

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Extremes and Means.

BY T. A. DAILEY.

Out of bright shining skies
Harsh hail-stones sometimes dart—
So Truth is a cloak for lies,
And kindness a cheap disguise
To shield a wicked heart.

Under the Arctic snow,
Beneath the ice and moss,
Sweet flowers will sometimes grow,—
(Amber in sea-foam glow)
Sorrow may joy bestow—
Old age has still the Cross.

Good actions never die,
Rainbows uphold the clouds,
Old Time will swiftly fly,—
(The Styx will not run dry)
The dead cannot make shrouds.

Tom Moore.

Fancy, wit, satire, sprightliness, facility, high powers of imagination were Tom Moore's special and natural characteristics; and these, joined to an extensive knowledge, improved to practical purposes by prolonged familiarity with the best society, were what made him a popular poet.

This "sweet son of song" was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1779, and was the son of a grocer. Like Pope, he began to rhyme at an early age; in fact, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." In his early youth he afforded himself of the sound principles of education; and in his fourteenth year were published in the *Anthologica Hibernica* some of his verses which, according to the criticisms they then received, were not devoid of merit, and showed plainly the future drift of his fertile mind.

About this time, the English Parliament having passed a law allowing Catholics to attend Trinity College, thither young Moore repaired, and so rapid was his progress in classical learning that in 1799 he took his departure from the "Silent Sister" and proceeded to London, for the purpose of studying law in the Middle Temple. But the law did not prove to be the calling of Moore; his mind was bent in another direction; hence, there appeared in 1800 his first important production—the translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse. The criticisms which this work called forth vary in the extreme; some are of praise, others, of censure. But the greatest fault, how-

ever, that may be found with these pieces is that they violate somewhat the modern canons of translation in not being literal; but as to their English and erotic verse, they are surpassed by nothing of the kind in the language. These translations he dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who in after-life became the object of Moore's keenest satire,—an action on the part of our poet that would seem to be nothing else than total ingratitude for past favors. But Moore explains this very well when he says that all he ever received from the English prince was the honor of dining with him at the Carlton House twice and of being present at a grand *fête* given by him on the occasion of his being made regent. If this is to be believed, I, at least, do not see why Moore should consider himself under such grave obligations to the prince as not to give him a bit of his satire, especially when he deserved it.

Moore, being now a man, thought he could do no better than venture on a volume of original poems, and, accordingly, appeared the "Poetical Works" of the late Thomas Little,—a *nom de plume*, of course, as well as an allusion to his diminutive stature. About some of these poems there was found by critics too much *anacreon*, and as such were severely censured. The volume, however, established his reputation as a poet.

In 1806 our poet, on his return from Bermuda where he held the office of Admiralty Register, visited the United States: but was not, however, highly pleased with what he saw and heard here, as his "Odes and Epistles" which appeared shortly after his return to London abundantly prove. Some, however, of the prettiest lyrics may be found in this work, such as the "Indian Bark," the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," etc., and are considered specimens of fidelity and poetic beauty; yet, on the whole, it was bitterly criticised by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. This criticism so incensed Moore that a challenge to fight a duel passed between them. The duel, however, never came off, as on coming together both parties were arrested, and, furthermore, Moore and Jeffrey afterwards became fast friends, and I believe, remained so until death. In this volume is one piece written on board a ship, by moonlight, which is so beautiful that I claim leave to quote a portion of it:

"Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile upon thy orb to meet,
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promises never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send

To many a dear-loved distant friend.

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think if friends were near
How should we feel and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Ging darkly round the giant form!"

In 1812 there appeared the satirical productions of Moore,—“The Two-penny Post-bag,” the “Fudge Family in Paris,” the Fables for the Holy Alliance,” and other minor pieces written for the newspapers—all of which met with immense success. They are in every way what their purport is, and in their own way are not inferior to anything our language can boast of.

The first instalment of the “Irish Melodies,” in which all that was high and pure in Moore's nature burst forth, and which have immortalized his name, appeared in 1812, although the task was contemplated as early as 1806. Many things have indeed been said of this collection of beautiful and, some of them, exquisite effusions of a poetic imagination. Moore, it must be remembered, was an accomplished musician; and it was, as he relates, “the effort to verbalize the emotions and passions which music seemed to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. Dryden,” he adds, “has happily described music as being ‘inarticulate poetry,’ and I have always felt in adapting words to an expressive air that I was bestowing on it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself.”

But no matter what Moore may say, he was greatly influenced by national feelings, and his “Melodies” are founded upon the old airs and the ancient music of the land that bore him. We do not wish to quote from his “Melodies,” yet we will venture to give one of them, which has always appeared to us as simply exquisite:

“I saw from the beach when the morning was shining
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who could not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame?

And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame.”

In 1817 “*Lalla Rookh*,” an Oriental romance, Moore's most elaborate poem, musical and equally sustained, and, as a work of art, his master-piece, made its appearance.

But I have already gone too far in mentioning in detail the works of Ireland's poet, Tom Moore without having said scarcely anything relative to his character and genius. It is now twenty-eight years since Moore's death, and it is painful to notice (if we except the “*Melodies*”) how little is now remembered of all those works which he published for nearly half a century. His “*Irish Melodies*” will, however, live and perpetuate his memory to posterity. Some of his sacred songs will also live; and, as Dr. McKenzie says, “A few of his satiric touches will be accepted by-and-by as very ‘smart’ by men who spend their days among books, and are to be found reading when they are not writing.” He continues: “‘*Lalla Rookh*,’ which is the Oriental romance it was announced to be, may then be estimated as a ‘standard work’—which means a work to be dipped into and talked about a little, like Milton's ‘*Paradise Lost*,’ Butler's ‘*Hudibras*,’ Dryden's ‘*Absalom and Achitophel*,’ Pope's ‘*Essay on Man*,’ or any other of the poems which were popular in their day, and are now seldom mentioned, and still more rarely read.

“Tom Moore will, I fear, fare no better than other favorite poets have fared. How much of the poetry of Scott or Southey will be remembered on New Year's Day, 1900? Moore resolved to write a long poem for which he would receive a long price. Longman & Co., rather jealous of John Murray, eagerly listened to Moore's proposal to write a ‘great’ poem,—which in those days meant a poem to be published, like Scott's ‘*Lay of the Last Minstrel*’ and ‘*Marmion*,’ in a great quarto volume, with, as Mr. Puff says in the *Critic*, ‘a rivulet of type running through a meadow of margin,’ and one half the book occupied by notes which not one reader in fifty cared to look into. But Moore, easy as his verses read, was a slow and even laborious writer. Five years elapsed between the conception and birth of the work. When it appeared, Moore was paid 3,000 guineas for this poem—about \$15,750 in gold,—whereas John Milton received only \$25 for ‘*Paradise Lost*’; and Murray was considered to have been extremely liberal, a few years before, when he paid, not 3,000 guineas, but less than one-third that amount for the first two cantos of ‘*Childe Harold*.’ Moore may have been magnificently paid, but he had worked steadily and hard at his poem. He spent three of the five years upon it, in making himself master of Oriental imagery, poetry natural history, customs, manners, and traditions. When writing ‘*Lalla Rookh*’ he had to *think*, as it were, as if he wore a turban. The labor was great; for, as Moore has recorded, he took in the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to him, and became, for the time being, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region than he had ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life in any of those countries lying most within his reach. Great was the labor—great the success.

“The late Sir James Mackintosh was asked by Colonel Wilkes, the historian of British India, whether it was true that Moore had never been East. ‘Never,’ answered Mackintosh. ‘Well,’ Wilkes replied, ‘that shows me that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel.’ It is true that D'Herbelot's work, which I know very well, was one of Moore's manuals, but he must

also have studied scores of other works on the East to prepare him for composing *Lalla Rookh*.

"There is a description of Baalbec in 'Paradise and the Peri'; and Mr. Carne, who published 'Letters from the East,' stated: 'The description in "*Lalla Rookh*" of the plain and its ruins are exquisitely faithful. The minaret as on the declivity near at hand, and these wanted only the Muzzein's cry to break the silence.' The particular lines thus commended are:

'Joyless he sees the sun look down
On that great temple, once his own.
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard—Time—
Had raised to count his ages by.'

Such is the gossip manner in which Dr. Mackenzie speaks of some of the works of Ireland's national poet. There is, it is true, a good deal of sense about what he says, but yet, in regard to expressing how poetry will be considered and looked upon some years hence, I for one, am of the opinion that he falls far short of striking the mark.

It is true that poetry does not hold the same place in the minds of the people now as it did in days gone by, yet the age of poetry is not dead, but living, and what was considered a forcible and noble poem fifty or sixty, or even a hundred years ago, is considered as such to-day. It has lost nothing of its charms by age, though these charms may not have exactly the same effect upon the mind of the reader now as of yore.

Moore, then, taken all in all, may be considered as a grand lyric poet. Many of his poems and pieces are among the sweetest in sentiment, the softest and most melodious in the language, as any one may see who takes the trouble to carefully peruse them. Byron termed him "the poet of circles, the idol of his own." He was admired by Sir Walter Scott, by Russell,—in short, by all the poets of his day; and shall we hesitate to bestow upon him the name he so well deserves, and which includes all the good things that may be said of him—the poet of Erin.

T. C.

Strike Your Hour.

The celebrated De Lamennais being on one occasion seated with a few of his disciples, and, hearing the clock strike, said: "If I should tell that clock it would lose its life the next moment, it would none the less strike the hour until that moment came. My children, be like the clock; happen what may, always strike your hour."

With De Lamennais I say—"Strike your hour." Let each of us do our duty; do it at exactly the time set apart for it. We should wait not a moment, longer; for "as every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time." How often are we not tempted to delay performing our duty through a want of self-denial, quieting the reproaches of our conscience by the thought that it will be as well done at another time,—oblivious of the fact, that, time hurrying with a resistless, unremitting stream, cannot be turned backward; that neglected duty renders us debtors to God and our neighbor, and who knows that the cold hand of death will not surprise us before this debt is paid?

Foster well says that "duty is not defined by chapters, nor has it grown up with the progress of civilization, but is

coeval with human existence, and written upon the tablet of every heart. It comprises a code of perfect completeness for man's moral government, and points the way for his footsteps, which, if carefully pursued, will place length of days on one side and riches and honor on the other." At school, fidelity to duty is inculcated among other valuable lessons but study is not requisite to its possession. The majority are well aware of their obligations, but, strictly speaking, how few there are who fulfil them?

Again, we should be careful not to waste an hour's time, as we know not its capacity. That very hour, which we fail to strike, may be the one in which a new world will burst forth, or an ancient one sink to ruins. It may, too, be exactly the time for accomplishing some great plan or achieving something grand.

The wonderful success of the first Napoleon was in a great measure the result of unfailing energy and promptness in all his movements. It is related of him that on one occasion, during the progress of a violent storm, surrounded by his bravest generals, he was taking counsel as to the course of action to be followed in a certain critical situation; many advised him to fall back. Napoleon, happening to raise his eyes at that moment, beheld through the window an humble *curé* who, regardless of the storm, was bearing the Holy Viaticum to a dying person. "There, gentlemen," he exclaimed, pointing to the retreating figure, "there is our model! *duty* before all other considerations. Forward, forward, is the word." And forward he led his veterans, and thus added another victory to his already long list. He struck his hour, and all Europe echoed its stroke with fearful distinctness.

Again, how heroically and perseveringly did not the Swiss patriot, William Tell, labor to enkindle in the hearts of his countrymen the undying fire of the love of liberty, which burned within his own! How patiently he toiled till the momentous hour for decisive action came, and then, how fearlessly he struck it, regardless of consequences! History relates the success which attended his efforts; how at the head of his little army he drove the powerful Austrians from his beloved country, and left it as free as the chamois, that bounded from crag to crag on its own snow-capped mountains.

But why turn to foreign lands for examples of deeds of gallantry, while our own teems with the most glorious? Among the illuminated pages of history, none is more brilliant than that on which is recorded the achievement of American Independence. The unarmed struggling colonists struck their hour, and, at the sound of the time-piece, the first faint ray of the sun of Liberty appeared above the gloomy horizon of oppression. The barefooted veterans of Valley Forge did their duty, although their fingers were benumbed with cold, and their tattered garments afforded but little protection to their shivering limbs. It is certain that Americans need not be ashamed of such gallant heroes—of such patriotic, true, and noble ancestors. In immortal Washington, too, the most noble of the many traits of character that adorned his soul were promptness and decision—to strike his hour, and to do his duty under circumstances the most difficult, the most unfavorable, as a loyal son of Columbia. Hence we see what he achieved; and can we hesitate to copy his example? Again, no matter where we turn our eyes, we see something or other from which we all can learn a lesson in this respect; in fact, Nature herself teaches us to be industrious. If we look over our head we cannot help admiring the countless number, of

heavenly bodies—all of which never lose a moment of time, but fill in a most remarkable manner the end for which they were made. They strike their hour with such regularity and precision that no clock, or any other invention of man, can for a moment be compared with them. Again, if we look on the earth upon which we tread, do we not there find food for reflection? We behold the busy ant and bee working so hard in storing away provisions for those months in which they cannot by their nature go abroad, and performing their respective duties in such a manner as should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the sluggard. The mountains, too—those giants, whose lofty peaks tower high, and stretch abroad as far as the eye can reach, and on whose brawny sides grow those beautiful creatures—plants, flowers, and trees—perform their duty, and never fail to strike their hour. How beautiful! how sublime is God in His works! Nothing is accidental; everything that exists is governed by laws,—the perfection of which far surpass our weak understanding, as the framer of them is God. Why, then, may I ask, does man, a most noble creature, refuse obedience to these laws, and, in more cases than one, to totally disregard them? On being questioned on this point, he will admit their necessity; he will admire their observance in other things—as, for instance, in the regular movements of the complicated machinery of the universe; yet, withal, he loses time and frequently fails to strike his hour; to do his duty as a man—as a reasonable being, it requires a sacrifice of self which he has not the courage to make, and thus trivial causes prevent the grand effects of universal harmony.

"There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to gleam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing,
And the clouds have ceased to lower,
Men of thought, and men of action
Strike your hour."

E. S. L.

Beauty.

Beauty is analagous to happiness. God put it in the world and gave us the power to find or create it. There is beauty every where and in everything; it only requires to be sought after, and the seeker will find it. The lives of men should be filled with beauty, just as the heavens and the earth are clothed with it; but some have tempers, so cold and phlegmatic, and hearts so callous, that the most beautiful sights fail to elicit their admiration.

Beauty is a spirit which is found in thousands of places at once. There, on the summit of a lofty mountain, with its crest of ice and snow; here, coquetting with the sun-beams as they gayly play around us; far off from land, dancing o'er the sparkling waters, resplendent with phosphorescent lights, and in the rippling brook, as it runs smoothly on over its pebbly bed to the great world of waters; now, in a grand old forest with its lofty trees and foliage, amid whose spreading branches the birds love to warble; again, in the flowery meadow, with its sea of waving grass. Every place she is different, and it is precisely in this difference or variety that her charms consist.

Nature is lavish of her adornments. Go where we will, we are preceded by beauty. What is more admirable than the many colored flowers with which "Dame Nature" has

embellished the earth? "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these." The blithesome little birds, those songsters of the forest, are admired for their slender forms and gay plumage, as well as for their tuneful carols; and of them the poet has truly said:

"Birds—Birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and cloud-cleaving wings."

There is beauty in the mountain as well as in the little stream, meandering through the valley below. There is beauty in the soft white clouds that float through the air with a misty loveliness; and when, dark and black, they go sailing across the heavens, the beauty is still there. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the sky when the sun in oriental brightness changes the darkness into rosy light. Not less enchanting is the scene when, as "King of the West," he retires, shedding the effulgence of his declining rays over the horizon. The all-pervading presence of beauty is still felt when Luna, the gentle queen of night, casts her mystic veil over the landscape, softening its rough outlines into harmonious loveliness. There is beauty in the human countenance—beauty in all things. Whittier says that although beauty may be talked of as a thing to be chiselled from marble, or wrought out on canvass, although its color and outlines may be speculated upon, yet it is after all but an intellectual abstraction. But I am not defining beauty; however, it is certain that the heart, looking through the outward environment, discovers at times a deep and real loveliness.

We are not all blessed with good features and all that tends to make our face attractive, but we can have a spiritual beauty, which is far superior. This was known and used with advantage by artists, in painting portraits of "Mary, the Virgin Mother." Her appearance is lovely beyond description. The beauty, characterizing her face, is that of an affectionate and holy soul. A face in which good humor, frankness and amiability is seen, no matter how homely, must surely be beautiful. "What is good looking," says Horace Smith, "*but looking good.*" Every one *can* be beautiful. Be gentle, modest, and womanly, and you will be beautiful, if not in the world's sight, certainly in the sight of God.

But there is another beauty, of which all the loveliness we behold in this world is but the reflection. As the child resembles the parent, as the painting bears some characteristic mark of the artist, whether it be the delicacy of coloring or boldness of outline, by which he has rendered himself famous, so also does the universe, grand and glorious, bear every where the stamp of the Almighty Hand which drew it from chaos, and fashioned it in a manner worthy of Himself. We, with intellects darkened by sin, can perceive but little of its magnificent beauty, and that little very imperfectly. How wonderful it must have been when it came new and beautiful from the Creator's hand, for it, too, bears the blight of the Fall, as Moore so well says

"The trail of the serpent is over it all."

Blessed shall we be if the same slimy trail be not found in our souls, on which God has set His seal so clearly, and which in their innocence, reflect so perfectly the Divine Image.

May we, poor and weak children of Adam, ever bear that glorious sign, so that when the end is come we may claim admittance to the enjoyment of that beauty "ever ancient and ever new!"

R. S.

Silent Cities.

So many and so vast are the mighty cities resting on the surface of this great globe that to the human mind they seem not a reality, but a wondrous dream. Men have spent their lives in travel, and yet have not seen all the marvellous works scattered over the world. From the icy regions of the arctic zones, to the luxuriant lands of the sunny tropics, immense cities meet our view; some on the mountain top, rising proudly on its lofty heights; others on the sea-side; others, again, in the quiet valley—all teeming with human life and activity: but history, sacred and profane, tells of cities silent now, but once as full of animation as those I have mentioned. Cities where, in the dim past, the votaries of pleasure revelled as heedless of life's true work as do those of our own time; cities, where the light foot of the dancer once kept time to the music of the harp or lute, but now silent and deserted, the refuge of the owl and serpent—if there yet remain some ruined pillars to show where once they stood. Sacred History tells of the "cities of the plain," destroyed by fire from heaven, because of the sinfulness of their inhabitants. How terrible was the wrath of God in effacing these cities from the face of the earth, and obliterating every trace of them, by covering the land which they once occupied, with the waters of the Dead Sea!

What now remains of Nineveh "the city of three day's journey," where the number of little children alone exceeded one hundred and twenty thousand? What has become of its immense walls, upon which three chariots could drive abreast? Where are the fifteen hundred towers that defended it?—ruined, ruined all! Ninive, the grand, is silent now.

What has befallen Babylon, Nineveh's proud rival? Where is her magnificent temple of Belus, six hundred feet high? Where are her immense hanging gardens, once the wonder of the world? They are destroyed, and the city that rose so proudly on the banks of the Euphrates is no more.

Among the silent cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum hold a prominent place. Overtaken in all their vigor by a frightful calamity, they remained buried in the lava of Vesuvius for nearly seventeen hundred years, and when, in the last century, excavations were made, everything discovered was in a perfect state of preservation, and human bodies were taken from homes that proved their tombs, as free from corruption as if life had been extinct only a few hours.

But there is still a silent city, which must be dear to the Christian heart—a city, famous in history, once a city, for the refuge of Christian heroes; but now, the tomb, where they await the call to come forth into the full light of God's eternal day. Yes; the Roman Catacombs, silent though they are, have yet a voice that speaks of a glory won through Christ Crucified.

J. A. A.

—At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris of that day, who sustained the principal character, to repeat a couplet which he thought not well delivered. She did so several times, but Voltaire was not satisfied. At last a lord who was present said: "Indeed you tease the lady; I think she has delivered the passage very well." "It may be very well for a duke," replied the wit, "but it is not very well for me."

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mary Anderson, has cleared \$40,000 this season.

—A floating paragraph states that Longfellow is worth \$150,000.

—Dr. Schliemann is hard at work upon a book on Troy, which he intends to publish next autumn.

—George Parsons Lathrop is said to have been the author of "After glow" in the "No-Name Series."

—Mr. Carlyle's works complete, can be had in a nice library edition in thirty-four volumes, at about \$50.

—Prof. Minayeff, a distinguished Russian scholar, is at Bombay, collecting MSS. bearing on the Buddhist religion.

—An Italian translation of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is announced at Rome, with careful notes by the translator, Signor Martelli.

—The death is announced of M. Gudin, the eminent French marine painter, who married Miss Hay, the niece of the Duke of Wellington.

—Among recent manuscript additions to the British Museum is a copy of the "Divina Commedia," with marginal notes, bearing date of 1379,

—Herr Wagner is still too ill to accept the invitation of the Roman municipality to attend the first representation of his "Lohengrin" in the Eternal City.

—Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have in binding "The Experiences of a Barrister and Confessions of an Attorney," by Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year."

—Mr. Ruskin has recommenced his "Flors Clavigera." He speaks of completing the series for this year, and then, after the issue of a thin volume of indices, he may possibly discontinue the publication.

—Princess Elizabeth of Prussia has received the Medal of Merit from the Ministers for her literary achievements. In addition to her other works, she has translated several Roumanian poems into English and German.

—The famous "Last Supper of Leonardo de Vinci, now in the Couvent of Le Grazie, at Milan, has been copied in mosaic for the first time, and it may be seen in a window in the Piazza di Spagna. It has been made after a copy owned by the priests of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This picture has occupied four laborers during two years.

—It is proposed to form in St. Petersburg a society to be called the Society of Lovers of Poetry. Its comprehensive scope will be the study of Russian and foreign poets, both ancient and modern, including also attention to the arts of music and the drama. The society will undertake the publication of selections and translations from the more remarkable productions of foreign poets, and of essays on the genius of their authors.

—The distinguished French academician, Jules Sandeau—who gave Madame Dudevant the name of "George Sand"—one evening visited Prince Napoleon, when a majestic valet took his coat. "Do you remember me, M. Sandeau, who used to bring your proofs from the printing-office?" "No, my friend." "Well," said the valet, "I was that boy, and see how we have both since made our way in the world!"

—The life of Napoleon III was attempted five times to Louis Philippe's thirty. In 1852, the infernal machine at Marseilles; in 1855, the pistols of Planori; the attempt of Bartoldi and Tibaldi in 1857; the Orsini bombs in 1858: Grego and others in 1863; and amid all this, while many people were killed and mutilated, the Emperor himself received not a scratch, but died at Chiselhurst, attended by five first-rate physicians, and with every comfort surrounding him.

—"Liberty and Progress" is the title of the latest ballad produced at Florence, Italy. In this performance Liberty and Progress are two beautiful maidens, who, arm in arm, make the tour of the world, and successively visit France, Russia, Turkey, China, and Italy, with the laudable object of giving lessons to tyrants. The pair at first appear forlorn and almost nude, but as the action progresses, they

gradually add to their scanty attire, until in the end they represent gorgeously-dressed queens.

—Among curious works on Napoleon I "His History Explained by His Handwriting" will occupy a prominent place. The modifications of his brain are here studied in connection with those of his penmanship. The author, Monsieur J. H. Michon, already celebrated in connection with his "System of Graphology," claims that the man whom his own mother called a "monster" was in the latter years of his reign affected by an organic lesion of the brain, of which his penmanship affords substantial evidence.

—Lovers of poetry will be glad to learn that Mr. de Vere was not the only Catholic friend of Wordsworth's; nor does he share that honor with only Father Faber, of whom Wordsworth said, on hearing that he had become a clergyman, "Then England has lost a poet." The late Mr. Kenelm Digby was, as the *Athenæum* reminds its readers, his friend half a century ago; and to him Wordsworth dedicated one of his poems in acknowledgment of the good he had derived from a perusal of such works as the author of "*The Broadstone of Honor*" had then written.

Exchanges.

—The new board of editors of *The Chronicle* keep the paper up to the high standard of former years, and *The Chronicle* may well be a source of just pride to the literary students of the University of Michigan. In both matter and appearance it is a model college paper.

—*The Cornell Era* always has something of interest in its crisply written matter-of-fact editorials. "Cornelliana," the local department, is unique; and the matter of the principal college exchanges is dissected and analyzed in a masterly manner. It is always with a feeling of glad expectancy we tear the wrapper from this favorite exchange.

—*The Amherst Student* changed its board of editors with the last number. The retiring board leaves the paper in excellent condition, from a literary point of view, and its members no doubt feel happy in the consciousness of having performed well their duty. We hope the exchange editor will, like ourself, be retained on the incoming board. His ability in the late contest with us has drawn well-merited marks of approval from some of our learned contemporaries. He defended various weak points with signal ability. He has our good wishes.

—*The Oberlin Review* is always a welcome visitor. Its bright face is a strong recommendation, and on a more intimate acquaintance the feeling of regard becomes strengthened. The subjects for essays are well chosen and ably handled; the editorials are generally of a local character, on subjects of interest to the students, the local and personal columns are well filled. The department devoted to general college news is carefully edited, and the independent manliness of the exchange editor gives an additional charm to this interesting department of a college paper. The March number of the *Review* published an excellent poem on "Futurity" from the pen of Emile, '82; Emile is a true poet, and dresses his gems of thought in harmonious language. "Leyden," by W. M. Graham, of '80, is a finely written prose article in which not a little poetry of a high order entwines with the rough cut facts that make up the essay. Taken altogether, the articles in *The Oberlin Review* justify the many encomiums passed upon this model of college papers.

—In an article on "Books and Bookish People" in the April *Brunonian* the writer unwittingly treads on the corns of some of the aforesaid "bookish people." He says: "Why is it that students love books more than most other people? My friend here, reasoning on the principle that we envy most what we cannot get, tells me that it is because they never have money to buy any, which is generally the case with the true student, who is the ordinary book buyer. Whatever the answer to the question, and it is of no great importance, the fact still remains that the true student—of un-bookish students we will speak anon—revels in books. He buys them just for the pleasure of buying them. He draws books from the circulating libraries

round about, simply to see them on his book-shelves. For the same end his friends' and neighbors' libraries are despoiled to increase his own. How it delights his soul to look upon his increasing riches. With what a swelling at the heart and a ravishing sense of joy, infinitely surpassing the gloating fury of the miser over his gold, does he cast his eye around, and inspect over and over again, his printed hoards. The false book-lover may admire and collect only old musty tomes. But the true bibliophile has a love for books as such. In his wide-reaching sympathy he can embrace anything in book form; he can bestow a mild glance of approval upon the fair, open columns of the ledger, or the monotonous pages of the check book; speak with approbation of the almanac, and fall into transports over the dictionary. His motto is,

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Do any of our readers feel their corns hurt? We hope not, but we imagine we see a half-sad, half-playful smile light up the features of our friends, the College Librarian and the Librarian of the Lemonnier Circulating Library, as they read the fifth and sixth sentences of the paragraph quoted above, and one cannot help imagining that the half-sad, half-playful smile means something. The writer in *The Brunonian* has evidently touched a sensitive chord in the hearts of these gentlemen, showing clearly that he is somewhat of a judge of human nature. Our friend the exchange editor of *The Brunonian* gives us a rub in the following, which we clip from his department: Next after the *Chronicle*, the paper that crowds the most into its pages is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Its articles are weighty, and in its contest with the *Student* it has shown an amount of learning rarely seen in college columns. It is the only Roman Catholic exchange worth reading. It has a policy, and pursues it without fear or favor. But aside from its brief "College Gossip," we should not know of the existence of any but Roman Catholic schools in the country. Such a degree of self-absorption seems to us, who do not sympathize with the religious system of the *Scholastic*, strange and peculiar. We would not wish to call it bigotry, but is it that broad policy which we should expect a Catholic paper to follow?" We thank the writer for calling our attention to the drawback in question; for, aware as we are, that duty and courtesy should begin at home, we are also aware that neither should end there. If we have slighted non-Catholic Colleges in any way we beg pardon for it; while noticing Catholic colleges occasionally, it was also our intention to give non-Catholic colleges their due; if we have failed to do so it was through inadvertence,—sometimes, perhaps, on account of a want of time or space. The writer is not, probably, unaware that Catholic educational institutions are ignored by many and disparaged by others, whether deservedly or not, it is not for us to determine, and hence, perhaps, the reason for our noticing them the more frequently.

—We have missed the *Archangel* of late. What has become of that unique and inimitable vehicle of Tennyson's poetry, Cooper's prose, and the editor's original syntax and eccentric constructions? Our other Catholic exchange, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, is brilliant by comparison. When it refrains from harping on religious differences, and from poking over the musty records of the middle ages, we like it much.

The exchange editor of *The Beacon* tries to be complimentary. The first sentence regarding us must have cost him a great effort, so we suppose we should feel grateful for it in proportion to the effort rather than to the compliment. Generosity is a noble trait, and when such a towering genius as the editor of *The Beacon* stoops to pat us on the shoulder we should feel grateful beyond measure. We will, however, venture to inform our patron that the "harping on religious differences" and the "poking over the musty records of the middle ages" did not originate with us. The "religious differences" arose on the opposite side, and we but ventured in an humble way to attune the discordant chords. We think we have succeeded in a measure, but if we could convince our friend of *The Beacon* that the records of the middle ages are not so musty as he imagines them, we would be adding to the measure of our success. His records may be, and no doubt are musty, but ours are not. If he wishes to test the truth of our assertion he may con at leisure the pages of Gazeau's sketch of the middle ages. It has the merit of

brevity, and will not be a serious tax on our friend's time. In conclusion, we will say that a man would need the patience of Job and the amiability of Moses to allow such travesty of history and misrepresentation of facts to go unrebutted as we see month after month in one or other of the college papers. Take, for instance, the article on "Free Thought" in the last number of *The Haverfordian*, published from a college of the meek and amiable Society of Friends, in which the writer asserts that Copernicus's book *De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium* was "stained with the blood of many martyrs, and that with it began the war ever since waged between science and the Scriptures"; that "in the days of papal jurisdiction, *Scripture had need to yield to science* (italics ours); for we must know that there were those who thought that the earth was discous, surrounded by a circumfluous ocean, 'established that it cannot be moved'; that the moon was a silver plate suspended in heaven, and the stars golden nails; . . . if a man dared assert that the earth rotated on its axis, he was tortured; if he said the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' was traditional he was allowed his opinion." Now if we assert that nearly all the foregoing assertions are mere fabrications, to use no stronger term, we suppose our friend of *The Beacon* would consider it an unpardonable offence, although we would be asserting the truth; they are mere bosh, having no existence in fact; they never had any existence in fact, and although the cock-and-bull stories of Galileo's being tortured, and Copernicus's death having probably saved him from a like fate have over and over again been proved untrue, it seems that one at least of our college writers has not yet seen them in their true light. It is well enough, with some, that such fictitious horrors should be palmed off as true, but to attempt to show their mythical foundation is an unpardonable offence, and stinks in the nostrils of the said few. When we expose an error we do not necessarily condemn the writer; he may be perfectly honest in his convictions, and be misled by others; but the search for truth should be free to all. We think the editor of *The Beacon* will agree with us, when we say that he is but a poor specimen of a man who through idleness or cowardice will allow a libel to pass unheeded and unchecked.

College Gossip.

—Amherst has a class in Indian club-swinging.—*Chronicle*.

—A Shakspeare Club is the latest at Columbia.—*Chronicle*.

—At Middleburg, Vt., political economy is the favorite study at present.—*Chronicle*.

—It is rumored that a bicycle club will be formed at Williams College this spring.

—The Alleghany College, Pa., authorities have suspended five students for hazing.—*Chronicle*.

—We learn from our college exchanges that history is becoming a very popular study at most of the American colleges.

—A townie thinks this matter of tar-walks should receive more careful attention, for it is a concrete question.—*Amherst Student*.

—Dartmouth students have been deprived of the right of voting by an act of the New Hampshire legislature.—*Milton College Journal*.

—Owing to the illness of one of the crew, Trinity has buried her hopes of boating, and will bend her energies for the field-days.—*Chronicle*.

—It is said that the Irish agitators, Parnell and Dillon, are both college graduates; Parnell graduating from Oxford, and Dillon from the University of Dublin.

—"Who will care for mother now?" sighed the sorrowing Junior, whose paternal ancestor denied him the wherewith to visit the home circle.—*The Chronicle*.

—A medical student of the Queen's College at Cork has a year's rustication for having got up amongst the students an address to Mr. Chas. S. Parnell on his return from America.

—A law school has been added to the University of California by the gift of \$100,000 from Q. Clinton Hastings, one of its alumni. It will be called the Hastings law school.—*Chronicle*.

—Haverford College has received \$10,000 from the estate of the late John M. Whithall, who had been one of Haverford's friends. Colleges are heavy on the wheels, and it is therefore a friendly turn to grease the axles. Whose turn next?

—Art 7 of the Ferry Education Bill was defeated a few days ago in the French Senate. This article aimed at the suppression of Jesuit Universities and schools. It was opposed as "despotic" and "illiberal" by Jules Simon, Dufour and the moderate Republicans.—*University Press*.

—In one respect the Boat Club of Wesleyan College set a good example. When they want a boat-house built or repaired, it is reported that the members of the club do the work themselves for exercise and to save money, as it is often hard to obtain all they need for necessary expenses.

—A Fresh, who is a strict accountant of his expenses, marks sleigh-rides, oysters and cigars, "S. C." (solid comfort). When he sends home his bill of expenses, he innocently explains to his paternal that the frequent repetition (?) of "S. C." is for board at St. Charles, where he is required to pay semi-weekly.—*Ez.*

—The late Daniel Fish, of Lansingburg, N. Y., gave \$10,000 to Boston University, \$5000 each to Syracuse University, Troy Conference Academy, and the Methodist Church at Saratoga; and \$2000 each to the Methodist Church in Lansingburg and the Baptist Church in Ira, Vt. His estate was valued at 210,600.

—We learn that Dr. C. J. Stille, who had resigned the provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, to take effect on the 15th of June next, has been induced to withdraw his resignation and retain the position. This will gladden the hearts of the students who have become attached to Dr. Stille in the past. Commenting upon his intended resignation and the work done while he held the office of provost, *The University Magazine* pays a fine tribute to the memory of the late Prof. George Allen as a teacher of Greek.

—Less than ninety years ago the members of the Catholic Church had not a single college of any kind in England, and only one small boarding-school; to-day, in proportion to their numbers, the adherents of the old Faith own perhaps, more educational establishments, on a large scale, than any other religious denomination in the United Kingdom. Some of these are on a scale of remarkable scholastic magnificence, such as St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham; St. Gregory's College, not far from Bath; St. Lawrence's College, near York; and St. Edmond's, in Hertfordshire.

—"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced Freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed, I could; but I promised mother ne-ne-never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't sir, ne-never," and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three fero chips and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the Professor took no more stock in that Freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Acta Columbiana*.

—New Haven hasn't gone crazy over "College Tramps," but those gentlemen who paid by subscription \$1.50 for a \$1 book, have decided symptoms of madness.—*The Princetonian*. Perhaps the "15 puzzle" would serve as a diversion? The *Boston Post* quotes the Rev. Joseph Cook as saying that "it is the natural offspring of a pathogenic and perspicacious perspicacity," and that "during the protoplasmic stage its inventor should have been percolated insuperably through the innate particles of a barn door." We are not philosopher enough to know what that exactly means, but some say that the puzzle is "good" for a headache.

One, two, three, four. "I told you so!"
Don't you see, the numbers come straight,—"
The third time complete—so they go
Thirteen, fifteen. "Oh, you just wait!"

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 8, 1880.

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 THIRTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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There is at least one thing hard of accomplishing in this world—one thing after which so many strive, but so few obtain, and this is wisdom. What is less difficult in appearance than to be able to keep silence upon secrets, to dispose well of every hour and moment, to bear unjust censure and ill-treatment with resignation, and to act in such a manner towards others that a person can never be considered a meddler in things that do not concern him; yet how few there are that can thus conduct themselves? We may find many who are industrious, and love to employ their time to the best advantage, but, on the other hand, are talkative, overbearing, and hard to get along with; their word must be law on every question, historical, theological, political, scientific, etc., and no one dare contradict them, or oppose their designs in any shape or form. Again, we may find persons of a quiet disposition, of few words, making their secrets their own, and never mixing themselves up in anyone's business, yet, not without faults in other respects, —and faults, too, that mar them as men. Hence it is that in this world of ours, a man perfect, or nearly so, is difficult to find; and very few seem to be actuated by charitable motives in their dealings with others. The world, then, as far as man is concerned, is full of imperfections, mistakes, etc., and the more we look into men's dealings with one another the more reason we have to lament and bewail the Fall that has left us so prone to evil, so weak in intellect, so full of self, and so unkind and uncharitable towards our neighbors.

—The grand altar in the beautiful Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is admired as an admirable work of art by all who see it. Visitors to Notre Dame have all praise to bestow upon the many costly artistic works that adorn this Church. A critic, commenting upon the altar, says: "What pleases us most about this altar is, the idea. It is not merely, as is too often the case in the works of our modern artists, a piece of furniture more or less costly, of bronze, or carved wood, covered with gems. These details, which have their value, are nevertheless only accessories. The Christian artist should, like his predecessors of the Middle Ages, have an idea before he begins to carve or to chisel. Now, here, the idea is without doubt sublime. It has been taken from a worthy source. The altar, with two faces, is the Thabor of the Emmanuel, of God dwelling with us—*Nobiscum Deus*. It is the table of Sacrifice, under which will be placed holy relics. The Tabernacle is the rendition in gold and jewels of the twenty-first and twenty-second Chapter of the Apocalypse, and we believe that even in the times of faith, in the Middle Ages, when artists represented the heavenly Jerusalem on the capitals of columns, on the canopies of statues, and even on the censers of the Benediction, this rendition has never been so complete—we were going to say so literal. It is indeed the Holy City—The New Jerusalem, descending from Heaven, coming from God decked like a bride. In the centre gable, an angel enamelled in bright colors holds a phylactery, and proclaims that "there is the Tabernacle of God among men, that He will dwell with them, that they shall be His people, and that God in their midst shall be their God." The Alpha and Omega which appear in the little four-lobed windows over the doors, recall the promises made to him who shall be victorious. A sheaf of slender columns sustains the Holy Jerusalem, as if descending from Heaven. The city is a square; it is as long as it is wide; it has a great and high wall, in which are twelve gates and twelve angels, one to each gate. Twelve enamelled plates bear the names of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. It has three gates to the east, three to the north, three to the south, and three to the west. And the wall has twelve foundations, on which are the names of the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

Until within a few years the study of Church History has received but a slight degree of attention; in fact, it has been almost wholly neglected. While in our common schools, academies, and colleges, profane history has formed a prominent branch of education, the most important and most deeply interesting of all histories—that of the Church of God—has been strangely excluded and forgotten. This is a somewhat singular and not very creditable circumstance to be related of a people who profess, as do the inhabitants of the United States, to maintain an eminently enlightened and Christian character. Perhaps it may, in part, be accounted for by the fact that our population is unfortunately divided into a great number of discordant religious sects, some of whom may be far from solicitous to trace the history of their rise and first establishment, and would not feel themselves at all flattered or profited by having their faithful portraiture, as sketched and colored by the hand of a sternly impartial historian, dissimulated and read among the people.

But there is probably another reason for this neglect. The jarring sects, by which our country is distracted, are

accustomed to regard each other with a watchful and jealous eye, and to view with suspicion every religious or ecclesiastical publication, the author of which does not espouse their own particular tenets and adhere to their own party. A conscientious and uncompromising Christian, however candid and impartial he may be, will, we suspect, find it difficult to write upon ecclesiastical affairs, without expressing some of his peculiar sentiments—adopting some favorite mode of interpretation—giving to some things, which appear favorable to his own views, a special and, perhaps, an undue prominence in his writings, while other matters of at least equal importance, are passed over as comparatively insignificant. Thus it is that in a variety of ways he contributes unconsciously to the vindication and support of *his own* cause, and consequently, in the same degree, to the discredit and defeat of the cause advocated by those who embrace a different creed. Hence the latter will be sure to find in his work passages which they consider objectionable, as containing mistaken statements, unauthorized assumptions, inconclusive reasonings, or false colorings. And so it becomes that by one party or another *every* book is condemned; and our heterogeneous population, being unable to agree in choice of any, our youth have been too generally left to finish their education in ignorance of the eventful history of the Church of Christ. But whatever may be the cause of it, this neglect of ecclesiastical history is much to be regretted, and can hardly be excused on any plea which we may advance. The influence which Christianity has exerted for nearly two thousand years, and which it will continue to exert with increasing effect to the end of time, upon the character and conduct of kings and princes, as well as upon the fortunes of civilized nations, is decidedly paramount to every other influence to which they can be subjected. To omit the study of Church History, therefore, while attempting to trace the progress of events in the history of nations, were nearly as preposterous as to forget the influence of the sun while attempting to account for the changes of day and night, or of summer or winter.

It does not argue much in favor either of our religion, or our taste and judgment, that we have rendered ourselves masters of the annals of Egypt and Greece and Rome, and all the other nations of the earth, whose changeable fortunes speedily terminated with their ephemeral existence, while we know comparatively nothing of the history of that divinely instituted Kingdom, which has seen the origin and outlived the dissolution of the mightiest empires, and which is destined yet to behold the thrones and dominations, principalities and the mighty powers of this world pass away one after another, like the pageants of an evening, while she alone survives, the mistress of the earth, and the inheritor of heaven.

Pope undoubtedly spoke correctly when he said, "The proper study of mankind is man"; but few there are who ever weigh well and ponder over these words; indeed, for the most part, people are wont to look upon them so superficially that an idea of their true meaning seldom, if ever, enters into their minds. It is said, with truth, that we are too prone to study every thing else but ourselves, and that seldom do we give to ourselves that attention we demand. If order is to be observed in the pursuit of knowledge, if it is to be observed in the doing, or causing to be done of any one thing, it should be entirely consistent

with the aforesaid order, to study well ourselves, to know ourselves, before we commence the study of anything else. Yet, experience teaches that this cannot be done to advantage, and the general rule is to commence outside of ourselves, to learn a little of objective truth—of what we see around us, and after that little is learned to turn around and commence with human nature.

When we take a cursory glance at the human family, divided as it is into different races, different nationalities, with different modes of thought—different as regards laws, customs, and manners—we are involuntarily led to the conclusion that the 'proper study of mankind is man,' and that by knowing ourself, knowing the end and the aim God had in giving us existence, and making us a member of that great society which comprises every individual soul on the face of the earth, we have before us a task of a life time, and a task that we shall never accomplish to our own entire satisfaction.

Man, it is true, is something of a mystery in himself, as he can never properly understand himself. We can account very well for not being able to know in a perfect manner, or, in other words, not being able to have an adequate idea of things outside of ourselves,—for, after all, beings are metaphysically independent of each other, and hence their properties, both essential and accidental, are hard and difficult of understanding; but we cannot reason thus with regard to ourselves. However, this is for the most part the opposite way in which we do reason. We think, or at least we appear to think, that we have a better right to know what does not pertain to human nature than what does, what is objective than what is subjective. We are lost in the contemplation and study of ourselves, and perfectly at home in the study of something else. Why is it that man thus thinks and acts? The answer will likely be found in this sentence: man is so constituted that he is inclined to busy and interest himself more about what he is lord over than about that which he is not lord over; and why he cares so little to look into himself is also due, in a great measure, to the result of the Fall. He cannot well consider his nature without thinking seriously about his weakness, his propensity to evil, and his ungratefulness towards a good and munificent Master; hence the man of the world will seldom fill his mind with these serious thoughts, and so life, human life, moves on without ever thinking why she moves towards the great goal of eternity.

Man, viewed in himself, is a most wonderful creation, and if any creation requires an infinite power, it is he; hence the greatest infidel must at least admit an infinite power over his head upon which, according to any degree of reasoning, he depends.

God, the great Author of life, stamps in a most wonderful manner His power and wisdom upon each and every one of His creatures, so that, after all, in order to understand the nature of a grain of sand, the Author of that grain of sand must be studied both in Himself and His outward actions. Now, the outward actions of God are His creations—most stupendous, most marvellous, most sublime—so that the study of man, or of any other existence, involves the whole range of human knowledge; hence the study of any one object is not a particular study, as the principles involved therein are universal. Everything, then, is in God—has its foundation in God; and, again, God is in everything, but not everything, as the Pantheist would have it. In a thing, and being a thing, are quite different. God is *actus*

purissimus, and therefore not concrete, not divisible, nor multiple.

We started out by saying that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' and so it is; but man cannot study himself, without first striving to know something of God, his Creator; and, consequently, man studying man is in truth employed in the pursuit of a universal knowledge, which knowledge can be only acquired (and then but imperfectly) after long years of close application, of untiring zeal and industry. Whoever, then, would know himself must work hard for it. He must not waste the golden hours of youth in inglorious ease, nor spend the days of manhood in dreaming of another *Utopia*; but his youth, his manhood, and his old age must be all employed to the best advantage, if he would have his name left as a legacy to posterity.

Personal.

- Ambrose Reid, '72, is practising law at Clarion, Pa.
- Charles W. Hodgson, '72, is in business at Clarksville, Tenn.
- John H. Gillespie (Commercial), '74, is doing well in Burlington, Iowa.
- William Waldo, '70, is practising his profession (law) at Independence, Mo.
- F. W. Powell (Commercial), '62, is doing a thriving business in Chicago, Ill.
- Villano Hertich, '69, is at present residing at his old home in St. Genevieve, Mo.
- L. Eisenman (Commercial), '78, is doing a large grocery business in Louisville, Ky.
- W. Hughes (Commercial) '75, is in the wholesale clothing business, Chicago, Ill.
- Arthur O'Brien (Commercial), '75, is editor of *The Loogootee Sun*, Loogootee, Ind.
- Hon. T. G. Turner, South Bend, Ind., paid Notre Dame a visit towards the close of last week. The Judge is ever a most welcome visitor.
- Rev. Father Vagnier, C. S. C., is at present in charge of St. Peter's Church, Laporte, Ind.
- P. J. Cooney, '77, is studying for the priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Julius Le Barthe (Commercial), '60, has charge of the United States Express at Peoria, Ill.
- Rev. Father Veniard, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Lowell, Ind., pays Notre Dame an occasional visit.
- We are glad to learn that Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., now in Washington, is improving in health. We hope to have him with us soon.
- We were favored last week with a copy of the speech of the Hon. William H. Calkins, of Indiana, delivered in the House of Representatives, April 5th. This able and scholarly production is entitled "The Currency of this Country should be Durable, Stable, and Convenient," and is well worthy the talent and abilities of our honored citizen.
- Right Rev. Gasper H. Borgess, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, paid Notre Dame a visit on Saturday last. His lordship on his arrival was serenaded by the Band, and received the other marks of respect due to his dignity. He kindly granted a day's recreation to the students, and this made many a heart feel good. The good Bishop is ever a most welcome visitor here.
- Rev. M. F. Noll, so well and favorably known at Notre Dame, is, we hear, soon to be transferred to Lafayette. We congratulate Father Noll on his promotion, and, of course, we use the word in the only sense in which he will understand it—a transfer to a position of greater labor and responsibility. His many friends at Notre Dame will very much regret to lose so genial and whole-souled a neighbor.
- Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. S. C., who for the past year

fulfilled in a most satisfactory manner the duties of assistant pastor at St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., arrived here on last Tuesday evening. Father O'Keeffe will likely be engaged in the College here during the remainder of the year. He is in splendid health, and it is needless to say all his old friends were rejoiced to see him. We hope he will remain with us.

Local Items.

- Our aquatic men are practicing for the June races.
- Poetry on the beautiful month of May for sale at this office
- Competitions next week will be in the Commercial Course.
- Fishing those days seems to be quite a remunerative business.
- The St. Cecilians are now in plumbing for their next Entertainment.
- The painting and frescoing of the Senior refectory is nearly completed.
- The plastering of the College basement is in progress. The finish is good.
- The Sophs. are doing remarkably well for boys of their age. So say the Freshies.
- The devotion for the month of May opened with an excellent sermon by President Corby.
- Mr. Noonan, of Boston, has presented a genuine Irish setter to the Zoological Department.
- Bro. Simon is bound to make the grounds around the Professed House a model in their way.
- The devotions for the month of May are beautiful and impressive, the students all take a deep interest in them.
- It is rumored that a new structure will shortly take the place of the present antiquated quarters of the Boat Club.
- At the reading of the notes, the M's were found worthy of complimentary remarks, and some were at length made happy.
- Prof. Ivers has a complete set of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC from 1870 to date, unbound, which he would like to dispose of.
- The Juniors and Seniors, to the number of one hundred and thirty strong held a grand parade on the Seniors' Campus last Saturday.
- Those having copies which they do not need of number 33 of the SCHOLASTIC would confer a favor upon us by leaving them at this office.
- Mr. Condon, the experienced and gentlemanly barber, is kept quite busy on Wednesdays. By all appearances he will shortly have to engage more help.
- The Minims are about to have a new study-hall; that portion of the Infirmary building used as a parlor during the past year is being fitted up for this purpose.
- Prof. J. A. Lyons is bound to make the forthcoming Entertainment the best ever given at Notre Dame. It is certain Prof. Lyons can do almost any thing in this respect.
- The Nimrods are charged with having shot some tame ducks—but they flatly deny it. They say they would not be guilty of such a thing. No, poor men, they're too honest!
- The best view of the new College buildings can be obtained, we think, from the south-western corner of the grave-yard. We should like to see some views taken from this quarter.
- Lovers of literature are everywhere erecting library buildings and filling them with books. Show that you are a patron of learning by donating your spare volumes to the Lemonnier Library.
- Mr. Bonny, the photographer, is doing some fine business at his art on Wednesday. The different societies and

classes will shortly commence getting their photos taken, and Mr. Bonny is the man that can do it.

—The fourteen Stations of the Cross—the work of Prof. Gregori of Rome—that adorn the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart are pronounced by all who see them to surpass anything of the kind in the country.

—Mr. Shickey, owner of the 'buss line between Notre Dame and St. Mary's, is doing a thriving business. Last week we had occasion to note some additions—by the way of horses and carriages—to his large livery stable in South Bend.

—May stepped in with the changeableness and the other peculiarities of April upon her brow; but she soon changed her tactics, and now old Sol sends down his beams from on high, and says that he is bound to rule no matter at what cost.

—The Columbians will discuss at their next meeting the question "Has France produced greater men than England?" At the last meeting Messrs. Simms, Campbell, and Donahoe debated the electoral system of the United States.

—The beautiful play of "The Malediction" will be brought upon the boards of Washington Hall at an early date. This play will be presented by that flourishing Society, the St. Cecilians, and hence something unusually good may be expected.

—The librarian hopes soon to receive some valuable donations to the College Library. He has every reason to be satisfied with the success which he has so far met in his pains-taking efforts to make it what it ought to be, and what all would like to see it.

—We hear that there is a laudible spirit among our young musicians to make the coming Examination in this Department a success. Certainly, the musical talent is at present high at Notre Dame, and by a little more energy on the part of the gentlemen everything will come off well.

—The general visit of the classes by the President and Director of Studies, which has been going on at intervals since Easter, will be completed next week. Every Class in the Preparatory and Commercial Courses will have been visited, and as many others as may have been deemed advisable.

—Be it known to all that our friend John has most decidedly and unequivocally a *terrible ear* for music, and for sound of any kind he can't be beat. The most difficult passage becomes easy to his well trained *ear*; in fact, nothing has ever yet come across our friend in this respect that he could not master to the satisfaction of every *ear like his own*!

—Our friends of the "Glee Club," will, we trust, be heard from at the coming Exhibition. The few pieces which they have already sung in public have established their reputation, and given everyone a desire to hear them again. Vocal music has not been a drug in the market at Notre Dame for some years past, and the "Glee Club" is principally relied on to supply a long-felt want.

—The Class of Botany had, on last Wednesday, one of its grand excursions. The Class started at 9 a. m., and after rambling the woods as far as three miles below South Bend, it made its appearance again at the College at 6½, p. m. Thus far the work in botanical analysis is further advanced than in former years. The number of plants determined and thoroughly examined is over thirty.

—The crews for the June race were chosen on the 25th inst., the choice resulting as follows: "Hiawatha"—John Coleman, stroke; D. Harrington, second and captain; W. H. Arnold, third; G. Sugg, fourth; —, fifth; J. Kinney, bow; W. Connolly, coxswain. "Minnehaha"—W. Ryan, stroke; M. McCue, second; M. McEnery, third and captain; T. Kavanaugh, fourth; W. McGorrick, fifth; A. Burger, bow; F. Bloom, coxswain.

—Prof. Winsor, of Harvard, says "The library should be to the college what the dining room is to the house—the place to invigorate the system under cheerful conditions with a generous fare and a good digestion." The Lemonnier Library Association is doing all in its power to exert an intellectual and moral influence upon the students of Notre Dame. Encourage the efforts of the young men by contributing your mite to the rebuilding of their library.

—Our friend John went to South Bend on election day, and on his return attempted to summarize his impressions in verse. He had already written the following noble lines:

"Full many a keg was tapped behind the screen,
And ham, and pickles, too, were eaten there.
Full many a ———."

But he was suppressed as a nuisance before he had time to perpetrate the remainder.

—It is expected that the Cecilians will cover themselves with more than usual honor at the coming Exhibition in honor of the return of the capitulants. The play, "The Malediction," has been adapted from the French for their especial benefit, and it is generally allowed to be one of the best in their repertory. Besides, there has not been for many years past better dramatic talent in the Association, so that the friends of the Cecilians (whose name is legion) may confidently look forward to their obtaining one of their old-time successes.

—Tablets to the memory of Father Allonez, S. J., Father Badin, Father de Seille, and others connected with the early history of Notre Dame, are to be placed by order of President Corby in the University refectories. Father Allonez established an Indian mission here as early as 1680. This establishment flourished under Chardon and others until the defeat of the French at Ft. St. Joseph in 1759. This mission was reorganized in 1830 by Father Stephen Badin, and carried on by Fathers de Seille and Petit until Father Sorin took possession of the place in 1842.

—Another donation of extremely valuable books has been received from Col. M. W. Anderson, of Circleville, Ohio, for the College Library. Col. Anderson's contribution already numbers two-hundred and fifty volumes and fills nine shelves, and the name of the scholarly donor is of itself a sufficient guarantee that none but really excellent works are to be found in the collection. Among the volumes we noticed the principal classic authors of the golden age of French literature which will be a most valuable addition to the historical, literary, and theological departments of the Library. Col. Anderson has the warmest thanks of all connected with the college for the great assistance he has rendered in the effort to make the Library what it ought to be, and what all would wish to see it. Would that his example might incite many others to go and do likewise.

—The Juniors have at length succeeded in their attempt to bring about one of the most memorable results of the year. For some time past their ambition has been to see the names of all the students in the department figure in the "Roll of Honor." This is, as all know, no easy undertaking when one remembers how easily bad notes are secured, and how many persons have the right to raise objections. However, during the past week the minds of all were evidently made up that the thing should be done; and the result shows that of the one hundred and twelve students who competed for the "Roll of Honor," but four were rejected. We should like to know when, during the history of Notre Dame, this record has been surpassed, or even equalled. Bravo for the Juniors! we say. It wouldn't hurt some of the young gentlemen across the fence, who cultivate alleged moustaches with unremitting assiduity, were they to observe carefully the *modus operandi* of their younger friends, and then go and do likewise.

—We announced some time ago that a short description of Prof. J. A. Lyon's Class and Society-room would appear in due time in the columns of this paper, but as nothing of a full description of it has yet been furnished us, we will in part fulfil our promise by publishing the following which will give an idea of what the room is in reality: The frescoing is of Gothic style—nothing else would do Prof. Lyons. The ceiling consists of one panel, with a frieze richly ornamented. The rosettes in the corner of the frieze are painted in stucco, and the centre-pieces are tastefully colored and gilded. The shade of the cornices is the same as the ornamented work in the ceiling. The color of the walls is a beautiful lavender, and to the height of about four feet from the ground is a lamboys in panels representing the Italian and Egyptian marbles. Immediately beneath the cornice are arabesques painted in "stucco-relief," and in the centre of these arabesques are

portraits of distinguished men such as Washington, Henry Clay, etc. On the east end of the hall over the organ—which is a real beauty—is painted the symbol motto of the Society; while the opposite wall—west end—is formed into a large arch with columns and a dome, together with painted niches at each side of the arch. The design of the whole is perfect, and is admired by all. Now, as to the furniture, nothing remains to be desired. The elevated position of the President's table, the raised plain for the chairs on either side of the hall, the numerous groups of pictures that hang upon the walls, the organ, the statue of St. Cecilia, the Secretary's desk—all, in a word, are first-class, and everything is so neatly arranged, that one cannot but feel on entering it that it did receive the touch of a master's hand.

—Since the disastrous conflagration on the 23d of April, 1879, the authorities of Notre Dame have realized more than ever the necessity of having ample protection against fire. Accordingly they have had planned a system of fire protection, which, when completed, will not be surpassed by anything of the kind in the country. Yesterday we had the pleasure of witnessing the final test of the pump which is to supply the water. Among those present we observed Very Rev. Father Corby, President of the Institution, Rev. Father Zahm, director of the fire department at Notre Dame, Mr. E. L. Abbott, superintendent of the city water works, Mr. O. H. Brusie, chief of the fire department, M. J. Lovett of the hook and ladder company, Mr. Issac Steely, foreman of Hose Co. No. 5, Mr. Thos. Barrett, late foreman of the steam-heating department at Notre Dame, and Mr. M. M. Morse, the gentlemanly agent for the pump on exhibition. The pump in question is known as the Dayton Cam pump, and is manufactured by Smith, Vaile & Co., of Dayton, Ohio. It is one of the largest sizes, having a steam cylinder $16\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter, a water cylinder $9\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter, and a stroke 18 inches in length. It supplies 5.67 gallons per stroke, and can, it is claimed, be run faster or more slowly than any other pump of the same size. The power can be so applied and regulated that the piston will move so slowly as to be scarcely observable, or so that it will give as high as 200 or even 300 strokes per minute, thereby supplying from 500 to over 1,500 gallons per minute. In ordinary work, however, the pump is not to be run at a greater speed than from 100 to 150 strokes per minute. The features in the pump that most pleased the engineers present, especially Messrs. Abbot and Brussie, were its simplicity, its calm movement, which insures a full stroke, and the great length of stroke, which is so desirable where a large quantity of water is to be pumped. One length of hose was attached, and with only 15 pounds of steam it threw a strong stream of water over the infirmary, a large four-story building. With three lengths of hose, two of them $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches with $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch nozzle attached to a hydrant, and one two inch with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch nozzle, attached to a supply pipe on the top of the College, three strong streams were thrown, averaging about one hundred feet in height. During this time the steam pressure was less than 40 pounds, as indicated by the gauge, and the number of strokes of the piston were over one hundred per minute. According to Father Zahm, five and even seven lengths of hose be supplied simultaneously in case of emergency. As, however, the weather was so unfavorable, no more than three were tried at the same time yesterday. The water is now supplied from a large number of cisterns, but it is the intention of the authorities to connect the pump as soon as possible directly with the lake, thereby securing at all times an inexhaustible supply of water. Water pipes connected with the pump are distributed through all the principal buildings, and in the main building a number of fire plugs are attached on every floor. Most of the buildings have been, and all of them will be as soon as possible, provided with fire escapes, so as to reduce the danger of accident in cases of fire to a minimum. Then Chief Brussie was asked by one of the authorities about the size and strength of the jet thrown by the pump, he replied in his own quiet way, "You can beat us in South Bend. You can get a higher and stronger stream with your pump than we can get with our stand-pipe, and that is saying a good deal." And when Mr. Abbott was questioned about the merits of the pump by the same party,

he at once answered, "It is just the thing you want. For simplicity and efficiency I know nothing better. All that you want now is a good fire brigade, and you are all right."—*South-Bend Tribune.*

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. M. Anderson, R. C. Adams, W. F. Arnold, J. Berteling, A. J. Burger, J. P. Brice, J. Casey, B. Casey, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, L. Clements, D. Donahoe, J. Dempsey, J. Delaney, G. Donnelly, A. Dobson, M. English, E. Ewell, M. B. Falvey, E. Fogarty, D. Harrington, G. Harris, C. H. Karins, T. Kavanagh, J. Kurz, P. B. Larkin, A. Lent, E. Lynch, F. Lynch, R. Lanham, J. McGrath, W. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, M. McEniry, J. McNamara, P. McCormick, E. Molitor, J. D. McRae, W. McAtee, T. A. Mattingly, L. Mathers, J. R. Marlett, J. Noonan, G. Nester, I. J. Newton, R. C. O'Brien, J. O'Reilly, J. Osher, G. Pike, L. M. Proctor, W. Ryan, F. Reeve, T. W. Simms, H. Simms, J. Solon, L. Stitzel, P. F. Shea, J. Smith, L. Smith, W. Scholfield, F. X. Wall, W. Wilson, C. Whalen, H. Wathen, A. Zahm, T. Zeien, F. Brown, A. Meyer, L. Johnson, J. Hunt, W. Hesse.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. G. Butler, J. Brown, A. Burger, C. Brinkman, A. A. Burmeister, A. Bodine, T. Byrne, H. W. Bachman, F. Becker, M. J. Burns, M. G. Butler, G. C. Castaneda, F. L. Carter, J. Cabel, A. Caren, E. H. Croarkin, A. M. Coghlin, L. W. Coghlin, J. D. Coleman, J. W. Devitt, H. Devitt, T. F. Devitt, S. Dering, F. T. Dever, J. E. Davis, G. W. De Haven, T. Flynn, R. E. Fleming, G. C. Foster, O. J. Farrelly, H. G. Foote, P. Fletcher, J. J. Gordon, F. H. Grever, J. W. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, F. Glade, H. G. Guynn, E. H. Gaines, E. G. Gallagher, F. W. Groenewald, E. Gall, M. Herrick, A. Hierb, A. Hintze, J. Herrmann, A. F. Hellebusche, F. R. Johnson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Kleine, J. W. Kuhn, L. S. Keen, R. Le Bourgeois, S. Livingston, J. A. Larkin, A. B. Mergentheim, F. McPhillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, J. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, F. P. Morrison, P. Nelson, N. Nelson, E. Orrick, R. O'Connor, J. O'Neil, E. A. Otis, C. F. Perry, A. Payro, R. H. Pomy, F. B. Phillips, R. M. Parrett, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Quinn, C. H. Roberts, C. F. Rietz, J. Rettig, G. J. Rhodius, P. H. Rasche, J. Ruppe, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, A. S. Rock, A. H. Rohrbach, R. J. Semmes, J. A. Simms, R. C. Simms, A. P. Perley, J. K. Schobey, E. G. Sugg, J. A. Seeger, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, F. C. Schied, C. Schneider, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, W. M. Thompson, A. T. Tate, M. A. Vedder, J. B. Weitzel, N. T. Weny, J. B. Wilder, F. Zeis, W. S. Cleary, J. E. Litmer, B. Zekind.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Dunn, E. A. Howard, W. Hanivan, A. J. Campan, G. C. Knight, J. N. Courtney, G. E. Tourtilotte, G. Woodson, J. S. Courtney, A. Van Mourick, J. I. Smith, D. G. Taylor, W. M. Olds, F. Mattes, C. C. Echlin, E. C. Campan, F. B. Farrelly, E. L. Oatman, A. A. Molander, A. F. Schmuckle, W. Ayres, H. Metz, J. E. Johnson, C. Metz, J. R. Bender, E. N. O'Donnell, W. Miller, J. H. Dwenger, J. A. Kelly, J. E. Chaves, W. V. O'Malley, H. J. Ackerman, L. J. Young, C. Young.

Class Honors.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

L. Proctor, L. Mathers, T. Kavanagh, F. Reeve, J. O'Reilly, A. Mattingly, C. W. McDermott, M. Vedder, G. Castaneda, J. F. Brown, J. M. Kelly, A. Hierb, J. W. Guthrie, M. Herrick, R. Pomy, G. Quinn, E. Croarkin, F. McPhillips, J. Gibbons, E. Litmer, J. Larkin, E. Otis, G. Rhodius, H. Bachman, P. Rasche, L. Coghlin, O. Farrelly, S. Dering, A. Manning, N. Weny, P. Fletcher, F. Johnson, P. Nelson, N. Nelson, W. Thompson, R. Simms, F. Groenewald, R. Parrett, V. Butler, B. Casey, W. Scholfield, L. Clements, J. Kurz, T. Zeien, F. Clarke.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. I. Smith, J. M. Courtney, J. J. Henry, E. A. Howard, J. S. Courtney, W. M. Olds, F. Mattes, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, G. E. Tourtilotte, G. Woodson, J. A. Campan, H. P. Dunn, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, W. H. Hanavan, J. W. Bannister, G. P. Van Mourick, G. C. Knight, A. A. Molander, J. A. Kelly, C. Metz, J. H. Dwenger, W. V. O'Malley, E. L.

Oatman, J. E. Johnson, L. J. Young, W. Ayres, H. Metz, E. C. Campan, J. Bender, J. E. Chaves, A. F. Schmückle, F. B. Farrelly, H. J. Ackerman, A. Van Mourick.

List of Excellence.

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

Reading and Orthography—M. Herrick, G. Rhodius, C. Schneider, F. Becker, F. Klein, F. Rettig, E. Litmer, P. Larkin, J. Coleman; Grammar—J. Kelly, G. Quinn, V. Butler, J. Simms, P. Joyce, W. Cleary, J. Boose, T. Flynn, R. Pomy, W. McAtte, T. Kavanagh, C. Zarley, I. Newton, P. Nelson, A. Hierb, L. Coghlin, A. B. Mergentheim, G. Castanedo; Arithmetic—G. Quinn, F. McPhillips, J. Litmer, J. Larkin, I. Newton, J. Hunt; Geography—W. Cleary, R. Pomy, N. Nelson, A. Hellebusche, E. Croarkin, W. Coghlin, P. Rasche; Algebra—F. McPhillips, R. Semmes, J. Guthrie, E. Orrick, C. Van Deusen, W. Thompson, F. Reeve, F. Clarke, F. Grever, E. Otis, R. Lanham, N. Weny, J. Casey; Latin—N. Weny, A. J. Burger, M. Burns, W. Connolly, F. Reeve, C. Van Deusen; Greek—R. O'Brien, J. Kurz, F. A. Quinn; Penmanship—A. Rohrbach, A. Mergentheim, A. Burmeister, R. Simms, H. Bachman; Christian Doctrine—A. Hierb, J. Kuhn, J. V. Cabel, P. Rasche, E. Croarkin, C. Rose, H. Devitt, F. Johnson.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The annual spiritual retreat for the Catholic pupils opened on Sunday evening.

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was a continuation of Schiller.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society the reading was Mme. Guizot "*Les deux amis*."

—The beautiful mild weather seems a direct response to the prayers chanted in the processions of Rogation Days.

—A pair of massive and beautiful silver vases were presented to the Infirmary Chapel, by Mrs. Chaves, of New Mexico. Another friend has donated an equally acceptable altar lamp.

—Rt. Rev. Gasper Borgess, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, honored St. Mary's this week with a short visit. The recreation he gave was employed in botanizing by the Seniors, and in a delightful ramble by the Juniors.

—On Thursday at one o'clock, the Children of Mary gathered in the Chapel of Loretto to make a formal presentation of a "votive offering," in the form of lovely altar-ruffle, wrought especially for the occasion of the opening of the month of May.

At the regular reunion in the Junior Department the reading was "The Rescue," by Theodosia Ewing; "*La goote d'eau par, Marquis de Fou*," by Linda Fox; "*Die Güine Stadt*," by Cecilia Gibbons; and "The Legend of St. Christopher," Miss Mulloch, by Catherine Claffey.

—The accomplished Vicar-General of the diocese of Pittsburg, Penn., Very Rev. Father Kittell, D. D., on Tuesday entertained the young ladies of the Graduating and First Senior Classes with charming accounts of his residence in Rome, and of the treasures of that city. At his request, the pupils were granted recreation from 4 o'clock, p. m.

—Rev. Father Zahm, of the University, opened the month of May. His instruction was brief and appropriate. The full chorus of voices in the May hymns is particularly edifying. The altar of the Blessed Virgin is very beautifully ornamented, beneath an arch of snowy texture, spangled with stars, the key-stone, so to speak, being the words, "*Ave Maria*," in golden letters.

—Visitors: Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, D. D., Very Rev. Father Maas, V. G., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. T. Fuller and family, Marysville, Cal.; Mrs. Paddock, Union City,

Mich.; Mrs. Cortright, Hyde Park, Ill.; Mrs. Greenebaum, Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Buck, Mrs. McGrath, Miss McGrath, Miss Black, Chicago; Dr. Todd, Galva, Ill.; Mrs. Reinhard, Master Julius, Niles, Mich.; Judge and Mrs. Turner, Captain and Mrs. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, South Bend; Miss Coghlin, Boston, Mass.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE ACADEMIC COURSE.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Keenan, Ewing, Hambleton, Maloney. 1st SENIOR CLASS—Misses Hackett, Kirchner, Cavenor, Sullivan, Danaher, Ryan, Rosing, A. Ewing Quinn, Galen, Gordon, Buck, Ward, Farrell, Semmes. 2d SR. CLASS—Misses Walsh, S. Smith, Neu, Usselman, Dillon, Llyod, Claffey, Cronin. 3d SR. CLASS—Misses Fitzgerald, Gall, Bruser, McMahon, De Lapp, S. Wathen, Wells, Loeber, Donnelly, English, Bischoff, C. Wathen, Julius, Feehan, A. Dillon, Fox, Taylor. 1st PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Murphy, Zahm, Keys, Price, Hackley, C. Campbell, Butts, French, Populorum, Van Namee, Campbell, O'Connor, Lancaster, Simms, Dessaint, Gavan, Baroux, Orr. 2d PREP. CLASS—Misses Thompson, Hammond, Cleghorn, Engel, Wall, Reinhard, Halloran, Rasche, Leyden, Wurzburg, Swayze, C. Lemontey, S. Semmes, E. Hackett, Casey. 3d PREP. CLASS—Misses Brown, McCormick, Edelen, Reynolds, Cox, McCoy, Garrity, J. Wells, Watson, Joseph, Moll, Paddock. JR. PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Duncan, Ginz, Fleming, C. Lancaster, McCloskey, G. Taylor, C. Ryan, Reutlinger, Carter, Barlow, E. Populorum, Paquett, E. Ryan, Legnard, Chirhart. 1st JR. CLASS—Misses Harrison, T. Ewing, Clarke, Knighton, Hutchison, Considine, E. Papin, P. Ewing, Zimmerman, Jaeger. 2d JR. CLASS—Misses M. F. Fitzgerald, B. Garrity, M. Baroux, Campau, Wilkins.

FRENCH.

1st CLASS—Misses Silverthorn, Rosing, Lemontey. 2d Div.—Misses I. Semmes, Cavenor, A. Ewing, Neu, S. Wathen. 2d CLASS—Misses Campbell, Callinan, Butts, C. Wathen, Cox.

GERMAN.

1st CLASS—Misses Gall, Usselman, Julius, Regensburg, Horner, Saloman, Reinhard, Greenebaum. 2d CLASS—Misses McMahon, Smith, C. Hackett, Bischoff, Loeber, Engel, Cronin, Krieg. 3d CLASS—Misses M. Fitzgerald, Quinn, Ward, A. Dillon, C. Ginz, Campbell, Reutlinger, Duncan, Butts. 2d Div.—Misses Harrison, Gibbons, S. Semmes, Chirhart, Carter, Fleming, Hutchison, Casey, Moll, Considine, Joseph, Moxon, Jaeger, Zimmerman.

Tablet of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, Ewing, Neteler, Sullivan, Ward, Ryan, Hackett, Cortright, A. Ewing, Quinn, Galen, Farrell, Danaher, I. Semmes, Dillon, Mitchell, S. Smith, Walsh, Cronin, Loeber, Fitzgerald, Donnelly, Gall, Julius, Dallas, Wells, Bischoff, Bruser, McMahon, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Taylor, Zahm, Callinan, Campbell, Keys, Murphy, Lancaster, Semmes, Dessaint, Baroux, Gavan, Otto, Regensburg, Greenebaum, Hammond, Horner, Saloman, Thompson, Reinhard, Purdy, Halloran, Rasche, Wright, Engel, Wurzburg, Wall, Swayze, Keena, Edelen, A. Smith, Reynolds, McCormick, Brown, Kreig, McCoy, *par excellence*. Misses McGrath, Woodin, Cavenor, Rosing, Buck, Kirchner, Gordon, Lloyd, Neu, Usselman, Otto, Winston, De Lapp, English, Palmer, O'Connor, Hackley, Moxon, Cox, Paddock, McFadden, Cleghorn, Leydon.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, A. Dillon, Fox, C. Campbell, Populorum, Van Namee, S. Semmes, Casey, Crummey, Fishburne, E. Dallas, G. Taylor, McCloskey, Gibbons, C. Lancaster, Chirhart, Ginz, Paquette, Hucheson, E. Papin, Considine, Jaeger, P. Ewing, T. Ewing, Knighton, M. Baroux, Chaves, Campau, *par excellence*. Misses Feehan, French, Butts, Lemontey, E. Hackett, J. Wells, McN. Garrity, Joseph, Moll, Watson, E. Ryan, C. Ryan, Carter, Fleming, Duncan, Reutlinger, Barlow, Legnard, E. Populorum, Clarke, Fisk, I. Hackett, B. Garrity, M. Fitzgerald, Wilkins, Robinson.

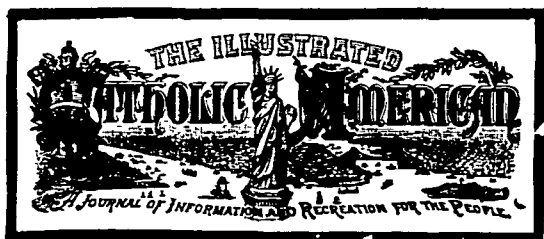
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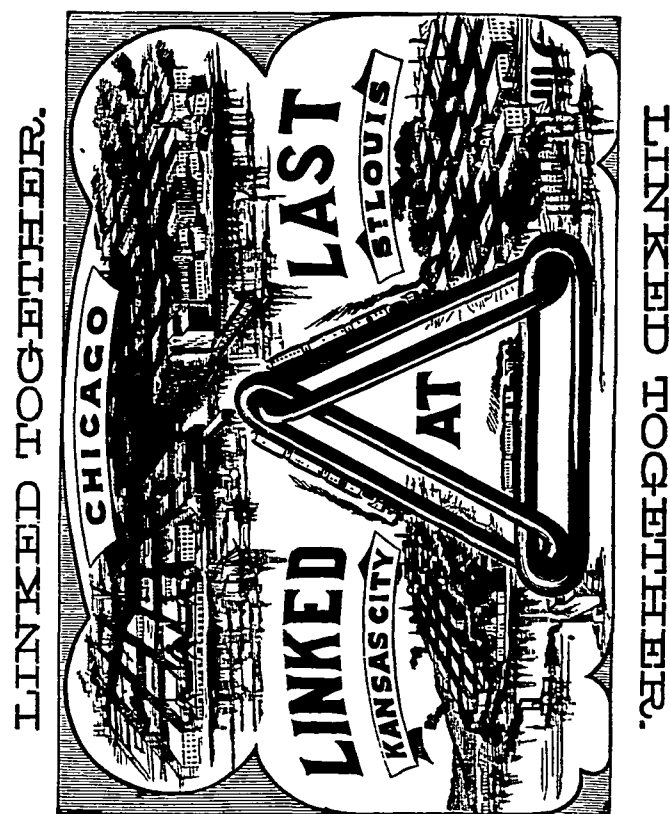
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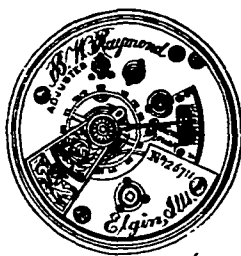
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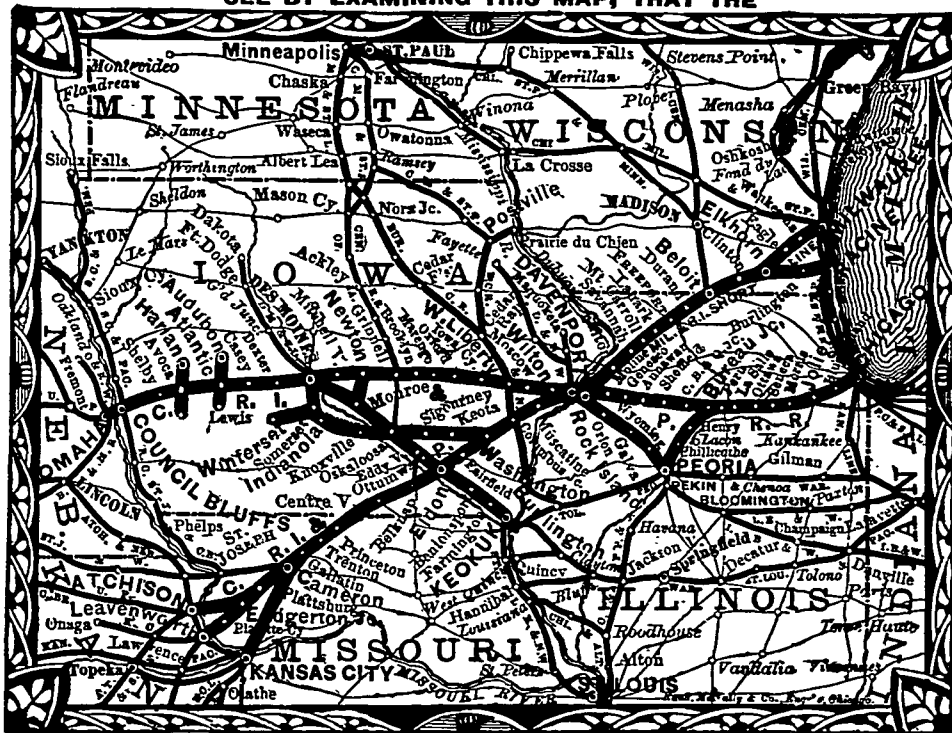
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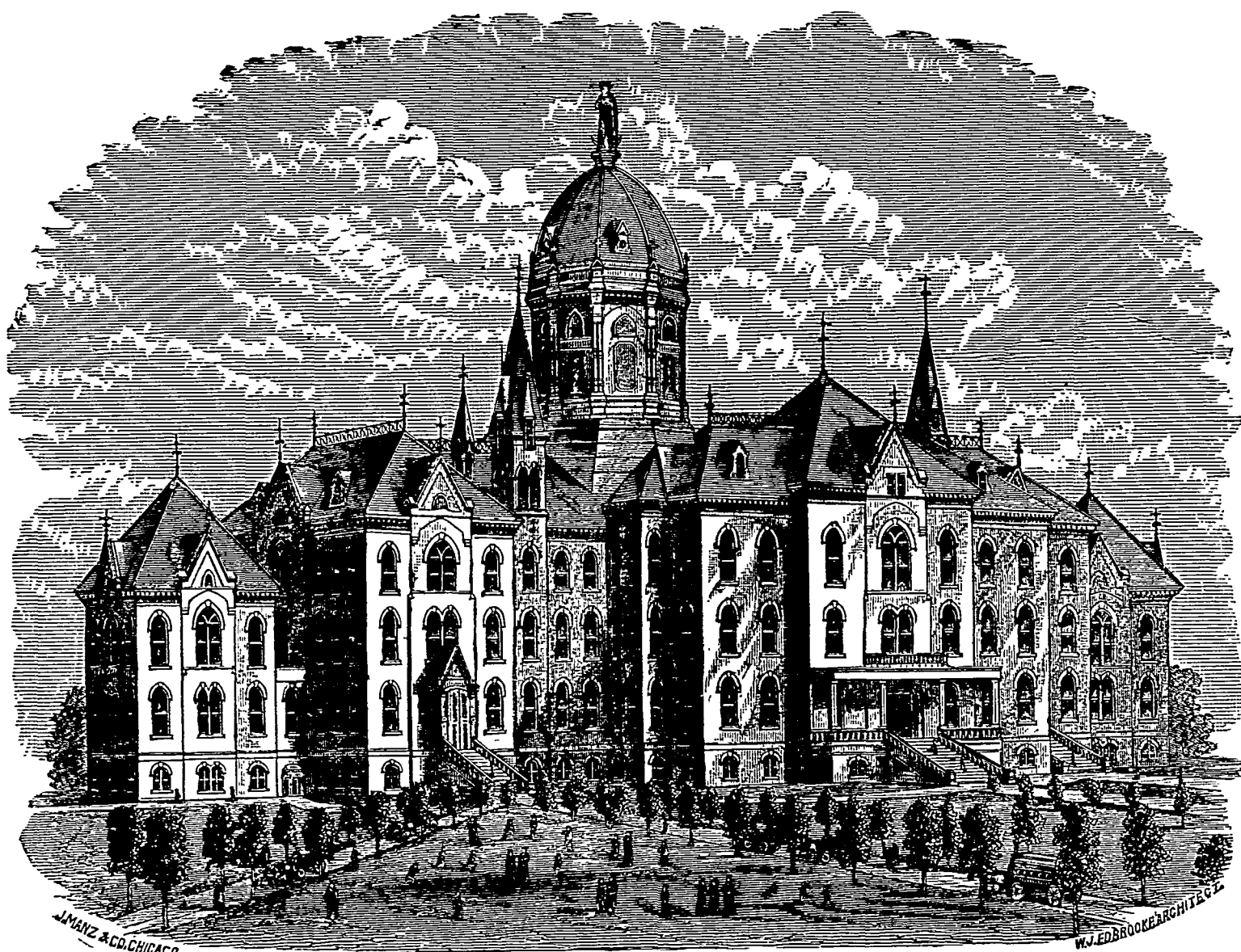
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