Music.

"By music, minds and equal temper know, Nor can't too high, nor sink too low; If in the breast tumultuous joy arise, Music her soft persuasions will apply; Or, when the soul is pressed with cares, Exacts in her soothing airs. While she flows with animating sounds, Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wound; Melancholy lifts her head, Morpheus rises from his bed; Bliss unfolds her arms and wakes, Mischief ever drops her names; Intention were no more our passions wage, And giddy fantasies bear away their reign."—Pope's "Cecilia"

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

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

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

And what a power has music! It will command obedience, it will command adoration, and will finally enslave, forging the fetters with which will finally enslave, forging the fetters with which it will command adoration, and will command obedience, it will command adoration, and will command obedience, it will command obedience, and will command obedience.

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

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

M. C.

Bishop Dupanloup.

The apperance and bearing of this illustrious prelate are strikingly dignified. He has a head well developed, a complexion of the fairest and rougiest, and a countenance indicative of severity and benevolence. He is of a medium size, with a physique well knit and proportioned, neither corpulent nor yet attenuated, as is generally the case with distinguished ecclesiastics subject to the austerities of monastic discipline.

In 1849 I had the pleasure and enviable privilege of making his acquaintance. He was then Superior of the College of St. Nicholas, Paris, an institution in which young men preparing themselves for the priesthood study Latin, Greek, and other preparatory branches. Having been a student of the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice, his attachment and veneration for his former professors, the Sulpicians,—but aware of their error to praise and adulation, he could not help feeling considerably embarrassed. However, he was not to be deterred; he alluded to their influence and self-sacrificing lives in such good grace, and dignity; and before he has spoken three sentences of his sermon his audience cannot help being impressed that they are in the presence of an ecclesiastic peculiarly gifted, and distinguished for exquisite taste, culture and refinement. His magic influence in the pulpit is as great as that which he exerts over students. Whether the subject is to be attributed to any one cause,—the voice, the gesture, or the eye, or all these combined,—it is difficult to determine. From printed reports no one can form the faintest idea of the effect of his sermons. When a man of the world, his productions in the journals were not considered by critics as productions of very great merit; they were considered to lack in unity, vigor, terseness, and other qualities usually expected in a great orator. Still, for all these apparent defects, he was more than fully compensated in delivery, by his unction, pathos and earnestness. I can never forget a trifling incident connected with his preaching. On one occasion, under stating the doctrine in which he was placed required that he would compliment his old professors, the Sulpicians,—but aware of their

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

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

The delectable result may be imagined: long lines were rattled over so quickly that the sense was quite forgotten out of the words, while very short lines were so lengthened and repeated "o'er and o'er again" that it seemed the singers had not well learned the use of their mother tongue. But the end was accomplished: the required hymns were screeched to the given music, and all by the rule of "one syllable, fit your melody." Poble alone can give us a parallel to these musicians. It is the case of Procrustes, who made an iron bedstead for the accommodation of his guests. If they were too long, he cut them off; if too short, he stretched them out in his iron sockets, to make them fit his bed. And we may well imagine that the agony of those poor wretches brought music from their souls much resembling that of the tortured hymns of our rural congregation—the ladies and gentlemen who make the language fit the music, cut it off if too long, pull it out if too short.

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

**The gentlemen began:** "Send down Sal, send down Sal, send down Sal, &c. &c., &c."

**The ladies, in their turn, sweetly respond:** "O for a Man, O for a Man, O for a Man, &c.

To the tune they sang,

"O for a mansion in the skies!"

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

"O Sally, Sally, O Sally stay us!"

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

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

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

It is true that Moore found his Irish melodies among the people, as did also Burns the sweet harmonies of his Scotch songs, and both wrote matchless works of art. He used wild, and made of their native lands—but Burns and Moore were poets. In their songs you find no torture of language striving to keep with the melody. But where the words to be sung are already in existence, as is the case with the hymns of the Church, common sense, as well as artistic propriety, demands that the music be chosen to harmonize with the sentiment and thought expressed by the language.

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

Tried by the rule of good sense and artistic tact, to say nothing of religious feeling, what can be more absurd, more inappropriate than the introduction of the tripping tunes of the opera into the solemnities, the glories and the joys of our Church services? You enter a church to pray to strive to recollect yourself and become better for at least one hour in the week. Your "dry soul seeks all the refreshment that God's house may and should give. The silence, the decorum, the devotion of priest and people, the holy pictures, the lights and flowers of the altar, the smoke of the incense rising as a silent prayer to heaven—all these bring you into the very presence of God and His Blessed. The music is at first in religious harmony with all these, and lifts up your whole being in hope and thankful­ness to the throne of Mercy. In your singing the "Kyrie eleison" means "Lord, have mercy on us," and "Glory be to God on high,"—they forget that Church music should be the very harmony of prayer. Yes, "Music hath charms," and thus it is that Satan transforms those innocent choristers into unconscious devotion-disturbers. For a time you strive to continue recollected; after each distraction you return to pray, but it is of no avail; finally, the devil and the choir have their way. You pray no more, and leave the church with a dry, unsatisfied soul, scarcely better for having been in God's house that day. Is it any wonder that some pious but witty man, woman or child, I know not which, has named this foolish act "devil's music?"

Akin to this want of harmony between the music and the words, is another "fault of art" respect to the singers. In church, at least, a singer should be a belayer. What a mockery it is to listen to the most solemn and beautiful words, joined with the most heavenly music, coming from the lips of one who neither knows nor cares what they mean. Better, ah! far better, the most simple melodies, that are full of the language of the heart, the music in which there is a soul and a meaning. Let it be as fine as we can have it, for God should accept no other. When we can give, but let it be sincere, appropriate, harmonious in the highest and best sense. Any other music in church is but an aid to insensibility instead of to religion.
It would require, indeed, a wiser head than that of crowds of others, to the effect that we believe, that the friend of Lady Byron mounted Trinity steeple, and with a speaking trumpet proclaimed the Dr. Burdell and Cunningham case arose to the ears of the world, concluding the narration by sending both parties to heaven for their crimes, we would have completed an equally honorable and praiseworthy piece of petticoating.

We scorn the unlettered busy-body, the notorious Mrs. Grundy, with her budget of slanders and chit-chat, running from house to house to rail and vilify; but, alas, we fear there is no other excuse than this,—humiliating thought to us,—that in modern literary circles, as in sewage and mire societies, gossip must not be allowed to stagnate, for fate that wissacres will have nothing to discuss, modern philosophers nothing to speculate upon, and sentimentalists nothing to despise as dreamy enough to dream over or wicked enough to fashion their empty lives after. The Lady Byron story has run the circumference of the circle, and has brought sensible conscientious people around again to the point where it first found them: namely, to the old, had a regular attendance of 350 pupils during the old, has recently been established for teaching the same subject (if we are to believe Mrs. H. B. Stowe, have served him in this respect the most admirable, and have great hope that this is the "completing the narration by sending both parties to heaven for their crimes, we would have completed an equally honorable and praiseworthy piece of petticoating.

The summing up of this controversy to rational minds must come to this: that literature, like all other things, must reflect the nature of its source. We do not "gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." If an author is vicious, his works are vile, and will infallibly inflame the souls of those who peruse them with their own venom. What is weakness? what is strength? Mrs. Stowe talks about Byron's powerful intellect, and in the next breath we hear of that remarkable pose so easily tipped on the side of insanity. To us, these admissions incline us to the conclusion that in his power of intellect there was a "weak place somewhere." The man of talent and genius who brutalizes his spirit is a thousand times more culpable than the spirit is a man, and who knew innocence only to blast it with his polished or open contempt, as the mood dictated.

Shame, then, upon the itching ears never to be content with just a wisp of pettifogging. The announcement of a New Method of Harmony. We are glad to notice in the Musical Independent the announcement of a New Method of Harmony by Prof. Max. E. Girac, LL. D., our illustrious maestro. This is not the first claim of Prof. Girac to a lasting fame. Many other works have preceded this, such as Cantatas, Masses, Songs, etc., none of such a general interest as the present. We transfer the following article from the above-named paper:

It is generally admitted by all theorists that the doctrines of harmony and counterpoint require to be restated. Sir Edward Gore Onley, Professor of Music at Oxford, has lately given to the world a treatise on counterpoint. Richter, Schneider, and others, have published treatises on chords and how to use them. Yet the very unsatisfactory results that follow the use of these books are enough to convince the thinking student that there is something wrong. In this country we have had a great number of works on harmony and thorough-bass. But of all of these it may be truly said "they were made to sell." No one of them had any large amount of time to pass in preliminary preparation, and none of them has been illustrated with abundant citations from celebrated composers, and in most cases the text itself is dim in expression and inexact in use of terms.

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

It was with great interest, therefore, that we turned over the manuscript pages of a new work on harmony, of which we are permitted to print the purport in full. We regard the plan as way, and have great hope that this is the "coming book" in this department.
The dominant seventh, however, has been deemed liaive also quoted Gherubini, the greatest theorist, lie did the first. He takes, successively, each tone triad. The early composers of the fifteenth centu­ry did use no other chord, and with it alone Pal­limus a complete treatise, for they are also sold in a separate volume. The author of the Appendices comes now alone before the public to present them with a new and complete treatise on Harmony, the idea of which came to him when he began to write the Appendices, but which circumstances have, until now, prevented him from realizing.

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

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

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

[From the "Silver Jubilee," compiled and published by Joseph Lyons, A.M., 1869.]

**Song of the Alumni.**


**June 23, 1869.**

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

**Chorus:** — 'Tis joy to meet and warmly greet
The friends of our college days.
Those earnest boys who shared our joys,
Our sorrows, our toils and plays.
'Tis sweet to meet and friendly greet,
'Mid scenes we've loved in youth;
Our boyhood's time and youthful pride Are blended with those scenes sublime—
The scenes of peace and truth.

'Chorus: — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.
To-day that joy, without alloy,
Makes glad our willing heart;
The friends we loved and often proved,
The cherished scenes our youth approved,
A grateful sense impart.

**Chorus:** — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

An honored band now take their stand Within those sacred halls.
Where, years ago, in youth's bright glow, They loved the mask from Science' brow
And rent the Classic' gait silent:

'Chorus: — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

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

'Chorus: — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

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

'Chorus: — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

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

'Chorus: — 'Tis joy to meet, etc.

**Chapter About; or, What is it?**

**By Gemini.**

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

**CHAPTER I**

**Notre Dame, September 23, 1869.**

The idiosyncrasies of a country are said to be reduced to two heads, viz.: 1st. Its near neighborhood to Notre Dame-city; the city limits being now within a mile. 2d. Its manufactarry of Singer's sewing machines, so called from a melodious attachment, worked by the same trundle, to serve as an accompaniment to the vocal performances of the operator.

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

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

St. Joseph's Farm.—This remarkable tract of land is situated somewhat between Harris Prairie and Mishawaka, though a little to the east of both. Its four elements are land, water, turf and hay. The land is occasional and convenient; the water is insidious and always turning up when least expected; the turf is ubiquitous, and the hay is superficial. Buckwheat might be cultivated on this farm to a very great extent, but we cannot say much for appearances in favor of crops. The farm's post-office, which lies near the surface of the region, are approached by means of corduroy roads. If you are of an eco­nomical turn of mind, and wish to save your fu­neral expenses, you had better step from these roads a little way, and wander promiscuously about in the marsh. A part of the farm, where the water is a little 'wetter than usual, is called the goose-pond. We have been through it. An­other pleasant feature is what is called the cotton-woods. Pleasant, we should have said, for ento­mologists, and somewhat the reverse for other less gifted individuals. We have been bitten by mosquitoes there on the 20th of September—long after the first frosts. We shouldn't wonder if that isn't where the mosquitoes generally stay all winter.

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

*Note.—Of the name of Bertrand, as it is applied to the territory it is only necessary to state that the Har­ris is more conspicuous than the Prairie.

Cortin's Creek.—This classic stream rises in

**NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.**
Fm as sure as I live that you haven't bathed nor her bedding, nor washed her plate! Of course time to spend in making pills for your neighbors' crates in his aerial basket, you must learn that Do you see?" of you. Oh! wretch! Pills and chemistry will be the death of nothing but the piteous wailings of poor, dear man! Don't you hear anything? Ever since I came up stairs to practice my speech on Woman's Rights I've heard nothing but the piteous wailings of poor, dear little Mag, and you haven't said a kind nor consoling word to her. If you want to play Soocrates in his arid basket, you must learn that Xanthippe is a necessary character in the piece. I'm sure you haven't had entertained you with a combed poor dear, little Mag to-day, nor aired her bedding, nor washed her plate! Of course not! Oh! you wretch! You have plenty of time to spend in making pills for your neighbors' dirty ragged uncles, and you haven't a minute to spare for poor, dear little Mag. Oh! you wretch! Pills and chemistry will be the death of you. Oh! you wretch! Do you hear?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Toothpick! Toothpick, I say; I am—"

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

"Oh, you heartless man!"

"Exactly, my—"

"Toothpick!" reiterated the gentle Mrs. T., "Toothpick! I am now going to the Convention, and I warn you to have the house in order at my return. See also,—mind now,—that poor, dear little Mag shall not be choked or some other deli­
cency for supper; and remember—now, remember!—that her bed be warm and comfortable before you put her into it."

" Exactly,—my—"

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

Being delivered of this affectation query, the long suffering and injured Mrs. T. swept by the contents of the aforesaid box. Being delivered of this affectation query, the long suffering and injured Mrs. T. swept by the"
The necessity of grading our Music Course has been felt more during the past two or three years than previously, when the number of music students was limited and their average of proficiency below its present standing. The difficulties offered formerly to classifying the students, and teaching them according to a systematic plan, were numerous; and even now that improvements are intended, it will be hard to do away with all the hindrances that grew out of the old routine. Plans for all, may be reckoned the great variety of text-books heretofore used. In fact, there has been nearly as many different methods of study as there were students; and again, no estimate could be made, as there was no classified, that is not lacking in material means. Fourteen months 100 Single copies 5
dents* office.

One year 

Five months 

Clubs of five, in the University, one year 

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The NOTRE DAME SCOLARSTIC can be obtained at the Students’ office.

New Church—Additional Subscriptions.

Mr. John McCarthy, Independence, Mo. . . 5 00

Mrs. Joseph Mulhall, St. Louis, Mo. . . . 50 00

Visitors.

During the past week we were honored with the visit of Rev. Father Villandre, S. S. C., President of St. Laurent College, C. E. The Rev. Father was accompanied on his visit by Bro. Scalich, Steward of the College, and by M. E. Fortouss, from Dijon, France, who is on a trip through the American continent. Our welcome visitors seemed highly interested in what they saw at Notre Dame, and were shown every department of the University. Important visits were made to the Academy, St. Mary’s, where they had an opportunity of witnessing an institution second to none in the West and fast growing to be unequalled in the States.

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

Departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin for France.

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

Very Rev. Father Sorin’s address in Paris will be: Notre Dame de Ste. Croix, Neufilly, Avenue du Bois.

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

[For the Notre Dame Scholastic.]

Mons. Loyson (ex-Père Hynclis) and Henry Ward Beecher.

[On Sunday Mons. Loyson went to H. W. B’s church, and had a most interesting interview with H. W. B., who being performers on both French and Monsieur L. knowing of English only the phrases, “How you do? “Oh yes”]

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* The former a sweet fat duck of a creature, the latter a Plymouth church theatrical preacher, and each ‘galant’ the Pope a terrible scrooger.

TUMULTUM IN INFERNIS.—The imp of the printing-office seems to have had a little spite against his fellow-demons, Mystery, of our late dramatic entertainment, and to have exercised it in leaving his name out of the programme. The part so

* The former a sweet fat duck of a creature, the latter a Plymouth church theatrical preacher, and each ‘galant’ the Pope a terrible scrooger.
**Arrival of Students.**

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

William H. Turner, Lincoln, Ill.
Charles Clarke, Notre Dame, Ind.
William Kiley, Delphi, Ind.
John B. Leitch, Chicago, Ill.
James Campbell, McLeansboro, Ill.
Frank Hunt, Rochester, Ind.

**Tables of Honor.**

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 16th.
Oct. 23d.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.
Oct. 22d.

MINT DEPARTMENT.

**St. Edward's Literary Association.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**St. Cecilia Philanthropic Association.**

The fifth regular meeting of this Association was held Tuesday evening, Oct 19th, 1889. Master Wm. Taylor, after having complied with the conditions of the Society, was unanimously elected a member. His Essay on "Character" showed that he understood his subject. Master Hananha then followed in an essay on "Istensperation," Master Roberts, on "Early Rising," Master J. Walsh on "Reminiscences of Beautiful Sonnet," Masters C. Dodge, H. O'Neil, C. Burdell and M. Mahony acquitted themselves with credit in declamation. The Association was honored with a visit from Brother Francis de Sales, formerly Prefect of Discipline of the University. Being loudly called on to speak, he rose and delighted the members with a few well-timed remarks on "Obedience, Study and the Force of Example."

The sixth regular meeting took place Saturday evening, Oct 26th. At this meeting Master David Weldon was unanimously admitted a member of the Association. After the members had performed their several duties they were highly honored with the unexpected appearance of Rev. Father Sullivan, formerly a distinguished Professor at the University. By request of the President of the Association (President) the Reverend Father delivered a very instructive address on "Literary Studies." I am sorry I cannot give the address in full, I will however attempt to give a synopsis of it in my next report.

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 15th.**

**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—Oct. 1st.**

**MINT DEPARTMENT.**


**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**

**Arrivals.**

Miss O. Edwards, Chicago, Ill.
D. Jennings, Jackson, Mich.
E. Tibbert, Warren, Ind.
A. Sturgis, Sturgis, Mich.
M. Murphy, Ottawa, Ill.
A. Woods, Louisiana, Mo.
M. Balun, Balun, Ill.
M. Shannon, 
L. Shannon, 

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

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

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

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

Then commenced, in the following order, the entertainment prepared for the occasion:

**Overture to Figaro. (Mozart)...** —C. Foote
**Frugelensleid—(Mendelssohn) F. Arrington**
**Opus 35—(Keller) E. Longsdorf**
**La Stella—(Ketterer) M. Kirwan**
**Lady Christine A. Montgomery**

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

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

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

All then retired to the parlor and creation rendezvous. A real feast was served. Then gay conversation, and (for the young ladies) a merry dance. So ended the grand Festival of "St. Edward's Day" at St. Mary's.