewing and mite societies, gossip must not be allowed to stagnate, for fear that wisacres will have nothing to discuss, modern philosophers nothing to speculate upon, and sentimentalists nothing vile enough to dream over or wicked enough to fashion their empty lives after. The Lady Byron story has run the circumference of the circle, and has brought sensible conscientious people around again to the point where it first found them: namely, to the old certainty that Lord Byron though endowed with political genius, yet as a man was unworthy the respect of the vilest, and that as an author, when read, he is as sure to undermine virtue as fire is to ignite turpentine when applied to it.

The sickly excuses for this monster of immorality would be as appropriate for Cain; but they come *very naturally*, we admit, from writers who acknowledge no other Gospel than Universalism, and whose philosophy, of which they boast so loudly, would disgrace in point of cold materialism and glaring sensuality even Mahomet or Joe Smith himself.

It is said that the spirit of evil delights to hear his name pronounced, and most of all by the lips of the innocent. Indeed were the man whose private history has been of late so shamefully paraded before the public,—were he, I say, the actual embodiment of that spirit, his gratification would be complete; for his friends and his pretended accuser, but virtual apologist, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, have served him in this respect the most obliging possible turn. Mrs. Stowe has without ceremony canonized Lady Byron, and that "most remarkable woman" has performed the same flattering process upon the husband, whom she in the same breath (if we are to believe Mrs. H. B. Stowe), brands with the most infamous crime of which mortal can be guilty, even in the face of the fact that said husband was never known to express the *first syllable* of sincere sorrow for his guilt. The "Angel in him" that the ladies talk about, was unquestionably an angel of darkness; nor can Lady Byron's "unusually elevated nature," nor Mrs. Stowe's spirit of discrimination, prove it to be *one shade lighter*.

A summary way indeed hath Mrs. H. B. Stowe and Lady Byron of peopling heaven: a wonderful method of elevating the morals of humanity: a convenient system of confounding good with evil. Poor ladies! Their exalted isolation is truly deplorable; and perhaps common people are presuming to discourse of them, for their prerogatives arise from the fact duly set forth in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and we must conclude that Lady Byron and Mrs. Stowe may be, or may have been, in fact like the *victim of high life* in which both were so much interested,

"Only not to desperation driven,
Because not *altogether* of such clay,
As rots into the souls of those whom they survey."

But with "less susceptible fibre," and "coarser strength of nature," we will risk "unhinging our ancestral proclivities" (if indeed we are not of

too obtuse fibre to be troubled with any), and will plainly assert that we believe that had the friend of Lady Byron mounted Trinity steeple, and with a speaking trumpet proclaimed the Dr. Burdell and Cunningham case afresh to the ears of the world, concluding the narration by sending both parties to heaven for their crimes, she would have completed an equally honorable and praiseworthy piece of pettifoggery.

We scorn the unlettered busy-body, the notorious Mrs. Grundy, with her budget of slanders and chit-chat, running from house to house to retail her vile wares; but what shall we say of the lady whom though traveled, learned (in the modern acceptance of the term), and professing Christian morality, and who can lend herself to the miserable work of parading facts before the world which should not be so much as *thought of* in decent circles, much less rehearsed, dissected, examined, dwelt upon, as if their consideration were of the utmost importance. We can only blush at her low estimate of Christian duty.

Lady Byron may have been, and no doubt was, a very proper little person, a good little lady; and she certainly evinced the fact by maintaining silence upon a subject most revolting to every sentiment of morality. Could it be proved that she desired the publicity given to her history by Mrs. Stowe, her claims to true nobility would be completely forfeited, her fair fame more deeply sullied than by any act or word of those who strive to defend the indefensible origin of her misfortunes.

The summing up of this controversy to rational minds must come to this: that literature, like all other things, must reflect the nature of its source. We do not "gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." If an author is vicious, his works are vile, and will infallibly imbue the souls of those who peruse them with their own venom. What is weakness? what is strength? Mrs. Stowe talks about Byron's *powerful* intellect, and in the next breath we hear of that remarkable poise so easily tipped on the side of insanity. To us, these admissions incline us to the conclusion that in his powerful intellect there was a "weak place somewhere."

The man of talent and genius who brutifies his spirit is a *thousand times more culpable* than the *less gifted*; and if he realizes the influence he exerts over the minds of others, and deliberately communicates the virus of his filthy inclinations, his name is the synonym of all that is execrable and to be despised.

Shame, then, upon the itching ears never to be satisfied with gossip about this wretch who is constantly pronouncing his own condemnation, and who knew innocence only to blast it with his insidious pen, and virtue only to treat it with polished or open contempt, as the mood dictated.

The Irish Class.

A correspondent of the *Dublin Nation*, speaking of the study of the Irish language in America, says: "You will be surprised to learn that at the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, a chair has recently been established for teaching the Irish language. This University, which is 1000 miles from the seaboard, and not yet forty years old, had a regular attendance of 350 pupils during the past year."

The Irish Class has resumed its studies, with Bro. Simeon as teacher.

A New Method of Harmony.

We are glad to notice in the *Musical Independent* the announcement of a New Method of Harmony by Prof. Max. E. Girac, LL. D., our illustrious maestro. This is not the first claim of Prof. Girac to a lasting fame. Many other works have preceded this: such as Cantatas, Masses, Songs, etc., but none of such a general interest as the present. We transfer the following article from the above-named paper:

It is generally admitted by all theorists that the doctrines of harmony and counterpoint require to be restated. Sir Edward Gore Ousley, Professor of Music at Oxford, has lately given to the world a treatise on counterpoint. Richter, Schneider, and others, have published treatises on chords and how to use them. Yet the very unsatisfactory results that follow the use of these books are enough to convince the thinking student that there must somewhere be a more excellent way. In this country we have had a great number of works on harmony and thorough-bass. But of all of these it may be truly said "they were made to sell." No one of them had any large amount of time and preliminary preparation bestowed upon it. Either the authors have patched up a rehash of some popular work, or have blindly followed some European writer of present fame—followed him more readily, sometimes, into wrong paths than into right ones. None of these works have been illustrated with abundant citations from celebrated composers, and in most cases the text itself is dim in expression and inexact in use of terms.

We have long regarded Dr. Girac's Appendix to Marx's Musical Composition as the clearest and most valuable part of that very popular work, and, on the points it treats, in many respects the most satisfactory of any of the treatises accessible to us. We were also mindful of Dr. Girac's thorough practical training under the great Cherubini, the clearest and most comprehensive of modern theorists, and that his style of English, although at times a little unidiomatic, possesses a marked resemblance to the clear and straightforward periods of Cherubini. These two qualities a—thorough practical knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, and of the works of the principal older theorists, and the ability to go in writing straight toward a given mark, unincumbered with useless degeneration, and unentangled by imperfect analysis,—these two qualities, we say, are combined in Dr. Girac, in a degree possessed by few other writers, either here or in Europe.

It was with great interest, therefore, that we turned over the manuscript pages of a new work on harmony, of which we are permitted to print the preface in full. We regard the plan as admirable, and have great hope that this is the "coming book" in this department.

HARMONY ACCORDING TO THE GREAT MASTERS.—

A practical treatise on Harmony, illustrated by examples taken from the works of great composers, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, etc., etc., and dedicated to the Conservatories in the United States. By Professor Max Emilius Girac, author of Girac's Appendixes to Marx's Work on Composition.

PREFACE.

The author of this work was, during the years 1852, 1853 and 1854, connected with the New York *Musical World*, then edited by two distinguished gentlemen, Richard Storrs Willis and O. Dyer. The American translation by Sanori of Dr. B. Marx's Work on Musical Composition having been recently published, was sent for a notice to the Editors of the *Musical World*, who gave it

to their associate for an expression of his opinion on the merits of this translation of the German theorist; and it was found that a large number of practical exercises, to facilitate the work of the lesson, together with some additional developments, would improve the new work and make it more useful. The author was commissioned to supply this deficiency by a series of Appendixes, which have become an inseparable appendage to Saroni's translation. Such is the origin of Girac's Appendixes to Dr. Marx's Treatise on Harmony, which have proved, and still are, most serviceable to teachers of harmony. They form almost in themselves a complete treatise, for they are also sold in a separate volume. The author of the Appendixes comes now alone before the public to present them with a new and complete treatise on Harmony, the idea of which came to him when he began to write the Appendixes, but which circumstances have, until now, prevented him from realizing.

The plan of the work is clear and simple. It is divided into two parts: the first exposes the treatment of concords. The second of discords.

The author opens the first part with the exposition of the elements upon which every treatise on harmony is grounded, after which he develops the theory of the triad, and its divers modifications, such as inversion, augmentation, diminution, suspension, etc., etc. A great number of exercises have been composed to show the pupil how to apply the rules, and how he has to work himself. But the chief characteristic of this work is the great many examples borrowed from the works of such masters as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and other able writers. Beethoven's Thorough-Bass has furnished us with many quotations. Not that this work is a real treatise on harmony; it is nothing but what the title suggests; but the examples it contains are extremely curious and instructive. From them one can deduce also practical rules which he would seek in vain in treatises already known. It is a rich store from which we may guess the rules which the master has passed over in silence. At all events, it gives us an insight into his theoretical views. Whenever the occasion offered we have also quoted Cherubini, the greatest theorist, perhaps, that ever existed; whose judgment is so reliable, the teaching so sure and strict, without ever falling into pedantry. Modulations into relative keys are the only ones given in the first part, those into remote keys being the object of the second. Then compassing notes extensively discussed: broken chords, and cross relation, with which the first part closes. In a country like ours, where people are so busy, and whose training is mostly directed toward business purposes, very few find time enough to go through a complete course of harmony. Therefore, it has been the principal object of the writer, to make the first part sufficiently instructive to make a tolerably good harmonist with only the use of the triad. The early composers of the fifteenth century did use no other chord, and with it alone Palestrina gave the world numerous masterpieces. The dominant seventh, however, has been deemed necessary in order to enable the pupil to modulate more decidedly, and to give him the faculty of closing his compositions as completely as possible. This chord is carefully developed, and completes the study of the learner, so as not to carry it any farther, if he wishes.

Now the author introduces the second part as he did the first. He takes, successively, each tone of the major scale, and makes it the fundamental of a chord of the seventh; this gives him all the

sevenths which constitute the modern system of harmony. He develops them, adds some further explanatory remarks on suspensions and modulations, explains the organ-point and some other particular matters, and then closes his work with presenting some observations on musical phrasing. Here the task of the learner will be a short and easy one. He is possessed of the general principles of harmony, has acquired experience in writing, and is familiar with the combination of voices, the principal object of harmony. This second part is short, and presents the new matters with as much conciseness as possible. The sole desire of the author has been to make a useful and practical work, a work which everyone will be able to understand. The proficiency of the learner in the beautiful study of harmony will be the best reward of his labor."

[From the "Silver Jubilee," compiled and published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M.]

Song of the Alumni.

Words by Rev. M. B. Brown. Music by Prof. M. E. Girac, LL. D.

JUNE 23, 1869. ✓

'Tis sweet to meet and warmly greet
The friends of other days,
Whose cheerful smile, unmixed with guile,
Did oft our hearts from gloom beguile,
'Mid youth's unsteady ways.

CHORUS.—

'Tis joy to meet and warmly greet
The friends of our college days—
Those earnest boys who shared our joys,
Our sorrows, our toils and plays.

'Tis sweet to meet and friendly greet,
'Mid scenes we've loved in youth;
Our boyhood's time and youthful prime
Are blended with those scenes sublime—
The scenes of peace and truth.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

To-day that joy, without alloy,
Makes glad our willing heart;
The friends we loved and often proved,
The cherished scenes our youth approved,
A grateful sense impart.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

An honored band now take their stand
Within those sacred halls,
Where, years ago, in youth's bright glow,
They tore the mask from Science' brow
And rent the Classics' palls.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

With laurel crown and fair renown
They left this cherished place;
With richer store they come once more
To view the scenes they loved before
And youthful joys retrace.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

O'er all this scene, the "Peerless Queen"
In sculptured beauty stands;
Her form so fair recalls the care
In which unnumbered millions share,
The students heart responds.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

Then welcome true and honor due
To friends of other days;
To those who wear the laurel fair
Bestowed by Alma Mater's care,
Their deeds shall be their praise.

Chorus: 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

Chapter About; or, What is it?

BY GEMINI.

"Two minds with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one."

CHAPTER I

Containeth Topographical Sketches of sundry (very dry) Localities in the Vicinity of Notre Dame University.

SOUTH BEND.—The idiosyncrasies of South Bend may be reduced to two heads, viz.: 1st. Its near neighborhood to Notre Dame—the city limits being now within a mile. 2d. Its manufactory of Singer's sewing machines, so called from a melodeon attachment, worked by the same treadle, to serve as an accompaniment to the vocal performances of the operator.

MISHAWAKA.—The name of this place is derived from the common Indian prefix *Misha* or *Michi*, signifying *great* or *long*, and the English word *walk*, the village of Mishawaka being rather a *long walk* (about five miles) from Notre Dame. It is a mild and salubrious little place, and chiefly remarkable for Bologna sausages and liver puddings.

EDWARDSBURG.—This interesting place is situated in the neighboring, but degraded, State of Michigan, and possesses a lake of considerable latitude, in which fishing and other aquatic sports may be carried on with equanimity, not to say alacrity. You approach it by a road that goes catter corner, across sections, from South Bend. After you approach it, you generally recede from it, unless you go there to stay. The name of this place is derived from that of a young gentleman from Toledo, who has long been a student at Notre Dame, and is a youth of great promise.

ST. JOSEPH'S FARM.—This remarkable tract of land is situated somewhat between Harris Prairie and Mishawaka, though a little to the east of both. Its four elements are land, water, turf and hay. The land is occasional and convenient; the water is insidious and always turning up when least expected; the turf is ubiquitous, and the hay is superficial. Buckwheat might be cultivated on this farm to a very great extent, but we cannot say much for appearances in favor of other crops. The numerous turf-stacks which dot the surface of the region, are approached by means of corduroy roads. If you are of an economical turn of mind, and wish to save your funeral expenses, you had better step off from these roads a little way, and wander promiscuously about in the marsh. A part of the farm, where the water is a little wetter than usual, is called the goose-pond. We have been through it. Another pleasant feature is what is called the cotton-woods. Pleasant, we should have said, for entomologists, and somewhat the reverse for other less gifted individuals. We have been bitten by mosquitoes there on the 29th of September—long after the first frosts. We shouldn't wonder if that isn't where the mosquitoes generally stay all winter.

BERTRAND.—This miserable hamlet, which (in one respect), like Shakspeare's Hamlet, seems always agitating the question "To be or not to be," is still dragging out a wretched existence. Since the new dam at Niles has prevented the sturgeons from coming up the river in the spring, we fear Bertrand must have suffered a scarcity of provisions that will soon cap the climax of its woes.

HARRIS PRAIRIE.—Of this dubiously-bounded territory it is only necessary to say that the Harris is more conspicuous than the Prairie.

COTTIN'S CREEK.—This classic stream rises in

St. Joseph's Farm, or thereabouts, flows in a north-westerly course, passing to the north of the college, within a mile from it, and finally débouches into the St. Joseph River down by the old mill, to whose rotatory gyrations it constitutes the *primum mobile*. A rustic saw-mill, higher up, is also turned by the same indefatigable Creek. Chub abound in its limpid waters, and by the exercise of the needful secrecy and adroitness the fisherman may secure a pailful in the course of a summer's afternoon. Ducks also haunt this picturesque region in the spring and fall.

THE WINTERGREEN MARSII is to be found a mile further north than Cottin's Creek, and contains not only wintergreens but also mayflowers—each in its proper season.

THE STURGEON FISHERIES, in the river flats below South Bend, used to be a favorite place of resort in the spring time. These immense freshwater porpoises, rolling and tumbling about in their narrow enclosures, where the successful fisherman had deposited them, suggested many a theme for the philosopher as well as the poet. A military company—"The Sturgeon Guards"—was anciently established here in their honor, the uniform consisting mainly of a straw hat of unparalleled audacity. But alas! the new dam at Niles has put an end to the sturgeons and all their concomitants. Such is life.

CASTOR.

CHAPTER II.

Woman's Rights.—The Doctor.—A New Legal Question.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit acri dulce.

"Toothpick! Toothpick, I say!! are you crazy or are you sleeping, or are you up in one of your chemical clouds, or what is the matter with you? You wretch! you *heartless* man! Don't you hear anything? Ever since I came up stairs to practice my speech on Woman's Rights I've heard nothing but the piteous wailings of poor, dear little Mag, and you haven't said a kind nor consoling word to her. If you want to play Socrates in his aerial basket, you must learn that Xanthippe is a necessary character in the piece. I'm as sure as I live that you haven't bathed nor combed poor dear, little Mag to-day, nor aired her bedding, nor washed her plate! Of course not! Oh! you wretch! You have plenty of time to spend in making pills for your neighbors' dirty ragged urchins, and you haven't a minute to spare for poor, dear little Mag. Oh! you wretch! Pills and chemistry will be the death of you. Oh! you wretch! Do you hear—?"

"Ah! oh! yes, exactly, my dear; were you speaking my dear?"

"Was I speaking! Toothpick! how *dare* you ask that question? Oh! you *heartless* man!"

"Exactly, my dear, I was just pondering over the laws, effects and operations of Chemical Affinity, which are inexpressibly sub—"

"Oh! you wretch, pills and chemistry will—"

"Come in" said the doctor, in answer to a loud thumping at the door of his office, and which loud thumping at that particular juncture sounded gratefully in the doctor's ears, inasmuch as it ended the foregoing pleasant little dialogue wherein he took a daily, although a secondary part. It also had the effect of causing the doctor's better-half to retreat from the head of the stairs, that being the basis of operations generally chosen by her for the purpose of hurling her forces against the doctor's chemical breastworks, and where, at the present interruption, she was standing, and defiantly holding in one hand a

roll of twenty-eight pages of foolscap containing her oratorical *chef-d'œuvre*, entitled "Woman's Rights against Man's Brutality."

"Ah! Mr. Shadow, how do you feel to-day?" said the doctor to the party who had just complied with his request to come in.

"Feel!" said the individual so addressed; "feel! I don't feel at all; there's no feeling in me. I'm nothing but skin and bone, and mighty little of me at that. I'll soon be a subject for your lamentable consanguinity, or whatever else you call—"

"Affinity; chemical affinity, my dear sir," said the horrified doctor, correcting his irreverent patient. "Yes, my dear sir," continued the doctor, "yes, the laws, effects and operations of chemical affinity are inexpressibly—"

"Toothpick! Toothpick, I say; I am—"

"Ah! oh! yes; here, my dear."

"Oh, you *heartless* man!"

"Exactly, my—"

"Toothpick!" reiterated the gentle Mrs. T., "Toothpick! I am now going to the Convention, and I warn you to have the house in order at my return. See also,—now mind!—that poor, dear little Mag shall have chicken or some other delicacy for supper; and remember—now, *remember!*—that her bed be warm and comfortable before you put her into it."

"Exactly, my—"

"Toothpick, how often must your heartless conduct force me to tell you that you talk too much?"

Being delivered of this affectionate query, the long suffering and injured Mrs. T. swept by the doctor, and out of the house, with that Junonian dignity so peculiar to that class of ladies who have either assumed, or accepted, the task of remodeling the works of the Creator, and, incidentally, of administering a scathing rebuke to the ignorant blunders of Moses and St. Paul.

"Exactly, my dear sir," continued the doctor, "I was just remarking that the laws, effects and operations of Chemical Affinity are inexpressibly—"

"Pills," interrupted the patient.

"Ah! yes; pills, did you say, my dear Mr. Shadow? Exactly, my dear sir, here is a boxful of them, which you will take according to the laws, effects, and op— I mean according to the directions."

"But, doctor, I don't see any directions here."

"Exactly, my dear Mr. Shadow; then take one thirteen times a day. Yes, my dear sir, the laws, effects and operations of Chemical Affinity are inexpressibly—"

"Bad taste," chimed in Mr. Shadow, proving the sincerity of his assertion by a frightful grimace at the contents of the aforesaid box.

"Bad taste, did you say, my dear sir? Exactly, my dear Mr. Shadow, the pills are incrustated with the laws, effects and operations of chem—I mean they are involuted in coagulated *liquidum saccharinum*, and being immersed in *aqua pura*, will readily pass through the thoracic duct, without producing any disagreeable feeling on the *membra sensitiva* of the *organum gustus*. Exactly, my dear sir, the laws, effects and operations of Chemical Affinity are inexpressibly—"

"One pill thirteen times a day—is it, doctor?" broke in Mr. Shadow again, and before the doctor had time to commence his immortal but ever-unfinished eulogium on chemical affinity, Mr. Shadow was like Othello's occupation.

In the order of this veracious narrative, it seemeth proper to say here, by way of a link in the chain, that over the doctor's door hung out a

huge sign ornamented with the name of "Timothy T. Toothpick, M. D., Ph. and S. G.," gorgeously and prominently proclaiming to the inhabitants of Sleptown, where, on the requiring occasion, could be found the eternal enemy of all those ills to which mortal flesh is heir. And, at this point the author remarketh that heretofore no legal commentator hath treated of this universal heirship of the flesh, notwithstanding that the moralist doth ever give it the third place in that triumvirate whereof the devil maketh the first and the world the second. As to this inheritance, then, the author saith that the happy heir can dispose of it just as he pleaseth, provided always that he offereth none of it to anyone else. If the inheritance come in the shape of a toothache, the heir can squeeze his jaw, and rival Quilp in making faces—at himself of course; and if he deriveth no consolation therefrom, as may be the case, then he can have the tooth pulled, without fearing that his neighbor will fee a lawyer to get out a *quo warranto*, or an injunction to haul him up before a court of chancery for the purpose of staying the waste; if the legacy come in the shape of a headache, he can bump his head against the wall, or squander his patrimony in any othersimilarly amusing way that suits his fancy, and no jury of his peers will ever call upon him to respond in damages because of the extravagant manner in which he has been dealing with the interests of society. Not much. These ills and aches are all his own, absolutely his own, and doesn't the law wisely say *sic utere tuo ut alienum non lēdas*; as much as to say that every man is free to use his own as he pleases, and if he can't get clear of it without annoying his neighbor, then he is at liberty to keep it to himself. And again: *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cōlum*. A maxim, as Blackstone hath it, of extensive import, upwards and downwards, and which according to the canon of lineal descent, may be construed to mean that when a man hath a brick in his hat he is under no legal obligation to ask a right of way from the Antipodes, when the spirit moveth him to explore his possessions at the center of the earth; "for when the law doth grant a right, it also granteth the means necessary to the enjoyment of that right." And all this is *stricti juris*, for the law being "a rule of civil conduct" knows well enough that the conduct of a man with a brick in his hat is anything but civil, and therefore prudently leaveth him to the attraction of gravitation, which according to these same canons of descent, whereof the *jus invincibile descendendi* of the brick illustrateth one, will, in due time, bring him about as near to the center of his terrestrial possessions as a free-man can comfortably desire to be. This chapter endeth here.

POLLUX.

NOTRE DAME, is the post-office to which all mail matter for this University and for St. Mary's Academy should be sent. Many misdirect their letters by adding "South Bend," which is not only unnecessary, but a great inconvenience in distributing and separating offices, and is also a cause of frequent delay.

"Notre Dame, St. Joseph Co., Indiana," is the entire address. The county, for an office so generally known, may, be dispensed with.

We add here, for the benefit of our young friends and others, who cannot make their postage stamps stick, this important information: Prepare well the envelope, *not the stamp*, with the tongue or otherwise, and the difficulty is removed.

Stamps should be put on the upper right hand corner of the envelope.

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AT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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

The Music Course.

The necessity of grading our Music Course has been felt more during the past two or three years than previously, when the number of music students was limited and their average of proficiency below its present standing. The difficulties offered formerly to classifying the students, and teaching them according to a systematic plan, were numerous; and even now that improvements are intended, it will be hard to do away with all the hindrances that grew out of the old routine. First of all, may be reckoned the great variety of text-books heretofore used. In fact, there has been nearly as many different methods as students. Each one who entered our Musical Department with a little smattering of music brought along with him his Method, Circle, or Guide, carefully selected and much endeared on account of the few *easy pieces, waltzes, and arranged selections*, but sadly deficient in the worth of its exercises and the fitness of its method to promote the rapid progress of the student. Hence, also, arose a great difficulty for the teacher, who had to accommodate himself to the method of the pupil and make use of it, however deficient it might be, just because expenses were to be avoided and the pupil not discouraged. It resulted that no proper classification could be made, as there was no regular standard by which the proficiency of students could be estimated; and again, no emulation could be created, no generous ambition; no promotion to higher classes or a higher course could then be expected to stimulate the student.

Another obstacle to the regularity of the Musical Course was the lack of a book of theory, simple and concise, yet embracing all the fundamental principles of music, such as govern signs, notes, time, etc. We know full well that each Piano Method or Violin Instructor contains some rudiments of music; but as these refer also, and especially, to the practical use of this or that particular instrument, they cannot meet the object of a method treating of the general Theory of Music regardless of its adaptation to any instrument in particular.

Therefore the Board of Music has resolved to adopt a method of Theory, treating of the rudiments of music,—which method shall be studied hereafter and the students interrogated thereon at the Semi-annual Examination.

Prof. M. E. GIRAC has been requested to select the Method of Theory best adapted to the present wants of the Course. The other methods approved by the Board for use in the Music Department, are as follows:

Organ, Zundel's.
Piano, Bellack's and Richardson.
Violin, Wichtel's Series.
Flute, Wragg's Flute Preceptor.
Cornet, —.
Guitar, Carcassi's Method.
Clarinet, —.
Violoncello, Romberg's.

Contra Bass, Freidheim.

Vocal Music, Conconi and Bassini.

The Courses will be two in number: the *Preparatory*, comprehending five classes or grades—each one corresponding to a session, with however the privilege of promotion during the session. The *Conservatory*, having two classes or two grades, each corresponding to a whole scholastic year.

In order to enter the Conservatory Course, students will be required to know well the theory of music and be good performers on their instrument, viz: pianists will be expected to master all the exercises of Richardson's Method; violinists, the exercises of Wichtel's Series; and so on with all the other instruments.

The study of Harmony and Composition will be the special object of the Conservatory Course.

The methods adopted shall be introduced as soon as can conveniently be done, provided this be arranged before the first of February, 1870. The music students shall be classified at once according to their degree of proficiency. The Conservatory Course will begin on the first of February, and certificates issued at the Annual Commencement to those who are members of it.

The Faculty of Music is composed as follows:

Bro. BASIL, S. S. C., Director; Mr. E. LILLY, S. S. C., Bro. LEOPOLD, S. S. C., Prof. MAX E. GIRAC, LL. D., Leader of the Choir; Prof. M. T. CORBY, teacher of Vocal Music; Prof. C. A. B. VON WELLER and Prof. M. BOYNE, Leader of the Cornet Band.

In forming a plan of studies for the Music Department, the University of Notre Dame does not intend to fetter the zeal or retard the progress of the student, but simply to facilitate and define by regular grades the studies of a department which is important enough to be entitled to a regular Course. The art of Music has ever been the object of special attention here, and we doubt whether another institution of learning can be found affording as many conveniences and means for its cultivation. Besides having a large number of efficient teachers, the Music Department is not lacking in material means. Fourteen rooms are entirely devoted to its use; ten pianos—all valuable instruments,—a complete set of violins, and other instruments, are placed at the disposal of the students. In conclusion we may say that all the efforts made by the University have been fully repaid by the rapid progress and increasing number of music pupils. Those who now take lessons in Vocal or Instrumental Music number over one hundred and twenty, and among these many show remarkable talent, as we intend to demonstrate at an early opportunity.

New Church—Additional Subscriptions.

Mr. John McCarthy, Independence, Mo... \$ 5 00
Mrs. Joseph Mulhall, St. Louis, Mo..... 50 00

Visitors.

During the past week we were honored with the visit of Rev. Father Villandre, S. S. C., President of St. Laurent College, C. E. The Rev. Father was accompanied on his visit by Bro. Sosthene, Steward of the College, and by M. E. Fortcuff, from Dinan, France, who is on a trip through the American continent. Our welcome visitors seemed highly interested in what they saw at Notre Dame, and were shown every department of the University. They also went to the Academy, St. Mary's, where they had an opportunity of witnessing an instution second to none

in the West and fast growing to be unequalled in the States.

We understand that St. Laurent (directed by the Congregation of Holy Cross) is in a very prosperous condition, having some 300 students in attendance. The directors of the college have purchased a very fine locality on the mountain near Montreal, and intend to build there a new college. Notre Dame and St. Laurent are united by the closest bonds of friendship, and follow each other's progress with deep interest.

Departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin for France.

Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and venerable Founder of Notre Dame, took his departure for Europe on Thursday, the 28th inst. Rev. Father Sorin is accompanied by Rev. Ferdinando P. Battista, S. S. C., formerly Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the University, and now appointed Procurator-General of the Congregation in Rome. We need not say that Very Rev. Father Sorin and his companion leave Notre Dame with our best wishes for a safe journey across the deep. The students of the University took formal leave of Rev. Father Sorin on last Tuesday, when appropriate addresses were read to him by representatives of the three departments. A musical *soirée* was held in his honor the night of the same day, and made very entertaining by the combined efforts of the Orchestra and Philharmonic Society, seconded by some voluntaries from Profs. M. Girac, W. Ivers, M. Corby and C. Von Weller.

Very Rev. Father Sorin's address in Paris will be: Notre Dame de Ste. Croix, Neuilly, Avenue du Roule, 22.

Rev. Father P. Battista's address in Rome will be Santa Brigitta, Piazza Farnese. Rev. Father Ferdinando has promised to send us some interesting letters concerning the great Council.

[For the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

Mons. Loyson (ex-Pere Hyacinth) and Henry Ward Beecher.

[On Sunday Mons. Loyson went to H. W. B.'s church, and had a most interesting interview with H. W. B., H. W. B. not being able to speak French, and Monsieur L. knowing of English only the phrases, "How you do?" "Oh yes!"]

Monsieur Loyson and Henry Ward Beecher,

Two jolly dogs, everybody allows,
One writes for the *Ledger*,—the latter; a preacher
The former, who has broken his vows.

* or *
*

He Monsieur Loyson and Henry W. Beecher,
The former a sweet fat duck of a creature,
The latter a Plymouth church theatrical preacher,
And each 'gainst the Pope a terrible screecher.

TUMULTUM IN INFERNIS.—The imp of the printing-office seems to have had a little spite against his fellow-demon, *Mysticus*, of our late dramatic entertainment, and to have exercised it in leaving his name out of the programme. The part so well performed by Mr. G. M. Atkinson deserves a better fate than to be "lumped" with the "Ghosts, Demons, and Sylphs" that form the *corps de ballet* of the melodrama. We hope the the malice of Pandemonium will be sufficiently suspended to permit this *amende* to appear without errors.

Arrival of Students.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

William H. Turner,	Lincoln, Ill.
Charles Clarke,	Notre Dame, Ind.
William Kiely,	Delphi, Ind.
Richard Metzger,	Niles, Mich.
John B. Leitch,	Chicago, Ill.
James Campbell,	McLeansboro, Ill.
Frank Hunt	Rochester, Ind.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 15th.

J. Canavan, L. Wilson, J. Armstrong, D. Thiel,
W. Roberts, L. S. Trudell, S. Rowland, E. Bucher,
H. Goddard, ——— Murphy.

Oct. 22d.

J. Eisenman, J. Edwards, W. Waldo, A. J. Reilly,
D. Tighe, F. Bodeman, D. A. Clarke, J. McGlynn,
J. E. Shanahan, A. W. Arrington.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.

J. Shanks, T. Coppinger, T. W. Newland, L.
Hibben, W. Odendahl, G. Boyles, J. Antoine, T.
Hughes, J. Cassella, M. Moriarty, F. S. Karst.

Oct. 22d.

S. Le Gault, W. Fletcher, W. Ryan, H. Potter,
R. L. Long, J. Kilcoin, C. Morgan, E. Musser, F.
A. Whittle, D. Egan, C. Hutchings.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

E. Dwyer, G. Gross, P. Dougherty, E. Forester,
D. Weldon, S. Hopkins.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

The third regular session of the St. Edward's Literary Association was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st, the President in the chair. After the business pertaining to the Society had been disposed of, the question "Was Charlemagne justified in destroying the Saxons?" was discussed in a very creditable manner, Messrs J. E. Shanahan and D. A. Clarke sustaining the affirmative, and Messrs J. C. Eisenman and A. W. Arrington ably defending the negative. Mr. Shanahan in opening the debate made a very fine speech, in which he forcibly demonstrated that in the eyes of contemporary nations to the reign of Charlemagne he was justified in meting out such rigorous punishment to those barbarians.

Mr. Eisenman to a certain extent refuted some of the minor arguments of his predecessor, and by presenting several historical facts supported his side of the question.

Mr. Clarke defeated many arguments of the gentleman on the opposition, and supported those of his worthy colleague in a manner highly creditable.

Mr. Arrington displayed much care in preparation and diligent examination, in seeking principles upon which to reason, viewing the question from a moral standpoint. His speech was eloquent and forcible.

Mr. Shanahan then summed up the arguments in a very systematic manner—with his usual tact overthrowing arguments of the opposition.

The debate showed a thorough preparation and a clear understanding of the subject on the part of the participants. I wish that we could assemble oftener than once a week, for it is with the greatest pleasure I look forward to the evenings of our literary gathering. Long may they continue.

NAGOL.

A CLASS OF ELOCUTION will be formed next week, with Mr. F. X. Derrick, S. S. C., as teacher.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The fifth regular meeting of this Association was held Tuesday evening, Oct 19th, 1869. Master Wm. Taylor, after having complied with the conditions of the Society, was unanimously elected a member. His Essay on "Character" showed that he understood his subject. Master Hannaher then followed in an essay on "Intemperance," Master Roberts, on "Early Rising," Master J. Walsh on "Reminiscences of Beautiful Scenery," Masters C. Dodge, H. O'Neill, C. Burdell and M. Mahony acquitted themselves with credit in declamation. The Association was honored with a visit from Brother Francis de Sales, formerly Prefect of Discipline of the University. Being loudly called on to speak, he rose and delighted the members with a few well-timed remarks on "Obedience, Study and the Force of Example."

The sixth regular meeting took place Saturday evening, Oct 23d. At this meeting Master David Brown was unanimously admitted a member of the Association. After the members had performed their several duties they were highly honored with the unexpected appearance of Rev. Father Sullivan, formerly a distinguished Professor at the University. By request of the President of the Association he delivered a very instructive address on "Literary Studies." I am sorry I cannot give the address in full, I will however attempt to give a synopsis of it in my next report.

M. MAHONEY, Cor Sec'y.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

Arrivals.

Miss C. Edwards,	Chicago, Ill.
" D. Jennings,	Jackson, Mich.
" E. Tibbets,	Warsaw, Ind.
" A. Sturgis,	Sturgis, Mich.
" M. Murphy,	Ottawa, Ill.
" A. Woods,	Louisiana, Mo.
" M. Bahm,	Batavia, Ill.
" M. Shannon,	"
" L. Shannon,	"

St. Edward's Day at St. Mary's.

This day, so full of cheerful festive enjoyment to all who share the fatherly care of our venerated Superior General, Very Rev. Edward J. Sorin, was celebrated with much spirit by the young ladies of the Academy.

The morning was devoted to recreation and preparation for the festivities of the afternoon. The old pupils imparted to the new the *spirit* of the Feast, consequently all enjoyed the occasion and entered heartily into the programme of the day.

At five p. m. the pupils assembled in the Exhibition Hall to await the arrival of Very Rev. Father General. He soon entered, accompanied by many of the Reverend Clergy and other distinguished guests from Notre Dame and South Bend. Then commenced, in the following order, the entertainment prepared for the occasion:

Overture to Figaro. (Mozart)... { E. Longsdorf
C. Foote
M. Sherland
Address from Sr. Dep't.....Read by H. Niel
French Address.....E. Longsdorf
German Address.....R. Fox
Song—from Haydn's "Creation".....L. Smythe
Address from Jr. and Minim Dep'ts....A. Clarke
Introduction of Junior and Minim "Newcomers,"
by sundry little ladies.

"SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF SAINT ELIZABETH."

A Cantata, composed expressly for the occasion.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1st.

Duchess Sophia.....J. Arrington
Lady Varila.....B. Leonard
Ladies of the Court.....By the Singing Class
Hunting song—(Song without words—Mendelssohn)—Miss Arrington.

SCENE 2D.

Lady Christobel.....A. Ewing
Lady Agnes.....M. Doty
Duchess Elizabeth.....A. Mulhall
Lady Guta.....E. Ewing
La Stella—(Ketterer).....M. Kirwan

SCENE 3D.

Katrina.....C. Hoerber
Maude.....M. Tuberty
Koy.....E. Hunter
Lady Genevieve.....K. McMahon
Lady Christine.....A. Montgomery
Lady Herman.....A. Clarke
Lady Gertrude.....L. Niel
Sophia.....A. Garrity
Chrenhild.....J. Marshall
Cotchie.....M. Edwards
Bessie.....M. Cook
Teresa.....K. Carpenter
Marget.....J. Darcy

MUSIC.

Standard Bearer—(Lind painter)... M. Sherland
Opus 35—(Keller).....E. Longsdorf
Fantasia—(Prudent).....C. Foote
Song—"The Wanderer"—(Shubert)... E. Smythe
Fruglensleid—(Mendelssohn).....F. Arrington

"THE DISTRESSED MAIDENS."

A Mel-low Drama by the Juni rs.

Characters.

MERRY MAIDENS.

Miss Benevolentia.....M. Quan
Miss Jocularity.....A. Garrity
Little Miss-Chief.....L. Harrison
Miss Joe Cose.....A. Robson
Miss Joe-Cundity.....L. Edwards
Miss Risibility.....E. Forrestill
Miss Hilarity.....A. Clarke
Miss Comicality.....L. Niel

DISTRESSED MAIDENS.

Miss Lachrymose.....A. Byrnes
Miss Porcupina.....J. Walker
Miss-Ann-Thropy.....L. McNamara
Miss Doleful.....S. Darling
Miss Pickel.....Kearney
Miss Blue.....R. Leoni
Grand Valse de Concert—(Liszt).....E. Lilly
Retiring March.....C. Toole and E. Longsdorf

The Programme was carried out with much satisfaction to all parties. The Music was excellent. The beautiful songs so exquisitely rendered by Miss Smythe would in a concert hall have elicited *loud* applause; but the audience, too well aware of her rare abilities even to be surprised into a demonstration of their admiration, listened with intense delight to her rich, clear voice, as she executed with true artistic skill the beautiful compositions selected for the occasion.

The Senior young ladies deserve great praise for their graceful performance of the parts assigned them. The Juniors (of course) excited the risibility of the audience. These little people are so confident that they are doing everything *just right*, that their artless assurance makes even the most grave and profound of their auditors relax into a smile.

At the close of the performance, Very Rev. Father General kindly complimented the Senior young ladies, and appointed Father Cooney to *praise* the Juniors, which he did most lavishly, they listening with hearty concurrence to his encomiums.

All then retired to the parlors and recreation rooms. At seven a *real feast* supper was served. Then gay conversation, and (for the young ladies) a merry dance. So ended the grand Festival of "St. Edward's Day" at St. Mary's.