

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## A Song from the Coptic.

Quarrels have long been in vogue among sages;  
Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,  
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages  
Join, *unâ voce*, on one point to anchor us.  
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,  
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold—  
*Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,  
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;  
Berries were bitter in forests of old.*

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,  
Made me, a student, a similar answer,  
When I besought him for light and for lore:  
*Toiler in vain! leave the world to its mulishness,  
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;  
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.*

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,  
And in the vallies of broad Abyssinia,  
Still spake the Oracle just as before:  
*Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to its mulishness,  
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;  
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.*

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

## Popular Literature of Ireland.

BY S. C. J.

“Tell me what you read, and I will tell you what you are.” This modification of a well-known proverb is, to our mind, just as true as the proverb itself. The man who seeks after that pure, elevated enjoyment to be found in the communication of books wherein superior minds have stamped the better part of themselves; or the one who reads solely for the sake of a moment’s idle distraction; or he whose imagination is never sated by the depiction of vice; or the one who, satisfied with the limited boundary placed before him, seeks for nothing beyond;—all, by different applications of the same criterion, furnish the measure of their moral worth.

What is true of the individual is equally true of a people. Show us the works that are read generally, and we can say whether the nation is ad-

vancing or in decay, whether it is free or enslaved whether it possesses noble virtues and high aspirations, or has but low instincts and degrading inclinations.

If literature did naught else but reflect the character of a people, or the civilization of a period, it would be of interest to none except the curious student and the historian. But it does not simply take the passive, lifeless rôle of a mirror: it receives the image of a nation,—to fashion the people according to that image. When it reveals good or evil, it is to increase its power; if it indicates a rising or declining movement, it is to hasten the one or the other. There can be nothing, therefore, more worthy the attention of the thinker, the patriot, and the statesman.

We are not surprised, then, that Sir John Pope Hennessy should have made the national literature of Ireland the subject of deep study with which to interest the student as well as the historian, to stir up every fibre of the patriotic heart, and to furnish the philosopher and the politician with matter for serious meditation. This he has well carried out in an article “What do the Irish read?” which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for June of this year, and a *resumé* of which will not be without its interest to our readers.

The author leads us to the hearths of the Irish people; he brings us in beneath the thatched cottage of the peasant and the lowly cabin of the laborer. And what do we see there? Ignorant and stupid men whose physical sufferings have allowed them no leisure to think, to reflect or to pray? No: these poor people, whose souls have been nourished with Christian food, have never suffered themselves to be cast down, and in their distress they have never ceased to preserve their souls illumined by the brilliancy of heavenly light. Here we meet a grandmother to whom her granddaughter is reading “The Green Leaves” of an Irish poet, Sullivan. What the old soul loves best is that piece so full of humor, in which the poet answers the minister who said that the Irish might ask for the moon before they would obtain the repeal of the Act of Union. And what verse does the young girl like best? Those which call up the image of a lover? No! those that speak of the exiles.

Here we see on the door-step of a country priest’s house a boy of sixteen, the servant of the pastor. He seems to belong to the poorest class, and yet he is reading a paper. What he looks for is not

so much the news and brilliant political debates as poetry and those tales to which the press of Ireland devotes a great amount of space, and which are constantly enlivened by patriotic and Christian sentiments. The young rustic is not content with reading verses; he devours them, learns them by heart, and recites them with emotion. His favorite poet is Clarence Mangan, and the extracts that he recites prove that he is able to appreciate the true and the beautiful.

Such facts, taken at random, cannot be sufficiently explained by the tendencies and innate gifts of the race. They suppose a certain degree of intellectual culture. The Irish owe this culture to their clergy,—a clergy eminently national, who form but one with the people; they owe it to their schools which, according to the statistics of the United States Bureau of Education, secure for them the first place among nations in regard to educational facilities; they owe it to the disinterested devotedness of their writers and journalists and to numerous societies, such as Young Men's Associations, Land League Reading-Rooms, etc. In these literary centres, which serve to complete the education begun at school, the Catholic spirit reigns supreme; it strengthens patriotism and restrains the passions of parties. Their history and poetry join together in recounting the glorious traditions of the past; in causing them to live again in the breasts of new generations, and pouring over the sufferings of some martyr of the time the balm of heavenly consolation.

Popular editions of the sublime and touching songs of Moore and his fellow-poets place them within the reach of the most humble. For a half-penny, a penny, or three pence the poor toiler in the fields may have wherewith to while away many a weary hour, or provide consoling thought in many a suffering.

As has been said by the writer of the introduction to *Penny-Readings for the Irish People*—“Ireland is the land of poetry. It is the country of traditions and memories—the country of the ideal. Monuments of epic combats, of the royal splendors of religious faith cover her soil. The humblest peasant toils under the shadow of ruins that tell him his fathers were not slaves. These ruins, in the field bedewed by the sweat of his brow, speak to him of ages past and repeat within his heart the echo of the voices of heroes, of sages and of saints.”

Childhood itself is initiated in devotion to sweet memories of the past. At Southwark, for example, there is a “Junior Irish Literary Club,” the rules of which fix a penny a month as the fee of each youthful member. This club edits and publishes a “Child's Irish Song Book” which is sold at a cost of one penny. But these children do better than sing: when a cruel famine ravaged throughout the west of Ireland, they collected among themselves £7.10 s., which they forwarded to the relief of the sufferers.

Exile serves but to stir up the flame of patriotism that burns within the heart of the Irishman. The national literature that is so intermingled with

the life of the Irish people upon their native heath is just as popular here in the United States, and in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or wherever the Celtic race has transplanted its firesides and its altars. Papers, journals, periodicals can be found in all these places, which bear witness to the truth of this fact. Almost invariably they contain poems that cannot be read without emotion, narratives that breathe of love of religion and of country—all of which occupy the place of honor in their columns. They prove themselves family treasures, informing the master of the household concerning questions of politics and agriculture, the mother on domestic economy, and presenting before the children a sound and useful fund of recreation and amusement.

Sir John Pope Hennessy has done a good work and one deserving the lively gratitude of his countrymen, in thus calling attention to a popular literature which merits a more extensive recognition in the world of letters. The clouds that have lowered during political struggles seem to have obscured, up to the present, the poetic charm of Ireland and the beautiful characteristics of her people. The world has not learned sufficiently that in her traditions the idyl takes its place beside the epic; that with her generous nature the smile always accompanies each tear, that her religious spirit causes flowers to bloom forth amid the cruel thorns of her blood.

We may hope that among other nations poets will rise up who will transfer to their own language the most beautiful of these treasures, and thus the riches of the poor and the exiled become the common patrimony of humanity. And we may trust, too, that towards Ireland, better known and better understood, there will spring up among the nations of earth generosity and affection and a demand for speedy justice. Statesmen themselves will be convinced that a people whose songs reveal such an attachment to their traditions, their homes and their religion—a people whose soul, sanctified by faith and by suffering, continues to be heard amid the most terrible torments,—is a people that may be conquered but cannot be subdued. And statesmen, if they are deserving the name, will hasten to offer her that peace and liberty so indispensable to the peace and liberty, not only of England but of the world.

(From *The "Ave Maria."*)

#### A Poet of the Purest Passion.

To write some noble word or line,  
Which, seeking not the praise of art,  
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine  
In the untutored heart;—  
He who doth this, in verse or prose,  
May be forgotten in his day,  
But surely shall be crowned at last with those  
Who live and shine for aye.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

All of our passions should be pure; and to make them so we need not only all of our strength, but much help from others. In this world we do not stand or fall by ourselves. No man lives who

does not influence his associates for good or for evil. Therefore, when a man devotes his life to ennobling the passions of others, he places himself upon the highest level attainable this side of heaven. This enviable position is admirably filled by the subject of this article, Maurice Francis Egan, who is, in every sense, a "poet of the purest passion." In all that he writes, be it prose or verse, there is something to elevate, something to arouse pure emotions, beneficial thought, noble impulse. If Mr. Egan had written no other words than these:

"Art is true art when art to God is true,  
And only then,"

he would surely merit being

"Crowned at last with those  
Who live and shine for aye."

The words are typical of the man. They are from the heart, out of whose abundance comes this expression of firm trust. Something of the life of such a man will be of interest not only to those who have learned to know him through his writings, but to all persons whose firmness of purpose is strengthened by the example of a thoroughly Christian life. And of this life one who knows and loves him well ventures to record a few leading facts and reminiscences.

The formation of a life depends upon the character of the man himself. But the character is subject to sound influences, and, while some may, and many do, rise above their surroundings, they never wholly escape from the influences which hedge them in in their youth. We have a forcible example of this in Abraham Lincoln, our great and good President. He could never quite escape from the uncouth manners and expressions of his boyhood. So it is with us all. And from this we argue that the fact of Mr. Egan's having been born of pious and intelligent Catholic parents (in the good city of Philadelphia, May 24, 1852,) was quite as happy a circumstance for the thousands whom he has blessed with his carefully-penned words of wisdom, encouragement, and entertainment, as it was for Mr. Egan himself. That our poet is of Irish descent goes without saying. His father came from that county of the sonorous sound—Tipperary; and his mother, though born in Philadelphia, has the genuine blood of the Emerald Isle flowing in her veins.

Mr. Egan's studies were begun in one of the best parochial schools in Philadelphia. There, doubtless, the hope, the idea of serving the Church, and thereby serving his fellow-man, first took root in his heart. After his terms of study in the parochial school, during which he gave to his teachers that most pleasing of all rewards, diligence and material progress, he entered La Salle College. There he undertook to do a great deal, and all that he undertook was well accomplished. For some time he studied under private tutors. His application to his studies, and his visible "mind," soon qualified him for the duties of teacher, and his remarkable abilities found useful and agreeable scope as a member of the lay faculty of Georgetown University.

Upon leaving Georgetown, Mr. Egan studied law a while, but this uncongenial field did not hold him long within its bounds. It was but an initiatory round of the ladder leading to the higher plane he was soon to occupy. From the lawyer's desk to the ranks of journalism was for him but a natural step. Journalism pleased him; he was infatuated with it. And then, while dashing off the paragraphs which provoke a smile or inspire a good thought, but, at their best or worst, live but for a day, his life-work became clear to him. He would be a journalist, but a *Catholic* journalist. The powers which he possessed should be given to the elevating of Catholic journalism in America, and to the making of Catholic journals publications which the people of this country would read, not only with profit, but with pleasure.

As "the child is father to the man," the thought was father to the deed. He once said: "If I could only be what Louis Veillot is, I should be satisfied." But Mr. Egan's nature is not one which is easily satisfied; and, although he is now doing precisely what he longed to do, and nobly emulating Veillot, it is doubtful whether he is *perfectly* satisfied. His first step in the direction of the desired end was the filling of the position of editor of *McGee's* (afterward *Redpath's*) *Weekly*. This position he held for some time. His moderate salary was assuredly not the inducement which led to his acceptance of the position. He made his charge one of the most readable papers ever published in any land or language. To us its most attractive feature was its clearly-cut and highly-polished editorials. They were brief, but to the point. In the first place, they were readable. By this we mean that they were entertaining. Herein lies Mr. Egan's chief charm as a writer. He can say, if need be, even very disagreeable things in a very pleasant way. Now, as we all know, an editor of a Catholic journal has fully as much cause to correct people for their follies (to use a mild term) as to praise them for their good deeds. And this saying of unpleasant things in such a way as to avoid giving offence, and at the same time impressing the point under discussion upon the mind of the reader, is a very rare faculty, and one which renders Mr. Egan exceptionally useful as editor of a Catholic journal.

His work on *McGee's Weekly* had the good effect of making him widely known in Catholic circles as a writer of remarkable vigor and promise. His greatest trouble was that he attempted to do too much work, and it is not surprising that, after a year had expired, he was glad to avail himself of the recreation afforded by a tour through the West and South, and the upper portion of Mexico. On this trip he was gone for several months, and upon his return filled a position on *The Catholic Review*. Here, again, his terse and vigorous paragraphs attracted wide attention. In 1881 he became the associate editor of *The Freeman's Journal*, of New York, which position he still fills. While he sympathizes fully with the principles of his venerable chief, admiring his qualities of mind and heart, his literary style, or, more plainly speak-

ing, his way of putting things, is totally unlike that of Mr. McMaster. His thrusts are keen, but they are those of the rapier, not of the battle-axe. Yet *The Freeman's Journal* of to-day has lost nothing of the uniqueness it possessed under Mr. McMaster, for Mr. Egan's writings are all marked with a strong impress of individuality.

At what age our poet began to write verses is something he has never told us; but it is not unfair to infer that his first rhyming was done at a very early age. His knowledge of the poets, especially of the ancient classic bards, is deep and comprehensive, perhaps too much so; for the influence they have exerted over him is plainly visible in nearly all of his poems. It was of them, doubtless, that he was thinking when he wrote, in his sonnet on Theocritus,

"The gods are gone, but poets never die."

Mr. Egan's occasional verses, which appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* (now the *Century*), *Lippincott's*, *The Ave Maria*, and other periodicals, were received with admiration by the critics, and were finally collected and published under the title of "Preludes."

Concerning this collection, so eminent a poet as Mr. Longfellow was pleased to say that he saw in it "the elevated tone and spirit in which it is written. I recognize in these sonnets a certain freshness in the thought and manner of expression which is very attractive." This high praise comes from one who was not only competent in his judgment, but who was sincere in his manner of expression. Another eminent critic has compared Mr. Egan's verse to that of Keats, but here the comparison ends. His thought is all his own, and no taint or suspicion of plagiarism can be breathed against him. The temperament of Keats was feverish, now jealous and irritable, and straightway humble and indulgent. There is none of this about Egan. His equilibrium is perfect, and is maintained under all circumstances. Keats's taste was erratic, and his critical faculty subject to balking enthusiasm. Egan pursues his course with a placid steadiness of purpose, and if he ever allows himself to become unduly enthusiastic, those who know him best have never discovered it. Unlike Keats, his opinions of men and affairs are formed with calm deliberation and judgment. He does nothing hastily, and adopts nothing at second-hand.

"Preludes" is a volume of genuine poetry, and, what is better, of *Christian* poetry. Many of the poets of these later days have gone outside—either purposely or unconsciously—of the pale of Christian and intellectual purity. Some foolish versifiers claim that it is necessary to do this to give to verse the ring of true metal. But that this idea is wholly fallacious is abundantly proven by the grace and grandeur of thought which characterize Mr. Egan's poems.

To give selections of fragmentary portions of our poet's writings would be an injustice to him. It would not be right to mutilate anything so perfect in itself as one of his sonnets. Let us, rather,

give one of them entire, as illustrating our right to christen him "A Poet of the Purest Passion."

FRA ANGELICO.

"Art is true art when art to God is true,  
And only then: to copy Nature's work  
Without the chains that run the whole world thro'  
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk  
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there.  
Oh, praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush!  
Oh, love your Titian and his carnal air!  
Give me the trilling of a pure-toned thrush,  
And take your crimson parrots. Artist—saint!  
O Fra Angelico! your brush was dyed  
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;  
You showed to us pure joys for which you sighed.  
Your heart was in your work, you never feigned:  
You left us here the Paradise you gained!"

In nearly all of Mr. Egan's poems the sense of life and duty stands forth pre-eminently. To us his serious verses are more satisfying than those written in lighter vein, though many of them are unusually graceful. An idea of the best of them is given in the conceit on "The Old Violin":

"Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,  
Like some great thought on a forgotten page,  
The soul of music cannot fade or rust—  
The voice within it stronger grows with age;  
The strings and bow are only trifling things—  
A master-touch!—its great soul wakes and sings."

Of Mr. Egan as a man—as a friend much might be said. With many members of the literati his friendships have been reciprocally warm and appreciative. His intercourse with men of distinction who are many years his senior is to be remarked as unusual. But, while it is not simple friendship that wins praise of one's verses from such a critic as Stedman, it does not follow that because the critic likes the verses he should, perforce, like the man who wrote them; yet, in Mr. Egan's case, those who bestow the greatest praises upon his poems are his warm friends. It is due to his poetry, however, to say that many eminent critics passed favorable comment thereon before they had ever seen the poet. But it is not alone with the critic that Mr. Egan enjoys friendly relations. With literary men of all classes he is a general favorite.

While it is as a poet that we like most to consider our author, it would be manifestly unjust to ignore his merits as a prose writer. Several of his stories which he has adjudged as fit only for anonymity, are well worthy of acknowledgment. His short tales which have appeared in *The Catholic World* are charming; and his biographical sketches of famous Catholic personages are invested with all the charm of romance, while still preserving the utmost accuracy. Easily, indeed, might he have secured lucrative and honored position in the field of secular journalism; and, did he so elect, such honor and position he might still at any day command. But his devotion to the Church forbids any such thought. Even from his youth he has been identified with Catholic interests, and in a way so pure and unselfish that it finds few parallels in this rushing age of self-seeking.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Egan at once impresses the stranger in a friendly manner. He is slightly below the medium height, wears a full beard, and has a pale complexion. His hands are thin and delicate. His look is usually grave, but he has a keen sense of humor, and his eyes can twinkle right merrily on occasion. His ready flow of wit is, perhaps, somewhat tinged with satire, but this makes it all the more pungent, and, as it is never flavored with malice, it never provokes ill nature. In his opinions he is exceedingly frank and out-spoken, though most considerate of the views of those differing with him. He is true and sympathetic. In him there is more than the usual share of those good qualities which go to make up the perfect man. A Christian heart beats in his bosom, and regulates the current of his life. If ever there should come a time when, taking a retrospective glance, he should see rise up before him the lofty height to which he might have attained, had he chosen a more wordly sphere than that he fills so well, he will at least have no occasion to apply to himself his own lines:

“World complacent, world uncaring,  
Proud of Culture, proud of Gain,  
Faith, and Love, and Hope forswearing,  
Backward look, and see how vain.”

We believe he will ask no greater reward. To few men is it given to look, as he may do, upon the seed sown broadcast o'er our land, and springing up in countless homes, to gladden and cheer those whose chief aim in this life shall be realized in God's kingdom.

#### The V-a-s-e.

From the madding crowd they stand apart,  
The maidens four and the Work of Art;  
And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had Culture ripest grown—  
The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,  
The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—  
For all loved art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke  
The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who, blushing, said: “What a lovely vase!”  
Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.  
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.  
Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
She cries: “'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!”  
But brief her unworthy triumph, when  
The lofty one from the house of Penn.  
With the consciousness of two grandpapas,  
Exclaims: “It is quite a lovely vase!”  
And glances around with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,  
And gently murmurs: “Oh, pardon me!  
I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with that charming vase!”

*Dies erit prægelida  
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

#### Books and Periodicals.

SEVEN HUNDRED ALBUM VERSES. Comprising nearly seven hundred choice selections of Poetry and Prose suitable for writing in Autograph Albums, Valentines, Birthday, Christmas and New Year Cards. Original and Selected. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co., 31 Rose Street.

This useful little work should be treated with due regard for its just merits. It would never do to carry it in the pocket, and, on the approach of the autograph fiend, unblushingly to whip it out and publicly transfer its contents to the insatiable maw of the album. No: it should be secreted with caution in some obscure recess of the bureau, and when the inevitable emergency arises, the response should be: “I will take your album to my own little room, and perhaps in the silent watches of the night, when the busy marts of trade are deserted, and all is hushed and at rest, the Muse may inspire me.” Used in this prudent manner, its contents may be made to last a long time, and do good service. The “humorous” section is very mild and harmless. Presidents of colleges and others, whose autographs, “with a few original verses,” are frequently requested, will find this little work a powerful auxiliary. In a neat paper cover, and at a reasonable price.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC VIEWS AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES COMPARED. By Rev. John Gmeiner, Professor in the Theological Seminary at St. Francis, Milwaukee Co., Wis.: J. H. Yewdale & Sons.

As soon as Dr. Draper's book “On the Conflict Between Science and Religion” appeared, it was hailed by the infidel press of the whole world as a powerful blow against the dogmas of revealed religion. No doubt it has strengthened in their infidel belief some who think as Mr. Draper thinks; but it has also had its good side. When we have an enemy we like to know who he is, and what grievances he has against us; or, in other words, we desire him to stand and explain himself. Prof. Draper has summed up the grievances which some modern scientists pretend to have against the inspired word of God as revealed in the Bible, or against some one or more dogmas as held and taught by the Church of God. Inasmuch as he has done this we cannot but be thankful to him, for an open enemy is more easily conquered than one that is hidden. Dr. Draper has declared that hostilities and conflicts exist between science and religion, and thus has assumed a position which he cannot maintain. Had he said that there were some unexplained difficulties between some scientific theories, as expounded by some men of science, and between some ideas of a certain class of theologians, his book would be

more in harmony with truth. Whatever may have been his object in putting together the imagined grievances of some scientists and dragging them before the public, one thing is true,—that he had not in view the good effect upon the defenders of orthodox truth, to rouse them in defense of those points of doctrine which they would have had no cause otherwise to expose. Draper has been refuted by more than one. The immortal work of the Abbé Moigno stands prominent against him and may be compared to David of old who, in the name of God, went forth to combat against Goliath, whose strength seemed to be in his boastful language. In Spain, Draper has met an opponent in the person of M. Mir, S. J., who, in our humble opinion, has written the most able refutation of his teachings.

Although the treatise of Father Gmeiner is not so extensive as that of either Moigno or Mir, still we predict that it will be more extensively read, because addressed to a larger class of readers, and because it commends itself particularly by its brevity. It is just what we have been earnestly looking after for a long time. We cannot but recommend this little book to all lovers of truth, and we hope for it a large circulation among the admirers of Draper and Ingersoll. Father Gmeiner reviews all the imaginary difficulties in Astronomy, Geology, Paleontology, Biology, Psychology, Evolution, and the Modern Scientific views on Man: and if we carefully follow him in his reasoning we also must come to the same conclusion, which he expresses so vigorously in the words of the Royal Prophet: *The truth of the Lord remaineth forever* (Ps. cxvi, 1).  
A. M. K.

—According to Edwin Alden & Bro.'s (Cincinnati, Ohio,) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1883, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,357; Tri-Weeklies, 71; Semi-Weeklies, 168; Sundays, 295; Weeklies, 10,976; Bi-Weeklies, 39; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-Monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 83; showing an increase over the publications of 1882 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the Weekly Newspapers of a political character, (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 850 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound on cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

—The *North American Review* for October is notable as well for the importance of the topics treated, as for the eminence of its writers. The leading article, "Moral Character in Politics," is by President J. H. Seelye, whose exposition of the ethical principles involved in the popular election of candidates to high station in the Government must command the attention of every right-minded citizen. "Benefits of the Tariff System," a sequel to the article in the September number on the "Evils of the Tariff System," is a symposium con-

sisting of three articles, written respectively by John Roach, Prof. R. E. Thompson, and Nelson Dingley, Jr., who advocate the policy of protection of American industries with great ingenuity of reasoning and abundant citations of statistical facts. In addition to these most timely discussions of high political issues, the *Review* has an article by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessop, entitled "Why I Wish to Visit America"; "The Philosophy of Conversion," by O. B. Frothingham; "The Origin of Yellow Fever," by Dr. C. Creighton; "Shall the Jury System be Abolished?" by Judge Robert Y. Hayne; "The Genesis of Tennyson's Maud," by Richard Herne Shepherd; and "The Development of Machine Guns," by Lieut. C. Sleeman.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—The Abbé Liszt has been granted an annuity of \$1,500 by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

—Verdi, it is said, has consented to conduct next winter at the Paris Grand Opera the one hundredth performance of "Aïda."

—Cincinnati is to have an odd monument, in the form of a ruin, built from the broken pillars and fragments of the Court House burned during the riot.

—M. Max O'Rell's forthcoming book, which is to appear almost simultaneously in Paris, London and New York, will consist of humorous sketches of English social life.

—The *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raphael, in the Blenheim, is one of the four pictures which the British Government offers to buy for \$750,000; the price for the Madonna being \$350,000.

—The Maori king and his chiefs while in England compiled and published in their own language a narrative of their visit. This interesting pamphlet will be distributed by the king among the native tribes.

—The poems of Sappho—the original text, with a literal English prose translation, and all the better rendering into English verse—will soon appear in London. The volume will also contain a history of the poet by H. T. Wharton. Mr. J. A. Symonds has made for it a number of metrical translations.

—As to the new word "microbe"—from *μικρός*, "little," and *βίος*, "life,"—M. de Parville, writing to the *Journal des Débats*, says he was present at the birth of the word, and that it came into existence "in the hall of the Academy of Sciences one Monday in February, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, just as it was getting dark."

—The late Mr. Henry G. Bohn has, it is reported, left a very complete batch of MSS. relating to the world of letters of the past half-century. It was a long-cherished hope of his that he might have been spared to have seen his notes and reminiscences in print; but, as it is otherwise, it is anticipated that his executors will put his wishes into effect.

—Charles Reade's note-books and scrap-books are, by a provision of his will, to be open two years for inspection and copying to professional writers—to writers especially of dramatic or narrative fiction. They are to be seen only at the home of the novelist's godson and executor, Mr. Charles Liston, who is requested by means of advertisement to give publicity to this curious bequest.

—The musical composition known as an "Oratorio" gets its name from St. Philip Neri. The saint, in the full tide of the so-called *Renaissance* period, with the aim of attracting young people and keeping them out of mischief, more especially on Sunday, gave at his oratory performances of original sacred music, to which he gave the name of "Oratorios." Many of these early "Oratorios" still exist.

—Frederick Mollenhauer, Sr., is the author of a new concerto for four violins, entitled "Spring," which has been dedicated to, and accepted by, Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, whose musical talents are known to be of a high order. *The American Art Journal* (New York) says:

"The composition is in two movements—*adagio* and *rondo*—and is of the descriptive and romantic order, fresh and beautiful in theme, and carefully elaborated. No one of the four parts is dominant over the others. It is the only composition that has been written for four violins, where piano-forte or orchestral accompaniment is unnecessary. This concerto will rank as one of the veteran composer's most symmetrical and scientific works, although in new form. . . . We know of but one other composition written for four violins, but that has orchestral accompaniment. We refer to the work of Louis Maurer, the court musician to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Maurer's work is of a severe style, and is a fine composition; but it failed to create the impression its merits warranted; nevertheless it has admirers among the musical antiquarians of the day."

#### College Gossip.

—A new Bohemian college will soon be inaugurated in Rome in a building near the Chiesa dell' Anima, belonging to the Austrian empire. The rector of the new college will be Prof. Lorenzelli, teacher of philosophy at the Propaganda.

—The fortunate winners of the prize medals, annually distributed to students of the Roman Colleges by the Cardinal Prefect, comprised ten students from the Irish College, five friars from the Irish Franciscans of St. Isidore, and eleven alumni from the North American College, amongst whom the prizes are determined by lot.

—A winter "Chautauqua Assembly" is to be instituted next season in Florida, opening the third Wednesday in February and continuing for fifteen days. Upon the banks of Lake de Freniak, two hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea, and about midway between New Orleans and Jacksonville, the people are to be invited to pitch their tents and erect their cottages.

—The late Henry C. Lewis, of Coldwater, Mich., has bequeathed his fine art collection, on the death of his widow, to the University of Michigan. This collection is more than double the size

of any other like collection on this continent, and is the only free gallery in the country owned by a private individual. In addition to this gallery of art there is a library of art comprising five hundred volumes, which is also included in Mr. Lewis' bequest. The entire collection represents a value of nearly four hundred thousand dollars.

—French schools have lately been taking to object lessons on a very large scale, the authorities having come to the conclusion that the best way of teaching children about foreign countries is to let them see those countries for themselves. At several of the Paritian schools a preliminary course of study in the political and industrial history of the countries to be visited is first gone through, and then the pupils are taken *en masse* to see what they have been learning about. One school, the *Ecole Monge*, has just returned from a tour in Switzerland and Italy, and another, the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales*, from a tour in England.

—President Robinson, of Brown University, says in his annual report:—"As matters now stand, only a small portion of our students receive any personal benefit from our athletic sports. Those who take part in them merely to fit themselves for the match games, too often run into hurtful extremes; others, engaging in them fitfully and unintelligently, fail of the good they might otherwise receive; while the majority, content with merely looking on and applauding, get no real benefit whatever from them. The question is worth considering whether the time has not come for this University to take some decisive action toward providing itself with a gymnasium of its own, and not merely with the hired and limited advantages of one in the city; and whether some provision ought not to be made for such instruction in hygiene and practical physical training as shall not only secure to our students a knowledge of the laws of personal health, but shall habituate them to a compliance with the conditions of a healthful physical development."

—Some interesting and valuable documents have recently come into possession of Dartmouth College Library, viz.: the original briefs of the three great lawyers, Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason and Judge Hopkinson, as prepared and used by them in the Dartmouth College case; those of Mr. Webster and Judge Hopkinson were long owned by Professor E. D. Sanborn, who now gives them to the college; and that of Mr. Mason is a donation from his son. Other documents of less interest placed in the library with them are bachelors' and masters' diplomas of Daniel Oliver, dated respectively in the years 1785 and 1778, conferred by authority from George III, handsomely written on parchment, and the charter of the town of Cardigan, now Orange, granted by John Wentworth, in 1769—the same date with that of the college. This charter of Cardigan is engrossed on a parchment sheet thirty by twenty-four inches, with a penmanship as regular and elegant as engraving. It was given to the college by Jason Dudley, of Hanover.—*Home Journal*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, September 20, 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 EIGHTEENTH 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.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

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

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

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

—A special course of Ecclesiastical History has been inaugurated by Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, Professor of Philosophy. This course is intended for advanced students, and will be conducted by lectures delivered weekly. From time to time synopses of these lectures will be published in the SCHOLASTIC. We have no doubt this new feature in the course of Christian Doctrine will impart additional interest and be appreciated, as it rightly deserves, by the student who has at heart the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of his faith and its practice.

—The student who realizes the necessity of making a good use of the means within his reach of fitting himself for an efficient and successful career in after-life, will not neglect the opportunity to affiliate himself to one or more of the religious, literary and other societies existing in the College. Each of them, according to the end of its establishment, presents advantages which can-

not be obtained elsewhere. The religious organizations foster, develop and perfect in the hearts of their members that sentiment of religion which must be the motive and the guiding impulse of every man's act in this life to make it subserve the end for which he was created. The literary associations have in view a grand object in perfecting the work of the class-room and furnishing the young student with the means of acquiring that self-confidence, that power and facility of expression so well calculated to enable him to occupy with honor and credit a high and noble position in society. The other societies, each in its own way, supplement the work of those mentioned, and contribute their share towards the attainment of the end which every student must have in view in entering college—the acquisition of a perfect education.

—Now, that everything is in running order,—classes arranged, societies reorganized, free time allotted,—we renew the invitation which it is customary to make in the beginning of the year, to write for the SCHOLASTIC. All are invited to contribute, and we hope that the students of 1884-'85 will be distinguished for devotion to their college paper. In order to make the SCHOLASTIC what it should be, to sustain the reputation it enjoyed last year, and, if possible, enhance it, all must take an active interest in its welfare. The needs are few and plain, though pressing. We want essays, sketches, poetry, personal and local items; scientific, literary, musical and art notes, *and so forth*. Everyone can do something, a little, at least, and every little helps. We don't promise to publish all that is sent to us, or as it is sent; however, anything wise or otherwise (if not too otherwise) that is contributed will be sure to find its way into print, sooner or later. So let no one mistake. Every student is invited to write for the SCHOLASTIC, and its columns are open to all.

The benefit to be derived from the college paper ought to be understood and appreciated at the start. It affords an opportunity for acquiring an accomplishment which can hardly fail to be of use in after life. How often we hear people regret their inability to write a good letter, or otherwise express their thoughts with clearness and grace!—not illiterate people, but persons of education and refinement. One may have read many books and acquired vast knowledge, but this does not impart the power of writing well or learnedly. By reading the best authors, a student naturally becomes accustomed to their modes of expression,



and when he learns to write he will express himself similarly; however, if he makes no effort to write he is like a person of excellent judgment always acting the part of those possessed of no judgment at all. To become an expert swimmer or dancer requires practice, and it is precisely the same with writing. Furthermore, the sooner one learns to write the more proficient he is likely to become; for this reason we say to all: begin writing for the SCHOLASTIC early and write often.

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—As a general thing, very many students at college are altogether too anxious to hurry through with their studies. They seem to think that it is necessary for them simply to attend for a year or two and then leave college and engage in the active life of the world. They seek to advance rapidly in all their studies, forgetting the real fact that it takes time to master not only all but even one of those studies that are intended to fit them for good and efficient service in life's warfare.

It is well known that in the ordinary course of nature all things reach the degree of perfection for which they were destined slowly and by a fixed law of progress. The mighty oak which proudly breasts the raging storm was at first but a tiny plant which, by the action of the elements required for its growth, by degrees and slowly became a majestic tree. Those grand, venerable cathedrals of Europe which have grown hoary with age were once but disjointed masses of brick and stone, and they grew only by the slow process of laying those bricks and stones on their places, one by one, until there resulted those magnificent structures which excite the awe and admiration of the beholder. Man himself was once a helpless infant, unable to do anything for himself; it required years to harden his bones, to strengthen his sinews, and to give him man's proportions and man's strength.

As this is true in the physical order of things, it is equally true in the intellectual. The faculties of the mind act and operate through the brain, and that the action of these faculties may be strong, healthy and vigorous, it requires not only a proper growth and maturity of the brain,—which is attained only by time—but also the continual practice or habit of thought which is fully acquired only by long-continued exercise. As the fingers of the musician require long and careful training before they can promptly and unerringly obey the will of the performer in the execution of a difficult piece of music, in like manner the mental

faculties require the training of years before they can act freely, vigorously and systematically in the process of thought. In the ordinary condition of man's existence, the thinker begins with the simplest rudiments of knowledge, and through years of hard study he gradually extends the sphere of his labors until at length he can soar with ease into the higher regions of thought and grapple successfully with questions most difficult of solution.

The success of man, however, in the higher flights of intellect depends chiefly on the thoroughness with which he has mastered the primary principles which underlie and are the foundation of all knowledge. Hence it is that in schools and colleges the labors of the student are graded with a view to a complete mastery of those principles, and the student, for his own interest and after-success, is required to pass through the various grades of study as laid down in such institutions in accordance with the dictates of a long experience. Any attempt deviating from such a course can only result in failure and retard the progress of the over-ambitious.

Therefore, those who are engaged in the noble work of developing and perfecting their mental faculties should bear constantly in mind the truth that progress must be gradual;—that they, like children, creep for a while in order that hereafter they may walk with a firm, manly tread as they advance in their important undertaking.

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#### A New Play.\*

A very interesting drama, entitled "The Prodigal Law Student," has just been published by Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., of Notre Dame. It consists of four acts, and the ordinary time of representation is an hour and forty minutes. It is intended for male characters, twenty-one of whom, exclusive of stage attendants, comprise the cast. Edited, as well as published, by the Professor, it contains all the necessary directions regarding scenes, movements, relative positions, etc. An appropriate prologue and epilogue in verse are published on the closing pages, and may be recited in connection with the play or omitted, as suits the tastes and convenience of those presenting it.

The whole tenor of this drama is moral and elevating. Its aim is to point out some of the dangers environing even persons who are naturally honorable and well disposed, though perhaps vacillating and comparatively unacquainted with the selfish side and matter-of-fact ways of the world. It teaches the wholesome lesson that, though one may fall through thoughtlessness and habits of prodigality, yet he may atone for his misdeeds by industry, repentance and a change of

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\* THE PRODIGAL LAW STUDENT—A Drama in Four Acts. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

life, and rise again to the honorable standing of his better days, sharing once more the respect and confidence of all who know him.

The play is located in Boston and New York. A gentleman of the former city sent his son, a promising and high-spirited lad whom he tenderly loved, to attend a law school in New York. There he inadvertently fell into association and companionship with a number of young men whose extravagance was limited only by their resources and opportunities, and his generous traits and ardent temperament soon betrayed him into like excesses and prodigality. Thus it became necessary for him to borrow money in large amounts and pledge securities binding upon his father's estate. This continued until the aggregate reached a very large sum, and the broker declined to advance any more upon the credit of the old gentleman. The results were that the father was financially ruined by the merciless exactions of the broker, and crushed by the astounding revelations regarding the excesses and extravagance of his son. The interview between the broker and the old gentleman is highly dramatic and stirring, and hardly less so is the subsequent meeting of father and son. The latter, full of remorse and contrition, and anxious to be far away from the surroundings to which his misdeeds were due, entered the Navy and sought repose of spirit upon the bosom of the great ocean. There he lived in a most exemplary manner. His courage, self-possession and regard for duty rendered him efficient and faithful in the discharge of all the obligations incumbent upon him. His merits met with speedy recognition, and he was rapidly advanced from position to position until he became a captain. Having fully expiated his follies, and proved his claim to the possession of a sterling manhood, he returned home, blessed with honorable fame and justly acquired fortune. He proved worthy of the early love and confidence of his father, whose losses he took pleasure in repairing. He justified the expectations of his best friends, and again commanded the respect and admiration of all that knew him. He showed that those who fall may rise again, if they have sufficient character and are worthy to rise.

As already stated, the high moral tone of this drama makes it particularly valuable. It is published at Notre Dame, Ind., and its neat typography and attractive appearance do credit to the University press. It comprises 48 pages, and the price is 50 cents per copy.

(Communicated.)

#### An Evidence of Delicate Feeling.

The large crowd present on Thursday last at the unveiling of the magnificent monument lately erected in Battell Park, Mishawaka, to the Union Soldiers who fell in the Civil War, were all delighted with the grandeur and symmetry of its proportions, and with the skill and taste exhibited in the execution of the work. Many exercised their ingenuity with more or less success in en-

deavoring to interpret the numerous emblems which surround the base of the lofty pedestal. Three among these were familiar to every eye: the ace of hearts on the north side, the ace of diamonds on the east and the ace of clubs on the west. But where was the ace of spades? Was it omitted by accident? No: the care to which every detail bore witness, forbade such a supposition. Or, was the sculptor unequal to the task of executing the fantastic tracery with which that venerated symbol is usually surrounded? Impossible: his skill was too apparent in other parts of the work. It was an expression of delicate regard for the feelings of a fallen, but not despicable, opponent. In giving the Union Soldier *three of a kind* the inference is that he would have been beaten by a *flush*. That is, had the South been flush—not under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments—the result of the war would have been far otherwise than it actually was.

We congratulate our friends of the neighboring village of Mishawaka on the liberality and patriotism that have induced them to set up this noble ornament, and still more on the magnanimity that can thus bear such delicate testimony to the valor of a vanquished foe.

A. HORYDD RETZSCH.

#### Personal.

—William Schott is engaged in business with his father, at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—W. Button, of '68, is clerk in the Lake Shore R.R. office in Cleveland, Ohio.

—Col. Robert Healy, of '58, is now connected with railroad enterprises in the South.

—George Gross, '77, enjoys an extensive practice as a leading lawyer in Reading, Pa.

—Charley Kavanagh (Prep.), '78, is now engaged in business with his father in Philadelphia.

—Mr. W. J. Sedberry, of Jefferson, Texas, passed a few days at the College during the week.

—J. M. Noonan (Com'l), of '79, is the courteous ticket agent in the Lake Shore office in Cleveland, Ohio.

—M. Collins, of '65, is in partnership with his brother in the United States Express Agency at Cleveland, Ohio.

—Henry P. Dunn (Com'l), of '83, is connected with the Carley Oil and Naval Store Company of Mobile, Alabama.

—Mr. M. McGill, purchasing agent of a new Southern railroad, spent a day or two last week visiting his sons at the College.

—Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., Professor of Phonography, returned last Wednesday from an extended vacation trip in the East.

—Edward Shea (Com'l), '71, is in partnership with his father in the Northwestern Railroad freight business at Milwaukee, Wis.

—Louis P. and James A. Smith (Com'ls), of

'73, are actively engaged in commercial pursuits with their father, in Cleveland, Ohio.

—John O'Rourke, of '76, now residing at Pittsburgh, Pa., has entered upon the practice of the legal profession with bright prospects.

—Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter Lizzie, of Chicago, were welcome visitors at Notre Dame last week. Miss Lizzie, a promising young lady, has become a pupil at St. Mary's.

—Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, '56, delivered the panegyric of Padre Junipero Serra, at the centenary commemorative exercises, held at San Carlos Mission, near Monterey, Cal., on the 28th ult.

—Rev. P. J. Hurth, C. S. C., returned last Tuesday, after some weeks of vacation passed in the old country. The Rev. gentleman has been greatly improved in health by his trip. He left this (Saturday) morning for his new mission in Austin, Texas.

—P. J. Ryan, Esq., of Chicago, with his daughter Lucy, visited Notre Dame last Tuesday. Business engagements rendered it necessary for him to return in the afternoon, but since he left Miss Lucy at St. Mary's Academy as a pupil, we trust there is reason to expect longer visits from him hereafter.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke, '70, has returned to Columbus, Ohio, greatly improved in health, after an extended vacation in the "Far West." He has resumed charge of *The Catholic Columbian*, and the editorial columns of our bright contemporary show that he still retains his wonted vigor and sprightliness.

—From the *Burlington Hawkeye* we clip the following complimentary notice of the Messrs. Dodge, of '74:

"Some of *The Hawkeye's* exchanges speak in complimentary terms of the oratorical powers of Messrs. C. J. and W. W. Dodge. The compliments are certainly deserved, and Burlington has just reason to be proud of the attainment of these two scholarly brothers."

—Rt. Rev. P. M. Osouf, Bishop of Arsinoe, Japan, made a few days' visit to Notre Dame during the week. The good Bishop expresses himself as well pleased thus far with the results of his mission to this country, and will remain for some time in the hope of doing still greater good. We trust that he will meet with every success, and realize his greatest expectations for the spreading of the light of the Gospel among the poor people of his far-off diocese.

—The Rev. James E. Hogan, of '74, has built a new academy in his parish at Lemont, Ill. The building was recently dedicated, amid imposing ceremonies, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, attended by a great number of the clergy. From an article commendatory of Father Hogan and his work, which appeared in the *Lemont Daily Advertiser*, we extract the following:

"The Rev. Father Hogan, in establishing the St. James Academy in our midst, has done a work that should forever endear him to the friends of education regardless of creed or sect. Any one reading the prospectus and Educational System and course of study to be pursued at the Academy will at once conclude that the institution is in the hands

and under the control of teachers who know their business and whose sole business is the education of our youth. It will be an innovation upon the methods and systems hitherto in vogue in this vicinity, and our public schools cannot but be improved by the elevation of the standard of Education which will by thereby brought about."

#### Local Items.

—Fair next week.

—Where are our wheelmen?

—The new *burro* has arrived.

—Did you feel the earthquake?

—A class in Spanish has been started.

—Can we not have a vocal quartette this year?

—Don't get homesick, boys: Christmas is coming.

—A sure cure for homesickness—go home in June!

—Now doth the festive watermelon get in its work.

—"Class Honors" will be published two weeks hence.

—The Orchestra held its first rehearsal last Thursday.

—The "princes" are already organizing games for the 13th.

—"Captain Henry" is making researches in the science of surgery.

—Don't be backward in sending in contributions to the SCHOLASTIC.

—The electric light imparteth a cheerful ray upon a dark evening.

—We hope to hear "The Wolf is on the Hill" resounding soon again.

—The "Northern Lights" made a splendid display last Wednesday night.

—"Dick" and "Del" are admirers of the *Græco-Roman* Class of Athletes.

—The bicycle race promises to be an interesting feature of the sports, on the 13th.

—The contest for the Elocution Medals will be very exciting and interesting this year.

—Please not to call at the press-room for a copy of the SCHOLASTIC. The office is the place.

—Send your contributions written on one side only, and signed with the name of the writer.

—B. Charles Borromeo still retains charge of the music rooms, and keeps them in good order.

—Once more the echoes of the lake are awakened by the coxswain's musical "Stroke! stroke!"

—The Euglossians are to make their *début* on St. Edward's Day in a new and most exciting popular drama.

—Yesterday afternoon very many at Notre Dame were quite perceptibly disturbed by a real *bona fide* earthquake. We ourselves, being engaged in our reportorial duties and necessarily somewhat shaken thereby, did not feel it; but the vouchers for the truth of the report are so many that we must give them the benefit thereof.

—Any person possessing an almanac or joke-book of the year B. C. 300 will receive a handsome sum from *ye local cd.* for same.

—The rare and beautiful plants in St. Edward's Park are now in full bloom, making it the most attractive spot at Notre Dame.

—Among the latest improvements on the *tapis* is a hot-house for plants, etc. N. B.—We are not yet prepared to go any further.

—There are many conjectures made as to who will carry off the prizes for running on the 13th. Look out for the "dark house"!

—A song just issued by one of the "Staff" is entitled "When I am a Grad." It is sung to the music of "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

—There are some very fine baseballists among the new boys, and the indications are that we shall have an excellent nine in the field by spring.

—Will the Philodemic and Scientific Associations be saved from the grave of oblivion this year? It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

—Two students (Juniors) just arrived from Utah. This is but another proof that Notre Dame is fast becoming renowned all over this glorious country.

—Among the students matriculated, one is from Paris, France, come to perfect himself in the English language, and another is direct from the Emerald Isle.

—At the second regular meeting of the Thespian Association, held Sept. 16, Rev. M. Regan was elected General Critic, and J. McEnery 1st Vice-President.

—*The Ave Maria* now prints an edition of over 15,000. We rejoice at this evidence of the prosperity of our popular *confrère*, and wish it continued success.

—Our champion "twister" of the "sphere" is about to retire from the box. Here is a chance for some one to distinguish himself in the diamond by filling his place.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon its eighteenth volume. This journal is ably edited, and is a credit to the renowned Notre Dame University. We wish it long life and prosperity. —*N. O. Morning Star.*

—The Minims drive away homesickness by visiting the orchard. N. B.—This may be good for the youthful "prince," but we opine the apple suffereth greatly thereby.

—We have noticed that the oration of Mgr. Montes de Oca, delivered last Commencement, has been translated and published in French, German and Spanish journals.

—All are invited to aid our local "eds.," by sending reports of meetings, games, and other items, both local and personal, and thus make these columns as interesting as possible.

—An interesting game of football would be an agreeable and appropriate closing of the sports on the 13th. The old game is being revived in all the colleges throughout the country.

—Diminished is the force of solar rays;  
Our appetite its energy displays,  
And we enjoy our meals September days—  
'Cept ember days.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has returned from its vacation fresh as a daisy, and ready for the labors of another scholastic year. The *Register* extends a welcome, but envies the good time it has been having.—*South-Bend Register.*

—Our genial professor says that as regards bronchophony the new tile-flooring will prove a valuable auxiliary on occasions of musical *soirées*, literary and elocutionary entertainments in the Rotunda.

—The St. Cecilians already number twenty-one; it is not the quantity that is to be remarked so much as the *quality*. This society promises to be the most flourishing in the College before the present session is out.

—As far as our reporter has been able to ascertain, the Faculty is politically constituted as follows: Blaine, 4; Cleveland, 6; Butler, 7; St. John, 3; B. Lockwood, 1. The other members, when interviewed on the subject, refused to state their preferences.

—The first number of the eighteenth volume of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is bright and entertaining. The SCHOLASTIC is well edited, and if, no less than *The Ave Maria*, is a pride and a credit to the great University of Notre Dame.—*The New Record* (Indianapolis).

—The rules were read, explained and commented upon by Rev. President Walsh last Wednesday evening. His words were abounding in wisdom; and if those who were privileged to hear them only treasure up what they heard they will possess a golden prize which will be of untold value to them hereafter.

—A portion of the New Science Hall is being fitted up, and will be ready for occupancy by the Science Classes in a few weeks. It is expected that this arrangement will lead to the demolition of old Science Hall, and thereby remove a long-standing defect in the general appearance of the College buildings and surroundings.

—The *New-York Sun* thus classifies *ye ubiquitous crank*:

1. The crank.
2. The cranky-crank.
3. The infernal crank.
4. The hebetudinoid crank—*Very rare.*
5. The hebetudinous crank—*Only one living specimen.*

—Prof. Edwards has received from Hon. P. B. Ewing, LL. D., of Lancaster, Ohio, a picture of Mgr. E. Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati. The portrait is highly prized, because it is very rare. It is the first we have ever seen of the saintly and learned prelate. It will be suitably framed, and placed in the Bishops' Hall of the University of Notre Dame.

—Great improvements have been made in the printing-office since vacation. The press-room and composing-room have been remodelled and can now be shown with pride to the visitor. Our

"den," however, is as yet to some extent left out in the cold, owing, no doubt, to our similarity to *petites pommes de terre*; but as all improvements cannot be made at once, we cheerfully await the changes that time will bring in its course.

—"The announcement of a special Catholic Total Abstinence Missionary is most cheering news to all engaged in the holy crusade against intemperance. We shall hope to see other colleges imitate Notre Dame University in educating officers for the temperance warfare. These colleges become, in their way, Total Abstinence West Points."—*Letter from the New York Provincial, V.-P. of the C. T. A. U. of America, in the "Catholic Review."*

—We hope that the secretaries of the various societies will send in their reports promptly each week. In connection with this subject, we would remark that inasmuch as there are secretaries elected in our baseball organizations it should be unnecessary for ye local "ed." to "trot all around the country" in order to discover the score, after a "match game" has been played. The two football games should receive their due share of attention, and a good report of the same will find its place in these columns.

—The first regular meeting of the Columbian Dramatic and Literary Society was held Tuesday, September 16th, for the purpose of reorganizing. The following officers were elected for the coming session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, C. S. C., Promoters; P. E. Howard, 1st Vice-President; A. McMurray, 2d Vice-President; J. Waggoner, Recording Secretary; E. M. Willard, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains the following notice of "The Life of Joseph Haydn":

"We heartily wish that more such books were written and published. They would furnish entertaining and edifying reading-matter to those whose tastes are not already vitiated by sensational literature, and would serve also to divert from such literature many who now resort to it simply for the sake of amusement and relieving ennui. The chief incidents of Haydn's life are brought out in clear, beautiful, and attractive colors. The narrative style is preserved throughout. It is a 'story,' yet a true story, told in most charming manner."

—At the first regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, the following officers were elected for the present session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Honorary President; Bro. Anselm, C. S. C., Director of the Orpheonic Branch; Jos. A. Kelly, 1st Vice-President; Geo. Menig, 2d Vice-President; C. Regan, Recording Secretary; G. Tarrant, Treasurer; G. Williamson, Corresponding Secretary; W. Houlihan, 1st Censor; G. Cartier, 2d Censor; P. Mullane, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. Morrison, Marshal; C. Spencer, Prompter.

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim department) has the following officers for

this scholastic session: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D., and Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., General Critic; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; W. A. McPhee, 1st Vice-President; I. Bunker, 2d Vice-President; Leo Scherrer, Recording Secretary; A. McVeigh, Corresponding Secretary; F. Weston, Treasurer; T. Grunsfeld, Marshal; J. Kelly, 1st Censor; G. Landenwich, 2d Censor; E. Kelly, Critic; W. Henry, 1st Monitor; C. Inderrieden, Sergeant-at-Arms.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Austin, Alvarez, A. Browne, Brooks, A. Barbabosa, J. Barbabosa, Bustillos, F. Baca, Felix Baca, Bates, Becerra, Burns, F. Burke, V. Burke, F. Brown, Breen, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Wm. Collins, W. Collins, Cartier, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Casavantes, Coghlin, Creel, F. Combe, C. Combe, Dory, De Groot, Donohue, Duffin, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Estrado, Jno. Fox, Jos. Fox, Goulding, Gordon, Garcia, Hamlyn, Harless, Halligan, Howard, Jess, Johnson, Johnston, Kegel, Kleiber, King, Kolars, J. Lechuga, Livingston, M. Lechuga, McNulty, Miller, McGuire, Meyer, McLaine, McCartney, McMurray, Mahon, Marion, McArdle, Marquez, Murphy, Mathers, McGill, S. Murdock, W. Noonan, J. V. O'Donnell, O'Kane, J. P. O'Donnell, Pohl, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pattison, Padilla, P. Proudhomme, J. Proudhomme, Quill, H. Porter, C. Porter, Rothert, O. Ryan, J. Ryan, Reach, Rice, Rul, Riley, Rivaud, Rahilly, Sheridan, Saviers, Stephens, Steis, Spangler, Schaefer, Sanchez, Sagreda, Thomas, J. Wagoner, W. Williams, S. Wiley, C. Williams, Willard, A. Williams, Zeitler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters D. Ackerman, Arnold, Arts, J. Ackerman, Borgschulze, Byerly, Bearss, F. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Brown, Cummings, Clarke, D. Cartier, Colina, Cavaroc, Cleary, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenburg, Dougherty, Donnellan, Daly, Eppstein, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, L. Grever, E. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity,\* Hoyer, Harris, Howard, Hieronimus, Hibbler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kenny, Knisely, H. Long, F. Long, Loya, Lewis, Moyer, Martinez, Mulkern, Muessel, McCourt, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, R. Morrison, B. Morrison, Monschein, Menig, Mason, Myers, Mullane, Macke, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Nussbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, Portillo, E. Porter, Ruger, Regan, Real, Rose, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reily, Reynolds, Rogers, Stubbs, Senn, Soden, Smith, Spencer, Schmaus, Shaw, L. Scheurman, M. Scheurman, Sedberry, Talbot, Tarrant, Vandercar, Wabraushek, W. Wagoner, P. Wagoner, Willard, Williams, Vieting, West, Zozaya, Weiler.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, H. Addington, Ackerman, Boos, Berry, Bull, Bunker, Barger, Blakeslee, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, J. Doss, G. Doss, Day, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, G. Falvey, Grimes, Grunsfeld, Henry, Haney, C. Inderrieden, B. Inderrieden, Jones, Kellner, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Landenwich, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Morgan, Murphy, McPhee, McGill, McCourt, Mahon, Mason, McNulty, Moncada, Mooney, Nussbaum, Noonan, O'Kane, Jno. Peck, Jas. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Rugee, Salman, Sozaya, Sweet, Scherrer, Shöneman, Smith, Stone, Weston, A. McVeigh.

\* Omitted last week by mistake.

### For the Dome.

From a Catholic.....\$50.00

(From the "Denver News")

### A Day Spent with the Art Treasures of Notre Dame.

A day spent at Notre Dame, outside of her pleasing surrounding, can be made very profitable and interesting examining her art treasures. The Church of the Sacred Heart is in itself alone a masterpiece of tasteful arrangement, and is considered one of the most beautiful Catholic structures on this continent.

It is designed in the shape of a cross, 160 feet long by 114 feet wide at the transepts, and is built of cream-colored brick. There are sixteen stained-glass windows of unusual beauty, memorials from different individuals, representing sixty-four life-sized pictures and eight small ones, the work of the Carmelite nuns of Le Mans, France.

The bell that swings from the tower is well worth a visit, being the largest in this country. It takes the combined effort of six men to ring it, and, in spite of its great volume of tone (being heard distinctly thirty miles away), has such a mellow voice that, were it not for feeling the vibrations, you could hardly realize its wonderful power. There is also a chime of twenty-three bells—the second finest in the United States.

The fluted columns that support the groined roof of the edifice are of serpentine marble, and resemble polished malachite; the capitals of golden oak leaves between which peep sculptured Seraphs. The nave is a tender blue, studded with stars and frescoed with chubby Cherubs.

The altar is an exquisite work of art imported from Paris at a cost of \$10,000 exclusive of duty, and was on exhibition at the Centennial. It is richly gilded in gold and bronze and elegantly chased and enameled.

All of the frescoes which beautify the interior of the church are by Gregori, of Rome. They are choice specimens of painting, and, to the Protestant as well as Catholic, are full of interest.

The organ is considered a very fine one, being forty feet high by twenty wide and twelve deep. It is built in Gothic style, rose wood finish, and contains 2,041 stops from one and a half inches in height to nineteen and a half, and is blown by a water motor.

Of the lamp which swings in front of the sanctuary I can hardly do it justice, it is such a marvel of beauty and curious workmanship. Imagine three dragons of solid silver with rose topazes for eyes, the quills glittering with malachite and India garnets, the throat a cornelian, and between these figures are placed three blue and gold shields engraved with scenes from the Nativity; the whole rich with gems and cloisonne enameling;—imagine this, and you have a vague idea of its beauty and workmanship.

Professor Gregori is in Rome at the present time, but is expected to return to the University in September and resume his labors. He has been at Notre Dame for several years constantly at work, and his talent has done much to enrich the

attractions of her interior. He is gradually turning the walls into living lines of history both pleasing and instructive to contemplate. Signor Gregori, personally, is a man of medium height, his curly hair and beard slightly sprinkled with gray, his manner genial, his deportment youthful in the extreme, for a man of his years, and though he cannot speak English well enough to keep up a fluent conversation, he conveys with a shrug of his shoulders, an outward turn of the hand a condensed opinion, while his eyes, when pleased, look all sorts of eloquent things.

In 1856 Gregori took the prize at the Academic Exhibition at Reale for his historical paintings, and in 1868 he was elected a member of the great Art Academy of Rome. Cardinal Barnabo, a well-known *connoisseur* of Rome, was an admirer and patron of his, as was Pope Gregori XVI, and Queen Margherita. He has recently been the recipient of an elegant watch from Queen Margherita, encrusted with her initials in diamonds, in return for some minatures he recently presented her with of members of the royal family.

Gregori came to this country in '74, on the return of Father General Sorin from Italy, and has been engaged at Notre Dame ever since. The walls of the main hall form a background for a series of historical paintings from his brush—scenes in the life of Columbus, ten in number. The figures are a trifle larger than life-size (yet not quite heroic), some of the groups containing ten or twelve figures. Two magnificent figures of Columbus and Isabella greet you, when you first enter—standing each side the corridor—they are almost startling in their realistic appearance. The presidents of the United States are to occupy the dome when this series shall be completed.

The walls of the refectories are decorated with the different ruined abbeys and noted cathedrals of Europe, the work of Prof. Ackerman, a German artist of no mean ability. The Juniors' refectory is to be decorated with scenes from the ruins of ancient Greece and Rome. One of the classrooms has some very good work from one of Gregori's pupils; I noticed the portraits of Lincoln, Washington, Clay, Pius IX, Napoleon III, and other historical characters from his brush.

But probably the greatest art treasure, Notre Dame rejoices in is what is purported to be a real Van Dyke. Prof. Gregori, who has compiled one of the most valuable art compendiums, while in Rome, called the "Reaccola," pronounces it a genuine Van Dyke. It is a painting 33x47 inches wide, quite dim and mellow from age, yet still perfectly distinct, representing the crucifixion, with Mary Magdalene kneeling at the cross. It had been painted over when Gregori's attention was called to it, and he, immediately recognizing its value, removed the evidence of such vandalism and restored it to its original condition. It is a singularly attractive picture, in spite of Mrs. Jameson's remark, in her work on "Sacred and Legendary Art," where she says, "but the Magdalenes of Van Dyke are all of them fine ladies turned Methodists."

BRANDT.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Reports from the different classes will appear next week.

—A beautiful "lily of the Nile" blossomed in the basin of the fountain near the cottage, on Friday. It is of a warm rose tint.

—The number of pupils who take private lessons in elocution is larger than that of any previous year. Each department is well represented. The talent is superior.

—The playing of the engines, and the heavy mimic showers, bathing the loftiest roofs of the Academy buildings, proved very refreshing in the warm, dry weather of last week.

—The sermon on Sunday at eight o'clock, by Rev. President Walsh, was one to be long cherished in the memory of every young girl who has at heart her own solid improvement.

—The morning walks from the Academy up the main avenue bring rosy cheeks and cheerful voices; clear minds and happy hearts, we trust, as well. The walk is an essential prelude to the daily study.

—The first public gathering of the Children of Mary and the Children of the Holy Angels took place on Monday morning, at Mass in Loreto. A practical and valuable instruction from Father General followed the Mass.

—Miss Alane Todd, Paducah, Ky., paid her first visit since she passed from St. Mary's as a graduate, on Commencement Day of 1873. Her delight in her sojourn at her *Alma Mater* is only equalled by the pleasure of her former friends and teachers in her presence among them.

—It is with pain that we receive the intelligence of the death at Jefferson, Ohio, on the 22d ult., of Miss Sarah Moran, Class '79. Her remains were taken to her home in Illinois. Those who knew Miss Moran and admired her amiable and generous disposition, her simple piety and unobtrusive virtues, will join with us in a heartfelt *Requiescat in pace!*

—Dr. Hugh Ferguson, of South Boston, Mass., on Sunday called upon friends, and took the occasion to express his unmeasured surprise and admiration. The educational facilities, the buildings, the healthful locations of the two institutions,—the University of Notre Dame, and the Academy of St. Mary's,—were subjects of his warmest commendation.

—The Rev. George F. Emblen, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. John H. Schultze, Mr. John H. Griffith, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss M. E. McVeigh, Miss Belle McVeigh, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Jack Blaine, Miss Louise Blaine, and little Ella Blaine, Helena, Montana; Mr. Hawkins, Earle Park, Ind.; Mrs. James H. Ward, Mrs. Stumer, Mrs.

Thomas Hutchinson, Chicago; Mr. John B. Ruger, Mr. James Murdock, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. Hertzog and son, Natchitoches, La.; Mrs. Menard, Galveston, Texas; and Mr. Henry Monsin, Louisville, Ky., are among the visitors.

—Sunday the 14th, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, was the forty-third anniversary of the first Mass celebrated on the American shores by a priest of the Holy Cross. On the 5th of August, 1841, the Rev. Edward Sorin, with a few Brothers, set sail from France. It was the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. This little band of Religious took steerage passage, and every circumstance connected with their embarkation was frugal in the extreme. They did not, till "the sails were spread, the anchor weighed," and they were gliding over the broad and boundless waters, observe the coincidence of their starting on such a notable feast of the Blessed Virgin as that which commemorates the foundation of one of Rome's most noble basilicas. The young priest noticed it upon consulting his Breviary. It was accepted as an auspicious sign. What must have been his joy when he found that his landing in the New York Bay fell upon the eve of the greatest festival of the young Congregation in whose interests he had left his native land! We will leave to the imagination of those who, like the great Champlain, look upon "the salvation of a single soul as of more importance than the conquest of an Empire" the appreciation of the fervor with which that Mass of Sept. 14, 1841, was celebrated by the ardent young missionary of Holy Cross. Such will fully understand the consolation afforded to the grateful young recipients of graces flowing from that initial step as they gathered around Father General in the study-hall on Sunday evening to congratulate him upon the auspicious anniversary of an event so fraught with interest to the cause of Christian education in the United States. Miss Annie Murphy read an appropriate address which was graciously received, praised and commented upon.

### School Routine.

To a superficial mind—one that lives for pleasure alone, and that cannot subsist without being amused,—the very word *routine* is repugnant.

Aimless license, to the mistaken imagination of such a person, constitutes the only condition of happiness. No wonder, then, that in this unfortunate class we find none ready to take up, with a hearty good will, the school routine which experience has proved to be the only means of securing a sound mental growth. On returning to the pursuits of the Academic course, it is natural for the student to revert to, and dwell upon, the advantages to be derived therefrom, so as not to lose any one of the precious means presented in order to accomplish the purpose of the scholastic year.

The farmer in the spring-time does not, like the poor savage, leave his fields unploughed. He

examines and repairs farming utensils. The changes of the weather, the nature of the soil, the condition of gardens, vineyards, meadows, orchards, etc., are attentively considered. They are made the subjects of careful study. Not only this, but early and late, in storm and sunshine, he applies the results of his study to the culture of his land. He is not so foolhardy as to expect a rich harvest without exertions on his own part. He cannot afford to be idle, for he knows that however rich the soil, however favorable the weather and the climate, they would avail him no more than the desert if his utmost diligence were wanting.

To draw the parallel: Here at St. Mary's we are surrounded by every condition to render improvement complete—study-halls, class-rooms, libraries, and perfect apparatus; but they will be as though they did not exist if we do not earnestly apply ourselves. The mental harvest will be in proportion to our personal exertions.

It is true, instructions are totally lost upon the inattentive mind, as the rains of heaven are useless to the barren sands of the desert; but a lively interest in the mental tasks allotted us may be appropriately compared to the fertilizers employed by the agriculturist.

Discouragements will often present their unwelcome faces, but we must not be deterred from our onward course by their threatening aspect; on the contrary, we must all the more valiantly nerve ourselves to overcome them. They are only clouds filled with warm showers. The bright sun will come out when they have performed their mission; and we shall not regret them, but shall rejoice in the discipline of mind which they have given us. The satisfaction of doing our duty, of pleasing our parents,—by returning to them perfect ladies, thorough scholars, upright in purpose and gentle in manners, well fitted to adorn our homes and the society in which we shall move,—this is the bright picture held up before us to encourage us in our hearty exertions.

As students, our object is to ascertain the avenues through which we shall be enabled to enlarge our fund of information, bring into play our dormant intellectual faculties, and, by every exertion of which we are capable, render ourselves equal to the contest in which we have voluntarily engaged.

We may be sure that the battle-field whereon we shall find the strongest resistance will also bring us the brightest laurels when we shall have achieved the victory. Our study-hall is our chief battle-ground. Here our strong, swift weapons are most called into requisition. On every side, to the heart of impulsive youth, there are temptations to slacken the ardor of study. The sound of the soft wind playing symphonies in the tree tops, the bright sunshine, and the odor of the flowers wafted in through the open windows, whisper of enjoyment; and did we yield to their suggestions, we would soon be vanquished. Concentration of mind, however, will overpower these suggestions.

Surrounded as we are by the beautiful, these conditions will only render us the better prepared

to succeed if we do not allow our attention to be diverted from the main object for which we have come hither. The outward vision must be employed only so far as it will aid the interior powers of comprehension to grasp the subject before us. So of all the senses: they must succumb to the superior nature.

The class-room and its duties urge us to sacrifice our inclinations in order to acquit ourselves honorably in presence of our teachers and classmates. Dull as the class-room may appear to the indolent, its wise solicitations must be joyfully heeded. In every detail of our school routine we shall find so many motives for exertion, so many means of improvement. The meetings of our literary societies will be to us among the most treasured hours of the week. In the class-room, scientific and technical knowledge is acquired; in the society, general information is gained, and we become familiar with the best authors, their history, their spirit, their style. We form a taste for noble conversation, and learn to despise the idle gossip which is so sure to debase the soul.

Our amusements are also systematic. They are engaged in only so far as to benefit and to relax the mind. Indeed, in our school routine we discover the advantage Academic education possesses above private tuition. "The contact of mind with mind," the spirit of a wholesome emulation, the example and encouragement of companions are found to be the most salutary mental stimulus.

N. D.

### Roll of Honor.

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

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, J. Barlow, L. Blaine, N. Brady, M. Blair, L. Carney, F. Castenado, C. Congdon, E. Call, F. Carmien, F. Cummins, C. Cox, S. Dunn, N. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, N. Danforth, M. Ducey, C. Ducey, M. Dillon, A. Dwan, R. Eisenstadt, M. Fuller, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Fehr, J. Foster, G. Faxon, M. Fisk, C. Ginz, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, M. Griffith, C. Griffith, E. Horn, M. Hale, M. Helpling, M. Hawkins, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, M. Kearsey, G. Legnard, C. Lang, B. Laner, B. Morrison, M. Munger, A. Murphy, J. McHale, M. Morse, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, N. Myler, L. Murdock, E. O'Connell, H. Ramsey, D. Reynolds, L. Ryan, M. Reinhold, L. Sheekey, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, A. Shephard, M. Schmidt, E. Schulze, E. Strawn, K. Smith, M. Shea, M. Scully, C. Scully, A. Schidler, E. Taylor, C. Torrent, L. Williams, G. Wolvin, L. Walsh, A. White, Walthen.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Allen, M. Barry, Brown, Bayer, S. Campeau, M. Cox, M. Ducey, F. Hertzog, T. Haney, A. High, E. Hagan, A. Keyes, A. Malbœuf, M. Mulhall, M. Murphy, L. Norris, M. Paul, C. Proudhomme, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Quill, M. Smith, G. Stadler, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, G. Searls, H. Stumer, L. Trask, L. Van Horn.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, F. Johnson, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, B. Murray, F. Spencer, A. Schmaus, S. Van Fleet.