

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Oxford Revisited.

Mother! mild Mother! after many years—
So many that the head I bow turns gray—
Come I once more to thee, thinking to say
In what far lands, through what hard hopes and fears,
'Mid how much toil and triumph, joys and tears,
I taught thy teaching; and, withal, to lay
At thy kind feet such of my wreaths as may
Seem the least withered. But what grown child dares
Offer thee honors, Fair and Queenly one!
Tower-crowned, and girdled with thy silver streams,
Mother of ah! so many a better son?
Let me but list thy solemn voice, which seems
Like Christ's, raising my Dead; and let me be
Back for one hour—a boy—beside thy knee.

E. A. in *The Athenaeum*.

Paper in Ancient Times.

Paper, as made at the present time, was first introduced into Europe by the Arabs, about the beginning of the eighth century. It is said to have been invented by the Chinese. In ancient times its place was supplied by *papyrus*, a species of ligneous substance made from the plant of the same name. The papyrus is a kind of leafless stem, terminating at the top in a tuft of slender leaves, like threads. In its wild state it is still to be found in some marshy localities in Syria; but in the valley of the Nile it covers immense tracts, where, in places, its compact masses often obstruct the course of the river.

Papyrus was first employed in Egypt. Pliny, in his "Natural History," gives some curious details concerning the process of its manufacture. The stem was cut between the root and the top, and divided into two parts. The concentric pellicles which covered the stem were then skilfully removed by means of a needle, leaving very slender strips. These strips were then placed side by side, upon an inclined table. Other strips were afterwards placed across them, forming a sort of trellis; the parts adhered naturally together by means of the gummy matter which they contained. After having prepared a leaf more or less long of this paper, it was submitted to strong pressure, then beaten with a hammer to make it more adhesive, and finally exposed to the sun to dry. Such were the rough processes of the manufacture of the paper which was generally employed in commerce. But when they wished to obtain a superior quality, they made use of a mixture of flour, boiling water and vinegar, in order to make the strips adhere, and polished the paper with the tooth of some animal or a shell. In this way the Egyptians produced paper which in many instances has endured to our

own days, and transmitted to us their history. The distinguished Champollion was able to decipher papyrus which dated back to the year 1732 B. C. From Egypt the use of papyrus extended to Greece, and thence to Rome. About the time of Alexander the Great, its use was universal. The finest paper was called *hieratic* or *sacred*, because it was used for the sacred books; it was made from the pith of the plant. The coarsest sort was the *leneotic*, which was made from the outer bark. At the present time the inhabitants of Syracuse make a papyrus which, though not as fine as that of the ancients, is still suitable for writing.

In writing, the Greeks made use of a kind of small reed (*calamos*), and a black liquid (*melan*), like our ink.

Papyrus was not the only substance employed by the Greeks in writing. In ordinary epistolary correspondence, they made use of tablets of wood or ivory, in the form of a little book, with raised edges; the hollow part was filled with a layer of dark brown wax, upon which the characters were impressed by means of the style. The *stylus* was a small pencil made of iron, silver or gold; sharp at one extremity, and at the other blunt and somewhat extended, in order to smooth down the wax when the manipulator wished to make erasures. Hence the Latin expression, *vertere stylum*; to turn the style means to erase, to correct. By analogy, the term style is applied to the peculiar manner in which an individual expresses his thoughts in writing.

It will be understood that these tablets were not suitable for communications between distant localities or for correspondence of great length. For this purpose, besides papyrus, the ancients made use of parchment specially prepared. Parchment was called by the Greeks *pergamemon*, from Pergamus, the city where, if not invented, it was at least most commonly used. Eumenius II, King of Pergamus, who reigned from 198 to 157 B. C., established a library which became for a time as celebrated as the great Alexandrian library. Ptolemy V, who then ruled over Egypt, growing jealous of the fame of this new rival, forbade the exportation of papyrus, thinking thus to prevent the people of Pergamus from increasing their books. But the latter employed parchment as a substitute, thus making their manuscripts most durable. This material is still in use for those writings that are intended for preservation such as diplomas, diplomatic treaties, etc.

Parchment was much used by the Romans, who succeeded in giving it a brilliant white color. It was also in great use during the Middle Ages. But as it became very rare, by reason of the decline in its manufacture, some monks, pushing too far their contempt for ancient manuscripts, scraped the parchments which they possessed in the library, in order to inscribe thereon later works.

This act of vandalism caused the loss of many of the works of celebrated Latin authors, among whom it will suffice to mention Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus. Some *savants* took these parchments, and scraping off the characters of the monks, were enabled to read the ancient manuscript, and restore the text of the first authors. Cardinal Angelo Mai (1782-1854), after he was made librarian of the Vatican, in 1819, distinguished himself by the discovery and restoration of original texts. The world is indebted to this learned man for the precious fragments of Cicero's *Republic*. The manuscripts restored, as we have described, are called *palimpsests*, from a Greek compound, meaning scraped again.

Some authors maintain that papyrus was very dear. Diogenes Laertius relates that the philosopher Cleanthus, being too poor to buy papyrus, used to take down the lessons of his master Zeno on broken glass or something similar. Students of our day, who waste so much paper, are happier than the poor student of Athens, who thus learned his stoicism. Juvenal, in turn, laments that the work of the historian is ruinous by reason of the paper which he uses.

Aristotle paid about 12,000 dollars of our money for a few books of Speusippus. These examples and many others show the great value attached to paper, although the fact that the Athenians produced before the tribunals a multitude of written pieces would indicate the contrary; and one author cites a document to show that the price of twenty sheets of papyrus—perhaps of a very inferior quality—was about one dollar of our money.

millesima pagina surgit

Omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro.

X Y. Z.

Antonio Canova.

Every one has heard of Canova, the greatest artist of the present age, and every student of art knows something of his life and works. Many traces of his master hand are to be found in Italy, but few were aware till the subjoined article appeared in a recent number of the *Western Home Journal*, of Detroit that America could boast the possession of any creation of the genius of Canova. His power and versatility were indeed marvellous, and if his works were to be distributed among the countries of the world there would be several for each. He had sculptured with his own hand fifty-three statues, thirteen groups, fourteen cenotaphs, eight great monuments, seven colossals, two groups of colossal statues, fifty-four busts, and twenty-six basso-relievos. He besides painted twenty-eight oil-paintings and left in his portfolio a large number of studies, architectural designs and models. The rapidity of Canova's conception and execution was due to the thoroughness of his training, and his career exemplifies the motto that the surest guarantee of success in any profession is a complete mastery of all its branches.

We have heard the history of this precious crucifix from the one who was the first to recognize its great merit, but we prefer to give the account furnished by the journal above mentioned:

"There is perhaps no article of devotion more familiar to the faithful who daily worship in the beautiful church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at Adrian (Michigan) than the black marble cross on the main altar, to which is appended an exceedingly life-like representation of the Crucified. Thousands have admired it, and have

praised the sculptor's skill in hewing out of rough cold marble so perfect and natural a figure—the very lineaments of which portray the keenest sufferings, softened and toned down by an expression of unutterable love.

"But few know the history of this crucifix, or the name, of him who wrought it. Through the kindness of an esteemed friend we are able to lay before our readers the following facts concerning what is known of the history of this truly remarkable and rare work of art.

"It is said that none other than the deft hand of Antonio Canova, the famous Italian sculptor, fashioned it out of the cold and senseless stone, whilst his great genius almost quickened it into being. Years ago, when the American troops, under General Scott, made their entry into the city of Mexico, the churches and convents of that once opulent capital were ruthlessly plundered and stripped of their sacred vessels and costly ornaments by bands of marauding soldiers. This crucifix was stolen from the high altar of the great cathedral in that city by a soldier who, at the close of the war, returned to his home in the West, bringing along with him this treasure, which he soon afterwards disposed of for a nominal sum. In the course of time it came into possession of Col. Wood, of Adrian (now proprietor of a very fine museum at Chicago). In 1870 or '71, Rev. Ernest Van Dyke, of this city, was pastor at Adrian. A new church was needed and Father Van Dyke was indefatigable in his efforts to raise funds for building the same. Catholics and Protestants were appealed to for subscriptions. Amongst the latter Col. Wood was asked for a contribution. He was willing 'to donate \$200 in cash or a beautiful crucifix.'

"In those times a subscription of \$200 was a rarity, and the pastor was about to accept the money when he requested to see the crucifix. It was produced, and the trained eye of the priest recognized in it, at a glance, the production of a master hand. He chose it, and until the new church was completed he kept his treasure in an unoccupied room at the parsonage. On the day of the dedication of the building, fearing lest some accident might befall it, he removed it from this room and placed it in the middle of the floor of a back parlor. The house was crowded with guests, and during the evening some one entering the parlor either threw his coat on, or stepped upon the crucifix and broke one of its arms. The services of a jeweler were called into requisition, and, the fracture being a good one, the accident was skilfully repaired, so that it cannot now be easily noticed. This crucifix is certainly a rare treasure."

Art, Music, and Literature.

—Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, is a candidate for the vacant seat in the French Academy.

—Cardinal Newman celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 21st of Feb. He still enjoys excellent health.

—The statue to the late Lord Beaconsfield, which is being executed by Signor Raggi, is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be ready for casting.

—Prof. Hudson's edition of Shakspeare has met with a very favorable reception. The *Academy* says his explanations of the text are lucid and his critical notes judicious.

—It is reported that Salvini's performances in Alexandria, Egypt, met with great success. The seats were all bought up before he arrived, and were sold at 100 per cent. advance.

—The first part of the Philological Society's great English dictionary will soon be in the press. The Editor, Dr.

Manay, hardly hopes to see the work finished before the end of the century.

—Poetry is very aged in New England now. Its Emerson, Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes have all long passed their three score and ten. Longfellow is about the youngest of them.

—Sir William Muir has just edited the "Apology of Al Kindy," a defence of Christianity against Islam, written in Arabic, by a Christian at the court of the Caliph Al Mamun, in the 10th century.

—Louis Stevenson, the well-known English essayist, is at work on a critical biography of William Hazlitt. It is time that due honor should be paid to one of the first of critics and most delightful of writers.

—The forthcoming collection of old plays, edited by A. H. Bullen, Margate, England, will be materially increased by the inclusion of several pieces existing only in manuscript. In one of these, "Captain Underwrit," are some curious mentions, hitherto unnoticed, of Shakspeare.

—An excellent portrait of Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons has been completed by the eminent American artist Mr. Healy. The painting, which is a bust, represents his Grace in purple cape and wearing the archiepiscopal chain and cross. The portrait is an admirable work of art. —*Catholic Mirror*.

—Mr. G. W. Williams, the colored member of the Ohio House of Representatives, has nearly completed a history of the negro race in America. The first part is devoted to the kingdoms, language, and religions of the race in Africa. The second part deals with the history of slavery from 1618 to 1880.

—Adolphe Adam once went to Auber to borrow his "Sejour Militaire," the first opera written by the composer. Auber presented him with a copy, and added, apologetically, that it was rather indifferent stuff. "Precisely—that is what I want it for," was the answer. "Often and often I find my most promising pupils discouraged, thinking they can never produce anything worth listening to; and I think that if, when they are despondent, I show them your first opera, they'll cry, 'Oh, heavens! we can do better than that!' and so it'll encourage them. Good morning."

—The death occurred recently at Pisa of Prof. Michael Ferrucci, one of the most learned men in Europe. So great was Leo XIII's esteem of his ability that he chose him as his Latin Secretary. The entire Italian press, without distinction of political or religious party, has paid the warmest tribute to this illustrious scholar, who was both great and good. Prof. Ferrucci was born in Lugo, near Ravenna, of a noble Florentine family; was appointed, when he had scarcely reached manhood, professor in the University of Bologna, in November, 1820. Since then he was called, with his wife, Caterina Franceschi Ferrucci, to two chairs in the University of Geneva, he to lecture on the Latin language and literature, and she to lecture on Dante and Italian literature. At his death he was still a professor in the University of Pisa, and Conservator of the Library. May he rest in peace!

—The "prince of the aesthetes," Oscar Wilde, is credited with feeling very much offended at the attempts which have been made to rally and ridicule him. Says he: "Toothless Sensibility may jeer, and poor Propriety may shake her curls, but I am here, in my lustihood, to pipe of Passion's venturous Poesy. I am not quite sure what I mean. The true Poet never is. In fact, true Poetry is nothing if it is intelligible. She is only to be compared to Salmacis, who is not boy or girl, but yet is both." At least it has been written and published that Oscar so says; but nevertheless it has an apocryphal ring.—*Peoria Transcript*.

The person that wrote it had evidently read Oscar's poems. Having glanced through the book, we can endorse the statement that he does attempt "to pipe of Passion's venturous Poesy," and in some places is anything but moral.

—Here is a chance for our poets. The editor of *The Musical Record* (published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.) offers a cash prize of twenty-five dollars for the best short poem, subject to the following conditions: 1.—The offer is limited to residents of the United States. 2.—The poem must not be less than twenty-four lines in length,

nor more than forty-eight. 3.—Within each sealed envelope containing the poem (*which must be signed with an assumed name*) there must be a smaller envelope, also sealed, containing the *assumed* name and the *real* name and address of the author. Upon the *outside* of the *smaller* sealed envelope must be written the name of the poem and the *assumed* name of the author. These directions must be very carefully followed. 4.—All poems are to be addressed to the *Editor of The Musical Record*, Box 3123, Boston, and must reach him on or before Saturday, April 22d. 5.—The poem obtaining the prize (as well as the name and address of the author), will be published in *The Musical Record* of Saturday, April 29th. The subject of the poem is free.

—A unique musical entertainment was given recently at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, which is said to possess the most complete collection of ancient instruments in Europe. At the concert, clavecins, épinettes, and virginales, portable organs and regal organs, violas di gamba, cornets, cromornas, and flutes douces were used, and nothing could be more unique than the arrangement. An interesting feature of this concert was the appearance of Mary Gemma, a wonderful child-artist, who executed several charming selections of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries on the clavecin in a brilliant manner. Her mother and father are English, but she was born in Italy, and is considered a prodigy of musical talent. She will soon be graduated from the class of M. August Duponte, the first professor of piano music at the Conservatory, and intends giving concerts afterwards in Europe and America. The Queen of Belgium, accompanied by many noble ladies and gentlemen, was present at the entertainment, and personally congratulated the artists, especially the *pétite* Gemma.

Scientific Notes.

—The new Etna observatory, is 2,943 metres above the sea; the Great St. Bernard monastery is 2,491, and the St. Gothard 2,075 metres.

—The marquis of Lorne is reported to have taken the initiatory steps for the establishment of an academy of sciences in Canada on the principle of the Academie of Paris.

—An international congress of ethnologists is to be opened at Geneva on April 2d, divided into the seven following sections: Origin and migration of peoples; ethnology; descriptive ethnography; theoretical ethnography; manners and customs; political ethnography; international regulations.

—Prof. Asa Gray, the renowned botanist, celebrated his seventieth birthday with his mental and physical powers in full vigor. The Professor, in looking over an old herbarium, found a specimen of the fruit of a plant of which nothing was known. From this fruit he founded a genus, described and classified the unseen flower, and when, many years after, the plant was rediscovered in the mountains of North Carolina, the flower was found to answer his description in almost every particular.

—It appears from a publication of the Geographical Society of Madrid that so early as the sixteenth century the Spaniards had selected three places in Central America for canals to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. They were by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in New Spain, now Mexico; the river San Juan, or the Lake of Nicaragua; the Chagres River and other parts of Panama. The first scheme was abandoned, to be mooted again in the present century; those of Nicaragua were actively pursued in the seventeenth century, and were on the point of being executed in the eighteenth, under the reign of Charles III; while the scheme of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama was also abandoned, to be now renewed by M. de Lesseps. The Lake Nicaragua scheme first appeared in the year 1548, and a map of the land, long afterwards prepared, is still preserved.

—Doctor Moore thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant being deprived of

heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshaped in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are during some part of the day fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally except those on the other side; and even in endemics such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

—*Wilford's Literary Microcosm* is a rather unique scientific paper edited by A. Wilford Hall and H. Le Forestier, and published monthly by Hall & Co., of New York. The articles in the *Microcosm* are of a scientific, religious, and literary character, and, although contributed mainly by clergymen of various denominations, sectionalism of any kind is debarred from its columns. It professes to be "the leading religio-scientific, philosophical, and miscellaneous journal of the age," and, "while acknowledging the claims of true science and philosophy wherever found," pledges the reader that it "will not flag in its uncompromising hostility to science, falsely so called." So far as we have seen—and we have been favored with an exchange since its first number—the *Microcosm* is orthodox in its scientific views and displays signal ability in combating Darwinism and Hæckelism. We think, though, that the result of the following test by Mr. Dennis, given in the March number, is hardly satisfactory, and therefore inconclusive. The tuning-forks struck in unison must not only be of the same key or pitch, but also of exactly *equal power*, and when they are so, and struck in unison, the sound will undoubtedly be neutralized. We hope some of our scientists will make the experiment and publish the result. The \$5,000 is still of fered, and unclaimed.

THAT \$5,000 CASH PRIZE.

BALTIMORE, MD., FEB. 10, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE MICROCOSM.

DEAR SIR:—I am disgusted, beyond words to express. Let me tell you why. I saw for the first time, about a week ago, the offer of the \$5,000 cash prize made by Joseph Goodrich, as published in the January *Microcosm*. A friend placed it in my hands, knowing that I had spent much time in sound-investigations, and had made many experiments in that department of physics. He suggested that I now had a chance to turn my acoustical knowledge to some account. I read the offer with dilated eyes; and to make sure there was no mistake about it, I re-read it carefully. "This means business," said I to my friend, "and I already feel richer by about \$5,000 than I did before I saw that notice!" In a word, I resolved to appropriate that prize as so much abandoned property, since I felt as certain of the truth of the wave-theory of sound, and my ability to produce silence by sounding two unison instruments half a wave-length apart, as I felt sure I could hear either instrument when sounded separately.

I took Tyndall's *Lectures on Sound* from the bookcase, and turning to page 259, I there read for the dozenth time the positive proof that two forks in unison, thus sounded together, would neutralize each other's tone, and cause silence, because a *condensation* of the air from one fork, as he scientifically proves, would reach the other fork just in time to coalesce with its *rarefaction*; and as two systems of waves would thus be in absolute interference, quiescence of the air in the line of the two forks would necessarily follow. I thus felt that I had a sure thing, and called my wife to tell her of my good fortune.

To fortify my hopes, which, however, hardly needed strengthening, and to make assurance doubly sure, I went to one of the professors of the Johns Hopkins University who makes sound-phenomena a special study, and, without letting him into the secret of the lead I had struck, asked him in a quiet way if interference and silence would really result from sounding two unison instruments half a wave-length apart, as taught by science. He answered, "Undoubtedly"; and referred me to Tyndall and several other text-books as proof. This was sufficient, and I went home joyfully to prepare my experiment; and on my way home spoke to a notary to be prepared in the morning to take my deposition, in accordance with the conditions required by Mr. Goodrich in his offer, and upon which he would pay over the \$5,000. Suffice it to say, my experiment

was not long in preparation. I mounted two unison forks upon their resonant cases, and placed them, as Prof. Tyndall directed, half a wave-length apart. But on testing them, to my surprise, no difference whatever was discernible in the sound between this distance and a full wave-length. I tried them over and over a hundred times, and listened in all directions, with the forks at various distances from each other, but not a shadow of difference in intensity could be perceived. I then took two unison A-pitch pipes of precisely the same key, and while my wife and little girl blew them alternately at a half and a whole wave-length apart, I listened in all directions as before, but no difference whatever in intensity could be noticed. I kept them blowing till midnight, until they both became dizzy from exhaustion, so loth was I to give up the hope of possessing the \$5,000 cash prize. At last we obtained silence, but not until my wife peremptorily put a veto on the nonsense, as she called it, of trying to produce silence by making a noise! She tantalizingly suggested that I would earn the \$5,000 sooner by cutting wood at ten cents a cord, whatever science might teach. I believed her, and in sheer vindictiveness took Tyndall's book from the table, and offered up a sacrifice to the scientific gods by throwing the "Lectures on Sound" into the grate, and poking the fraudulent concern among the coals till it was consumed to ashes. The next morning, to add to my chagrin, I met the notary, and he innocently asked me if I had my affidavit prepared?

Yours, in disgust,

S. C. DENNIS, A. M.

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Harp*—Hamilton, Ont.,—is publishing, as a serial, Lady Fullerton's "Too Strange not to be True." The article on the "Bards of Ireland" by Joseph K. Foran, brings to the front a long list of poets of various grades of excellence who in their day stirred the public heart, but whose names have almost been lost even while their contributions are cherished. Moore, Oliver Goldsmith, James Clarence Mangan, Dennis Florence McCarthy, Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Charles Gavan Duffy, and the Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), are of course well known as Irish poets, and their names will probably be handed down as such from generation to generation; we had little thought, however, that Croly, who wrote the "Island of Atlantis," or Thomas Crofton Croker, Samuel Ferguson, or Irwin, or John Frazer were sons of the Emerald Isle. Callanan, Richard Dalton Williams, "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), and Francis Davis, ("The Belfast Man") are becoming better known. The name of the youthful author of "The Brigade at Fontenoy"—a favorite piece for declamation—had been lost sight of almost altogether. The Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.,—himself a poet of some merit—has in his interesting *Irish Monthly* given a fine sketch of Davis, "The Belfast Man," whose productions found much favor with the *Edinburgh* and other first-class Reviews.

HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY. (1350–1881. Edited by Eliot Ryder. Joseph. A. Lyons. The University of Notre Dame, Indiana. 1881.

Luxurious paper, elegant type, red-lined borders, gilt edges, massive binding—this is one of those Catholic books which could not be produced in these countries, but only in the Great Republic. The contents are worthy of such fair outward show. It does not purport to be a library of religious poetry, but rather a collection of mundane poetry by Catholic writers. We shall hereafter refer to some omissions, while fully granting beforehand that in the execution of such a design there must needs be omissions. But at present, before beginning to call the attention of our readers to the rich treasures here amassed for their benefit, we deem it right to disown all claim to two or three very beautiful things contained in this volume. It is a mistake to place Dante Gabriel Rossetti among Catholic poets, and, still more, his sister, Christina Rossetti. Their father, a "modern" Italian, was, we suppose, a nominal Catholic; but their English mother brought up at least her daughters Protestants. Would that Christina Rossetti were of the same faith as Adelaide Procter and Ellen Downing. Her religious poetry would then be even more beautiful than it is.

The compiler of this volume, Mr. Eliot Ryder, is no kinsman of the brilliant Oratorian theologian of Edgbas-

ton. He is an American; and, as he has contributed to our own pages, some of our readers will thank us for informing them, on the authority of the work under review, that he was born in Massachusetts, in 1856, the son of a Unitarian clergyman, and that he became a Catholic some years ago.

Some brief biographical details of this kind are furnished of nearly all the poets represented in this volume—which, we are glad to add here, is offered to the public in a garb less splendid, and therefore less costly, than that which the opening words of this notice describe.

Beginning with old Chaucer, this collection gives samples of all Catholic poets down to the present time. It by no means excludes contemporaries. Naturally the transatlantic living bards are more amply represented than those who live on this side of the big pond. The contemporary Europeans who figure here are Dennis Florence MacCarthy, Aubrey De Vere, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Cardinal Newman, Coventry Patmore, Rev. C. P. Meehan, Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., and (by mistake) the two Rossettis. Of the extant American and Irish-American Catholics, whose verses are enshrined in this dainty reliquary, we have many others, besides Father Abram Ryan, Maurice Egan, Daniel Connelly, Eleanor Donnelly, Harriet Skidmore, John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert Joyce, Elizabeth Waylen, and several names beginning with the Celtic O, among whom we notice a Canadian, with the historic name of Thomas O'Hagan.—*Irish Monthly (Dublin)*.

College Gossip.

—The American College, Louvain, celebrates its silver jubilee to-morrow. We are glad to learn that this excellent institution is in a most flourishing condition. Among its alumni are more than 270 priests, 4 bishops, and 1 Archbishop.

—Prof. Goodwin has received a Greek newspaper, saying that it is a shame that barbarians, as far off as in America, should produce a Greek play, while modern Athens has no theatre in which the old classic Greek plays may be produced.—*Harvard Herald*.

—An English paper says: "There are some very small and light men in the English University crews this year. The idea of rowing a light-weight stroke is one that is daily gaining ground. He can set a livelier pace and hold it better than a heavy weight."

—It is reported that the police have been searching the rooms of Yale students for signs of tradesmen kept there as trophies, and that several have already been arrested. Some have escaped by claiming that the signs were left by former occupants of their rooms. Others are on the "ragged edge."

—Early prayers have been abandoned in Harvard University. They are still compulsory, but as they are not held until 8 45 o'clock they involve no great hardship. In order to ascertain how far this represented the sentiments, or at any rate the training, of the parents, they were asked by circular whether they held daily morning prayers in their own households? Less than thirty in 100 answered "yes."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—The first anniversary of the dedication of St. Thomas's College, Cambridgeport, Mass., was celebrated with a literary and musical entertainment on the 7th inst. There were also appropriate religious services. St. Thomas's College was founded by that zealous champion of Christian education, the Rev. Father Scully. With the aid of his excellent assistant, Rev. John Mundy, he has already raised the standard of studies to a high degree.

—The boys at Cornell used to play a good joke on one of the confiding professors of that college. When they wanted to get off from a lesson, one of them carefully applied a lump of ice to the thermometer, and all the rest pulled up their collars and complained of the cold. The old professor would adjust his eye-glasses, and step over to the thermometer, look at it carefully, upraid the janitor for his carelessness, and dismiss the class.

—Rev. Father Healy, S. J., who has been in ill health for some time past, has been relieved at his own request of the presidency of Georgetown College. He is now stop-

ping with his brother, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland. Father Healy was most successful and popular at Georgetown, and his retirement is much regretted. He is succeeded by the Rev. James Doonan, Vice-President of the College, an experienced, able and scholarly priest, who is loved and respected by all that know him.

—It can hardly have escaped public attention that the richest men of America have no desire to perpetuate their memory by leaving bequests for the creation or support of colleges, libraries, museums, hospitals, or literary, artistic, scientific or charitable institutions of any kind. They are perfectly willing that the public should do anything and everything for their pecuniary advancement while they live, but they show no disposition to do anything for the public when they come to die.—*Memphis Appeal*.

—We have come across the following passage of a letter written by Daniel Webster to his son Fletcher, who was about to be graduated at Harvard, in 1833: "I have seldom felt so much concern about anything of the kind as I do upon your success upon that occasion. I pray you spare no pains. Do your best and you will do well enough. I earnestly remind you of the necessity of acting with great caution in regard to all festivities. You remember what I said to you on that head, and I pray you to forget no part of it."

—There are 150 college papers published in the United States. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell, each support dailies. The circulation of some of the leading papers is as follows: *Yale Courant*, 800; *Yale Record*, 600; *Yale Lit.*, 550; *Yale News*, 350; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Harvard Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; *Nassau Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. No college paper has a circulation of over 1,000. The circulation of the *College Argus* is 600.—*Argus*.

We will add that the circulation of the *Dartmouth* varies from 950 to 1,050, the latter being our largest issue this year.—*Dartmouth*.

And we will add that the regular circulation of *The Chronicle* is 1,000.—*Chronicle*.

And we will add that the circulation of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is just 960.

—Concerning fires in colleges, "Oxonienis" writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—"A fire is everywhere dangerous enough; but in the colleges of our older universities it has risks of its own. Twice within the last few months has a set of rooms at Oxford been burned. In the fire at Balliol College the occupant was, I believe, only saved from a terrible death by the fortunate fact that his bedroom had two doors to it. As you are doubtless aware, according to the general arrangement, the bedroom opens only into the sitting-room. Had he been sleeping in a room on this plan he could not have escaped by the door, for when he was roused, his sitting-room was all in flames. But an active man, it may be said, can surely escape by the window. So he may, unless it should be the case that his window is almost as strongly barred as those of a gaol. Before the gratings with which the lower rooms of our colleges are fortified had been broken down from without, the poor fellow within might be in as miserable a plight as the sinners who are represented in the 'Calvary' at Antwerp, kept in by bars and amidst the flames of Purgatory. The upper rooms are for the most part left free; yet I have seen attic windows so strongly barred that escape was impossible. They looked onto the roof, and no doubt they had been thus blocked up in order to keep the undergraduates from passing from one set of chambers to another. Even where there are no bars, there is some danger from the mere height, coupled with the absence of a second staircase. In my Oxford days I lodged in the first story, counting the ground-floor as one. Just beneath me, a man lived who one evening begged me to take some wine with him, as the night before 'he had been forced to get drunk all alone.' I lived in terror lest this drunken fool might set his room on fire. If he had, for me, I knew, there was no escape. I must be content with pointing out the peculiar dangers from fire that thus threaten our colleges. I noticed them when I was myself an undergraduate, but my attention has been again aroused by the fact that one of my sons is a student at Oxford, and that some of his brothers are to follow in his steps. The remedies I must leave for those who rule the colleges to find."

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 18, 1882.

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

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

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC always will be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—The sad news of the death of the Rev. Father Boyle of Washington, which was received here by telegraph on Monday night, has caused the deepest regret to his numerous friends at Notre Dame. We were not unaware of his illness, but hearing that his condition was somewhat improved, we consoled ourselves in the thought of his speedy restoration to health. Father Boyle was one of the ablest and best known priests in the country. As an orator he had few equals, and hardly one of our public speakers could command a larger or more attentive audience. He had hosts of friends throughout the country, and his genial, kindly ways endeared him to all classes of persons. God rest the soul of good Father Boyle!

—Another reform is now in order, and the SCHOLASTIC is happy to take the lead in agitating for it. Is it not possible to reform the "closing remarks," without which the programme of no entertainment seems to be complete, out of existence? Our motive in asking the question is simply one of philanthropy. For years past we have listened to the lamentations of the poor victims condemned to bring forth these "closing remarks," or, in the words of one of the latest of them, "to spoil a good play by tacking on a bad speech at the end of it," and our heart is touched with pity. Were this sad penalty inflicted on the same individual only at very rare intervals, we would not sympathize with him so deeply, but when we see a poor un-

fortunate obliged to rise a dozen times or more during the same session to inform an expectant society that their efforts "have never been excelled" or that "all the world's a stage," or, again, that their performance "speaks for itself," we are forced to the conclusion that it must be a decidedly monotonous task for the speaker and not exactly a source of deep pleasure to the audience.

This is one way to look at the matter, and another question that naturally suggests itself is "what is the good of these remarks? We can understand that they may have served a useful purpose in the "dim and distant past," long before Notre Dame had its college paper and South Bend its enterprising dailies. The "closing remarks" may then have been the only means of assuring the young *dramatis personæ* that their efforts would not go down to posterity "unwept, unhonored and unsung"; but all that is now very much changed, and changed for the better.

Under the circumstances, we cannot but think that the "closing remarker"—to coin a new word—is encroaching a little on the province of the SCHOLASTIC, and if the members of a society are really anxious to ascertain the opinion of any particular person regarding their performance, let them invite him to put it in writing for our columns. That will certainly, we think, be found to suit all parties much better than the present system.

We fail to see any appropriateness in "closing remarks" unless, when an entertainment has been made "complimentary" to some one, and of course the above remarks are not intended to apply in such cases. Neither is it our wish to suppress a speaker who may be desperately anxious to make himself heard at the close of an exhibition. Should anyone insist on this privilege, there is not the slightest objection to his remaining to harangue the band and orchestra while the audience are leaving the hall.

—[The following correspondence sufficiently explains itself. We congratulate the astrologer of the SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL on the wide fame which he has acquired for his wondrous weather predictions, and we hope it will be enduring. The reader can hardly fail to observe that the explanations which our astrologer volunteers are of a Delphic character. There is a deep meaning in the very passages most likely to provoke a smile, and we feel obliged to caution the public against misinterpretations.]

CHICAGO, March 2, 1882.

PROFESSOR J. A. LYONS, NOTRE DAME, IND.

DEAR SIR:—Having noticed several of your weather predictions in *The Evening Journal*, and having observed that some of them have been correct, I write to know how far in advance you have calculated the weather, and what you would charge for a copy of your calculations. As our business is entirely dependent on the weather, we take great interest in watching the calculations of different persons who make it a study. Your prediction regarding the warm wave that you said would carry out the ice in this vicinity in February was verified, and no ice has been cut since that date. Hoping to hear from you soon, we are,

Respectfully yours,

THE CHICAGO ICE COMPANY.

HOW IT IS DONE.

PROF. J. A. LYONS, A. M.

DEAR SIR:—Having heard that one of your correspond-

ents wishes to know the method I used in making the prognostics of the weather prepared for your SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL, I have no hesitation in making it public, quite free of charge.

In the first place, it is necessary to be well posted, not only in what is now called astronomy, but also in that more ancient science stigmatized by the moderns under the name of astrology,—to be thoroughly acquainted, in short, with the various planetary influences, whether cold or hot, moist or dry, malignant or benignant, and with the influences also of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. It is likewise necessary to calculate the positions of the various planets during the course of the year for which predictions are to be made; and also to know the ruling planet of the year according to the Egyptian cycle. This may be called the remote preparation for the duties of a prophet. The more proximate are as follows:

1. Prepare a chamber, lighted only from above, the skylight being so placed that the planets at their times of culmination may be visible from the room.

2. Collect the materials for the suffumigation of the ruling planet of the year, as directed below. The greatest attention to *minutiae* is required, as a slight deviation from the established form may not only render the predictions null and void, but prove fatal to the operator.

3. A fast of three days and three nights, preceded by the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius, lest the health of the operator should suffer while under planetary influences.

These preliminaries duly attended to, repair in silence and with great decorum to the chamber, and having performed the suffumigation, invoke the planet either with one of the Latin forms found in *Giraldus Cambrensis*, or better, with the Greek of Apollonius of Tyana. Greek "fetches" a planet sooner than Latin.

When you feel sufficiently under the influence, take your calculations, read them carefully by the new light afforded you, and write whatever inspiration may suggest.

The suffumigations appropriate to the different planets are as follows.

For SATURN: India-rubber overshoes, 15 yds. Brown alpaca umbrellas—borrowed if possible,—3 bushels. Mix carefully, until the ingredients form one homogeneous mass. Then fill the brazier with live coals from the sacred fire of Vesta, and lay on the mixture, stirring it up with a rusty scythe-blade. If properly performed, the smoke will ascend directly towards the planet. When you see the ring begin to wriggle, commence the invocation.

For JUPITER: Bottled thunder—Seipps' is as good as any in the market—12 bottles. Knock off their necks with the hammer of Thor, and pour the contents on a bald-headed eagle of good moral character. The fire must be kindled by electricity. Don't stand too near; and avoid perturbations among the satellites as much as possible.

For MARS: Gore—human, 1 bbl. No use to try to palm off any but human, especially since the invention of the microscope. Kindle the fire with the torch of Tisiphone, and stir it up from time to time with a two-handled sword.

For the SUN: Use nothing that will not bear the Light of Day. Integrity, 1 oz. Honor and Honesty, 1 scruple each. Shirt collars, 1 gross. Watch chain—plated—15 yds. Propriety, 6 lbs. Perspicuity, 3 pwt. Temperance, 1 dram before each meal and 2 before retiring. High Social Standing, 3 cwt. Ponderosity, 1 hhd. Decorum, 1 ton. Mix in a cold soup-tureen, and kindle with burning glass.

For VENUS: Maple Molasses, 3 hhd. Boil'down to a pint, and stir in a quart of Cream of Doves, after which let it simmer, and throw in the following ingredients: Oil of Cloves, 1 gr. Cassia, 6 dr. Pearl Powder, 1 oz. Jockey Club, 2 qts. Ace of Spades, 1 pt. Wahoo Bitters, 2 bbls. When it acquires the consistency of taffy, make a fire of green myrtle boughs, and lay on the mixture with a golden spoon.

For MERCURY: Ingredients to be stolen as follows: Cheek, 3 lbs. from a political wire-puller. Blasted lies, 14 doz. from a newspaper editor. Obituary notices, 1 gross, from G. W. Childs. Figures of speech, 5 miles, from a Fourth of July orator. Poetry, 2 cents worth, from Mrs. Julia Moore, the sweet singer of Michigan. Place on a pan of coals, stolen from a poor widow, and blow the flame with the breath of scandal.

For the MOON: Hartshorn, 3 fluid drachms, and the brains of a March hare. Bray in a mortar, till the braying can be heard 3 miles off. Then pour in about a gallon of Radway's Ready Relief, add a horned toad and 3 gross of Sioux Indian scalps. Kindle with *ignis fatuus*, and perform a weird dance around the blaze.

If the foregoing directions are duly attended to,—and the power to do so is evidently within the reach of every child,—the most pleasing results will follow. Your correspondents will find it a "big thing on ice," and I hope they may profit thereby.

With kind regards, I have the honor to be,
Your Ob't. Servant,

THE ASTROLOGER.

Exchanges.

—The *K. M. I. News* is getting to be quite an authority in military matters, and especially tactics. Major R. J. Wildberger, who edits the Military Department of the *News*, is said to be one of the best tacticians in Kentucky. In the current number we see it stated, on the authority of *The Army and Navy Journal*, that only the rear fours execute right shoulder arms at the command double time, to bring fours into line that have broken to the rear.

—The *Illustrated Catholic American* of March the 18th gives a splendid half-length portrait of the poet Longfellow, together with a brief sketch of his career and the celebration of his 75th birthday. Among several other good illustrations in this number of *The Illustrated Catholic American* are some fine views of Heidelberg, Germany. These are nine in number, and include a view of the city from the Castle, on the Königstuhl, the University, two of the principal squares, the big Tun, etc. The illustrations are supplemented by a readable historical sketch of this fine old university town.

—Our esteemed Portuguese exchange, *O Jornal de Noticias*, commenting upon the proposal of some students to celebrate the centenary of the Marquis de Pombal, and the monument to his memory suggested by another of his admirers, intimates that Pombal's infamous actions are a monument of everlasting disgrace. Like Nero and Dionysius of Syracuse, Pombal's name will ever have linked with it the epithet of "Tyrant," and his monument is one of the blackest infamy. A monster in human form was Pombal; the libeller and calumniator of all that was good; the murderer of innocent victims, he delighted in torturing and burying them alive before putting them to death. Such was Pombal, of whom some Portuguese students would make a hero! Senhor Elias de Sampaio's articles on the "Monument" have shown the tyrant in true and most glaring colors. Infamous be his memory!

—The exchange editor of the *University Press*, speaking in a complimentary manner of the *Cornell Review*, says at the close, "And we have not had a quarter slipped into our

pockets, as the *Notre Dame Scholastic* seems to think whenever another journal gets its merited praise." Right here the *Press's* Ex-editor is most assuredly at fault. He will search in vain the columns of the SCHOLASTIC for any such sentiment, or expression that would imply any such sentiment as the one he attributes to us. We have seen it expressed in other college papers—and quite recently in the *Alabama University Magazine*—and we thought it extremely contemptible. We much prefer to see praise, rather than blame, given in college papers; where each and all are endeavoring to advance, to improve, and make the most of the limited time permitted for composition, it is, we repeat, contemptible to say that when praise is given it is through an interested motive. Praise, as a rule, shows large-heartedness; such remarks as that of the *Alabama Magazine*, on the contrary, evince quite another spirit.

—The *University Magazine* (University of Pennsylvania) has a capital article on "Oral Examinations—How A. and B. Fared at One," and vouches for it as a fact. It is a damaging fact for oral examinations where they are carried on in the way described. We quote a few of the suggestions given as a conclusion:

"The object of an examination is, or should be, to discover what one knows. In two hours [written examination] this can be ascertained; but in five minutes all that can be discovered is: what one does not know. In a written examination several questions are put; and the failure to answer one does not materially damage the result, as refuge can be taken in the others. In an oral examination in the classics, only one trial is given. You are ordered to translate five lines of a play. You do so. You are congratulated on your knowledge of the subject. You fail to do so. You may know all the rest; but on the strength of those five lines you are conditioned. Again, each man should have the same questions. It is manifestly unfair to give one an easy and another a difficult passage, as must be done at an oral examination."

If the writer had said that *it is*, but *need not be* done, he would probably come nearer the mark. If oral examinations be held, they need not necessarily take place in presence of the class—thus one serious objection, a variety of questions, some difficult, some easy, would be obviated.

—The "Letters from Sage" in *The Cornell Era* are simply "immense". *The Era* editors struck a bonanza in "Mystic"—there is no mistake about that. We supposed at first that the Sage letters were written by one of the college boys, but we are now convinced that no one but a girl could write such epistles. Anyone who has read much of *The Household*, the ladies supplement to the *Detroit Free Press*, will concur in this opinion when he or she reads the following excerpt from the last "Letter from Sage":

DEAR *Era*:—I'm just as mad as I can be. Talk about fellows being real mean, and too awfully horrid, why they're not half so bad as some girls I know. Yes, I mean Sage girls when I say that, too. When the girls read my last letter, some said they didn't just care any way, they believed yet that these Sage letters were written by those horrid *Era* editors (please notice that I didn't say "horrid editors"—I wouldn't; it was the other girls.) Others said that it was "too extenuated," (boys would say "too thin," wouldn't they? Well, Sage girls don't use slang, it's low and vulgar, you know,) to think any one would believe that a Sage girl wrote them, and that talk in the last letter about the *Era* editors not writing the letters was just throwing dust in the public's eyes, and any one could see through it too. Another said if any Co-ed (I don't like that word, but she said it, anyhow) did write them, she didn't room at Sage she was perfectly sure. It must be one of the outside girls, and she knew it was that jealous, mean flirt, ——. It was just like her, too! Any girl who used hair dye, and false teeth, and that kind of things, would be just mean enough to write those letters.

There wasn't anything funny in them, and it only showed what a brainless set of fellows ran the *Era* to publish them. Now wasn't I mad! Of course she wouldn't have said any such thing if she knew I wrote the letters. It was too mean for anything, and I don't care now. I don't use hair-dye or wear false teeth, and some day I'll tell her so. Anyhow I can make her feel badly, if I want to. [Here the other cat is let out of the bag.]

The girls are feeling very sorry that Professor Corson is unable to give any readings at Sage this term. They were so enjoyable last term. But the girls don't care so much for the readings as they do for the chance of doing embroidery and fancy work in the presence of the audience. The readings were good enough, you know, but they came handy, for several reasons. The girls didn't bring their work in to show any disrespect for Professor Corson. They thought he'd be so busy

that he wouldn't notice that they didn't pay any attention, and we think the boys are very horrid who say we weren't respectful towards Professor Corson. The girls took their work in to show that they were industrious. Then also to prove that they could do two things at once, which people say can't be done. Well, it can, so there! Then, again, they wanted to show that they weren't strong-minded, but could do women's work occasionally, even if it did hurt their fingers very much. They also wanted to show that they didn't spend all their time in grinding at their studies."

There is only one drawback to the enjoyment of the Sage Letters: we fear the spirit will become so contagious that the college world will soon be afflicted with a flood of weak and silly imitations, the nonsensical "college story craze." The latter has subsided: may we never see such another.

Personal.

—Dick Russell, of '79, is sojourning in Texas for his health.

—W. B. Ames, D. D. S., '77, has succeeded to Dr. M. S. Dean at 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

—Ballard Smith, of '65, for some years managing editor of the *New York Sun*, is now the Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*.

—Jacob Wile, Esq., Laporte, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Blake, Carson City, Col.; M. P. Kuhn, Tiffin, Ohio; C. W. Fisher and E. F. Kelly, Chicago; and V. Brooks, Elmira, N. Y., were among the recent visitors to the College.

—Hon. Cornelius A. Logan, now U. S. Minister to Costa Rica, has been nominated for Minister to Chili, where he formerly served with credit. Mr. Logan made many friends at Notre Dame when, on his first return from Chili, he visited his son, who was at that time a student here.

—We are in receipt of a pleasant letter from the Rev. W. Kittell, of the diocese of Pittsburgh, who spent some time at Notre Dame last year, and whose amiable qualities endeared him to every one that made his acquaintance. He is now assistant pastor of Freeport, and the adjacent missions. His health, we rejoice to learn, is greatly improved. He sends kind regards to all his friends.

—The Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame last year, and formerly President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, is now the efficient head of the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at Watertown, Wis. He has our thanks for an invitation to a musical, literary and dramatic entertainment, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, given in Turner Hall, in that city, last Thursday, by the St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society of the College.

—We find the following passage in a graphic letter from Peru, Ind., published in a recent issue of *The Indianapolis Daily Sentinel*. Mr. Webb was a student of the Commercial department in 1870. We regret that the writer, also a former student of Notre Dame, is unknown to us:

"The most popular and extensive retail grocer and jobber in Peru (Mr. G. M. Webb,) can be found occupying the three-story brick building known as No. 12 on Broadway in that city. The dimensions of the store are 22x125 feet. There are three floors and a basement, all of which, except the ground floor, which is used for retail purposes, are stocked with goods in the grocery line, from the finest and most fancy down to the simplest article of produce. The building is owned by Mr. Webb's father, who for upwards of forty years has been the principal grocer in this section. Three years ago the business was purchased by the subject of this sketch, and he has continued to successfully conduct it ever since. The dimensions of the ware-rooms, and also of the retail department, which I have given, together with the fact that Mr. Webb employs five assistants, are indications of the extent of his business. G. M. Webb is only twenty-nine years old, has a wife and two babies—a girl and a boy—and even now possesses a goodly share of this world's goods. When he was completing his commercial education at the University of Notre Dame the writer was his fellow-student, and is now rejoiced to be able to record his prosperity, and also his status as a respected and influential citizen of Peru. Mr. Webb is a thorough business man. He superintends his entire trade, and is always on hand to see that his clerks are attentive to his numerous patrons."

Local Items.

—"Look at it!"

—The Juniors have three baseball nines.

—J. Willie can now be called the sphynx of Notre Dame.

—The Minims' Roll of Honor was omitted by mistake last week.

—The fourth session of the St. Cecilian Moot Court is being held.

—One of the Preps. has ordered three alligators to be sent to him from Florida.

—He was sleeping, and thought he heard the familiar cry, "*Lay-porte*—20 minutes for breakfast!"

—A notice of the Entertainment on Thursday evening will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Have you observed how exactly the weather predictions for this year are being realized? Our prophet is surprised himself.

—It isn't true that St. Mary's bread-wagon was lost last week; besides, it is marked. The horse might get lost, but the wagon, no.

—In the "List of Excellence" for Penmanship, last week, the names of A. Lauman and A. Murphy should have been mentioned.

—It used to rain every Wednesday, and now it rains every Thursday—that is, *almost* every Thursday. We have two weather-prophets; they ought to put a stop to it.

—The Minims return thanks to Very Rev. Father General for a large box of grapes which he brought them from Cincinnati, on his return from the Ecclesiastical Council.

—Rev. President Walsh has gone to Chicago. He will preach to-morrow in St. Thomas's Church, Hyde Park, of which Rev. Father Tighe, an old student of Notre Dame, is the respected pastor.

—A fine calumet of red pipe-stone, with an artistically carved stem, has been presented to the collection of Indian curiosities by Brother Simon, to whom it was presented by Mr. J. Welch, of St. Pierre, Michigan.

—Mrs. C. Dunbar has generously given Prof. Edwards \$200 for the Historical department. The money will be used to secure authentic portraits of distinguished statesmen. Mrs. Dunbar has the heartfelt thanks of the department for her very generous gift.

—Solemn High Mass was celebrated on St. Patrick's Day, in presence of all the students, by Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Stoffel, as deacon and subdeacon. The usual panegyric was preached by Rev. Father Steihl.

—Mr. J. Francis Smith has just finished his painting of Pius IX. This picture is pronounced one of the best of the portraits he has made for the Columbian Club-room. Mr. Smith has already commenced a life-size painting in oil of Henry Clay, who is numbered among the benefactors of the University, because it was through his influence that a post office was secured for Notre Dame.

—The 17th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on March 5th. Declamations were delivered by Masters J. H. Dwenger, P. E. Campau, E. P. Nash, F. Garrity, R. Papin, M. E. Devitt, and J. Nester. A vote of thanks was returned to Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger and Very Rev. Father Benoit for the fine lithographs lately presented to the society-room. Masters J. Garrity and Ames Winsor were elected to membership.

—The Juniors are loud in their criticisms of Senior football playing. They say nothing of their numbers—of being three or four to one in their last contest with Seniors. Neither did they mention that most of those playing on the Senior side had never taken part in such a contest before. We have fifteen of our number who are ready to play any twenty-five Juniors any time they wish. Be it remembered that on a former occasion, when these same fifteen were liable to win the championship, a certain Junior "boss" threw up the game for a very trivial reason.

—The 18th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Association was held March 2d. At this meeting the Question, "Is America the Greatest Nation on the Globe?" was ably debated by Messrs. Conway, Connor, Murphy and W. Smith on the affirmative, and Messrs. Eager, Yrizarri, Smith and M. Falvey on the negative. Messrs. A. West and P. Fillars were admitted to membership. March 25th being the anniversary of the organization of the Society, J. R. Marlett was appointed to give a sketch of the life of Rev. Father Lemonnier, its founder; and J. M. Falvey to prepare a paper on the anniversary of the Club.

—A meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held on Sunday evening, Very Rev. T. E. Walsh presiding. Very Rev. Father Granger, Rev. N. Stoffel, Brothers Marcellinus and Remigius, honored the meeting with their presence. The usual ten-minutes' discourse was delivered by one of the Fathers, who exhorted all to be very devout to St. Joseph. Geo. E. Clarke read an interesting paper on the Blessed Virgin, and J. Farrell treated in a creditable manner the subject of the Inquisition. A committee consisting of Messrs. G. E. Clarke, W. B. McGorrick and E. Otis, was appointed to solicit subscriptions for new Stations of the Cross, so much needed in the College chapel. After some timely remarks by the Rev. Director, the meeting adjourned.

—Last Sunday night the Mignon Club tendered a banquet and reception to Prof. Unsworth, of the Chair of English Literature. The Juniors' recreation hall was tastefully decorated for this occasion with the national colors, portraits of Shakspeare and other distinguished men of letters. After the members had assembled in the anteroom, the Club Orchestra struck up a grand march, and all filed into the banquet room to the places assigned them at the well-filled tables. Justice having been done the *menu*, Prof. Unsworth delivered a learned conference on Shakspeare and his works. The Professor entertained his audience for about an hour, when all adjourned to the conversation-room to engage in a social chat, before parting for the night. The members are unanimous in saying that the evening was the most profitable and enjoyable they have spent this year. The masters of ceremony on this occasion were Messrs. M. Foote, A. Gall, G. Castanedo, C. Porter and B. Zekind, who deserve great credit for the success which crowned their effort to have everything pass off well.

—"The Minims of Notre Dame," a Serio-Comic Drama, written by Very Rev. Father General, was played in St. Edward's Hall, last Tuesday, by the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association. Those who were present say that the entertainment was a perfect success. The drama is exactly what its name implies, serio-comic—for, while it is highly amusing, it has some serious features which impart useful and practical lessons. The hall was crowded with delighted spectators, among whom were Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Granger, Rézé, Frère, Shortis, Franciscus and Maher; Messrs. Sullivan and Irman, C. S. C.; Brothers Edward, Leander, Philip Neri, and others; Professors Gregori, Edwards, Lyons, and several ladies whose names we have not learned. Prof. Paul's Quartette furnished some excellent music. The closing remarks were made by Father General, to whom the entertainment was complimentary; he said that he was afraid to tell the youthful performers how pleased he was with their entertainment, lest the audience might think he was partial towards them. Other speeches from Rev. President Walsh and Rev. Father Shortis, both of whom testified to the pleasure which the serio-comic "Minims of Notre Dame" had afforded every one present. The following programme was perfectly carried out:

PART FIRST.

Music.....N. D. U. Quartette
Address.....J. Ryan Devereux
Instrumental Music.....
Prologue.....J. H. Dwenger

PART SECOND.

Dramatis Personæ:

John..... } Very attentive boys. {J. J. McGrath
James..... } Large for their age {J. R. Devereux

George.....	} Fine-looking boys {T. Norfolk
Louis.....	Ames Winsor
Charles.....	W. T. Berthelet
Julius.....	} Smart boys {René Papin
Francis.....	J. H. Dwenger
Joseph (A bright boy).....	W. Devine
William (A new-comer. A good boy).....	G. Gibson
Frederick (A new-comer. A runaway).....	D. Piatt
Students, etc.		

PART THIRD.

Tableau.....	"Minims of Notre Dame"
Music.....	N. D. U. Q.

—The programme of the Entertainment, given on Thursday night in honor of St. Patrick's Day by the Columbian Dramatic Club, was as follows:

PART FIRST.

Music—Irish National Airs.....	N. D. U. C. B.
Song and Chorus—Ultima Æstatis Rosa.....	
.....L. F. Florman and Choral Union	
Oration of the Day.....	Charles A. Tinley
Song—Seagirt Isle (Words by Very Rev. Edward Purcell).....	
.....G. S. Tracy	
Address.....	John A. O'Reilly
Music (Overture)—Lutspiel.....	College Orchestra
Prologue.....	Jos. E. Farrell

PART SECOND.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A Drama in Five Acts, by John Banim. Slightly changed for the Columbian Club.

Dramatis Personæ:

Damon.....	C. A. Tinley
Pythias.....	T. F. Kavanagh
Dionysius.....	J. M. Falvey
Procles.....	J. A. Marlett
Philistius.....	J. F. Browne
Hermes (Father of Damon).....	J. A. O'Reilly
Cleon (Father of Pythias).....	J. E. Farrell
Eon (Attendant to Pythias).....	T. P. Fenlon
Damocles.....	W. E. Grout
Lucius (Courier to Pythias).....	H. W. Morse
Lucullus (Attendant to Damon).....	E. G. Eager
Florianus Stacius (Child of Damon).....	E. Wile
Democritus (Captain of the Guards).....	E. Blackman
Heraclitus (First Officer).....	M. F. Falvey
Cresphontes (Second Officer).....	W. E. Smith
Timoleon.....	H. M. Lannan
Timæus.....	E. E. Smith
Leon.....	A. C. Schiml
Hipparchus.....	F. Wheatly
Maxillus.....	W. Johnson
Xenosius.....	H. A. Steis
Solon.....	F. Kinsella
Diogenes.....	J. B. Zettler
Petus.....	R. V. Becerra
Patricius.....	W. Connor
Camillus.....	A. R. West.

TABLEAU.

Epilogue.....	T. F. Kavanagh
Music (Zingara Quickstep).....	N. D. U. C. B.

During the Drama the Band and Orchestra discoursed appropriate music.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. M. Anderson, H. Akin, W. H. Arnold, J. B. Berry, W. B. Berry, W. H. Bailey, F. M. Barron, E. J. Bryant, J. F. Browne, F. M. Bell, W. S. Bolton, R. Becerra, W. A. Cooper, T. A. Culin, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, E. V. Chelini, A. B. Christian, J. Conway, G. E. Clarke, T. F. Clarke, W. H. Connor, N. Commerford, J. Delaney, A. D. Dorsey, J. Donegan, J. Drury, A. Dehner, F. Ewing, B. Eaton, W. Flannery, T. P. Fenlon, Jos. Farrell, J. M. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, F. W. Gallagher, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Grever, M. T. Healy, A. Jones, W. Johnson, F. Kinsella, J. J. Kelly, F. E. Kuhn, J. R. Kindel, G. M. Kerndt, J. C. Larkin, W. Minnis, G. Metz, J. R.

Marlett, C. I. McDermott, J. A. McIntyre, W. McDevitt, H. W. Morse, W. McEniry, E. B. Mason, G. E. McErlain, W. B. McGorrick, J. Nash, H. Noble, T. L. Noonan, J. B. O'Reilly, J. P. O'Neill, W. J. O'Connor, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, A. J. Peery, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, J. P. Peifer, E. J. Ryan, W. E. Ruger, H. W. Reid, C. D. Saviers, L. Steiger, W. Schofield, B. Schofield, J. Solon, W. E. Smith, C. A. Smith, H. A. Steis, C. A. Tinley, M. S. Thompson, Geo. Tracy, C. B. Van Duzen, Frank Wheatly, J. A. White, E. D. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler, A. F. Zahm, J. P. Delaney, R. Fitzgerald.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, E. Bailey, A. S. Brewster, G. B. Buchanan, B. B. Baca, F. Barnard, A. J. Campau, A. S. Colyar, J. M. Courtney, A. M. Coghlin, A. M. Chirhart, G. L. Deschamp, M. Dolan, C. Devoto, W. Dare, C. E. Droste, N. H. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, R. French, L. Florman, M. L. Foote, J. Friedman, H. E. Gilbert, W. M. Graham, M. S. Gooley, A. B. Gerlach, E. F. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, P. G. Hoffman, H. N. Hess, H. D. Hibbeler, W. F. Hanivan, J. Halligan, W. E. Jeannot, W. H. Johnston, F. R. Johnson, H. A. Kitz, J. T. McGordon, F. X. McPhillips, W. H. McCarthy, W. P. Mahon, J. E. Orchard, B. B. Osborn, C. F. Porter, S. L. Peery, D. G. Quill, T. C. Ryan, S. Rosenheim, A. L. Richmond, G. J. Rhodius, H. C. Snee, G. H. Schaefer, H. G. Sells, J. W. Start, A. T. Taggart, C. Ziegler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. J. Ackerman, E. Adams, W. T. Berthelet, C. D. Brandom, J. S. Beall, J. S. Chaves, P. E. Campau, M. P. Cummings, C. C. Campau, F. I. Coad, T. E. Curran, E. S. Chirhart, J. H. Dwenger, Ryan Devereux, J. P. Devereux, W. P. Devine, A. Devine, C. O. Davison, H. C. Dirksmeyer, M. E. Devitt, F. Fehr, J. A. Frain, G. G. Gibson, L. P. Graham, J. H. Garrity, F. I. Garrity, J. H. Hopkins, A. B. Hewitt, H. Hynes, P. P. Johnson, J. T. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. A. Kelly, F. Killner, C. Metz, W. M. Masi, D. L. McCawley, J. J. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. H. McGordon, W. J. Miller, E. P. Nash, T. Norfolk, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, C. C. Peters, R. V. Papin, D. A. Piatt, B. B. Powell, G. Price, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, C. Quinlin, V. A. Rebori, J. L. Rose, A. P. Roberts, W. J. Stange, O. Sommers, E. A. Thomas, J. Tong, D. Vosburgh, W. Walsh, W. Welch, A. Winsor, F. S. Whitney, L. J. Young, C. Young.

Class Honors.

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

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Jos. Browne, E. Otis, E. Orrick, W. Arnold, F. Quinn, W. W. Gray, J. Solon, F. Bell, A. Zahm, W. Schofield, F. Kuhn, E. McGorrick, W. McGorrick, T. D. Healy, C. McDermott, R. Fleming, J. A. McIntyre, G. Tracy, W. J. McCarthy, W. J. O'Connor, W. H. Bailey, J. E. Walsh, T. Flynn, J. M. Falvey, W. Cleary, R. M. Anderson, G. E. Clarke, N. Ewing, A. Coghlin, F. Grever, E. Fishel, H. Porter, C. Porter, M. Donahue.

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.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—M. Donahue; Latin—W. E. Bailey, E. Otis, W. Gray, M. Donahue; Greek—A. Zahm, N. Ewing, W. O'Connor, W. Bailey, W. S. Cleary; English Composition—J. Conway, E. Yrisarri, C. Fishburne, C. Kolars, J. Heffernan; Rhetoric—W. Cleary; English Literature—T. Healy, J. McIntyre, N. Ewing; Criticism—F. Quinn; Algebra—R. Fleming; Geometry—H. Porter, D. Corry, W. Bailey, W. McEniry; Trigonometry—W. McEniry; Surveying—W. Johnson; General Geometry and Calculus—R. Anderson, C. McDermott; Mechanics—E. Orrick, W. B. McGorrick; Astronomy—E. Orrick; Zoology—E. Otis; Physiology—N. H. Ewing, E. Orrick, A. Zahm, W. O'Connor; Botany—A. Zahm, J. Solon; Latin—N. H. Ewing; Physics—; Chemistry—; Mineralogy—; Geology—; History—.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—An interesting scene took place in the Chapel of Loreto, on Sunday evening, the 12th inst.: Rev. Father Shortis administered baptism to the two infant sons of Mr. J. Blake, Editor of the *Fremont County Record*, Colorado. Richard Percival and Patrick Henry were the names given.

—Visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Beal, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. Robert H. Bogue, Baltimore; Mrs. Canney, Muskegon, Mich.; P. L. Garrity, and Edward Kelley, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan, Hancock, Mich.; Mrs. James C. Burke, Chicago; Mrs. D. S. Ryan, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. J. Blake, Colorado.

—At the Regular Academic reunion reading, English compositions, first Senior Class: "Silent Eloquence," Miss Feehan; "English Literature," Miss Fox. Second Senior Class: "Individuality," Miss Fishburne, read by Miss C. Campbell; "The Trifling Pupil her own Worst Enemy," Miss McKenna, read by Miss Fishburne; "Not Enjoyment and not Sorrow is our Destined End and Way," Miss Wall, read by Miss Simms.

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

Peace, the Tranquillity of Order.

How quietly the Damask Rose
Speaks to the heart in its repose!
Its tinted petals softly lie,
A mirror of the sunset sky,
And, regular pink fold on fold,
They rest in beauty's perfect mould.
We gaze entranced as we draw nigh,
And in rapt admiration cry,
"Peace is the tranquil impress given
By order, the first law of Heav'n!"

The crystal drop of morning dew,
Collecting all the night-time through,
So faultless in its lovely robe,
A tiny, sun-reflecting globe,
Hath the same message on its breast,
By perfect purity impressed.
The snow-flake, in its star-like grace,
Bears charming order on its face,
As tranquilly it settles down,
Upon the sear leaf cold and brown.

The ruby, with its ardent light,
The diamond, brightest of the bright;
Opal and amethyst, all tell
The fairy-tale we love so well.
The morning dawns, the sun rides high,
Climbs to his zenith in the sky;
Then he declines, and goes to rest
On purple couches of the West,
While his unfailing visits show
How order rules, above, below.

The seasons' come, they pass away,
Glad Spring-time with her aspect gay;
And Summer, with ripe glories crowned,
Her forehead with clematis bound;

The Autumn, with grave tints, and fair
Fruits gleaming, shining, everywhere,
And Winter, with his ice-bound rills,
His steel-grey clouds, and frozen hills,
Each, each the same just law unfolds,
As quietly the season rolls.

Earth's bosom in its aspect wild,
Its metamorphic rocks up-piled;
Its igneous ejections grand,
Its geysers, and its beds of sand,
Proclaim that order, from the first,
Its rhythmic changes hath rehearsed.
Time's geologic book is spread
And fossil mysteries are read;
The planets in their path we find,
Each gliding through the space assigned;
Millions of worlds in faultless march,
Traverse the blue nocturnal arch,
Their mystic light, with magic spell,
Of peace, of tranquil order tell.

Reflected in the human heart,
Here, order plays its noblest part—
And bids the pulses beat in time
To Heaven's own harmony sublime.

How sweetly in St. Mary's bowers,
Amid her fountains and her flowers,
Have we imbibed the peace here shed,
Beneath, around, and overhead.
Peace! Let it rest in each young heart,
As from its shades we shall depart,
A fitting souvenir of place,
Environed by the might of grace,
A passport to success in life,
Our shield, our breastplate in the strife.
As to her nest returns the dove,
So *Alma Mater* claims our love.

ADELAIDE KIRCHNER.

Intellectual Culture.

The extent to which the culture of the human mind can be carried is simply inconceivable. Compare the graceful ideas, quickness of conception, and breadth of comprehension exhibited by the diligent student, with the ignorance and obtuseness of the trifler, and some notion may be formed of the results to be derived from the cultivation of the intellectual powers.

Two, for example, are travelling. The first, with his lively imagination and thoughtful mind, finds interest in every object. The character of the flowers, the nature of the soil, of the plants and trees, the distinguishing traits of the people, each furnish him with pleasing and profitable occupation. They add to the store-house of his information, while his unobservant companion has no wish or thought beyond passing the time, satisfying his natural craving for food and rest, without so much as a thought or a single aspiration beyond.

Though mental growth does not necessarily presuppose an elevation of the nature, yet it would seem that the mind and heart should together aspire heavenward. When the intellect is lifted above the common, material aims of life, the heart, we would suppose, should naturally partake of its exalted tendencies.

This is the advantage to which we would draw attention. For a series of consecutive years we have been applying our minds to the pursuit of science. The key to

many an intellectual prize has been placed within our grasp. We have followed the procession of events in History, and our interior life has deepened and expanded with a wider charity. The range of the higher mathematics has imparted mental exercise, has given to our perceptions a vigor and stability by no other means to be secured. Further on, the intricate science of Logic has placed at our command the laws of reasoning; the systematic methods of arriving at just conclusions. Mental philosophy, like the full bloom of some celestial flower, has exposed to our admiring eyes, the grandeur of our own mental constitution. Above all, Christian doctrine, like the firm rein which holds the mettled steed, has placed in our charge the means to exclude those subtle errors resulting from unsanctified, worldly wisdom. We have breathed in a higher atmosphere, that of our intellectual being. We have learned the laws of a new life, the life of the mental world, and never before did we so perfectly realize the strength and capabilities of human intelligence.

History, to us, is no longer merely the compilation of indifferent events. It has become vitalized, and filled with a present and personal interest. The confusion of tongues and the dispersion of the race at Babel point clearly to the divine interference in the affairs of men, and this principle we find borne out in all the events of history. The annihilation of the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea; the career of Joseph, and the protection extended to his guilty brethren when he was Prime Minister at the Egyptian Court; the destruction of the envious Aman, and the exaltation of the principle. No longer are we simply the citizens of a narrow province of the globe: we are children of a common Father to whom "a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years," to whom the universe is a point in space, and a point in space is as the universe.

Mathematics cease to be a cold, speculative and drill exercise, but in the science we discern a living interpretation of the immensity, the exactitude, of the rules by which infinity is governed. Logic, dry Logic, thrills with a melody like that of some majestic epic poem. Upon its basis the laws and constitutions, the civil and political existence and liberty of kingdoms and commonwealths securely repose, for we have arrived at a more intelligent conception of the system underlying the science of political economy and statesmanship.

Mental philosophy is not, as formerly, a vague and mystic realm. It leads us through severe and well-defined avenues into the way that leads to eternal life, the straight and narrow, but sapphire-canopied, path of Christian doctrine. Here we are convinced that the mind expands and becomes purified and ennobled by study and by exercise. We are impelled to intellectual culture because the soul is thereby invigorated, and strength is imparted to the vacillating will.

Intellectual culture can alone be secured by methodical and persevering study. It is but the initiative step to the more sublime expansion of the immortal powers beyond the grave.

C. D.

A PRETTY young girl full of pique,
Got down in the mouth, so to spique,
And when people laughed
She thought she was chaughed,
And she stayed in the house for a wique.

THE veil that hides our future was woven by the angel of mercy.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, Hanbury, Walsh, M. Clarke, Dillon, Feehan, Bland, Beal, M. Campbell, C. Campbell, Chrischellis, E. Call, Donnelly, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Heneberry, Lancaster, A. Nash, Ave Price, Rasche, Simms, Shickey, Vander Heyden, H. Van Patten, L. Van Patten, Black, Casey, Etta Call, Chirhart, Coryell, Fishburne, Hackett, Keenan, Owens, Margaret Price, Rosing, V. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, Rulison, Sawyer, Thompson, Waters. Fenlon, Fleming, Behler, English, M. H. Ryan, Reutlinger, Adderly, Clifford, Wagner, B. English, Gavan, Green, N. Hicks, Smith, Northrop, Ives, Eldridge, M. Watson. *2d Tablet*—Misses Fox, Wiley, McKenna, H. Nash, M. A. Ryan, Wall, Butts, Legnard, Leydon, McCoy, A. McGordon, N. McGordon, Mary Price, J. Reilly, Watson, Newton, H. Hicks, Mulvey, Pampell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, S. Semmes, A. Clarke, M. Chirhart, M. Coogan, M. Dillon, L. Heneberry, O'Neill, Robertson, Bard, Fehr, M. Condron, M. Sullivan, M. Chaves, C. Richmond, Mary Otis, D. Best. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Ducey, Eager, Considine, M. Morgan, A. Martin, M. Paquette, M. Rodgers, M. Otero, M. Schmdt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses N. Brown, E. Rigney, J. English, J. McGrath, M. Otis, A. Sawyer.

SCHOOL OF DRAWING, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE.

DRAWING.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses English, A. Rasche, L. Fox, L. Lancaster, C. Lancaster.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses C. Donnelly, M. Beal, Reilly, A. Nash, H. Nash, J. Owens.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Van Patten, M. Richardson, C. Harrigan, M. Fishburne, B. English, M. Dillon, A. Clarke, M. A. Ryan, K. Mulligan, A. Gavan, L. Williams, M. Watson, A. English.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Van Patten, M. Richardson, C. Harrigan, M. Fishburne, B. English, M. Dillon, A. Clarke, M. A. Ryan, J. Barlow, G. O'Neill, Mary Casey, J. Krick, M. Clarke, C. Pease, C. Richmond, M. Morgan, C. Fenlon.

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses English, L. Fox, A. Rasche, L. Lancaster, S. Papin, C. Lancaster.

2D CLASS—Misses Vander Heyden, H. Van Patten, Waters, Thompson, B. Legnard, C. Campbell, L. Fendrick.

2D DIV.—Misses C. Wall, Maud Wiley, C. Donnelly, Ave Price, M. Beal, Mary Price, A. Rulison, Margaret Price, E. Hackett, A. Watson, V. Reilly, H. Hicks, E. Galen, N. McGordon, L. English, S. McKenna, A. Nash, H. Nash, J. Owens, J. Spangler, P. Ewing, M. Wilkins, M. Garrity, S. Hanbury, A. Martin, H. Davenport.

3D CLASS—Misses A. McGordon, M. H. Ryan, M. Otero, L. Coryell, L. Van Patten.

SCULPTURE.

MODELLING IN CLAY.

Misses A. Rasche, L. Fendrick.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Simms, Etta Call, Edith Call, E. Shickey, A. Richardson, R. Fishburne, M. Mulvey, B. Smith, M. Eldridge, A. Ives.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Mary Otis, F. Hibbins, M. Chirhart, M. Coogan, M. Schmidt, N. Brown, A. Welch, M. Paquette, E. Considine, M. Chaves, L. Heneberry, C. Patterson, W. Mosher, M. Coyne, B. Hackett, A. Watrous, F. Castanedo, M. Condron.

GOD never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.