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ESSAY,

By MISS M. AGNES EWING, (LANCASTER, OHIO.)
OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '70,
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

The sweet, the holy name of mother has been justly extolled by the orators, poets and bards of all ages and nations; their glowing words have found a response in every heart. The artists, too, have done their part in portraying the loveliness of the mother, placing her in the foreground of nearly every picture of domestic life.

How many songs and poems have been written; how many eloquent words spoken. Yet, neither orator, poet, bard, nor painter have overrated the loveliness of their theme, nor exhausted the treasure of richness and beauty that is contained in that word—Mother.

But my theme to-day shall be that equally noble, revered, love-inspiring name of

FATHER.

This sacred name is not so often the chosen theme of the poet, bard, orator, or painter; nevertheless, it is a name equally suggestive of all that is admirable of protection, of devotedness, and gushing, generous affection.

The fathers have often listened with pleasure to the praises of the mothers; now, mothers, please listen, a few minutes, to the simple tribute of a daughter, in praise of the loved name of father.

And here, let me say, that it well becomes a daughter to dwell with delight on the loved name of father; for we receive from him, in our childhood, even more than our share of tender indulgence, and in our womanhood, a devotedness that seems to ignore his own authoritative rights, in his desire to make us perfectly happy.

If duty demands any severity in the home discipline, 'tis not the daughters, but the sons, whom the father reproves, hoping that the equally erring daughters may indirectly profit by the same admonition which, in the tenderness of his heart, he would fain spare her the mortification of receiving.

It is then but just that while fully alive to the manifold claims of our dear mothers, we should love to speak out, in the fulness of our grateful hearts, of that noble, revered, love-inspiring name, father.

The father of a family is the type of our heavenly Father. To him we look for protection and support; his wisdom directs and decides us in our difficulties; his far-seeing, watchful eye looks to our temporal and eternal interests. How sublime, how noble is his position! With what loving reverence should we pronounce the majestic name of father. As our heavenly Father desires

no other return than our loving gratitude, so, too, our earthly father seems fully, ah! more than compensated for his labors, by our gratitude and love. See the father's delight when toilworn and weary with labor and contact with the selfish, busy world, returning to his home, he meets the joyous, loving welcome of his dear children. They are happy; he is rewarded.

Oh, the unselfish, self-sacrificing generosity of the father! His joy is found in sheltering his loved children from the storms of life. He sees them almost monopolizing the time of their devoted mother; he looks on with an approving smile of encouraging admiration. Self is forgotten; her devotedness to his children renders their mother doubly admirable in his eyes.

Through all ranks in society, we see the same noble characteristic cling round the name of father. The odium attached to the few exceptions to this rule proves how generally Christian society recognizes the generous, grand features of the true Christian father. How beautiful, to see the father in the home circle! The grave statesman, whose eloquence has charmed an admiring audience; the scientific man, whose learned investigations claim the attention of the civilized world; the care-worn professional man who, by his integrity, talents and energetic enterprise, commands the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens; the busy merchant and mechanic, the toiling laborer, all seem to forget their grandeur and their fatigues, the praises of the world and its coldness and injustice. Even the grave dignity of father is set aside, and he joins in the sports of his little ones with delight, and seems to have his youth renewed in witnessing their mirth.

See, for instance, the great king, Henry IV, of France, who often left all the pomp and etiquette of court ceremony, to play at romps with his children. This shows that the same condescension and love dwell alike in the heart of king and peasant. Each father is a king in his own family. To him they look for protection. If father is home, the family feel in perfect security!

How tender is the heart of a father for his children. The brave general, who stands unmoved amidst the terrors of the battle, or the enthusiastic huzzas of an admiring people, sheds tears at the tomb of a darling boy, whose expressions of spontaneous, childish delight at papa's success were sweeter to that father's ear than the cheers of a victorious army.

While God has most graciously revealed to us the dignity of that word father, He has also revealed to us the forgiving love that fills the father's heart. What more tender than the gospel narrative of the Prodigal Son! What more consoling than to know, that by divine precept we have the right to begin the sublimest prayer with the words "Our Father!" Yes; God has made the name of father most majestic; yet it is so full of mercy and sweetness, that fear is absorbed in love. Thus the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," becomes so easy, that a disrespectful, disobedient child is rightly looked upon as a monster of ingratitude.

Let us, young friends, be ever true to duty, and

do our best to shed o'er our father's heart the sunshine of our most grateful affection. Let us strew in his path the roses of those loving, little attentions, so pleasing in his sight; and when his manly voice and step grow feeble, and the silver hairs cluster round the furrowed brow, let it be our special privilege to soothe his declining years by every attention that a grateful, filial, loving heart can dictate; and when we kneel in prayer, let our most fervent supplication ascend for him, whom God makes His type on earth, and bids us honor, under that sacred, that tender name of Father.

Sidney Smith.

No one can help admiring Sidney Smith. Brimful of wit, having the terrible power of converting words into "sharp swords," he never uttered a witticism at the expense of the personal feelings of his friends, and never used his powerful weapons of satire except to combat intolerance, to strip the mask from cant and hypocrisy, and expose them to the scorn of the world.

Born in 1771 at Woodford, in Essex, he died in London, in the month of February, 1845. His father, Robert Smith, married Miss Olier, the younger daughter of a French emigrant; a lady of refined mind and great beauty. Sidney and his brother Robert inherited from their mother much personal beauty. Robert was intimate with Talleyrand, and on one occasion when the conversation turned on the transmission of beauty from parent to children, Robert extolled the beauty of his mother in the highest terms; on which the witty Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders exclaimed: "*Ah! mon ami, c'était donc apparemment monsieur votre père qui n'était pas bien.*"

Sidney, at the age of six, was sent to school to Southampton, and soon after, with his young brother Courtenay, to Winchester. It is related in "A Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland, that he suffered there "years of misery and positive starvation; there was never enough provided, even of the coarsest food, for the whole school and the little boys were left to fare as best they could." Notwithstanding hunger and neglect Sidney became captain of the school, and the two brothers received a flattering compliment from the other students, who, in a round-robin, or protest, sent to Dr. Watson, the Warden, "refused to try for the College prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them." Referring to this time, Sidney Smith said of himself: "I believe, whilst a boy at school, I made above ten thousand Latin verses, and no man in his senses would dream in after life of ever making another." Although he talked so disparagingly of Latin verse he preserved his knowledge of the language by reading some Latin book and translating English into Latin every day of his life.

Before going to New College, Oxford, in which he was entitled to a Scholarship and afterward to a Fellowship, on account of his success in the school in Winchester, he was sent by his father to Mount Villiers in Normandy to perfect himself in

the French language, which he ever afterwards spoke with much fluency.

The reputation of New College, which he entered on his return from France, where he had stayed six months, was founded principally upon the amount of port-wine imbibed by the Fellows. Sidney gained his fellowship as soon as possible, but as it was worth only £100, and as his father gave him no pecuniary assistance he found that he had to choose between going to prison for debt and abstaining from port. This was, without doubt, the turning point of his life. Had he with his fascinating powers, and his love for society, become a member of a drinking club, he would have been ruined. But he chose wisely, and abstained from port; by this choice he not only kept clear from prison, but was enabled from his modest means to assist his brother, and no doubt his health and morals profited by his abstinence.

He wished to prepare himself for the bar, but his father prevailed upon him to enter the Church, that is, become a clergyman of the church of England. After serving a poor curacy on Salisbury Plain he became tutor of the son of Mr. Beact. "When first," he says, "I went into the church I had a curacy in the midst of Salisbury Plain. . . . The squire of the parish, Mr. Beact, took a fancy to me, and after I had served it two years he engaged me as tutor of his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and his son should proceed to the University of Weimar, in Saxony. We set out, but before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years."

During his stay in this city he formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Allison, Horner, Dugald Stewart, Playfair and Brougham, and other distinguished men then residing in Edinburgh.

It has been remarked that though the style of no two men who wrote the same language could be more dissimilar than that of Sidney Smith and Samuel Johnson yet there are many points of great similarity between them. They were both fat men, both abstemious in the use of wine, both endowed with powers of reasoning and of witty repartee far beyond any of their contemporaries. It is also not a little singular that the most intimate friends of each of them were Scotchmen, and that each of them had an irresistible propensity to ridicule the foibles and the peculiarities of the Scottish people.

Sidney Smith used to say "it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." He inquires, in one place, whether there is a house in Edinburgh in which a young Englishman could be safely deposited without peril of marrying a Scotch girl with a fortune of 1s. 6d. sterling. "The commissioners," he writes to Lord Grey, "will have hard work with the Scotch Atheists; they are said to be numerous this season, and in great force from the irregular supply of rain." "When I lived in Scotland," he tells Lady Mary Bennett, "very few maids had shoes or stockings, but plodded about the house with feet as large as a family bible, and legs as large as portmanteaus." "It is in vain," he says again, "that I study the subject of the Scotch Church; I have heard it ten times over from Murray and twenty times from Jeffrey, and I have not the smallest conception of what it is about. I know it has something to do with oat-meal, but beyond that I am in utter darkness."

He delighted in thus humorously twitting the Scotch about their metaphysics, with which, he says, they are "so imbued that they make love metaphysically;" and their dinners and servants, and temper, their delusions on the subject of the climate, etc., and sums up by exclaiming: "Never shall I forget the happy days passed in Scotland, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers,

excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

However, notwithstanding these and many other caustic sayings, and we doubt not he felt what he uttered, about the land o' cakes and Calvinism, his most intimate friends were Scotchmen. For Jeffrey he always had a pleasant as well as a witty word, and though he joked his friend on his diminutive size, he loved him with his whole heart; and Jeffrey deserved it if we judge of what must have been his disposition from the enthusiastic interest he took in the innocent sports of children. Lady Holland relates that one day he called at Mr. Smith's house where he found no person but the children who were leading a young donkey around the garden with a pocket handkerchief for a bridle. With his usual love for the society of children, he joined in their sport and to their infinite delight mounted the donkey. He was proceeding in triumph, says Lady Holland, (who was one of the children) "amidst our shouts of laughter, when my father and mother, in company, I believe, with Mr. Horner and Mr. Murray, returned from their walk and beheld this scene from the garden door. Though years and years have passed away since, I still remember the joy-inspiring laughter that burst from my father at this unexpected sight, as, advancing towards his old friend, with a face beaming with delight, and with extended hands, he broke forth in the following impromptu:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not so fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little Jackass!

But for dogs, Sidney's detestation of the race and their qualities was not softened by any liking for individual members of the canine fraternity. "No," he said, "I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed 'Out, damned Spot!' but she did not think it sentimental enough." He kept his own dogs chained, and a young lady seeing this at his residence at Combe Florey, exclaimed: "Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith!" "Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys?" "Parish boys!" she exclaimed, "does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, he devours them, buttons and all." He was immensely amused at her look of horror; indeed nothing so diverted him as want of appreciation of a joke. A lady was once speaking of the great heat of the weather. "Heat, madam!" he said, "it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?" she exclaimed with utmost gravity. "Nothing more easy madam; come and see, next time." The lady declined. But to return to our dogs.

But, first, we must bring up the life of Mr. Smith to the time of the anecdotes. He married in Edinburgh, but not a Scotch lady with a fortune of 1s. 6d.; but an English woman named Pybus, who had a small fortune which Mr. Smith insisted should be settled upon her. Sidney's fortune at that time consisted of six silver teaspoons, which he threw into his wife's lap, saying: "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!"

In 1803, he went to London, where he remained until 1809. During this time he delivered a series of lectures of which, in 1843, he writes to Dr. Whewell: "My lectures are gone to the dogs and are forgotten; I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle street was blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture. Every week I had a new theory about conceptions and perceptions; and supported by a natural manner, a torrent of words, and an impudence

scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them. But good and bad are all gone." He had wished to destroy them—even Jeffrey thought the publication of the lectures would add nothing to Sidney Smith's fame; but his wife, the good Kate—into whose lap he threw the silver teaspoons, prevented him from destroying them, and afterwards had them published in spite of the opposition of Jeffrey, who at last, just before his death, wrote to Mrs. Smith: "I am now satisfied that in what I then said I did great and grievous injustice to the merit of these lectures, and was quite wrong in dissuading their publication, or concluding they would add nothing to the reputation of their author." For these lectures he was allowed to name his own terms, and it is needless to say the proceeds were highly acceptable to him, for he was still a poor man, and his favorite motto was: "Make home comfortable; avoid shame, but do not seek glory—nothing so expensive as glory."

In 1809, he removed to Foston-le-Clay, to which living he was appointed by the Lord Chancellor, Erskine.

And here we come to the dogs again.

Shortly after his arrival at Foston Mr. Smith was appointed magistrate. In his magisterial capacity he kept a private gallows with which he overawed and subdued all biped offenders, but he could not influence the dogs.

"Each farmer," he said, "kept a huge mastiff dog, ranging at large, and ready to make his morning meal on clergy or laity, as best suited his particular taste. I never could approach a cottage in pursuit of my calling, but I rushed into the mouth of one of those shaggy monsters. I scolded, I preached, I prayed, without avail; so I determined to try what fear for their pockets might do. Forthwith appeared in the county papers a minute account of the trial of a farmer, at the Northampton Sessions, for keeping dogs unconfined; where the said farmer was not only fined five pounds and reprimanded by the magistrate, but was sentenced to three months imprisonment. The effect was wonderful, and the reign of cerberus ceased in the land. 'That accounts,' said Lord Spencer, 'for what has puzzled me and Althorpe for many years. We never failed to attend the sessions at Northampton, and we could never find out how we had missed the remarkable dog case.'"

In 1828, Lord Lyndhurst, then Lord Chancellor, appointed Sidney Smith to a vacant stall in Bristol Cathedral. The very first duty he had to fulfil was to preach the usual no-popery sermon on the 5th of November. Had he been less courageous he would have abstained from saying anything about the Catholics. But he reversed the proceedings altogether, and, much to the astonishment of his hearers, made an eloquent discourse in favor of the Catholics. Two days afterwards, writing to Mr. Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton, he says: "At Bristol, on the 5th of November I gave the Mayor and Corporation such a dose of toleration as shall last them for many a year. A deputation of the pro-popery papers waited on me to print, but I declined." Writing to Lord Lyndhurst on the very day he preached, he says: "To-day I have preached an honest sermon (Nov. 5th) before the Mayor and Corporation, in the Cathedral—the most Protestant Corporation in England! They stared at me with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep the turtle on their stomachs."

Soon after his appointment as canon of Bristol he exchanged Foston for the living of Combe Florey, beautifully situated near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and in 1831 Earl Grey made him canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. His politics interfered with his being promoted to a bishopric; but no man deserved promotion better than Sidney Smith. He led a blameless life, fulfilled all his duties as husband, father, parson and canon; was perfectly orthodox according to the Church of England, and detested infidels and infidelity. "I hate," he said, "the insolence, persecution and intolerance which

so often pass under the name of religion, and (as you know) I have fought against them; but I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety; and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel." In a letter to Lord John Russell, he states emphatically the cause of his not being made bishop. He says in the letter (April 3, 1837):

"Pretended heterodoxy is the plea with which the Bishops endeavored to keep off the bench every man of spirit and independence, and to terrify you into the appointment of feeble old men who will be sure to desert you (as all your Bishops have lately and shamefully done) in a moment of peril. . . I defy — to quote a single passage of my writings contrary to the Church of England. . . I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. . . I am distinguished as a preacher, and sedulous as a parochial clergyman. His real charge is, that, I am a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom all the bench of bishops could not turn, and who would set them all at defiance on great and vital questions. . . But I am sincere in saying I would not take any bishopric whatever, and to this I pledge my honor and character as a gentleman."

We must bring this desultory and disjointed article to a close by introducing Sidney Smith's horse, Calamity, which he was accustomed to persuade into a tolerable fast gait by fixing a sieve of oats on the shaft of the vehicle before the horse's nose, thus deluding the poor beast into the idea that if he would trot he would overtake the oats. Though by no means a good horseman, he used also to ride Calamity, and we close with his own words:

"I used to consider a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the three per cents when they fall. I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." "Nevertheless," he adds, "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for, somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time my horse, Calamity, flung me over his head into a neighboring parish, as if I had been a shuttlecock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighboring planet; but, as no harm came of it, I might have persevered perhaps if, on a certain day, a quaker tailor from a neighboring village, to which I had said I was going to ride, had not taken it into his head to call soon after my departure, and request to see Mrs. Sidney. She instantly, conceiving I was thrown, if not killed, rushed down to the man, exclaiming: 'Where is he? where is your master? is he hurt?' The astonished and quaking snip stood silent from surprise. 'Is he hurt? I insist upon knowing the worst.'"

"Why, please ma'am, it is only thy little bill, a very small account, I wanted to settle," replied he, in much surprise."

This made him give up riding, though, he affirmed he knew one man who was a more awkward rider than himself, and who was at least one fall ahead of him.

The following letter to the President of S. A., though not written for publication, will prove of interest to the many friends of "S.":

OSCEOLA, Sept. 27, 1870.

My Dear Rev. Sir: Your letter reached me here to-day, having gone first to Clinton, Wisconsin, and having been brought from Clinton, Missouri, by the kindness of our Chief Engineer, who went back to headquarters on Monday, and returned this evening. I take advantage of Prof. Johnson's kindness to write you a more respectable letter than I could do in camp with a lead pencil. I am glad to hear that the Crotalus arrived safe, but you don't say whether it came alive or not. It was alive when we sent it, and we heard it spring its rattle several times after being boxed up. To-day I send by mail, in another envelope, the skin of a snake six feet six inches long, which I found—the

skin, not the snake—on the top of a bluff forming the eastern side of the "Narrows"—a pass along Gallinipper Creek, by which our road approaches Osceola. Our railroad work suits me exactly—glorious days spent entirely in the open air in an employment combining the exercise of the intellectual and corporeal faculties in just the proportion that suits my temperament and health. Our woods are still clothed in magnificent verdure—the dwarf sumach is the only tree that reminds us that the autumn season has commenced—its gorgeous hues covering acres of upland with crimson, scarlet, orange and maroon. Splendid flowers adorn every step of our way. The pink and blue morning-glories are here indigenous. So is the rich, purple verbena, which I suppose to be the original of all our splendid garden varieties. There is a pale, greyish lilac petunia in bloom on the prairie for the last three months, and a splendid bright, blue-spiked blossom has lately appeared. We have the red lobelia, and all the Indiana flowers, besides these additional gifts of nature. I gathered a deep-blue gentian, the other day, of a species that I never saw before, excelling in beauty all the others that I know. But I cannot begin to talk flowers with you; I only wish I had the means of sending you specimens. There is a little Dutch tinmith engaged as axeman in our corps, who has promised to make me a tin box as soon as the opportunity offers. We have more substantial gifts of nature in our woods. Wild grapes, of a size and sweetness hitherto unfamiliar to me, abound. There are several varieties ripe, and the members of our corps, including your obedient servant, are not slow to devour them.

You speak of seeing me soon again; but I am afraid we shall not meet for a long time. Although I enjoy this glorious life, yet I could wish for the presence of my dear friends of Notre Dame to share it with me, to make me perfectly happy. We are ordered to go on to Bolivar, the county seat of Polk county, whence we shall proceed either to Springfield or Marshfield, as the fates ordain. Take a map of Missouri, and share my wanderings at least in mind.

Best wishes to all the Professors and students of Notre Dame. Accept, yourself, the assurance of the perpetual esteem and devoted attachment of

Your ancien ami, A. J. S.

How a Certain Person was Prevented from Coming to the Celebration of St. Edward's Day.

I tell the tale as it was told me.—Anon.

—vestigia retrorsum.—Idem.

Our old cow she crossed the road.

Modern Lyric.

CHAPTER I.—THE COW.

It was night. By the aid of a dark lantern, if you had one, you might have seen, had you turned the bull's eye upon the object, a cow calmly and peacefully reposing on the sidewalk skirting a suburban street of a flourishing city in the West. That cow had faithfully done her duty that day, and that day was but the repetition of many days before. It was a peaceable cow; there was no malice in that cow, but she gave plenty of milk. The milk of human kindness may be said to flow from that cow. The rich cream, giving a delicious color to the chicory, which the good dame had prepared for her husband's breakfast, put him under the pleasing delusion that he was drinking coffee, and he was consequently in a kind humor for some time after; or, made into butter, it caused the good dame herself to feel more kindly towards mankind generally, as she viewed it in little "pats," and still more kindly did she feel when thirty pounds of butter, best quality, had been made. But I digress. That cow had done her duty that day. Early in the morning she had given her quota of milk, and with no care to bother her head she had

gone to pasture, whence, as the sun, struggling through the rainy clouds, had almost closed his course and was about sinking to rest among the trees to the west of the city, she returned as quietly and soothingly chewing her cud as any other masticator of the weed. Being a cow of the nineteenth century,—an age of light,—she avoided on principle all close cow-sheds, and knowing the good effects of perfect ventilation, she usually betook herself, for repose, to the middle of the street. But this evening being rainy, she judiciously chose the sidewalk, wisely concluding that no sane person would be out such a dark, rainy night—so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you. Having chosen her position—right across the sidewalk, her head resting near the fence, and her tail gracefully resting on the curbstone—she continued to ruminate on her happy condition, contrasting her situation with that of so many cows that had not the luxury of reposing *al fresco* on a sidewalk! and thus, thinking she had a bright future before her, she settled down to a good night's rest. Alas the futility of our hopes! Napoleon never dreamed on the third of September, that the next day he would be a prisoner. Cæsar, when bidding "good morning" to Brutus, never imagined that he should fall by Brutus's dagger. And that harmless, defenceless cow never for a moment imagined that—but let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.—A CERTAIN PERSON.

Brightly shows the kerosene, as gay and innocent-looking as if it were not the treacherous assassin that delights in putting its victims to horrible torture before killing them outright. It cast a brilliant gleam of light out of the front window into the darkness of the night, about two blocks away from the spot on which reposed the cow. Within the well-furnished chamber, it lighted up the manly form of a Certain Person as he was tugging hard to put on a boot a size too small for his foot. A violent stamp on the floor fixed the boot on his foot. A Certain Person then enveloped his athletic form in a large coat, pressed his new silk hat on his noble brow, and taking up his costly cotton umbrella, went out from the light of kerosene into the darkness of the street. No gas. No lantern. Only an umbrella to guide his way! And a cow on the sidewalk! Unhappy cow! The wind blew in his face, and battled for the umbrella; the rain had a poor opinion of the umbrella, but bravely pointing it before him, he made his way along the sidewalk, when suddenly he rushed against an obstacle. Up jumped the cow, rudely awakened from her peaceful slumbers. Down went the umbrella on the pavement on the other side of the cow, the silk hat in the umbrella, a Certain Person's head in the hat, and a pair of tight boots pointing steadily to the north pole, as true as the needle to the magnet.

The position was too critical to last.

The boots gradually deflected, and forming an arc of a circle, with the hat as a centre, made an abrupt conclusion on the plane of the sidewalk.

Had the light of heaven—even the pale-faced moon, or the "twinkle, twinkle, little star"—shone on that scene you would have beheld a Certain Person gather himself and umbrella up, carefully examining whether any bones were broken—either whale or human; by sad experience he finds that several rents have been made—one only in the umbrella—but no bones broken. His onward course being thus arrested without due forms of preparation, and finding himself contused and a bit confused by the fall, he returned to the kerosene lamp for reparations, a sadder and a wetter man. And thus it happened that a Certain Person did not attend the celebration of St. Edward's Day at the college.

The cow had not been heard of since, except in story.

Terms of Subscription.

On taking charge of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, for the present year, we intended to publish it weekly, and placed the price of subscription at two dollars. It has, however, been deemed, by the proper authority, more conducive to the interests of the students, and more gratifying to their parents, to have the paper issued only twice a month, or, rather, once a fortnight. The subscription to the paper is consequently reduced to one dollar. Those who have already paid in their subscription (\$2) for the year, will receive two copies of the paper instead of one, or, on receiving orders from them, we will send the second copy to any address they may designate.

St. Edward's Day.

The annual recurrence of the birthday of father or mother is naturally an anniversary of joy to children; and, though the children of this country are not very demonstrative, still there are families where the beautiful custom of offering congratulations to parents is observed with more or less ceremony. It ought to be more general; and anything that is conducive to promote the observance of a custom that gives so much pleasure to all concerned should be patronized and popularized.

No doubt this is one reason why, from the very first years of Notre Dame, its founder not only did not discourage the formal expression of the grateful and respectful sentiments towards him on the part of professors and students, but entered upon all the festivities like a good father among his well-bred and affectionate children. St. Edward's day has consequently become one of the white stone days of the year for all the students of Notre Dame, and it is not surprising that St. Mary's Academy should vie with the College in doing honor to one to whom the interests of St. Mary's have been, are, and always will be, as important, and as well cared for as those of the College.

In another part of the SCHOLASTIC our readers will find an account of the celebrations of St. Edward's day. We do not wish to assume what would be a pleasant duty, of giving a full account of the festival, but after having been invited to the celebration at St. Mary's, and having witnessed the series of beautiful tableaux, listened to the excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, and been charmed by the good reading—and reader, do you know, did you ever observe, how few really good readers there are in the circuit of your acquaintance?—and charmed, I repeat, by the good reading of the young ladies who represented Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer, we think we ought to make a "few remarks."

The idea of the whole entertainment was grand, and its realization was worthy of it throughout, in all the details.

There were some formal addresses, very good, no doubt, in their place, and from what we afterwards heard we presume they were well delivered; of this, however, we can give only hearsay evidence or *a priori* arguments, as we did not arrive in time to hear them.

The Juniors and Minims presented the audience with a delightful *hors d'œuvre*, aptly styled an extravaganza, as it did not enter into the plan of the entertainment. Unfortunately for us we arrived too late to witness it, but of this we do bear witness, and if called upon to take our oath before a Notary Public, aye, and a Squire and Constable to boot, we would maintain that the extravaganza was executed in the finest kind of style, in a manner to take the hearts of all, to enlist the warmest sympathies of the audience,—in a way, in fact, that would make you congratulate the parents of those Minims and Juniors on having such fine children, who

know how to act well their parts. Poor little dears! I wonder if years from now, 'mid the heavy cares of life, they will remember these hours of careless happiness!

As we entered, Miss—but no, if we once begin mentioning names, we do not know when we would be able to finish this article, which we intended making very short. When we entered, a young lady was playing something on the piano—a piece that made us regret we had not heard the music played before, if it were as good as what we heard.

Then began what we considered the real entertainment of the evening—a series of tableaux, thirteen in number.

As far as we understood the matter, the tableaux as well as the explanations were made for Very Rev. Father General; and we, and the rest, of course, were kindly permitted to look on and listen. Tableaux and all constituted a continued address to the Very Rev. Father—an address in which the seasons of the year offered him their tribute. That finest season of the year—after summer—with its pleasant days, and fruit, and variegated maple-leaves, Autumn, came first, and the month of October having actual possession, Autumn presented that favored month first of all, and from her store of riches, picked out the festival of St. Edward as the most appropriate special gift to offer. The curtain was withdrawn, and we all beheld the tableaux of St. Edward curing the sick; November then presented the tableau of St. Cecilia. Autumn retired and Winter came on the scene. By no means a severe winter; if we had such pleasant winters permanently located in this latitude, the months of December, January and February would not be the blustry, roisterly, intractable months they are, but like our winter's December represented by the tableau taken from Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," which many mistake for the Assumption; and January would delight in having all his days as beautiful as the festival of St. Agnes, the child-martyr, which, again, our Winter presented us as the most appropriate offering that could be brought forward in the month of January; and February would follow January's example, as he did at this time, by giving the tableau of St. Agatha, the glory of Syracuse as St. Agnes is of Rome.

Spring succeeded Winter; but, again, not one of your backward Springs, as you generally find them blowing cold and hot—sometimes smiling, sometimes frowning,—but a calm, peaceful, mild and gentle spring, whose first month, March, opened to our view the tableau of the Annunciation; April gave the tableau of St. Catherine, and May, the great month here, the tableau of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Summer came—our favorite season of the year—the time of vacation and relaxation, of pleasant times and railroad trips, to say nothing of pic-nics and ice-cream. Our favorite season, then, introduced her months; June presenting us the tableau of St. Margaret of Scotland, July a tableau, in two acts, of the Wise Virgins and the Foolish ones, and August the tableau of the Assumption.

Autumn again appeared and brought forward September, which month recalled to the memory of the Rev. Father General the fact that he first arrived in this country on the 14th day of that month, by presenting to his view the tableau of the Exaltation of the Cross. Scarcely had the music that accompanied this tableau died away and the tableau itself vanished from our view, than we were reminded that October still held possession, as Autumn again brought forward that month in the tableau of the Nine Choirs of Angels.

We have studiously avoided all words of encomium upon the tableaux. Good judges, who were there, pronounced them excellent and they may give their appreciative remarks, pointing out which were best, what might be improved in this, or left

out in that. We have avoided encomiums simply from the fact that we would have been obliged to say the same of all, for they all pleased us immensely, and, though we do not always agree in opinion with all who were present, we cordially go with them in their praises of the tableaux.

But though the tableaux were in themselves so worthy of commendation, the accessories added much to their effect. Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer, when introducing their months and presenting in the tableaux a choice offering from each to the Very Rev. Father, spoke so well that it was like music to the ear. There was none of your drawling, none of your sing-song cadence, nor hesitation, nor haste, nor mumbling; but each word clear, well cut, musically modulated, and each address a well-executed piece of music, leaving not only the mind satisfied, but also the senses gratified. If to this we join the perfect execution of the young ladies chosen to preside at the piano, and the singing of the young vocalists and their instructress, all of which had reference to the tableaux; our readers may easily conclude that during the whole of this narrative we have been obliged to keep a strong hold upon our pen to prevent it leaving the sober course it has pursued and indulging in many adjectives, all in the superlative degree.

Music.

The Juniors have formed an orchestra of their own, under the direction of Bro. Leopold. They have the best musicians in their department. We hope to have the pleasure of listening to their concerts this winter.

The "Ave Verum," (by Borders), sung last Sunday by Prof. Von Weller, as base, and R. Staley, as soprano, is one of the finest pieces of music we ever heard, and was rendered admirably by the singers.

Our orchestra deserves credit for its fine music Wednesday evening, 12th inst. However, if it could possibly resume the old stand, return to its favorite place, our eyes, as well as our ears, would be charmed, and it would have for this little trouble the honest thanks of the audience. We dare make the same remarks to our fast-improving Brass Band. Let them put on a little brass, *as triplex*, and come nearer the stage.

We understand that a fine piano will be procured, exclusively for the use of Washington Hall.

The young gentlemen of the Conservatory are expected to give a concert in the large parlor Sunday evening, Nov. 6th. The vocalists of Prof. Corby will contribute their excellent music on this occasion.

A VERY welcome visitor to our room is the *Printer's Circular*.

THE boat-race was quite an exciting affair; the "Pinta" gained the prize.

Look for the "Rogueries of Scapin" on St. Cecilia's day, November 22d.

THE Orchestra played the overture of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," on the 13th.

THE Thespians distinguished themselves in the play of "Twould Puzzle a Conjuror."

PROF. HOWARD will begin his "Lectures on Modern History" Wednesday, 26th inst.

ST. EDWARD'S day was celebrated with even more than the usual amount of enthusiasm.

WE are glad to hear from the Boating Club: any indication of life in that direction is a good sign.

THE vocalists were well represented on the 13th by A. and G. Riopelle, J. Rumley, R. Staley and V. Hackmann.

DANCING.—Prof. Ivers has again offered his services to the amateurs of dancing, and has organized a class in each department.

St. Edward's Day at Notre Dame.

Again has Time, in its ceaseless revolutions, brought us the balmy breezes, delicious fruits, and variegated tints of Autumn; Nature everywhere presenting her final, grand appearance ere she retires to her dormant state. Here at Notre Dame, where we are attracted by the many beauties and pleasures of this season, our minds naturally and unconsciously revert to that period when a zealous priest of Holy Cross entered upon his life of missionary labors, and converted by degrees a wild and gloomy forest into a beautiful, smiling landscape. That priest is the venerable Father Edward Sorin, now raised to the dignity of Superior General of his Order, and whom we revere as the founder of our flourishing *Alma Mater*; and that once wild forest now exults in the sweet name of Notre Dame.

It is in this most befitting season that St. Edward's Day, the patronal festival of Father Sorin, is made an especial occasion for rejoicing at Notre Dame. Yes, as Autumn's hues begin to appear, and the 13th of October to draw nigh, the minds of former students wander back to the celebrations of that festival in which they once participated, and present students look forward to the day upon which they may testify their affection and esteem for one whom they have learned to regard as a father.

By a glance at the programme appended, our readers may judge of the extent of the celebration of the twenty-seventh annual festival of St. Edward, on Thursday, the 13th inst.

PROGRAMME—WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Entrance March.....	N. D. U. C. Band
Overture—(Il Barbiere di Siviglia).....	Orchestra
Address from Senior Department.....	T. O'Mahony
Solo and Quartette.....	A. and G. Riopelle J. Rumley R. Staley V. Hackman
Greek Address.....	T. H. Johnson
Solo—(Claribel).....	R. Staley
Address from Junior Department.....	S. Ashton
Solo—(Recitative and Aria).....	A. Riopelle
French Address.....	R. McCarthy
Duett—(Verdi).....	Robert Staley J. Rumley
German Address.....	J. Wuest
Solo—("My Last Cigar").....	V. Hackman
Address from Minim Department.....	Edward DeGroot
Music.....	Orchestra

FARCE.

"TWOULD PUZZLE A CONJURER."

Persons Represented:

Peter, Czar of Muscovy.....	M. J. Moriarty
Van Dunder.....	J. A. Fox
Peter Stannitz.....	D. B. Hibbard
Van Block.....	E. B. Gambee
Baron Von Clump.....	T. A. Dillon
Admiral Varensoff.....	J. A. Loranger
Count De Merville.....	R. McCarthy
Hones.....	W. Robert
Officer.....	J. K. Finley
Major Domo.....	F. B. Shepherd
Workmen, Guards, etc., etc.	
Closing Remarks.....	
Grand Retiring March.....	N. D. U. Band

Thursday, 8 o'clock, A. M.....	Solemn High Mass
" 10 o'clock, A. M.....	Boat Race
" 2 o'clock P. M.....	Base-Ball Game for the Championship, between the Juanita and Star of the East Base-Ball Clubs.

On the eve of the 13th we were reminded of the following day's solemnity by the joyous peal of bells in the church-tower, and the illuminated appearance of Washington Hall called us thither.

Accordingly, defying the rain, that was then falling in torrents, we rushed for the open door, no living object impeding our way—and we needed not a *cove-catcher*. Here the entertainment, the heaviest part of the programme, took place.

The music of the band was above the average of former years, but the orchestra surprised us by playing so well, as it has been organized but a short time. The accompaniment to the "Last Rose of Summer," sung by Master Robert Staley, was as beautiful as it was novel.

The addresses from the three Departments were well delivered and received with applause. Mr T. O'Mahony deserves much praise for his excellent address. Master S. Ashton read his clearly and distinctly. But the address from the Minim Department elicited the most enthusiastic applause. This was read by a *big*, little gentleman, in the person of Master Edly DeGroot, who assumed a grave and dignified deportment, with his swallow-tailed coat, high, shining beaver, stiff, standing collar, and cane! The other addresses, in the various languages, were, in general, well read, that is, as far as we are able to judge, audibly read; but a few could have admitted of much improvement. The vocal music of the evening was very good, and highly appreciated.

The play of the evening was a Farce, entitled "Would Puzzle a Conjuror," presented by the Thespian Association, under the able direction of Prof. M. T. Corby, A. M. Time will not permit us to give a detailed account of the performance, nor are we qualified for the office of critic; still a few words may not be amiss. One great fault was quite evident throughout; some of the parts were not well known, and the actors, consequently, did not generally enter into the spirit of the play.

Mr. Moriarty personated well, but we think Mr. M.'s qualifications fit him better for the tragedy. "Van Dunder" found a fair personator in Mr. Fox, but an ignoramus is not at all times a comical character, as Mr. Fox would have us believe. We doubt whether "Peter Stannitz" could be much better represented than he was by Mr. Hibbard. Mr. Gambee was very timid, still he sustained well his part. Mr. Loranger was noted for his distinct and pleasant delivery. Mr. Dillon does not make a good Dutchman, still his well-established reputation brought him through triumphantly. Coolness, calculation, and earnestness were the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Finley. The other characters were well personated.

Upon the conclusion of the play, Very Rev. Father General, in a few well-chosen remarks, expressed his heartfelt thanks for the honor extended him, after which all retired to the music of the band.

The morning of St. Edward's Day broke bright and fresh, but at times during the day the sky was overclouded. At 8 o'clock, A. M., Father Sorin, assisted by Fathers Corby and Granger, as Deacon and Subdeacon, celebrated Solemn High Mass in the church of the Sacred Heart; and after the Gospel, preached a sermon, bearing upon the character of Saints, especially that of St. Edward.

After Mass the Faculty of the University repaired in a body to the apartments of the Very Rev. Father, when Prof. L. G. Tong, in their behalf, tendered their congratulations. To these the Rev. recipient responded briefly in his usual pleasing manner.

Immediately afterwards, all proceeded to the shores of St. Joseph lake to witness a boat race. We were not long waiting when the signal was given to start, and in a short time both boats had gained the opposite shore. The decision was in favor of the first crew. The race was not a very exciting one, but it was only one of a series to take place during the year.

At 12 o'clock all sat down to a sumptuous dinner, when ample justice was done to the turkeys, mince-pies, fruits, and other good things.

The afternoon was spent in the contention for valuable prizes in base-ball and various sports. In the Senior Department a fine gold pen was awarded to each of the following gentlemen for general good playing: Messrs. Zahn, and O'Rourke, of the Juanita B. B. C.; and Messrs. Mitchell and Good-

ell, of the Star of the East B. B. C. Owing to the exertions of Bro. Aloysius the prizes in the Junior Department were more valuable and of greater variety than those of the Senior. Those successful in the competition were Mr. P. Reilly, for foot-racing, a gold pen and beautiful shawl pin; also to Mr. C. Dodge, for the same, a splendid book; and to each of the following was awarded a gold pen for the same, P. Scott, C. Burdell, S. Ashton, and B. Luhn. To L. Roth also a gold pen for best in wheel-barrow race. For bag-racing, books were awarded to C. Ortmayer and A. Hoerber. For excellence in gymnastic exercises, splendid books were awarded to C. Berdell, A. Ortmayer, and R. Delahy. Besides these, there were numerous other premiums.

After supper the grand piano was moved from the college parlor into the Junior study-hall, where the students of that department spent a pleasant evening singing and dancing.

We are assured that at no time did the students in general enjoy themselves to such an extent as on last St. Edward's Day, and we all earnestly hope that Very Rev. Father General may long be spared to celebrate many more festivals of his royal patron.

KRALC.

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

"Anon through every pulse the music stole,
"And held sublime communion with the soul;
"Wring from the coyest breast th' imprisoned sigh,
"And kindled rapture in the coldest eye!"

Montgomery.

Such was the effect produced upon us by the sweet sounds which greeted us, as we entered the neatly arranged hall at St. Mary's, on the evening of the 13th inst., where the Misses Young, Foote and Shirland were executing the "Overture to Figaro," in that artistic and appreciative style so characteristic of the musical performances at St. Mary's.

As the rich tones of the piano died away, the curtain was drawn aside and Miss M. Shirland came forward and read, in tones not less sweet than those to which we had just been listening, an address, in that sweetest of tongues, the French; presenting to Very Rev. Father General, in the language of his own beloved country, the congratulations and good wishes of the pupils of St. Mary's, on the recurrence of his patronal feast.

Then followed another address, in the vigorous tongue of Germany, read in a beautiful style by Miss M. Lange. Although not sufficiently acquainted with the German language to understand the address, yet I listened with pleasure; for the clear and well modulated voice of the reader made the language of Goethe and Schiller sound like the grand music of their own majestic forests.

After the addresses, Miss Smythe, the presiding genius in the department of vocal music at St. Mary's, sang one of her beautiful songs in her own beautiful style—Miss C. Foote accompanying on the piano. Of this song I will not attempt any criticism; for exclusive praise is distasteful to the truly meritorious, and here I could only praise, and besides no praise of mine could enhance the reputation, as a vocalist, which Miss Smythe already enjoys.

Now followed the amusing part of the programme—an original melo-dramatic entertainment, by the Juniors and Minims, entitled "Extravaganza," in which there was a profusion of fairies, (and sweet little fairies they were,) who played so many queer tricks, and said so many funny things that we never once dreamt of counting the moments as they flew by, and felt as disappointed when the performance was over as we usually do when we have read the last chapter of an interesting story—that is if all felt as I did.

Yet, delightful as was the Junior's part of the entertainment, it was not the chief feature of the evening, as we soon discovered, when Miss Clara

Foot, in the character of Autumn, and looking, in her beautiful brown costume, as lovely as the rich fruit of the season surrounded by the fading leaves, began the address of the Seasons to Very Rev. Father General, enlivening the lofty poetry in which the wishes of the fair spirit of Autumn were expressed, by presenting living tableaux, indicative of the virtues and gifts which the Seasons would attribute to him who was the object of their congratulations.

At the appropriate stage of the address, the curtain was drawn aside and we beheld a personification of St. Edward, surrounded by the sick and deformed, whom he was in the act of healing. The glare of the artificial red fire, thrown upon this living picture, gave a heavenly beauty to objects already beautiful, and when the falling of the curtain shut out the pleasing vision, we sighed as on the vanishing of a delightful dream.

This tableau was followed by a song, tastefully sung by Miss M. Tuberty; and then the spirit of Autumn introduced her second tableau, which represented St. Cecilia presiding at an organ, and surrounded by angels. So lifelike did everything appear, that we instinctively listened for the swelling notes of the king of musical instruments; but the falling of the curtain again informed us that, though a living, it was a silent tableau.

Winter now appeared, in the person of Miss Sturgis, who, though arrayed in appropriate white robes, looked, by no means as chilling as the season she represented, while her warm greetings, illustrated by tableaux, as before, would have reconciled any heart to any season.

The first tableau presented by this new spirit was that of the "Immaculate Conception," and the celestial appearance of the personating characters could not fail to render that beautiful truth of Mary's entire freedom from every stain of original guilt, more dear to the Christian heart.

This tableau was followed by music on the piano, executed in classic style by Miss M. Shirland, after which Winter presented, in due form, a second tableau: "St. Agnes," the child-martyr of Rome. It would be impossible to describe the serene beauty of this living picture, and the mind naturally asked: "What must have been the sublime loveliness of the reality, when animated by that all-consuming love of God, which enabled her to look without regret upon the life of ease and enjoyment which she was about to lose, and welcome as dear friends the cruel instruments of death!"

To this tableau succeeded a vocal duet, by the Misses Parks and Randall. Of this song I will only say that the young ladies, who rendered it so well, gave full evidence of having profited by the rare advantage of having Miss Smythe for instructress in this delightful art.

The last tableau presented by the spirit of Winter was that of St. Agatha, which corresponded in beauty and suggestiveness with those already presented.

Spring now appeared, in the person of Miss Agnes Locke, whose mild and gentle manner was well calculated to represent that beautiful season, and, offering her tribute of good wishes to Father General, she also introduced, successively, three appropriate tableaux, the "Annunciation," "St. Catherine," and "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart." These tableaux were beautifully presented, and were diversified by vocal and instrumental music, furnished respectively by Miss Smythe and Miss Shirland.

Summer next came forward, in the person of Miss Hattie Niel, robed in gorgeous pink and white, and warmed all hearts by the fervor of her greetings to Father General. Her tableaux, appropriately introduced, were: "St. Margaret of Scotland," "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," and the "Assumption." What has been said of the other tableaux, may be said equally of these—they were delightful and inspiring. Between the tableaux,

Miss Smythe and Miss Foote regaled us with song and music on the piano, while little Miss Rose put us all in a delightful humor by her Gipsy song, accompanied with appropriate action.

We were now prepared to welcome the return of Autumn, who reappeared with new greetings and two additional tableaux: "The Exaltation of the Cross," and the "Nine Choirs of Angels." This last tableau was truly angelic, and we should be glad indeed to accompany those earthly angels when they go to take their place among the angels of a better world.

The songs by Miss Ward and Miss Smythe, which gave variety to these scenes of beauty, gave equal pleasure to their hearers.

The Seasons had now paid their tribute to the venerated guest of the evening, and he in return offered, in his own fatherly style, his thanks to those who had so beautifully expressed their good wishes for him, and regretted only that the parents and friends of the young ladies could not have been present to witness their success in the entertainment, which, though continued for two hours, appeared still too short, because so beautiful.

We now left the hall, reluctantly indeed, for we found it difficult to withdraw ourselves from the enchantment of that delicious music which leaped so joyfully from the piano under the magic touch of Miss Borup and Miss Shirland. But music, however charming, will not dispense with the necessity of supper, and hence we proceeded to discuss a bountiful repast prepared for us in the green parlor, by the good Sisters of St. Mary's.

Thus ended St. Edward's day at St. Mary's; and we all returned home delighted and improved by what we had seen and heard.

I would be glad to mention the names of all who formed the groups in the tableaux, but cannot, as most of them are unknown to me. I regret this, not only because it deprives me of an opportunity of paying them, individually, a compliment which they richly deserve, but also because that fact reminds me that so many amiable and intelligent looking young ladies are not among my acquaintances.

In conclusion I must say that never before was it my good fortune to witness so delightful an entertainment at St. Mary's—or any place else—and I must, at the same time, return my sincere thanks to Mother Angela, by whose kind invitation I was enabled to spend so pleasant and so profitable an evening. M. B. B.

THE regular reports of classes will appear in the next number of the SCHOLASTIC.

VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX is expected to-morrow (Saturday) at the College, and preparations are now making for his reception.

MR. LUCIUS HUBBARD, an old student of Notre Dame, practicing law in South Bend, was elected State Senator from this district, by a majority of 829.

OUR enthusiastic editorial thanks are due, and a slight instalment is hereby given, to our generous old friends, who have so kindly responded to our letters.

WE welcome the National Union, the Burlington Index, the Acorn, the McKendree Repository, the Young Catholic's Guide, the Central New York Catholic, and the Star of the West.

WE learn from Prof. Lyons that he intends bringing out the St. Cecilians in great force, on the 22d of November. Molière's "Fourberies de Scapin," will be, or has been—we don't know which—translated and adapted for the Juniors, and as there is no end of Scapins among the Juniors, they can be easily adapted to the play.

As most of the subscribers of the SCHOLASTIC take the AVE MARIA also, we have concluded to suspend the publication of the "Voyage of Don Giovanni Mastai, etc.," in the SCHOLASTIC and publish it in the AVE MARIA only.

ON Thursday, Oct. 20, an earthquake was felt through quite a large region of country. From the daily papers we see that it extended from Portland, Me., as far west as Milwaukee, reaching Montreal to the north and Cincinnati to the south. It was perceptibly felt in the college, and created quite a surprise among both professors and students.

DONATION.—A collection of valuable books was presented to the University of Notre Dame, last week, by Hon. A. C. Dodge, of Iowa. We return our sincere thanks, and hope Mr. Dodge will live long to edify his fellow-citizens in the future, as he has in the past, by a most brilliant public and irreproachable private life. We also have every reason to believe his two promising sons now under our care, will copy the splendid example of their good and worthy father.

Arrivals.

Jesse E. Pumphrey,	Columbus, Ohio.
Alvah Foster,	Chicago, Illinois.
James J. Wilson,	Trenton, New Jersey.
Eugene M. Newton,	Mackinaw, Michigan.
Pierre Skelton,	Logansport, Indiana.
B. McGloan,	Albany, New York.
James Mees,	Muskegon, Michigan.
John Drake,	Willow Springs, Illinois.
Michael Healy,	Hyde Park, Illinois.
John Healy,	" "
B. J. Templeton,	Harmony, Illinois.
Laurence M. Rupert,	Pekin, Illinois.
Michael Keeley,	Beloit, Wisconsin.
David Harding,	Columbus, Ohio.
Perry Unruh,	Wanatah, Indiana.
William J. Fletcher,	St. Louis, Missouri.
Samuel McCoy,	Hyde Park, Illinois.
Peter Scott,	Cleveland, Ohio.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 7.—J. A. Loranger, John Rourke, P. Federspiel, T. Johnson, T. Ireland, J. Heine, E. Sweeny, J. Mulquinn, M. Spellacy, J. Evans.

October 14.—S. Hogan, W. Crenshaw, W. Clarke, V. Hogan, S. Miller, J. Fox, John Dunn, J. McGlynn, T. O'Mahony, H. Trautman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

October 7.—J. McGuire, W. Wiltach, C. Dodge, P. Scott, John McHugh, W. Mayers, E. Gribbling, J. Ireland, H. Brower, E. Howland, Frank Areutz.

October 14.—H. Kinkad, J. Goeese, H. Breckweg, J. Ruddiman, J. Spillard, R. Lange, J. Quill, D. McGinnis, J. Heintz, M. Hunter, T. Selby.

M. A. J. B.

HONORABLE MENTION—MINIM DEPARTMENT.—G. Gross, C. Campeau, E. Marshall, O. Tong, H. Quan, S. Hopkins, E. DeGroot, C. Tarble, W. Morris, C. Whitney, C. Morse.

THE library of Strasbourg which the bombs and shells of the besiegers recently destroyed contained, it is said, no less than 150,000 volumes. Among its treasures were the MSS. of Herrade de Lansperg, abbess of St. Odile, entitled "Hortus Deliciarum," which dates from the twelfth century. A "Recueil de Prières," of the eighth and ninth centuries, on vellum, in letters of gold and silver, and a poem by Conrad Wurzburg called the "Guerre de Troie," in 60,000 verses.

THE rule for the use of *ei* and *ie*, given by our esteemed correspondent, is almost without exception. We have seen the rule in one of the numerous spellers that are published. We would be very glad to receive the rule spoken of, and would publish them not only for the benefit of our young friends, but also for older folk, who at times are puzzled as much as their juniors, and are obliged to refer to the dictionary, or be in doubt whether "the word" was spelled or misspelled.

"I see in your notice of Wilson's Progressive Speller you refer to an orthographical difficulty which is exceedingly common, and for which I have never seen a given remedy in any speller or dictionary. If you will allow me I will suggest a rule which may be of assistance in the dexterous management of that troublesome combination of letters, *i* and *e*. It is this:

"After *e*, *e* comes first.

"This sounds rather obscure perhaps, but explanation makes it very simple.

"As in the alphabet, *e* is the first vowel following the letter *c*, so in spelling, *e* should be the first vowel following the letter *c*, in words containing the two vowels referred to—*i* and *e*. For instance: In *receive*, *ceiling*, the place of the *e* is nearest the *c*. In other instances, where *e* does not immediately precede these two vowels the *i* takes the first place, as in *niece*, *relief*.

"Let this explanation be once thoroughly understood by a pupil, and he will experience no further difficulty in this class of words. If he comprehends the explanation there is no occasion to memorize it. Let him memorize the rule only—after *c*, *e* comes first.

"I have in my possession some "Rules of Orthography and their application," that please me well on examination, though of course the true test of such things is the schoolroom, and I have not seen them tried there. They are few and simple and seem adapted to the capacity of children,—the only set of "Rules for Spelling" I know of, having that quality, though my limited acquaintance with such things may perhaps bias my judgment. I should be happy to send you a copy if desired."

THE POET'S STOCK IN TRADE.—A writer in his advice to young poets wisely advises them to avoid certain stereotyped expressions which have been so often used that they have become a sort of common property, and furnishes an inventory of a modern poet's material as follows:

"Two hundred loud-mouthed cannon; 2,500 whistling bullets; 150 pounds glistening steel; 2 tons of battle-field smoke; 500 prancing and neighing steeds; 300 beautiful maidens, assorted; 250 gallant youths; 10 broken hearts; 75 raven tresses, various lengths; 175 stars, twinkling and blinking; 120 blue eyes, finest quality; 100 black eyes of uncommon brightness; 1 hoghead of tears; 1,000 sighs deep and affecting; 10 dozen gleaming swords; 110 waving flags and streaming banners; 1 idea, supposed to be new; 1 grain common sense."

Nobody need suffer from warts after reading the lucid account of their origin, given by a medical journal. When we know the true cause of a disease it is easy to apply the remedy. "The papillomata (warts, condylomata, epithelioma) originate essentially in an active neoplastic process taking place in the rete, which penetrates, to a greater or less extent, into the likewise hypertrophied connective tissue matrix of the corium. The papillae of the cutis here, too, perform only a passive role, their elongation and dendritic form being occasioned by the hypertrophy of the epidermis; while the elevation of the surface of the skin is due to the hypertrophy of both.

THE *Evening Post* says: To "scrape an acquaintance," obtain an assistant's place in a Turkish bath.

Notices of Publications.

THE FIRST CLASS-BOOK OF HISTORY, designed for pupils commencing the study of History, with questions adapted to the use of schools. By M. J. Kerney, A. M. Twenty-third revised and improved edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Mr. Kerney has devoted much of his time to promoting the interests of Catholic youth. The little book of history we have mentioned at the head of this notice is an evidence of his ability, and a proof of his success. His success is seen in the fact that his book has gone through twenty-three editions. A glance over the book itself shows that it is worthy of the success it has attained.

The plan the author has adopted is to give an outline of history, both ancient and modern. Of course, the subject is treated briefly, and about as many words are used in giving the history of some countries as it would require volumes were the history given in full. After running thus hastily over Ancient History and general Modern History, the author dwells at greater length on the History of the American Colonies, of the United States, and also gives a fuller, though still brief history of England, France and Ireland, with a very succinct account of Italy, Spain, and, in fact, of each and all of the modern States of Europe.

Mr. Kerney's style is just what it ought to be—clear and concise. No rhetoric is required to keep the attention of the young on the events related, which are in themselves so interesting.

The only suggestion we could offer to the author is an improvement on his book is that an additional chapter, short, should be added for the South American States and Mexico; another for a brief account of the history of the discoveries made in the Pacific Ocean, China and Japan within the last three hundred years. We think that such additional chapters, without much increasing the bulk of the book, would be profitable to the young student; for though Mexico and the South American States are incidentally mentioned in connection with Spain and Portugal, they are not brought forward in a manner to make an impression on the reader's mind.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY, AND HORTICULTURAL ADVERTISER, edited by Thomas Meehan; published by Brinckloe and Marot, Philadelphia.

This is a valuable periodical, devoted to Horticulture, Arboreculture, Botany and rural affairs generally, and is edited by a practical gardener. Many of the articles in the October number are important; "Hints for October," are to the point, and are of much service to those who take interest in the welfare of their flowers.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The Society held its fifth and sixth meetings respectively on the 8th and 15th of October. On these two evenings the debate—*Resolved*, "That the Indians possess a right to the soil," was pretty ably and forcibly discussed. Masters S. Ashton, C. Burdell, J. Nash, C. Hutchings, D. Brown maintained the affirmative; Masters M. Mahony, C. Dodge, R. Staley, L. Hayes, S. Dum defended the negative; Masters D. Egan and J. Foley, as auxiliaries, assisted the affirmative; Master B. Roberts volunteered in favor of the negative. The President after reviewing the subject gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. After this, Masters Petterson, Goeese, and Obert, presented themselves for membership, and after having performed the duties required by the Association, they were unanimously elected. Master Vincent Hackman was then appointed Vice-President of the Orpheonic Branch, which office he so faithfully filled two years ago. On taking the seat assigned him, he was loudly applauded.

D. EGAN.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Spring Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend	11 32 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 10 a. m.
" "	2 33 p. m.	" "	4 10 a. m.
" "	9 05 p. m.	" "	1 50 p. m.
" "	12 37 a. m.	" "	5 30 p. m.
Accommodation	7 43 p. m.	Arrive at Elkhart	8 20 p. m.
Way Freight,	4 31 p. m.		

GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend	1 36 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	4 20 p. m.
" "	3 06 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
" "	4 20 a. m.	" "	7 20 a. m.
" "	4 34 p. m.	" "	8 10 p. m.
Accommodation	6 55 a. m.	" "	10 30 a. m.
Way Freight,	12 12 p. m.		

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GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.
Freight, 4:05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.
Freight, 4:50 a. m.

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Oct 18-70

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" Henrietta Honeyman,	Logansport, Ind.
" J. Hynds,	Morris, Ill.
" M. Delong,	Chicago, Ill.
" Lulu Clancey,	" "
" Florence Lincoln,	" "
" L. Bownel,	" "

TABLE OF HONOR—SENIOR DEPT.

September 18.—Misses M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, J. Hogue, A. Clarke, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, A. Cornish, K. Robinson, M. Shanks, M. Dillon.

October 9th.—Misses Robinson, Finley, Frost, Browa, Haymond, Mast, Hendricks, Spiere, Heth, Ford, Ritchie, Woods.

October 16th.—Misses Shanks, Ray, Reynolds, Shea, Fox, Shea, Green, Finley, Ward, Ogden, Murphy, Ogbourne.

HONORABLE MENTION—SENIOR DEPT.

Graduating Class—Misses Neil, Sturgis, Kirwin, Moriarty, Young, Locke, O'Neil, Millard, and Foote.

First Senior Class—Misses Tuberty, Dillon, Hogue, Shirland, Kellogg, Marshall, Clarke, Borup, Parks, Randall, Forbes, Shanks, Hurst, Tinsley, Cornish.

Second Senior Class—Misses Zell, Lassen, Butters, Corchrane, Lange, Bucklin, O'Brien, Casey, Haymond, Frost, Brown, Finley, A. Shea.

Third Senior Class—Misses Shea, Mast, Dooley, Powell, Duffield, Ogden, Ward, Hoover, Dickert, Finley, Hendricks, Snoud, Gettz, Spiers, Heath, Kearney, Niel, Clarke, J. and R. Leoni.

Third Class—Misses Jones, Gross, Kearney, Niel, Clark.

First Preparatory—Misses Letourneau, McFarlane, Wilder, Nelson, Wood, Falvey, Sammons, Ritchie, Ford, Price, Woods, Spillard, Wicke, and K. Royd.

Second Preparatory—Misses Devoto, Murphy, Ozburn, Greenleaf, McIntyre, Loyd, Royland, Prince, Emmons, L. and M. Wier.

Third Preparatory—Misses Nash, Klassen, Birney, Frazer.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses Foote, Shirland.

Second Class—Misses Borup, Spiers. Second Division—Miss Carmody.

Third Class—Misses Reynolds, Cornish, Randall, Hurst.

Fourth Class—Misses Duffield, Cable, Wilder, Jones, Ogden, Forbes.

Fifth Class—Misses Letourneau, Macfarlane, Kreutzer.

Sixth Class—Misses Byrnes, Dillon.

Seventh Class—Misses Boyland, Prince.

Eighth Class—Miss Tinsley.

Ninth Class—Misses Hildreth, LeHaven.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Misses Parks, Randall, Tuberty, Ward.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses Shirland, Niel, Millard.

TABLE OF HONOR—JUNIOR DEPT.

September 28.—N. Gross, L. Yoner, M. Kreutzer, M. A. Roberts, A. Byrne, G. Darling, L. Wood, A. Robson, L. Tinsley, K. Loyd, and M. Hildreth.

October 5th.—Misses M. Quan, A. Clark, L. Niel, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, L. Harrison, M. Hoover, A. Garrity, Ada and Minnie Garrity.

October 12th.—Misses Prince, Lloyd, Cummings, Horgan, Rose, Jones, Gross, Kreutzer, Honeyman, Reynolds, DeLong, McKinnon.

First Preparatory—Misses Quan, Kearney, Robson, Kreutzer.

Second Preparatory—Misses Garrity, Tinsley, Cummings, Morgan, Darling, Byrne, Rush, Hoover, Garrity.

Third Preparatory—Misses Horgan, McKinnon, Darling, Roberts.

First Junior Class—Misses Prince, Reynolds, Wood, Harrison.

Second Junior Class—Misses Nisley, Garrity, Lloyd.

First Drawing Class—Misses Kirwin, Millard, Robison, Dillon, Robson, Ward, Shanks, Marshall, Woods.

Second Class—Misses Clark, Heth, Hoyt, Wood, Hogue, Spicer, Bucklow, Butters, Quan.

Water Color Painting—Misses Kirwin, Robison, Robson, Dillon.

Oil Painting—Misses Millard, Robson, Kirwin, Ward.

On September 27th, the children of the Holy Angels Sodality, held their usual weekly meeting in the sodality room. After reciting the little office of the Holy Angels, the members proceeded to the election of new officers for the coming year. The following young misses were elected:

President—Mary Kreutzer.

Vice-President—Minnie Quan.

Secretary—Nellie Gross.

Librarian—Lillie Jones.

In Memoriam.

On the 4th inst., a Solemn Requiem Anniversary High Mass was celebrated, by Very Rev. Father General, in the Chapel of Loretto, for the repose of the soul of Miss Eliza Dunbar, who died Oct. 4th, 1865. The Sisters of Holy Cross and Children of Mary approached Holy Communion for the same pious intention.

Miss Dunbar had been for several years a pupil at St. Mary's Academy. At the time of her leaving school she filled the office of president of the Children of Mary. By her piety and amiability she gave edification and satisfaction to her teachers and companions, and is still affectionately remembered by all who then knew her.

Just before her death, which took place in Washington, D. C., she earnestly requested that her remains should be buried at St. Mary's—that spot, around which her most pious affections fondly lingered, for she hoped thus to secure the frequent, prayerful remembrance of those loved teachers and companions, with whom she had often united in devotional exercises, in that sweet Chapel of Loretto, where all who dwell within the precincts of St. Mary's love to kneel in adoration before the Holy Tabernacle, or lovingly speak to our Blessed Lady in this little sanctuary so especially dedicated to the Mother of Jesus.

The pious desires of the deceased have been fulfilled. She rests near the Convent Cemetery, and the noble monument, which parental love has erected over her grave, reminds all who visit that sacred spot to pray for the repose of her who thus appeals to their affectionate and pious remembrance.

We had the pleasure, on Tuesday evening, 18th inst., of listening to one of the finest debates that has been held in the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society this session. The question: *Resolved*, "That the Separation of Ireland from England would be beneficial to the former." The subject was handled in a masterly-like style by Messrs. Moriarty and Carr, on the affirmative, and Messrs. Johnson and Hibbard, on the negative. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The manner in which the two former gentlemen sustained their side of the question speaks highly in their favor.

X. Y. Z.

Boating Club.

By an oversight, or some fault of the reporters of the SCHOLASTIC, the "Notre Dame Boating Club" have been paddling over the St. Jo for two months past without your readers knowing anything about it. It would be too long to detail their achievements, from the earnest rowing over the deep waters to the crab catching and clam fishing in which fresh water crews are very apt to indulge. Therefore, we let our friends imagine all the fun possible, and place it to the credit of the Notre Dame Boat Club, at the same time we will assure them that they are not far from the track in their imaginations.

The present state of the N. D. B. C. is entirely satisfactory. The crews are full, and composed of vigorous Seniors. The respective efficiency of the two crews was well tested in the race of the 13th, in which the "Santa Maria" won the prize by only a few feet. The boats, "Santa Maria" and "Pinta," are in splendid trim, and well taken care off by their crews.

The boat-house is now completely finished, and is very commodious. In short, the present state of our boat club is very satisfactory.

The officers for this session are as follows:

Rev. A. Lemonnier, Director.

Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, President.

R. Finley, Vice-President.

D. B. Hibbard, Secretary.

J. K. Finley, Treasurer.

A. Riopelle, Commodore.

Crew of the "Santa Maria":

Prof. M. A. J. Baasen, Stroke oar; J. A. Fox, D. B. Hibbard; W. Roberts, coxswain.

Crew of the "Pinta":

R. Finley, Stroke oar; J. A. Finley, A. and G. Riopelle; R. McCarthy, coxswain.

Base-Ball.

MR. EDITOR:—A very interesting game of base-ball was played on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, between the second nines of the Juanita and Star of the East Base-ball Clubs.

Though it was rather cool, both nines did excellent playing in the field. The Star of the East won the toss, and sent their opponents to the bat. As the respective players took their places, it was certainly a splendid sight, and still more so as the nines were so equally matched. The Star of the East took the field and allowed the Juanitas a single score, who, in return, did the same. At the close of the "seventh" the game stood in favor of the Juanitas by a score of 31 to 25; but in the two following innings the Star of the East seemed to "fall back" on their heavy batting, and won the game by a score of 38 to 36.

THE SCORE:

JUANITA.	O	R	STAR OF EAST.	O	R
Johnson, 1st b.....	3	5	Mulquinn, 1st b.....	5	2
Crenshaw, r f.....	4	3	Mitchell, s f.....	4	5
Evans, 3 b.....	4	3	Watts, 3 b.....	1	7
Meyer, c f.....	6	2	Goodell, c.....	3	5
Kuhn, s s.....	0	6	Mernane, 2 b.....	2	6
Rourke, p.....	4	3	Walsh, p.....	4	3
Arrington, 2 b.....	2	6	Duffy, c f.....	4	3
Swenk, c.....	0	1	Clarke, s s.....	2	4
Zahn, s f.....	4	2	Reilly, r f.....	2	3

Total: - - - - - 27 36 Total: - - - - - 27 38

Umpire—O. H. Bell, of the Star of the East.

Scorers—Juanita, T. A. Dillon; S. E., T. Murphy.

Time of game—3½ hours. CYCLICUS.

"MARK TWAIN," says the *Printers' Circular*, by the death of his father-in-law, comes in possession of a million of dollars. This, in addition to the fortune accumulated in journalism, will foot up about a million and two hundred dollars.