

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Our Staff.

W. B. MCGORRISK.
G. E. CLARKE.
W. H. ARNOLD.
T. F. CLARKE.

J. P. O'NEILL.
R. E. FLEMING.
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M. F. HEALY.

Sonnet.

TO A FRIEND.

Ah! when shall I see thee once more, my friend?—
Thou who hast been much more than friend to me?
It may not be until this life shall end:
And then!—Shall I assuredly see thee?
God knows! hedged in by sin, with loss, defeat,
And lack of love, crowding me to the wall,
Would it be strange should I at last retreat,
And leave dread evil conqueror of all?
Kind Heaven forbid! Dear Father, pray for me!
The prayers of Godly men do much avail!
And by the promise God has given to thee,
I know that thy petitions will not fail.
So ask thy God and mine to guard me well,
That some day I may be where thou dost dwell.

ELIOT RYDER.

Mysteries of the Alphabet.

Speech being "the expression of articulate sounds by which man develops his thoughts," it is held to be his distinguishing characteristic. "God, however, in creating man gave him the faculty both of thinking and speaking, on condition that, being made for society, he should develop and perfect his instinctive capacities through education, and at the same time learn to express such ideas as he should be taught to think and reason. It is not our purpose to explain here the mysterious relations existing between thought and language, but simply to show, in a few words, how closely speech, or rather *the Alphabet* its basis and foundation, is united with the triple principle of which man is formed, viz., the spirit, the soul, and the body.

As the tongue is the necessary instrument of speech, so we may say that syllables, and not letters, constitute that wonderful and organic frame-work which is called "language." They are its living roots, or the chief stem and trunk, from which all else shoots and grows up to the golden tree of eloquence or poetry. The letters in fact have no existence except as the results of a minute analysis, for many of them are difficult if not impossible to pronounce. Syllables, on the contrary, are the primary

and original data of language. For "the synthetical" is in every case anterior to the elements into which it admits of resolution. The letters, therefore, first arise out of the chemical decomposition of the syllables, so to speak; but the results of this "analytical" process vary widely in different languages, as is proven by the different results observable in the various national alphabets. While in our own we reckon twenty-six letters, in many others the number is far greater. In those Oriental languages nearest akin to our own they amount to more than thirty, while the Indian family counts as many as fifty.

It is no easy problem to indicate most of these signs by European letters, and to pronounce them it is requisite that the organs of speech should be more than ordinarily flexible. On the other hand, profound and philosophical inquirers into language, by rejecting all mere modifications of harshness or softness in the same sound,—and whatever is manifestly but a variation of the same letter, or a mixture of simpler tones,—have reduced the whole alphabet to "ten primitive elements," so that this elementary skeleton may stand thus:

Three vowels. *a, i, o.*

Three consonants *b, d, g.*

Three liquids *l, n, r.*

Sibilant *s.*

According to this system, which has not been established without great labor and acuteness by the learned Germans Bopp and Grimm; so much at least is evident that properly there are but three vowels instead of five, the E being a softened I, and U a deadened or faint O. The diphthongs, and other intermediate tones between the simple vowels, in which both the German and the English so abound, should be considered as so many musical transitions from one to the other. We may here appeal to the Hebrew as being in its system of letters, notwithstanding its other Oriental features, highly simple and profoundly significant and coherent. Its twenty-two characters may be divided into two orders; the first and higher contains the three vowels, the aspirates, and then the simplest and softest, they might almost be called the child's consonants, B. D. G. The twelve letters of the second contain all the other grosser, more corporeally-sounding consonants. Usually, indeed, *all* consonants are classed into *labials, palatals, linguals, and dentals* according to the organs employed in their utterance, with the addition of certain *nasal* and *guttural* syllables. But, however this classification may be considered in an anatomical point of view, still for that parallel which is grounded in nature itself, between speech and thought, it is quite unsatisfactory.

The grammatical division of letters into vowels and consonants is also, to say the least, incomplete. It would be far more correct to associate with them a third class of

"aspirates" for these latter may be distinguished by many a characteristic property, even though they are indicated by signs which resemble those of the former class, and are often to be resolved into them. In the alphabetical systems the aspirates stand out most individually; they assume the most varied forms, and it would almost seem as though the "ethereal breathing," which floats around them refused to be corporeally fixed and confined with as much easiness as the other elements of language.

In some languages, as for instance the Greek, according to the system extant,—which does not belong to the earliest period of its development,—the principal aspiration is not denoted by a letter but is indicated in the same way as an accent. On the contrary, in the Oriental, and in all ancient languages, the aspirants hold a very important place; indeed, it almost seems that the more aspirated a language is the nearer it approaches to its original state. There is another remarkable fact that wherever this element appears in undiminished vigor it gives to the whole language a character of antiquity and grandeur, and lends to it a pervading tone of "spiritual" gravity such as has been observed in the Arabic, and prevails also to a high degree in the Spanish, in the old Anglo-Saxon, and even in the more solemn or nervous style of Shakespeare. Generally the more a language is softened down and refined by daily use and conversation, the more it loses of this venerable impression of antiquity; and it even happens with some, as with the French, for instance, that the aspirates cease to be articulated even though they are still marked.

Now, while the aspirates form the "spiritual" element in the whole system of elementary sounds, in the vowels, on the other hand, predominates the soulful voice of song, because these above all, giving the expression of feelings and the spontaneous overflowings of the heart, constitute the chief musical harmony of language. The less, therefore, a language is overladen with consonants, and the more fully the simple vowels are sounded out, the better adapted it is for music and song. This is perhaps the reason why the Italian appears so sweet and graceful in poetry and so melodious in its "cantilene" and Venetian bar caroles; why all travellers and missionaries are so delighted in hearing the soft and melancholy strains uttered by the artless populations of Oceanica. On the contrary, the consonants which, only in part imitate sound, make up the "material" element of language. They are no doubt necessary to the richness of a language, to its firm articulation, and its variety of expression; nevertheless, when they greatly predominate, they render it "corporeal," as it were, and heavy, as the Russian and Hungarian dialects testify. In short, from what has been said, it plainly follows that there is a remarkable analogy between the division of the Alphabet into *aspirates*, *vowels*, and *consonants*, and the triple principle of human life, as consisting of *spirit*, of *soul* and of *body*. Language, therefore, or the human word, is the most perfect image of man, who is himself "the image and likeness of God."

Yes, "God the Lord formed man out of the slime of the earth," it is true, but "He breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul. "The same spirit of God, which moved over the waters in the beginning, quickens, as it were, the aspirates or breathings of the Alphabet: this is the "spiritual" element of language;—the same body formed by the hands of God, gives, so to say, flesh and bone to the consonants, which are brought forth by the various organs of the human voice; this is

the "corporeal" element of speech;—and the same living soul, endowed with intellect, love, and free-will, communicates to the human words, methodically arranged, something immortal that proceeds from the Eternal Word, "which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

PHILALETHES.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—A church choir consists of one accomplished musician, and a lot of other folk who are densely ignorant of music. The accomplished one is the one you are talking with.—*Musical Visitor*.

—We learn from *Church's Musical Visitor* for December that Mr. Wm. M. Thoms, editor of *The American Art Journal*, was recently married to the famous Chopin pianist, Miss Clara E. Colby.

—Under Napoleon III the following were the salaries paid for each concert to the leading singer: Patti, \$600; Nilsson, \$240; Madame Carvalho, \$200; Marie Roze, \$100; M. Faure, \$200; and Capoul, \$120. Patti now modestly asks \$6,000 per concert from the credulous, easy-going Americans.

—Mrs. Edwin Booth is said to have contemplated writing a book about her husband, his appearance in different characters, his opinions of different plays, etc., and had collected much material for such a work. It was to extend through several volumes and be fully illustrated. Mrs. Booth was a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, one mile west of Notre Dame.

—A recommendation: Joseffy, the pianist, always carries a dummy piano with him for practice. We publish this fact in the hope that it may reach the eyes of that young lady across the way, who thumps her piano so unmercifully night after night. By following the example of Joseffy she will not be deprived of her calisthenic exercise, and her performance will be fully as satisfactory to the neighborhood.—*Boston Transcript*.

—"Here is a sketch," said the poet
Unto the editor gay,
"That I tossed me off in an idle hour,
To pass the time away."

"Here is a club," was the answer,
In a bland and smiling way,
"With which I frequently toss me off
Six poets in a day."

—Among the official announcements of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, appears the following: "Mr. William F. Apthorp, Professor of æsthetics and musical criticism in Boston University, four lectures, Feb. 21, 23, 28, March 2, on 'The History of the Growth of the Art of Music,' viz., 'From St. Ambrose to the Second Flemish School,' 'From the Venetian School to the Music Reform of the Seventeenth Century,' 'From Carissimi to Beethoven,' 'The Opera from Caccini and Peri to Wagner.'"

—The following epigram, written in the days of Nero, might also have been inspired to-day:

"Law bears the name, but money has the power.
The cause is bad whene'er the client's poor.
The strict-lived men that seemed above our world
Are often too modest to resist our gold.
So justice, like all other wares, is sold.
And the grave Judge that nods upon the laws,
Waked by a bribe, smiles and approves the cause."

—Jenny Lind, who is now residing in London, advises American girls not to visit Europe for a musical education, but to make the best of their talent and opportunities at home. It would be well if American young women had common sense enough to follow this advice. Miss Kellogg, and numerous other singers of note and experience, have given the same advice. But a desire to show their lack of sense, and a mania for running after mental will-o'-the-wisps, or after some dilapidated Count, seems to have taken possession of the place where the brains ought to be.

building in the world, is finished, it will be interesting to know what rank it takes among the large churches in point of capacity. It ranks fourth, as may be seen from the following: St. Peter's, Rome, will hold 54,000 people. Milan Cathedral 37,000; St. Paul's, Rome, 32,000; Cologne Cathedral, 30,000; St. Paul's, London, and St. Patronius's, Bologna, 25,000 each; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, Rome, 22,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; New York Cathedral, 17,500. The compiler of this table seems to ignore the Spanish churches, some of which, we think, have a larger capacity than some of those mentioned above.—*Catholic Union*.

—A McTammany self-acting organ was recently put in a church. The sexton learned how to start but not how to stop it. The music went well with the first hymn. It stopped then, but just as the clergyman completed the words "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The congregation and minister sat it out patiently, while the unhappy sexton grew red in the face trying to find out how to stop it. At the end of the fifth verse of the second tune the minister got up again, and said "Let us pray!" when "click" went the machine, and started off on another tune. So four of the stoutest men in the congregation carried the thing out into the churchyard, where it continued to click and to play away for the rest of the day, getting to the fortieth tune and the end of the rope toward evening.

—The Irish are believed to have been skilled musicians at a very early period. The Phœnicians introduced among them the Oriental harp, being early colonists of Hibernia. The harp was the emblem of the province of Leinster before it became that of the whole country. The Irish bards were accounted superior to those of Wales, although these always were highly esteemed. Ollamhs were allowed to wear six colors—that is, one less than royalty. It is singular that the full dress of a doctor of music at Oxford University at this day is the most generous of all in this respect. At Benchoir Abbey, Carrickfergus, in North-Ireland, 3,000 singers—300 at a time—kept up a service, night and day, for ages. At Abbey Mungret, near Limerick, 500 persons sang in the choir. The Irish would not receive Eastern music with the Gospel; they preferred their own. The Hibernian clergy had invented a system of musical notation, which suited their music. The harp of Brian Boroihme (who defeated the Danes in 1014), which was once possessed by Henry the Eighth, is now in the College Museum, Dublin. This harp had thirty-six strings, and a sound-board of oak. The Irish harp is distinguished above all the harps of antiquity in this important particular—it had a tension bar to resist the "pull" of the strings, by which it would stand longer in tune. All the harps of the East were bow-shaped, unless they took a triangular form like the Kinnor of the Hebrews. A glance at the many different shapes of Egyptian harps, none of which have anything approaching the idea of a tension bar other than that of a spring, as in the warrior's bow, will illustrate this. In 1300, Dante bore testimony to the superiority of Irish harps and the skill of Irish performers. In 1602, Galileo, who played the lute, praised them also. The Italians received their harp from the Irish. It had two rows of strings. The first opera printed with the music—namely, Monteverde's "Orfeo"—had a part for the "arpa doppoio." Bacon says: "The harpe hath the concave not along the strings, but across the strings; and no harpe hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the Irish harpe." It required great study, and only declined when the spinet was found easier to play. The harp was the emblem of the province of Leinster before the time of Henry the Second; it then became that of the whole country. When Henry the Eighth was proclaimed king, the English said commonly that the Irish excelled only in music. James the First quartered the harp with the arms of England. In Henry the Eighth's time the groats had the figure of a harp. Queen Elizabeth's fine shilling (value three shillings and sixpence) had three harps in a shield between the date of 1561, with a harp. George the Second had a crowned harp and a palm branch resting on a harp. George the Third made the harp larger than usual on the half-penny.

—Now that the Cologne Cathedral, the grandest gothic

Exchanges.

—*The Harp*, a monthly magazine of general literature published by Cornelius Donovan, A. M., of Hamilton Ont keeps its old-time status under the new management.

—The editors of *The Campus*, a neat and sprightly paper lately started at the University of Wisconsin, have changed the name, and the paper is now called *The Badger*. Reason, other papers of the old name, of which the Wisconsin editors were not cognizant.

—*Our Catholic Youth*, an illustrated weekly for boys and girls, is one of the best papers of its kind. The illustrations are many and excellent. Just the thing for boys and girls. The price of subscription for this excellent paper is \$1 a year. Published by John C. Lappan, Detroit, Mich.

—We are gladdened by a visit from our genial old friend *Rouge et Noir*, from Trinity College, Toronto,—one of the best of college papers. The only drawback is that it is quarterly. But when it comes it is good, first rate, and the exchange notes are always a treat after the rubbish that one meets with in many of the other college papers. We hope to give our readers the favor of a long chat with *Rouge et Noir* next week.

—The exchange editor of the *Alabama University Monthly* says "it is quite difficult to find any striking good feature in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. We would only suggest that it might fill its columns with matter a little more interesting than those numerous rolls of honor," etc. As to the first part of the notice, if we were the *Monthly's* exchange editor, we would have kept it for a future and a better number than this for December. As it is, he places it in our power to return the compliment. Besides, ours is a weekly publication; his, a monthly.

—We have received from Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, 409 Washington st., Boston, Mass., a copy of Mr. Thos. Hine's "Practical Exercises on the Contracted Outlines for Advanced Students in Phonography, with a Vocalized Key," an excellent little work for students of Isaac Pitman's Phonography. Messrs. R & H. are the American agents for the sale of Mr. Pitman's works in America, and have them all—some eighty-three in number, we believe—on hand, at the English prices, which are remarkably low. Mr. Pitman is so enthusiastic in the cause of phonography that both himself and his agents sell his books at a trifle above the cost of production.

—*The Valparaiso Herald*, of which we gave an extended notice on its first reception by us, continues to be a regular weekly visitor, and is withal, a most welcome one. *The Herald* started well, but continues to improve—we had almost said with every succeeding number, and, after all, it might not be saying too much. *The Herald* is ably conducted. Its worthy editor (P. O'Sullivan, of '74), seems to have the good wishes of his brother editors all around. The practice in writing which Mr. O'Sullivan received on the editorial corps of the SCHOLASTIC—with which he was connected, we believe, during his school years here—has been turned to good purpose, and his paper is newsy, sprightly, and entertaining, both in its original matter and excerpts.

—In *The North American Review* for January "The Moral Responsibility of the Irsane" is discussed at considerable length by Drs. J. J. Elwell, G. M. Beard, E. C. Seguin, J. S. Jewell, and C. F. Folsom. Mr. William Martin Dickson contributes an interesting article on "The New Political Machinery," in which the question of fixed terms or rotation in office is practically examined. "Shall Women Practise Medicine?"—a question upon which much diversity of opinion exists,—is scanned by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. "The Geneva Award and the Insurance Companies," by G. B. Coale, takes up a subject that elicited long and warm debates in the United States Senate, last year, with no practical settlement. "A Chapter of Confederate History," containing facts hitherto not generally known, is given by Major F. G. Ruffin, of the Confederate States Commissary Department.

—The *Harvard Daily Herald* is a new venture in the field of college journalism. Last year we received the *Harvard Daily Echo* pretty regularly; we have heard of an

Echo, this year, through an exchange, but have not received a copy, and wondered if our last year's acquaintance be still in the land of the living. Whether it is or is not, here is the *Daily Herald*—a much larger sheet than the *Echo*, handsomely gotten up for a daily, and well edited. We should not be surprised if it be *The Echo* under a new name. Besides the editorial and local matter—which for a daily is not at all scant—there is a column of well-selected "Telegraph Brevities," one of Dramatic and Art Notes, Fact and Rumor, Notes and Comments, etc. The price of subscription to the *Harvard Daily Herald* is \$2 a year—cheap enough, in all conscience. Of course the editors have not started the paper for the money that they must know cannot be made by it, and they are therefore entitled to the gratitude of their fellow-students for their trouble in editing it for the common good.

—The *Michigan Medical News*, a semi-monthly periodical devoted to practical medicine, edited by J. J. Mulheron, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, Materia Medica, and Therapeutics at the Michigan College of Medicine, Detroit, is one of the most practical medical papers with which we are acquainted. Medical students will always find in it much that is interesting, and, above all, instructive. The extraordinary low price of subscription—\$1 a year—places it within easy reach of every student. Among the original articles of the number for Dec. 10th we find one on "Sympathetic Eye Trouble—Enucleation, Convergent Squint—Causes—Treatment," from our friend Chas. J. Lundy, M. D., (an old student and Professor at Notre Dame, by the way), being the substance of a Clinical Lecture delivered at the Michigan College of Medicine, where Dr. Lundy has for some years been Professor of Diseases of the Eye, Ear, and Throat. The Lecture was reported by A. Thuener, M. D., Assistant Surgeon at the above Institute, and being a lengthy one and ably reported it is to be inferred that the Medical Professor is a phonographer. Prof. Mulheron, the editor, contributes an editorial on "Guiteau's Insanity," from a professional point of view, in which that wretch is handled without gloves. "Vivisection—Course in Experimental Physiology," a Lecture by Prof. H. C. Wyman, M. D., of the Michigan College of Medicine, gives a minute description of the actual process upon a subject, and is very interesting. This Lecture was reported by Mr. J. R. Arnold, a student, and does that gentleman great credit. The *Michigan Medical News* will be always a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

—The *Heidelberg Monthly Journal* has a long and able article on "The Study of Greek as a Means of Education." Very good. It would be much better though, we think, to do as the Greeks did,—make our language, the English, a simple and classical language, and have it studied thoroughly. To begin, reform our abominable spelling, and so simplify English orthography that a child can learn to spell in six months or a year, instead of compelling college-bred young men and women,—and lawyers, journalists, etc.,—to have a dictionary constantly at their elbow. Grimm has said that "the English language possesses a power of expression such as was never, perhaps, attained by any human tongue. . . . In richness, sound reason, and flexibility, no modern tongue can be compared with it,—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English." M. de Candolle was surprised to see that intelligent English children learned to read with great difficulty, and found, on examination, the reason to be that each letter has many sounds, and that each sound is written in many different ways. "They are obliged to learn word by word. It is a matter of memory, almost entirely destitute of rule." The great defect of our language, he says, "is an orthography entirely irregular, so absurd that it requires more than a year for children to learn to read in it." To take the vowels only, our "a" has six sounds, differing one from the other; our "e," three sounds; our "i," two sounds; our "o," two sounds; "oo," two sounds; "u," two sounds. If scholars turned a part of the attention devoted to teaching Greek and Latin to the reform of English spelling they would confer a boon upon posterity.

—The "fighting" editor of the *University Press* is on the rampage, or at least wishes to be, and he evidently thinks the wish father to the act. We wish him luck in

his adventures. According to his own words he is not one fighting editor, either, but many in one—a veritable "*E pluribus unum*." The editorial "we"—which Labouchere, of *London Truth*, the editor of the *Washington Republic*, and Mr. Graham, of *The Student's Journal*, are vainly endeavoring to kill—is not enough for the intended martyr-hero of the *Press*, who now thinks himself full-fledged. "As fighting editors," he says, full of resolves on the budding of the new year and new term, we have thoroughly equipped ourselves for our foes. Quills are our best weapons, and the geese have suffered for our sake. We are on the platform and would frankly state to all editors so inclined that we are prepared to meet them on equal grounds, and making this challenge or announcement universal, we say come one, come all." What, all! to pluck one make-believe goose! Oh, no; there would not be much fun in that. The fraternity, even though there may be many Sophs among us, are not so silly as to be taken in by a lot of quills and feathers stuck onto a Madison College boy, even though he himself had not told us that he is but a sham goose, and no real goose at all. We would advise this newly feathered biped not to wing his flight too high, though, or, like Icarus, the glue on his wings may melt and he be dropped into the sea, or, worse still, onto the hard pavements of Madison, and there be a job cleaning up after his fall, as there was after that of Simon Magus, on the Tarpeian Rock, in Rome, many centuries ago. If you will fly, rash youth, leave us a lock of your hair before you go, as a memento of warning to the other light-headed youth that in time to come may be inclined to follow your example. We'll put it in the Museum and duly label it, with the warning printed in large letters underneath.

—For some time past the first pages of the *SCHOLASTIC* have been taken up with long articles, but they were so good that the editors were glad to publish them at any length. We hope they will not seriously disorganize the dyspeptic stomachs of those who cry out against long articles. After a while books will, we fear, be a thing of the past; even now they are used by many only to fill libraries and make a dumb show. Amid such a demoralized state of affairs we are glad to notice an appreciation on the part of some sensible people of our long articles—such a rarity in college papers nowadays. The current number of that model of young ladies' college papers, *The Portfolio*, has the following:

"Our old friend, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, is on hand, as usual. This paper generally contains something exceedingly good in the literary line [*Alabama University Magazine* please take notice; wipe your specs, old fellow], and in the last number we were especially delighted with the essay by Philalethes on "Three Words of Schiller's." It contains excellent advice for the thoughtful reader, and concludes with Schiller's own beautiful words: 'There are three words of faith, harder than diamond and stronger than death, which, though pronounced by the mouth of every man, are yet fully felt and understood by the heart only.' Never is man deprived of his worth and value as long as he believes in these beautiful words, viz., God, virtue, and liberty."

Another number of the same paper, speaking of the first number of "Alpha's" "*Horæ Vagabundæ*," says:

"The letter from a correspondent and former student abroad is very interesting, and the life of travel seems to be a novel one, and not in the ordinary beaten track. The letter pleased us very much by its vivacity and sprightliness."

The exchange editor of *The Portfolio* makes a slight mistake, in saying a "former student," as "Alpha" has not yet dissolved his connection with the University, but is following a post-graduate course. We confess that we had not the least feeling of regret in giving so much space to the second number of "*Horæ Vagabundæ*," for it deserved it, and more if it were needed. We hope the appreciation of Philalethes' and Alpha's essays will encourage others to try their hand.

—We have received from Messrs. S. B. Howard, I. B. Richman, F. O. Newcomb, and Arthur J. Craven, of *The Vidette-Reporter*, Iowa College, their card with wishes for "A Happy New Year." We thank the gentlemen for their good wishes, and in return cordially wish them a very happy New Year and many returns of the same. In this we desire to include also the exchange editor, notwithstanding the little "spat" we had with him lately. It is

all in the way of business, gentlemen, with no personal ill-feeling whatever. The aforesaid exchange editor is probably more sinned against than sinning, for he is not the only one that has been duped—literally “taken in,” by the loud-mouthed “patriotism” of that arrant scoundrel, Gavazzi. We wonder what the good, and no doubt well-meaning ladies, as well as gentlemen, of America, who took stock in Gavazzi as a “patriot” during his sporadic visits to this country for the purpose of filling his purse, will think of the following item just published in the London *Universe*:

GAVAZZI IN GAOL FOR IMMORALITY.

Sooner or later they all come to the same end, to the great grief of my Lord Shaftesbury, the patron of Achilli & Co. It is now the turn of a celebrated “card” of the evangelicals in this country, one whom they played off upon their credulous fellow-countrymen, so long, that is, as he proved a trump, or, in other words, a playing concern. We find the following in print: “Signor Gavazzi, who is described as an ‘English preacher,’ was yesterday sentenced by the Seine Tribunal to thirteen months’ imprisonment for immoral behavior.” More than thirty years ago this man was denounced by Wrightson (a Protestant), in his “History of Modern Italy,” as a “preacher of sedition and active subverter of order.” . . . Earl Shaftesbury is very unlucky in his purchases.

We hope that the exchange editor of *The Vidette-Reporter*, and the editors of a young ladies’ college paper in Tennessee in which we take a friendly interest, will now understand why we took our position against their laudations of the apostate monk. It was blunt old Samuel Johnson who once said, when a friend wished to introduce to him an apostate French priest of some note—“No, sir; I have never shaken hands with a scoundrel, and will not do so now.” When a Catholic falls from grace and fails in his obligations to God and his co-religionists he is hardly to be trusted. When, moreover, he abuses those whom he has just left, and vilifies and belies them, it is a sure sign that he is acting under the influence of his passions and that his conversion is to be strongly doubted.

—We have hitherto called favorable attention to *The Student’s Journal*, published by Mr. Andrew J. Graham, of New York. In our former notice, we avoided reference to one or two features in the *Journal* that were altogether exceptionable, and that marred its general excellence, because in personal matters, and especially where there is rivalry, whether in love or business, a person is apt to say and do things that trench upon good breeding. But whatever allowance might be made for Mr. Graham’s abusive language to the editor of *Browne’s Phonographic Monthly*, we think him altogether unjustifiable in charging the venerable Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography and of the phonetic longhand alphabet, with *plagiarism*, as he, Mr. Graham, has done in his November issue. Under the head of “Worthless Systems,” the *Journal*, quoting Mr. Baily, has the following:

“There are extant two systems of phonography—the Pitman and the Graham system. I generally concede excellence to the compilation of the former [for the reason,” interjects Mr. Graham, “that it plagiarized in over 1800 instances from the Graham system]; yet, taking speed as the test of merit, I must express my preference for the latter.”

It is news, certainly, to those who have read the history of phonography to be told that there are two “systems” of it. Anyone in the least acquainted with the history of phonetic shorthand knows that there is but one system—that invented by Isaac Pitman, of England. Another fact well known, too, is that what Mr. Graham calls the “Graham” System and what Mr. Browne advocates as the “Benn Pitman system,” are both to-day identically the same in general principles as they (it) came from the hand of Isaac Pitman, and just as he published them (it) in England more than a quarter of a century ago,—the same consonants, the same vowel-scale, the same hooks (excepting a very few trifling modifications), the same half-length letters, the same double-length letters, the same positions, and the same phonetic basis. Isaac Pitman, many years after the invention of phonography, inverted half the scale of long vowels, from *ee*, *eh*, *ah*, to *ah*, *eh*, *ee*, and half the scale of short vowels from *i*, *e*, *a* to *a*, *e*, *i*, and altered the stenographic characters for H, W, and Y. He continues to write his works according to the improved scale; but that does not make a particle of difference in the fact that the old

method was his, and that that old method is what now Mr. Graham uses and sets up as a new “system” in opposition to the original inventor. This was bad enough, but to add the charge of plagiarism is pushing the thing entirely too far. Mr. Pitman hardly deserves such usage at the hands of one of his old disciples—one, too, who took Mr. Pitman’s entire system and uses it as his own. Moreover, the twaddle that is occasionally published in *The Student’s Journal* about the different methods of phonographic writing, or “systems,” as they are called, is ridiculous. One of the quotations in the editorial department of a recent number is as follows: “The writer of this has been a phonographic pupil for twenty two years—has studied the old Pitman, the new Pitman, and the Munson so-called styles [italics his own] BUT, UNTIL HE WROTE GRAHAM, NEVER DID NOR COULD WRITE EITHER CORRECTLY, BRIEFLY, OR FAST. To us there is only one system [small capitals and italics his own], that is American Phonography of which Andrew J. Graham is the author and perfecter.” “American Phonography!” nonsense. And as to the methods that he criticises, it is well known that excellent verbatim reporting is done every day by writers of these various modifications. There is very little difference between them, and well-educated, smart men—and women too—do good work every day in all of them. It is a pity such an ably-edited, neatly-printed paper as *The Student’s Journal* should stoop to publish such nonsense as the above, to give it no worse term. Mr. Graham has done as much as any other man in America for phonography, but that he is the inventor of his own or any other system no one will admit who knows anything at all of the history of phonography. He has a good system, and no one could present it better than he does; but he should not ignore the original inventor, for if Isaac Pitman’s part of it were taken away there would not be a shadow of a “system” left. As to what Mr. Graham has added, it is well known that every practical phonographer contracts certain outlines or phrases, and, on the same principle, all he has to do is to compile a book with these contractions added, dub his method a “Sys’em,” and call himself an “inventor and perfecter.” If Mr. Graham will give honor to whom it is due, as Mr. Munson has done, he may come in for no small share of it himself.

New Books.

—As we were about to prepare a notice of Prof. J. A. Lyons’s beautiful Anthology of Catholic Poets we saw some very fine notices of the book in many of our exchanges, and concluded to republish some of them and save ourselves the trouble of writing a notice or review of the work. The following, from *The South-Bend Daily Tribune*, is about what we would like to have said. Besides, Mr. A. B. Miller, the editor, was a poet and magazine writer of some note before he went into the newspaper business. “We have received, with the compliments of Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., of Notre Dame, a beautifully-printed and elegantly-bound volume of poems, entitled ‘The Household Library of Catholic Poets.’ It is evidently a work which required much patient care and research in editing; a work that was faithfully and well performed by Mr. Eliot Ryder, poet and journalist, whose contributions to the *New York Sun*, and other journals, have won unqualified praise. It is a book of one hundred and eighty-six pages, and contains brief sketches and samples of the writings of all the Catholic poets of any prominence from Chaucer to the present time, forming a collection of poetic gems of rare worth and beauty. Including Chaucer, it contains such familiar names as Pope, Dryden, Moore, and gives the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots a bright place in literary history. For local application there are selections from the writings of Prof. T. E. Howard, at present Clerk of the St. Joseph Circuit Court; Prof. A. J. Stace, ex-County Surveyor, Eliot Ryder, and others whose names are familiar to all our readers. It is a book by no means interesting to Catholics alone. Protestants will find in it quotations from their favorite poets, and many gems which but for this book would be lost in obscurity. Mr. Ryder, and Prof. Lyons, who owns the copyright, have earned the plaudits of all literary people for their splendid production, and we are safe in predicting for it a large sale.”

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 14, 1882.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—We take advantage of the columns of the SCHOLASTIC to return thanks to Mr. Alfred B. Miller, the whole-souled and genial editor of *The South-Bend Tribune*, for his tokens of kind remembrance on Christmas Day. Of the souvenirs then received, not the least prized are the beautiful Christmas cards sent us by Mr. Miller, through the courtesy of President Walsh; whom we join in returning thanks to the kind donor.

—It is strange indeed that men and nations, and especially America and the American people, do not take a deeper interest in the affairs of liberty and justice than is shown in the conduct of the present day. Various questions of a political nature outside the boundaries of our own country have, from time to time, engaged both the attention and sympathy of our people, and not unfrequently has this sympathy assumed a more substantial form than that of mere words. To-day, beyond the wide Atlantic is a nation whose claim to sympathy and aid is second to none, and that their claim is worthy, well founded, and beyond dispute, we defy mortal man to deny. In the annals of the history of almost every country on the face of the earth may be found the names of men sprung from this illustrious race.

Their honor and their courage have been tested in the forum and in the field of both hemispheres. Weighed in the balance, they have never been found wanting. The God-given ties that bind them firmly and unchangeably to Home and Faith are never disregarded.

Seven centuries of thralldom, of injustice, and oppression, of deception and deprivation, have failed to dim their

longing hopes for liberty and justice, or to crush the spirit of their manhood, which lives to-day, in all its pristine vigor, firm and unshaken, as in those early days before oppression's hand fell heavy on them, when they stood the peer of the mightiest nation of that time.

To-day, this nation, in her hour of trial and sorrow, calls upon mankind to aid her in her struggle for justice, but especially does she look to America for that sympathy and assistance which she so bounteously gave to us in our hour of need.

It is needless to enter into details, nor does time or space permit. History does her partial justice at least, and the records of the American Revolution and of the War of the Rebellion bear ample testimony to the fact that among the bravest and foremost of her legislators and defenders, America can name none truer or more steadfast than those sprung from that most unjustly oppressed of all nations—Ireland.

When America first protested against the intolerance and injustice of the most unjust Government that ever cursed the earth with its presence, did it accomplish anything? Certainly! The accommodating tyrant, John Bull, donned his brilliant uniform and trappings and started out to make short work of that impudent scoundrel Brother Johnathan, who dared to assert that he had any such thing as human feelings, and who dared to intimate that, being created by God, he had a right to live and sustain life as well as his richer and more prosperous neighbor on the other side of the pond.

Well, Mr. Bull's valiant appearance and gaudy trappings, as we well know, didn't frighten his young neighbor at all, and he returned home a very dilapidated and much wiser individual than when he started out. The great misfortune is that the drubbing didn't make him a whit the better; he, however, became a little more cautious, and has never since undertaken to thrash any one but women and children or some poor, weak, sickly fellow who had no friends to help him.

Ireland and the Irish, have, from time to time, proved very convenient personages, so to speak, upon which to vent his cowardly venom; and as for justice, one needs but to read the History of Ireland to learn that every cry wrung from the hearts of her oppressed people served but to harden the heart of her oppressor. Poorer, and less able to cope with her less unrelenting oppressor than more fortunate America, her history is one long story of injustice and wrong.

She asks from us but the pittance of our pity, of our sympathy and remonstrance against her worse than barbarous master, and can we who to-day through the disposition of Divine Providence and the aid of Irish hearts and arms enjoy the sweet privileges of liberty and justice, can we refuse a boon so poor to a race and nation than which no braver, truer or more honorable exists on the broad footstool of the Creator?

The noble and generous-hearted Washington was neither slow nor sparing in giving expression to his opinion of the worth of the Irish nation and the Irish people, and the Continental Congress of America on more than one occasion made known its high appreciation of the ability and services rendered the nation by them. We append the following address by Congress to the Irish people; it relates to a pertinent question of the day, and speaks more loudly of the needs and sufferings of the people than anything we could possibly say.

July 28, 1775, almost a year before the Declaration of Independence was given to the world, the Continental Congress published the following address to the Irish people:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS—We are desirous of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are particularly desirous of furnishing the people of Ireland with a true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision.

"Your Parliament has done us no wrong. You have been friendly to the rights of mankind, and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish nation has produced patriots who have highly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America. On the other hand, we are not ignorant that the labors and manufactures of Ireland, like those of the silk-worm, were of little moment to herself, but served only to give luxury to those [Land-Lords] who neither toil nor spin.

"Accept our most grateful acknowledgments for the friendly disposition you have already shown toward us. We know you are not without your grievances. We sympathize with you in your distress. The tender mercies of the British Government have long been cruel toward you. God grant that the iniquitous schemes of extirpating liberty may soon be defeated."

The last two lines leave the right ring in them and to the sentiment they contain we heartily say, Amen. Let the work of agitation go on, and if it cannot bring the oppressor to a sense of his shame, it will, at least, enlighten those who have never closely or properly examined the history of the most oppressed and unjustly treated nation on the face of the earth.

The battle is not always to the strong, and we yet hope to see them conquer.

Death of Paul Broder, A. M.

It was with a deep feeling of regret the news was received here that Prof. Paul Broder was no longer of this world. Year after year his genial presence was welcomed at the Alumni gathering, and his eloquent tones warmed the hearts of many who for the first time heard this representative of days lang syne. With the dignity of the learned professor was combined the ardor of the student, and the outgoing alumnus felt as much at home in his company as he would with those of his immediate circle.

Prof. Broder's rather sudden death was due to an accident. When about to descend the stairs of his residence at Beloit, he missed the step and fell. The *Beloit Free Press* tells us of the finale:

"At last we are compelled to write the sad word, 'dead' of Paul Broder. After seven nights and six days of unconsciousness, during which all was done that medical and surgical skill could suggest and anxious care provide, the relentless messenger came at an early hour Friday morning, and the weary watchers could only watch the flickering of life's taper as it went gently out.

"Mr. Broder had made Beloit his home for some twenty years or more, the family having come here before the war. He studied in several Eastern educational institutions, and after coming to Beloit was for a time a student in Madison University.

"From 1863 to 1867 he was Professor of Mathematics and of Greek and Latin in Notre Dame University, and he has for many years been held in high esteem by the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church as a man of unusual ability and many admirable traits of character.

"Those who knew Prof. Broder most intimately knew him to

be a man of warm impulses, a true friend, a scholar of no small attainments. He possessed a clear, analytical mind and rich oratorical gifts, and, had he been favored with vigorous bodily health, would no doubt have attained decided eminence in the legal profession, of which he was an honored member. But a frail constitution and hereditary tendency to consumption were hinderances against which even his strong will and honorable ambitions could not contend except at fearful odds, and in his reduced physical condition it would have been indeed wonderful had he survived the injuries recently received.

"In his untimely death Beloit loses a citizen who took a warm interest in its prosperity, and in a multitude of ways, of which the public never knew, encouraged local enterprise and business prosperity, or in a quiet, unostentatious way followed the kindly impulses of a generous heart in doing deeds of unselfish good-will which will keep his memory green in many a heart.

"The family of devoted sisters are sorely stricken by this sudden loss of a brother beloved, upon whose judgment and generous thoughtfulness they had learned to depend so fully and to whose comfort they were so devoted. They have the sympathy of a wider circle of friends than perhaps they are aware."

Requiescat in pace!

Professor Lyons' New Book.

The *Morning Star*, of New Orleans, speaks in the following complimentary terms of the new Anthology issued by Prof. Lyons, of Notre Dame University:

"The *Household Library of Catholic Poets* has many noble names, extending from Chaucer, 1350, to the present day, the last name on its pages being that of a daughter of New Orleans—Miss Lily Whitaker. According to the alphabetical arrangement of the work, the names that begin and end the list are: Acton and Wiseman. The former is a mere youth, we believe, now working for fame in the busy city of New York, but his genius, although somewhat fantastic and exuberant, is full of genuine promise. The other, a Prince of the Church, has enriched Catholic literature with works that can never perish.

"Mr. Ryder's compilation of Catholic poets—or rather writers, for mere writing in verse does not constitute a poet—is a work very grateful to Catholic pride; but Father Ryan, our poet, in his last article in *Donahue's Magazine*, has warned us against the Mutual Admiration Society of which all Catholics are, more or less, willing members; but, nevertheless, finding so many beauties in the work before us, we are not disposed to sharply criticize its few faults.

"These are, chiefly, typographical errors and poor type. One other fault is the selecting poems not imbued with Catholic spirit. There are a few in the book which might have been written by pagans, and these must feel themselves out of place among holier and purer poetry. There are others which are truly beautiful, and we are glad they have received full recognition at Mr. Ryder's hands, and will be brought into wider and more appreciative notice.

"The numerous names of Catholic clergy show how faith inspires the souls of men, and how the true priest must also be a poet.

"The book, to Catholic readers, is like a drawing-room filled with one's best and dearest friends. Here they come and speak to us, the living and the dead, and the tuneful voices awaken love and sympathy. Father Edward Purcell sings of "The Autumn Leaf" in tones so exquisite, and in word-picturing so artistic, that we feel unwilling to

let its sweet cadences pass from our lips. Doctor Dalton Williams, the Irish poet, tells us again the pathetic story of "The Dying Girl," and as we read, we forget that he is dead, and dwell with pleasure upon the well-remembered accents of his voice. Mangan, Griffin, Adelaide Proctor, in company with Moore, Crashaw, Father Prout, Digby, Southwell, all these favorites of the Catholic heart are in this shrine of faith, and we walk with them and hold their hands as we drink in their stirring or pathetic words.

"And then among our living friends, we greet many favorites. Father Ryan, Eleanor Donnelly—these stars of our North, and Southland, "Marie," M. F. Egan, Edward Hyde, whose poem, entitled "The Types of God," is one of the gems of the book—Mrs. Mannix, and a host of others, all of whom have laid laurels on the brow of that Mother Church, that instilled into their hearts the undying love of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

"We wish the world could see in Mr. Ryder's offering something more than a mere book of poems. It is a testimonial to the antiquity, the unity, the Catholicity and the holiness of the Church. It shows that in all ages, and in all nations, her children have learned from her lips always the same teachings, the same doctrines, the same practices,—that she is the same Church of Chaucer's day, and of our progressive age,—and that while time exists, the true spirit of poetry will always be found wherever her influence prevails and her inspirations are heeded.

"We cannot close this notice with a better thought than that of Eliot Ryder himself who says in his poem, 'The Best of all Company,' in reference to books:

'True friends are they, whose dear love never goes;
And, holding them, why should I wish for more?
Since through their trusty channels always flows
The storid wine which thrilled the gods of yore;
And drinking deep, in enviable dreams,
I walk with them beside their mystic streams.' "

Personal.

—J. Reilly, '79, is teaching school in Tracy, Ind.

—Ed. Maley, '78, is keeping books in Michigan City.

—Henry Rose is doing well in Cincinnati, will soon be a M. D.

—Henry Murphy, '78, is doing well in the lumber business in Muskegon, Michigan.

—M. Regan, C. S. C., '78, is teaching class in St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Mr. A. Schmitt, of the Eclectic Publishing Co., Cincinnati, paid us a visit this week.

—Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Michawaka, paid us one of his rare but pleasant visits this week.

—Jas. B. Gray (Commercial), '76-'77, is doing well in the nursery business, at Carroll, Iowa.

—A. T. Moran (Commercial), '80, is Assistant Teller in the Peoples' Saving Bank, Detroit, Mich.

—Jas. E. Hagerty, '77, is in the commission business with his father at 944 Broadway, St. Louis.

—T. McGrath, '79, paid a flying visit to the University last week while on his way to Fordham, N. Y.

—Jno. M. Heffernan (Commercial), '80-'81, is in the Office of the Louisville City Passenger Railroad Co.

—Mr. Jacob Wile, the banker, of Laporte, was at the College last week, accompanied by one of his younger sons who comes to attend class here.

—John A. Gibbons, '79, is becoming quite proficient as a medical student, at Keokuk, Ia. In a recent letter he sends the happiest greetings of the season to the St. Cecilia's.

—J. R. Kelly, '79, is in the Real Estate business in St. Louis, Mo., and is doing an excellent business. He recently paid a short visit to his friends here and at South Bend.

—Mademoiselle Godbert, of Paris, teacher of vocal music in St. Mary's Academy, has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wile, for the past two weeks.—*Laporte Herald-Chronicle*.

—We learn from *The Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, that Mr. J. J. Quinn, '79, who is making his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, has been elevated to the diaconate.

—James Fenlon Blaine, of '74, nephew of ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine, spent Christmas with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Fenlon, at their cottage at St. Mary's Academy.

—Thos. F. McGrath, of Chicago, who attended class here for some years, paid us a short visit last week. He came with his brother, who is now at the College here. Frank looks well, and we hope he is doing well.

—David J. Wile, M. S., '77, is conducting an extensive law business at La Porte, Indiana. He was in partnership with Hon. W. H. Calkins, Congressman from this district, until the latter moved his law-office to Indianapolis. Dave's many friends will be glad to learn that he is up to his ears in business and is succeeding admirably.

—Rev. Richard Maher, C. S. C., of Keystone, Benton Co., Iowa, paid a short visit to his friends at Notre Dame previous to the Christmas holidays. The Rev. gentleman is looking well and hearty, and gives most interesting and favorable reports from that section of the country. He is one of the founders and leading spirits in the new colony, and we trust his hopes as to its future growth and prosperity may be more than realized.

Local Items.

—"Turtle-doves."

—"Spread the light."

—"Visit me oftener."

—"You like romping."

—"Keep your eyes open."

—"Oh, those "mashers!"

—"Home, Sweet Home!"

—"Rather late for an "Orchard."

—"Mignon Club sociable to-night."

—"Did you see the sweet little doves?"

—"D. C. appears to advantage in his new uniform."

—"More desks! is still the cry among the Seniors."

—"Beware of that treasurer, he is a Michigan man."

—"Have you seen the patch on G. Edmund's hat?"

—"Though we have had but little ice, "Molly" is still fresh."

—"The Mugglestonians have lost one of their guiding lights."

—"The Minions is the name of the newest society in the house."

—"Bro. Leander's private class is largely attended at present."

—"The Class of Elocution is one of the largest in the College."

—"There are three classes of Penmanship, and all crowded."

—"Mr. W. Cleary has the thanks of the Ohio boys for favors received."

—"The Law and Medical Classes are rather slimly attended this year."

—"The "trio" were making astronomical observations last Friday night."

—"Our "Corporal" is in a book-store in Columbus. Our kind regards, Corp."

—"Sixty Juniors remained at Notre Dame during the Christmas vacation."

—D. D. was one of the last arrivals. The twins should not be parted so long.

—There are over a hundred pupils attending classes in the Academy of Music.

—French, German and Spanish tables have been started in the Junior refectory.

—Dennis thinks red hair is not fashionable. Hence his conduct some time ago.

—"O. W. Holmes" is preparing an original poem for the anti-detention society.

—In Phonography there are four classes, with an average attendance of about 20.

—The walking three have not yet resumed their daily trips. What is the matter?

—There are four classes of Telegraphy, with an average attendance of about 25 pupils.

—Cliques says he will make it hot for the fellow who sent that "old horse" in the letter.

—Brother Simon has the thanks of the C. C. Club for favors received at their entertainment.

—The students who remained at the University during the holidays seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

—We are under obligations to Rev. Father Shea for courtesies extended us while at the St. Joe Farm on Christmas.

—There was no trip during vacation more enjoyed by the Minims than the one they made to St. Mary's Academy.

—Our law students show well, two of them, Messrs. Healy and Solon, have been called upon to address meetings in town.

—Bro. Leander is under obligations to Jas. Johnson, J. Kahmann and J. Fendrick, for favors received during the holidays.

—The new lace curtains and handsome pictures lately placed in the Sorin Society-Room, decorate still more the already beautiful room.

—The Minims excursionized to the St. Joe. last Saturday. A splendid dinner and a pleasant ride made the last day of the year a happy one for them.

—The Junior football clubs return thanks to Bros. Lawrence, Eugene and Simon; also to W. Mahon and W. Ayers, for favors received during the season.

—Several members of the SORIN CADETS have ordered their military suit. The Drill-Master wishes to see the whole company in uniform as soon as possible.

—The prize in competition of Orthography Classes, was borne off by Master Richard French. He was awarded an elegant copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

—The Elocution Classes are again in full force and give promise of excellent work during the coming session under the able supervision of their respected tutor, Prof. J. A. Lyons.

—The classes in Painting, in Linear and Artistic Drawing and in Architectural and Machine Drawing, have a fair attendance, but are not by any means crowded. There are about 25 or 30 pupils in all.

—Our mutual friends "M—l" and "G—l," met recently at Niles, and while there engaged in a social game. After a spirited (?) contest the game was won by "G—l." Time, three-quarters of an hour.

—The Minims who remained at Notre Dame during the holidays say that those who went home lost a "boss" time. Bro. Francis Regis, their prefect, deserves praise for the exertion he makes to give them a good time.

—The Juniors went through the Oliver Chilled Plough Works during the holidays. They were cordially received by every one, and return their sincere thanks to all, especially to Mr. A. G. Walker for his courtesy and kindness.

—The Junior "Blues" and "Whites" had a parting shot at each other before parting for home. The contest was for two barrels of apples, presented by the steward, Brother Simon. It was a closely contested game, and we are sorry a full report was not handed in for publication.

—Division Superintendent Parsons of the Lake Shore railroad is tendered a sincere vote of thanks by the students of the University for his courtesy and kindness in furnishing special cars for their accommodation during the holidays. They wish him the heartiest compliments of the season.

—All those who take an interest in zoölogical specimens should call and examine those recently imported by the dramatic gentleman from Chicago. Unfortunately, for the cause of science, their fur was somewhat ruffled in the passage, but, notwithstanding, they are in very good condition.

—Messrs. Healy and Solon, members of the Elocution Class, acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner in their recent treatment of the Land League Question, before the Union Land League of South Bend. Their speeches were received with much warmth and approbation.

—The Cornet Band that played during the holidays was as follows: Professor Paul, Leader; Geo. E. Clarke, E Flat Cornet; Wm. H. Arnold, B Flat Cornet; Rev. Father Toohy, Solo Alto; John Armijo, Tenor; Professor McCue, Baritone; Brother Paul, Trombone; Ferdinand Kuhn, Bass.

—The gymnastic appliances in the Senior play-hall have lately been undergoing some very necessary repairs. They are now in a somewhat better condition than formerly, but if a little more attention was paid to them it certainly would do no one any harm, and would greatly increase the means of enjoyment for all.

—Rev. President Walsh is very popular with both Professors and students. One thing is certain, he leaves no means untried to render everything as agreeable as possible to all concerned; and he has succeeded admirably, thus far, in promoting the comfort and advancement, as well as the pleasure, of all concerned.

—The boys have nearly all returned and classes are again working regularly and smoothly. Everybody seems filled with a desire to study and also to realize that upon the work of this month will depend, in a great measure, the result of the examination. With such a spirit kept up the examination cannot be other than a decided success.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place on the 9th inst. At this meeting, A. Campau and J. Gallagher enlivened the assembly with vocal selections. Declamations were given by D. C. Smith, G. Tourtillotte, Fred. Fishel, J. Devine, L. Gibert, M. Milbur and H. Snee. After an animated debate on the "Utility of Field Sports," the meeting adjourned.

—What has become of the Thespians? Have they entirely disappeared? We heard so much from them before Christmas that now an aching void is left in our hearts that we hear nothing from them. We suppose the holidays have demoralized them, but it is to be hoped that we shall hear from them very soon, either through the empty gentleman from Cairo, or the obstreperous one from the Capital City.

—The 18th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Jan 7th. The attendance was unusually large. Essays were read by J. W. Guthrie, A. Coghlin and E. Fishel. Recitations were given by C. F. Porter, J. Heffernan, C. C. Echlin and H. Rose. Public readers for the coming week are H. Rose, Ed. Fishel, A. Browne, G. Castanedo, J. W. Guthrie, J. F. Grever, W. H. Johnson, C. C. Echlin, C. Kolars, Geo. Schaefer and W. Mahon.

—The following are the names of Juniors who have never missed Class Honors: Jos. Courtney, P. Yrisarri, A. A. Browne, W. Jeannot, H. Snee, E. Fenlon, H. Hibbeler, S. Lippman, F. C. Lund, M. Dolan, F. Fishel, C. Porter, H. Porter, G. Haslam, E. Orchard, A. Richmond, E. Gerlach, J. Ruppe, F. Felix, S. Katz, J. Halligan, E. Drendel, W. Barron, W. Coghlin, C. Echlin, J. Fendrick, E. Gall, J. Heffernan, T. Hurley, C. Kolars, N. Ewing, Ed. Fishel.

—The following are the names of those who have never missed the Roll of Honor this session: A. Brown, A. Brewster, N. Ewing, Fred. Fishel, J. Friedman, H. Foote, E.

Gerlach, H. Hibbler, E. Orchard, W. Pinkstaff, C. Porter, Geo. Schaefer, C. C. Echlin, M. Wilbur, J. Halligan, W. Bacon, M. Dolan, Ed Fishel, M. Gooley, H. Hess, T. Hurley, J. Heffernan, J. McPhillips, S. Murdock, J. Ruppe, L. F. Rivand, E. Schmitt, D. Taylor, J. Jones, D. Thomas A. J. Vernier, F. W. Danielson.

—We are under obligation to the publisher for the "SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL," for 1882, Notre Dame, Ind. This publication increases in interest from year to year, and the current number is full of interesting and instructive reading besides the astronomical information and a very full ecclesiastical and civil calendar. The quality of paper and printing exhibits the conscientious regard to excellence, that Catholic publications always possess. The *Annual* contains 71 pages exclusive of advertisements, and is sold for 25 cents.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

—The church organ still suffers from stomachic indisposition and calls in vain for relief at the hands of some charitable Musical Doctor. It fainted away last Sunday, and when after considerable effort, it regained consciousness its tones of opposition and protestation would convulse the heart of a barrel organ of the most approved pattern of discord. We have had the cholera morbus in our younger days and we can well sympathize with the inner workings of the poor thing and with those who have to nurse and coax it in its hours of agony.

—List of Excellence for the session reads as follows: N. Ewing has been on 11 times; C. Kolars, M. Dolan, 10; C. Porter, 8; T. Hurley, J. Courtney, H. Porter, 7; E. Fishel, F. Felix, E. Fenlon, E. Orchard, J. Neeson W. Barron, 6; G. Deschamps, S. Katz, D. Saviers, 5; C. Murdock, F. Fishel, R. French, J. Ruppe, C. Zeigler, H. Snee, J. Courtney, 4; W. Mahon, A. Richmond, F. Campeau, D. Taylor, J. O'Donnell, C. Echlin, W. Jeannot, F. Farrelly, J. McGordon, A. Brewster, J. Grever, G. Tourillotte, E. Gerlach, J. Castillo, H. Hess, J. W. Guthrie, F. Lund, 3.

—Among Mr. Clem Studebaker's many Christmas presents, and one that he will always treasure, is a life-size standing portrait of his boy Clem, painted by Francis Smith, a young artist at Notre Dame, who is rapidly winning fame. The portrait is very life-like, the position of the body is easy and graceful, and the accessories are in themselves a picture of great beauty. The picture is a present from Clem, Jr., and we doubt if among Mr. Studebaker's valuable collection of paintings gathered in this country and the Old World there is one that will have a greater place of honor in his residence than this.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

—The eleventh regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Sunday, Jan. 8th. Master Francis I. Otis and Edward P. Nash delivered declamations. Master Joseph A. Kelly was appointed temporary Secretary until the return of Master W. T. Berthelot. A vote of thanks was tendered to Master Ryan Devereux for a picture of his uncle, Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, which he presented to the society-room. It was also voted that the money in the treasury be employed for a picture of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne. After some remarks from the President, the meeting adjourned.

—The "feller" that dropped those two mottoes into the SCHOLASTIC box, in the rotunda, on Christmas week, was too awfully mean for anything; he might have thrown in a whole handful, but there were only two, and then one of them looked as though some one had been munching it. Another person also, supposing us sound of tooth and strong of jaw, filled our box with a choice collection of nails, chalk, buttons, pebbles, dilapidated knife-handles, etc. We return thanks for the same, and further donations will be anxiously looked for. The mottoes will shortly be encased in a frame of the aforesaid nails, ornamented with the buttons, chalk, etc. A photo of the same by the Professor of Natural Sciences will shortly be on exhibition in our sanctum.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Order of the Holy Cross, found time amidst his multitudinous duties to send Christmas remembrances to his more intimate friends in this city, on Saturday afternoon. Those remembered were Mrs. Byerly, Mrs. Shirland, ex-Mayors Ham, George, Miller and Tong,

Messrs. Schuyler Colfax, T. S. Stanfield, C. Studebaker, James Oliver, J. Ben. Birdsell, A. Coquillard, J. Brownfield, Geo. Pfeiffer, Dr. Cassidy, A. Anderson, L. Hubbard, C. A. Kimball, John Treanor, T. E. Howard, Geo. Wyman, P. Shickey and the editors of the city dailies, and the *docteur* for each was the same. It consisted of a huge pyramid frosted cake, flanked by bottles of Le Grande Chartreuse, and other wines, and accompanied by the following note:

SANTA CLAUS,

direct from Notre Dame begs to leave with you a special message, expressive, in its modest style, of the warmest feelings of friendship for yourself and family.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

The *Tribune* is quite sure it expresses the feelings of those whom Father Sorin has so happily and delicately remembered when it wishes him many happy returns of the day of remembrances, and hopes that his declining years at his loved Notre Dame may be as full of comfort as his previous ones there were full of difficulties and discouragements which his indomitable will and ceaseless activity overcame.—*South-Bend Tribune*.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, W. H. Arnold, H. Akin, F. M. Barron, J. F. Browne, F. Baker, J. M. Boose, F. M. Bell, R. Becerra, M. T. Burns, T. Cullen, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, J. J. Conway, T. F. Clarke, G. Clarke, N. Commerford, J. Donegan, J. Drury, A. Dehner, M. E. Donohoe, B. Eaton, E. J. Eager, F. Ewing, E. G. Fenlon, T. P. Fenlon, J. Farrell, R. E. Fleming, J. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, W. E. Grout, F. W. Gallagher, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Greaver, T. D. Healy, M. F. Healy, A. Jackson, W. Johnson, J. J. Kelly, F. Kinsella, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, D. Kavanaugh, G. M. Kerndt, H. Letterhos, J. C. Larkin, W. McDevitt, G. Metz, G. E. McErlain, F. X. Murphy, W. McCarthy, P. McGinnis, J. A. McIntyre, H. W. Morse, J. F. Martin, W. B. McGorrick, W. McEniry, W. Flannery, H. Noble, J. P. O'Neill, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, J. N. Osher, E. A. Otis, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, L. Proctor, J. P. Piefer, E. J. Ryan, W. E. Ruger, J. Solon, H. Steis, C. B. Van Duzen, F. Wheatly, F. Ward, F. S. Weber, J. A. White, E. D. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler, A. F. Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, E. Bailey, W. H. Barron, G. B. Buchanan, F. Barnard, J. M. Courtney, J. S. Courtney, G. Cassell, A. M. Coghlin, W. L. Coghlin, J. L. Castillo, A. M. Chirhart, A. S. Colgar, J. A. Devine, G. L. Deschamps, M. Dolan, C. Devoto, J. A. Drendel, W. Dare, F. M. Danielson, C. C. Echlin, N. H. Ewing, Fred Fishel, Ed Fishel, W. F. Freyermuth, J. H. Fendrick, R. French, H. Fisher, H. G. Foote, M. L. Foote, W. M. Graham, M. S. Gooley, J. G. Grever, E. B. Gerlach, J. W. Guthrie, P. G. Hoffman, H. N. Hess, H. D. Hibbler, T. Hurley, E. A. Howard, W. T. Hanivan, J. L. Heffernan, J. Halligan, W. E. Jeannot, W. H. Johnston, F. R. Johnson, J. P. Jones, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kolars, O. Kempf, J. F. Kahman, F. H. Kengel, S. Katz, S. Lipman, J. Livingston, F. C. Lund, H. M. Metz, W. G. Muhliki, T. E. McGrath, J. S. McGrath, F. McPhillips, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, W. H. McCarthy, M. E. Murphy, J. H. Meyer, J. P. O'Donnell, F. Orsinger, B. Osborn, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, T. C. Ryan, A. L. Richmond, C. F. Rose, J. C. Ruppe, W. J. Ruprecht, D. C. Smith, H. C. Snee, E. J. Schmitt, G. H. Schaefer, E. J. Tappan, A. T. Taggart, A. J. Vernier, T. Williams, J. A. Warner, J. W. Whelan, P. J. Yrisarri, J. E. Zaehle, C. Zeigler, A. A. Zekind, A. J. Campau.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. H. Dwenger, Donn A. Piatt, E. Nash, J. Nester, F. Nester, W. Welch, D. McCawley, Ryan Devereux, C. Metz, W. Miller, W. Devine, J. S. Chaves, J. Frain, G. Gibson, R. Papin, T. Norfolk, J. A. Kelly, A. Kelly, J. Kelly, F. Otis, A. Otis, E. Thomas, P. Campau, C. Campau, P. Gibson, B. Powell, J. J. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, H. J. Ackerman, P. Johnson, T. Ellis, M. Devitt, D. A. O'Connor, W. Walsh, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, L. Young, C. Young, V. A. Rebori, F. S. Whitney, E. S. Chirhart, L. P. Graham, A. Roberts, H. Hynes, C. Brandon, J. Rose, J. Tong, W. Masi, E. Adams, H. Dirksmeyer, F. S. Scott, T. E. Curran, A. Devine, G. Price, J. Beall, C. Quinlan, F. Coad, B. A. Hewitt.

Class Honors.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

C. Echlin, J. Courtney, O. Kempf, L. Gibert, P. Yrisarri, A. Campau, F. Campau, H. Snee, W. McMahon, G. Schaefer, F. Lund, J. Livingston, G. Deschamp, M. Healy, F. Baker, W. Bolton, F. Dever, E. Taggart, A. Jackson, J. McIntyre, F. Martin, A. Kuntzmann, W. J. McCarthy, F. Kinsella, W. O'Connor, W. Bailey, J. E. Walsh, H. Steis, G. Metz, W. Rager, E. Fishel, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, D. Saviers, A. Coghlin, J. Grever, H. Devitt, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, W. H. McCarthy, M. Freyermuth, C. Zeigler, E. Gerlach, C. Rose, J. Ruppe, A. Chirhart, W. Barron, S. Katz, E. Schmitt, L. Flormann, L. Rivaud, J. Gallagher, J. O'Donnell, H. Foote, J. O'Reilly, E. Eager, E. Yrisarri, L. Calligari, E. Otis, E. Orrick, W. Connor, J. Kindel, J. Marlett, W. Gray, F. Bell, A. Schiml, E. McGorrisk, B. Noble, E. Smith, F. Grever.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The many friends of Mrs. M. M. Phelan will be exceedingly gratified to learn that she is now recovering from her severe illness.

—The absentees are promptly returning, and all have once more settled down to the earnest work of studies, determined to make up for lost time. The examination in music will commence in two weeks; the other classes will be examined during the last five days of the present month.

—The pupils enjoyed many pleasant privileges during the holidays, and all seem well pleased with the efforts made to give them a merry, and at the same time, improving series of enjoyments. They have gracefully expressed their thanks to all who helped to make their holidays so home-like and cheerful.

—Visitors during the holidays were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Otero, Benicillillo, New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Chaves, Berlin, New Mexico; Judge Stanfield, Mr. Kimbal, Mr. Wm. Miller, Mrs. Sherland, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and Mr. A. Coquillard, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. T. Papin, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Gavin, Lafayette, Ind.; E. Fenlon, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mr. Brownson, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. H. F. Galen, Helena, Montana; Mr. A. A. Call, Algona, Iowa.

—On New Year's Day the pupils presented their grateful greetings to Very Rev. Father General in the form of a very well written address, which was most creditably delivered by Miss Maggie Semmes. The Holy Angels Sodality also claimed the privilege of speaking in behalf of their Society, through Misses Ada Clarke and Katharine Lancaster. Very Rev. Father Sorin responded in his ever kind manner, but informed the pupils that in future he would waive all such personal addresses, and invited them to carry out at St. Mary's the New Year's programme he had proposed at Notre Dame.

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

I Dreamed a Dream.

While travelling far in railway car,
Though noise and sounds vociferous
Were heard around, I really found
The clatter quite somniferous.
A dream I dreamed, which really seemed
A comical reality:

I seemed to be transported free
To some unknown locality,
Where I could spy with magic eye
Into the brain pan's mysteries,
And read untaught, what each one thought,
And all life's hidden histories.
What each adored, what each deplored,
All this through magic microscope,
'Twas really queer as your shall hear,
And, if you're not a misanthrope—
I beg you buy this comic eye
'Twill make such queer things visible
They'll surely seem, as in my dream,
Ridiculously risible—
Some fair lasses' looking-glasses
Contained their dear divinity,
To image fair oft mirrored there
They claimed a strong affinity.
Here they adored, or else deplored
The fact that none adoringly
Came to that shrine, to them divine,
"Do come!" they cried, imploringly.
Some younger girls adored their curls,
Bangs, frizzes, bracelets, finger rings;
The men secured and then adored
Great piles of green-back paper things.
To shadows some adoring come,
False praise and popularity
Their idols dear, how very queer,
What comical disparity
'Twixt what they are, and what they seem!
But this, you know was all a dream.
But queerer still—now smile you will
At all their comicalities—
I saw some folks—these are no jokes
But very rare realities—
These folks bowed down unto the ground
With solemn, grave pomposity,
And homage paid to idols made
In shapes of queer monstrosity
Sans head, *sans* tail!
Now don't turn pale
Through fear or curiosity—
'Twas jingling verse and nothing worse
That from the brains did emanate,
Of rhymesters queer who did revere
These idols of their funny pate.
I laughed aloud, and heard a crowd
All screaming out: "What can that be?"
And then I found, that sleeping sound
I had been dreaming, as you see,
In jingling verse called Poetry.

Transformations.

It is a well known fact, that transformations are universal. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, political kingdoms, languages, and even our very selves are subject to transformations.

What wonderful transformations Geology presents for our admiration! So astonishing are the changes the globe has undergone, that were they not proved by science we should be inclined to regard these facts as a fabulous tale.

Who, on viewing a massive granite building would suppose that the components of the solid material of which it is constructed, were at one time mere igneous vapors which, passing through the various transformations caused by heat, pressure, water etc., were finally consolidated into

the solid granite that now stands before us as a magnificent specimen of architecture? Yet Geologists assert that each particle of this solid stone will, in future ages, again pass through a series of transformations. Thus the self-same atoms may at one time freeze on the arctic shore or burn on the torrid plain.

As we sit before our grate on a winter's evening, watching the fantastic figures which to our imagination seem sporting in the glowing coals, we are carried back to the time when the influence of a torrid sun stimulated the roots of newly-born vegetation, and, as if by magic, the fairy forms of a flowerless vegetation started into life from the germless sands.

The inundation of the ocean devastates this scene, and our beautiful fairy-like ferns are buried beneath the sand and pebbles borne in by the rushing tides, and now, after long eras, we see the luxuriant vegetation of the Carboniferous period in the grate before us.

In that black stone would we ever recognize the delicate fern? This is another of the many transformations of which Geology gives such a wonderful variety. We need make only a passing allusion to the homely, creeping caterpillar, changed into the beautiful butterfly, which sports in the air and sips nectar from every flower.

We handle and admire the tiny eggs in the nest of the pretty humming bird; a short time after, we again peep into that little nest and lo! those tiny eggs have been transformed into fairy-like creatures with gauzy wings and slender, needle-like beaks. This is a further lesson in the school of transformations that daily come within range of our observation.

A little child holds in his hand an acorn, he admires the pretty little cup for a moment, but presently throws it away—After many years have passed, an aged traveller sits resting under the shade of a noble oak. There we see the child and the acorn, but what a transformation!

Transformations of Kingdoms into Republics, and *vice versa*, are common events; yet we earnestly hope that our own grand Republic will last till the great millennium, when all the nations of the earth shall be transformed into one happy family.

Languages are so transformed that the old English authors can no longer be comprehended without the aid of a glossary; a century hence our English will doubtless be equally as incomprehensible to the dwellers of that time as Chaucer's is to the present generation. It has been truly said:

"We write in sand, our language grows,
And like the tide, our work o'erflows."

Chemical transformations are constantly taking place wherever we look, on land and sea. The great ocean itself is nothing but transformed vapor, and we see it again transformed into beautiful snow flakes and sparkling crystals.

The transformations which all mortals undergo are certainly very mysterious. Physiologists tell us that with the recurrence of every seventh year we are so entirely changed that nothing remains of what we were. Then the question naturally arises, "who are we?" Fortunately there is a spiritual substance that enables us to identify ourselves and others, or else we would be sadly puzzled to know what relation we bear to self or anybody else.

How humorously Shakespeare alludes to these transformations when he says

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh! that the earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Or, again, when he makes Ariel sing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

There are some transformations too deeply mysterious to be treated of in a school-girl's essay. These transformations belong to the grand science of Theology. About these mysterious transformations we know only what Faith teaches, but when we shall be transformed into citizens of heaven, we shall know all; for this we work and wait, but till that blessed time, we shall note with reverent curiosity the beautiful and mysterious transformations that are daily taking place around us; then every object in nature will become deeply interesting, and reasoning from the known to the unknown, we shall never presume to doubt the existence or possibility of those sublime transformations which, though far above and beyond our limited intellect and vision, have been revealed by unerring truth.

Extracts from the Writings of Madame Swetchine.

THOUGHTS.

XVII.

I can understand contempt for actions. Contempt for men I do not allow myself to feel; and I find no trace of it in holy writ. For who, let me ask, is the man whom we despise to-day? One whom we may be forced to admire to-morrow. In the infinite resources which God has placed in the depths of every human soul there is a power of reaction, reparation, and rehabilitation which transcends the utmost limits of evil. By God's grace the most abject of His creatures may rise to the rank of a celestial force.

LIII.

Philosophers say that causation plays a great part in the history of our faults, especially those of habit. It is in their causes that these must be attacked. We need to contend, not so much against the actions themselves, as the dispositions out of which they spring. Go back to the fountain if you would purify the stream.

CXXXVII.

There are two ways of attaining an important end: force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

Class Honors.

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SECOND CLASS—Misses L. Fox, L. Lancaster, C. Lancaster, S. Papin.

SECOND DIV.—Misses A. Rasche, C. Wall, M. Casey, C. Campbell.

THIRD CLASS—Misses P. Ewing, M. Wilkins.

2D DIV.—Misses H. Van Patten, A. Clarke, M. A. Ryan, M. K. Ryan, A. Nash, H. Nash, V. Reilly.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Misses V. Reilly, P. Ewing, M. Wilkins, A. Watson, A. Nash, H. Nash, M. A. Ryan, M. K. Ryan.

PORCELAIN PAINTING.

Misses A. Rasche, N. Thompson.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses L. Lancaster, C. Lancaster, L. Fox, S. Papin.

2D Div., 2D CLASS—Misses M. Casey, C. Wall, L. French.

GENERAL DRAWING.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Otis, M. Otero, M. Coyne, F. Castanedo, M. Chaves, F. Hibben, M. Coogan, A. Welch, E. Considine, M. Paquette, J. McGrath, H. Ramsey, M. Schmidt, M. Castanedo, E. Burtis.

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 7, 1880, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland, 2.30 p.m.; Buffalo, 8.05 p.m.

11.05 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6.21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m.; Chicago, 6.10 a.m.

5.05 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.45 a.m. Chicago, 8.20 a.m.

8.03 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 8.44 a.m., Chesterton, 9.40 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte 2.15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.10 p.m.; Chicago, 5.00 p.m.

4.50 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.18; Chesterton, 6.07 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Genl. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Genl. Supt.

The Minim Department.

This is a separate Department in the Institution of Notre Dame, for boys under 13 years of age.

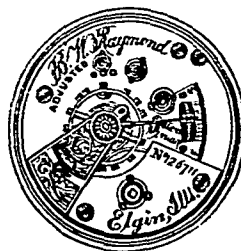
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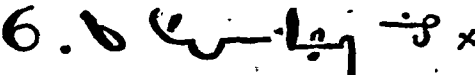
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