

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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St. Cecilia.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF '82-'83, BY MRS. M. A. STACE. READ AT THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THEIR PATRONAL FESTIVAL, BY D. G. TAYLOR.

I.

Where it lists, the Spirit breatheth,
We hear the voice so sweet and low,
Yet whence it came, or wherefore leaveth
We cannot tell, we may not know.
Proud were the Halls in olden Rome
Where pleasure reigned, and pomp and power,
Where pagan customs filled each home,
And luxury beguiled each hour.

II.

Yet here, descended from a race
Of regal name—to wealth the heir,
Whose far-back ancestry could trace
To thrones and sceptres they did share—
A maid, in sweet serenity
Unscathed doth dwell. The pomp of life
Disturbs not her amenity,
She hears not, heeds not pagan strife.

III.

For unto her the Spirit came,
He breathed upon that virgin fair,
Enkindling in her heart a flame
That burneth out all earthly care.
Her high estate on this poor earth
She passes unregarded by;
Within her soul, the second birth
Hath gifted her with purity.

IV.

Unto new life hath she arisen,
With soul attuned to things divine;
Cecilia's voice ascends to heaven,
Her heart, for God, a fitting shrine.
Who taught her? None can ever know;
God doth not need a human aid—
His Spirit breatheth sweet and low,
Where'er His love is not gainsaid.

V.

From childhood upwards, 'fore God's throne,
Cecilia breathed her hopes in sighs
That Christ would take her for His own,
Nor her humility despise.
"Thine, and Thine only, O my God!
Thou hearest prayer, then hear me now!

I fain would tread the steps Thou trod,
Jesus, accept my simple vow!"

VI.

And when was prayer like this unheard?
Cecilia! this thy faith sublime,
By angel ministry preferred,
Hath pierced the clouds, o'er-leaping time.
Sooner than thou should'st fail in strait,
Sooner than unfulfilled thy vow,
God bids an angel on thee wait,
Bids earthly passions 'fore thee bow.

VII.

A pagan lord her hand demands
(Marvels still strew of God the way).
Her parents give it, and she stands
Beside him, decked in bride's array.
And when the pagan rite has ceased,
The banquet served—the bridal throng
With music celebrate the feast,
Cecilia, too, unites in song.

VIII.

Her words were marked by God alone:
"Oh, keep my heart and senses pure!"
To Christ ascends the holy tone,
"Oh, bid my chastity endure!"
Well was she named the Queen of Song,
When angels joined in chorus there.
Unheeded, though, by pagan throng,
Their voices filled the upper air.

IX.

He bore her home, that pagan lord,
Home as his own, his cherished bride;
Yet, list! what is that wondrous word
Prevents his nestling to her side?
"Valerian, noble, generous friend!"
'Twas thus she spoke, that purest bride.
Espoused to Christ; "To me attend,
A secret I would fain confide—

X.

"Promise thou ne'er wilt violate,
Or to another's ear betray
The sacred mystery I state
In confidence to thee this day."
He promised; and she then revealed:
"An angel standeth at my side,
Of my virginity the shield,
To guard me as of Christ the bride.

XI.

"Slight thou his mission, death will strike,
But love me as he loveth me
His guardianship will be, alike

With his great beauty, shown to thee!"
 Astounded, wildered, rooted, stood—
 Not knowing what to do or say—
 Valerian, thwarted in his mood,
 Mocked of his love on that great day.

XII.

He masters self: "Bring me to scan,"
 He hoarsely says, "of which you speak:
 If angel—well; but if a man—
 On both my vengeance woe shall wreak!"
 "But angel vision is not given
 To eyes by primal sin still sealed."
 Valerian, by her soft words driven,
 Seeks the retreat, by her revealed,

XIII.

Of one who holds St. Peter's place.
 Instructed, then in Christian lore,
 Cleansed by the rite which sins efface,
 The pagan does his Lord adore.
 Then, clothed in robe of neophyte,
 Returns: he finds his prostrate bride
 In fervent prayer; an angel bright,
 With crowns in hand, is by her side.

XIV.

He joins her prayer; the angel stands,
 And on each separate head he placed
 A wreath all wove by angel hands,
 Roses and lilies interlaced:
 "Receive these crowns," the angel said,
 "Fresh from high heav'n I brought them here:
 Ne'er will their glorious beauty fade
 In hearts that purity revere."

XV.

But, ah! the crown that comes from heaven
 Is purchased by of earth the loss;
 To the disciple is it given
 To share, as gain, the holy cross!
 Cecilia won the martyr wreath—
 By pagan law condemned to die,
 All gladly she embraced her death
 To sing her canticles on high.

XVI.

Hail, St. Cecilia! Virgin bright!
 Cecilia, Queen of Sacred Song!
 From 'mid those beauteous realms of light,
 To which thy melodies belong,
 One glance of love on us bestow,
 Intone for us one song divine;
 Pray that thy vot'ries here below,
 Like thee, in purity may shine.

Flying Machines.

[A Paper read before the Notre Dame Scientific Association by ALBERT F. ZAHM, '83.]

Shall man ever be able to fly? is a question frequently asked, and a question deserving of more attention than it usually receives. For the most part an answer hasty and decisive is immediately given. 'Tis either a knowing *yes*, from the whimsical and ignorant, or an arrogant, confident *no*, emphatically pronounced by the still more ignoran-

and superficial. Ask for a reason, and straightway is hurled at you that thunderbolt of Logic, woman's reason: "I think so because I think so." The mechanical genius, blessed with a quick eye and lively constructiveness, thinks it possible because it "looks so"; while his adversary, lacking such ability, relies for protection upon his memory, fortified by an inveterate prejudice. First, you must listen to a well-manufactured tale (*vide* Darius Green *et id genus omne*), which has already done service to the seventh generation, and concludes with a *sic tibi*. Then comes an overwhelming siege of reasoning. "Other men have tried, and failed. What was impossible for them is also impossible for all other men: ability and perseverance out of the question." Therefore men shall never be able to fly. It is an old, worn-out subject, like the squaring of a circle, or the trisecting of an angle.

True, it is an old subject; for birds and bees used to fly before Adam, who himself was wont to amuse the family by flapping his hands to imitate them. Would that he had continued during his 930 years and commanded the same to all his posterity; then, according to the development theory—"The function makes the organ,"—nature would have supplied the feathers and other essentials. His hands could have been preserved by clenching stones, or by the "influence of the mind on the body." In fact, both feathers and muscles ought to be produced by this same influence; for certain scientists maintain that not only can various diseases, from hydrophobia to common colic, be cured by proper mental exertion, but even that the blind can be made to see, the lame to walk; that changes can be made in the skin, circulation, etc. Now, to apply this theory. If we of the Scientific Association could get some person of a sufficiently delicate nervous system, we might persuade him to flap his would-be wings until the feathers appeared. Naturally his posterity would become full-fledged at the age of maturity. But this is leading us from the question.

I was going to show that, although the subject is an old one, no real ability has been spent upon it until quite lately. Mr. E. J. Morey in his excellent work on "Aerial Locomotion" tells us that a bird's movements in flight are not so complicated, nor is its power so great, as is usually supposed. He has also constructed, and is still constructing, machines to imitate these movements, and, so far has been very successful. And in this connection I might quote the following words from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Germany and Russia are both pushing forward experiments in flying machines for use in war or otherwise. It appears that the direction in which these are working is the only one likely to prove successful. It ignores the ridiculous inflated gas-bag, which is enormous in size, difficult and costly to fill in war, and floats a gigantic derelict at the mercy of every current of air. England, too, is making valuable experiments on the same subject. Nor are the people of this country asleep." While writing, I read the following in the *New York World*: "Joseph Kantz

of this city, claims to have invented two machines, by which the air is to be navigated at such small cost, that after their practical introduction railroads and steamers will go out of existence. The first invention is a balloon with a ship attached. It will be so thoroughly under control that it can be steered at any speed with or against the wind, and can be made to stand still in the air without any loss of gas. The second invention is a regular flying machine, to be lifted mainly by gas, but to be propelled by steam. The speed of this machine is estimated at one hundred miles an hour in favorable weather." With so much in my favor, I hope you will excuse my boldness in maintaining the feasibility of aerial locomotion by means of flying machines.

The way is pretty clear so far. Firstly, we have none but the ignorant or superficial opposed to us; secondly, no real ability and perseverance have been spent upon it without good results; thirdly, if these two assertions are not true, it is no argument against us. The last statement is self-evident; the others I leave to your own information, for I have been unable to find anything to the contrary, as far, at least, as regards ability and experiment.

The only real, methodical, scientific work done in the study of the theory of flight has been done in our own time, and is still continuing with good prospects. The attempts made long ago were of a trifling nature, and deserve little attention.

The first experimenter Dædalus, with his son and disciples, flew on the *per se* principle, independent of any assistant motive power; while Archytas and his followers relied mainly upon spring power. Both methods were effective in their respective ages, but in later years they were tried in vain.

Up to the middle of the 17th century people were continually and hopefully searching for wings, and the power to move them. Continually, for centuries, the air was full of strange accounts of persons flying over villages at night, or of others attempting flight—but with disastrous results—from hills and house-tops. But never did anyone fly about in the day-time, nor did anyone leap safely from high places, except those who had machines of a peculiar kind, to which I wish to direct your attention.

These machines were constructed like an umbrella plane on the top. The performer would cling to the under part, and, by means of a lever, incline the upper part at the proper angle. As he leaped from a tower the plane would be considerably slanted so as to descend rapidly. A fall of 9 feet would give a velocity of 24 feet per second; a fall of 16 feet, a velocity of 32 feet. When the rider acquired a suitable velocity, he would gradually change the inclination of the plane until it carried him forward and was inclined a few degrees to the direction of movement. In this manner a certain man used to cross houses, streets and rivers to the amazement of the beholders.

On the same principle, a person might sail from the loftiest peaks of the Alps with the ease and precision of a bird of prey. Those brave adven-

turers who have toiled their way up the dangerous slopes of Mount Blanc might have shortened and eased their journey by leaping from a balloon to the desired place, then gliding down the valley. If such machines received a little attention, they would prove of immense practical value. Travelers on the mountains would then be delighted to meet deep canons and steep cliffs. What pleasure would it be to follow that daring little waterfall in its half-mile plunge down the Yosemite valley or to dive through the storm-cloud to a hill some miles distant!

To be more practical, this machine might be used as a fire-escape, both in time of danger and during recreation. It possesses two excellent qualities: 1st, it can be guided easily even against the wind, and it can be made to go at a fearful velocity, or so slow that the rider could alight safely, upon solid rock. But suppose the machinery were to break; what then? Well, suppose a ship were to go down at sea; suppose a man were to touch off a cannon when standing at the wrong end; what then?

But, though no one succeeded in rising with wings, it was not considered impossible, until Borelli calculated the enormous power exerted by birds in riding. Even at present, to persons as unskilled in science as were the people of the Middle Ages, flying with unaided muscle seems feasible. Undoubtedly it is, with sufficiently large, light, and properly constructed wings. A muscular individual provided with extremely light wings, measuring about 4 square feet to each pound of his weight, and constructed so as to meet a minimum resistance ascending, and a maximum descending, could, by exerting both hands and feet, raise himself and fly rapidly for a few seconds. Such wings are not practical on account of their size, and great size is a necessary constituent on account of man's weakness. A man can raise himself only 6 or 8 feet per second, and with this speed it requires a large surface to meet the proper resistance. If a man were proportionally as powerful as a bird, he would need wings only about 40 square feet in area. According to Borelli, a bird's power is to its weight as 10,000 is to 1. But this statement is very obscure. It must mean either that a bird's muscle in contracting can lift 10,000 times the bird's weight, or, that flying day after day it would on an average develop in foot pounds energy equal to 10,000 times its weight. The second meaning is too favorable to flight. The first is plainly absurd, for we have all dealt enough with the feathered tribe to know that a bird weighing 10 pounds cannot raise 100,000.

At all events, Borelli's announcement discouraged those visionary projectors, and the teachings of Dædalus became generally ignored. Scientists and alchemists then began to look elsewhere for the necessary motive power. Seeing the dew rise in the morning, it occurred to the "smart" people that it might be employed as a lifting power. It was even declared by some as an observed fact that "an egg-shell filled with the morning dew and placed at the foot of a ladder leaning against the roof of a house would, as the day advanced, spon-

taneously rise along the bars and mount to the chimney-tops."

One individual proposed to fill a swan's egg, or bag made of fine skin,—not with dew,—but with the three alchemical agents nitre, sulphur and mercury which he imagined would expand and spring powerfully upwards. Thus the dove of Archytas might be constructed. As an improvement, he proposed to cram the cavity of the dove with highly-condensed air which would impel the machine with a force of 30 or 40 pounds per square inch. Should this be found ineffectual, he suggested a compound made of butter, salts and orpiment, placed in metallic tubes, which he imagined would at the same time heighten the whole effect by emitting a variety of musical tones like an organ. Such were the failures that should discourage us.

And nothing better was done up to the year 1782—you know the date,—the date of the first successful balloon ascent. At the report of this, every heart beat with joy and expectation, and inventors looked to the balloon for power to fly through the air. And each good old lady prayed that her son might be the first to ascend and pluck the pretty, bright stars for her. That expectation was awakened just 100 years ago, and is now only half realized; that is, that people can sail with the wind, but not against it. The balloon has proved a curse to the flying machine, for it has thrown it back a century. It is just now that people are beginning to realize the difference between a balloon and a flying machine. Until quite recently, a bird was regarded as a winged balloon; and the discovery of this error was one of the causes for abandoning the old principles of aerotics.

A century ago the poet Darwin sang:

"Soon shall thy arm unconquered steam afar,
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air."

We would, undoubtedly, see this prediction fulfilled in our own day but for the seductive balloons. Just at the time of its invention, Watt was preparing a mighty motor that would possibly answer the purpose of those who were then studying the theory of flight by the time they should be prepared to apply it. As it is, men of the present day must complete the work of Blanchard, and others, interrupted then. Most people have given up the idea of forcing a balloon against the wind, and we may safely say that it is well that they have done so. I do not mean to assert that balloons are totally unmanagable, but it is certainly impossible to direct them against strong winds. Only a few enthusiasts are studying that subject now, and they are perfecting what, when perfected, will be of little value, except probably for pleasure.

The latest account is that of Mr. Starr, of Tennessee, who has made a balloon of two cylinders, 18 ft. in diameter, pointed at the ends and placed in a straight line. Between them there is a wind-wheel, 26 ft. in diameter, and room for ballasts, engines, etc. He has calculated that when moving 21 miles per hour it will meet a resistance of 756 lbs., and the

wheel will exert a force of nearly twice as much. With such an apparatus it is certainly possible to move through still air, and even against moderate winds. But he intends it for services in war and for carrying mail. Now, I fancy it would be rather unpleasant for him if, when reconnoitering, he were obliged to return against a wind such as carried Lamountain and Haddock from Watertown, N. Y., across the lakes to the great Canadian forest, a distance of 300 miles, in four hours; or such as carried another party from St. Louis, Mo., to Henderson, N. Y. a distance of 1150 miles, in 19 hours and 50 minutes. Such winds would not harm a real flying machine; but, on the contrary, a strong wind would be desirable. We shall see why, further on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

College Gossip.

—Dartmouth College has gone wild over Rugby.

—The University of Minnesota elects men for Commencement in October, so as to be sure of a good thing.—*Northwestern.*

—The Sophs and Freshmen are making things lively at Trinity College for one another in the hazing line.—*Niagara Index.*

—Foreign education seems to be growing in disfavor among Americans, if we are to judge from the tone among American papers.—*Niagara Index.*

—Mr. Henry G. Vennor, the Canadian weather-prophet, is forty-one years of age. He is a professor in the University of Montreal, and the author of a book entitled "Our Birds of Prey."
—*Penman's Art Journal.*

—The Northern Indiana Normal School, at Valparaiso, furnishes more teachers to our public schools than any other in the United States.—*Penman's Art Journal.*

How is that for the Hoosier State?

—During the past twenty-eight years, the Catholic University of Ireland has received from Irish at home and abroad subscriptions amounting to \$2,900,000. The whole of this sum has been expended, with the exception of £25,000 vested in house and land in Stephens Green.

—The boys of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, a short time ago celebrated, with great rejoicing, the forty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of their President, the Very Rev. J. M. Hickey, C. M. A marked feature of the occasion was the presentation to the Very Rev. Father of some substantial tokens of the love and esteem in which he is held by his students.

—The Marquis de Comillas, a Basque nobleman, has made a donation of \$1,025,000 to the Rev. Father Thomas Gomez, S. J. The purpose of this munificent gift is the establishment of a seminary on the estate of the Marquis. In this institution two-hundred students, selected by com-

petition, from among the poorer classes in the Basque country, will be instructed and supported during their collegiate course.

—A collection of old American newspapers, made by Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in this country during the latter years of the Revolution, has been bought from a London bookseller by three friends of Yale College and given to the college library. The files comprise ten volumes of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, seven each of *The Pennsylvania Packet* and *Pennsylvania Journal*, and two of *The Pennsylvania Chronicle*. The givers, who pay \$500 for this collection, are Prof. H. W. Farnam, Capt. C. H. Townsend, and J. D. Dewell, of New Haven.

Exchanges.

—*The Delaware College Review*, a new paper, having seen only its second issue, is one of the handsomest papers on our exchange-table. It is, moreover, edited with some ability, although depending mainly on the management of one person. There is a corps of assistant editors, but they are lazy as Turks—only one of them giving any aid in getting out the paper. H. Greeley Knowles, the editor-in-chief, deserves credit for both tact and ability. We hope we may have reason for a good word for the other fellows when the next number is received. We would rather praise than blame when facts justify praise.

—We once again welcome *The Spectator*, from St. Laurent College, Montreal. The paper looks well in its new suit. Although the color of the cover is neat, it is, however, a rather peculiar one, and not the handsomest that could be chosen. The contents of the paper are well arranged, and display a scholarship that would do credit to any college. The exchange editor makes his bow and his little opening speech very meekly, but unless we are mistaken, in him is a latent fire that only needs fanning to make it blaze. He seems to be of a poetic turn, too. His not very indirect allusion to "sanguinary stains" bodes ill to those who attack him.

—The *Queen's College Journal* has been rather late in getting started, but the second number, for November, is out in very good style. Changes in the editorial staff are probably the cause of the delay. A correspondent urges the great advantage of printing the lectures, as from the rate at which the Professor has to read, in order that "a proper amount of work be gone over in a session," only a very brief synopsis can be written by students unless they can write shorthand, "which," says the *Journal*, "is the exception with them," and this synopsis "is generally an imperfect one, from which the student often gets erroneous ideas." All which forms a pretty conclusive argument that lectures should be either printed or read slowly. The *Queen's College Journal* has as yet opened no exchange department, but the other departments are filled with interesting matter. The only thing

we can find any fault with is the rehashing of old college jokes in a local form, giving the false impression that they originated at Queen's or with the *Journal*.

— At, O deorum quidquid in cœlo regit
Terras et humanum genus,
Quid iste fert tumultus?

HORAT. EPOD., Carm. V.

A certain class of critics have been not inaptly compared to dogs that run after and bark at everybody that passes; be he a thief or an honest person, it is all the same to the dogs. The critic of the *Georgetown College Journal* is evidently of that class. After barking at and biting every luckless wight of the college press that ventured near him, the fellow comes, his appetite whetted with the taste of blood, and makes a fierce onslaught on the SCHOLASTIC scribes. Oh, some of these "critics" (?) of the college press! There is no way of escaping or satisfying them. "Fault-finders," not critics, is their proper title. It would seem as if Horace had them in view when he wrote:

"At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
Nobiscum vivit, multum demissus homo: illi
Tardo cognomen, pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
Insidias nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
Invidia atque vigent ubi crimina: pro bene sano
Ac non incauto fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior quis et est, qualem me sæpe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas, ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone molestus:
Communi sensu plane caret, iniquimus."

After roundly abusing the *Heidelberg Monthly*, for publishing memorial notices of deceased alumni, and writing an epitaph in doggerel verse for the paper itself,—after giving the *Chrestomathean* "a more bilious aspect than what appeared in its first issue," and pitching respectively into the *Delaware College Review*, the *Polytechnic*, and the *St. Mary's College Journal*, the Exchange editor of the *College Journal* opens on the SCHOLASTIC in this way:

"The SCHOLASTIC is on our table as we write. Ah, that sonnet to St. Teresa, in the October number of the SCHOLASTIC! She never bargained for that."

"In the October number of the SCHOLASTIC"! Why, there were *four* numbers of the SCHOLASTIC during the month of October, each of the four averaging twenty-five columns of reading-matter, and giving a monthly quota of *one hundred columns* of reading-matter to *twenty-seven* columns in the *College Journal*! He continues:

"We give the opening lines:

"There is a fire from which the human heart,
Asbestos-like (!) comes whole and purified."

The italics and the exclamation marks are the critic's own. He seems to have great faith in italics and exclamation marks, and uses them very freely. Perhaps he thinks they will suggest a doubt where there is none. What other meaning they can have here we fail to see; *asbestos*—fire,—surely this is plain enough, for the Greek word *asbestos* means "indestructible by fire," and

the ancients used the thing so named to wrap the bodies of their dead before cremation, in order to preserve the ashes. The fire consumed itself; the body, bound up in the *asbestos*, was reduced to ashes, while the *asbestos* alone remained intact. Does the "critic" now see the application of the word? If not he must be stupid. When he does get a glimmer of light he will find his position similar to that of the host whom Horace tells of, that set his house on fire in the effort to roast some lean thrushes for the coming repast. But willing or not, we are compelled to follow him through nearly two columns of hypercritical remarks:

"After the sonnet to St. Teresa comes an article on Sir Humphrey Davy. We don't see exactly what right a college paper has to treat scientific and biographical matter of such ancient standing as Sir Humphrey Davy."

So, Sir Humphrey Davy is "scientific and biographical matter," is he? "We don't see exactly what right," for "We don't exactly see what right"! Mark the correctness and elegance of this "critic's" style of English composition! Mind you, reader, we are now following *him*; this narrow, pedagogic style of criticism is not at all consonant with our taste or views; we like a broader, manlier, live-and-let-live style. Our object is to give the fellow such a dose of his own physic that he will not forget it, and thus perhaps prevent his giving it to ourselves and others in future. "Matter of such ancient standing as Sir Humphrey Davy"! That is what some people would call a bull! But, apart from the incorrectness of the language, we were not aware that Sir Humphrey Davy's time was so very "ancient" as this critic imagines. Blair—a D. D. and F. R. S., at a time when those titles implied infinitely more than they do now—says: "When we speak comparatively of the ancients and moderns, we generally mean by the ancients such as lived in the first two of these periods"—(1) the Grecian age, from the Peloponnesian war to the time of Alexander the Great, and (2) the Roman age, called the Augustan, nearly included in the reigns of Julius and Augustus Cæsar—"and by the moderns, those who flourished in the two last of these ages"—from the time of Pope Julius II down to the present day. So much for the *Journal's* "critic's" knowledge of history and biography. Examine this pedagogue's language—"treat scientific and biographical matter," instead of, "treat of scientific and biographical matters"! Well, if college students are not allowed to write upon science or biography, what shall they write upon? Philosophy?—that is older than biography, for philosophy was before Plutarch wrote. History?—old again; Thucydides and Xenophon had tackled this subject centuries before Davy's great-grandfather was born. But enough upon such sickening twaddle—and from a college man, too! We are still compelled to follow him, though. Of Mr. Steele's translation of "Horace's Ode to Mæcenæ" he says:

"A rather unique translation of the first Ode of Horace (*Mæcenæ, atavis editæ regibus*) is next on the SCHOLASTIC

programme. The translator has the assurance to affix his name in full to an attempt at translation, which, for several remarkable qualities, has never been equaled in the annals of literature. We give it in full, noting its special beauties."

"Has the assurance to affix his name in full"! Why not? The work was his—why should he *not* affix his name to it, we ask? Mr. Steele need not be ashamed of the translation as the work of a college boy, and he makes no further pretension in regard to it. But Mr. Steele did *not* affix his full name to the translation; he gave only the initials. There is but *one serious mistake* in the translation, and that one the *Journal's* "critic" did not notice! Mr. Steele did not get a proof-sheet of his translation—did not see it at all after it was handed to the printer, until it appeared in the SCHOLASTIC, or he would probably have noticed his own mistake and those of the printer. So much for a college paper, gotten up in a hurry, as it must necessarily be, amid the pressure of other and serious duties. Here, again, we must pass judgment on the "critic's" language. What does he mean by telling his readers that there is only an "attempt" at a translation, and immediately afterward, in the same sentence, that this attempt cannot be "equaled"? More murdering of the Queen's English by the "critic," probably. We defy anyone to make sense of that sentence. We cannot. In republishing the Ode, the "critic" puts two lines and several words in italics, all of which but one or two are strictly correct in the rendering of the translation.

"To say nothing of mistranslations and manifest clutches at rhyme, where did the translator learn that *Massic* wine was yellow? and where in the world did he get the following idea:

"Pursuing still the Marsian o'er the plain." ?

It is not to be found in Horace; and we are forced to believe it was inserted gratuitously for the sake of having "plain" rhyme with "pain," as a few lines above we are treated to "beloved of Jove," which is very pretty, perhaps, but certainly was not expressed by old Flaccus. We must incline to one or two suppositions: either that the youthful translator is not generously endowed with that 'ivy-crowned, poetic grace' that he sings about, or that he was not well mounted when he undertook to render 'Ad Mæcenatæ' into the vernacular. In his version can scarcely be recognized the *disjecti membra patæ*. Poor Horace!"

Of the "critic's" ability to decide what are and what are not "mistranslations," etc., the reader can form some idea from the abuse of the vernacular in the "critic's" own writing. To be able to judge a translation, a man must have a perfect command of *both* languages, and we leave it to our readers to decide whether this would-be Aristarchus-and-Bentley rolled into one writes good English or not. The following sentence, taken from last month's exchange department of the *College Journal*—the first number of the volume—bears *prima facie* evidence that this would-be "critic" should, instead of bothering himself with Latin poetry, betake himself to English grammar and rhetoric:

"For this it is not our intention to offer an apology to the assembled scribes; for, although we *do* consider ourselves an excellent paper, we have no such exalted a no-

tion of our importance as to imagine that it would be otherwise than in the highest degree obtrusive for us to seek, whether with lame or with sane excuses, to divert the general attention from, it may be, more pleasant topics to the fact of our own recent arrival."

There, reader! what do you think of that string of words, which

"Like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along"?

Isn't it enough to make old Addison, and other worthies of his kind, turn over in their graves through envy! Now, waiving the question of perspicuity of style, what do you think of our "critic's" language?

"We do consider ourselves an excellent paper."

So "we," the editor or editors, are "an excellent paper,"—are we? And, then, we don't *think* ourselves an excellent paper, but we "consider," which word is here hardly a synonyme for *think*, or *imagine*, or any other fitting word. This "critic" would not say, "Ours is an excellent paper," or "we think ours an excellent paper,"—oh, no, that would be good, pure, commonplace English, and would not suit the would-be "critic" of Latin-English poetry. Then, again, mark the contrast between "lame" and "sane"! Wonderful, isn't it? Oh, the times! Oh, the age that finds such anomalies in a college "critic" who sets himself up, spectacles on nose, as a judge of translations from Latin into English!—who describes another college contemporary paper, the *Illini*, as, though having "a jaded appearance," yet being "tolerably well edited," and its local columns, "whose name is legion, are in particular *sprightly*"! We have marked many other such inconsistencies in the two numbers of the *Journal* before us, but we don't wish to sicken our readers with an overdose of these things; we reserve some of them for a future occasion, in case they shall be needed. This wonderfully antique "critic" wants to know "where did the translator learn that Massic wine was yellow?" Perhaps the "critic" thinks it was red; most of good wines are red, therefore, according to his notions, the famous Massic or Falernian must have been red. Is that it? Well, we now inform the antique "critic" of the *Journal* that, according to the best authorities on the matter, Massic or Falernian wine was yellow, or of a yellowish tint. The "critic" can set this down in his little note-book of antiquities as a fact. Massic wine has long been among the things that were, but Prof. Anthon ("Classical Dictionary," p. 515, 2d col.) and Adam ("Roman Antiquities,") say that Xeres and Madeira come nearest to the Massic, and—mark it well, O critic!—Mr. Adam says "both are straw-colored" wines (p. 322, col. 2). If the *Journal's* "critic" is satisfied on this point we will, with his permission, inform him that the line,

"Pursuing still the Marsian o'er the plain,"

was *not* inserted gratuitously for the sake of having 'plain' rhyme with 'pain,' but that, his assertion to the contrary, it is to be found in Horace. What the "critic" did not notice, however,—the omission of the word "boar" after Marsian, is the

only serious mistake in the whole translation. If the "critic" will open his Horace he will find,

"—Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cervæ fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas."

Had Mr. Steele received a proof-sheet of his translation he would probably have noticed the omission of the word "boar." The second line of the above quotation (marked in italics in the *Journal*), in Mr. Steele's MS. copy reads

"Forgets his pleasure to his spouse is pain."

As printed, "espouse" for "his spouse" it is not so clear, or, at least, does not follow the original Latin as close as the wording in the manuscript. The word misprinted "Iscarian" was also *written correctly*, "Icarian," another appellation for that part of the Ægean called the Myrtoan Sea. And now, to wind up this paper so unpleasantly forced upon us—for Mr. Steele treats the criticism with silent contempt, leaving the burden of defence with our unlucky self, as exchange editor,—need it be wondered at that one or more typographical errors occur in the Ode to Mæcenas or any other article in the SCHOLASTIC? Our paper is not a *monthly*, like the *College Journal* and many other college papers, which, though they have ample time for writing and correcting, come out in a style inferior even to that of the SCHOLASTIC.

"Sic raro scribis. ut toto non quater anno.
Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens
Iratu tibi, quod vini somnique benignus
Nil dignum sermone canas."

Nor do we pretend to a style of criticism better suited to a teacher in a class-room than to a students' paper. The SCHOLASTIC is a plain, matter-of-fact paper, publishing such matter as may in any way be fit for publication, in order to give the students a chance to improve in composition; being neither more nor less, in fact, than a school of writing or journalism, an adjunct to the class-room, and open alike for Prep. or Senior whenever *some little* merit entitles them to a place in its columns. Under such circumstances it would be unreasonable to expect from us a style of writing suited rather to the *Dublin Review* or the *American Catholic Quarterly*, to which we do not pretend, and which the *Georgetown College Journal* is very far from giving. Why the Exchange editor of that paper pitched into the SCHOLASTIC with such savage fury is more than we can imagine. What could have been his motive? Was he tormented by *envy*, perhaps? Old Horace tells us that "Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than *envy*." We hope the cold bath just administered will cool his blood a little.

BE decided as to what course you will pursue throughout life. Do not, without sufficient reason, deviate from it; and, though you should not become a distinguished man, yet, rest assured, your life will not be fruitless.

THE dog law is a protective tariff on bark.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 25, 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it: and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The scientific world has suffered a great loss in the death of Prof. Henry Draper, M. D., LL. D., which sad event occurred at New York, on the morning of the 21st inst. Prof. Draper was Professor of Chemistry in the University of the City of New York, and science owes much to his attainments in this branch, as also in astronomy. He was but 45 years old, and his death was sudden and unexpected.

—To-day is the fortieth anniversary of the arrival of Very Rev. E. Sorin at Notre Dame. Many friends, old and new, will meet to do honor to Father Sorin and congratulate him upon the recurrence of this happy and memorable day. We can imagine with what a joyful and thankful heart the venerable Founder of Notre Dame looks back upon those years of toil and labor that have passed, as he realizes now the manifold blessings which have ever attended him. We beg leave to unite our own to the many congratulations of which our Father will be the recipient to-day, and we express the hope that ere many more such anniversaries shall pass, Notre Dame will be seen by her Founder beautified and perfected as originally designed, and crowned with all the glory and splendor his heart could desire.

—The many friends of Notre Dame will be glad to learn that after a long delay of three years, work has at last been begun upon the Dome. The day chosen for the inauguration of this undertaking was a most fitting one,—Nov. 21st, the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin

Mary. Thus, from the very outset, the work has been placed under the protection of her to whose glory this grand monument,—*unique* in this country,—shall be raised. We hope that but few months shall elapse before the great work will be completed.

In this connection, we are permitted to state that a change for the better has been made in the original design, as regards the crowning of the statue of our Blessed Lady. Instead of the simple circlet of stars surrounding the head of the statue, it is now proposed to have a ring of electric jets, in the form of an ellipse, extending from the foot of the figure on one side, to a point 15 feet above the head, thence continuing to the base upon the other side. The design is that of Prof. L. Gregori, of the University, and it promises to add another to the many marvels of electricity. It is impossible to describe it in detail without the many necessary illustrations. The great progress made of late years in electric lighting gives every assurance of success in carrying out the design.

—On the evening of the 22d inst., a large and appreciative audience assembled in the Rotunda of the University, to attend the regular annual celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia. The entertainment was prepared and given by members of the St. Cecilian and the Euglossian Associations, under the management of their energetic Director and instructor, Prof. J. A. Lyons. The Rotunda was tastefully and artistically decorated for the occasion. Upon entering, the first object to meet the eye was the large and beautiful flag—the memorial of the Class of '82—suspended from the balcony; on either side were to be seen the various niches, adorned with wreaths of evergreen, and containing within their recesses rare and beautiful flowers surrounding portraits of distinguished patrons of the College societies. Prominent among these pictures was that of the lamented Father Lemonnier, late President of the University; who, during the many years passed in various offices in the College, ever took a special interest in all societies existing among the students. He is deservedly held in special remembrance by the St. Cecilians, whose society he directed during the whole of his lifetime at Notre Dame.

The exercises of the evening opened with a grand Overture, *Couronne d'Or*, by the University Orchestra. It is a musical gem, and was well rendered. In speaking of the Orchestra, we may be permitted to say that it has always been a matter of surprise to us how it is that they are heard but *once* during the course of an entertainment. They possess a fine *repertoire*; the music is pleasing and well executed; we can see no reason, therefore, why they should limit themselves to an opening piece. We hope that at future exhibitions this defect will be remedied. After the *overture*, came the various selections presented by the members of the two associations. This part of the programme consisted of recitations, speeches and declamations, interspersed with music, vocal and in-

strumental; all of which were chosen with good taste, and their rendition reflected credit upon the performers. Where all did so well, evidently we cannot mention anyone in particular; we may, therefore, simply append the

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Crown of Gold" (Hermann)	N. D. U. Orchestra
Song—"In the Gloaming" (Harrison)	E. Fenlon
Prologue	A. A. Browne
"Ode to St. Cecilia"	D. G. Taylor
"The Curfew"	D. C. Saviers
Webster's Address to the Veterans	W. B. Eaton
Loyalty	M. T. Burns
Music—"Andante and Menuet of Second Quatuor." (Mozart)	String Quartette
The Days of Columbus	E. Wile
Pio Nono's Message to Erin	J. R. Devereux
"God Bless My Boy at Sea"	F. Johnson
State Veto Power	Jas. Solon
"Personation <i>Extraordinaire</i> "	A. F. Zahm
Military Supremacy Dangerous to Liberty	J. C. Larkin
Conquered Banner (Ryan)	J. R. Marlett
Oration of the Day	Geo. E. Clarke

We have given the programme as it was carried out; there were many other selections which the Director was obliged to omit, as their presentation would have made the entertainment unduly long. But, we are informed, this is but preliminary to *the grand* exhibition of the 12th of December (the special transfer), when an opportunity will doubtless be afforded for the appearance of those who could not take their part on the evening of the 22d.

The "Oration of the Day," by Mr. Geo. E. Clarke, deserves especial mention. His subject was "The Life and Example of St. Cecilia," and, both in composition and delivery, the subject was treated in a manner creditable alike to the head and heart of the speaker.

At the close, Father General briefly addressed the students, commending earnestly to their imitation the virtues set forth in the life of the Saint whose festival was that day commemorated. He then invited the Rev. Father Shortis, the distinguished Chaplain and Professor of Latin and Philosophy at St. Mary's, to make a few remarks. The invitation was graciously accepted. The Rev. gentlemen, in his own happy style, complimented all who participated in the exercises of the evening, and concluded by saying that he regretted his classes were unable to attend, but he would not fail, on the morrow, to give them a glowing account of everything, especially of the *sermon*. This latter observation elicited rapturous and prolonged applause, amidst which all retired, well pleased with everything.

* * *

We have been requested to say something anent the custom of leaving the hall before the conclusion of public performances, and perhaps this is the best opportunity we shall have for complying. It ought not to be difficult to understand that one of the rudest things a person can be guilty of is to leave during a public performance, and that only a very urgent reason can excuse it. Besides causing distraction and annoyance to the whole assembly, and inconvenience to those on the line of exit,

it seems to express weariness or dissatisfaction with what is going on. A movement in the audience is anything but encouraging to an actor or speaker, and nothing is more likely to disconcert him; while nothing is more trying to an interested and appreciative assembly than such a disturbance. It may happen, for a hundred reasons, that a person is unable to remain during the whole of a play or other entertainment, but such individuals should remain near the door so that their departure may be both noiseless and unobserved.

If it is rightly considered a breach of good manners to fold the napkin before the end of a meal—an intimation that the one doing so is in a hurry to get away, and that everyone ought to be through—going out before the conclusion of a public entertainment should be regarded as something equally ill-mannered. No one has any right to intrude where he is not willing to comport himself as others are expected to do.

The Minims.

KELLY ON THE RECENT ELECTION.

Not John Kelly, the redoubtable boss of the Empire City, but Master Aloysius Kelly, of the Minim department. We depart in this case from our rule of excluding political articles, because the following was written in compliance with a general request, addressed to that department in our last issue:

"I was surprised to read in your last number that you would like to have the Minims' views on the late elections. I suppose you were only joking; at any rate, here is what I have to write on the subject: It must have been a great year for elections. I heard a Brother say that thirty-four (34) States and Territories had voting on the same day; and I heard a great deal about scratched tickets and half-breeds and being on the fence, and wondered what they meant. When I am old enough to vote, I suppose I shall understand all about it. I was sorry,—and I heard many others say they were also,—that Ed. Howard's father, the candidate for County Clerk, was not elected, on account of bull-doing Democrats in the western part of South Bend. It is nice to hold an office and get big pay for showing others how to do your work, and to be called "Governor," and "Your Honor," etc., but no one likes to have campaign lies told about them, and to lose their character, as they say those do who run for office. I heard you were a Democrat,* and so am I; and I guess you were glad so many States turned Democratic that used to be Republican. General Butler remembers his school reader's advice: 'If you don't succeed, try again;' and that was the way he got elected Governor of Massachusetts. The people of Vermont are down on boys' smoking. I heard at the table that

* Master Kelly is misinformed. The Editor of this paper, as such, does not hold any political opinions.

they are going to make a law in that State that anyone who gives a boy under fifteen (15) years old a cigar will be fined ten (\$10) dollars."

Personal.

—D. J. Wile, of '71, is a prominent lawyer at Laporte, Ind.

—Rev. M. Hogan, '69, is building a large church at Brighton, Ill.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, is the energetic and popular pastor at Lemonee, Ill.

—Aleck Keenan, of '78, is visiting his fellow-students and old professors.

—Mr. B. Eisenhauer, of Huntington, Ind., was a very welcome visitor to the College during the past week.

—Hon. and Mrs. John Black, of Milwaukee, paid a visit to Notre Dame last week, accompanied by their daughter Lulu, who has been entered as a pupil at St. Mary's.

—James A. Taylor has been elected State Representative of the fifth District, Chicago. In days of yore, James was an active St. Cecilian, and his many friends will rejoice to learn of his success.

—Mr. James Brown, a well-remembered student of '76, is married, and living in Texas. He manages his father's extensive business, and is tax-collector for Cameron Co. Mr. Brown has a brother in the Junior department with a reputation for studiousness and general good conduct equal to his own.

—Prof. Bailey, of Hillsdale College, was a welcome visitor last week. He brought with him an interesting *curio* in the shape of an astral lamp, which gave four different views of the heavens. The Professor's visit was a profitable one to many of our scientists, as it was agreeable to all whom he met. We hope he will find time to make another and longer visit.

—The Rev. Father Rosen, of this city, has prepared for shipment the finest collection of fossils we have yet seen in the Hill. It consists of mosses, willows, rushes, and other plants, with a fine showing of reptiles and fishes. The collection was gathered here in the Hills, and will be sent to the Catholic University at Notre Dame, Indiana, from whence Father Rosen graduated.—*Black Hills Daily Times.*

—Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., '52, is now and has been for many years back, the pastor of the largest and most influential mission in the diocese of London, Ontario. In one of our items a few weeks ago, we inadvertently placed him in the class of '56. Father Kilroy entered the University, Nov. 9th, 1845, and graduated in 1852. Our mistake, however, was one that any of Notre Dame's old friends would easily correct, as the Rev. gentleman's name has, in many respects, been identified with the career of our *Alma Mater* almost since its institution.

Local Items.

—Utica lunch!

—He says it was a bad mistake.

—Dick liketh not his present abode.

—A new use has been found for Patent Office Reports.

—War has been again declared against the saloonists.

—The Cecilians enjoyed an extra "rec." on Tuesday afternoon.

—A most beautiful desk may be observed in one of the private rooms.

—First turkey of the season by the St. Cecilians and the Euglossians.

—Mr. Elmer Otis has been appointed drill-master of the Sorin Cadets.

—The electric light is now placed over the front door of the Minims' Hall.

—Seven new bathing rooms have been fitted up—for ablutionary purposes.

—Now is the time for solid work, and we are glad to know it's being done.

—The Director of Studies visited quite a number of classes during the past week.

—The Aurora Borealis, last Monday morning, was most extraordinary! Did you see it?

—Prof. Gregori has completed a large mural painting of St. Thomas, in the Library room.

—The Society reports have been unavoidably crowded out this week. Full reports in our next.

—"A game of cards might have been played upon his coat-tail." Perhaps this is an affectionate exaggeration.

—The Crescent Club Social, for the benefit of the Seniors' Reading-rooms, has been postponed until this (Saturday) evening.

—Our friend John came into collision with the *barouche* one day last week. We are glad to learn that no bones were broken.

—To-morrow, the last Sunday after Pentecost, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung. Vespers of a Confessor not Bishop, p. 50; hymn, *Fortem*, p. 55.

✓—The Lemonnier Library Association return thanks to Prof. Unsworth for a generous donation of life-sized busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope and Dryden.

—We understand that a life-size painting of the late Dr. Brownson, America's greatest philosopher, will be placed among the many portraits which adorn the Library room.

—The first brick on the substructure of the Dome was laid on last Tuesday. But, of course, much progress cannot be made in the work before the arrival of spring.

—We are glad to notice that our warning of last week is beginning to have its effect. It can be easily seen that more caution is used now in exercising with the *burros*.

—We learn that a private box has been fitted up in the first gallery of the Rotunda for the exclusive use of the stenographers. Now prepare to stand from under, ye speakers!

—Our box—and don't you forget it—can be found in the Printing-Office, to the right of the first entrance. Don't stop to knock, but walk right in and deposit your contributions.

—SCENE IN CLASS.—Prof.: "It is inexact to say that all men are born *absolutely* equal; some are born beautiful—" (*Sensation*) "Mr. B., I did not intend to be personal." (*B. collapses.*)

—Mr. G. de Haven has made a valuable donation to the Cabinet of Curiosities; a large and well-selected collection of copper ore, gathered personally, 200 feet below the surface of the earth.

—Prof. Edwards has been favored with a large and beautiful steel engraving of Right Rev. Dr. Chatard, Bishop of Vincennes. The distinguished prelate's autograph greatly enhances the value of the present.

—A meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held on last Sunday evening. The ten-minutes' address was delivered by the Rev. Director. Messrs. T. Coakley and W. Arnold read papers on "Purgatory," and "The History of the Confessional."

—President Walsh examined the First Grammar and Arithmetic Classes in the Minim department on Monday and Tuesday. While noticing some in a special manner, he expressed himself highly pleased with the progress the classes have made since September.

—Mr. Versterate, of the Vanderpoel Electric Light Co., Chicago, has been here during the past week, busily engaged in putting in a new electric light plant. The former machine was found incapable of supplying the amount of light required throughout the grounds.

—There was an impromptu concert on the occasion of the induction of the new piano into the Juniors' reading-room. Prof. Paul, together with Messrs. Schott, Schaeffer, Armijo, Hanover and C. Porter, furnished the music, and a pleasant couple of hours were passed.

—The banquet of the St. Cecilians, which was given on last Wednesday, was an affair *recherché*. Many invited guests, including the Rev. President and the Faculty, were present. Members of various sister societies of the College graced the table, and added not a little to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. (Quotation marks understood.)

—The thanks of the St. Cecilians and the Euglossians are returned to Rev. President Walsh for many kind favors on the 22d inst.; also to Bros. Maximilian, Leander, Emmanuel and Paul, for services rendered in connection with the celebration of their festival. Nor do they forget the Euglossian censors, who gave up much of their time to the decoration of the hall.

—We visited Father Zahm's Laboratory, lately, and saw an apparatus of novel construction, designed to illustrate the principles of Static Elec-

tricity. The instrument that most attracted our attention was a large Tœpler-Holtz-Machine, capable of giving induced currents of remarkable power. When connected with the Geisler or Plücker tubes, the effects produced were extremely beautiful.

—A veritable Don Quixote, appeared on the Seniors' Campus on the morning of the 19th, clad in his Sunday armor and astride his favorite charger "Rosenante;" he charged the ball stops, and was on break-neck speed for the Juniors' fence and Gymnasium when he was *persuaded* to dismount. The last heard of poor Don, he was gently sighing, "Oh, my Sunday breeches! my Sunday breeches!"

—All forces have been concentrated upon the construction of the Minims' Park. The *grand parterre*, as it must be called, will extend from a line 20 ft. east of the College to the back-fence; in the centre will be a gravel walk, 12 ft. wide, extending the whole length of the garden; either side will be 30 ft. wide, and contain variegated plats of flowers, bordered by cement walks. In a word, the *tout ensemble* will present a *coup d'œil de plus ravissants*.

—We hereby withdraw all compliments hitherto paid to the clerk of the weather. We had reason to praise him, and we cheerfully did it, for his gentlemanly treatment of us on "rec." days, during the months of September and October; but this last month "he has gone back on us," entirely. Why can't he come with his rain on Wednesday, as he used to do? There is something behind; because our "rec." day is changed, so must the rain. We won't stand it! "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

—On the 19th, the Seniors played a hotly-contested game of football for a barrel of apples. Mr. Frank Gallagher and Harry Morse acted as captains, and strove by word and example to encourage their men and cheer them on to victory. Mr. Morse won the toss, and chose the western goal, Mr. Gallagher the eastern. As either side was over fifty strong, and played the regular rough and tumble game, it was over an hour before the cheer was heard, declaring victory for Mr. Gallagher's side.

—An exciting game of football was begun on last Thursday afternoon, on the Minims' Campus, between the Minims and Juniors. After a long and fierce contest, the game was declared a draw; owing, as some say, to the fact that the ball was *busted*. But the Minims declare that another ball was substituted, and they were bound not to be beaten—and were not. Right here it may be well to state that a delegation from the *princes* waited on the reporter, and in their address expressed the hope that he would not be "soaped in" as he was before. Now, the reporter of this journal wants to hold on to his job, and he appeals to the intelligent and enlightened public of this vicinity to bear witness as regards the untarnished escutcheon which he has ever borne (that's good), and

furthermore he doth hereby, and before all his heirs and assigns forever, disclaim any knowledge or cognizance of having gone through the saponaceous process to which these kids alluded.

—Last Saturday Dan Taylor, Captain of the Junior "Blues," and Will Bacon, Captain of the "Reds," met and made arrangements for an old-time game of football. A friend of the Junior football Club ordered two barrels of apples to be given to the victors. From the 140 Juniors present, 120 agreed to take a hand or foot in the contest. "Dan" won the toss and chose the western goal. The "Reds" kicked off, but the ball was stopped by the "Blues," forwarded and worked down into the grounds; gradually it neared the goal line, and it was then played into right field and worked towards the western goal, but forced back after a severe struggle. At this point of the game two of the spectators who, it is said, were good kickers in their day, volunteered to take part in the game. The Umpire allowed them to enter, and they were soon lost sight of among the throng of players. The "Reds" made a rush, seemingly determined to force the ball within the "Blues'" goal, but they were equal to the emergency. The spurt was followed by a series of hotly-contested scrimmages in which neither side gained much of an advantage. It was then worked over into the mid-field. Joe Keegan got it and made a brilliant run, the best of the game. The cheers of the spectators seemed to excite the new players. A skirmish took place, in which D. E. Allen was thrown with a dozen men on top of him, all scrabbling for the ball. Both sides battled hard, and the contest waxed warm. The ball was finally worked down to within twenty feet of the "Reds'" goal, when Taylor, taking it from a *pass back*, drove it with a *drop kick* within the goal, winning the game. Time, one hour. Among those who distinguished themselves for good playing might be mentioned Masters Dolan, Allen, Brown, Jas. and Jos. Courtney, Danielson, J. and T. McGrath, O'Connor, Warren, Hellebush, W. Hetz, Keegan, Schillo, Violette, Zeigler and Ackhoff, also the captains of both teams.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armijo, Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, W. Bailey, Bowers, Brady, Becerra, Comerford, Castenado, Cavanagh, Coll, T. Carroll, T. Clarke, Conway, Cella, G. Clarke, Campbell, Clements, Chelini, Claffey, Cole, J. Donohue, Delgado, Jas. Delaney, Deinhart, Dickerson, Eisenhauer, N. Ewing, Fogerty, T. Flynn, E. Fenlon, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Freeze, Gray, Grever, Golonski, Grange, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Godfroy, Gooley, Heffernan, Jones, Johnston, Kane, Kolars, Kimmell, Koehler, Kuhn, Kavanaugh, Keegan, Larkin, Lease, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, McEniry, Mullen, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, McIntyre, Magoffin, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, McManus, Marlett, Nelson, Noonan, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Neill, Otis, O'Brien, Paquette, Pour, Parrott, Pillars, Peery, Ratterman, Rogers, T. Ryan, Sullivan, Sturla, Seitz, Stull, Steele, Spencer, Stover, C. Smith, Solon, Saviers, H. G. Smith, Terrazas, Veale, Walsh, Whalen, Warner, Wheatley, Yrisarri, Zahm, Zaehnie.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackhoff, Brice, Browne, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Jas. Courtney Chirhart, McCartney, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, De Haven, Dunn, Eisenhauer, M. Foote, H. Foote, Fendrich, Fishel, Goldsmith, Grothaus, Hagerty, Hibbeler, Hess, Halligan, M. Hetz, Hannavin, Jeannot, Frain, Kerndt, M. Keegan, M. Kelly, Lund, McCawley, Mug, McGordon, McDonald, D. O'Connor, M. O'Connor, J. V. O'Donnell, Rothschild, Peery, Reach, C. Porter, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Schaeffer, Seegers, Taggart, Taylor, Warren, Worcester, Wilkinson, W. Wright, Walsh, Zeigler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackermann, Adams, Beall, Bunker, Bannantine, Burlingame, Chaves, Colwell, Cummings, G. Costigan, E. Costigan, Chirhart, W. Dyer, J. Dyer, Devereux, W. Devine, A. Devine, Johnson, A. Kelly, Kraus, Keeffe, Kane, Luther, Landenwich, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, McNaughton, E. McGrath, J. McGrath, McGordon, McPhee, Morrison, Moss, Masi, Metz, B. Otis, F. Otis, Pick, Papin, W. Prindiville, Quinlin, Rebori, Rea, Roberts, Roper, Spencer, Stange, Sommer, Schmitz, Schmauss, Shicker, Stewart, Studebaker, F. Stamm, Thomas, Unger, Whitney, Wright, Welch, Winsor, Wallace, L. Young.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Browne, Dickerson, Kolars, M. Donahoe, Otis, Quinn, Solon, Conway, Zahm, Malloy, Arnold, Fitzgerald, Fleming, W. Bailey, O'Neill, Larkin, Farrell, Gray, Ewing, Steele, McIntyre, Kuhn, C. Murdock, J. Walsh, T. Clarke, W. O'Connor, Anderson, A. Coghlin, Heffernan, Jas. Delaney, McEniry, H. Porter, G. Clarke.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Coakley, Bailey, McIntyre, Ewing, Otis, Gray; Greek—Messrs. Craig, Zahm, Ewing; Moral Philosophy—Messrs. Arnold, Donohue; Logic—Messrs. Ewing, Farrell, Larkin, W. McCarthy; English Composition—M. Craig; Rhetoric*—English Literature—Messrs. W. Johnston, Cleary; Criticism—T. Steele; Algebra—Messrs. Browne, Kolars; Geometry—J. Guthrie; Trigonometry—Messrs. Guthrie, H. Porter, Cleary, W. Bailey; Calculus—Messrs. McIntyre, Otis; Mechanics—R. Anderson; Descriptive Geometry—R. Anderson; Astronomy—J. McIntyre; Physiology—Messrs. Johnston, Conway, Saviers; Botany—D. Saviers; Zoology—Cleary; Physics—Messrs. Steele, Otis; Chemistry—Messrs. Gray, McIntyre, Anderson; Mineralogy—R. Anderson; Geology—Zahm; History—Messrs. McEniry, Brown, O'Neill, Coughlin, Donohue, Zahm, Anderson.

* No reports handed in.

For the Dome.

Little Children of Mary.....	\$100.00
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Donations from Various Sources.....	20.25
Jas. Quigly.....	5.00
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Lawrence Hand.....	5.00
Anthony Burke.....	5.00
John Trainor, Jr.....	5.00
Other Workmen at St. Mary's.....	19.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Black, of Milwaukee, Wis., paid their daughter a short visit during the week.

—Mrs. Harold Hayes, of the Class of '76, paid a most welcome visit to St. Mary's during the past week.

—The usual monthly Lecture was given before the Society of St. Cecilia, in the Senior Hall, on Saturday, at 5 p. m.

—ERRATUM.—In the notice of the recitation by Miss Murphy, in the report of last week, "read" should have been omitted.

—Miss Ella Vander Hayden, of Ionia, Mich., spent Sunday with her many friends and former school-companions. The Art Department would be glad to number Miss Ella again among its pupils.

—The instruction on Monday, in Loretto, was on the "Virtues of St. Stanislaus." The fact was impressed "that virtue, as a rule, begins in childhood. A child addicted to evil habits, grows to manhood or womanhood with the same unhappy dispositions; ruin follows the impious. On the other hand, a child blest of God carries, to the end of life, the heavenly odor of celestial benedictions received at the mother's knee.

—On Tuesday, the Juniors' paper, the *Lily of the Valley*, Vol. II, No. 1—edited by Marion Morgan, Catharine Ducey, Elizabeth Considine and Mary Dillon—was read. Father General and Father Shortis, who have always shown special interest in this department, honored the reading by their presence. The paper contained twenty-nine articles, the larger proportion being sparkling witticisms, which prove that stagnation of intellect is not consequent upon the study of dry science, elementary though it be. The Very Rev. and Rev. visitors made encouraging remarks.

Life's Significance.

God's earth is full of meaning,
From the lightest thought conceived
To the highest truth believed;
Not in scattered, meagre gleanings
Shall the earnest soul find food:
All the Father's works are good.

Yes: life, each breath, each motion,
Bears a deep significance,
In, through e'en the aimless glance.
Floweth thought, from Truth's broad ocean:
Glideth light, from Heaven's expanse—
God hath left no work to chance.

Spring-time of harvest telleth:
Every gentle drop of rain,
Bears its mission to the grain;

While the germ of life that swelleth
In the earth, seeks nurture meet:
Seeks the dew, and seeks the heat.

The soul, the germ undying,
By unerring Wisdom guided,
Finds meet nourishment provided,
Grace to every want replying;
Faith and Sacramental love
Fitting it for life above.

Hence life hath blissful meaning—
Meaning folly may not heed;
Meaning that the holy read,
They who mark the wisdom screening,
Guarding with kind tutelage
Every soul in every age.

Yes: life is full of meaning,
From the lightest thought conceived
To the highest truth believed.
Not in scattered, meagre gleanings
Shall the earnest soul find food:
All the Father's works are good.

Estelle Fly-a-Way, and when She Stopped.

From the Lily of the Valley.

Estelle was a pretty little girl, but she had not light hair, nor had she blue eyes, nor curled tresses; nor had she a sylph-like form. She was rather stout, and had but very little hair (no matter what color), and it was tucked into a net. Her mother had too good sense to be proud of her child's hair, and to nurse and train it as a florist would train some vine. Mrs. Way cared more for what was inside Estelle's head than for what was outside. Estelle was very neat. She never wore "bangs." Neither her mother nor herself had ever fallen in love with the eyebrows of the rat-terrier; therefore, Estelle's forehead, which was full and intelligent, was left uncovered, despite the fashion.

Estelle was good. When she saw a poor child on the street pinched and hungry-looking, she was sorry for her; and wished from her heart to relieve her. The tears would start into her eyes when she looked at suffering, even in an animal. She did not taste a mouthful for two days when her pet kitten died of a fit. But we will tell something that applies here.

Estelle was ready to give money to the poor when she could get it by asking her father for it; and he never refused her. One day she came into her mother's room and said, "O mother, a lady just spoke to me on the street, and said that Mary Allgood had told her to ask me for a donation to pay off a debt on Father John Fareaway's Church. She said Mary told her that I was very generous, and that she knew I would give something worth asking for. I shall go right to papa, and I know he will give me twenty dollars, at least."

Now Estelle, in a little tin savings bank that she had given her mother to keep for her, had

just twenty dollars. She had laid this money away little by little, and was keeping it for the purpose of buying some very pretty dolls which she had seen, and upon which her heart was set. She wished to get them with *her own money*, and had made the resolution to do so, let what would come.

As Estelle stood there, her face all aglow from the praise bestowed upon her by Mary Allgood, and the thought of the delight it would be to give the money to the pastor, her mother said, "Estelle, I am glad that you wish to do good; I am glad, too, that Mary Allgood thinks well of you, but I do not want you to ask your father for the money just now."

"Why not?" said Estelle. "He would give it to me in a minute, and would not miss it in the least. I think you are too bad, mamma, not to let me ask him!" And Estelle threw herself on a chair and burst into tears.

"Wipe your eyes; do not cry!" said Mrs. Way, a little sternly. "You are pleased to have Mary call you generous; now how will you prove that you are really so?"

"By giving the money to pay Father Fareaway's debt," sobbed Estelle. "I never knew you to do such a thing before, mamma, as to refuse to help a priest"; and she looked up for just one glance; then the little knot of hair tucked in the little net was all that was to be seen of Estelle Fly-away's head.

"Wait, my child," said the mother; "if you will prove that you are generous, give the money in your savings bank; there is just enough. Then I shall believe you sincere, and will give you full permission to send it to the good Father John."

Estelle interrupted; "I want that for something else. You know, mamma, Mrs. Putney has been saving those dolls for me for nearly a year. I want my dolls, and cannot give that money!"

"Very well, my daughter. Keep the money. Mary Allgood will soon learn her mistake. To give what is not ours is no gift. To give, and deprive ourselves of some personal satisfaction, is charity. I have no more to say, except that you will not ask your father for money. He will make his own donation, and so will you, my child." The mother left the room.

For two hours Estelle cried as though her heart would break at the thought of the injustice she believed she had suffered; but as the *Angelus* rang, and she turned toward the church close by and knelt down to recite it, as she came to the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," the little girl's heart was touched. Inwardly she exclaimed: "What a selfish child I am! Just for the pleasure of having toys that I like, I will not give my money to Father Fareaway." She finished the *Angelus*, then went directly to her mother, and said, "Dear mother, you have conquered. I see that all my former generosity was selfishness; it was the name of giving and not the act of charity that I was looking for; now I shall punish my pride, and hope it will be choked to death. Do not say a word, mother! I shall write a little note and

send the money to Father Fareaway, and he shall not know who sent it."

The next day the lady who was asking alms for the poor priest met Estelle, and the child directed her to her father, who gave a thousand dollars as a votive offering of thanks for his daughter's true generosity, which the dear child believed he knew nothing about. It was never mentioned on earth, but Estelle's good angel had recorded it in heaven.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Dillon, Wright, A. Ryan, Johnson, Laffer, M. A. Ryan, Sullivan, Shickey, Walsh, Todd, Beal, Duffield, Dunn, Gove, Keenan, Knott, Mohl, Owen, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, Semmes, Slattery, Ramsey, Van Patten, Rulison, Lancaster, B. King, Sawyer, Adderly, Munger, Wallace, Heckard, Danforth, Daily, Clifford, Unger, Madole, Hunt, Cox, Taylor, O'Connell, Harrigan, Black, M. H. Ryan, McCoy, Chirhart, T. Slattery, McCarten, Castanedo, Commerford, Gavin, Hagan, Babcock, J. King, Adams, Shull, McGinn, Mooney, Kirkham, Schmauss, Spotwood.
2d Tablet—Misses Clarke, Fox, Wiley, M. Campbell, C. Campbell, Fendrich, Barlow, M. Heneberry, Stackerl, Dickson, Richardson, M. Hawkins, Kolb, Fenlon, Rettig, Donnersberger, Newton, Eldridge, Gallagher, Quinlan, Legnard.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Dignan, Dillon, Coogan, Nevius, Considine, Howlett, Donnelly, Grist, Schmidt, Hetz, Shephard, Johnston, Hibben, B. Haney, Halsey, Malbœuf, E. Wallace, Luna, Richmond, Best, Chaves, Mary Otis, T. Haney, Snowhook, Spencer. *2d Tablet*—Misses Spangler, M. Ducey, Ewing, J. McGrath, Moshier, Van Horn, Coyne, Robinson, Otero, Alexander, Brown.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Sawyer, Barry, J. English, McGrath, Mattie Otis, Schmauss, McKennon, Westfall, Paul, Chapin, M. Ducey, Wallace.

Class Honors.

[The following list includes the names of those who have been best in class—according to Competitions held during the month.]

Geology—Misses Clarke, Dillon, Feehan, Fox, Wiley; Literature—Misses Clarke, Dillon, Fox, Feehan, Wiley, Wright; Geometry—Misses E. Call, Fendrich, Laffer, Munger, M. A. Ryan, E. Slattery; French History—Misses Fendrich, Lancaster, M. A. Ryan, Todd; Modern History—Misses Barlow, Call, Keenan, Owen, Semmes, E. Slattery, Ramsey; Rhetoric—Misses Barlow, E. Call, Crawford, Dunn, Gove, M. Heneberry, Keenan, Lancaster, Mohl, Owen, Ramsey, Richardson, J. Reilly, Rulison, E. Slattery, Semmes, Adderly; Black, Clifford, Cox, Danforth, Daily, Dignan, A. Duffield, L. English, Munger, McCoy, Stackerl, Sawyer, Wallace, Williams; French—Misses Beal, Call, Donnelly, L. English, Malbœuf, Owen, M. A. Ryan, Shickey, Sullivan, Taylor, Walsh, Wallace; Algebra—Misses Barlow, Crawford, J. Duffield, Dunn, Feehan, Gove, M. Heneberry, Keenan, Owen, Pease, Ramsey, Richardson, A. Rulison, B. Semmes, Spengler, Todd, Williams, Walsh; Botany—Misses Dunn, Gove, Keenan, Owen, Rulison, Richardson, E. Slattery; United States History—Misses Babcock, Chirhart, Coogan, Considine, M. Dillon, Durphy, Donnersberger, B. English, Gavin, Legnard, McCauley, Morgan, McCarten, Myers, Nevius, Pampell, Shull; Grammar—Misses Chirhart, Coogan, E. Considine, K. Ducey, M. Dillon, Foster, Gavin, Hughes, N. Hicks, Hunter, Legnard, McCauley, Pampell, Rettig.

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

12.38 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.

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

GOING WEST:

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

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

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