

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOLUME XV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 25, 1882.

NUMBER 28.

On A Violin.

BY ELIOT RYDER

Here in his fragile prison Ariel lies,
Waiting in patience for the master's hands!
He comes, and sounds of sweetest passion rise
Like fragrant incense at his soft commands.
Low cadences of rapture and despair
Speak to us of the struggle and defeat
Of the fair god who dwells a captive there;
Yet tells us of his grief in tones so sweet
We share with him the sorrow of an hour,
And weep with him the suffering of his wrongs,
Yet will not free him lest we lose the power
Of waking him to sing to us his songs:
For Ariel's exquisite and magic tone
Dwells in the whispering violin alone.

Chateaubriand.

Of the illustrious literary men of modern France, none, perhaps, is more entitled to our admiration or more worthy of gratitude than Chateaubriand. His character and career are alike full of interest for the student of biography. The works of the defender of Christianity, the poet-traveler, romancist, critic, politician, must always, from the amount of truth and beauty which they contain, continue to exercise a powerful influence for good among the higher minds in all nations. After the destructive philosophy of the eighteenth century had withered the heart of France, and, in connection with the results of circumstances, which want of insight on the part of governments had permitted to accumulate, produced that terrible revolution which, ignoring Providence, established the scaffold in the place of the altar, Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity" was the first great literary work which re-awakened the divine sentiment in the souls of his countrymen.

Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo, September, 1768, and died in Paris in the midst of the Revolution of 1848. A native of the old Celtic department of France. He was the son of Augustine de Chateaubriand, Count of Combourg, the youngest of a family of ten children. He gives a striking picture in the sketches of his early days of the ancestral mansion, the old chateau in the green, aged Breton woods and of its inmates; the affection, the parental authority, the amusements, the family recollections, the studies, the walks in blustering autumn among the withered leaves of the woods.

When seventeen, Chateaubriand entered the Regiment of Navarre and went to Paris, among other things to cultivate literature. During this period he has described the many phases of life he witnessed in the French capital.

When the revolution broke out he came to America; but hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI, returned, took service in the Prussian army, and was wounded at the siege of Thionville, whence he was conveyed to Jersey, and went thence, not yet recovered, to England. In London, being without money, he supported himself by teaching French and translating for the publishers, earning a scanty income. There he obtained assistance from the Literary Fund, and published his "Essay on the Revolutions." Returning to France, he wrote and dedicated the first edition of his "Genius of Christianity" to Buonaparte, who made him Secretary of Legation at Rome, in 1803, and subsequently Minister of France to the Republic of Valais. On hearing of the assassination of the Duc D'Enghien, he resigned those posts. In 1806, he visited Greece, Asia Minor, India, Africa, Spain; and in 1811 published his "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem." In 1815, he followed Louis XVIII to Ghent; in 1822 he became representative of France at the Congress of Verona, and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the Revolution of July had occurred, he pronounced his famous discourse in favor of the Duc de Bordeaux, refused to recognize Louis Philippe, and retired to Switzerland. In 1832 he was arrested in consequence of his supposed connection with the enterprise of the Duchess de Berryer; was defended by Berryer, and acquitted.

Chateaubriand passed his last years in retirement. In 1825 a splendid edition of his works was produced in Paris, from which he realized a large income. His genuine goodness of nature, high principles, poetic tastes, in alliance with the great motive which animated his literary life, seem to render him a type of the perfect gentleman. His amiable disposition surrounded him with crowds of friends. He was venerated alike by the powerful and the poor; and we are told that charity was so much a necessity of his life, that he was each day accustomed to disburse the contents of his purse, whatever it contained, to the needy who sought his aid, or those whom he sought out to assist and comfort.

From the green world of the Breton woodlands and of home we follow him to the brilliant surface life of Paris before the Revolution; to the courts, the salons, the theatres, the cabinets of statesmen, *atelier* of the artist, the hovels of the poor. The city is still gay with sunshine, but the thunder-clouds are gathering blackly around the horizon, and the vibrations of the earthquake wave disturb the salons, where the powdered and ruffled guests are dancing and scintillating witticisms. We follow the solitary exile across the ocean to the New World, in the days before steam, when, to the western peoples, the Atlantic was indeed "a century away from Europe," and communication long and tedious—days different from the

present, when its shores are little more than a week distant, and when

"Thought flashes swift through the wire as through nerve,
over mountain, through main,
And the telegraph narrows the round of the world to the
size of the brain."

We accompany him in his tours among the primeval forests and mighty waters, among the tribes of the grown-up children we call savages, when he was collecting materials for "Atala," and living with the great presence of Nature, until her life, become a part of his own, imbued his genius with that freshness and beauty which charm us in his writings. In the interesting memorials of his travels, his book on "Greece" and the "Itinerary in the Holy Land," his eye seizes on all that is poetic in landscape and life; the immensity of nature and the spirit of religion exalt his contemplations, while that of History is ever present with her repertory of detail, to give a living interest to the scenes changed by time. To obtain the sentiment elicited by the scenery of the Peloponnesus, the plain of Athens, Corinth sparkling on its thread-like isthmus between the blue Ægean and Ionian waters, Lebanon, the Syrian desert, the Holy Places—Chateaubriand's books will always be favorite reading. There is as much color in his thoughts as in his descriptions. It is pleasant to ramble with a traveller who can feel as well as observe—especially in the East, where, as in Italy, "the memory sees more than the eye."

French poetic prose dates from the appearance of the "Atala" of Chateaubriand. He was the first who introduced *couleur locale* into French descriptive writing. In order to draw, intellectual sight is alone requisite, but to color, one must feel. Chateaubriand had the gift of poetic observation to paint the object and the motions it elicits. Nature is old, yet ever "young with fresh eternity"; and the sentiment awakened by the great forests of America and the deserts of the East in the soul of the solitary genius, not unfrequently have impressed his style with an antique austere simplicity and a freshness like spring rain or sunlight. Often his prose is equal to the most beautiful verse.

The subject of Chateaubriand's greatest work, "Genius of Christianity," is the most magnificent and important which a writer could select for exposition, description, comment and illustration. He has treated it from many aspects—the Biblical, the historical, the moral and poetic. After the literature of the Revolution—that of philosophers and factions—with its blighting lightning and cloud confusions, this book led France, as under the arch of a rainbow, once more into the sacred region of peace and love, illuminated by religion and heaven. It was necessary to treat the great theme in a popular manner. Chateaubriand alternately expounds principles, paints pictures, and inspires sentiment; explains the truths and exhibits the beauties of Christianity: the theologian in one chapter becomes the poet in the next. The work is divided into four parts. In the first he demonstrates the Christian doctrines, treats briefly of the mysteries and sacraments, of morality, Scripture truths, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. In the second part he develops the literary and poetic genius of Christianity, and compares its poetry with that of paganism. In the last he treats of worship, the rites of the Church, marriage, funerals, the orders of the clergy, of works of charity, and, in fine, of the influence of Christianity on laws and institutions.

The Concordat of 1801 had re-established Christianity in France concurrently with the appearance of the book. The churches, which had been polluted by the orgies and atheistic fêtes of the Reign of Terror, were thrown open for public prayer; and where the maniac masses had assembled to worship the "Goddess of Reason"—but who now, after their experience of the Pandemonium, resulting from the temporary eclipse of national common sense, had been sharply convinced that true reason could never have produced the horrors through which they had passed—the people once more returned to worship the mysteries of Divine Love. Chateaubriand, who was alike attached to monarchy and liberty, was said to have sought in his book to lead back royalty through the gates of the Church, and such, was, perhaps, partly his intention. But his real and obvious object was to ensure the restoration and triumph of Religion, to substitute cosmos for chaos, the altar for the scaffold and cannon, and attach the nation to Christianity, by showing by contrast with other systems, that the revealed truths of Religion were alone those under whose manifold influences any system of life or government could produce permanent happiness to mankind. Such was Chateaubriand's object, and it was one in which the good genius of the writer triumphed.

Chateaubriand's prose is far more poetic than the French poetry of his period; it is more so than that of Lamartine and Hugo—more delicately emotional, colored, efflorescent. Some of his choicest passages are to be found in "René," a melodious dream of a soul placed amid the harmonies of the universe. It is vaguely ideal, full of mysterious beauty. Among its lovely passages is that which depicts the impression made on the mind by hearing the village bells on a Sunday in a wood, that primitive green temple. *Leaning against the trunk of a beach-tree, René* listens in silence to the sacred sounds undulating on the air, and gently stirring the leaves with their vibrations. They recall the simplicity of rural manners, the innocence of early days, their affections and fancies, and, in the calm solitude, the holy feelings of religion, family, country—bells that rang when the infant was born, which recall the joys of the father, the pains and joys of the mother; bells which rang amid the silence of death, and whose voice is associated alike with the cradle and the tomb. If we were to seek for a physical image to represent the lofty, tender and ideal genius of Chateaubriand, we should somehow select a beautiful chestnut tree, full of broad leaves and brown fruit—leaves which, green or richly hued with autumn, respond the varying music to each wind of heaven—through whose branches we obtain vistas of the great, fresh new world in the sunset beyond the great ocean, and of the old, sacred, lonely world toward the dawn—a tree, too, which shelters an altar raised to God, where the soul can pray, and dream of the divine.

N. W.

The Electric Light.

ABSTRACT OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE NOTRE DAME SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION. BY EUGENE C ORRICK.

It seems as if a revolution in the manner in which the world is to be illuminated by night is now near at hand. Primitive man made use of a torch to light his way through the darkness; the ancients illuminated their magnificent halls and palaces by a very rude form of lamp: while our immediate ancestors rejoiced in the tallow-dip;

but we, after having successively enjoyed the coal-oil lamp and the more brilliant gas burner, are now turning towards the electric light as the light that will eventually supersede every other, and is destined to turn the darkest night into resplendent noon. Many have seen the electric light, admired its brilliancy, and perhaps wondered how so much light could be produced by a machine perhaps miles away. Possibly they may consider for a moment how this energy causes the light, but on second thought they say it is electricity and all is explained. Immediately they are satisfied. Little do they think of the years and years of patient study that have been required to perfect its wonderful generators, or the hard labor and patient investigation that have been expended in inventing a lamp that will give a steady light; little do they think of its history and still less of the nature of that most wonderful form of energy that has wrought so many changes in the world.

The electric light was first produced by means of batteries, and as early even as 1810 we find Sir Humphrey Davy experimenting with three thousand cells. The current generated by these cells was passed through two conducting carbons, which, when brought together and then slowly drawn apart for a short distance to form the arc, produce the light.

The light is not, however, as might be supposed, caused by the combustion of the carbon, but it emanates from the intensely heated particles passing from one pole to the other, as also from the points of the carbons which are raised to a white heat. This may be made perfectly evident by projecting the points of the carbons on a screen. Such experiments, frequently made, showed—theoretically, at least—that the light produced in this way was greatly superior to any then in use. But it was quite impossible to turn the electric light as it then was to any practical account beyond that of illuminating lecture-rooms for a short while, for to produce it required a large number of cells, the cost of which was very considerable. Besides this, they demanded constant attention. However, when Oersted made the discovery of the connection between electricity and magnetism, the opening was made for all the great inventions that have followed, and which were based upon that connection. But the discovery of Oersted was not utilized in inventions for producing electricity until the celebrated Faraday, arguing that if electricity would cause magnetism, magnetism must necessarily produce electricity, commenced his series of brilliant experiments, which ended in establishing the truth of his hypothesis. Soon after this, several machines were made which gave very good results; but they were, of course, small, as the magnets used were permanent ones. Soon, however, electro-magnets were substituted, and then we had essentially the machine of to-day. They were, it is true, very far from producing such grand results as are attained at present, but, nevertheless, they gave a current of great strength, and as early as 1859 we find light-houses illuminated by the Alliance, a French machine. This was one of the first constructed, and with an 8-horse power engine would give a 1,900 candle-power light. This was a very good beginning, and not much time was allowed to elapse before improvements began to appear very rapidly. The Wilde, Siemens, Gramme, Wallace-Farmer, Weston, Lontin, Maxim, Brush, and last, though by no means the least valuable, the Edison machines have since been brought before the public. Besides these, any number of others have been in-

vented, but those above-mentioned are the best known. Although one might suppose that in so many machines there would be some essential difference, there is none; all are constructed on the same principle, and may be said to be merely modifications of one another rather than anything else. The Siemens and Gramme occupy the first place in Europe, that is as to public patronage, although the Brush is fast becoming a successful competitor for the lion's share. In this country, the Brush has become quite popular; and although it is not yet perfect it generally gives satisfaction wherever introduced. Some claim superiority for the Gramme and Siemens, others for the Weston and Maxim, but as far as our examination goes we cannot see much difference in the practical results obtained.

The Edison machine and lamp, which have only lately been perfected, do not come in competition with any of the others; for, although the machine is essentially the same, the lamp is entirely different. Edison's system is for the purpose of giving many lights of low power, while all the others are constructed to give few lights of high power. Although Edison's invention has been so lately completed, it has, nevertheless, enjoyed quite an extensive sale, and for some time past the inventor has been having the mains for his system laid in the streets of New York.

The principle of the dynamo-electric machine is very simple. The current is produced by the rapid revolution of an armature—which is generally nothing more than a ring of varying form, around which a number of coils of copper wire are wrapped—before the poles of a magnet or magnets. From permanent magnets the change was quickly made to electro-magnets, which are now so constructed as to receive their charge by induction. These magnets induce a current of electricity in the wire bobbins, of which the armature either consists or is surrounded with, the current is conveyed along those wires, through the shaft, to what is called a commutator, where it is collected by copper brushes. The current, by means of the commutator, is alternately sent through the magnets and to the lights. The Edison, like the Siemens, instead of having wire bobbins, as most of the others, has its armature constructed of thin bars of copper lying close together, and, of course, completely insulated from each other. This has its advantage, especially in the case of the Edison light, for it renders the current of great intensity and capable of much subdivision.

Such are the machines, but of equally great importance are the lamps, and here the talents of the inventors have been called into play to an extent fully as great as that of the inventors of the machine. Lamps, in numbers greater even than of the machines, have been produced, but only a few have obtained any great celebrity. They, like the machines, are nearly all constructed on the same principle. The upper carbon is held in its position by means of a clamp worked by regulating solenoids. These are so constructed that the weaker the current the lower the carbon will descend; while, as it grows stronger, the carbon will rise and lengthen the arc until the current is at its normal strength. There is no reciprocating motion, as might be supposed, for the solenoids are so sensitive that the whole is resolved into a steady downward motion. Not only are these lamps so constructed as to automatically suit themselves to the strength of the current, but even they are provided with an apparatus which automatically throws them out of the circuit as soon as the carbons are burned out, or if any lamp becomes deranged in

any way, so that the remaining lamps in the circuit, far from being injured by the derangement of one lamp, are rendered brighter by the accession of its light, if the engine be maintained at the same speed. To such a degree of perfection have these high-power lamps arrived, that it would seem as if nothing was left to be desired. Yet there is one thing left which remains to be overcome, not in the lamp, but in the carbons, and that is the uneven resistance which causes the light to flicker. When perfectly pure carbons are obtained, the difficulty will then be solved. These lights have been made to give a light of 100,000 candle power, and from such results within a few years, we can hardly conjecture what will have resulted fifty years hence.

While such astonishing improvements have been going on in the high power light, the low-power has been making them quite as rapidly. First, trying to get a light by heating platinum wire, and failing, through the melting of the wire, Mr. Edison, after various fruitless attempts to remedy it, set himself to find a substance that would answer his purpose. He was not long in finding it; carbon was what he wanted. But on heating small pieces of carbon he found that they oxidized, so it was clear that the light must be produced in a vacuum. In the beginning he used carbonized paper horse-shoes, but soon found that a film of bamboo, carbonized by a process peculiar to himself, answered his purpose much better. Thus, after much experiment, the lamp has arrived at its present state of development, which, although not perfect, still answers its purpose most admirably. It requires renewal two or three times a year, but that can hardly be argued as a drawback, for the lamps cost only twenty cents, and can be screwed on and off with the greatest ease. The lamps are so arranged that the light may be turned on and off by means of a screw in the same way as that in which gas is turned on or off, and is very convenient. They can be used singly, doubly, or, in fact, in any number. Chandeliers composed of them are very beautiful.

The principal obstacle to the success of this machine would seem to be the fact that if, when many lights are supplied, all but a few should happen to be turned off, as is quite possible, the excess of electricity would either melt the wires on the others or heat the machine. But Edison's inventive genius comes to his rescue; as soon as the lights are turned off, an indicator he has invented immediately makes known the state of affairs, and the speed can be decreased. Not only has he invented this indicator, but he has invented an electrometer by which he is able to tell just how much electricity is furnished to any place. In a few years we may expect to see this wonderful form of mild illumination disseminated throughout the whole United States. As an example of the size of one of Edison's electrical machines I will give the dimensions and weight of the one at the Paris Exhibition. The cast-iron sole plate on which the dynamo and engine rested, with the pillow blocks, weighed 9,600 lbs.; the magnets complete, 24,500 lbs.; armature complete, and shaft, 8,000 lbs.; engine, 10,000 lbs.; total 44,600 lb. The sole plate measured $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ feet; length of the magnets, 8 ft.; length of armature, 5 ft.; the commutator added, 9 in.; diameter of armature, 28 in.; engine cylinder, 11x6 in.; capacity, 2,400 jets.

Although the electric light has sprung into existence almost, we might say, with one bound, it is still capable of being improved. Yet, as it now stands, it has been shown

to be much cheaper and better than gas; so that, as we can now get any power of from 8 to 100,000 candles, there seems to be no reason why, before long, every town and village throughout the land should not have its electric lights.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—A new edition in one volume of T. Buchanan Read's poems is announced by the Messrs. Lippincott.

—It is said that Glück is the last composer who made use of the cornet in the orchestra in his "Orpheus," played the first time in 1769.

—Mr. Woolner, the English sculptor, has just completed the model of a full life-size statue of Mr. Gladstone, which is described as admirable, both as a likeness and as a work of art.

—Prof. St. George Mivart, F. R. S., the eminent Catholic scientist, contributes an able and timely article for the current number of *The Month*, entitled, "A danger from Diffidence."

—Mlle. Rosa Bonheur is painting a series of heads of animals which are to be reproduced by an English engraver. Two of these, the head of a splendid old lion and that of a demure-looking donkey, are now ready.

—A would-be wag advertised in the name of Mr. Barra-bale, a London artist, for two hundred pretty girls, presumably to act as models, and they flocked in such numbers at the studio in Piccadilly that the tenant was requested by his landlord to leave.—*The Art Amateur*.

—On the approaching anniversary of Shakspeare's birth (April 23), a series of fourteen performances will be given in the Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon. "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Comedy of Errors," are included in the programme.

—M. Millet, a brother of the late distinguished artist, is the originator of an idea for using thin panels of natural woods for the covers of books—veneers, such as have long been used for furniture and wall decoration. These veneers are cut so thin that over one hundred are needed to make a pile an inch high.

—A fine collection of foreign and American paintings is now offered for sale in Boston. The collection includes works by such artists as Rosa Bonheur, De Neuville, Daubigny, Corot, Couture, Diaz, Dupre, Heilbuth, Hunt, Hauson, Richet, Narcotte de Quivieres, Michel, Mukacsy, Roybert, Schreyer, Tryon, Van Marcke, Ziem, and others.

—The masterpiece at a recent exhibition of tapestry paintings in London was executed by Mrs. McDowell, the wife of the celebrated Irish sculptor. At the exhibition last year she received the first laurel and has secured a second one this year. Her painting of "Europe" is a splendid copy of the celebrated tapestry in Buckingham Palace presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe.

—At the last monthly meeting of the New York Historical Society, Rev. Father Dealy, S. J., read a paper on "The Great Colonial Governor of New York, Col. Thos. Dongan." *The Critic* says of this paper: "It exhibited great historical research, and a careful examination of the public acts of Gov. Dongan, during his administration under James II. The speaker paid a high tribute to his purity of character, his moderation, and political sagacity, which won for him, a Catholic deputy of a Catholic king, the esteem of the Protestant people whom he governed. His wise policy in dealing with the Indians, was depicted, and important effects of his administration upon the history of the country were traced from the facts that it was he who convoked the first representative assembly in New York, and who granted the first charter for civil and religious liberty in America."

—Another translation of Dante! Musmus Pasha, the Turkish Representative in England, has translated the great Italian poet into Greek. The idiom employed is not Romaic nor Neo-Hellenics, nor is it classical Greek, such as modern Greek writers use in translations and in imitation of the classical authors. The vocabulary, accidence, and syntax, though not always strictly classical, are

ancient; but the particles are almost wholly absent, and the order of the words and not a few of the expressions are modern. Thus to a classical scholar the language seems strange, though intelligible; how it will appear to a modern Greek it is difficult to imagine: but with the various phases and modifications through which the Greek language has passed and is passing, an idiom such as this seems hardly unjustifiable. At all events it is excellently fitted for the purpose for which the translator has employed it.

Scientific Notes.

—M. l'Abbé Laborde is said to have devised an arrangement by which 8, 10, and perhaps 12 dispatches may be forwarded at once over a single wire.

—Prof. Wells, of the Dudley Observatory, has discovered a new comet. Seen from the comet, the earth is in quadratures; that is, drawing lines from the earth to the comet and the sun, respectively, the angle included, would be very nearly a right angle. The news of the discovery was cabled to Europe.

—One of the benefits originally predicted from the use of the electric light was that fire risks would be abated. It however appears that the currents of electricity which produce light can as readily produce intense heat, and a new and special risk is therefore caused. Commissioner Van Cott, of New York, reported that three fire-alarm boxes were burned out by chance currents from electric light wires in that city not long since.

—When the Jesuit missionaries made their way in the 17th century to Peking, and startled the wise men of the Celestial Empire by their superior knowledge, they found in the eastern part of the city, on the rampart or wall surrounding it, an astronomical observatory, furnished with several old instruments. Father Verbiest so gained the confidence of the Emperor by repeatedly calculating beforehand the exact length of the shadow which a gnomon would throw at noon, that he was authorized to have six new large instruments made. An account of these he published in 1687. To the old instruments, which had to be removed to make room for his own, he seems to have paid little attention. These instruments, as well as those erected by Verbiest, are, however, even still in existence, and are described in an interesting paper by Mr. J. L. E. Dreyer, in the December number of the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy." A friend of Mr. Dreyer's residing in China, Mr. S. M. Russell, had taken a series of photographs of these interesting scientific relics. Verbiest's instruments, sextant, quadrant, azimuth, circle, zodiacal armillary sphere, etc., were copies of the astronomical instruments devised and constructed by Tycho Brahe, but besides these were the two large and imposing-looking instruments which had been removed from the observatory by Verbiest; these, according to Mr. Wylie, were made during the Yuen dynasty, and he quotes a Chinese description of Peking, in which the observatory and four large instruments (two of which can, from the description, be identified as the two still extant) are said to have been constructed A. D. 1279. In this year Koblai Khan, the great Mongol monarch, finished the conquest of China, and moved his residence to the new city Taydo, now Peking. This monarch favored the arts and sciences, and he supported and protected the astronomer, Ko Show-King. It will be observed that there are thus here two remarkable instances of how the Chinese often came into the possession of great inventions many centuries before the Westerners enjoyed them; for there are found thus in the 13th century the equatorial armillæ of Tycho Brahe, and, more remarkable still, an equatorial instrument quite like those with which Tycho observed the comet of 1588. These instruments of Ko Show-King were examined in one of the first years of the 17th century by the Jesuit Matteo Ricci; and in Colonel Yele's translation of The Book of Sir Marco Polo they are described at length. By them it is proved that the Chinese astronomers anticipated some of the ideas of the great Danish astronomer some three centuries before his time.—*London Tablet*.

College Gossip.

—It is rumored in Hartford that fifty of the Chinese students recently called home are to return and complete their studies.

—Prof. Russell, of Brown University, said at the recent educational Institute at Providence, that in the common way of talking, it has come to be a fixed idea that, next to the American eagle, the common school is the greatest product of the Nineteenth century, and that he believed this was the greatest American delusion that has been promulgated.—*Ave Maria*.

—It is rumored that the students of Notre Dame University, Indiana, will produce a play of Plautus, or Sophokles, during the present session. We would suggest the latter author, and his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, as the play to be selected. Probably the correct costumes used by the Harvard men, could be borrowed or hired, and, if the proper pronunciation of Greek were adopted, the whole affair would undoubtedly prove a grand success.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

We value this suggestion, but we think the "Captives" of Plautus is to be preferred on account of the absence of female characters. The *Œdipus* would require too much adaptation here. Again, the "Captives" is a much shorter play. It is rumored that one of the professors is writing a new play in Latin, one of the characters being "Taurus Sedens."

—Gibbon tried hard to give Oxford a bad name, but as Gibbon was anything but a model student when at Oxford, and his utterances in after-life were anything but Gospel truth, one feels disposed to pay no heed to them. The Brooklyn *Eagle* is, we believe, not a model newspaper, although one of considerable influence, and whether or not its English correspondent has a grudge against Oxford, similar to that of Gibbon's, we are not aware, but he gives a bad account of the behavior there on solemn occasions. We take the following from *The Varsity* of March 3:

A correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* went the round of Oxford and writes a letter thereon. It was during commemoration week, when the degree of D. C. L. is conferred. The writer explains that it is not supposed that a man should know anything of law to become a D. C. L.; critics, poets, politicians, inventors, noblemen—for being noblemen—are doctored. The candidates are marshalled up the hall from the door in single file, all dressed in red gowns; the professor of civil law introduces each in a Latin speech, which contains some happy characterization; the chancellor then addresses the candidate in another Latin speech, applying to him some complimentary expressions and, finally, the bar is raised and he shakes the candidate by the hand, who sits down a D. C. L. The bad behavior of the undergraduates in the gallery is famous. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howling from beginning to end. It is said that when Tennyson presented himself in his usually uncombed condition, some undergraduate asked him: "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely-diffused qualities of 'cheek' and vocal volume. When the vice-chancellor—Doctor Lidell—was reading a Latin address, on the last occasion, some one would call out: "Now, construe." A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed as follows: "Take off that coat, sir." "Go out, sir." "Won't you go at once?" "Ladies, request him to leave." "Doctor Brown, won't you put that man out?" (Then in a conversational and moderate tone): "Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out." After an hour of it the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim: "Three cheers for the ladies in blue!" "Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, gray, etc." The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which the burden could not be heard, but from the manner of its delivery it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They catcalled, hooted and laughed immeasurably at him. One young gentleman, with an eye-glass, leaned over the gallery, and in a colloquial tone, inquired: "My friend, is that the refrain that hastened the disease of the old cow?" In the intervals of the horrible hootings, I could only now and then catch a word like "breeze" or "trees." It was too painful to laugh at. One felt so for the poor fellow, and more still for his mother and sisters, who were probably there,

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, March 25, 1882.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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

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

—Slowly, but steadily, the Library is making progress. The New Edition of Appleton's *Encyclopædia* is a valuable accession, and one we hail with great pleasure. The outside and inside of the volumes reflect credit on the enterprising publishers. The binding is tasty and solid; it does not shun use, but invites it. In this age of cheap paper and poor type, it is a pleasure to turn over the pages of these volumes, and cast the eyes down the double columns of clear, well-defined print, refreshing to the eye and easy to read.

There are two characteristics of a good *Encyclopædia*. In the first place, it should be co-extensive with all knowledge; it should contain information on all subjects—Religion, Biography, Science, Art, and Letters. In the second place, this information should be full, clear, precise, and unbiased.

We turned from subject to subject, from electricity to Aurelles de Paladines; from the Boers to explosives; from the Benedictines to the Germanic race and language; from the Sphinx to electricity and railroads: each subject suggested by memory was found, and the information given was clear, intelligible and full.

Catholic topics have often suffered in *cyclopædias*. Fancies have been given as facts, opinions of men ignorant or inimical have been taken as expressive of our belief and doctrine. Catholics owe the Messrs. Appletons a debt of gratitude for the impartial spirit in which Catholic subjects are treated. Facts are given, no unwarrantable conclusions drawn, no insinuations made,

This new edition of Appleton's *Encyclopædia* seems to us to possess the two essential characteristics of a good *cyclopædia* in a remarkable degree. No library would be complete without it. It is a storehouse of wide and trustworthy information.

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club, the University Orchestra, the Choral Union and the Cornet Band arranged a pleasant entertainment for the evening of the 16th, in Washington Hall. The electric light was placed in position and illuminated the grounds in front of the college. A fine audience was present, and at the appointed hour the exercises were opened in good style by the Cornet Band. The song and chorus "Ultima Æstatis Rosa," by L. F. Florman and the Choral Union followed, after which the oration of the day was delivered by Mr. Charles A. Tinley. Opening with the motto *Benedictus Deus in Sanctis suis*, Mr. Tinley explained the reason of the universality of St. Patrick's festival. God is blessed in His saints, but in few, if any, outside the Apostolic College, has He been so greatly blessed as in the labors of the Apostle of Ireland and his disciples. Of the immortal Homer it is said that seven cities contended for the honor of his birth, but more than half that number of nations have, for a thousand years, claimed St. Patrick as their own, and twice that number of nations to-day honor his disciples as their apostles. The Count de Montalembert says: "Their exertions at that time"—during the 6th and 7th centuries—"were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland and Belgium [and he might have added England, Germany and Italy] under a debt of everlasting gratitude." Hence the speaker argued that the fame and sanctity of St. Patrick were not to be confined to narrow sectional limits—that they rested on a basis nearly as broad as Christianity itself, and that all, of whatever nationality, could heartily join in the meed of praise and devotion paid to the memory of St. Patrick.

The oration was an excellent piece of composition. Mr. Tinley had evidently studied his subject thoroughly, and prepared himself with more than ordinary care. His discourse is remarkable for its fulness and close connection. Indeed, we have yet to see a more creditable production from any student of the University. We regret that want of space prevents us from giving a more extended notice of it. The oration concluded, Mr. G. S. Tracy sang in good style and voice "The Sea-girt Isle," after which came a spirited address from John A. O'Reilly, and the overture, "Lustspiel," by the Orchestra. The Orchestra was in excellent training, and the overture proved a musical treat.

The drama chosen for representation by the Columbians was the historic one of "Damon and Pythias," which we consider one of the heaviest plays in the repertory of our English standard drama. It contains, however, many fine pieces of declamation, and much fiery action, as in the 5th act, after Lucullus had killed the horse of Damon to prevent his return to rescue his friend. The character of Damon was well taken throughout by Mr. C. A. Tinley, although a slight hoarseness, the effect of a cold, marred the effect of some of the heavier passages. Mr. T. F. Kavanagh, as Pythias, did very well in some parts, in others, there was room for improvement. Mr. J. M. Falvey, as Dionysius, made a creditable appearance; a certain timidity at times seriously affected the freedom of speech and grace of action necessary for his part; he is not

the "bold, bad man" the character calls for. Mr. J. A. Marlett, as Procles, was well up in his part and did well enough. W. E. Grout presented an excellent Damocles. As space begins to press, we can barely mention the other characters. Among those who took important parts and appeared to advantage were: J. A. O'Reilly, as Hermes, father of Damon, although rather active for an old man. J. F. Browne, as Philistius; J. E. Farrell, Cleon, the father of Pythias; T. P. Fenlon, Eon, a friend of Pythias's; H. W. Morse, as Lucius, Pythias's courier; Master E. Wiles, as Florianus Stacius, Damon's child. Mr. E. J. Eager (Lucullus) seemed to lack sympathy with his part, and we think could have done much better. Mr. E. Blackman, as Democritus, Captain of the Guards, made a splendid soldiery appearance (he belongs to the Cadets, we presume). The other characters in the play had no strain placed upon them, and therefore did well enough to elude criticism.

The music between the acts, by the Band and Orchestra was well rendered. As the Cornet Band struck up the Zingara Quickstep at the end of the performance all retired evidently well pleased. We did not get the names of the visitors at the entertainment, but we noticed among others in the places of honor Rev. Fathers Granger and Rézé, the members of the College Faculty, etc.

—[Major Conner, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who in company with a friend of his, Mr. Griffiss, paid South Bend and Notre Dame a visit early last month,—of all times in the year the most unpropitious, probably, to obtain a favorable impression of our picturesque surroundings,—wrote a long letter descriptive of his visit, from which we take the following extract from *The Daily Nashville American*.:]

"SOUTH BEND, IND., Feb. 3.—We left our quiet home under the nose of old Lookout—that mountain is our most attractive "resource"—before sunrise of Tuesday, the last day of January, and turned our faces to the region of snows and icebergs, praying a relief from the rain and slush of our sunny land. (Please note the satire.) My handsome but modest companion, Griffiss, with eyes yet partially sealed in slumber, shivered in anticipation of the chilly blasts to which we were hurrying, but he shivered only to be delightfully disappointed. . . .

"It was a 'gorgeously glorious' morning, the moon shining in all its splendor of fulness, the earth as innocent of snow as it was of orange blossoms, and the thermometer away above freeziness, when we crept out of the coach at South Bend, Ind., the 'Chattanooga of the Northwest.' (It is pure, unselfish kindness that prompts us to admit this remarkable similarity. Resting and refreshing ourselves, we sallied forth to 'do the manufactories.' First visited the great factory where are turned out the well-known Oliver chilled plows. An immense smoke-stack stood sentinel over acres upon acres, covered with foundries, shops, warehouses, sheds, etc. About 700 men, most of them Scandinavians, were scattered about in these departments, moulding, casting, grinding, sawing, boring, planing and painting the hundred thousand plows that are annually sent out to turn the soil of at least twenty States of the American Union. Two men, father and son, directed the destinies of this large establishment, the father having created it, and the son, now ably assisting him in adding to the accumulations. They spared no pains to exhibit to us the results of their industry, and to make us

feel the warmth of Scotian hospitality—the father is a native of Caledonia. And all this, too, with full knowledge of our mission, viz., to gather facts and details for the plow factory we are about to establish in Chattanooga. Yes, gentlemen whose bank account totals in the millions, can well afford to be magnanimous

"We next visited the works of the Studebakers, such works as we never beheld before. Talk of "wagon shops!" The buildings are superb, the most of them three stories, the total of their floors being ten acres. Guided by one of the brothers, we rambled from shop to shop, now climbing broad stairs, then ascending in elevators, on by two superb engines, each 400-horse power, by the 150 machines that begin with the wood in the dry-house, and end with the splendid vehicle in the 'depository.' From a window we gazed out at the millions of lumber that covered thirty acres of yard room and, turning to our guide, asked 'What is your capacity?' He replied, 'Well, about a wagon in five minutes.' 'Ah!' whispered my friend, Griffiss, 'that beats even Chattanooga.'

"This little town, only a trifle bigger than our own, but a place of which its citizens are justly proud, with broad streets (clean and well shaded), fringed with residences, many of them very handsome, a broad river thundering over a dam, with a system of water-works unsurpassed, with numerous church spires kissing the clouds, has not only these immense manufactories, but little ones successfully competing and annually increasing in influence. And if such establishments can have a healthy growth under the shadows of the smoke-stacks of these great monopolies, why may we not hope for still healthier factories in the distant sunny South!

"South Bend is not purely a manufacturing town. Just beyond the river rise the walls of 'Notre Dame du Lac,' and of the Academy of St. Mary's of the Holy Cross. We gladly accepted the courtesies of Mr. Joe Oliver, and soon found ourselves dashing up behind a spanking team between the tall trees of Lombardy to the classic portico of the college, on which stands an immense gilded image of the Virgin. On the well-kept grounds were a number of pedestals, surmounted by saintly images in all styles of reverential posturing. To our left stood the Church of 'Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,' which we entered with bared heads. Then a vision burst upon us such as never delighted our eyes in America before. We entered by the great altar, and looked down to the grand organ in the gallery of the other gable. To our left was the shrine of the Virgin, and under the organ-loft stood the confessional. The shape of the building is that of a Latin cross. Now we walk down the narrow aisle, and, turning around, gaze up between the double row of antique columns, whose capitals glisten with gold, and stand in delight before the exquisite frescoes of Gregori, an artist brought from Rome to do this delicate liming. Then we turn to view the lovely frescoes of the transepts. Arcades tinted with the azure of the firmament, from which peep the faces of gilded cherubs springing from capitals of gilded acorns, form one part of the grand nave. Full life-sized figures of saints painted on gold, with the warmest of colors—peerless in their grouping and tinting in these United States—occupy the spandrels of the architecture. Above the lovely arcades are the mosaics that surround the lancet windows of the clear-story, just above the ribs of the ceiling which spring from clusters of vine foliage. The dim religious light entered through stained windows, the perfection of the stainer's

art, and the gift of pious people, chiefly memorials of departed loved ones. Softly it lighted up the frescoed saints as well as the colossal forms of the Evangelists, with Moses, Jeremiah and Daniel seated on clouds, in which they give a stool even to David! From these delights we raised our eyes to the star-bedecked ceiling of the acute roof, and with a parting glance at the cherubim, seated in this celestial atmosphere, slowly withdrew from the interior of this paradise of Christian art and refinement. No power of tongue or pen could have persuaded us that such a gem can be seen on the banks of the St. Joseph River, in the State of Indiana, and we scarce believe our eyes as passing out we stood under the portrait of Pio Nono, and took a farewell glance at the wonderful window of the eastern transept, which represents the pentecostal day. A gentleman well-known in politics presented this window, whose value reaches thousands of dollars, and it, with all the other beautiful windows of this basilica, were painted by the nuns of Le Mans, in *la belle France*. But ere we stepped over the threshold we suffered a shock that reminded us of Europe. Behold they have relics here, too. This time not the crown of thorns, nails, pieces of the cross, etc., but the bones of two saints taken from the catacombs, buried under the altar. Aye, but in the sacristy you can find the same pieces of that miraculously increased cross, as well as some of the curious drapery said to have been worn by the Virgin. We were not at all curious.

"Now, without, we enter the college proper, in which we saw nothing peculiar. Leaving its walls we looked over the pretty little lake to the 'Retreat,' where the ascetic Brothers incarcerate themselves to make doubly sure the salvation of their poor souls. Strange religion! Turning around we saw the hall of the society, in which is a handsome auditorium and various rooms for literary and dramatic purposes. But the declining sun warned us to be off; and we next drove to the St. Mary's Academy."

Exchanges.

—The editors of the *College Message*, St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., must have been lecturing their printer lately, as that functionary is now serving up in much better style than formerly the feasts of reason furnished by the boys. We are glad of this. The *Message* was always a well-edited paper, and needed only better press-work to become the peer of the best of our college papers. The essays in the March number, and especially "The Egotist," by Junto, "Labor," by Chillon, and "The Repose of Night," are creditable productions; the editorial on "Vulgarity" touches a sensitive point, and one, therefore, which needs probing. The examples are *à propos*. Speaking of Carlyle, a man of undoubted ability, who could write polished English if he wished, but who preferred a style that has been aptly likened to a rough cobble-stone pavement, and which was quite in keeping with the man's rough, cynical character, the writer in the *Message* says:

"In reading the biographies of learned men—of men who should be raised above material things—we find frequently such characters as that of Carlyle, who was undoubtedly the most vulgar character in this century. He was all matter and no soul. Endowed with talents that should have made his company the delight of scholars, we find him manifesting the surliness of the bear. To him everything not English was nonsense. He flattered Americans to obtain their money, but his private correspondence tells us in what esteem he held them. France's learning to him was but infancy. America's authors but ignorant vaporers. We feel assured that his great reason in rejecting God was, that the Son of God, when assuming human nature, became poor in all that constituted greatness in Carlyle's estimation. We know what opinions he entertained of the poor—but enough of this man who debased the noblest gifts man can be endowed with."

—The editors of *The Princetonian* are not so engrossed with athletic sports—intercollegiate rowing-matches, foot and baseball games, etc.—as to lose sight altogether of the purpose for which students come to college. An editorial in the February number, on the subject of essay criticism, says, among other things:

"That these efforts of the under-graduate pen are considered an essential part of this branch of the curriculum, is evinced by the fact that the authorities have recently increased the number required during the first two years of the course. While a certain facility in composition is acquired by frequent practice, polish and elegance can only be attained by unsparing criticism of one's style and diction on the part of the instructor. Commendation is well enough when deserved, but we question whether even Senior essays do not invite something less than unqualified praise. We do not complain of the brevity of the few lines pencilled at the end of ten or twelve pages of legal cap, but simply ask that blame as well as praise be meted out within the allotted space. 'Very well done. The treatment is excellent and the style spirited,' is valueless to those who really want to know their weak points. The treatment in the main is 'excellent,' perhaps, but wherein is it faulty? The style does not lack spirit, but can it not be improved? Is it unreasonable to pray for three or four more lines which may serve to intimate that the author is not a Lowell or an Irving, if not to point out how he may become such? And then, too, one essay may represent a deal of time and effort, while another is dashed off to meet the requirement. Both are returned with the marginal legend, 'Very good.' Is this calculated to encourage honest effort? Does it not rather put a premium on sloth?"

The February number of *The Princetonian* is one of unusual excellence. The criticisms of the art lectures are sensible and highly appreciative, and the absence of wishy-washy, pointless, loose jokes, which form so marked a feature of many of the college papers—making of them a sort of small joker's rag-bag—is much to the credit of *The Princetonian's* editors.

—The *Oberlin Review* for Feb. the 25th has an excellent debate on the question "Shall Women Vote?"—Miss Josie Fish opening the debate on the negative, N. P. Willard on the affirmative. We think Mr. Willard's side of the question could furnish better arguments than those given by him, but his essay is a very fair one, albeit weak in comparison with Miss Fish's. The latter betokens no ordinary degree of refinement and culture. The arguments are solid, and chiselled into admirable form. She says—and it seems logical—that a woman's vote would depend on how her husband stood in her affections. "If she liked him, she would vote as he does; if she disliked him, she would vote just as he does not,"—and then, of course, there would be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot.

"Again, it is sufficiently evident that woman was never intended to do everything. Whatever her ambition may lead her to think, she was not designed, like Atlas, to bear the earth on her shoulders. She already performs her full complement of the work to be done in the world. Man is to control the nation, woman the family. Her own family is the little state where she may reign supreme autocrat. What position more full of dignity or more important? What office demands more time, more energy, more ability? Besides her home duties, society makes a large demand upon woman's activity. Queen of home, of society—and so indirect ruler of the State—has she not her fair share of work and honor? Let us hope that the strong-minded woman will never grow so eloquent as to drown the protests of nature. . . . Thucydides says, 'Happy is she of whom men do not speak either for good or evil.' Because he is unreasonable and rushes to one extreme, must we be unreasonable and rush to the other? There is a golden mean. Though we do not agree with Thucydides, we may at least say, Do not pull up the violets from their quiet nooks and plant them on the dusty highway."

Those who have seen the pitiable spectacle presented by Dr. Mary Walker know how contemptible a woman can make herself in the eyes of both sexes; and Lawyer Belva Lockwood is anything but admirable, although retaining the characteristics and habiliments of her sex. Between the state proper to woman and the Mary Walker extreme comes the so-called "strong-minded woman," who wants to vote, and, of course, to fight. Miss Fish gives a good idea of them:

"It was once my fortune, as I was travelling, to behold a railway coach full of ladies who were on a pilgrimage to a woman's convention of some political import. Such a Babel of tongues, such gesticulations, such bonnets defiantly cocked on one side, such hair all rampant, each particular hair stand-

ing on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine! I confess that before then I had been in favor of Woman's Rights—but I was not any more. That scene was a perfectly efficient *argumentum ad hominem* to sweep away all my liberal theories on the subject. Addison says 'There is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look. * * * I never saw a party woman who kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I therefore advise all ladies as they value their complexions to let alone disputes of this kind.' Addison's assertion was true for his time, and another Addison might truly make the same assertion now, all of which shows conclusively that political and public matters are not the legitimate field for the exercise of woman's activities, because if it were so, the women entering this field, finding in it their natural sphere, could not fail to grow more and more beautiful, certainly more and more womanly."

Local Items.

- "Gawge" is convalescent.
- The Juniors are under obligations to Master Colyar.
- Six new desks have been placed in the Junior study-hall.
- The Philopatrians have no inflammatory designs on Bertrand.
- Some healthy plants would be welcome for the Juniors' study-hall.
- Handball is no longer played on the Junior side and the alleys look deserted.
- All the "ex-Minims" were present at the entertainment given by the Sorinus last week.
- Messrs. Fulvey, Tinley and John Boyle O'Reilly have presented a fine Irish flag to the Columbian Club.
- The singing last Saturday morning was very good. In a few weeks the Juniors will have a first-class choir.
- The new caps, which are very tasty, complete the Cadets' uniform. They are now fully accoutred, *cap a pie*.
- "O. W. Holmes" has completed his poem on the Mugglestonians, but modestly declines to have it published.
- The members of the Boat Club are making arrangements to increase their flotilla by the addition of two new boats.
- On account of having to go to press earlier than usual this week, many things are crowded out of this issue of the SCHOLASTIC.
- Prof. Lyman, the well-known elocutionist, is expected from Chicago to-day. He will give a reading in the Rotunda to-morrow night.
- The old Observatory has been utilized for a tool shed. Before long, we hear, a new and greatly improved Observatory will be erected in a more suitable place.
- Several interesting games of football were played on the Junior campus last week, between the "teams" A and Z. Both squads played well, and the victory remains undecided.
- The Senior study-hall is a miniature green-house; flowers of sweetest perfumes and in full bloom, and plants of richest hues adorn the windows and statue of the Blessed Virgin.
- Bro. Titus is busily engaged in planting a variety of evergreen and other ornamental trees on the slope leading from the Manual Labor School grounds to the shore of St. Mary's Lake.
- At the regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic Club, held on the 17th inst., a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. J. Edwards, and Bros. William and Simon, for favors received.
- Mr. Raphael Bcerra, of Vera Cruz, Mexico, has the thanks of the librarian of the Lemonnier Library Association for several fine specimens of Mexican marble, artistically cut to represent pears, apples, plums, and other fruits.
- Prof. Gregori has presented the Minim drawing-class with a hundred fine models. It is needless to say that the Professor has the thanks of the Minims and their teachers for the generous donation, and also for his lessons in the art of which he is such a perfect master.

—The Prof. of Physics returns his best thanks to Messrs. Orrick, Zahm and Kuhn, for their valuable assistance in putting up the conductors for the electric light on the 16th inst. He is also specially indebted to Messrs. Tracy, O'Reilly, Flynn and Retty for work in the Laboratory.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC desires to overtake the false report which, it says, is flying over the country to the effect that the defaulting Mayor of Adrian, Michigan, is an old student of Notre Dame. If he had been a student of the famous University we are glad to think that he would have given a better account of himself.—*North-Western Chronicle*.

—The first regular meeting of the Scientific Association was held Wednesday evening, March 8th. Papers were read as follows: The Electric Light, by Eugene Orrick; Theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus, by W. Arnold, and Aeronautics, by A. J. Zahm. Many questions were asked of the readers by the Rev. President, who expressed himself well pleased with the answers.

—The Seniors are very grateful to Rev. Father Zahm for arranging the electric light in the Rotunda, on St. Patrick's night, for their benefit; to Brother William for his elaborate and artistic decorations; to Marshal O'Neill and Thos. Kavanagh for their efforts in securing the services of an orchestra; and to E. Orrick, F. Kuhn and A. Zahm for their attention to the electric machine during the evening's entertainment.

—Considerable damage was done to the green-houses in South Bend by the terrible hail-storm last Saturday morning. Windows were also broken in many of the College buildings here. The storm was one of the severest we have had in many years. The rain poured down in torrents, and the hail-stones fell in such quantities as to nearly cover the ground. Their size was "pretty respectable," too. One who was out in a buggy thought they were as large as hen's eggs. Our assistant weather-prophet says he knew there was a storm coming, but didn't like to create an alarm. This is very considerate, to be sure.

—St. Joseph's Day was celebrated with *éclat* by the students of the University. Many approached the Holy Table at the morning service. Solemn High Mass was sung at the usual hour by Rev. Alexis Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Toohey and Franciscus, as deacon and subdeacon. In the evening Prof. Lyons informally received the Philomatheans and Philopatrians in the Juniors' hall. Washington Hall was occupied by the Columbians, who right royally entertained the members of the Cornet Band and other invited guests. The Band, in acknowledgment of the courtesy shown them, discoursed some of their choicest music; and Prof. Paul added to the pleasure of the evening by playing several classical pieces and accompaniments for the College choruses.

—A recent visitor to the University, an extensive traveler, says: "Notre Dame can boast of having one of the finest churches as to the interior in North America; the largest bell (17,000 lbs.) in the United States; the oldest painting in the country, a contemporary portrait, 500 years old, of Santa Brigitta of Sweden, her daughter, St. Catharine, and two royal personages; a Crucifixion, 32 by 48 inches, which is considered among the best of Van Dyke's paintings; one of the largest magnets in the States; the largest and best chime (23 bells) owned by any college in the New World; also the most artistic collection of sacred vessels (gifts of Pius IX. Napoleon III, and the Marquis de Maulevrier,) in the West. The late fire destroyed most valuable books and rare collections, illustrations of Nature! History, etc."

—We are indebted to Father N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., the professor of Greek at Notre Dame, Ind., for a copy of the Athenian paper *O Aster tes Anatoles*. We should like to see both it and the little monthly *Ephemeris ton piadon*, a publication for juveniles, used in class-rooms of our Catholic colleges. "It is amusing, indeed," writes Professor Stoffel, "to find in the children's department Greek riddles, jokes, and quaintly-rendered anecdotes from English authors." Professor Stoffel reminds us of the Greek student, in Cuthbert Bede's "Verdant Green," who exasperated poor Verdant by cackling hideously over the puns of Aristophanes, in

which the freshman could see no fun at all. But Blackie, Max Mueller, and Schliemann, all advocate the adoption of the modern Greek pronunciation, and the study of colloquial Romaic, as an introduction to the classic tongue. —*Catholic Telegraph*.

—The liveliest baseball game of the season was played Tuesday of last week on the Junior grounds, between the nines headed by Messrs. Wendell and Dare. The report of this game was crowded out of the preceding issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The following is the score:

QUICKSTEPS.	R. O.	RED SOX.	R. O.
C. Wendell, C. and P.,....	2 2	A. Taggart, C. and P.,....	2 2
A. Richmond, c.,....	1 3	D. Taylor, c.,....	1 3
J. Grever, s. s.,....	0 4	J. Flynn, s. s.,....	0 4
A. Colyar, 1st b.,....	0 4	J. Ruppe, 1st b.,....	0 4
C. Orsinger, 2d b.,....	0 4	S. Rosenheim, 2d b.,....	0 4
L. Rivaud, 3d b.,....	0 4	W. Laumann, 3d b.,....	2 3
W. Jones, L. F.,....	1 3	M. Wilbur, L. F.,....	0 3
S. Pire,....	0 4	D. Tappan, C. F.,....	0 4
J. Castillo,....	0 4	C. Warner, R. F.,....	0 4
Total.....	4 32	Total.....	5 32

—St. Cecilia Hall was the scene of a pleasant surprise on the eve of the Feast of St. Joseph. Prof. Joseph A. Lyons had called a meeting of the Philopatrian Society to transact the regular business of the association, and the members were scarcely seated, when, to the great surprise of the Professor, all the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, accompanied by Prof. Edwards and Brother Leander, entered the hall, followed by a committee bearing an elegantly chased silver service consisting of a large water-pitcher, goblets and waste water-bowl lined with gold. Amadeus Coghlín, in behalf of the Philomatheans, and Leon Gibert, on the part of the Philopatrians, read appropriate addresses to their esteemed President, congratulating him on the recurrence of his paternal feast, and wishing him many years of life and health to give impetus to *Alma Mater's* success. Mr. Ed. Fishel then formally presented the silver to the Professor in the name of the Junior organization, as a token of appreciation and gratitude of the patient care and untiring zeal in behalf of the associations represented. Prof. Lyons, although taken completely by surprise, replied to the addresses in a very happy manner, and thanked the boys for this new proof of their appreciation of his humble efforts to make them dutiful sons, good citizens, and Christian gentlemen.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. C. Armijo, W. H. Arnold, 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. Cullin, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, J. Conway, N. Commerford, J. Delaney, J. P. Delaney, J. Donegan, J. Drury, M. E. Donohue, F. Ewing, B. Eaton, R. Fitzgerrell, W. Flannery, E. J. Fenlon, T. P. Fenlon, J. Farrell, R. E. Fleming, T. F. Flynn, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, F. W. Gallagher, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, W. Johnson, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, A. Kuntsmann, G. M. Kerndt, T. F. Kavanaugh, J. C. Larkin, G. E. McErlain, W. Minnis, J. R. Marlett, A. Meyer, W. McCarthy, J. A. McIntyre, W. McDevitt, H. W. Morse, W. B. McGorrick, W. McEniry, T. H. Maloney, E. B. Msson, 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, E. A. Otis, A. J. Peery, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, P. Rasche, J. P. Peifer, W. E. Ruger, L. Steiger, C. A. Tinley, M. S. Thompson, G. Tracy, F. Wheatly, J. A. White, J. E. Walsh, E. Yrisarri, A. F. Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, W. H. Barron, A. S. Brewster, G. B. Buchanan, A. S. Colyar, J. M. Courtney, W. L. Coghlín, A. M. Chirhart, M. Dolan, N. H. Ewing, Ed. Fishel, Fred Fishel, J. H. Fendrick, R. French, H. Fisher, M. L. Foote, H. G. Foote, J. Friedman, L. G. Gibert, H. E. Gilbert, M. S. Gooley, A. B. Gerlach, E. F. Gall, H. D. Hibbeler, T. J. Hurley, J. L. Heffernan, J. Halligan, H. N. Hess, W. H. Johnston, F. R. Johnson, W. J. Jones, C. C. Kolars, J. F. Kahmann, F. Kengel, H. Kitz, S. Katz, J. McGordon, J. Livingston, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, F. McPhillips, M. E. Murphy,

J. E. Orchard, B. B. Osborn, J. M. Powell, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, S. L. Peery, D. G. Quill, C. F. Rose, J. C. Ruppe, G. H. Schaefer, E. G. Tappan, D. G. Taylor, G. E. Tourtillotte, A. T. Taggart, T. Williams, M. J. Wilbur, W. Warren, 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.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

C. Echlin, Jos. Courtney, O. Kempf, G. Castanedo, C. Kolars, A. Browne, H. Snee, D. C. Smith, W. M. Graham, J. Zaehle, W. Jones, J. Kahmann, H. Hibbeler, D. Taylor, G. Schaefer, F. Lund, G. Deschamps, F. Fishel, E. Fishel, H. Metz, G. Tourtillotte, W. Muhike, E. Howard, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, F. Kengel, S. Rosenheim, C. Warner, J. F. Grever, A. Richmond, H. Devitt, C. Murdock, W. H. McCarthy, W. Freymuth, C. Ziegler, E. Gerlach, H. Kitz, C. Rose, J. Fendrick, G. Rhodius, W. Hanavin, F. Orsinger, J. Ruppe, J. Guthrie, M. Murphy, A. Chirhart, A. Gall, J. Heffernan, H. Sells, J. Friedman, W. Barron, S. Katz, E. Schmitt, L. Florman, E. Drendel, M. Wilbur, T. Rivaud, L. Rivaud, J. Gallagher, J. O'Donnell, A. Brewster, H. Foote, J. Vernier, B. Baca, F. Johnson, E. Wile, J. O'Reilly, E. Eager, J. Sturla, E. Otis, E. Orrick, A. Christian, A. Concannon, Jos. Kindel, L. Steiger, J. Marlett, J. Drury, W. Gray, A. Meyer, J. Murphy, A. Murphy, A. Schiml, F. Bell, W. Schofield, F. Kuhn, W. Connor, M. Healy, J. Delaney, J. Zettler, D. Saviers, W. Bolton, R. Fleming, J. Millet, G. Kerndt, H. Akin, A. Kuntsmann, W. J. McCarthy, F. Kinsella, H. Steis, M. Falvey, G. Metz, W. Ruger, J. Armijo, R. Anderson, F. Wheatly, I. Treon, B. Noble, M. Burns, F. Grever, M. Henoch, N. Commerford, T. Cullin, E. Ryan, E. Fenlon.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. J. Ackerman, E. Adams, W. T. Berthelet, C. D. Brandom, J. S. Beall, P. E. Campau, 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, F. Fehr, J. A. Frain, G. G. Gibson, L. P. Graham, F. I. Garrity, 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, E. P. Nash, T. Norfolk, F. P. Nester, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, 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, A. Winsor, F. S. Whitney, L. J. Young, C. Young.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

French—M. Healy, E. Fishel, E. Orrick; German—E. Otis, M. Healy, J. Ruppe, F. Lund, F. Fishel, E. Fishel, H. Akin, W. B. McGorrick, W. Schofield, J. Courtney, E. Drendel, J. Kahman, Spanish—C. C. Echlin; Piano—E. Gerlach, J. B. Zettler, W. Ruger, J. Grever, V. Rivaud, S. Pillars, W. McCarthy, S. Katz, W. Connor, * J. Friedmann, A. Schiml, Geo. Schaefer; Violin—J. Marlett, J. Donegan, J. Peifer, J. Delaney, F. Grever, L. Florman, F. Johnson, J. Armijo; Flute—D. Saviers, R. Becerra; Guitar—D. Smith; Elocution—C. Tinley, W. McCarthy, E. Orrick, J. Solon, J. O'Neill, M. Healy, A. Zahm, E. Otis, W. Cleary, W. McEniry, A. Browne, A. Coghlín, W. Johnston, J. Guthrie, C. Rose, E. Fishel, G. Rhodius, D. Corry, B. Eaton, M. Burns, E. McGorrick, F. Steis, F. Grever, G. Castanedo, Telegraphy—J. Guthrie, G. Metz, F. Wheatly, H. Sells; J. McGrath, W. Jones, F. Lund, Phonography—F. Grever, C. Kolars, J. Guthrie, J. Ruppe, W. H. Vander Heyden.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Visitors during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Hancock, Mich.; Mrs. D. S. Ryan, Leavenworth, Kan.; Mrs. A. Christian, Fairmount, Neb.; Mr. J. W. Price, Fairmount, Neb.; Mrs. Rulison, Seneca, Ill.; Mrs. Frank Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. William Wallace, Helena, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. John Black, Milwaukee, Wis.

—At the Academic reunion on *Latare* Sunday the "Chimes" rung out a silvery peal, the names of articles and readers will appear next week. After the reading, the beautiful ceremony took place of bestowing the Golden Rose on the most worthy young lady of the Senior department. The candidate for this honor must have been a pupil at the Academy for two years, without having lost her notes *par excellence*. The candidates were Misses Lilly Lancaster, of Kentucky; Mary Campbell, of Indiana; and Nellie Thompson, of Utah. Miss Lancaster, having for four years filled the above condition, was *unanimously* voted the Golden Rose, which was presented by the Very Rev. Father General, amid the acclamations of the pupils.

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

Immortalized Rivers.

In searching the pages of both sacred and profane history, we find that many rivers have become immortalized by the glorious events and celebrated battles that have taken place on their banks or waters. And so renowned have such rivers and streams become that even the mention of their names recalls the grand, momentous and interesting scenes which have immortalized them. To commence at the beginning, we view the Euphrates and Tigris, rightly styled the sacred rivers. Tradition says that situated between these was the garden of Eden, the home of our first parents. Here God conversed with them, imparting divine truths. Thus from these sacred rivers flowed the streams of knowledge which have fertilized all the world. For, whence did the Egyptian and Grecian philosophers receive their ideas of a Supreme Being, save from the traditions flowing from the garden of Eden. The memory of these grand facts recalls numerous others. The happiness of Adam and Eve amid the delights of their terrestrial paradise; their rash eagerness to possess all knowledge; their plucking the forbidden fruit; admitting a ray of light which overpowered them; man's primitive fall; the culmination of these events, the consoling promise of man's redemption; such are some of the solemn thoughts awakened by the names of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The Nile does not owe its chief glory to the lofty pyramids on its banks, nor to the sanguinary battles fought by a Cæsar or a Nelson; it is rendered glorious by the fact that on its waters was cradled the leader of God's chosen people, the great law-giver Moses, from whom the world received the grand decalogue.

Passing rapidly on through the annals, and taking notice only of the most important rivers, we pause before the glorious Jordan, as it plays a most prominent part in the history of mankind. Something more impressive than the magnificence of the scenery surrounding the banks of

the Jordan, causes us to stand almost breathless, while we gaze into its mystic waters. The rolling of the tide, in tempest and in calm, tells us grand mysteries. A holy awe pervades the air. 'Tis consecrated soil on which we tread; for God Himself has favored this river in a most special manner. Therefore we are not surprised that a St. Jerome, imitating the example of Elias, abandoned Rome, and crossed the seas to seek a retreat on its banks. Oh, sparkling waters! no wonder ye rolled back at the command of Joshua, in order to permit the Ark of the Covenant and the Israelites to pass over. Oh, happy waters! ye were in future ages to be immortalized as the sacred font in which the Incarnate God received from the hands of His precursor the waters of baptism, at which mysterious ceremonial the three Divine Persons manifested themselves audibly and visibly: for the voice of the Eternal Father was heard declaring, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," whilst the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, hovered over the head of the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity. Oh, glorious Jordan! thou art indeed immortalized; only one other stream may rival thee, the little Brook Cedron, whose banks were crimsoned with the Precious Blood that flowed so freely for us in the garden of Gethsemane.

We now pass from sacred geography to rivers notable in profane history. The Rubicon, we find, has been immortalized, not for its grandeur, but by the fact that on its banks the fate of Rome was sealed, when Cæsar exclaimed:

"The die is cast: the Rubicon is passed!"

The dwellers on the Rhine have, by their patriotic devotion, rendered it famous in poetry and song; for they glory in their river, and love to sing and listen to the soul-stirring anthems which tell the history of this noble stream. Well has Mrs. Hemans expressed their devotion in these beautiful lines:

"The Rhine! The Rhine! our own imperial river,
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver,
We bear thee freedom back."

The dark waters of the Boyne have a tragic celebrity, for the fate of Ireland was decided on its banks, and thus it is immortalized on pages of history dimmed with a nation's tears.

The fame of Shakspeare has immortalized the river Avon, for he is known in history as the Bard of Avon, and Avon as the birth-place of Shakspeare.

The poet Scott has rendered memorable the Till, in his glowing description of the battle of Flodden, when

"All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke."

The Thames can boast its royal palaces and historic castles, but the name of the valley of Runnymede, through which it flows, brings recollections of that grand deed—the signing of Magna Charta. This alone should immortalize this river.

While there are many other rivers of historic fame, France can claim for her river Gave a glory most unique; for, while it is celebrated for the ancient castle of Lourdes, which, even in the days of Charlemagne was regarded as the key of the Pyrenees, and, in the Middle Ages, as the impregnable stronghold for which the feudal lords of France and England disputed possession, it has in these modern times been honored in a special manner, for our Blessed Lady has graciously given it a world-wide celebrity by

visiting the Grotto on its banks, under the exquisite appearance of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

The Tiber is one of the most noted rivers both in ancient and modern history. For its waters lave the walls of Rome, the former mistress of the ancient pagan world, which nursed upon her soil a Romulus, a Cæsar, a Pompey, and hosts of pagan celebrities. This river Macaulay has also immortalized in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," when describing the Valiant Horatius as saying:

"Oh! Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."

But the Tiber can claim a higher immortality of fame than could be imparted by mere pagan grandeurs. That once pagan Rome is now the home of the Father of the faithful, the centre from which flows the stream of Christian truth. And Catholic hearts turn with devotion and affection to that Sovereign Pontiff, who from his Vatican prison sends his paternal blessing to his faithful children all over the world.

We now turn from the Old World and glance at the rivers of the New. Though these rivers are not celebrated in our ancient histories, did we but possess the legends of the warlike tribes who have dwelt upon their banks we would find them immortalized in song and verse. And many a now unknown stream would be as famous as the sparkling waters of Minnehaha. Several of these streams, however, figure grandly in the historical records of our own loved country. The Mississippi, made famous by the exploits of the noble De Soto and his chivalrous band. The James, with its legends of the brave Captain Smith and gentle Pocahontas. The Delaware and Potomac, on which Washington unfurled the flag of independence. All these are immortalized in the memory of every patriotic American.

The notable rivers of North and South America are indeed so numerous, that it would be tedious to name them all; but this we may say, that the Catholic missionaries were ever among the first white men who traversed these streams, and the significant names of Trinity, Sacramento, Conception, St. Francis, St. John, and St. Joseph, prove the spirit of faith and piety which animated these nomenclators, for these holy men came not in search of gold, but in search of souls.

The rivers of the New World are so linked with the names of these saintly missionaries, that they are immortalized in the annals of the Catholic Church. We have said that it would be tedious to name all the rivers of America, but gratitude and affection forbid us to be silent in regard to our own loved stream, the dear St. Joseph. Our river, so generously spreading peace and plenty on its banks, well deserves its beautiful name. This river brings us to records personally interesting: In 1842, our own loved and venerated Very Rev. Father Sorin, left his home in sunny France, to labor for the salvation of souls in this far western land, when, by a sweet providence of God, he was directed to the beautiful banks of the St. Joseph. Here, by his admirable genius, and above all the zeal for God's glory and the honor of our Immaculate Mother, he has made this beautiful stream to emerge from its primitive obscurity, and year after year, as crowds of students, who on its peaceful shores have culled fruits and flowers of science and virtue, shall pass from their *Alma Mater*, they will publish to all the world the glories of St. Joseph's river, and with affectionate enthusiasm describe the holy

scenes and sacred shrines, and tell of the peaceful delights of this their own loved Eden. Thus, indeed, will piety and gratitude render our own loved St. Joseph famous.

We have shown that the names of many rivers renew the memory of grand momentous and interesting scenes and events, and, as we recall the circumstances, which rendered those rivers immortal, we find that the most glorious are those which faith has immortalized.

A. O'C.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, S. Semmes, A. Eager, A. Clarks, M. Chirhart, E. Considine, M. Coogan, M. Dillon, L. Heneberry, M. Morgan, A. Martin, G. O'Neill, M. Paquette, F. Robertson, M. Rodgers, W. Mosher, C. Fehr, P. Ewing, J. Krick, M. Wilkins, M. Condrón, M. Sullivan, M. Coyne, M. Chaves, E. Mattis, M. Otero, C. Richmond, L. Robinson, M. Schmidt, Mary Otis, D. Best.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses A. English, J. English, E. Burtis, M. Barry, E. Rigney, M. Otis, J. McGrath, J. McKennon, N. Brown, A. Sawyer, S. Campau.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Claffey, Galen, Hanbury and Walsh.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clarke, Dillon, Fox, Feehan and Wiley.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Campbell, E. Call, Chrischellis, Donnelly, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Lancaster, Ave Price, Rasche, Simms, Wall.

3D SR.—Misses Barlow, Etta Call, A. Chirhart, M. Fishburne, Keenan, Legnard, Ginz, N. McGordon, C. Lancaster, Mowry, Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, S. Papin, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, M. Richardson, A. Richardson, Thompson, Todd, Waters, Thomann.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses Adderly, Behler, Clifford, M. Ducey, Eager, L. English, Fenlon, Fleming, Garrity, Harrigan, Mulligan, Newton, M. H. Ryan, Reutlinger, A. Watson, Williams, Wagner.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Clarke, Chirhart, Coogan, C. Ducey, Eldridge, Green, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, Ives, O'Neill, Paquette, Robertson, M. Watson.

JR. PREP.—Misses M. Condrón, A. English, Ewing, Hibbins, Hackett, Krick, McGrath, Papin, Wilkins, Sullivan, Welch.

1ST JR.—Misses Browne, Best, Coyne, Campau, H. Castanedo, Chaves, E. Mattis, Otero, Mary Otis, Richmond, Rigney, Robinson, Schmidt, Sawyer.

2D JR.—Misses M. Barry, E. Burtis, J. English.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses E. Galen, C. Lancaster, M. Feehan, C. Bland.

2D CLASS—Misses Campbell, Reilly, A. Cavenor, M. Morgan, B. Semmes, M. Castanedo.

3D CLAS—Misses Price, Barlow, Clarke, Leydon, Paquette.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Price, A. Nash, A. McGordon, C. Donnelly, Beal, Walsh, Shickey, M. Ryan, J. Owens, Ave Price.