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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Madonna of the Dome.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

When the waves of the lakelets glimmer
 In the tints of the rising sun,
 And the light of the stars grows dimmer,
 As they fade away one by one;
 How sweet on the breath of the morning,
 While peace freights the dewy air,
 Dull cares of life then scorning,
 To ascend to the realms of prayer!
 And the winds, thro' the distant woodland,
 Like playful children roam,
 And bear our soul's message to thee,
 Dear Madonna of the Dome!

Here are hearts, like flowers, unfolding
 In the beams of life's early morn,
 And young souls—rare vases holding
 The grace of God's Child new-born.
 Shall they, like the buds, be blighted
 By the canker-worm of sin?
 Shall the vase of God's love be slighted?
 Shall gross error enter in?
 Ah, Mother, look gently on them,
 From thy sunlit, airy home;
 Guide them, guard them—now, forever,
 Sweet Madonna of the Dome!

When the sun in the zenith glowing
 'Mid the pomp of his might and power,
 The shadows below erst throwing,
 Unseen at the noontide hour;
 When the kine wend their way to the river,
 Its cool limpid waters to drink,
 As it flows on with scarcely a quiver
 By its fern-hidden, flower-decked brink:
 We again, with petition most humble,
 To thee, gracious Lady, are come,
 Wilt thou bend down thine ear to listen,
 Kind Madonna of the Dome?

Here are hearts with ardor yearning
 For the walks of life untried,
 Souls with high purpose burning,
 All danger by them defied;
 No shade dims for them the vision
 That they search with eager eye,
 They hear not the world's derision,
 See not the tempter nigh.

Gentlest Mother, shall they perish?
 Shall they from Truth's pathway roam?—
 Spread protecting mantle o'er them,
 Bless'd Madonna of the Dome!

When the mid-day heat is over,
 And the sunset's blood red-hue
 The western landscapes cover
 With a glory forever new;
 When the tired world is sinking
 Into pleasant, dreamless sleep,
 And the furrowed lands are drinking
 Night dews in draughts so deep;
 O Queen of the moonlit Heavens,
 In earnest prayer we come
 To ask of thee a blessing,
 Loved Madonna of the Dome.

Here are hearts whose pulse's beating
 Grows more faint and weak each day,
 Souls grown weary of joys fleeting,
 Of the bliss that fades away;
 Brave hearts-*tried* in life's long battle,
 Tested thrice and o'er again,
 E'en though no cannon's rattle
 Sent death's message o'er the plain.
 Tender Mother, smile upon them,
 Call thy time-scarred warriors home
 In this quiet hour, life's sunset,
 Kind Madonna of the Dome.

FEB. 2d, 1884.

The French Revolution.

BY T. E. STEELE, '84.

(CONCLUDED.)

Let us pause for a moment in sympathetic justice to review the situation of France after *the 10th of August, 1792*. Authority there was none! The king who had blindly trusted in the generosity of the Assembly was now a prisoner in the Temple; the Assembly itself, forced to depose the king, had called for the immediate choice of a National Convention.* There only now remained for the governing of France, the Royal Ministry and a self-appointed, improvised Commune. Yet surely France had seldom sorer need of force and wisdom in affairs of State! In the South-East, stirred up by clergy

* The deposition of the king had of itself nullified the Constitution of 1791.

and *noblesse*, four thousand peasants had risen in terrible rebellion. Further north, the Allied Forces—some eighty thousand strong—were on the road to Paris. And who, alas! could oppose them? Lafayette, ever suspicious to the *Mountain*,* had even arrested the messengers of the Assembly; whence impeachment, flight, and, finally, capture by an Austrian Army. Meanwhile, the Duke of Brunswick is advancing, and on the 20th of August the large, well-defended town of Longwi, after a few hours of passive resistance, admits the conquering army.

Swift as couriers with better news, let us fly with the intelligence to Paris! Arrived, behold a city given up to suspicion and terror. The Prussians—now Longwi is taken—are almost at the gates; while here within the city, it is said, thirty thousand aristocrats are preparing to slaughter the people. Men are rushing hither and thither,—terrible danger within and without! Terrible, too, are the possibilities of the people, were there but one to guide; and lo! aided by Marat, Danton (Deputy, and Minister of Justice), proves the one man needed. At his nod, four hundred aristocrats are forthwith thrown into prison. The procedure of the courts is quickened; houses are searched at all hours—the merest suspicion made ground for arrest; all egress from the city prohibited, and thus a day of terror for aristocrats inaugurated. With the danger from within for the present averted, the people can fall to work with better heart against the foe from without. Trenches are dug about the city, houses ransacked for arms, church bells, and indeed all bells in Paris—two only excepted—molded into bullets; while volunteers, to the extent of thirty thousands, are armed, hastily drilled, and sent to the front. Still there is terror and suspicion in Paris; the aristocrats must be cowed; some, beginning to agree with Marat, say “*exterminated*.” Whether convinced of the city’s danger, or, merely, that he might be with the people, or, influenced, perhaps, by both, the generally good-hearted Danton—aided by Marat—planned those terrible atrocities from the time of their occurrence called, *The Days of September*.

By the first of September, when the popular fury against the aristocrats was at its height, news arrived that the town of Verdun had been taken. Seizing this favorable opportunity it was, on the motion of Danton, decreed that on the morrow all the men of Paris should drill in the *Champ de Mars*; and on the day after march to Verdun. Accordingly, on Sunday the second, the greatest excitement prevailed in Paris. Yet this time was selected for the transporting of thirty *non-jurant* priests from the town-hall to the prison of the *Abbaye*. Along their route, they met with only the silent expression of hate and distrust from the people; but at the Section of the Four Nations the mob, led on by Maillard attacked the carriages until one of the prisoners, more testy than his fellows, smartly caned the head and knuckles

of the nearest ruffian. In a moment, the priests were torn from their carriages, and all but Abbé Sicard* hewn to pieces. Thence the mob rushed to the church of the Carmelites where over two hundred priests were massacred. Then, remembering that Danton had well stocked the prisons, there arose a cry, “*A l’Abbaye!*”

Arrived, the mob were for rushing pell-mell into the prison; after some discussion it was agreed that Maillard, as President, should go through some hasty form of trial; the mob, with drawn sabres, waiting below the wicket for the hapless victims. A few there were acquitted; one fair maiden *drinking human blood* to redeem her old father from the charge of aristocracy! But these were few, indeed! Imagine thyself, O reader, that day a prisoner; hearing the great human sea about the prison, yet knowing not what it means. Lo! your name is called by the jailer; ignorant of imminent danger,—in thy secret heart, perhaps hopeful—thou hurriest to the front; to a rude court which, after a moment of questioning, merely says, “*A la Force!*” Perhaps, like ex-Minister Montmorin, thou askest for a carriage. “It is in waiting,” answers the President. The double gates fly open, thou art hurried through—and then? Oh, horror! horror indescribable! Yet look, thou hapless mortal, this second is as eternity for thee; look—for the last time on earth! Behold a crazy, blood-stained mob, thirsting like tigers for thy blood! about thee mangled corpses of victims gone before! Hear them crying, cursing, with uplifted axes rushing towards thee! Spring, thou already lunatic, into the sea of steel; in one moment, cut and hewn into a thousand pieces, by the madmen clamoring still for blood!

For three days and nights the massacre, not only here, but at the six other prisons in Paris, continued; for victims—at the lowest computation—fully 1200 perished. Terrible! says *sansculottic* patriotism; still more terrible from its necessity. The mobs received, in due time, government-pay for their “services at the prisons.” During all these nights the twenty-three theatres of Paris were open!

Thus did patriotism crush all danger from within. Meanwhile, in Argonne, the new Commander-in-chief, Dumouriez, has effectually stopped the progress of Brunswick. He has barricaded the three passes, and himself—connected with supplies, is leaving the enemy, lay

“Till fever and the ague eat them up.”

And, happily for France, what with an apparently never-ending rain, a thin diet of dysentery-producing green-grapes, a regular battle-defeat from General Kellerman (the second in command), the allied forces—duke of Brunswick, king of Prussia, *Seigneurs-Emigrés*, and the rest—through rain and morass, in humiliation and disgust, are glad to retreat, and give poor France a week to breathe freely.

And now is assembling in Paris the
NATIONAL CONVENTION.
(October 1792), among its members we notice

* A title applied from the situations of their seats, to the Jacobins of the National Convention.

* Inventor of the alphabetic system for deaf-mutes.

Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Abbé Sieyès, the Constitution-maker of the Revolution, Thomas Paine,—not unknown to Americans—Verginand the Girondist; Duke d'Orleans, cousin of the king, now reappeared as Phillip Egalité. Here again are the parties ranged against each other. There are now but Girondins and Jacobins; the former in favor among the more respectable classes, especially in the provinces; the latter strong among all *sansculottes*, but especially powerful in Paris. The Girondists had learning, eloquence, confidence in their always being right, and therefore supreme; the Jacobins had natural ability, practical knowledge of the people, and unconquerable *grit*. For eight months, the conflict lasted, and the latter won. Even Marat, who at first was held up to the execration of the world, gained in power and influence. Impeached by the Girondists, his triumphant acquittal but hastened their fall, while he became more and more the leader of France.

But we are proceeding too rapidly. For weeks after the assembling of the Convention, this question had been paramount: *Can we try the king?* And now, after endless causistry, on the eleventh of December, Louis Capet, as an indicted culprit, is summoned to the bar.

Of that famous trial there is no need to speak; the prisoner was allowed neither the inviolability of a king nor the rights of a citizen. After a masterly defense, the case went to the Assembly. On three questions, then a vote was taken; and by varying majorities it was decreed, January, 1793, that the prisoner was guilty, and that his punishment, to be forthwith inflicted, should be—death! So voted, for example, the coward Verginand; so, too, all the party of the Jacobins, including the infamous *Egalité*. Brissot is carried from his sick-bed to cast his vote in the Assembly—a vote not without danger from the people. But, on the other hand, a deputy from Saint-Morceaux, who, after voting, had slipped away from the hall to the nearest *café*, was accosted by an ex-member of the Royal Guards.

"Were you concerned in that business of the king's?"

"Yes, I voted death."

"*Scélérat!* take that!" shrieked the soldier, drawing a dagger from his breast; and in a moment the deputy lay dead.

Dead as he, in a few days lay Louis Capet—once king of France. The twenty-four hours allotted for preparation he spent as became a Christian gentleman: taking farewell of his wife and children, preparing to meet his God. On the scaffold he tried to speak, but his voice was drowned by the beating of drums. Then he was bound, and his head placed upon the block; the bright steel, glittering in the sunlight that it seemed to sever, flashed downward, and King Louis was no more!

At once, from all Europe and ultra-respectable France there arose a hue and cry of horror that echoes to this day. England and Spain at once declared war; or, to speak more correctly, *forced France to declare war upon them*. In the mean time, Dumouriez, whose conquering army had

over-run the Netherlands, met with a serious defeat at the battle of Neerwinden. Harassed by the Convention, whom he had come to despise, he gave over their messengers to the enemy. At the same time he endeavored to make terms with the Austrians in order that he might effect a counter-revolution in France. His schemes, however, were so generally suspected that his army refused to obey him; and one morning the "Saviour of France" rode over—a deserter to the Austrian camp. Meanwhile, the action of Dumouriez, who, it was thought, had intended to call young Philippe *Egalité* (then a French officer, afterwards King Louis Phillippe) to the throne of France, excited general alarm. His father, the Duke d'Orleans, was thrown into prison (March, 1793), and soon after executed.

The Jacobins then provided for the utmost surveillance over the people. Names of residents were to be printed on the door of each household; visits to be made at any and all hours; suspected persons to be thrown at once into prison, hence to be tried by an extraordinary tribunal, whose jury was permanent, whose only sentence was death. Day after day the prisons were filled; day after day, by the guillotine, emptied. Still the Girondists were plotting, often with a show of success. Marat himself is impeached in the Assembly, and brought to an Extraordinary Tribunal for judgment; where, however, *Sansculottism* triumphs, and Marat is freed—freed amid rejoicings such as Paris alone could feel or express; and elevated for his few remaining months of life to almost absolute power. After innumerable death-struggles, Girondism, May 31, 1793, perished forever in Paris.

On that night was imitated the revolution of the preceding May. By a self-appointed, people-supported crowd of ninety-six, the existing Commune, solemnly sitting in their meeting-place, are deposed—deposed, but at once reinstated under a new oath, with extraordinary increase of power. For result, Verginand, Brissot, Bailly,* and twenty other deputies are torn from the hall of the Convention and hurried to prison; hurried thereafter to—death! But, meanwhile, the Girondins are not dead in the provinces. At Lyons, they have, too, their Extraordinary Tribunal, with the guillotine always at hand. In the South-East they are still giving trouble, hoping in the general overthrow to gain, at least, vengeance. Meanwhile, too, at Paris, there is the old complaint—no money for the Government, no bread for the people! To remedy which the Assembly imposes stringent laws regarding the maximum price to be asked for any necessary of life; and, foreseeing that commerce might thus be ended, takes care that every man who has aught worth the selling, shall, a fair price being offered, that it is sold. As for Government money it is readily secured by scaled income-taxes, in nowise to be evaded, which might well make all wealthy men

* Bailly, the great astronomer who won so many encomiums for his courage and honor as Deputy and Mayor of Paris, was executed with unusual indignities, amid the execrations of the people.

shudder. Lo! France is preparing to follow the teachings of Marat; and he, slimy journalist, among all other men has come to be supreme!

So as he sat writing letters in his bath* this bright September morning, may have thought—*Citoyen* Marat. So in her provincial home had thought, for weary months, a high-born maiden—Charlotte Corday. And now this maiden, loving country far dearer than life, abhorring from her pure soul the iniquities of the day, hoping that Republicanism as she knew it might triumph, had come to Paris. Regarding Marat as the author of her country's woe, she seeks to find him; and now on this bright September morning is admitted.

"M. Marat, I come from Caen, the seat of Rebellion."

"Sit down, my child; now, what deputies are there?" at the same time seizing tablets to write down the names that she may utter, when—the girl plunges a dagger in his heart. With a cry, partly to express surprise, partly to summon assistance, Marat sinks back dead!

Wonderful man, so universally execrated alive and dead! and yet, reader, call him a *consistent atheistic Jacobin* and there let obloquy rest. Remember he was neither a coward nor a demagogue; remember that, although entrusted with almost absolute power, whence he might have gorged himself with gold, his whole estate in money when he died was hardly worth a hundred cents. And Charlotte, the strange Jeanne D'Arc of the eighteenth century—calmly she met her trial, still more calmly her death; a modest, high-spirited, but, for the time, half-crazed girl. Farewell, Charlotte—"greater than Brutus;" destined to live with poets and painters in all climes for all generations!

But, behold, we have passed on too quickly; for in the preceding August had there been another Feast of Pikes. The National Convention had made a Constitution now to be ratified with blasphemies in accord with the spirit of the times. From the breasts of the great statue of Nature, gushes clear water which deputies in turn are drinking, offering, at the same time, rude heathen prayers to the goddess. For now we have come upon that fearful time when men feared neither Heaven nor earth; when morality should be lost from the words of man; when over every graveyard should be written, "Death is an Eternal Sleep." A time hideous with crime, girt with terror, stained with blood; when a people enthroned harlot should be worshipped in the Church of Notre Dame. O fearful time—needful of a new-style reckoning! Hence the common-sense "New Calendar:—ten days in the week, three weeks in the month, (months named Rainy Month, Foggy Month, and so on) with five or six days over, for festivals at the end; years, by the way, numbered from 1793.

But in all truth, reader, it was a maddening time; the Girondists all about Lyons in rebellion! Prussia in the North-East renewing her invasion;

Austria and England, allied together, pouring in from the North-West. No wonder, then, that legislatures and courts must do rapid work at Paris. Citizens are enlisted *en masse*; from all quarters, and in some manner armed; and then sent forth to do and to die. A prominent General, Custine—who deserved mention before now—is summoned to Paris, tried and executed. At the same time, Philippe *Egalité* goes to the scaffold; not long after him Marie Antoinette, in old history termed the Queen of France; and closely following her Madame Roland, whose husband, hearing of her execution, shall be found dead by the road-side. Truly, the Tumbrils are worth looking into; no longer but unknown victims go to the guillotine. Even now behold Verginand, Brissot and the twenty-two Girondists! O gentlemen-deputies, singing on your death-journey the *Marseillais*, your orator has spoken truly, saying the Revolution, Chronos-like, is devouring its children! But this in passing. The Assembly decrees, and Frenchmen try to obey. Every man may be a "suspect"; and to be a "suspect," is death! Still the cause of freedom is prospering; Lyons is besieged and now (Oct. 8, 1793) has fallen. Here, then, shall Jacobinism rule, sparing no blood. So, too at Marseilles; so, too, over all the rebels once before referred to, now driven back like sheep across the Loire; so, too, over all Girondism, real or suspected, till the feverish pulse of France beat in unison with the great heart of Paris

So Civil War was ended; "But how," one inquires, incredulously, "did France ever escape from her foreign Foes? "By union and energy," one may answer. For the first time in war is used a rude telegraph and a balloon; cut off from the outer world, France is learning to make her own steel and saltpetre; as from shop-keepers and beggars she seemed to have made the best army in Europe. Through all 1793, though so often disheartened, the French Government spared no energy in the enlistment, drilling, or equipment of its armies. At the commencement, then, of 1794, the French were sanguine and well prepared for war. Not so the allies; Spain had lost money and courage; England, disgusted at the jealousies of the allies, her interest; while the third army was an indiscriminate mixture of Prussians, Austrians, *Emigrés*, and Italians. In a few months, one Republican army had penetrated the Netherlands to Brussels, while another had commenced a triumphant career in Italy under Napoleon Bonaparte. Where this essay ends—July 1794 (or 9 Thermidor Year II)—prevents me from following the various campaigns; destined to intoxicate France and terrify the world—prescient of Jena and Austerlitz.

And now let us hurry back to Paris, to be in at the death! After many months of bloodshed, the Girondins have vanished, and there now remain, facing each other, Robespierre and Danton. The latter a great, easy-going man, satisfied with his safety and power; the former a pitiless, bloodless man, seeking in his vanity the supreme power. The struggle was brief, with an end too easily foreseen.

* The water thereof (as was then the custom) being, by means of some milky liquid, made *opaque*.

On returning from his country home at Arras, Danton learned that he had been suspected of emigration; that the popular mind had been poisoned by the memory of his friendship for Dumouriez and other Girondists, by tales of his fabulous wealth, and the fear that he had deliberately terrified Paris to surrender her to the enemy, and place Louis XVII off the throne of France.

So, great Danton perished, after a life of many crimes. A man with manhood in him; one deserving of love for his *bigness* of mind and heart! With him perished Camille Desmoulin, who led the mob which destroyed the Bastille; even Bishop Gobel, who blasphemously threw down his mitre, is rewarded—thus.

Reader, we are hurrying to the end; Robespierre has lost his head. By decree of the Assembly the worship of Reason is abolished, and faith declared in the existence of a Supreme Being; for the expression of which a *fête* becomes necessary. On the 8th of June, then, Robespierre officiates, as the high priest of the nation. He leads a procession to the *Champ de Mars*, attired in a bright blue coat, carrying some feathers and an ear of corn in either hand. Here, amid the populace variously crowned with myrtle, oak and olive, he burns the statues of Atheism, Discord and Egotism, and from their ashes raises up the statue of Wisdom; hence to the *Champ de Mars* where are performed other ceremonies, symbolic of the new religion. The new religion, whose *Pontifex Maximus* already stood in the shadow of death, on one strange day, began and ended—thus.

Yes, Robespierre, thou art doomed; does not a deputy even on thy day of supremest power whisper "Tarpeian Rock is but a step from the capitol." Alienating all by thy pride and growing ravidity for blood, in very self-defence thy Assembly shall accuse thee; escaped from prison, thou shalt be recaptured; attempt suicide, inflicting but a painful wound; be recaptured, carried speechless to the scaffold, die amid a nation's curses on the guillotine! O Robespierre, high priest and absolute dictator in June, canst thou not look forward with thy sea-green eyes and see thy hideous self sprawling on the scaffold in July?

Then, with Robespierre's death, began a better day. Terrorism was lessened, power made less arbitrary, a better order of things—more in accord with the "saving common sense" of men—established. Saint-Antoine shall rise again, clamoring for "Bread and the Constitution of Ninety Three"; but she is met by a whiff of grape-shot now. The Revolution has sobbed and beat its life out; to be succeeded by the Consulate and Empire, Bourbons Legitimists and Orleanists, Insurrection and Republic, shoddy Empire, Commune, and once again a sorely-tried Republic.

Yet, France, remember where thou wast a century ago, and rejoice;—rejoice in a happy, prosperous people, whom thy vine-clad hills alone can keep as princes. Thou hast saved Europe; abolished Feudality serfdom, and shams of every kind; ended flaunting crimes among the leaders of Church and State—abolished and ended much; too

much, O France, for thou art forgetting God! But let us hope—as many claim to know—that this is but for a day; soon, then, shall thy destiny be worthy of thy wonderful people. Let us, reader, for ourselves remember—

... Maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth

This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! get it time
To learn its limbs; *there is a Hand that guides.*

Canis Fidelis.

Cordis inops rapuit, cynica de gente fidele
Membrum aliquis prædo. Secum vi, credo, trahebat.
Sed faciens iter, immanis sub pectore volvit
Consilium:—capite immisso pedibusque levatis
Per vacuum volitans est "Spenser" in aere visus.
Quale nefas!—stans attonitus, tamen integer ullo
Vulnere, continuo pergat sequiturque malignum.
Ast miser! ardentem juvenili sanguine ductus
Proruit, et recipit præceptis telluris hiatus
Illum. Vos mecum doleatis! solvite fletus
Lumina: decessit vita dilectus amicus.
Non sic, non; triplices luci favere sorores.
Egreditur reputans secum, sed doctior usu,
Atque, memor comitum, mentem passusque revertit.
Interea tellus candenti veste togata
Nec lenum thalamum, nec multam porrigit escam.
Bis denos fuit ille dies hoc tempore duro!
Errans huc et eo, metuenda pericula tentans.
Non benefactorum canis est oblitus, amorque
Vivificum dat quem renuit natura vigorem.
Apparet tandem. Felix e pectore surgit
Clamor: "adest." Venitne? an tantum spiritus ejus?
Incolumem! viventem oculis te cernere possum!
Huc venias: citius! quid te retinere valeret?
Huc venias; manibus cupio te tangere collo.
Omnes lætitiæ vestræ date signa sorores;
Mentibus his placidis plausus jungatis alumni;
Omnes nobiscum ludum ferat incola mundi,
Quem doluimus adest, vivit quem liquerat ævum.
Sed prius innocuus culpæ, lacrymabile dictum!
Nunc, fors, in misero pendit jactura pudoris!

NOVIUS.

Prevalence of Poison.

But few are aware that poison, in one form or another, extensively exists among almost all material things. Yet such is the fact. It has everywhere been found in the path of investigation through the visible domain of Nature. It has been found in the different forms of life, both vegetable and animal. In water, solid rocks and throughout the mineral kingdom it has also been discovered. All stimulants and narcotics contain elemental poison in a more or less active form. It is an active constituent of alcohol, and it may be found in all beverages of which alcohol is an element. In the putrifying process of fermentation it exists in its most active form. By this process

it is that intoxicating liquors are made, and in all of them lurks an insidious poison. Vegetable substances susceptible of fermentation are very generally used in the manufacture of intoxicants of one kind or another. In Siberia, Persia and other parts of Asia certain indigenous roots and weeds are so used. The Arabians, true to the injunctions of the Koran, do not drink wine; but they do drink coffee, smoke tobacco and use opium and hasheesh. In the southern part of Asia the poppy is indigenous, and it is very largely converted into opium and used as an intoxicant or narcotic by the people. In Russia, Finland, Sweden and Norway, beer, whiskey and alcohol are preferred. In Germany, France, Spain and Italy beer and wine are in particular request, although of late years brandy has become a popular drink in Northern Germany. In England, ale, beer and whiskey are favorite beverages. Scotland and Ireland have long been devoted to liquors of the more ardent type, although beer is steadily gaining ground. In the United States the people make and drink a larger variety of intoxicating liquors than in any other country in the world. A poisonous principle pervades all these liquors. It exists in all intoxicating compounds. The person who uses them inordinately is sure to be affected by it. Nothing can more expeditiously and inevitably lead him to ruin. The poison which lurks in alcohol is sure, wherever taken intemperately, to work injury and result in physical, mental and moral deterioration.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, etc., are stimulants of a milder form. But when taken in excess they are nearly as harmful as wine or beer. In a concentrated form they are violently poisonous. The nicotine of tobacco is capable of producing death in a short time.

As is generally known, the effect of poison when taken in small quantities is radically different from that following an indulgence verging upon excess. A small quantity either does service or occasions no injury, while double or treble that amount does positive harm or produces death. This rule holds true as to belladonna, opium, arsenic, strychnia, aconite, laudanum—and, in fact, all the well-known and virulent poisons. The caffeine of coffee, the theine of tea, the alcohol of spirits, etc., are all deadly poisons. Common salt is a combination of poisonous ingredients. Phosphorus, which enters so largely into fish, is a virulent poison. The common garden lettuce is strongly impregnated with the same principle. Celery, the common varieties of vegetables and fruits, and even the seductive watermelon, contain potential poison. There is, in fact, poison in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the milk we use, as well as the food we eat. It comes in the hurricane and the storm wind. It lies over the landscape in the exhalations of the evening. It bursts out of the earth, and is potentially a part of healing herbs, and luscious fruits, and beautiful flowers. Under certain conditions the poison in these things is particularly active. This is especially true when they are undergoing decay or fermentation. Then they do most harm. They fill the air with the germs of pestilence, and

death lies concealed in their insidious operations.

In animals and reptiles poison also exists. The bite of a serpent or rabid dog communicates to the living system a virus that generally culminates in death—although in giving whiskey as an antidote for snake-bites the homœopathists are not unfrequently permitted to direct attention to the vindication of their professional motto: *Similia similibus curantur*—"Like cures like." Many instances are related in respect to surgeons who lost their lives by accidentally cutting their fingers during post-mortem examinations, and thus absorbing and receiving the peculiar virus of decomposing corpses. And where hands have been cut with instruments thus used even days after the examinations, the deadly virus has been communicated. The victims in such cases become fearfully swollen, undergo excruciating pains, and die in a short time.

It is only of late years that a knowledge of the prevalence of poison throughout the domain of Nature has become known. But that it so exists, has been settled by investigation and repeated chemical analysis. Day by day, we take more or less of it in its potential or harmless form. It is only when taken in excess or after the substance in which it is has undergone fermentation that it is positively hurtful and dangerous. Then it causes ruin and frequently produces death. Even in this unpleasant field of inquiry, Nature inculcates the lesson that "Moderation is health, and excess death." H.

Scientific Notes.

—The endless diversity of uses to which electricity may be put received another illustration at the Court Opera at Vienna, where, by the simple expedient of suspending tiny incandescent lamps by fine swinging wires, the effect was produced of swarms of fire-flies flitting about a tropical forest. By switches the current is turned off and on at the pleasure of the operator, and the effect, as the artificial fire-flies flash and dance in mid-air, is said to have been electrical in other than a literal sense.

—Among the new odd things which amuse and instruct us is the late invention for watching the circulation of the blood in the body; the method is simple and it is a wonder it was not thought of before. The lower lip is drawn out and fixed upon a stage of a microscope by means of clips, the inner surface being uppermost, and having a strong light thrown upon it by a condenser. The microscope is brought to bear on the surface of the lip, using a lower-power objective and focussing a small superficial vessel. At once one sees the endless procession of the blood corpuscles through the minute capillaries, the colorless ones appearing like white specks, dotting the red stream. This is the first instance of the flow of the vital fluid in one person watched by another.

—It is well known that lemons are often used in cases of rheumatism, scorbute, diphtheria, and other diseases; but that a decoction of lemon is effective

in preventing the recurrence of intermittent fever, in cases where quinine is utterly ineffectual, appears to be a very recent discovery. Dr. Maglieri experimented lately with a decoction of lemon on three individuals. The two first had an attack every third day, and the last was regarded as hopelessly lost and incurable. The first one had no attack after taking the decoction once; the second had only a very feeble one; the third gradually recovered. Dr. Maglieri regards this decoction as efficacious as sulphate of quinine, and even more so, as proved by the above experiment. The remedy is prepared by cutting a lemon into small pieces, in three cupfuls of water and boiling in an earthen vessel and afterwards filtering through a piece of linen. The decoction is given all at once, or in two doses, at least four hours before the threatened attack. This remedy has at least one advantage over quinine, in being cheaper.

College Gossip.

—Oberlin has received a gift of \$50,000 with which to support a School of Music.

—The distinguished Jesuit Father Gazeau died last week at St. Mary's College, Montreal. May he rest in peace!

—Dr. O'Reilly, the gifted author, is writing a series of articles on the great Spanish Universities for *The Catholic Herald*, of Boston.

—The late James F. Clark, of Cleveland, Ohio, bequeathed \$79,000 for educational, charitable, and religious purposes, including \$24,000 to Oberlin College.

—Mr. Frederick Maynard, of New York, has contributed \$60,000 towards the establishment of a School of Fine Art at Princeton.—*Columbia Spectator*.

—Reuben Springer, of Cincinnati, has given \$20,000 to furnish the buildings for the Art School, so liberally endowed by Judge Nicholas Longworth.

—Mgr. Hostlot, Rector of the American College, Rome, died February 1st. He was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was born 37 years ago. May he rest in peace!

—The annual catalogue of Amherst shows a decrease of thirty-one in that of last year. This decline is attributed to the withdrawal of the Scientific Course.—*Herald-Crimson*.

—The University of Texas has an endowment of \$5,250,000 and 1,000,000 acres of land. The co-educational system has been adopted, and there will be no military.—*Concordiensis*.

—Marquette College is increasing in popular favor, and in the course of a few more years will be an educational institution which every Catholic in this city and State will be proud of.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*.

—St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., conducted by the Lazarist Fathers, is in a flourishing condition. This justly celebrated seat of learn-

ing is the *Alma Mater* of many of the most distinguished men of the West.

—In the last twenty-five years, Baltimore has received by private bequest for educational and charitable institutions, \$12,050,000 and 1,910 acres of land, of which \$8,200,000, and 1,110 acres of land were left by three Quaker gentlemen.—*Collegian*.

—Michigan University students who know Shorthand are compelled to lock themselves in their own rooms to avoid the rush of those who missed the fine points in the lectures. MORAL: Don't learn Stenography. If you do, keep it secret!—*Vidette-Reporter*.

—A new building for an Academy of Sciences has just been erected at Athens. It comprises a library and lecture-rooms, and is of marble, in the style of the famous buildings of the Acropolis, and within sight of them. Baron von Sina, of Vienna, a wealthy Greek, gave the building to his countrymen.

—Next year De Pauw University will have sixty-four Professors. They will have departments for Law, Theology, and Medicine.—*Lariat*.

If De Pauw had not those departments hitherto, we would like to know on what grounds it based its claim to the title of University? Further, how many other institutions now lay claim to the title without departments to justify it?

—Wabash College is yet young in years, but has already attained the distinction of being the finest college in the West. She has had many difficulties to overcome, but with untiring efforts and a liberal support she has outlived all embarrassments, and has well deserved the name—"Harvard of the West." This college has a great work yet to perform. . . . With an occasional newspaper notice, this college is practically unknown beyond the circle of its alumni and students. . . . Cannot some one suggest some means for directing the public eye upon this institution and give her a boom? If no better way is offered let a free but judicious use of printer's ink be tried, and see what will be the result.—*Lariat, Wabash College, Ind.*

—In the death of Wendell Phillips, Harvard loses another of those great men of an older generation of graduates to which Emerson and Sumner belonged. Mr. Phillips's life was so much a part of the history of our people that any account of it would be superfluous. A member of the Class of 1831, Mr. Phillips signalized the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation by his well-known "Phi Beta Kappa" address, in which he charged upon the educated men of the country their disregard of questions of public good. This address, which attracted so much adverse criticism, has been considered by many a vindication of Mr. Phillips's course of action during the many political contests in which he took part. Mr. Phillips's career in public life is certainly full of the wisest instruction for college graduates. His fearlessness, his sincerity, his independence give examples of the greatest value to the educated man of to-day.—*Herald-Crimson*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 16, 1884.

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 SEVENTEENTH 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:

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JAMES SOLON, '84.	C. A. TINLEY, '84.
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—Through some inadvertence the SCHOLASTIC of last week was not mailed for several days after publication. The complaints that have reached us, though showing a kind and gratifying appreciation of our little paper, are the cause of much regret; but we can assure our subscribers that every effort will be made to insure a more prompt and regular reception of their paper hereafter.

—It is high time that our competitors for the English medal should begin work. But four months yet remain, and all this time will be needed to get in the required number of essays. The indifference which seems to exist this year, is in surprising contrast with the enthusiasm that prevailed last year, and yet it goes without the saying, that the exercise of essay-writing is of incalculable benefit, which the writer derives from his efforts, even though the prize itself for which he contends, be not obtained.

—We have seen it stated that the number of subscribers to the new edition of Dr. Brownson's works is less than 1000. In all sincerity we say that the American reading public know not the opportunity they let pass. If there is one name, more than another, that stands forward promin-

ently and pre-eminently among those of the leaders of thought in this "our enlightened nineteenth century," it is the honored name of ORESTES A. BROWNSON. And it goes without the saying that his son—Major Brownson, of Detroit,—is conferring a priceless boon upon American literature, to say no more, by collecting and publishing his father's works.

The fault with us here in America is that we, as has been said of us, are practically inclined to be too materialistic. The desire of wealth and luxury, intensified by an unusual increase of prosperity, has its inevitable influence upon all minds, even the most enlightened; and the result is seen in the comparatively few who give any heed to what may furnish food for their minds. We say it advisedly, it is time for us Americans to realize the necessity of reaching and retaining a prominent position in the grand march of civilization, and to that end there is no greater and better means than our country's literature, of which the chief and the foremost exponent is presented in the writings of Dr. Brownson.

We hope ere long to present to our readers an extended notice of these works.

—The following sensible remarks on "Reading," which we find in the *Philosophian Review*, are deemed worthy of reproduction. As the constant dropping of water wears even the hard stone, old but habitually disregarded truths cannot be enunciated too often:

"The benefit to be derived from reading good books, especially in youth, cannot be over-estimated. The cheap literature with which the country is flooded, is scarcely less harmful in its effects upon the moral character, than poison upon the physical system. The columns of the secular papers are daily and weekly filled with long accounts of crime, which, in many instances, may be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the reading of thrilling tales and trashy novels. By the average young person, enough time is spent in reading romantic and sentimental stories to acquire a fair knowledge of history and other works of the first order. The Institute library is filled with the choicest and most instructive volumes. We should, therefore, in choosing books from its shelves, select only such as shall tend to increase our knowledge, and to make us nobler men and women."

The allusion to the secular papers, daily teeming with "long accounts of crime" minutely detailed, might be strengthened and made condemnatory. There can be little question that these "long accounts of crime" are no less evil in effect than the reading of "thrilling tales and trashy novels;" they should therefore be stopped by the forcible expression of what little healthy public sentiment still remains. The United States census shows the alarming fact that within thirty years crime, insanity, idiocy, etc., increased *more than one hundred and fifty per cent.*, with the greatest increase in those States where the greatest amount of reading is done, where the most *intelligence* exists, and where the largest sums are expended for public education. In 1850, with a population of 23,191,876, 13,474 were in prison—or one criminal for every 1,721; in 1880, with a population

of 50,155,783, there were 59,255 convicted criminals, or one for every 846 inhabitants. Of these criminals 46,338 were native born, and 12,917 foreigners—so the increase cannot be owing to the influx of foreigners. It is high time the public should see the danger threatening it, and take measures against it accordingly. A low state of morals has already placed nearly half a million—out of a population of 50,000,000—in prisons, insane asylums, reformatories and poor-houses.

—The leading educators of the present day are becoming not a little alarmed at the irreligious tendencies of the age. The widespread diffusion of the Ingersollian principle, Godlessness first, and then free thought as much as you will, gives them good reason for their fears. We say "Godlessness first,"—Ingersoll and his followers are unwilling to allow their set the privilege of believing there is a God, forgetting that by such a course of action they belie their boasted liberality of thought. They withdraw men from the judicious control of Reason to make them, not free, but the sport of fickle Imagination, and eventually the slaves of Passion.

The Ingersollian principle of Free Thought is only another name for want of thought. Agnosticism can find an excuse outside the Catholic Church, inasmuch as the conflicting claims of a hundred or more sects, each claiming to be "The Church," are calculated to stagger an honest mind in its search for truth; but the Ingersollian principle of the nonentity of a Supreme Being is illogical, contradictory to reason, and will not bear either inspection or argument. Nevertheless, it is gaining a number of outspoken adherents from the half educated masses. Without moral or religious training, they fall an easy victim to its wiles. The moral tendency of the age is downward. Ingersollian infidelity is not the outgrowth of a day, or a year; the leaven has been silently working for years, and a low state of morals is the result.

* * *

Considering that Mr. Ingersoll and his disciples make the Old Testament scriptures their shibboleth in the war against Christianity, it is strange that misguided but well-meaning people do not examine into the causes of this rapidly spreading unbelief. The mere fact of the Ingersollians making the Bible—and especially the Old Testament—the objective point of attack, is not of itself conclusive against the indiscriminate use of the sacred chronicles by the young as well as the old—as has been the custom since the Reformation,—but it should lead people to inquire whether those chronicles have been judiciously used. Those who have carefully read the Old Testament know that portions of its chronicle of events are too plainly worded for our sensitive and effeminate age, and must especially have a bad effect on the minds of the young. The Jews two thousand years ago recognized this fact, and forbade the reading of certain portions of those writings until people reached the age of maturity. Yet, no one in our day can

claim a greater regard for the books of the Old Testament than that in which they were held by the Jews. Their reason for prohibiting the perusal of certain passages is obvious, and if the people of to-day are wise they will follow the example of the ancient Hebrews in this respect.

That people to-day are not judicious is evident from the fact that the publishers of a respectable magazine even now offer a premium to the person who singles out the longest sentence in the Old Testament and sends it to them. Why choose the Old rather than the New Testament, we ask? If the infidels of to-day are questioned as to the cause of their unbelief they will at once tell us—they have often heard them tell others—that the statements of the Old Testament chronicles staggered their belief,—they not were learned enough to understand what they read, they began to doubt, and ended in unbelief. This was not the fault of the scriptures, or of the plain statements written for stronger and simpler people than those of our age, but of men who put the scriptures to a use for which they were not intended.

Exchanges.

—*College Chips* is the name of a new paper, published by students of Luther College, Iowa, of which the second number is before us. Very little of the small amount of its matter is furnished by students of the college, but there are two short, fairly-written and gossipy letters, from old students now at Columbia College and Johns Hopkins.

—*The Ariel*—University of Minnesota—is said, by one of its Montana correspondents, to "be away up," and, in Montana parlance, we will consent to "go with him this trip." The paper is a good one, contains a fair amount of student work, and some interesting correspondence. The letter from Yale is superior to the run of college correspondence.

—*The North-Western*, from Evanston, Illinois, has just come to hand, asking an exchange. So far as we can see, it is about up to the average Western College paper. A literary contribution entitled "The Norman Conquest" is chiefly remarkable for a tropical luxuriance of style, to which here and there, the stubborn facts of history are subordinated.

—*The Lantern*, from the Ohio State University, began the year and its fourth volume with a new cover. *The Lantern* is a neat, fairly edited and solid paper; it eschews nonsense and believes in useful, plodding work. An outsider would naturally find fault with the amount of space given the society reports, one of which often takes up more than a column, but then the editors have a very large paper to fill, and probably imagine that local items, however inflated, are better than selected matter. Be this as it may, the editors of *The Lantern* have no reason to be ashamed of their paper; in our estimation it is far

better than the one we receive from the University at Cincinnati, the *Academica*. If the latter be a representative paper the Cincinnati University is a poor affair at best, a disgrace to the city and the State.

—*The Queen's College Journal* is on our table as we write; and we are beginning to believe that there is not sufficient "Sweetness and Light" among our Canadian brethren. Nearly all the editorials seem to be of a satirical turn, and are levelled at the sister-University of Toronto.

Queen's, we thankfully admit, differs in many respects from Toronto. In Queen's they demand a knowledge of subjects; in Toronto a knowledge of books. In Queen's the ideal is education; in Toronto, information. In Queen's they *teach*; in Toronto they *lecture*.

About one-sixth of the Toronto students succeed annually in getting their degree; in Queen's about one-tenth. It does not need a witch to find out where the exams. are easy. Notwithstanding, we know where the talk is loudest about the high standard and "severity of our examinations."

—The Exchange-Editor of *The College Message* deals a telling blow to the sneaking, whining curs who, themselves devoid of any merit that could attract attention, are forever yelping at the encomiums passed upon others—"Scratch my back," etc. The Ex-man of the *Message* says truly that "the policy is most contemptible, and those who adhere to it can only be cowardly and dishonest," as they undoubtedly are. Such fellows might read "Cenci's" excellent article, "*Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*," in this number of the *Message*—with benefit. The answer of the indignant painter suits them exactly. But of course they have neither the sense nor good breeding to see its application. No: they are ambitious, these literary shoemakers, and, Guiteau-like, if they can't achieve their ends they will try to pull down and assassinate those who are more successful than themselves.

—The *Columbia Spectator* comes out with a suitable leap-year frontispiece and, well—another piece of engraving with a *running* comment as follows:

ATHLETIC YOUNG UNCLE (*who has just had a mug of milk spilled over him by a baby nephew*): You young rascal, how dare you be so careless with liquids?

BABY: What is a liquid, Uncle Jack? UNCLE (*hesitating*): Oh! oh! well, anything that runs.

BABY: Are you a liquid?

Of course, the athletic uncle—just home from college, no doubt—was logically cornered. The story of the number tells how a doting papa's imagination ran away with him, but was caught when about finishing the home run. The next cut is a swell with a slippery tongue and waxed mustache, on a slippery pavement, cut by a gamin shovelling off the walk, or rather the snow upon the walk. The swell was punctured,—and collapsed, of course. The *Spectator's* local departments—"About College," "School of Mines," and "Law School Notes," as well as its "College World" and "Library" notes, are models of careful editing. The budget of "Shavings" at the back door comes handy for kindling the fire of fun.

—The *Mercury*, from Racine College, Wisconsin,

sin, forcibly reminds one of Mr. Richard Swiveller, insomuch as it has "a prodigious talent for quotations." On its title-page, we meet the very novel and original sentiment, commencing

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

And still further, a beautiful poem, suitable for inscription in the autograph albums of very small boys and girls, commencing thus:

"You ask me to inscribe my name

Upon this page so fair:

With pleasure, I consent at once:

Behold! 'tis written there!"

From such doggerel it is a real pleasure to turn to the *Vassar Miscellany* for January, 1884. The opening article on "Don John of Austria" is a very graceful and erudite production. The entire paper, indeed, is up to its usual high standard, than which nothing more complimentary can be said. How much inferior is the *Virginia University Magazine*! Its only readable production—the opening article on the Chevalier Bayard—cannot be compared to the corresponding paper in the *Miscellany*; the style is feeble, the thoughts poorly connected, and the frequency of incorrect quotations almost offensive. The romantic tale that succeeds it, is entirely too much like De Quincey for a sober public to read or understand. The rest of the paper is fairly good.

—Anent the everlasting discussion over Miss Donnelly's "Luther" we quote the fair-minded editor of the *Queen's College Journal*, commending his words to many of our Protestant exchanges:

"The non-Catholic press has a right to its views of Luther and of the Catholic Church; the Catholic press has just as much right to its views of Luther and of the Protestant Church. The organs of both Churches may, always in the spirit of Christian charity, publish these views, for the non-Catholic press is meant to appeal to non-Catholic readers and the Catholic press to Catholic readers. The editor of the SCHOLASTIC might say, 'If so, that settles the question. We form a part of the Catholic press.' But we desire the SCHOLASTIC to notice that though it is a part of the Catholic press, it is peculiar in this respect that from 150 to 250 of its readers (probably the actual number is considerably larger) are and must be Protestants. These are most of the editors of the various college papers of the continent. It would be one solution of the problem for the SCHOLASTIC to say, 'If you do not like our writings, why, drop us from your exchange list.' But that would be an extreme course. Besides, we are pleased to confess that we would be prevented from adopting such a plan by purely selfish motives, for we consider the SCHOLASTIC a well-conducted paper, and to drop it from our exchange list would not be punishing it, but only ourselves. To us a better solution would be, looking at the whole matter from the standpoint of simple courtesy, for our brother editors to publish nothing that would be calculated to offend so many of *their readers*, especially since no good can possibly come of it."

Personal.

—R. M. Anderson, '83, is sojourning at Hoboken, N. J.

—J. J. Molloy, '83, is pursuing the study of medicine, at his home in Germantown, Ky.

—M. E. Donohoe, '83, is now studying Theology at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

—Rev. Father Roche, pastor of St. Vincent's, near Fort Wayne, Ind., passed a few days at the College, last week.

—Rev. J. M. Curran, of '68, is Director of the Sacred Heart Union and Superior of the Sacred Heart Institute, at Arlington Heights, N. J.

—Hon. E. F. Dunne, LL. D., Commencement Orator of '80, has been honored by the Holy Father with the title of Count, in recognition of his services in the cause of religion and education. The *Freeman's Journal* says:

"Judge Dunne's friends, who are legion, will be gratified by the news that the Holy Father has publicly honored a Catholic jurist who has in every possible way testified his constant devotion to the Holy See and his exact understanding of Catholic principles and the rights of Catholics. Judge Dunne has been a manful and consistent advocate of the necessity of Catholic education and a most logical opponent of the usurpation of the State in matters of education. The title is honored by Judge Dunne's acceptance of it. It is a mark of the appreciation of the Holy Father of good which has been energetic and unceasing.

Local Items.

—It was "Rough on Rats!"

—As a promoter, he is a success.

—Three C's won the prize. See!

—How many valentines did you get?

—Competitions next week in the Commercial Course.

—Grand banquet for the Junior department to-night.

—New selections are appreciated at our society meetings.

—Who was it that said there would be no more sleighing?

—The mails were larger than usual, last Thursday.

—Both Temperance Societies are now re-organized and doing good work.

—The Orchestra are preparing a splendid programme for the entertainment.

—It is expected that the Thespians will "beat the record" on next Thursday evening.

—The local predictions of our weather-prophet do not seem to "pan out" as well as might be expected.

—To-morrow, *Sexagesima* Sunday, Mass No. 3 (p. 17) *Credo*, No. 3 (p. 102) will be sung. Vespers of the Sunday.

—The Euglossians are preparing an entirely new programme of selected pieces for the first of the series of Spring Exercises.

—The Juniors' reception-rooms are well patronized now as the whole department, without one exception, belong to the Association.

—The Professor in No. 7 was agreeably surprised the other day to find his class-room beautifully-adorned with pictures, mottoes, etc.

—The Orpheonic room is being handsomely

furnished; the new desks, chairs, etc., have arrived, and a new upright piano will soon be placed there.

—Great excitement prevailed at the "Spelling Bee" last Wednesday. France and Ireland fought for one prize, with the victory in favor of the former.

—Those who thought the winter was over were shown how much they were in error by the snow-storm of Wednesday, and the severe cold of the following days.

—An Orchestra will be started soon in the Junior department, under the direction of B. Anselm, C. S. C. The Juniors have some promising artists, and no doubt they will do well.

—We hope that many more of the Juniors will join the Temperance Society, as such an association forms an element of education and one that will bring good results in after life. Come forward and be welcomed as a member.

—The winners of prizes at the competition in the 1st Orthography Class were C. Muhler, M. Clarke, F. Rogers, M. Barclay, C. Porter, T. Cleary, G. C. Houck, J. Dwenger, J. Fitzgerald, C. Cavaroc, P. Mullane, F. Grothaus.

—We regret that we are unable to present, in this number, the programme for the entertainment of next Thursday evening. But we can assure all friends of the Thespians that the exhibition, musically and dramatically, will be one of rare excellence.

—Seven o'clock is the time fixed for the entertainment to take place on next Thursday evening. Those who do not receive invitations, will please remember that they must pay for the pleasure of attending. We hope to see a large and appreciative audience on the occasion.

—On Monday, Very Rev. Father General disposed of one of the grand prizes presented to the Minim department. Twenty-four of the boys who had no bad notes since the 1st of November were the competitors, and Master Elmer Scherrer, of Denver, Col., was the fortunate winner. The applause which accompanied the presenting of the prize showed that Master Scherrer is quite a favorite among his fellow-students.

—"C—," a member of the Astronomy Class, was down to the lake the other day, enjoying the beauty of motion, and gracefully skimming over the glassy ice. His mind seemed far, far away, and as he approached a yawning crack he seemed utterly unconscious of terrestrial things. As his head came in contact with the surface of the lake, he was heard to confusedly murmur, "Mars and Saturn,—first magnitude,—star shower—"

—At the 24th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Saturday, Feb. 9th, essays were read by Masters Dexter, and Mug; speeches and declamations presented by D. Taylor, C. Porter, W. Mulkern, H. Foote and J. Monschein. A criticism on the previous meeting was read by J. Devine. The public readers for the following week are: D. Taylor, J. Fendrich, G. Schaefer, E. Porter, J. Monschein and W. Schött.

—The 11th regular meeting of the Junior Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, Feb. 10th. The election of officers took place as follows: Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Director; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President; W. Mug, 1st Vice-President; D. G. Taylor, 2d Vice-President; W. Mahon, Recording Secretary; J. Halligan, Corresponding Secretary; J. Smith, Treasurer; H. Foote, 1st Censor; J. Hagenbarth, 2d Censor; W. J. Schott, Organist.

—The reorganization of the Junior branch of the T. A. U. took place Sunday evening, Feb. 10th. The pledge was administered by Rev. Father Walsh to 48 students who wished to become members; after which the election took place, resulting as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President; F. H. Dexter, 1st Vice-President; C. F. Porter, 2d Vice-President; J. McDonnell, Recording Secretary; J. Hagerty, Corresponding Secretary; G. Houck, Treasurer.

—The 3d regular meeting of the Lemonnier Boat Club was held Thursday evening, Jan. 14th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session. The result is as follows: Rev. Father Toohey, Director; F. W. Gallagher, Commodore; C. A. Tinley, Treasurer; J. A. McIntyre, Recording Secretary; T. E. Steele, Corresponding Secretary; Messrs. Steis and Murdock, Captains. It is said that on account of the injudicious selections of captains the result of the race is morally determined.

—The dinner given last Sunday evening by the members of the Crescent Club Orchestra, complimentary to their Director, was elegantly served by mine host, Ragan, of the Sheridan House, South Bend. Full justice having been done the *menu*, speeches were made by Messrs. Guthrie and Call. The latter was especially felicitous in his remarks when describing the superiority of Atlantic City as a summer resort. Cigars and coffee were then served; after which, by the invitation of the proprietor of the hotel, the members of the Club inspected the large, airy rooms recently furnished in the latest style. While admiring the well-ventilated and tastefully carpeted corridors, Charley, the coachman, appeared to announce that the horses were ready for a moonlight drive.

—The following is a very singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect. Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

SSSSSX XXXXX33333SSSS3

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so very little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now, turn the paper upside down, and without any careful looking you will see that the difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper half of any object upon which it looks.

—The Sorins held a special meeting on the 12th

inst. for the purpose of electing officers for the 2d session. The result is as follows: Right Rev. J. Dwenger, D. D., and Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General, Honorary Directors; Rev. President Walsh, Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; B. Francis Regis, C. S. C., General Critic; F. Nester, 1st Vice-President; C. West, 2d Vice-President; B. Lindsey, Secretary; F. Otis, Corresponding Secretary; R. Morrison, Treasurer; W. McPhee, Critic; W. Prindiville, 1st Censor; R. Papin, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. M. Studebaker, Marshal; W. P. Devine, 2d Censor; F. Garrity, 1st Librarian; W. Stange, 2d Librarian; M. O'Kane, 1st Monitor; E. Thomas, 2d Monitor. Compositions were read by Masters Otis and Lindsey. The proceedings closed with a speech from the President, who complimented the members on the success of their entertainment given on the 6th.

—It is an old saying that "you cannot judge a book by its cover," but the beautiful, bright blue tint, with its ink and gold impressions, the æsthetic urn filled with golden flowers, the harp with golden rays which adorn this cover, are true indications of the pure, the bright, the musical, the sweetly told story within. The noble Catholic life of the great and pious master, the numerous great German names of monarchs, artists, men, cities, and immortal works, render this biography as instructive as it is entertaining. It is printed from large and very clear type, on thick, tinted paper, and, except the lack of pictures, the book is, both in form and matter, a rival to the finest volumes of fairy tales, and will surely prove equally attractive and absorbing to everyone who opens its pages. We happen to know that while it was running through the pages of *The Ave Maria*, it caused that popular weekly to be more eagerly looked for than usual, and was the first article perused by many subscribers.—*N. O. Morning Star*.

—A meeting of the St. Thomas Aquinas' Academy was held on Tuesday evening last for the purpose of electing officers, the result being as follows: Very Rev. E. Sorin, and Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Moderator; Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Assistant Moderator; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Thomas E. Steele, President; W. H. Bailey, 1st Vice-President; E. A. Otis, 2d Vice-President; J. Solon, Recording Secretary; W. H. Johnston, Corresponding Secretary; J. A. McIntyre, Treasurer; T. J. McKinnery, G. H. Smith, Censors; T. J. Mahoney, S. J. Dickerson, Huisiers. A committee, consisting of W. Bailey, T. E. Steele, and J. McIntyre, was appointed to arrange a programme for the patronal festival of the Association. Mr. E. A. Otis was appointed to defend at the next meeting the thesis, "The Existence of God"; objectors being Messrs. J. A. McIntyre, and W. H. Johnston. A vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Father Fitte for his active interest during the past session in everything tending to promote the welfare of the Association, and after a few words in reply, the meeting adjourned.

—*Scholastic Annual* for 1884. (J. A. Lyons, Publisher, Notre Dame, Ind.) Publishers seem to vie with each other each year in making more and more attractive the various calendars and almanacs issued by them. The small pamphlet of our boyhood days, advertising the nostrums of some empiric and setting forth in regular order the days and months of the year, together with a few astronomical and perhaps historical facts, has long since disappeared. The ugly cuts that disgraced even the former, now give place to the elegant illustrations that ornament its more modern successor. Not alone is the publisher content with making a calendar, but he taxes his ingenuity to add such literary and other attractions as will make the book valued aside from its merits as an almanac. Fresh from the gifted pen of the scholarly Prof. J. A. Lyons comes to us the *Scholastic Annual* for the year of Our Lord, 1884. The entire make-up of the volume is a credit to the University of Notre Dame, by whom it is published. A noticeable feature of this *Annual* is the manner in which the calendar for each month is arranged. On one page is given the usual information relative to the moon's phases, the tides, etc. On the opposite page is to be found a complete church calendar, and for each Sunday throughout the year the various epistles and gospels read in the Mass. The literary part of the work is equally deserving of praise. Amongst other articles we notice a poem from the pen of that great prelate of New York, the late Archbishop Hughes, entitled "The Rainbow of Hope." This beautiful poem alone would suffice to make this *Annual* worthy of being treasured.—*Catholic Fireside*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Baca, Fowers, Brosseau, Barron, Becerra, Bailey, Combe, J. Carroll, C. Carroll, Coll, Cartier, Jos. Cusack, Jno. Cusack, Cella, Conway, Dunn, Delgado, De Groot, De Wolf, Dolan, Danielson, Ewing, Feltz, Fogarty, Farrell, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, Fitzgerald, J. Frain, P. Frain, Gonser, Gandrup, Goulding, Gonzalez, Geiser, Gutierrez, Gray, J. Gallagher, Galarneau, Hafner, Hyde, Howard, Hellebush, Hetz, Hamlyn, Johnston, Jackson, Kelly, Lister, McGinn, Morass, McErlaine, Mahon, McKinnery, Mathers, Marquez, C. Murdock, Mitendorf, McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Jno. McCabe, McLaughlin, Mahoney, Madden, Cassilly, Neeson, Norfleet, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, O'Kane, O'Connell, E. O'Brien, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Quinlan, Rudge, Reach, Ramsay, Solon, Shea, Scholfield, Steele, Saviers, E. Smith, G. Smith, Sanchez, Tinley, Teasdale, J. Uranga, F. Uranga, Warner, Wilson, Whalen, Wheatly, Rogers.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Anchondo, Arkins, Borgschulze, Berthelet, Barela, Brown, Baur, Barclay, Breen, D. Cartier, G. Cartier, A. Chirhart, E. Chirhart, Courtney, Curtis, Chaves, Caveroc, Cleary, Clarke, Costigan, Cassilly, Coleman, Dorenberg, Dexter, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fendrich, Foote,* Finckh, Gerlach, Grothaus, Grunsfeld, Hagenbarth, Hemisbaugh, E. J. Howard, Halligan, Huestis, B. Henry, W. Henry, Houlihan, Houck, Holman, Hagerty, Hilliard, Jensch, P. Johnson, King, M. Kelly, G. Lewis, R. Lewis, Loescher, Leony, Luther,* Lane, Monschein, Mullane, Miller, Mason, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, G. Moye, A.

Moye, Marcotte, C. Metz, Murphy, Mug, Muhler, McCabe, Major, McCullough, Norfolk, O'Brien, Plischke, C. Porter, E. Porter, Perley, Quill, Rogers, Regan, Reynolds, Shea, Sedberry, L. Scheuerman, M. Scheuerman, Schmauss, Schott, Schaefer, Smith, Stubbs, Saunders, Straus, Shields, D. Taylor, Terrazas, G. Tarrant, Trepanier, Tewksberry, Thurston, Uranga, H. Warner, P. Wagoner, W. Wagoner, Wabraushek, Williamson, McDonnell, McGill.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Amoretti, J. Addington, Boose, Bunker, Butterfield, Brown, Comings, Crotty, Costigan, Cummings, M. Coad, Dirksmeyer, Delaplaine, Devine, Dungan, Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, Garrity, Henry, Harris, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Kraus, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, La Tourette, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Lova, M. McCourt, W. McCourt, W. McGuire, T. McGuire, E. McGrath, McVeigh, Meehan, Morrison, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, Murphy, Manzanara, F. Nester, Nathan, Nusbaum, M. O'Kane, O'Connor, Otis, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, R. Papin, V. Papin, Padden, Quiggle, Quill, Stange, Sumner, Schmitz, Spencer, Sokup, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Thomas, Uranga, West, A. Welch, Wright, Weston, L. Young, C. Young.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters W. Welch, Stange, Morrison, W. Prindiville, Delaplaine, Spencer, West, Otis, F. Nester, M. O'Kane, Schmitz, B. Lindsey, Henry, J. Kelly, Dirksmeyer, McPhee, Bunker, La Tourette, D. Prindiville, McVeigh, Fulwiler, C. Inderrieden, Grunsfeld, L. Scherrer, B. O'Kane, E. Kelly, Fitzgerald, Costigan, Crotty, A. Nester, E. Scherrer, Quill, Quiggle, Johns, R. Inderrieden.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Ott, H. Porter, Dexter, O'Dea, Rogers, J. V. O'Donnell; French—Messrs. J. V. O'Donnell, Akins, T. Fenlon; Spanish—Messrs. Gonzales, Sanchez; Telegraphy—Messrs. O'Rourke, De Haven, Mahon, Cussen; Phonography—Messrs. Ancheta, Bannigan, C. S. Warner, Wilson; Vocal Music—Messrs. Schaefer, Cleary, J. Garrity, Courtney, Ramsay, Gibert, Guthrie; Instrumental Music—Messrs. Schott, H. Porter, Coll, Schaefer, C. Porter, Aguilera, A. Miller, Cleary, Hausberg, Foote, Sykes; Elocution—Messrs. Tinley, Otis, Solon, Ramsay, Taylor, Conway, Coll, Saviers, Spencer, Hagenbarth, Kleiber, A. Browne, Farrell, Steis, McDonald, Fendrich, Dexter, Monschein, Reach, Adler, Stumer, Kaufman, Devine, Devereux, Rudge.

An Old Song Analyzed.

You all know the old "Sing a song of six-pence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—*Toronto Globe*.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Misses Belle Snowhook, Clara Richmond and Catharine Fehr received 100 in all their lessons, this week.

—The very excellent manner in which the members of the Second Senior History Class acquitted themselves at the late examination cannot pass unnoticed. Nearly everyone deserved to be marked 100.

—The badge for politeness in the Junior department was won by Mary McEwen. Those who had the honor of drawing with her for the prize were the Misses Barth, Bailey, Cox, Dulacher, Dillon, C. Ducey, Eldred, Fehr, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, Lord, Moshier, Metz, Richmond, Roddin, Stumer, Sheekey, Snowhook, and Schmidt.

—On Sunday evening, *Rosa Mystica*, Vol. X, No. II, was read at the regular Academic reunion, in the presence of Rev. Fathers Shortis and Saulnier, and some few visitors. Editresses: The Misses Fendrich, Todd and Johnson. The Rev. Chaplain expressed his pleasure at the reappearance of the manuscript paper, and invited *St. Mary's Chimes* to follow the good example, next Sunday evening.

—On Wednesday, the 70th anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's birthday, the music and recitations of Thursday, the 31st ult., were repeated in honor of the day, as Father was not present at the *soirée*. A suitable address was read in beautiful style by Miss C. Campbell, and little Eulalie Chapin recited Father Faber's "O Happy Flowers!" The rendering of the numbers from the entertainment were said to surpass that of Thursday.

—The numerous friends of Mrs. Eleanor Dennehy O'Brien, the Valedictorian of the Class of '76, return warm acknowledgments for wedding cake and cards, and earnestly invoke Heaven's choicest blessings upon the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, of Chicago, who led one of St. Mary's most esteemed Graduates to the altar on Wednesday, the 6th inst., is certainly to be felicitated upon his happy choice. May joy, in the best sense of the word, ever attend the newly-founded Christian home!

—A rich Roman mosaic cross, blessed especially for the Juniors of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, was received by the Prefect of Studies from Venice, "The Bride of the Sea." It is to be drawn every month according to the intention of the generous donor, Mrs. James Bealin, who writes under date of Jan. 23d:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—Enclosed you will find a small cross as a prize for the Junior Class. I promised Nellie to get something of the kind, and have it blessed by the Pope during our stay in Rome. We were very fortunate in ob-

taining an interview with the Holy Father. There were over forty present. We were the only Americans. In fact, our friends were quite envious of us. They could not see how we were so fortunate, and they had been trying for weeks. The interview took place Wednesday, Jan. 9th. As the Holy Father entered the Reception Room—which was quite elegant, hung with beautiful tapestries—the visitors all knelt, then arose, standing while the Holy Father went to each one, he or she kneeling while he addressed them. He spoke very kindly to each one in his or her own language. When he came to us he spoke in French. I told him I wished him to bless the cross; that my little girl was at St. Mary's, and that the cross was for the Juniors. He complied, and spoke to me very kindly. I would not have missed his blessing for a great deal. I think it was our mentioning having the cross blessed to send to America which gained for us the interview, as Mr. B— had some difficulty in getting the invitation. He was compelled to lay his application before the American College."

The Juniors have reason to congratulate themselves on the distinction they enjoy, and they join the Prefect of Studies in grateful acknowledgments.

The Seen and the Unseen.

Wonderful, in truth, is the sense of sight, and widespread is the outer world with which it puts us in communication; yet vast and marvellous as they are, how small is the proportion of the universe which human eye can reach, compared with that never opened to the vision of mortal! Furthermore, even those objects which we behold receive their apparent character so largely from the degree of acuteness imparted to the optics, from the interior faculty of perception, or from the imagination, that we find the natural range still greatly narrowed down.

Saturn, to the mind of the man who has viewed its radiant rings and glowing satellites through a powerful telescope, is a very different orb from Saturn as it appears to one who has looked upon it only with the naked eye. And yet what does the wisest astronomer know about Saturn more than the little child? Little, indeed!

At night we see an array of worlds gliding silently onward in their gigantic march; suns with their systems revolving in limitless space. Brilliant points in the blue above us, their nightly visits assure us that star differs from star in glory. We welcome, we admire them, and they come forth, as it were, in cheerful response to our call. Science, with dazed eye and awe-struck mien, and yet with unerring accuracy, declares that with a faultless precision and regularity they traverse their respective orbits and measure distances, the mere computation of which abashes the most daring human intellect. Ah, yes! in the cloudless night we see the shining stars; astronomers grow blind in the investigation of the course they pursue in the heavens; yet even the most powerful lens will ever fail to photograph upon the human retina the power that impels them.

Children play among the flowers, and florists pass their days and nights in the culture of their loveliness, and to bring out their uses. They sup-

ply the needed moisture, light and heat, and yet the beauty-enamored soul of a Linnæus could never pretend to demonstrate from his observations the reason why the tube-rose has a different color, form and order from the jasmine; or why the American Aloe-tree flowers from a central stalk, and only once in a hundred years, unlike the syringa which flowers from numberless centres, and that every year.

The ornithologist classifies the feathered tribes of air, but all the erudition of an Audubon cannot enable him to explain the cause of the variety of hues in the plumage of the Bird of Paradise, the Oriole, and the Humming Bird, or of the sombre shades in the feathers of the Thrush and the Raven.

Much had Linnæus, much had Audubon seen; many were the discoveries resulting from their reverential observations, but their gentle eyes had never penetrated the arcana of these inexplicable mysteries; nor have those of any other botanist or ornithologist. Learning all that they can compass, they arrive at the old conclusion: knowing all that science can teach—better than all things else, they know that they know nothing.

Smoothly over the summer sea, glides the ocean steamer. Immense wreaths of curling white vapor like the cloud which overshadowed the Israelites in their exodus from the land of Egypt, from the "house of bondage," sway above the graceful structure, and spread along the wake of snow-capped waters. This aerial canopy reveals, and is the product of, but does not present to the eye the force by which the ship

"Walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Most praiseworthy and honorable were the efforts which brought down to the service of mankind the power of steam; yet, what knows the little prattler, sporting on the deck of that steamer about the pent-up giant, propelling him onward over the dangerous waters. A very little less than the engineer who manages, or the pilot who guides, or the captain who commands, or the inventor who discovers. Child, engineer, pilot, captain and inventor, see not the force which may at any moment burst its bounds and precipitate all in a watery grave.

How silently the river flows, the undertone of its current adding to the calm and tranquil sense of quiet which its glancing waters impart to the landscape, but the springs feeding its resistless tide, lie concealed under the rocky bed, or beneath the sedgy bank. Who can find and lay his finger upon the thought kindling in the brain of the poet, the scholar, the philosopher, the statesman? and yet that viewless thought may subvert or build up an empire.

Power, conscious power, courts secrecy. It is only its vascillating counterfeit that longs for publicity and weeps for more kingdoms to conquer. Omnipotence hides under veils and laws—laws, which, though unquestionable, are none the less invisible, and which impious creatures sometimes dare to criticise, though they can neither resist nor comprehend them.

The unseen and hidden forces of creation are at once the most active and the most essential. How foolhardy, then, are they who refuse to accept any truth which baffles their human understanding, when, even setting aside all appeals of the supernatural to our belief, we find in matter so much that eludes our search.

Let us thank God for the treasures revealed to the sense of vision, but trust none the less those gifts prepared for the true-hearted, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*

B. J.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adderly, Ashton, Babcock, Beal, Billing, Black, Bruhn, Burgher, Call, Carney, Circle, Cummings, Duffield, Dowling, Dunn, B. English, Evarts, Fendrich, Fisk, Fogerty, Gavan, Ginz, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Hale, Helpling, Horn, Johnson, Kearney, Keating, B. Kearns, Keenan, Kenny, King, Lintner, McHale, McNamara, M. Mooney, Munger, M. Murphy, Neu, O'Connell, R. Platte, Quill, Ramsey, Reilly, Reynolds, Rosing, Ryan, Sear, Scully, Sheekey, Sheridan, St. Clair, Stackel, Todd, Tynan, Udall, Williams. *2d Tablet*—Misses C. Babcock, L. English, Ewing, Danforth, Kearsy, Legnard, Leahigh, A. Murphy, L. St. Clair, Steele.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Bailey, Barth, Best, Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Durlacher, C. Ducey, Eldred, Fehr, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, Lord, McEwen, Metz, Moshier, Richmond, Schmidt, Stumer, Sheekey, Snowhook. *2d Tablet*—Misses Allen, Brown, Duffield, Ducey, A. English, Halsey, Lucas, Morrison, Murphy, Otis, Roddin, Shephard, Wolvin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Chapin, English, V. Johns, L. Johns, Lindsey, Murray, Paul, Reynolds, Schmauss. *2d Tablet*—Misses Ducey, Papin, Van Fleet.

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING.

HONORABLY MENTIONED

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Papin, Beal.
2D CLASS—Misses Fendrich, Evarts, Williams.
2D DIV.—Misses E. Sheekey, Dunn, Heckard, Udall, Stackel.
3D CLASS—Misses Chaves, C. Fehr.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Shephard, Tynan, M. Reynolds, Richmond, A. Duffield, Van Horn, Dowling, Leahigh, Hale.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Beal, Campbell, Papin.
2D CLASS—Misses G. Legnard, Udall, Williams, Fehr, Chaves, Ewing, Black, Danforth.
3D CLASS—Misses Dillon, Richmond, M. Reynolds, M. Murphy, G. Ashton.

GENERAL DRAWING.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Best, I. Allen, Barth, Moshier, M. Murvhy, Halsey, Regan, N. Sheekey, Wolvin, M. Allen, Bailey, Durlacher, Roddin, Keyes, Stumer, Metz.

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GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m., Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m., Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m., Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

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J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

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