

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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No. 11.

Friendship.

Hast thou a friend, constant when sorrows fall,
As when around thee all is joy and mirth?
Oh! cherish him as God's best gift on earth,
For such a friend is not the lot of all.
Prize him, though humble—humble friends are wise;
Prize him, though poor and lowly; dearer far
The constant twinkle of the meanest star
Than comet's transient blaze. And more we prize
The humble robin's garb who stays
To cheer our home through gloomy winter days,
Than the blithe, wandering cuckoo's richer guise
Who only through the sunbright summer sings,
And when dark winter comes, outspreads his wings,
And speeds away in search of brighter skies.

C. S.

Stephen Langton.

No period of history has been more misrepresented than the Middle Ages. They are called "Dark Ages," times of superstition, ignorance and slavery by persons who take no pains to see upon what foundation their assertions rest, or to examine the particular train of circumstances which was the cause of this "darkness." That the middle was a period of transition from barbarism and disorder to refinement and order; that it was a time of pagan inroads and bloody warfare; that it was at this time some of the greatest masterpieces of poetry and art were produced; and that during these ages arose some of the greatest statesmen, historians, warriors, poets, artists, philosophers and theologians that ever lived, are facts that seem to be ignored by the generality of modern writers. Among the foremost in the galaxy of great men who lived in the latter part of the Middle Ages stands the name of Stephen Langton. He was born at Langton, near Spilsby, England, about the middle of the 12th century. Of his early life little is known. The persecution then raging compelled Stephen, and all who sought literary pursuits, to sail for a more peaceful country. Arriving in France, he entered the renowned University of Paris, in which he afterwards became a teacher; after holding several other positions in Paris, for which his abilities eminently fitted him, he was called to Rome by Innocent III, created Cardinal,

and the same year was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. It is unnecessary to sketch the incidents of the long and bitter conflict carried on by the king against Stephen. It is sufficient to know that John was king; that his reign—1199—1216—is regarded as one of the most infamous in English history; that it was he who mercilessly murdered his nephew, Prince Arthur, and that his tyrannical disposition seemed to increase each succeeding year; then it is not difficult to understand why he was opposed to one of such strict integrity, marked ability and philanthropic views as Stephen Langton.

Like St. Thomas, his predecessor, Langton was an exile for some time, and at the same place, Pontigny. But reverses in every undertaking are almost indispensable to success; and although Langton and his liberty-loving followers had their share, freedom's day was fast approaching, and the sun of the 19th of June, 1216, shone down on a people who had been deprived of their rights by a tyrant, made free once more by the Magna Charta, wrung from the hands of the tyrant John by Stephen Langton at the head of the barons on the plains of Runnemede. In order to better understand what we owe to Magna Charta it is necessary to consider more fully its object.

Liberty, in general, is the enjoyment of certain rights; they may be either rights of the Church, of the State, or of the people, according to their respective duties. These rights which a tyrant had taken away were restored by Magna Charta, which is to this day regarded as the bulwark, or, as Hallam says, "The keystone of English liberty." It is also the foundation of American liberty, as its principal provisions show. Notice the similarity between the very first clause. *Anglicana ecclesia libera sit.* "The English Church shall be free!" and the first amendment to our constitution, "Congress shall make no law, etc." It also provides that no freemen shall be taken imprisoned, or deprived of his life, liberty, or property unless by a legal judgment of his peers, that there shall be no taxation without representation; and it establishes the supremacy of the law over the will of the monarch. In fact, all the liberties were granted that could well be consistent with the safety of the king, so that John is said to have remarked, with a scornful laugh, before he was forced to yield, "And why do they not ask my kingdom, also?" He then swore that he would not grant such liberties as would make him a slave. But, as we have

seen above, he was forced to do it by the "Army of God and the holy Church," headed by the barons and the magnanimous Stephen Langton.

It is a wonder that so little is said of this great man who took so prominent a part in national affairs and who also did much for literature and the Church. It is said the bare mention of the names of his writings would fill several pages. He wrote commentaries on nearly all the books of the Old Testament. These were probably written during his exile at Pontigny. Some of his other works are, a History of the Reign of King Richard; Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury; a Book of The Deeds of Mahomet; A Canticle of the Passion of Christ, of more than six hundred verses; and a Theological Drama in which Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Peace debate, regarding the fate of Adam after the fall. He was also the first who divided the Bible into chapters.

On the 9th of July, 1538, after a most troublesome career, this great and good man breathed his last. As author, statesman, patriot, Archbishop, and Cardinal, Stephen Langton most faithfully served his God, his Church, and his country, for which, as we have seen, he was most cruelly persecuted. Though his name may be almost forgotten, as long as the air of liberty is breathed, his works will remain.

Let us trust that his name, too, may be rescued from the oblivion into which it has been cast, for were we indebted to him but for his strenuous efforts in behalf of his downtrodden countrymen, this would be sufficient to place his name among the great benefactors of mankind.

A. A. BROWNE, '86.

To Thalliarthus.

(HORACE, *Book I, Ode IX.*)

See you how Soracte stands a-white
With wintry snow?
The leafless trees are drooping, and the streams
More frosty grow.

Dissolve the cold; fill up your ruddy hearth
Wi' generous hand;
And, Thalliarthus, ope' your hidden jar
Of Sabine brand.

The rest leave to the gods whom winds and sea
In fear obey,
And, careless of to-morrow, count as gain
The present day.

Nor yet, my friend, despise the sweets of love
Or choral song;
For manly love and hope, the joys of youth,
To youth belong.

Now, on the campus, at approach of eve,
Do lovers meet;
Or at th' appointed hour, softly whisper
In the silent street.

Now does the laughter of some pretty maid

Betray her hiding;
The gallant takes with loving force her ring,
She faintly chiding.

T. EWING STEELE, '84.

Honesty.

Shakspeare says that an honest man is the noblest work of God. As everybody knows, Shakspeare does not mean by an honest man simply a man that is just in his business transactions; no, he means a candid man, a true speaking and a true acting man. We all justly love a man of this kind. Said old Dr. Johnson: "I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet." Our feeling in regard to an honest man is much the same. We always know where to find him. We know that what he says he thinks to be true. We know he will never take an ugly advantage of us; that he will never strive to play upon us; that he will never draw out our weak points as marks for his sarcasm; nor lead us on to slippery places for the mean pleasure of seeing us trip and fall; nor praise us to our face to laugh at us behind our back. All this we know, and therefore, as we have said, we love an honest man, just as we love everything that is what it ought to be.

But how few really honest men there are! Why, "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand!" So that, to get along at all, to avoid being snubbed, deceived and insulted, a man must be on the look-out continually. Whilst he watches his enemies, he must keep an eye on his friends; for human nature is a mighty uncertain thing. Like the weather, it can often, and when we least expect it, play the oddest kind of pranks. To be sure, this is taking a rather discouraging view of human nature. But is it untrue, or in the least exaggerated? Let any man of experience in life honestly face this question, and then let him, if he can, answer it in the affirmative.

But there have been lamentations enough over the uncertainties of human nature. Let us not add to them. Let us turn to something that will be more cheerful, and, as we trust, more profitable. We began by saying something of an honest man. Let us see a little more in detail what goes to make a man of this kind. An honest man, then, as we take it, is ever a man of equanimity. He is not the plaything of caprice; he is never anything by fits and starts; he is not kind because everything goes well with him, and he is not in good humor, or generous because he wants to be as good as the next man, and does not want to lose caste. For, as the principles of truth and right are ever the same, and as he acts from those principles, he, too, is ever the same. Will our readers, especially our fellow-students, reflect on what we say? There are few, very few subjects on which they can reflect with more profit. Than evenness of temper, no attainment, or accomplishment can be to them of more real utility. By means of it, they will be

both liked and respected. They will get the reputation of solidity of character. And what better reputation can they get? A reputation for talents, for wit, for brilliancy, for what you please, is nothing to it. Young men, therefore, that are getting an education, must bend their wills earnestly to the work of acquiring evenness of temper. We know, of course, that this evenness of temper is, in a great degree, a gift of nature. People are born with good and bad tempers, just as they are born with good and bad lungs. But what holds true of our physical nature, holds even more true of our moral nature; that is to say, defects in mind can be more easily remedied, than can defects in body.

We had something more to say, but as this article is already quite long enough, we will, even at the risk of too much abruptness, omit saying it at present. X.

Notre Dame.

[Charles H. Hageman, in *The Central Wisconsin*.]

In 1830, about 1000 acres of land, two and one-half miles north of the city, now known as the "University of Notre Dame," were purchased from the Government by the Very Rev. S. T. Badin, the first priest ever ordained in the United States. The Congregation of the Holy Cross took possession in 1841. Through the untiring efforts of the Very Rev. E. Sorin, then Superior of the Congregation in America, it was incorporated in 1844, with the Very Rev. Father Sorin as its first President. Totally consumed by fire in 1879, it was rebuilt the following year. In style it is modern Gothic, 224 feet front by 155 feet in depth, with three stories and basement, affording accommodations to 500 students. In its corridors, 16 feet wide, are magnificent paintings by Gregori, of Rome. The class rooms, 22 in number, parlors, etc., are attractive, and are supplied with gas, hot and cold water, and are well ventilated. Edbrooke, of Chicago, was the architect. The Faculty is composed of 40 members. A short distance away, to the north, is St. Joseph's Lake, of 65 acres. On the east is the Music Hall, a fine, large building. The approach to Notre Dame is through a broad and beautiful avenue, one-quarter of a mile long, with shady trees on either side, forming a delightful arcade. Four fields of 50 acres each, two on either side, are named St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John, St. James. On the east in the College enclosure is the post-office, which favor was obtained from the Department by Henry Clay. A visit of several hours gave unexpected delight, and we are indebted to the President, the Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, Prof. Tong, and others, for attentions and information. We also became acquainted with that gifted master Gregori, who was special artist to the late Pius the Ninth, and who was engaged in Rome by Father Sorin to fresco and ornament the church, etc. The crowning glory of Notre Dame is its church, the "Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart." In

form, that of a cross, at present it is 160 feet long and 114 feet wide at transepts, and is of cream-colored brick with marble trimmings, in keeping with the other buildings. The interior is one of the grandest works of art the United States possesses. The bell in its tower has a national reputation, and is called the largest in the United States, and one of the finest in the world; it also has a chime of 23 bells, the finest and largest but one in the country. Its clustered columns are of a serpentine marble, with capitals of golden oak leaves, between which peep sculptured Cherubs. The frescoes are brilliant and truthful. The ceiling of the nave is covered with angels on a blue field studded with golden stars. No two are alike in attitude or expression. Some scatter flowers on the worshippers; others chant; while others accompany them with instruments. On the spandrels of the architrave are life-sized saints painted on gold. St. Paul the Hermit and St. Mary Magdalene were exquisite. St. Thomas of Aquin, in the habit of a Dominican, teaching, was copied after the original preserved at Rome. St. Rose of Lima, first American saint, and St. Bonaventura, were remarkable for grace and beauty, as were SS. Agnes and Cecilia. In another part were eight large panels of the four Evangelists and the Prophets Moses, David, Jeremias and Daniel, seated on clouds on a ground of gold mosaic. Between the windows were seen the Stations of the Cross, set in Gothic frames elaborately ornamented with gilded gables and pinnacles. The 12th and 13th were on exhibition in Chicago, and were universally admired. On the ceiling of the transepts are immense paintings from the life of the Blessed Virgin. The large window in the eastern transept represents the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles; the western window shows the death of the Blessed Virgin. On either side of the organ are two large mural paintings; the one on the left is one of the most beautiful in the church; it represents the children of Israel in the desert, attacked by serpents; Moses stands in the centre, pointing to the brazen serpent, inviting all to look up and be healed; many of the people are beyond human aid; others are on the ground, suffering the agonies of death, while a number, terrified by the cries and groans of the dying, eagerly look upon the sign that shall cause them to live. The expressions are wonderfully lifelike. The fresco on the right represents Christ walking on the water; St. Peter, whose faith is failing, sinks beneath the wave; the rest of the Apostles are seen in an open boat in the background. The picture is a thanksgiving for the rescue of Very Rev. Father Sorin, when in danger of being drowned on the steamer *L'Amerique*. The windows, 16 in number, are real gems of art. They were imported from France, and manufactured by the Carmelite nuns of Le Mans after designs by the best artists, and are memorials from different individuals. They represent 64 life-sized pictures and eighty small ones. The woodwork is oiled oak and polished walnut, selected and finely carved. The altar was at the Centennial Exhibition. It was made in Paris, and

is of gold and gilded bronze elegantly chased and richly enamelled. Under it are the bodies of two martyrs taken from a catacomb of the 2d century.

When funds permit the grand chancel and seven apsidal chapels will be built. The altar will then be in the center of the church, "as our heart is placed in the middle of our body." Before the altar are burning perpetually nine lamps, filled with the purest olive oil, typical of the nine choirs of angels. All are fine works of art, but the middle one, called the Sanctuary Lamp, is magnificent. It is of gold, cloisonne enamelling and precious stones. The light is supported by three dragons; their eyes are of rose topazes; their heads of solid silver, surmounted by an egret of lilac and golden plumage; nine topazes and turquoises glitter amid their feathers; on the throat of each is a beautiful cornelian; on the back of the neck is a crest of malachite, and the quills of each wing are fastened with malachite and Indian garnet; between these figures are three blue and gold shields, representing scenes in the Nativity. Over the Blessed Virgin's altar is an oil painting of Jesus and His Mother, that was formerly suspended in the room where Pope Pius the Ninth died. On the head of the statue of Mary is a crown of solid gold, studded with precious stones and inlaid with pearls, presented by the Empress Eugenie, in 1866. A large crown suspended over this, the gift of thirty persons, represents the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, on blue enamelled pictures about which are the names of the contributors. The organ is of Gothic structure and rosewood finish, 40 feet high, 20 feet wide and 12 feet deep. The cross on the top is 60 feet from the ground floor. It contains 2041 pipes from 1½ inches to 19½ feet in length; it has two manuals and 36 stops. The builders were Derrick & Felgemacher, of Erie, Pa. It is blown by a water motor. In the sacristy of the church are many valuable relics. Among them are pieces of the true cross, manger and garments of the Lord; also pieces of the veil and girdle of His Mother; a chalice and paten which were used and given by Pope Pius the Ninth; a large crucifix 7 feet high, and an ostensorium over 4 feet high, both of beaten gold and silver, with figures, presented by Napoleon the Third.

To the Very Rev. Father Sorin, the Founder of Notre Dame, we are indebted for this most beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and it will well repay one to go out of his way to see it. He is much beloved, and his white hair and long beard make him conspicuous. Born in France, in 1814, he came as a missionary to the United States, in 1841.

By invitation of the President, the Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, we attended the festival of St. Edward—the programme called it "The 39th Annual Festival of St. Edward,—Patronal Feast of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame University, Oct. 12, 1882." There were Latin, Greek and German addresses, music, and a comedy in three acts.

About a mile west of the University is St. Mary's,

an Academy for the education of young ladies. It has broad carriage drives and pleasantly-shaded walks, and its 100 acres are beautifully laid out and partially surrounded by the St. Joseph's River. Nature has done much for her. Of cream-colored brick, it is one of the best constructed buildings for educational purposes in the country. Its growth has been uninterrupted during the twenty-eight years of its existence.

The Minims.

[Master Richard G. Morrison gives the following account of his native State:]

Texas, sometimes called the "Lone Star State," is low along the coast and high in the northwest; the interior contains rich prairie-land. Texas is one of the finest grazing countries in the world. The people are chiefly employed in farming and stock raising; cotton, grain, sugar and tobacco are largely produced. Galveston, the chief commercial port, is the seat of St. Mary's University. San Antonio, the second city of importance, is the oldest in the State. Many of the native tribes were Christianized by the Franciscans in the latter part of the 17th century. Texas belonged to Mexico until the Revolution, in 1836, when it became independent upon the defeat of the Mexican forces and the capture of the Mexican President, Santa Anna. It contained many emigrants from the United States, and was admitted into the Union in 1845. War between the United States and Mexico was caused by disputes as to that portion of the State which lies between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande. The Generals were Scott and Taylor, of the Americans, and Santa Anna of the Mexicans. All the battles were won by the Americans, and the war ended when General Scott captured the city of Mexico. Mexico ceded to the United States California and all the land eastward, as far as the Rocky Mountains, for fifteen million dollars.

[We wish our young friends would give us some views on the late election. Also on the Retreat.]

Scientific Notes.

—The recent fashion among surgeons of employing kangaroo tendons for ligatures is said to be giving way to the superior excellence of the sciatic nerve of the calf as now used for that purpose.

—M. Saint Paul has offered the French Academy the sum of 25,000 francs to found a prize for the discovery of a cure for diphtheria. The competition is open to all the world, and is not even confined to the medical profession.

—The eiderdown duck feeds chiefly in Iceland on the refuse of fish thrown out from the houses. In spring the female duck plucks her breast to line her nest, and, instinctively knowing that summer is coming, lines it lavishly. When it is stolen

she plucks her breast again, and on its being stolen a second time assesses the drake for some down from his breast, and the nest is built a third time. The quantity of genuine down obtained is but about 7,000 pounds a year.

—M. Margis, of Paris, has succeeded in obtaining oxygen directly from the atmosphere by dialysis. A set of membranes prepared by immersing taffeta in ether, sulphide of carbon, or alcohol, are covered with a fine layer of caoutchouc. These membranes are formed into bags—four, inclosed one within the other, are usually employed—and these are placed in a cylindrical iron vessel, admitting air which is drawn through them by means of steam-power. The percentage of oxygen is, in respect to nitrogen, increased in passing through each membranaceous bag until that which has passed through the fourth bag gives 95 per cent. of pure oxygen.

—A paper lately read before the Société de Biologie foreshadows results which may be of great use to agriculturists. A series of experiments were reported, intended to demonstrate the value of boiled and dried blood as an aliment for cattle when it is finely powdered and sprinkled into their ordinary vegetable diet. The method has thus far proved very successful with sheep, and a few cases have been reported of delicate children being restored to health by this means. As a means for utilizing the enormous waste from slaughter-houses its economic value is apparent.

—Important Gallo-Roman remains have been discovered at Sanxay, near Poitiers. These remains date from the second century, cover a space of twenty-five acres, and consist of a temple 230 feet by 370 feet; baths covering five acres; a theatre, with a stage, 295 feet broad; a caravan-sary covering seven acres, and containing hundreds of chambers; wall paintings, coins, arms, etc.; in short, a Gaulish Pompeii. Father de la Croix, a learned antiquary, who has directed the excavations, pronounces the monuments of Sanxay to be of Roman construction, and to have been built by the Emperor Antoninus as a meeting-place for the tribe of Pictories.

—The Lick Observatory, in California, is well under way. It is on Mount Hamilton, thirteen miles from San José, and nearly 4,500 feet above sea level, with an unobstructed view of the heavens, except a small part of the northeastern horizon, shut out from view by a neighboring mountain peak. There are to be two domes, in one of which a twelve-inch equatorial telescope is now erected. The other is to contain the great thirty-six-inch telescope, the glasses for which are now being ground at Cambridgeport, Mass. The observatory is of the most substantial character, and will be completely equipped; and although removed from centres of population and of scientific work, it will be easily accessible from San José by a mountain road constructed for this purpose.

—Some of the anomalies presented in the expansion and contraction of iron wire, as observed by Prof. Norris, have led him to the conclusion

that in steel and iron, containing free carbon, there is a contraction or shortening which is excited by heat, and which proceeds simultaneously with the dynamical expansion and marks its true amount. This is divisible into high and low temperature contraction. In cooling a strained iron wire from redness it was found that the contraction due to cooling was, at a certain point and for a limited period, changed into action of elongation; in good iron wire this irregularity could not be detected, but in hard wire and steel was very apparent. The wire has to be raised to a very high temperature before the temporary elongation during cooling can be seen, and it does not take place if the wire is heated only just beyond the temperature at which it occurs.

—The geological investigations made by Baron von Richthofen, in China, show the existence of vast coal districts in the west and northwest. The whole surface of northern China is covered by rich, yellow earth, to a depth of 1,000 and 2,000 feet, which overlies all the coal fields; and the great plain of China is bordered on the west by a vast limestone wall, 2,000 to 3,000 feet high; on the top of which extends a plateau of coal in a superior state of preservation, owing to its capping of hard limestone, which has resisted denudation. There are here 30,000 square miles of coal-bearing ground of the best quality, in which the coal beds lie perfectly horizontal, thirty feet thick, for a length of 200 miles. According to this authority, these coal beds were deposited primarily around mountains of metamorphic and primary rocks, which then constituted the land, and have lain horizontally and undisturbed, ever since.

—There can be no doubt that the electric current feeding an ordinarily powerful electric lamp is quite capable of causing death to any person who is unfortunate enough to come into contact with it so as to "shunt" the current through any of his vital organs. In passing from one hand to another, the current is forced to traverse the breast and lungs, not to speak of the heart and spinal cord. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that great care should be exercised in handling electric lamps as they are at present constructed. There is no danger at all short of actual touching with two distinct parts of the body in such a manner as to discharge the current between them; but a person, ignorant of the action of the lamp, may commit this blunder at any moment, for electricity is invisible, and there is no sign to be seen of the deadly and subtle power which may be lurking in the metal work. Something more than care on the part of those using the electric light would seem, however, to be necessary. There is room for reform in the construction of electric lamps. Hitherto the attention of inventors has been chiefly directed to the proper working of their devices and the insurance of a brilliant light, but henceforth some regard will probably be paid to the safety of their apparatus. Bare wires and terminals ought to be abolished, or at any rate guarded from accidental touch, and electric lanterns made as harmless as ordinary oil and gas lamps.—*Ex.*

College Gossip.

—Prof. Max Müller, of Oxford University, is an accomplished tricycle rider.

—Sixty-two per cent. of Harvard's graduates last year are studying law.—*Penman's Art Journal*.

—Wittenberg College has recently been made happy over a donation of \$30,000. Still they come.—*Niagara Index*.

—An amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one of his editorials, and left him \$150,000.—*Ex*. We wonder which of the college papers the young man wrote for?

—The Catholics make a good showing of educational facilities in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. There are seven colleges and twenty-two academies, seminaries and institutes, besides numerous male and female schools. The total of pupils is 19,141, requiring 480 teachers.—*Independent*.

—The boys of Northfield College, Minnesota, were having a great deal of fun in changing a physician's sign for that of an undertaker, when a big kettle, full of warm tar, was emptied upon them from the roof of the house. More than twenty of them had to throw away their clothes and get their hair cut very short.

—The ghost of Al Gebra paid a Cornell Sophomore a nocturnal visit, lately, and frightened him nearly to death. The Sophomore finally summoned courage to fling a lexington at the ghost's head, without effect, but after emptying his bookcase in a vain effort to beat off the "shadder" the student finally took him in the stomach with a mysterious red book, and—he disappeared—that is, the ghost did. So says a writer in the *Era*.

—Greek plays have taken a firm hold upon the collegiate mind at Harvard, professors and students alike being thoroughly interested in the study. Professor White will adopt a new method of taking his class through the *Persæ* of Æschylus. The play will first be read to the section in original Greek, then each subject pertaining to the play will be taken up and studied separately. Lectures will be devoted to ascertaining the text, history, and mythology of the play, and finally the section is to render the instructor a carefully-prepared translation. It is hoped in this way to make the Greek play interesting, and to prevent it from being the dull grind that most students have regarded it.—*Cornell Sun*.

—The Halls at Oxford are becoming absorbed in the colleges, in conformity to the scheme of the university commissioners. The principal of St. Alban Hall has placed his resignation of the hall in the hands of the chancellor of Oxford University. By a provision of the Oxford University commissioners, the hall comes into the possession of Merton College, and is annexed to it, while the resigning principal is to receive a pension from that society. St. Alban Hall is thus the first

of the halls to suffer extinction. Magdalen Hall was some years since endowed by Mr Baring, and received a charter of incorporation as Hertford College. St. Mary Hall, New Inn Hall and St. Edmund Hall are ultimately destined to absorption by Oriel, Balliol and Queen's Colleges, respectively.—*Harvard Herald*.

—President Guzman Blanco has erected, at Caracas, a splendid building—300 feet front, by about 150 in depth—for the University of that city. A part of it will be allotted to the Academy of Fine Arts, founded by the President, and a National Library and National Museum are also to be located within its spacious walls. The University has now a fixed and ample income, and several endowed professorships. In the gardens of the University are to be placed on the approaching centenary of the Liberator, Simon Bolivar, statues of Don José Maria Vargas, founder of the School of Medicine, and Col. Juan Manuel Cagigal, founder of the Department of Mathematics in the University. A building for the National Exposition is now rapidly advancing on the east side, to be ready for the opening in July next. The university is very richly fitted up. All the furniture was made expressly for it in Paris.

Exchanges.

—A long and well-written article in *Res Academica* pronounces the Penn Bi-centennial celebration a bore. The writer thinks there was altogether too much celebration, and that none but small boys felt unalloyed contentment in viewing it. So it is, "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft a'glee."

—*The College Speculum*, published at the Michigan Agricultural College, is a very fair specimen of a college paper. The contributors seem to be conversant with the scientific names of bugs, trees, and flowers. Perhaps, too, they are well posted in the useful science of pomology, and horticulture generally, as well as in agriculture; of this, however, we have not seen enough of their paper to decide. Our knowledge of this science is not so extensive, but we can tell a Rambo from a Baldwin or Sheepnose, and a Red Antwerp from a Fastoff. We know, too, that the roots and fruits of this science are more easily digested than the time-hardened roots of Latin and Greek.

—*The King's College Record* for October is numbered 42. The only way we can account for it is that perhaps our Nova Scotia brothers have decided to add a second incongruity to the first one, called "Commencement,"—that is, to begin their volume at the end. However this be, the current number of the *Record* is an entertaining one. The oration of I. A. Jack, Esq., is especially good, and the article entitled "Further Researches in the Life of Balbus" is not bad. The editors of the *Record* always aim at a high literary tone, and

would, we think, prefer that their paper should be thought dull rather than run the risk of lowering its tone ever so little. Perhaps they are right.

—*The Hamilton College Monthly*, from Lexington, Ky., is a tastefully-arranged and neatly printed college paper. Essays, short and numerous, together with personal and local notes, fill the paper. *Very many* persons like *very* short essays—to such the Hamilton paper should be the ideal of perfection. A high moral tone characterizes the essays; not a word or an allusion that would offend the most sensitive person. We don't, as a rule, like *very* short essays; if a thing is worth writing about, let us have what can be said of it, and put it in the most entertaining shape that is possible. That is *our* idea of excellence. Everyone to his taste, though. We don't wish to be exclusive. Variety is the spice of life.

—*The High School Monthly* (422 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio), has the following item:

We are in receipt of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, a fourteen page paper published at Notre Dame, Indiana, for the last sixteen years by the students of that school. We wish we had a few such papers as this on our exchange list.

A very large number of high-school and academy papers have, during the past two months, asked to exchange with the SCHOLASTIC, but, owing to the length of our exchange list, we have been compelled to decline the favor. Perhaps many of these would like to exchange with the *Central High School Monthly*. If the latter keeps up such excellent contributions as "An Old Schoolmate," in No. 5, an exchange will certainly be both interesting and profitable.

—*The Georgetown College Journal* has been late in putting in an appearance, but when it has come we find it so full of spirit (don't take a bad meaning out of this last word, please; the Georgetown boys are total abstinence fellows) that we anticipate success for the present board of editors and give their paper a hearty welcome. It is true the exchange editor doesn't seem to fully appreciate the culinary wisdom of *chef de cuisine*, Mr. Upferall Day, whose excellent recipes he calls "the side-splitting productions of a disordered imagination," or the "rather clever verses," as he slightly calls them, of our Mr. Justin Thyme, whom he mistakenly styles a "brilliant but erratic genius," but as he grows older we hope he will grow wiser and learn to appreciate such things at their full value. Justin Thyme, we know, will not like that word "erratic." The exchange editor, moreover, makes some malicious suggestions to the young ladies at St. Mary's Academy, for whose benefit Mr. Upferall Day wrote the recipes, but we will not reproduce the suggestions here. If the young ladies want them, they will have to send to Georgetown for them. The following, however, we may call attention to, as being in somewhat better taste than the rest. "We would suggest, moreover, that the most effective way to sober Mr. Day would be to feed him some of his own dishes; we recommend the elephant's ear on toast, with variations as above, and predict a rich flavor of butter, if, as *per* your directions, Mr. Day, the ladies use a 'piece of

butter about the size of your ear.' " We don't know what Upferall Day may think of this, or whether he would like the ear with less butter or not; he can speak for himself. Notwithstanding the pretended cynicism of the Georgetown man we are inclined to think the reproduction of the recipes for "Hog on Ice" and "Elephant's Ear on Toast" betrays the fact that they tickled his palate somewhat, and that he hopes some fair friend—at the Visitation Academy, perhaps—will take the hint and serve him up those delicious tidbits. We hope Mr. Upferall Day will not be deterred by unappreciative remarks from giving to the world further results of his researches and experiments.

—*The Oberlin Review* seems to have Castled to some purpose. Whether or no its really brilliant Exchange editress will succeed in putting the SCHOLASTIC "in check" is more than we can say; but of one thing we are sure, the *Oberlin* is, in general, an ably-edited college paper. The essays are rather short, it is true, for the subjects chosen, but they are excellent in matter and manner as far as they go—of much better stuff, and better composed, than that outrageously written composition, yclept an Oration, entitled "The Philosophy of History," by C. E. Jefferson of the Ohio Wesleyan University. When that "Oration" took a "First Honor" at an "Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest" the others must be considered very poor indeed. D. F. Bradley's is, we think, far superior to Mr. Jefferson's. Of course we cannot quite agree with Mr. Bradley in his estimate of the benefits of the Reformation, but we speak of the essay as a whole and of its composition. When he uses the word "worship," in relation to the Blessed Virgin, we hope it is in the old-time sense of the word, and not according to its modern acceptance, in the sense of adoration, in which it is now incorrectly used. In that sense he spoke a truth when he said that "the worship of the Virgin Mary in those times of barbarity gave a dignity and value to woman, which would not otherwise have been possible." Who would not hold woman in esteem when one of the sex was raised to the highest pinnacle that a creature could be raised, the dignity of Mother of the only-begotten Son of God? The "Miscellaneous Notes"—of a literary character—and the College gossip of the *Review* are edited with excellent judgment. We hope the Exchange editress will extend her department, for it is real spicy, even though she would occasionally overstep proper bounds in her sweeping reforms. We are inclined to agree with her when she says that such pet names as "Nettie," "Mollie," "Allie," "Maggie," "Lizzie," "Susie," etc., present rather an amusing appearance in print—adding: "When young women are old enough to attend college, and occupy offices in societies, it is to be hoped that they will leave their mothers' baby-name at home, and write themselves Margaret, Elizabeth, Susan, or whatever their christened name may be." We like pet names ourselves, but we think they should be kept in the family circle and should not appear in print. The latter proceeding is in very bad form.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 18, 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 SIXTEENTH 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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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—A very pleasing entertainment was presented on last Saturday evening by Prof. and Mrs. Thorpe, of Philadelphia. The selections, though simple, were in good taste and were well rendered. The audience seemed to be fully satisfied, though we could wish to observe a little more discrimination exercised in the matter of applause. However, it may be that "tastes differ."

—There is no doubt that there are times when one is more disposed to work than at others, though it is equally true that with many persons the season for exertion is long coming, and of short duration when it does come. Because there are intervals when we can work with greater facility is no proof that we cannot accomplish a given task successfully unless we happen to feel like going about it. Those who are always deferring the performance of some duty or other till they are "in the humor," till "the spirit moves" them, do not often feel like doing anything. Some persons are born tired, and their greatest aim in life would seem to be to rest themselves.

Labor is a divine precept, the first reparation demanded by God of fallen man. But, besides being a penance, labor is a blessing: it regenerates man, strengthens his faculties, makes life sweet. The man who has not learned to work does not know what true pleasure is, though he may have enjoyed every other gratification the world can offer. The draught of nectar is for him who toils, for him 'tis sweetest.

Virgil would not have finished his "Eclogues" before he was thirty had he always deferred writing till he felt like it, nor would Raphael have laid the foundation of a world-wide fame before the age of thirty-seven. Keats died when he was only twenty-five, but he had made a reputation. A hundred other instances might be cited, but the fact goes with the stating that men of genius who have left their mark in the world were laborious as well as gifted. Some one once complimented M. Thiers on what were supposed to be his improvised speeches, saying it was marvellous how he could speak as he did, without time for reflection. Thiers replied: "You are not paying me a compliment, sir. It is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised, I rise at 5 in the morning to prepare."

The way to accomplish anything in life is to begin early and work steadily. The one who is always procrastinating loses little by little the power to exert himself and ends by being a sluggard. *Age quod agis*, and begin it right off. For instance, if you remember that you ought to send a contribution to the SCHOLASTIC, get right to work, and you will be surprised to see how soon you have done what you intended or promised, and so will the Editors.

Rev. Paul E. Gillen, C. S. C.

Far from his college home, the beloved Notre Dame, Ind., the Rev. Paul E. Gillen, C. S. C., died at the residence of his nephew, Degraw Street, Brooklyn, Friday evening, Oct. 20th, at an advanced age.

Father Gillen was known in all parts of the country, and wherever he went he made innumerable friends, who ever looked up to him as a true friend and guide, and who, now that he is no more in the land of the living, cannot help repeating: "May the God whom he served so long and so well deign to receive his soul into everlasting peace! Amen."

Father Gillen was more than an ordinary priest. The priesthood was his highest ambition, was his soul's desire from the tender age of childhood, and in that sacred calling his labors were so grand, that now that he has been gathered to his fathers, we can say, without hurting the tender soul of "Father Paul," that he was an extraordinary priest.

He was born in the North of Ireland about the beginning of this century, and came to this coun-

try when young. After years of trials and difficulties, during which time he never misplaced confidence in his Heavenly Father, he was at last raised to the sacerdotal state, and soon he offered the Adorable Victim of Calvary's merit as a Father of the Holy Cross at Indiana. Before he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood, Father Paul was a missionary in the world, and if space would permit, numerous anecdotes could be told of his adventures in that direction. But if he gained souls to Christ while in the world, in religion his success was much greater.

When the late Civil War broke out he entered as a chaplain, and continued during the whole time of the rebellion, having a portable altar erected in an ambulance wagon, which could be moved as the regiments advanced. His story of life among the soldiers was as interesting as it was instructive, and the good that he achieved was very great. Among his greatest friends of those stormy times—and they continued their friendship till his death—were Generals whose names were renowned for valor and bravery, and who, when they met the priest, thought nothing too good for the old friend and companion of eventful days. And to none will the sad news of Father Gillen's death bring more genuine sorrow than to those brave warriors who were witnesses of the good wrought by this devoted man.

When the war was ended, Father Gillen returned to his home, and continued in the ministrations of his sacred calling, bringing back hardened souls to make peace with God, solacing the weak and the infirm, and rendering assistance wherever needed. Of late years, old age began to tell on the venerable priest, and, though unfitted for all the hardships of the sacred ministry, still he persevered, with a zeal worthy of him, in the discharge of his duties; and when death came to him he died, to use a familiar expression, "in the harness."

Father Paul's life was so beautiful, such grand lessons could be learned from it, that repeatedly was he asked to write it, but he would not hear of such a thing. Perhaps, now that he has gone to receive his reward, some good soul who knows will tell of the work of Father Paul—of how he labored in the Master's vineyard, in season and out of season; of the many trials and disappointments which he met during his eventful career; of his services in the late civil war; of the grand work he achieved for his beloved Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy.

Father Gillen was not feeling well last summer, and though he wished to come to Brooklyn on business, his health would not permit it. He gained strength later on in the season, and obtained permission to visit his friends in New York. Whenever he came to Brooklyn he usually celebrated Mass for the Daughters of Mary, in charge of the deaf mutes, and it was on that errand of mercy that the aged priest of God was bent when his death-sickness seized him. He was borne to his nephew's residence, where all that could be thought of was done for the poor sufferer. Father Walsh administered the last Sacraments,

and, oh! it was a spectacle worthy of the occasion to see the old priest receive his Lord for the last time. He tried to robe himself, feeble though he was, in his cassock, as in days gone by, to receive the Divine object of his love, and the effort nearly cost him his life.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, the Poor of St. Francis, and the Daughters of Mary were constant in their attendance upon the dying priest; and Dr. Freil, Father Drumgoole, Father Walsh, and Brothers Paschal and Jarlath, of Notre Dame, were his companions. All that love could do was done by Mrs. McGuinness, and the consecrated hands of the dying priest were raised in benediction in behalf of this most estimable lady.

The end came on Friday morning, Oct. 20th, just at the time when it was his wont to celebrate the Divine Mysteries.—*James McKenna, in the Sunday Democrat.*

Personal.

—John Gibbons, of '79, is studying medicine at Keokuk, Iowa.

—Frank McGrath (Com'l), '80, has assumed the management of his father's business, a wholesale paper establishment, State St., Chicago.

—Rev. E. J. Walters, the efficient and popular rector of St. Mary's Church, Logansport, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College during the past week.

—Mr. John Alber (Com'l), of '69, travels for a wholesale Queens-ware establishment, of Logansport, Ind., and to say he is successful is but to say the least in his favor.

—B. J. Clagget, of '80, was a delegate to the late State Convention held at Springfield, Ill. *On dit* that he is about to become a Benedict, sometime before the holidays. He has the best wishes of all his old friends.

—Isaac Treon (Com'l), of '82, has entered a Philadelphia college to study pharmacy. He intends, in the near future, to open a drug-store in his native city, Miamisburg, Ohio. Success, Ike! is the wish of all your friends here.

—J. B. Berteling, '80, is still in Cincinnati. From a letter written to one of his Professors we learn that he pursues the study of science with the same vigor and interest which he displayed while at Notre Dame. John wishes to be kindly remembered to all his old college friends.

—Mr. A. Hemsteger (Com'l), '79, one of Notre Dame's best students, is proprietor of a large gents' furnishing goods establishment, in Piqua, Ohio. Al. is as genial as ever, and retains that popularity among his business associates which was so characteristic of him with the Faculty and students whilst here.

—Mr. Albert Dickehoff (Com'l), of '72, was one of the best accountants of our Commercial Course. He has been engaged for a number of years as head book-keeper in one of the Logans-

port, Ind., National Banks, and we are pleased to learn that he has been lately raised to a higher position.

Local Items.

- Box?
- He's got 'em.
- Bring back that *Pilot*!
- "Poot up or shoot up!"
- A little more steam, please.
- He prefers boots to liver-pads.
- Overcoats are in great demand.
- What has become of the Band?
- "New Arts" is in course of preparation.
- First snow on the 13th. Ye "local" knows it.
- Wild birds are flying southward in large numbers.
- Our friend John has not been heard from this week.
- Competitions next week in the Collegiate Course.
- Great enthusiasm prevails anent subscriptions for the dome.
- The Seniors have purchased a carpet for their reading-room.
- "If I were a King," is being printed in neat pamphlet form.
- The Gymnasium has been furnished with new heating apparatus.
- Prof. Lyons paid a flying visit to Laporte, last Tuesday morning.
- The *Scholastic Annual* for 1883 will be issued early next month.
- The one who removed that organ platform had better bring it back.
- Mr. W. J. Hoynes, our new Professor of Law, arrived on last Wednesday.
- Two beautiful pictures have been added to the fine collection in St. Edward's Hall.
- The Crescent Club Orchestra rejoices in the acquisition of an excellent clarinet player.
- There will be a grand *soirée*, next Wednesday, in honor of the Festival of St. Cecilia.
- The music teacher says the Minims are little angels. QUERY:—"Are there any more of 'im?"
- The cement walk is just the thing! We do not refer to the printers' walk—that has not come yet.
- Master Dean Wallace, of Montana Ty., entered as a student of the Minim department on Tuesday.
- There is a bridge connecting the "Palace" with the Infirmary. Is it the Bridge of Sighs, or what is it?
- His first investment, after entering the Senior department was, pipe and tobacco. How quickly some do learn!

—A Crescent Club *Sociable* will be given this (Saturday) evening. Tickets may be had on application to B. Paul.

—The *crème de la crème* of the Euglossians are billed to appear next Wednesday eve—if not that eve, some other eve.

—There is a rumor that a grand excursion to the Farm will soon be made by the banner boys of the Junior department.

—The thanks of the students are due to Messrs. Anderson and Kuhn, for the time and attention which they give to the electric light.

—Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, well-known benefactors of Notre Dame, have been presented to the Lemonnier Library.

—That portion of the Infirmary building which was formerly used as a dormitory for the Minims has been transformed into private rooms.

—The Fire Brigade was organized last Thursday. B. Alexander is chief of the department. The regular daily drill will be next in order.

—Master W. Mug, of the 1st Grammar Class, was complimented by the Director of Studies for his excellent composition on the Reading-room.

—"Rolla, the Wizard, or the Diamond Star," was found this week. The owner may *catch it* by applying at the office of the Prefect of Discipline.

—Master R. V. Papin, of the Minim department, has completed a painting of Father General. Our young artist has displayed commendable zeal.

—Vocal Music has received a marked impetus, thanks to the zeal of the energetic Director. We hope to hear from our vocalists at the next exhibition.

—A grand scientific entertainment will be given at an early day, in which Father Zahm will employ in his experiments the instruments lately received.

—Master E. B. Gerlach, of the Juniors, has an interesting and nicely-written little story in the "Youth's Department" of *The "Ave Maria,"* this week.

—Several life-size portraits of American poets, and a large number of groups of different college organizations, have been placed in the Seniors' reading-room.

—The Director of the new Vocal Class desires it stated that much credit is due to Mr. J. P. O'Neill, for valuable assistance rendered in the organization of the class.

—To-morrow, the 25th Sunday after Pentecost, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, of one Martyr, page 40 of the Vesperal; hymn, *Iste Confessor*, page 51.

—In laying out the cement walks, the engineers did not take into consideration the possible weight and width of *those boots*. Let the one whom the boot fits be warned in time.

—The Agricultural department of the Cabinet of Curiosities has lately received what is said to be a *lusus naturæ*—a carrot, encircled by a bone, through which it had grown.

—Our local artists, ever solicitous for the public good, are busily engaged in depicting the late *burro* adventure, a brief sketch of which may be found elsewhere among these items.

—The scene presented on last Saturday night by *that grand rush* was, to say the least, not very creditable to those who took part in it. We think it time to adopt a more refined method of entering the Hall.

—The members of the First Grammar Class have the honor of furnishing the Junior reading-room with its finest ornament. Many thanks to them and teacher, who has shown great interest and taste, for the same.

—There has been a notable improvement in the electric light. Is this to be attributed to the new boilers, or to the fact that our men have become more proficient in the art of slinging lightning? (not the *Fersey* brand!)

—The seventh regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on the 13th. Essays were read by Masters Welch, Stange, Warner, Harris, Devine, Schicker, McGordon and Wright. Master F. Nester delivered a declamation. Masters C. Lindsey and J. Pick were admitted to membership. The meeting closed with an address from the President.

—We notice that in various places around the premises cuttings of the *Wistaria Sinensis*, or Chinese glycine, are making a thrifty growth. The *Wistaria* is a beautiful climber. When it has attained its growth the long spikes of beautiful blue flowers produce a fine effect. We are told these *Wistarias* were presented, with a number of other choice vines and shrubs, to B. F. de Paul.

—The following problem, taken from *The New York Sun*, may be of interest to our young Mathematicians:

Two trains of cars, 150 and 140 yards long, respectively, pass each other, the 150-yard train going at the rate of 50 miles per hour, and the 140-yard train going at the rate of 40 miles per hour. How long does it take them to pass each other, they keeping up the same rate of speed?

—An exciting game of football was played last Thursday afternoon, between 17 Juniors and 85 Minims. The Juniors were the winners in two straight heats. S. Roper was umpire. A very interesting episode during the match was occasioned by a little five-year old seizing the ball and kicking it all around the field. After some time he was induced to desist, and the game proceeded, with the result above-recorded.

—The Curator of the Museum gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a large, unusually fine and polished specimen of turquoise from Mr. S. N. Lucas, of Santa Fé, N. M. All who have seen the specimen pronounce it one of the largest and most beautiful they have ever beheld. It belonged to a collection of turquoises exhibited at the Denver Industrial and Mining Exposition, a collection that attracted more attention than any other shown.

—A match-game of football was begun on last Thursday p. m., between the "Reds" and "Blues" (Juniors), for a grand prize of a barrel of

apples. J. McGrath was captain of the "Reds" and T. McGrath directed the "Blues." The games were closely contested for about an hour, without any advantage being gained on either side, when time was called on account of the rain. The match will be decided on the next favorable "rec." day.

—The Curator of the Museum is specially indebted to Mr. F. W. Smith, Gen. Supt., and W. C. Melville, Gen. Freight Agt., of the Atlantic and Pacific Ry., for favors received. While making collections in New Mexico and Arizona, these gentlemen extended him every courtesy, and gave him every facility for reaching the points of the greatest interest along the route named. Some of the finest specimens in the Museum, and the finest petrification we have ever seen, are credited by Father Zahm to Messrs. F. W. Smith and W. C. Melville.

—The Temperance Society promises to be the banner society of the College, at least in point of numbers. The Senior branch organized on last Thursday, with a membership of over 50. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, President; F. E. Kuhn, 1st Vice-President; Harry Noble, 2d Vice-President; R. E. Fleming, Recording Secretary; W. H. Bailey, Corresponding Secretary; W. H. Bolton, Treasurer. In this society, none but *teetotalers* can hold any office. Lectures, readings, entertainments of various kinds, will be furnished during the year, and every effort made to encourage the members in their good work.

—The second regular meeting of the N. D. U. Scientific Association was held last Sunday evening. Mr. N. Ewing, '84, was unanimously elected to membership. After the transaction of ordinary business, Mr. A. Zahm read a paper on the "Flying Machine." The history of the machine is not very interesting, merely absurd theories and still more absurd trials, until we come to the thirteenth century. During this time, the gentleman showed, by well-authenticated facts, that a mode of aerial navigation was known and used, but which certainly cannot come up to the advanced ideas of the present day in regard to aerial navigation. The speaker believed that there is a mode of navigating the air which can be made effectual, and that talent and capital combined would prove it. At the next meeting he will treat of the modes which should be used to insure success. On motion the meeting adjourned, to meet next Saturday evening.

—Some time ago we called attention, in these columns, to the fact that those *fooling* around the *burros* should be prepared for a manifestation of unwonted energy in the lateral and posterior portions of the aforesaid quadrupeds. It seems that *all* have not profited by our warning. There are, however, at present in this vicinity, two young gentlemen who have learnt, by *actual experiment*, that it would have been well to have followed our advice. As the welfare of many is at stake, we shall briefly relate the circumstances of that *experiment*, omitting, of course, any names. The gen-

tllemen, we refer to, undertook, one day last week, to take a ride upon the gentle animals, on the road around the lake. After careful manœuvering, which, by the way, showed some little dubiousness in regard to the future, they were safely mounted and the journey began. All went well until they met with a slight obstruction in the shape of a *stile*; this they undertook to cross upon their gallant steeds, and here occurred the awful catastrophe. (Perhaps, in this word, *burro* should be substituted for *cat*.) The ascent of the steps was made in safety, but, alas! the beasts objected to descending, at least while encumbered with any baggage. And then came the *denouement*. The riders attempted to persuade the animals to descend, and that's where they missed it. They should not have engaged in such a fruitless work as remonstrating with the perverse animals: they should have dismounted. As it was, one was *laid* in the middle of the road, and the other was obliged to seek a soft spot in the lake! The submerged gentleman was, luckily, a good swimmer, and reached the shore in safety; the other, barring a little *ploughing* done in the soil, was but little the worse for the adventure. After mutual interchanges of sympathy, and such assistance as is usual and even necessary in similar emergencies, they *walked* home sadder but wiser men. The *burros* were not hurt—and after gazing calmly upon the mischief they had done, descended in safety and went their own way. Here endeth our tale. Once more we repeat: "Look out for the *burros*!"

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, W. Bailey, Brady, Browne, Bolton, Becerra, Comerford, Cavanaugh, A. P. Cole, G. Clarke, Conway, Celia, Campbell, Clements, Chelini, Claffey, A. J. Coll, M. Donohue, J. Donohue, Drover, Jas. Delaney, Eisenhauer, N. Ewing, Eaton, Flynn, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fleming, Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Fenton, Grever, Guthrie, Golonski, Grange, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Gooley, Hausberg, Johnston, Kane, Kolars, Kuhn, Kavanaugh, Larkin, Lally, McEniry, McErlaine, W. McCarthy, J. McNamara, T. McNamara, Molloy, Mullen, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, Morse, Magoffin, Metz, McManus, Nelson, Neeson, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, O'Brien, Paquette, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Peery, Ratterman, Rodgers, Ryan, Sturla, Solon, Stover, C. Smith, Seitz, Stull, Saviers, G. Smith, E. Smith, Tinley, Terrazas, Walsh, Warren, Warner, Wheatley, Whalen, Whitwer, Yrisairi, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackhoff, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Collier, Curtis, Cavanagh, Coover, Courtney, Chirhart, Caveroc, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, De Haven, Dunn, Duffin, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fehr, Farrelly, Ferguson, Fendrich, Fishel, Fogarty, Gibert, Grothaus, Gerlach, Hagerty, Hibbeler, Hess, Halligan, Hannavin, Holbrook, Hagen, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Jeannot, Kahman, Kengel, M. Kelly, Lund, Leffingwell, McCawley, Mug, T. McGrath, Müller, McGordon, McDonald, Murphy, J. McCartney, B. McCartney, D. O'Connor, Peery, Pick, C. Porter, Robb, Roper, Reach, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Smeeth, Schaeffer, Seegers, Shannon, Taggart, Taylor, Terrazas, Violette, Worcester, Waggoner, Wilkinson, W. Wright, Zeigler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Chaves, Colwell, Cummings, E. Costigan, G. Costigan, Chirhart, Dirksmeyer, W. Dyer, J. Dyer, W. Devine, Devereux, A. Devine, J. Kelly, Kraus, Keeffe, Kane, Luther, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, E. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, McGordon, Metz, Nester, B. Otis, D. Prindiville, Spencer, Schmitz, Stange, G. Stamm, F. Stamm, Schmauss, Thomas, Unger, Whitney, W. Walsh, E. Walsh, Wallace, L. Young.

Class Honors.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Peery, Whalen, T. McNamara, Cella, Brady, Ashford, Keller, Deinhart, Whitwer, McDonnell, J. Courtney, Ackhoff, Jeannot, Mug, Kengel, Dillon, Katz, Taylor, Dolan, Zeigler, M. Foote, Bacon.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—Messrs. J. Murphy, Cella, Taylor, Fishel, Lund, Brice, M. Foote, Droste, S. Murdock, Gerlach, Hagenbarth, P. Warren, Dillon, J. Hetz, Dean, Seegers; Grammar—Messrs. Zeigler, Mug, Jos. Courtney, Schaeffer, Fishel, Taylor, Dillon, Cella, Peery, Golonski, Kellar, Caveroc, Hagen, B. McCartney; Geography—Messrs. J. Smith, Zeigler, Hess, Gerlach, H. Foote, Cassily, Peery, Wilkinson, Hagenbarth, Schillo, Deinhart, Whalen, Cella, Stull, Drover; United States History—Messrs. J. Smith, Dolan, Gibert, Gerlach, Hess, Smeeth, Berthelet, Mulkern, Jeannot, Cella, Whitwer, Keller, Deinhart, Sullivan; Arithmetic—Messrs. Bacon, Zeigler, Smeeth, Whalen, Cella; Book-Keeping—Messrs. Whalen, Dolan, Mug, Katz; Penmanship—Messrs. Spencer, Magoffin, J. Eisenhauer, J. Keegan, Droste, T. Walsh, Dunn.

For the Dome.

A Child of Mary.....	\$500.00
Prof. L. Gregori.....	300.00
A Child of Mary.....	200.00
Rev. E. J. Walters, Logansport, Ind.....	100.00
Rev. Fr. Saulnier, C. S. C.....	11.00
Willie McPhee, Denver, Col.....	20.00
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Ellen McSweeney, Australia.....	25.00
Mark A. Wills, San Francisco, Cal.....	12.00
Walter Dyer, Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter.....	5.00
A. P. Call, Philadelphia.....	10.00
A Daughter of Mary.....	5.00
Bartholomew Halloran, Chicago.....	5.00
Some Devoted Children of Mary.....	5.00
A Friend.....	5.00
An Humble Servant of Mary.....	5.00
Mrs. Taylor.....	5.00
Une Enfant de Marie.....	5.00
St. John's Hospital, Silver Reef, Utah Ter.....	30.00
St. Mary's Academy, (first gold instalment).....	30.00
Holy Cross School, Baltimore.....	7.00
Sacred Heart School, Clarksville, Texas.....	6.16
Parish School, Vincennes, Ind.....	5.00
St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	20.00
Sacred Heart Academy Ackley, Iowa.....	10.00
B. Eisenhauer, Huntington, Ind.....	25.00
Children of Mary.....	10.00
Donations from various sources.....	29.00

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One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—There are constantly new arrivals. The more, the merrier.

—Mrs. Gephart presented a fine stuffed bird to the Museum. It is of a rare species, and takes rank with the other ornithological specimens.

—The morning walks are still inviting; the weather is just right, and it is delightful to see so many rosy-cheeked lassies returning from the long or short promenade, fresh and bright for study.

—The "Art Lecture," was given on Tuesday, at the regular time appointed. Subjects—"How to become a Connoisseur of Art"? The "Areundelian Society"; and a minute description of the magnificent triple-painting in the Cathedral of Cologne, "The Adoration of the Magi"; "St. Ursula and her Companions"; and the "Theban Legion."

—The regular Academic reunion, held on the 12th, was presided over by Very Rev. Father General. After the Roll of Honor was announced, Very Rev. Father addressed the pupils on the importance of graceful and refined manners. An article "On Elocution and Reading," from the *North American Review*, was read by Miss Hunter; "*L'Esperance*" (Danfresne), by Miss Feehan; "The Ladder of St. Augustine" (Longfellow), by Miss Owens; and a Recitation, "The Sisters," by E. C. Donnelly, read by Miss Murphy.

A Story of Beethoven.

From the German.

How sensitive is the true musician! Ever tender-hearted, ever susceptible to the insults of the heartless world; rarely appreciated, his heart filled with sorrow, is often embittered against the human race. After all, appreciation is the oil which feeds the flame of genius, whilst neglect has blighted the promise of many a life. Even the great Beethoven was not beyond the influence of neglect. Whilst yet partially unknown to the world, the great composer was extremely poor and neglected. At this time he composed his sublime opera of "Fidelio," produced under the title of "Leonora." However, the music was in advance of its time. Shallow minds could not understand, and so he remained in his poverty. To his few sympathizing friends he complained bitterly of the world at large; yet his heart had all the gentle tenderness of a woman's.

"I feel I have genius," he would say, "but it is unknown and slighted!" Such men pass us daily in our walks—men whom the heedless little note, but in whose eyes, fixed, as it were, on some spir-

itual vision, regardless of all around, the more attentive watcher may trace the sacred fire of genius. Thus, utterly unappreciated on one occasion, wearied by close application, Beethoven closed the piano and, putting aside his manuscript, prepared for a short walk. Passing by a dwelling as humble as his own, his heart beat with emotion; one of his compositions was being played. He looked up at the house, the door of which stood open; he entered and knocked at the room from which the sounds issued. He forgot the occupants were strangers to him: he only knew that in their souls existed a common love for music. A young girl sat at the piano; her brother, pale and haggard, stood by. Beethoven excused himself, as he entered, and said, simply: "I was passing and chanced to hear the music, and I could not help coming in."

"I fear our instrument is but a poor one," replied the young man, as he bowed to Beethoven.

"Aye, but the performance is good; will the young lady permit me to ask whence she obtained the music?"

"Certainly," she answered: "Some time since I heard it played repeatedly in a house in a part of this town, under the window of which I often stood to listen. I only play it by ear. Do you play it, sir?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes, I do. Shall I play it for you?"

"I should like to hear it once more, if you will be so kind!" was the joyful answer.

Without more words he seated himself at the piano, which seemed to become inspired under his masterly touch. Exquisite movements, chorals of richest harmony filled the listeners with rapture. Beethoven ceased abruptly and gazed before him, lost in thought. The young man approached and said: "Sir, do tell me your name!"

Without a reply, Beethoven played again, well pleased at being appreciated, and at the evident admiration he excited.

When he had finished, the young man came again to him: "I am not deceived," he said, "You are surely Ludwig Beethoven, the great musician!"

"I am," he said, and rose from the piano with the intention of departing; but the pleading look of the young girl and the man's earnest entreaty compelled him to reseat himself.

"Play it once more," they whispered, inaudibly, "we may never hear you again!"

The moon had risen, and shone into the apartment in which there was no other light. Her mellow rays fell aslant the floor, bringing out more evidently the poverty of all within their reach.

As in a dream, the musicians rose and walked to the window. He lifted his eyes to heaven and gazed with an admiration, too deep for words, on the radiant beauty of the summer sky, rich in the soft lustre of the full moon's light. All was calm in the street below; the opposite houses flung dark shadows, and basked brightly in the silvery rays of the luminary. Ideas and impressions the most poetical flashed across the mind of the composer. He returned to the instrument; there he

could give life to the emotions which struggled in his soul for expression. His hands strayed over the keys, he was composing a *sonata*. Meeting with those who loved to hear him play, who had faith in his abilities and in the power of his genius, he became, as it were, inspired; all the rich and gifted strains of his usual composition became combined in the *sonata* he played; it contained noble harmony; bursts of rapturous melody, of exquisite emanations from the world of sounds, and the most expressive powers of intense feeling. It is over; the musician leans back on his chair, his mind is absent, and in the room, half lit by the moonlight, stand his listeners, spell-bound. "Adieu!" the musician said, rising hastily; he advanced to the door, but turned round before he went out. "Farewell," he said, again, "God will bless you for the happiness you have imparted to my weary heart." He hastened home to note down this happy effusion of his brain.

When the morning stars grew pale from long watching, ere the flush of crimson dawn, they, looking in, beheld the composer bending over the piano, writing in manuscript the *sonata*, which, we may presume, was afterwards handed down to posterity.

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