

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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An Evening Thought.

Oh, open the mystical portal
That hides from my wondering gaze
The sorrows and joys of the future,—
Just give me one glimpse of the days
Which my heart is so eager to welcome,
Which in dreams are so sweet and so bright!
Oh, open the portal and give me
One glimpse of the future to-night!

But, hold! for perchance disappointment
Lies hid by that portal from view;
And perhaps I am happier dreaming
Than if I unerringly knew
Just the pleasure these days that I long for
Will bring me; so, while fond hopes last,
Let me picture in dreams a fair future,
With the mystical portal barred fast.

If the opening portal would show me
A vision less perfectly fair
Than the picture my fancy has painted,
If perchance a loved face be not there,—
Then open it not:—bar it tighter,
For Hope paints so perfect to-night;
Let no blot fall upon the fair picture
That love renders tender and bright.

For Hope paints the fairest of pictures,
Which knowledge would only destroy;
To know would too often but banish
The dreams of contentment and joy.
All hope, while enduring, is golden,
Like that to a child which is given
Who toils toward the foot of the rainbow
To climb to its mother in Heaven.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

A Distinguished Irish Patriot.*

It is not what is public in the life of a public man that best expresses his character, however absolute it is in fixing his reputation. Perhaps a glimpse of the man as he was in private, in his family, among his friends, when he felt no curb upon his thoughts, no manacle on his wrists; when he saw no shadow on the wall cast by the drooping figure of his country; when he was simply

* ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN, the distinguished journalist and publicist, died in Dublin, Friday, Oct. 17th.

what nature made him, will be more interesting than a categorical summary of the public life of Alexander Martin Sullivan.

His nature was pellucid as a brook. Like the brook, it reflected what floated o'er it; and his sensitive and impressionable spirit was always open to the approach of others' sorrows and others' joys. He began life as an artist, and the felicity and finish of his writing and oratory was largely due to the fine sense of grace and proportion which was developed in those early days. A generation ago no man could live by art in Ireland; and the young lad from the beautiful Bay of Bantry, with his imagination full of the stories of the French who came in there with their ships and were wrecked before the pursuing English could capture them, found it necessary to look to something more material than drawing pictures for bread. He found literary employment on the *Dublin Nation*, and to be a writer on its columns was to share in some measure the glory of martyrs—for all around him were reminders of Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, while the happiness of intimately knowing John Mitchel and John Martin was in store for him.

He had seen in his home at Bantry greater sights than fall to the visions of most men. He had seen fair fields golden with harvests, while the men and women and children whose labor had ripened them fell down and died of hunger as the landlords shipped the grain to the sea and sent it over to England. That was a colossal lesson in government. That was the education of a revolutionist. But his nature was so gentle, his religious training had been so profound, that although he reached right conclusions about the quality of the government, he never became a revolutionist, for the time never seemed opportune; the chance never seemed at hand for a safe, a prudent, a successful blow. He went up to Dublin with his imagination filled with the ghastly horrors of thousands thrown uncoffined into great pits; in a year, when the rich earth, ignorant of what was to befall its tillers, had yielded food enough to feed twice the population of Ireland. He told the writer of this article that for weeks the door of his father's house was opened with trembling fingers in the morning, so certain were the inmates that against its panels stood some vagrant corpse that would fall into the hallway.

From the first page of his work on the *Nation* to the last line he wrote—some verses in Cork a few weeks ago—there is discernible the palpable

but indefinable thing called style. He was instinctively a master in language. He did not employ it to astound and perplex like Carlyle, nor to fill the ear with mere melody. To him, as to Bossuet, it was the natural and unelaborated conveyance of his thought. In all his speeches, in all his editorials—of which I have read hundreds—there seems never a word set in as a word; never a phrase contrived for effect as a phrase; never a gem thrust on the breast of a plain idea to startle by the flash of its incongruity; never a strain after an artificial flash of light in his rhetoric. His style was as natural to the man as his visage to his mind. And on that visage shone the man and his character. His clear, large, melting blue eyes were habitually the *avant courier* of the coming thought. If it was humorous, you saw the flash in them before you heard the report. If it was sorrowful, the moisture preceded the gloom. If it was passionate, the fire glowed before the thunder growled. His mouth was a fit comrade for his eyes. Every emotion was reflected on his lips; and the hearty, musical peals of laughter with which he answered the quips of his children were easily changed into a droll song—he knew music very well—or a rollicking story, of which his store was endless; or the dramatic recital of an episode in which all the elements that engage human interest were present. He would have succeeded as an artist, a poet, an actor, a playwright.

In the qualities of companionship he was very interesting. His reading was apparently limitless, and his memory appeared to bend under no attack. He could quote Longfellow as readily as Thomas Davis; Horace or Virgil as promptly as Goethe or Clarence Mangan. He was fond of Longfellow—who, indeed, is a universal favorite in Ireland. There was no man in public life, in his own or the preceding generation, of whom he did not know much that was characteristic. One of his noblest traits was the gentleness of his humor and the genuineness of his charity. A pungent thing he might say to one's face, and for the merriment of the instant, he would spare neither himself nor his friend; but in speaking of the dead and the absent he was as chivalrous as if his conscience was the mentor of his taste. Even of the barbarous Judge Keogh, whose self-disgraced memory is held in just detestation by the country of his victims, Mr. Sullivan taught his boys to sing a capital comic song; but when asked seriously about the man, he was able to find some evidences of at least a blurred and scratched manhood.

His knowledge of literature, his acquaintance with the fine and industrial arts, his enjoyment of sport and pastime, jest and prank; his love of nature, of his wife and home and children; of the sea, of the mountains, of everything that a joyous and fine spirit loves, made him the centre of any social circle, and the most delightful companion on land or water, in field or forest. He was a practical sailor, and could act skipper for any craft in the coast waters around Ireland. Although slight of figure he could row with the sturdiest of the brawny fisherman, and there was not a finny in-

habitant of Bantry Bay that he did not know by name and habit. Many a time while out with the fishermen around Ardmore or Bantry, during his vacations, he told the simple folk in the boat such chapters of reminiscence as kept them laughing and crying at his will; and it may well be doubted if ever he cared more for the plaudits of the House of Commons than for the thanks and appreciation of the village people who knew him from boyhood and loved him simply for himself and for their common country.

Perhaps nothing that can be said over his silent form would please him more than to have his life and death made a lesson for those who do not well understand how life may be a failure and a success in Ireland. The pen with which he adorned and enlivened the *Nation* would have become beloved of all classes of people in the United States, it was so spontaneous, so glowing, so pictorial, so eloquent. In Ireland it was employed chiefly to denounce the tyranny that oppressed a nation; and its highest reward was months of weary imprisonment. What a mockery is such a pen in a country where freedom of the press is subject to the caprice of an alien governor! His power as an orator would have delighted and persuaded any Senate open to the appeal of reason and subject to the spell of oratory. What did it avail in an alien Parliament except to irritate careless ears and intensify the hatred of those whose cause, so superbly presented, was so insolently despised? He studied for the bar, and the bench of Ireland, chosen by the enemy that holds her, actually drove him out of his native land on account of his patriotism, and compelled him to begin life anew in London after he had made a long and heroic battle for existence in Dublin as journalist and lawyer. The gifts, the attainments and the powers of A. M. Sullivan would have brought him glory, riches, position, fame, in any civilized country. They brought him neither riches nor peace nor comfort in Ireland; for while an alien sits with arms at her gate and maintains the brutal sham of government there, civilization cannot be said to have settled upon that land.

Expatriated in mid life, his struggle at the English bar was simply a prolonged ordeal. Only those who have encountered the malignancy of English prejudice toward the Irish can imagine what he almost daily underwent. His large, young and bright family to be educated; yet the father literally turned away from the land in which he should have prospered, to seek their bread among strangers. His political opinions, notorious and conscientious, impossible of change, yet obnoxious to all the new people upon whose good will his chances of professional success depended. In all the grim and tearful story of the fight of the Irish people for freedom, for the chance to get on, there is none sadder than the spectacle of this brilliant, honest and sturdy man, compelled, for the love he bore his country, to leave her courts and his own home to go into the very heart of her enemies to make a new home and bring up his children. And among those enemies he found truer and nobler men than the

crown of England has placed on the judicial bench in Ireland.

Manfully did he return the friendship he created. Never silent when his country needed an advocate, he did not carry into England a narrow or morbid spirit. Entering sincerely into every noble work upon which English sympathy sought his aid, he became almost as well known throughout that country as he was in Ireland; and he was particularly active and useful in promoting the temperance movement. He was sought as a speaker on every occasion when eloquence was required to help a feeble cause, and his versatility was equal to his generosity.

He was a pious man, without cant on the one hand or affectation on the other. His respect for ecclesiastical authority was instinctive and reasonable, but the bigot's thought never darkened his mind. Indeed, his most cherished friends were of other faiths. He was fondest of John Mitchel; after him of John Martin. It was the widow of John Martin and the sister of John Mitchel who soothed his sickness in Cork. Even in those last days, when death hovered over him and hesitated to strike the blow, his humor overcame his malady, and the last literary work he did was done on his bed of suffering—a clever parody of Father Prout's "Shandon Bells." Lying wearily awake through the long nights of pain, their sounds were not those the jovial Mahony heard. Here is a single verse:

"I have heard bells rattle round the necks of cattle;
The Chinese in battle use hideous gongs;
And down in Galway the natives alway
Enswarm their bees to the beat of tongs.
But there's something sadder, to drive one madder,
Than gongs or tongs struck discordantly;
'Tis these bells of Shandon with discords damned on
The rushing waters of the River Lee."

One of the stories he was fond of telling related to the correspondence between Sir William Harcourt and his wife. Mrs. Sullivan is a native of New Orleans, possessed of the high individuality of the Southern women and the independence of the American. While Michael Davitt was undergoing his penal sentence there were rumors that he was ill and that his true condition was being concealed by the prison authorities. Mrs. Sullivan, knowing that her husband—who was then in Parliament—would scorn to ask any favor of the Government, wrote to Sir William Harcourt for permission to visit Davitt, and obtained it. Accompanied only by a lady friend, as brave and true-hearted as herself, she made her way to the prison, saw the felon, heard the truth from his own lips, and brought back from his silence the messages of defiance and determination which might have been expected. When it became known that his wife had accepted a favor from the Government, Mr. Sullivan was deeply affected, and, going to the Home Secretary, he said: "Sir William, I want you to understand that Mrs. Sullivan acted in this matter on her own responsibility." "Oh, certainly, sir," soothingly answered Sir William; "I understand these embarrassments, Mr. Sullivan, I have an American wife myself."

Had A. M. Sullivan been willing at any time to serve the British Government in any capacity, there was nothing in its gift that would not have been placed at his disposal. He lived and died a poor man; his honor was more to him than any possession he might have acquired. It was his hope, his wish, to be Speaker of the restored Irish House of Commons sitting in its ancient home in Dublin. His ashes will be lost, perhaps, in their native earth—under the shadow of its columns—before even his sons will behold the realization of their father's dream.

M. F. S.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18th.

Protective Tariff.

BY CHARLES F. PORTER.

The policy of protection in the United States has been the cause of the unparalleled increase in wealth during the last twenty years. The protective tariff effectually promotes the development of home industries and the natural resources of our own country. We have here in abundance the skilled labor and the capital needed for the development of our vast natural resources. The cause of our national prosperity is the application of labor to the latent wealth of the mine, forest, and soil. The policy of free trade does not tend to this development. Our vast mineral wealth would lie unheeded in the mine; the looms of New England would be transported to other lands; there would be no career for our working-men; the utter ruin of at least half our industries would follow the enactment of tariff for revenue only, unless the millions of laborers consented to enter into competition with the laborers of Europe, and to work for half the wages they now receive, and a restriction of the comforts and pleasures of life. By studying the history of the country's material progress since the enactment of the protective tariff, and comparing it with our condition before, we can estimate precisely what results would inevitably follow the abandonment of such a policy. In the absence of a protective tariff we would be exposed to a competition with foreign markets—with their cheap labor, cheap capital, and cheap transportation. To-day our imports are enormous and increasing rapidly, even with the present existing high tariff. If the tariff were impoverishing the people, how could they afford purchasing foreign goods to such an extent? Our imports in 1841, 1851, 1871, and 1881, were respectively \$127,946,177, \$216,224,932, \$541,493,708, and \$753,240,125. If we had not enacted a protective tariff at the outbreak of the war, the high price of labor and the depreciation of currency would have rendered it impossible to compete with foreign manufacturers.

The policy of sending out the raw materials and leaving to other countries the profit of manufacturing them, has been a source of disaster to every community practising it. The increase of our na-

tional wealth since 1860, or since the enactment of the protective policy, has been from \$16,150,000,000 to \$55,000,000,000, the latter being our estimated wealth in 1880. In the mean time we have passed through a bloody Civil War, in which two million men were engaged, and those taken away from productive industry; and which entailed upon the country a debt of \$2,680,000,000. The war made tariff a necessity, and the tariff gave stimulus to all kinds of industries. Franklin, Madison, Jackson, and Jefferson maintained that the tariff would increase the nation's wealth; and it was followed by an enormous increase of wealth. Hence we may logically conclude that this increase is due, in a great measure, to the protective policy.

If we buy in America the commodities we need, both the profits of the buyer and seller remain with us; if we buy in England, the profit of the seller remains there; and if we sell in England, the buyer's profit remains there. Under the present system, the profits of all the exchanges of 56,000,000 of people are kept at home. Take for an illustration steel-rail making. Up to 1867 no steel rails were made in America, and we bought almost entirely from England, leaving to the English makers the seller's profit. The price of steel rails in 1863 was \$89.79 per ton of 2,240 pounds. The price then began to diminish yearly; in 1870 it was \$50.37, and in 1875, \$44.28, or less than half the price paid in 1863. This was due to the fact that the United States began, in 1867, under a protective policy, to produce steel rails for herself, and, consequently, England had to lower her price. In 1867 the United States produced 2,550 tons; in 1870, 34,000 tons; in 1880, 954,460 tons. At a valuation of \$65 per ton, this represents \$245,961,235 paid for steel rails, and all the profits remained at home. In 1863, corn was worth 50 cents a bushel, and steel rails \$80 per ton; so we were giving England one hundred and sixty bushels of corn for one ton of rails. The tariff encouraged American capitalists to invest in making rails, and it gave rise to the keenest competition, so that sixty bushels of corn will buy a ton of rails, and the other one hundred bushels are saved to the country. What is true of steel rails is equally true of cotton and woolen goods, boots, shoes, etc.; and we now sell articles to the consumer 25 per cent. cheaper than when we had tariff for revenue, from 1855 to 1860. In Philadelphia the price of pig-iron per ton in 1855 was \$27.55; in 1860, \$22.75; in 1883, \$22.37. From 1855 to 1860, the average wages of the iron-worker was \$1.59 *per diem*; from 1879 to 1884 it was \$2.30, thus making an increase of 45 per cent., and the product of this labor is selling now twenty-five per cent. cheaper than it was then.

The encouragement of home industries has brought to this country in the last eighteen years six millions of emigrants, of whom four millions are able-bodied workers, adding enormously to our national wealth. Our mineral resources have been developed, and vast tracts of land brought under cultivation, which would otherwise have remained useless.

But the revenue reformers are complaining that the poor are overburdened with the enormous taxes imposed to create the surplus in the treasury. This surplus is about one hundred millions a year paid by fifty-five millions of people, or about \$1.60 a head. But how much of this tax is borne by the poor people, who are the smallest consumers of imported goods? Very little.

The taxes paid by the people for the support of the Government, by internal revenue, for the years 1865-66-67 amounted to \$737,956,938; for the year 1881-82-83 they were \$428,031,670. Our population and wealth have nearly doubled, and our internal taxation has decreased nearly one-half! Our custom duties last year amounted to \$214,706,496, which is used to pay all national expenses; and the interest on the public debt, while the balance is put in the treasury to meet liabilities as they become due, and to form a fund for the payment of the national debt.

The tariff-reformers are continually crying to the farmers that they are being robbed in the interest of monopoly, but they certainly enjoy a much higher degree of comfort and prosperity now than they did twenty or thirty years ago, and the earnings of the farmer are more than twice as much now as they were in 1860. The census shows that the value of agricultural products in 1879 was over twice as much as in 1859. The price of wheat per bushel in 1860 was 72 cents; 1880, 95.1 cts.; 1882, 88.2 cts.; and there has been a corresponding increase in the price of all other agricultural products. In 1860, the value of each farmer's production was \$638; in 1880, it was \$852. Twenty-five years ago, the wages of the farm laborer were \$14 per month and board; in 1882, they were \$18.58, or an increase of twenty-five per cent. Farming machinery can be purchased twenty-five per cent. cheaper now than in 1860. Cotton and woolen goods, boots, shoes, and all kinds of clothing are cheaper. How, then, can it be said that the farmers have been robbed in the interest of monopoly?

While our protective policy has increased the wages of laborers and the rewards of service in every employment, and largely added to the value of the farm products by diversifying the industries of our people, preventing too great a crowding of men to farms and furnishing a home market to the farmer, it has, at the same time, reduced the prices of all kinds of manufactured goods everywhere, by adding our own production to that of other countries. Since 1860, under protection, the prices of prints in this country have declined thirty-four per cent.; of woolen cloths, twenty-five per cent.; of queensware, thirty-eight per cent.; of glass, thirty-five per cent.; of boots and shoes, twenty per cent.; and of bar iron, twenty-five per cent.

Every interest is promoted by protection. The price of labor is advanced, and the prices of the necessities of life have decreased. The tariff protects the free labor of America, so that its compensation is larger than is realized in any other country, and it has guarded our people against the un-

fair competition of contract labor from China, and may be called upon to prohibit the growth of a similar evil in Europe. It is obviously unfair to permit capitalists to make contracts for cheap labor in foreign countries to the injury and disparagement of the labor of American citizens.

Painting the Town Red.

Curro cum vaccis-puerisque rubro
Pingimus urbem.—*Hor.*

Jacob Pettengill was a very matter-of-fact young man. He never really understood a joke; but, observing that it was the custom to laugh when anything of an apparently irrational or incoherent nature was uttered, he conscientiously endeavored to follow the established practice. Good as his intentions were, however, he was sometimes betrayed by his deficiency in the perceptive faculty; for when Professor Bohr, the great metaphysician, was passing his vacation in the country, observing Jacob to be further advanced in his studies than the other pupils in the district school, he thought he would instruct him in the principles of his own favorite branch of learning; but scarcely had he commenced, when Jacob, whom he had hitherto considered as a youth of modest and quiet manners, burst out into a perfect horse-laugh, thus losing his chance of the start in life which the Professor had proposed to give him.

This was, perhaps, a misfortune; but never having been informed of the Professor's kind intentions, he was unconscious of his loss, and remained with a serene and blissful sense of having endeavored to do his duty. He continued to excel, not only in his studies, but also in the occupations of the farm, his mind being free from all those silly and demoralizing distractions by which other boys of his age are so often led astray. At length one of the great events which break the monotony of farm life was at hand. Jacob was to visit for the first time the metropolis of the State in which he lived. He was to be accompanied by his younger brother Isaac, by whom he was justly regarded as the model of every desirable perfection. "Jacob is such a sensible boy," said his fond ma, "we can trust him anywhere."

The fame of his intended journey soon spread abroad. "Holloa, Jake! so yer a goin' to paint the town red, be ye?" was the salutation of Jim Skeezix when they met the following morning. Jacob had never heard of this practice, but he knew that Jim had visited the metropolis, and was probably aware of what was expected. "So that is customary, is it?" said he, interrogatively.

"You bet!" said Jim, and drove on with his load of lumber.

Jacob and his brother heard the same expression frequently during the day until they became familiar with it. They thought it curious, of course, but then they were prepared to find city customs very different from country customs, and they did not wish to say anything that would betray their

ignorance. Their uncle George, who had travelled all over the world, was on a visit at their house, and the last words he said to them, before retiring were: "Well, boys, so you're going to see the great city to-morrow. Be sure, now, and paint the town red!"

"What do you think they mean Jake?" said Isaac, after they were both in bed, "by this painting the town red that we hear so much about?"

"I don't quite know," said Jacob; "I suppose we shall find out when we get there."

"Do you reckon we shall have to paint *all* the houses red, Jake? That would be several days' work, wouldn't it?"

"Oh! I think it's no more'n just a ceremony. You know what ceremonies are, don't you, Ike? Don't you remember at aunt Jane's funeral, when the preacher said: 'Earth to earth and dust to dust,' he just only took a pinch of the sile in his fingers and thrun it in, instead of shoveling in the hull pile of dirt, as we thought he would. When you talk about a thing and don't more'n begin to do it, that's a ceremony."

Bright and early next morning, they were on the cars. As they reached the suburbs the train slackened speed, and gave them time to be amazed at the number and size of the houses. "But I don't see much red on them," said Isaac.

"Why, you know," said Jacob, "there are so many of them that even if all the folks in this car put in a day's work painting them red, it wouldn't make no show at all. And I don't suppose they all have to paint the town red, only on their first visit."

At length they arrived, and having extricated themselves from the crowd of vociferating cabmen, proceeded on their course of exploration. Isaac was bewildered with a throng of new and delightful sensations; but Jacob conducted himself with more discretion: "I think we ought to attend to business first," said he.

So they went to the nearest paint-shop. "We want a pot of red paint and a couple of brushes," said Jacob.

"What for?" asked the painter.

"Oh, just to paint the town red," said Jacob.

This made the painter think that the boys were trying to guy him, or at least to insinuate that it was none of his business. But he thought it was no use getting mad, so he only said, a little gruffly: "Well, what kind of paint do you want?"

"The best you've got," said Jacob.

"Won't it be very expensive?" whispered Isaac.

"Never mind, if it is," replied his brother. "The Pettengills are used to doing things in a creditable manner."

Being therefore provided with the necessary materials, they sallied forth, impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. "Here is a good place to begin," said Isaac.

It was the white marble entrance to a newly-erected first-class hotel. They each took a brush and earnestly went to work. The passers-by were rather surprised to see two country boys in their Sunday clothes thus engaged, but such was

the evident seriousness of the proceeding, that they thought it was just a new way of advertizing. It was none of their business, anyhow.

Presently the gentlemanly clerk of the hotel came out on the front porch to exhibit his attractions to the public. "Holloa, boys, what in — are you doing there?"

"Don't swear, sir. It isn't right," said Jake. "Besides, we're only painting the town red."

Our readers must excuse our giving in detail the language which followed. The *hiatus* would occur too frequently; especially when the proprietor himself, who was corpulent and fussy, rushed out in a high state of incandescence.

Suffice it to say that Jacob's honesty of purpose carried him unscathed through all his troubles, and he now holds a position of honor and emolument in the very city which he once endeavored to paint red.

JUSTIN THYME.

Art, Music and Literature.

—A statement that Lord Tennyson's new book "will contain a score of shorter poems," including one "in memory of the late Duke of Albany," is incorrect. The book is now with the printers, and it is made up of a single dramatic study.

—It is stated that another manuscript symphony by Mendelssohn has been found, and it is thought to be a work which he wrote in his boyhood days. It will doubtless be given to the public before very long. If Mendelssohn had thought it worthy of a hearing and publication he would have had it made known during his life.

—The city of Bamberg is first to practically apply the law against the public disturbance of piano playing at untimely hours in the case of a girl who, greatly to the annoyance of the neighbors, practised at an open window. The code prescribes a fine or adequate imprisonment. The municipal court let the fair culprit off with a dollar and costs.

—Miss Eliza Allen Starr gave her opening lecture upon "Art Literature" for this season at her studio, No. 299 Huron street, Chicago, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 28. The present course takes up Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Tadema, Murillo, and closes with Washington Allston. All these subjects will be illustrated attractively by autotypes, engravings, and Arundel chromos.

—An elaborate book, the preparation of which, it is said, has been suggested by Queen Victoria, who has also taken the venture under her direct patronage, is in preparation in London. Its title is "Songs of the North," and its contents will be mainly old songs, words and music collected in all parts of Scotland and hitherto unpublished. Beautiful illustrations are to be a prominent feature of the book, and several other celebrities are now engaged upon them.

—In England the title of a book announced to be published can, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, be

stolen by any unprincipled pirate. To enable Messrs. Field & Tuer to announce publicly the title of Max O'Rell's new book, "John Bull's Woman-kind," without fear of that title being pirated before the edition can be issued, it has been found necessary to amplify a protest, print it in big type, make a little book of it, publish it in the ordinary course of business under the title of "John Bull's Womankind," and sell it for one farthing.

—If any proof of the modern popularity of Heinrich Heine were wanting, it might be found in the remarkable fact that the whole of the first edition of the first volume of Siegmund Bensinger's illustrated *Edition de Luxe* of Heine's works has been disposed of. It was no ordinary edition, but comprised no less than one hundred thousand copies. A new supply is being drawn off, but it is taken up as fast as turned out. The first volume contains an excellent portrait of the poet and a number of characteristic illustrations to his "Harzreise."

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born of an Italian father and English mother, whose father, however, was Italian. An account by a friend says that he spoke English purely, save for the faintest suggestion of a foreign accent. A very musical voice and conversational powers, of which he was not chary at one period of his career, made him a charming person in society; but during the latter years of his stormy life he became suspicious even of the most ardent disciples who had sat at his feet in the old days, and almost completely changed his associates.

—The well-known hymn on the "Contempt of the World," from which Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden" is taken, was written by Bernard of Cluny, whose authorized description is Bernard of Morlaix; but as he was a monk under Peter the Venerable, one of the Abbots of Cluny, and as Cluny was one of the great centres of hymnology in the Middle Ages, the author of the "Contempt of the World" has come to be popularly known as Bernard of Cluny. Bernard of Clairvaux has a distinguished place in the literature of hymns, too many well-known hymns—notably, "Jesus, the very Thought of Thee"—being founded on his *Jesu, dulcis memoria*.

Scientific Notes.

—A volcanic tree exists in the Japanese village of Ono; a fine strong tree, sixty feet high, with a girth of 10 feet, and said to be centuries old. Every day a white, smoke-like mist issues from the summit, lasting from early afternoon till evening.

—Recently some valuable experiments in photographing the larynx and soft palate at the instant of singing have been made. A powerful electric light was thrown into the throat, the subject then sang a note, and the actual position of the vocal ligaments, uvula, etc., was photographed instantaneously.

—The eminent botanist De Candolle gave the age of an elm at 335 years. The ages of some palms have been set down at from 600 to 700 years; that of an olive tree, at 700 years; of a plane tree, at 720; of a cedar tree, at 800; of an oak, at 1,500; of a yew, at 2,880; of a taxodium, at 4,000; and of a baobab tree, at 5,000.

—Capt. Kostowitz, the Russian aeronaut, is quite confident that he has solved the problem of steering a balloon which is being constructed at St. Petersburg. It is of the shape of a huge cigar, driven by a screw, but it is also provided with sails. The inventor calculates that his air-ship will be able to make 160 miles an hour with an equipage of 16 men 10,000 pounds ballast, and an engine of 50-horse power. The whole balloon, with its appurtenances, will be 800 feet long and 80 feet high, and will probably make its first excursion from St. Petersburg in a few weeks.

—The astronomers at the Greenwich Observatory have been making calculations as to the pace of the star Arcturus in his progress toward the earth. They find, as the result of twenty-one observations, that this beautiful, scintillating star is coming for us at the rate of fifty miles and seventy-eight one-hundredths per second. This amounts to about 3,000 miles a minute, 180,000 miles an hour, or 4,300,000 miles a day. If Arcturus makes a straight shot we will probably be knocked into smithereens, but not for 98,000 years yet.—*London Truth*.

—There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The receipt came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, Commander of the Great Eastern. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing; at last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The receipt, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 20 grains; magnesia, 40 grains; peppermint, 44 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 4 drachms. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.

College Gossip.

—A Harvard graduate in London is agitating the scheme of sending an American inter-collegiate football team to England.

—Kuichi Kuki, the newly-appointed Minister from Japan, is thirty-three years of age. He is regarded as the author of the present school system of Japan.

—An ideal statue of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, was recently unveiled with

appropriate ceremonies. The statue is placed upon the open area on the westerly side of Memorial Hall.

—A canvass of Wellesley College shows that the presidential preference of 388 fair voters were as follows: Blaine, 288; Cleveland, 52; St. John, 47; Belva Lockwood, 1. Sixty-five students did not vote.

—A Harvard man who graduated with honors last June, spells sewerage, "surage;" boring, "boaring;" eminent, "eminant;" Tyndall, "Tindel;" immense, "immence," etc. It is suspected that he will start a newspaper and ridicule Logan's Grammar.—*Norr. Herald*.

—The art studio of Vassar College has recently been enriched by two Japanese vases in bronze with inlaid decorations in silver and gold—the gift of the Japanese Government in acknowledgment of the satisfactory education of two Japanese girls, Sutematsu and Nagai Shige.

—Ex-President Woolsey has offered his resignation as a member of Yale corporation on account of his advanced age and increasing deafness. The venerable ex-President will be eighty-three years old on the last day of this month, and has been connected with the college almost continuously for sixty-seven years.

—The oldest college in the United States, with the exception of Harvard, viz., William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va., has been compelled to close its doors, having but one student at the beginning of the present collegiate year. It was founded in 1693, and has had among its eminent alumni, Washington, Randolph, Tyler, Breckinridge and General Scott.

—When the late Bishop of London revisited the University chapel at Cambridge, after a long absence, he found the same verger there whom he remembered in his college days, and said to him: "You have much to be grateful for." "I have, indeed, my lord," replied the old man, "for I have heard every sermon that has been preached in the chapel for fifty years, and, bless the Lord, I am a Christian still."

—The birdlet on the treeling
Now carols forth his notelet,
The boy that hath no feeling
Ties tin cans to the goatlet.

What then! the spring is here,
In palace and in hutlet;
The goat doth get upon his ear,
And gives that boy a butlet.—*Crimson*.

—Cornell held its "Field-day" last Saturday. The record is as follows: Hundred-yards run, 11¾ seconds; Half-mile bicycle, 1 m., 45 sec.* Putting the shot, 28 ft., 7½ in.; One mile walk, 9 m., 38⅞ sec.; 220-yards' run, 25½ sec.; Running high jump, 4 ft., 7 in.; Two-mile bicycle handicap, 7 m., 56⅞ sec.* Quarter mile run, 1 m., 6⅞ sec.; Half-mile run, 2 m., 31⅜ sec.; Throwing baseball, 330 ft.; Running broad jump, 15 ft., 4½ in.; Mile run, 5 m., 43 sec.; Hurdle-race, 23½ sec.

* Best Cornell record.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 1, 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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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—It is proposed to still further enhance the beauty of the statue at night by placing an electric crescent beneath the feet. It will then shine forth amid the darkness, a veritable representation of the Immaculate Conception.

—The annual retreat which closes this (Saturday) morning, began on last Wednesday. The exercises, under the direction of the Rev. P. P. Cooney, Miss. Ap., have been well attended and with edifying regularity. This fact speaks well for the success of all concerned during the coming year, and justifies the expectations of the authorities that the students of '84-'85 will not fail to reflect credit on their *Alma Mater* and earnestly promote the perfection of their own mental and moral culture.

—Throughout the length and breadth of the land there are numerous Catholic societies beneficial in their character, having as the praiseworthy object of their institution the alleviation of such of their members as are, "by sickness or other misfortunes, unable to pursue their usual avocations." With a desire to see such associations more widely extended and the advantages which they offer better appreciated, a number of these societies, some sixteen years ago, united themselves by a bond of Union and became known as the "Irish Catholic Benevolent Union." This Union recently held its

Annual Convention at Wheeling, W. Va., and the reports show a large and gratifying yearly increase in the number of societies affiliated thereto. It now numbers 221 societies aggregating 16,940 members. It is hoped that the success of the Union will be yet more marked in the future, that it will continue to exercise a most beneficial influence on the affairs of the country, and make its effects apparent in the moral conduct and social position of all connected with it. We hope that it will affiliate to itself all Catholic benevolent associations and cause them to act harmoniously together for the great object for which they were founded—"to assist, as far as practicable, all Catholic charitable endeavors." Individual societies are very good, so far as they go, but they are circumscribed by their objects within too narrow a sphere. When societies unite in a grand union, they can effect far greater good than when each is laboring singly and alone.

—The proper employment of time is a subject which, from its importance, is deserving of the best attention from all young men. There are few of them who have not a great many leisure moments, and a few hours well spent in early life is of greater use than weeks and months in their after life when the snows of age shall have whitened their heads. It should, then, be to them a serious question how to employ these fleeting hours to the best advantage. Every moment they can spare from their studies, and the innocent amusement which is given them to relax their minds after their hours of class, should be spent in serious reading. The great subject which should occupy their time is their class and the proper preparation for it. It is for this purpose they have come to College, and it is to fit them for their after-life that they attend class. A certain amount of recreation is necessary for them, but when this has been attended to, the free moments they can hoard up should be given to the serious reading of books containing instruction. They should take some valuable work on history or science and endeavor to master what is contained in it; not going over it in a superficial way, but carefully studying and conning its contents, and never giving up until they have thoroughly understood them.

There is no occasion for anyone here to complain that he has not access to the proper books. In the Lemonnier, general and circulating libraries can be found any number of valuable works on history, biography, science, literature and art, and of these they can make good use during the year,

if they but desire it. Athletic exercises and other forms of recreation are all good enough in their way and at the proper time; they serve to give the bodily powers that development and perfection required; but they should not occupy all the spare time which the young man has at his disposal—a part should be devoted to the serious reading which it is in his power to procure.

Apropos of this subject, the following extract, from an article in *The Oberlin Review*, gives so much good advice in a brief space that we think it worth reprinting:

"Read *thoroughly*. One book mastered is worth a hundred skimmed. Some one has said, 'I am always afraid of the man of one book.' The man who has made one great book—like 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Bacon's Essays'—really his own, is more to be feared by an adversary than the man who has *looked over* a library. Bacon's famous saying is still applicable: 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read, only in part; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.' But the student needs the habit of reading of the last kind. In his immaturity, he should guard against swallowing without chewing, for fear of indigestion and dyspepsia. The temptation is great to fragmentary and hasty reading, and reading by proxy; but it is all-important to resist the temptation, and cultivate the habit of doing some books thoroughly. Read them with attention. Study them; go over them in frequent review, and recall the matter. Talk of them with others, ponder and weigh their facts and arguments. Here, again, is the advantage of reading in company with others.

"Read with pen or pencil in hand. Make note of important facts or thoughts suited to your purpose. If the book is your own—and the books you are to master should be your own—mark freely and carefully the important paragraphs, questionable positions, or those which you pronounce wrong. Never mark a library book, or the book of a friend, any sooner than you would steal or burn it.

"Some kind of an index of what is read will be of great service. A simple method is to note in the blank leaves of the book the passages or ideas which impress you, or are connected with your studies and work, with the pages on which they occur, and keep a *ledger* with an alphabetical index where these references are all recorded under appropriate subjects. Such an indexing of reading will help to fix the subjects in the mind and in referring to what you have read, when you may need to use it.

"Any device or method that will aid in fixing information in the mind, and retaining it, is of value; and something of this kind is essential to most minds."

Exchanges.

—The *Argonaut* comes out with its coat off, as if it meant business. Fresh from the big football game, perhaps.

—That neat monthly, *The Pleiad*, from Albion College, publishes a thoughtful essay on "Materialism in Art," by Rena A. Michaelis. If more such essayists could be induced to contribute to the college papers a great deal of trash would be unwritten or find its way into the waste-basket. From a local column we learn that they have a Prohibition Club at Albion, and that Blaine and Logan and St. John and Daniel poles have been raised. Politics must be red hot there when a professor harangues the students in favor of his chosen candidates on the Prohibition ticket.

—The Evanston students are in the same box as the Albion students with regard to politics; so, at least, we are informed by *The Northwestern*. Our contemporary mistakes in saying that Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, is opposed to Pres't Porter in signing the petition for St. John's withdrawal. We are glad to see that our Northwestern friends are becoming converted, and are dropping or modifying their silly notion about "class spirit," as they call it, and "cane-rushes." One of the editors now truthfully remarks that "in a dog-fight the dogs enjoy it or they wouldn't fight, and a certain barbarous joy comes to the Freshman or Sophomore in his struggles for victory; but, *after all, it is only the joy of a barbarian.*" That is our opinion of the matter, exactly.

—*The Wabash*, a new exchange, is welcome to our table. We had often heard of it through the abuse given it by its rival for college patronage, *The Lariat*, but this is the first time that we have had a glimpse of the paper itself. By the way, what has become of *The Lariat*? We haven't seen it this year; has it gone where the woodbine twineth? We hope not. *The Wabash* is, we think, its superior in many respects,—better edited, more dignified in its tone. It has the following kind and encouraging words for our knights of the pen:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is one of the best exchanges we receive, and the only criticism we would in any way offer is that it deserves a better cover for the inside matter. Its literary department is always excellent. The article upon the classics in the last issue deserves special mention.

—*The Sunbeam*, edited by young ladies—we should perhaps mention the fact that there is a "Lord" on the editorial staff—is the first college exchange from over the border. "A. T." gives the readers of *The Sunbeam* a very fair essay on "The Immortals of English Poetry"—mentioning, however, only Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton. What about Dryden and Pope and Tennyson? We are inclined to think they will be known as long as the English language is spoken; in other words, if they do not shine as brightly in the literary firmament as the first three, they will be known and quoted as long and as often as the

others. We think that under such a comprehensive title as that chosen by "A. T." the three lesser lights should at least have been mentioned. Among the locals we find "Bathing suits"—ugh! rather cold; put them away till next summer. Also, "Wanted: Axes for twelve in the dining hall";—what the deuce are the axes for, we should like to know; our curiosity is piqued. Is some foul act to be consummated at Whitby,—the heads of the Faculty to be cut off, perhaps?—or are the axes for the beefsteak?

—After nearly two months' gathering of its feeble energies, *Academica*, from the University of Cincinnati, puts in an appearance. In its own words, it is barely "alive and (perhaps) kicking." The dreamy-eyed youth that edits the Exchange department of *Academica* thinks "nearly all of the exchanges could improve the arrangement of the material, and correct typographical errors": Perhaps they could; but we are inclined to think that many of them, including *Academica*, could not; that, if left to their own efforts, without aid from the printer, they would present a sorry spectacle. "Some of them could leave out many of their articles to advantage";—perhaps so; *Academica* certainly could not, as there are none to leave out,—all its literary articles are borrowed from outsiders. "The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC devotes too much space to class subjects";—perhaps so; a few class subjects would improve *Academica* wonderfully—if it could find anyone to write them; they would be quite an original and refreshing feature in the representative paper of the University of Cincinnati, and save its editors the trouble of giving credit for borrowed articles. "Once in a while, the SCHOLASTIC contains a few articles worth reading. We refer to the biography of J. G. Whittier." Which gives us occasion to say that we give our critic more credit for judgment than for a knowledge of grammar rules. Ta-ta, *Academica*; call again.

—*The Chronicle* is one of the best college newspapers that comes to our table. The literary department, however, takes a very low mark—much lower than one would expect from a university paper,—owing, we presume, to the apathy of those who can raise its status but will not. The hard-worked editors of a college paper look to the students for matter—essays, communications, etc.; while, on the other hand, the students expect the editors to fill the paper—just for the honor or *fun* of the thing, we presume—and grumble if it doesn't suit them. It seems to us that a more generous spirit of emulation should exist among students for the credit and standing of their college papers. We learn that a school of stenography is about to be started for the students of the University of Michigan. *The Chronicle* appreciates its advantages, and says:

"It seems that a school of this kind ought to flourish here like a green bay tree. Three or four hundred 'laws,' and as many 'medics,' who get their instruction almost entirely by lecture, would be pleased, we should think, with the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of shorthand. To the laws, such a knowledge is of permanent value.

It is also very convenient for the literary student. The only difficulty is that the study will be 'outside' work for which no credit is given, and for which the student has to pay. The difficulty is, in a measure, obviated by the low terms at which it is proposed to give instruction."

A student is not so much benefited by the "credit" he receives from study as from the advantage which such a study will be to him afterwards. Notre Dame has had the benefit of a course in stenography for many years, and we are confident that the students who elected it, especially those now in the Law course, do not regret the time and labor spent upon it.

Books and Periodicals.

ROSA FERRUCCI. A Memoir and Letters. By Henry Perreye. Translated from the French. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press.

This forms No. II of *The Ave Maria* series of publications. It is a charmingly-written sketch of a young girl, the daughter of the celebrated Professor Ferrucci, of the University of Pisa. She was the joy and life of her family—"the pride, too, and the edification of the whole city of Pisa." The great attraction of the little volume lies in the series of letters written by her to her betrothed, Gaetano Orsini. They breathe the tenderest sentiments of Christian love, revealing at the same time the constant progress of a pure, young soul towards the sublimest heights of perfection. The reading of these letters will be attended with great spiritual profit. The little book is sold at 10 cents a copy, and should be extensively circulated.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, PRINCIPALLY CATHOLIC. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, A. M. October, 1884. Pittsburg: Pittsburg Book & News Co.

The publication of this work was begun in July last, and is issued in a series of quarterly numbers. These "researches" treat of the early history of Western Pennsylvania and the adjacent country in general, and form indeed a valuable contribution to American History. A feature of the present number is the first pages of the publication in French in English with notes, of "The Baptismal Register of Fort-Duquesne," a very rare and valuable work. As stated in the preface to the last-mentioned publication, its great interest lies in "the light it sheds on the daring step of the French in taking possession of the point of land which commands the Ohio, after having driven out the colonists of Virginia; and these pages become especially interesting on account of the details they furnish of the battle of Monongahela, and its hero, Sieur de Beaujeu. The subscription price of the *Researches* is \$1.00 a year; single copies, 25 cents.

—We have received the "Monthly Part" of *The Ave Maria* for October. It is an excellent number, and its contents varied, instructive and interesting. Among the articles to which we would call especial attention as deserving of careful reading by everyone are: (1) "Secret Societies," an able paper, in which the writer shows how incompatible

such organizations are with "a government that is justly regarded as entitled to rank first among the best and freest nations of the globe;" (2) "The Title Mother of God," by the Rev. Father Edmund, C. P., who presents in a new and all the more convincing manner the true character of devotion to the Mother of God. This number also begins and continues an autobiography of a well-known writer which cannot fail to be read with interest. It is entitled "A Troubled Heart, and How It was Comforted at Last," and in fascinating style and language depicts the wanderings of one anxious searcher after truth. A feature of the number that must not be overlooked are the attractive "Innsbruck Sketches," by Octavia Hensel, the well-known artist and writer. In the addition to the usual first-class poetical contributions and stories of more than ordinary merit are interesting articles on "The *Ave Maris Stella*"; "Poems of Some Early Kentucky Missionaries"; "The Holy Face of Alicante," etc., etc. The "Youth's Department," is lively and interesting for young folks, containing beautiful stories, anecdotes, poetry, etc. Among them is an excellent story of "An October Saint," by Miss Eliza Allen Starr; and "The Castle of Canossa," which is concluded in this number. *The Ave Maria* is \$2.50 a year, and should indeed find a place in every Catholic family.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October opens with a contribution from the pen of A. F. Marshall B. A. Oxon, the well-known author of the "Comedy of Convocation," so justly called "the finest piece of satire in the English language." The paper in the *Review* is entitled English "Agnostic Conceits," and in his own inimitable, satirical, yet able and convincing style, exposes the pretensions of the various forms of agnosticism, and shows how all the reasonings of our modern Free-Thinkers consist in the coining of new words and the capitalizing of old ones. We may be permitted to insert the following extract:

"A man starts a new religion, and assures us it is the correct one, and that he has at last hit upon the very thing mankind wants. So admirable a discovery deserves the gratitude of the whole race; but we first ask him for the credentials of his apostleship. His invention may seem excellent, but so have about a thousand others; and as we cannot spare the time to wade through all his volumes, to find out the whole merits of his philosophy, we ask him, bluntly: 'Who are you?'—'*Quis te misit?*'" so as to settle the matter off-hand. If he can only reply that he is a highly-gifted being, we do not feel that the credentials are sufficient. But, perhaps, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, he can show a rare egoism, by the discovery that God is Unknowable; so Unknowable as to require a capital U. This would certainly raise his claim to be listened to. The new art of endowing negatives with the force of supreme positives, by instructing the printer to use capitals,—thus converting such a trite idea as 'humanity' into the dignity of the new religion—Humanity; or such a painfully suggestive mood as 'agnosticism' into a new science that is simply crushing with a big A—is undoubtedly the exceptional gift of great apostles who have to fall back on type for their supremacy. Or, again, the scholarly coining of grand words, derived from languages almost as dead as the coiners' faith, must present something of the credentials of apostleship.

"'Osmosis,' and 'protoplasm,' and 'evolution,' and 'anthropoid' make us pause to bend the knee to the inventors. Such a compound, too, as 'brain-waves' sets

our common brains wondering as to the sea-like movements of the instrument with which we think. It is true that Professor Ruskin has made merry over this compound, by asking 'What does it matter how consciousness is conveyed? The consciousness itself is not a wave.' But Mr. Ruskin has no respect for new conceits. 'Cellular vibrations' is another way of expressing this same animated behavior of our brains. But to speak of another word which is really very fine: how many men know the meaning of 'chlorophyll'? Here, again, Mr. Ruskin makes merry: 'When I want to know why a leaf is colored, they tell me it is colored by chlorophyll, which at first sounds very interesting; but if they could say plainly that a leaf is colored by a thing called green-leaf, we should see more plainly how far we have got.' As to 'protoplasm,' a word created by Mr. Huxley, there is nothing new in it, save a sound which is ambitious; for a vast number of physiologists had discerned by the microscope the primitive cradle of what we account the human germ. In the same spirit, learned writers, or writers who would seem learned, have treated us to the new word 'ozone.' We need not feel bashful if we do not know what it means, for Mr. Ruskin—if we may once more quote this keen critic—says *he* does not know; and neither, he believes, does anybody else. But, next, we have the really frightening word 'osmosis,' which Mr. Darwin was rather proud of having invented. Some inferior minds have said that osmosis means filtration. Perhaps it does. The physicists are still quarrelling over the point. Mr. Herbert Spencer has a preference for 'physiological units;' and he is welcome to such additional syllables. 'Osmosis,' said a satirist, some years ago, 'is our new Gospel. God—if there be a God, which there is not; man—only he is only an aggregate of cells; human will—but that is only a succession of cellular vibrations—are all Osmosis.' We are getting on with our education in 'science.' Yet, once more, we may quote Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has added this sentence to English literature: 'The being called man' (there is a diffidence in this language which makes us nervous as to our own claim to be 'called' something which it is just possible we may not be)—'the being called man is a concurrence of atoms, acted upon by a voltaic pile, and emitting sparks of thought.' Pyrotechnic, or, shall we say, electric humanity! We are beginning to think we would rather go back to our copy-books. Besides, Mr. Darwin's assurance that men were once apes, who wore off their tails by sitting upon them, gives to us all such a humble beginning that we do not feel we deserve such fine language. 'Education,' however, may still improve us. And what is education, 'scientifically'? Mr. Huxley has told us—and perhaps he believed in what he wrote—'Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature.' That is all. But the laws of nature, if all these gentlemen are trustworthy, must be the most difficult things in the world to be instructed in. Not only are they, many of them, 'unknowable,' but they require a language, for their very initial comprehension, which might take one a life-time to master."

The second article is entitled "The Acadian Confessors of the Faith," in which the writer shows how the peaceful inhabitants of the land immortalized by Longfellow really and truly suffered for the Faith. A. de G. writes ably in answer to the question "What are the Things that it Most Concerns us to Know?" which is a plea for true education, which, as the writer shows, is incomplete if it does not comprise within its scope three kinds of knowledge—scientific, philosophical and religious. The other articles—all of them able and instructive—are: "The Religious State," by Rev. M. Ronayne, S. J.; "The Rights and Duties of the Church in Regard to Education," by Rev. James Conway, S. J.; "The Necessity of Religion for Society," by the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D.; "An Italian Champion of Catholic Rights," by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L. D.; "Catholic Free Schools in

the United States—their Necessity, Condition and Future,” by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.; “The Recent Aggressions of European Powers in Asia and Africa,” by Bryan J. Clinche; “The International Electrical Exhibition of Philadelphia,” by Rev. J. M. Degni, S. J.

Personal.

—W. E. Jeannot (Com'l), '84, is in business with his father at Muskegon, Mich.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin spent a day in Chicago during the week, the guest of Archbishop Feehan.

—Our genial friend, Rev. R. Shortis, of '49, Chaplain at St. Mary's Academy, visits us once in a while. His visits are always welcome.

—Rev. M. O'Reilly, of '59, is the efficient pastor of St. Peter's Church, Valparaiso, Ind. Father O'Reilly's great labors in the cause of education are noteworthy, and have been attended with great success.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin will leave on next Monday for Baltimore, where he will be in attendance upon the Plenary Council of the Catholic Church of the United States convoked in that city for the 9th inst. This council will consist of thirteen Archbishops, sixty Bishops, eight mitred Abbots; together with a large number of heads of religious orders, and theologians.

—Among the visitors of the past week were: Mrs. T. Nester, of Marquette, Mich., who placed her son Arthur in the Minim department; Mrs. M. Grever, with her little son Albert, of Cincinnati, who came to visit her two sons in the Junior department; Mrs. Mooney, of Chicago, visiting her son Christopher, in the Minims; the Hon. M. J. Foran, Congressman elect from Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. Newell, General Manager L. S. & M. S. R.R., Cleveland, Ohio.

—Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena, Montana, spent a few days at the College during the week. The distinguished prelate is a native of Belgium, and was educated and ordained in the celebrated University of Louvain. Five years ago the diocese of Montana was created, and Mgr. Brondel appointed to the See. By his piety, zeal, learning and great labors he has won all hearts in that territory. His visit here was greatly appreciated. He was on his way to attend the Plenary Council at Baltimore, and was accompanied by the Rev. A. Lemmens, a learned and zealous priest from Victoria, B. C., who will represent that diocese.

—James H. Ward (Com'l), '73, has received one of the Congressional nominations from the city of Chicago. The *Chicago Times* recently gave the following notice of him:

“James H. Ward is a young lawyer, and thirty-one years ago he was born in the Ninth ward, where he resided for many years. His home is now in the Eleventh. In 1872 he graduated from the high school and entered the University of Notre Dame. From this noted institution of

learning he graduated in the Commercial Course in 1873, and three years later his efforts to obtain a mastery over the complex questions of law were crowned with deserved success by his being the recipient of the degree of bachelor of laws. In 1879 he was elected a supervisor of the West town, and while in office distinguished himself as an economist. He called in the 8 per cent. park bonds and issued 5 per cents., thus saving the citizens about \$10,000. Although his career had been successful up to this time, this action brought him still more into prominence, and he was elected an alternate Delegate to the recent Democratic National Convention. While he has obtained an enviable eminence in his profession, he has always been a close student. His practice has mainly been in the Probate Court, where he has had the handling of estates running up in the millions in value. He has always been recognized as a man whose probity was a guarantee of his character.”

Local Items.

—Retreat.

—Football time.

—Competitions are over(?).

—All aboard for the White House!

—Rainy “rec.” days are again in order.

—White plugs appeared in numbers last Wednesday.

—The baseballist hath gone to his winter quarters.

—When will the Fall come? When the ice appears.

—The New Science Hall is rapidly approaching completion.

—Our tragedians are rehearsing for the 22d of November.

—Who says the members of the Literature Class are subject to spring fever?

—The Knights of St. Edward displayed the tastiest badge on St. Edward's Day.

—The average “Freshie” now speaks of the game he used to kill when home.

—The midget table has a midget waiter.

QUERY:—Have we over *dunne* it?

—On Monday next—All Souls' Day—a solemn *requiem* Mass will be sung at ten o'clock.

—The Philodemics were organized in 1848. Can it be that the society has died of old age?

—The cement-walk, in front of the presbytery leading to the church, is still to be heard from.

—Hat bands, for some unaccountable reason, are going out of style in the Senior department(?).

—Ye festive *burro* shall have to be suppressed; he caused a runaway on a small scale, last Tuesday afternoon.

—The crews were photographed in costume, last Wednesday. N. B.—Secure the photos. early, and thus avoid the rush.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel took occasion of his visit during the week to give Signor Gregori a number of sittings for a life-size oil portrait.

—What antique statue urges Mrs. Lockwood, by its very name, to strike us with astonishment and dismay?—ANSWER: Appal, O Belva dear!

—The effect of double windows on the weather is already becoming apparent. During this week the weather has been much milder than last week.

—An unæsthetic Soph. expresses the hope that those forlorn-looking "borders" that used to adorn (?) the lawn in front of the College may never be seen again.

—In days of yore, the chimes in the church tower used to play a variety of tunes at the close of each hour of the day and night. It is not the case now, though many wish it were.

—A report was circulated last Thursday that some distinguished person, perhaps Cleveland, had arrived, but it was afterwards ascertained to be only "Billy" in his new and pompous "plug."

—Tuesday evening, the Seniors were tendered a special entertainment through the kindness of Bro. Paul and Prof. Edwards. Terpsichorean exercises filled the programme and made a very pleasant evening.

—The electric crown on the statue was seen to better advantage last Wednesday night, part of the scaffolding having been taken down. When all obstructions shall have been removed it is thought that the best expectations will be realized.

—Two elegant crayon portraits have been completed by Signor Gregori and placed in "Bishops' Hall". One represents the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Cretin, first Bishop of St. Paul, Minn., and the other is the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rosatti, first Bishop of St. Louis, Mo.

—Bro. Lawrence, the esteemed second Prefect of the Juniors, is confined to his room by sickness; but his many friends hope that his illness will not be of long duration. In the mean time his place is being supplied, to the great satisfaction of the Juniors, by Bro. Leander, their old-time Prefect.

—Last Monday, Very Rev. Father Granger, our revered Prefect of Religion, celebrated the 40th anniversary of his arrival at Notre Dame. He was made the recipient of numerous congratulations and expressions of good wishes for many happy returns of the occasion in the enjoyment of health and strength.

—The 12th of this month is the tenth anniversary of the death of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, at one time Vice-President of the University, for eight years editor of *The Ave Maria*, and for seven years Director of the SCHOLASTIC. Many an old student will join with the fellow-Religious of the deceased in prayers for the repose of his soul.

—Our "box" fails to attract the universal attention its originators thought it would. We beg leave to remind everybody that it can be seen by entering the first door of the printing-office, and turning a little to the right. Care must be taken, however, to close the door upon entering in order that a full view of the desired object may be obtained. Please deposit your contributions.

—The 5th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society took place Monday evening, October 27. A lively debate on agricultural and mercantile pursuits was held. Those taking part were, P. Mullane, G. Tarrant, W. Houlihan, W.

Morrison, C. Regan, M. Luther, O. Harring, M. O'Kane, G. Cartier, L. Rose, W. Stange, R. Morrison, F. Garrity, H. Ackerman and E. Schmauss.

—The second regular meeting of the Junior Athletic Club was held Oct. 23d, Bro. Marcellinus presiding. Master D. Tewksberry was admitted to membership; W. Daly was elected to the office of 1st Censor, left vacant by E. Porter. The Club is now in a flourishing condition, and has every prospect of a successful career. It is intended to build a bowling-alley very soon, and to refit the Gymnasium.

—The mural painting in the Sorins' Society-room has been so much admired by visitors and art critics both for the subject depicted—Very Rev. Father Sorin Founding Notre Dame—and for the master strokes of art displayed in the picture that Rev. President Walsh remarked to the last admirer of the painting, the Right Rev. Bishop of Helena, Montana: "I wish the wall could be removed to the main hall of the University."

—He was gently twirling around the lake on a second-hand *Columbia*. The path was smooth, but just so smooth that a bicycle going down the curve near the orchard, would make a good attempt to beat the time of an express train; and so—

He looks ahead beyond his wheel
And puts a smile upon.
He views anew his trusty steel,
And then,—he's off and gone.
He twirled, he whirled, he flew,—
A brilliant meteor flashing,
A little rock—a fearful shock,
And in the lake he's splashing! (*Tableau.*)

—On Wednesday afternoon, an exciting game of football was played on the Senior campus between the "Reds" and the "Blues," captained respectively by A. Browne and D. Reach. In the first scratch, the "Blues" managed to get the ball several times close to their goal; but as it worked back towards the opposite goal, guarded by D. Saviers and J. Guthrie, the latter got lamed up, thus enabling the "Reds" to clear the half open goal. The second scratch was the occasion of a most exciting and obstinate struggle at the "Reds'" goal. Goulding, of the "Blues," secured the ball when within a foot of the goal, and after some lively scrambling and shoving, succeeded in working it away. When he arose from under the pile, he looked as though he had been through a saw-mill. However, the "Reds" managed to secure another goal, and thus won the game.

—The 7th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Oct. 28th. Those who participated in the exercises as essayists, were: Frank J. Hagenbarth, J. Mulkern, W. H. Congdon. Those who declaimed: J. Monschein, C. J. Stubbs and L. Grever. Master R. Oxnard gave a fine organ recital; Master Berthelet read a fair composition on "The Utility of the Telephone;" Master Mulkern closed the exercises with a well-written criticism on the previous meeting. Public Readers for the coming week are: F. J. Hagenbarth, J. Monschein, W. Wabraushek. E. Porter, T. Cleary, C. Cavaroc, H. H. Sedberry,

W. H. Congdon, and S. O'Brien. The Society is now thoroughly organized, and bids fair to excel the St. Cecilians of '83 and '84, and to bear away the palm in the histrionic as well as the oratorical art before June '85.

—Wednesday afternoon, the Juniors played the most exciting game of football of the season. The sides were captained by J. Dorenberg and J. Weiler. The game commenced at three o'clock. After a short but interesting contest of fifteen minutes, Dorenberg won the first goal, J. Sokup making the lucky kick. The second goal was also won by J. Courtney, one of Dorenberg's men, but only after a most earnest struggle of 35 minutes, and then through the misplay of one of Weiler's men who did not guard the goal properly. The third and winning goal was the most exciting of all. The ball passed repeatedly from one end to the other of the campus; one minute in a solid mass, the next scattered in every direction, both sides struggled manfully and desperately for the victory. Forty-five minutes had thus elapsed when F. Soden, by a masterly stroke, sent the ball whirling, fairly and squarely into the goal, thus winning the third goal and the game for Dorenberg. The prize, a barrel of apples, generously given for the occasion by the prefects, was divided among the players.

—A meeting of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas was held in their society hall on the 24th inst., for the purpose of reorganizing and electing officers. Rev. S. Fitte presided. The election resulted 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; T. J. McKinnery, President; J. W. Guthrie, 1st Vice-President; G. H. Smith, 2d Vice-President; S. Dickerson, Treasurer; H. Porter, Recording Secretary; J. J. Conway, Corresponding Secretary; F. Burke, Censor; C. C. Kolars and C. Porter, Huissiers. Mr. T. J. McKinnery was appointed to defend at the next meeting a thesis on "Certitude," and Messrs. Dickerson and Kolars were appointed objectors. This Society, which is now in the third year of its existence, is one given wholly to the discussion of philosophical subjects; especially to those questions which are agitating the great thinking minds of the present day. As the preparations for such discussions require mature consideration, the meetings are necessarily less frequent than those of the other societies, being held but once every month.

—The *Niagara Index* has the following notice of the new drama—"The Prodigal Law Student":

"With the new scholastic year Professor Lyons comes forward with a new original drama. The drama is expressly intended for college theatricals, and is to be represented by male characters only. The intention of the author is to show the many dangers that beset the path of the unwary, no matter what their rectitude or virtuous inclinations. The scene is laid in New York and Boston. The 'Student' is a young Bostonian who has been sent by his father to a law school in New York. Naturally frank and good-hearted, he becomes the dupe of designing, prodigal friends, and soon astonishes even them by his dissipa-

tion and wastefulness. To keep up his extravagance, he borrows from a broker and becomes deeply in debt. He deceives his father by false statements. The father finally discovers the state of affairs and finds himself financially ruined by his son's extravagances. The son, stricken with remorse, and determined not to see again the ruined father, boards an out-going man-of-war and follows the sea for a number of years. He is universally liked by his shipmates and officers, and is repeatedly promoted until he reaches a captaincy of the United States Navy. After thus expiating his early faults, he returns again to his home and is welcomed by his father who is reconciled by the dignities heaped upon his son.

"The author gives full instruction concerning the rendition of the piece, together with suggestions concerning costumes, etc. The drama, as far as we have examined it, is interesting and is one calculated to please a college audience for one hour and forty minutes."

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Alvarez, Ashton, A. Browne, J. Barbabosa, Bustillos, Felix Baca, Filadelfo Baca, Becerra, J. Baca, F. J. Baca, Burns, F. Burke, F. Browne, Breen, Conlon, Crilly, Wm. Collins, W. Collins, Cartier, Crawford, Casavantes, C. Combe, Carabajal, Cusack, Dory, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Goulding, Gordon, Garcia, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Jess, Johnston, Kolars, J. Lechuga, M. Lechuga, McMillian, McKinnery, McNulty, G. Miller, McGuire, Meyer, McLaine, McCartney, Marquez, S. Murdock, A. Miller, Noonan, O'Connell, Perley, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pohl, Padilla, P. Proudhomme, J. Proudhomme, C. Porter, Piefer, Rothert, J. Ryan, O. Ryan, Riley, Rivard, J. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Schaefer, Sanchez, G. Smith, Schulz, Triplett, Troy, W. Williams, J. Wagoner, Willard, A. Williams, Wilson, Warner, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Aikins, D. Ackerman, H. Ackerman, Arnold, Arts, Amoretti, Borgschulze, Benner, Bearss, Baur, Berthelet, Brown, Congdon, Cummings, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Clearv, E. Dillon, O. Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Dougherty, Donnellan, Daly, Darragh, Eppstein, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Flood, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, E. Grever, J. Garrity, Hoyer, Hemisbaugh, Hieronimus, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Leoni, Luther, H. Long, F. Long, Loya, A. Moye, Martinez, Mulkern, Muesel, McCourt, V. Morrison, R. Morrison, Monschein, Menig, Meehan, Mason, Myers, Mullane, Macke, J. McGordon, Oxnard, O'Brien, M. O'Kane, Proudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Ratighan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Robinson, Ryan, Reynolds, Rogers, Stubbs, Senn, Shields, Soden, Smith, Stange, Spencer, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Servis, Talbot, Thurston, Vandercar, Wabraushek, W. Wagoner, P. Wagoner, Willard, Weiler, Zollers, Cooper Byerly, Day, Rietz.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, H. Addington, Ackerman, Boos, Berry, Bull, Blakeslee, Baker, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Haney, Hopkins, Henry, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Mahon, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nusbaum, Noonan, Nester, F. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Quill, Quinlin, Rugee, Shöneman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Weston, Williamson, Zozaya.

For the Dome.

A Friend, Plymouth, Ind. \$5.00
Mr. P. A. Cassidy, Albany, N. Y. 2.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A valuable addition to the Library is the three volumes of Mgr. Capel's "Faith of Catholics."

—Margaret Ducey has received 100 every week thus far in the Second Preparatory History Class.

—Rev. Father Shortis kindly presided at the distribution of notes to the Juniors, for which they are very grateful.

—By mistake, the name of Miss Martha Helping was omitted in the account of the First Senior Rhetoric Competition.

—The Misses Snowhook and Regan distinguished themselves for prompt and clear answers at the competition in Ancient History.

—Mrs. Mary Myers Fleming, Ft. Wayne, Ind., a pupil of the Academy in 1860, and Mrs. Johnson, of Chicago, are welcome visitors.

—The directress of the Art department acknowledges the reception of some exquisite cut flowers from Mrs. C. Studebaker, of South Bend.

—The regular monthly lecture before the St. Cecilia Society was given in the vocal music hall, on Saturday, at half past six. It was a continuation of the general history of music.

—Calls were received from Mr. Ballard Smith, of the *New York Herald*; Dr. J. R. Congdon, of Bristol, Ind.; Miss Stael van Holstein, De Hague, Holland; Mrs. Stael van Holstein, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mrs. L. F. Danforth, Chicago; and Mrs. Torrent, Muskegon, Mich.

—Miss Nellie McGrath has our grateful acknowledgment for a generous donation of beautiful wall paper with which the walls and ceiling of the young ladies' parlor is decorated; and Miss Young for curtains and attachments. It is becoming the most cheerful and beautiful room in the house, and a further description will be given after the formal opening, which is soon to take place.

—The Catholic pupils, members of the various religious associations were all present at Mass in the Chapel of Loreto, on Monday morning. Never has the dear shrine of Our Blessed Lady sheltered a more edifying attentive and intelligent class of her favored votaries. The lecture was upon devotion to the holy Angels and their heavenly Queen. Reference was made to the number of *The Ave Maria* of Nov. 1st, in which a remarkable letter of St. Hilary will be found.

—The stormy weather of Sunday evening prevented the usual Academic reunion; but the brighter sky of Monday afternoon was more favorable to the first unfolding of *Rosa Mystica* for the scholastic year. At 5 o'clock, Rev. Father Shortis and the visitors met the young ladies in the study-hall. The distribution of good notes was followed by the reading of the manuscript paper issued by the

members of the Graduating and First Senior Classes—*Rosa Mystica*, Vol. XI, No. 1. Editresses: the Misses Call, Dunne, Gove, Ginz, Ramsey and Sheekey.

—At this season of the year, since the fall of 1874, as the sunny hues of the forest trees drape the landscape in tapestry more brilliant than the brightest fabrics of Eastern looms, in spite of their charming beauty they suggest a sad memory to those who were then residents of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. It is of the two talented young priests—Father Augustine Lemonnier, President of the University, and Father Neal Henry Gillespie, Editor of *The Ave Maria*,—who within a few days of each other that year passed from earth to their reward. They are seen no more among us, but they live, not alone in the good they wrought when living, and of which we are now reaping the abundant fruit, but also in the warm and loving hearts who cherish their memory with undiminished fervor; and though grief for their untimely death is yearly renewed, yet, submissive to the loving Providence of God, we acquiesce in His decree, and utter an ardent *Requiescant in pace*.

The Spirit of Emulation.

When Alfred the Great, King of England, was a child, his mother, Osburga, offered to her little ones a prize. It was a volume of Saxon poems. That child who should first be able to read the book would become the possessor of the precious volume. Alfred was the successful competitor. The spirit of noble emulation which actuated him at this early period of his life never forsook him; and to this spirit his kingdom owed its great prosperity under his reign.

Without the desire of equalling or surpassing others, little is accomplished by the young who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. This is why emulation is always encouraged, as it appeals to one of the strongest impulses of the human heart. This generous, unselfish competition is the key to class honors, prizes, and merited commendation. It is, or should be, the explanation of all social and political emoluments. Partiality in educational establishments, as in the home circle, or in the commonwealth, can be productive of nothing but injurious effects, and necessarily discourages the spirit of which we are now treating.

Ambition and malicious contests find their shelter under a false preferment. Not so with emulation, because it spurns a gift not fairly earned. Hence the energy of its efforts. What satisfaction could there be to this spirit, if a victory were accorded to a weak contest? No: Emulation aspires to deserve the best, but freely accords justice to others, gladly yielding the palm of success when merited by some one more deserving. Ambition, on the other hand, rides rough shod to gain its object, regardless of all opposition. Envy, jealousy, and the worst passions are usually its accompaniments. The assassination of the noble young Duc

d'Enghien (and, we might add, that of many another heir to the crown since crowns were first worn) is proof of this in case of one whose very name is the synonym of ambition. But the ardent enthusiasm of the earnest laborer is quite another thing. Go the world over, and wherever a beneficent rule has been established, it has been the result of such enthusiasm. This disposition constitutes the superiority of Christian influence over all other. It is activity—wise, earnest, prudent activity—devoid of selfishness. It cannot be idle; its source is divine, hence its efforts must be untiring.

To the martyr, a crown is offered; but the crown is not the sole or the first object in view. The glory of God and the salvation of souls take the precedence. A Saint Francis Xavier would not accept any other motive but the will of God as the incentive of his wonderful and heroic labors. Pain to him was nothing; contumely and scorn were agreeable, if thereby the empire of Christian truth were extended. We all know the story of his discourse in the presence of the young Bonza, who, to indicate his contempt for the doctrine which the saint was preaching, deliberately spat in his face. Scarcely observing the indignity, St. Francis Xavier quietly wiped his cheek with his handkerchief and proceeded with his sermon as if nothing had happened. What was the result? Was the young and handsome Spanish Jesuit despised for his want of spirit? Far from it! So profound was the impression made upon the minds of those even of the highest rank, that it was the means of the conversion of large numbers. "That religion must indeed be of divine origin which renders one regardless of so great an insult as to pass it by as though it had not occurred." This reflection was naturally suggested by the action. Had not the great saint, in the calm of prayer and meditation, learned the power of humility? Was he not emulating his predecessors in this school?

The spirit of emulation, enthusiastic desire to reach the highest possible point of virtue has been and ever will be the incentive of those who wish to make the most of the talent confided to their keeping. When we behold the weary, half work with which noble objects are pursued, the tardy step, the abstracted, indifferent look and air—as if the acquisition of invaluable knowledge were a trifling matter; as if even the obtaining of heaven were very little—and, alas! contract this obtuseness with the vivacity manifested when there is question of a sumptuous repast, or some other like perishable enjoyment, we can but regret the too common want of the true spirit of a divine emulation.

SARAH DUNNE.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, M. Bruhn, L. Blaine, M. Blair, N. Brady, E. Call, C. Cox, L. Carney, C. Congdon, S. Dunne, A. Dwan, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, M. Fuller, C. Fehr, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, B. Gove,

C. Ginz, O. Griffith, C. Griffith, M. Hale, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, F. Henry, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, C. Lang, M. Munger, A. Murphy, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, Newman, E. O'Connell, H. Ramsey, E. Rose, M. Reinholdt, D. Reynolds, M. Scully, C. Scully, L. Sheekey, A. Schidler, M. Shea, M. Schmidt, K. Smith, E. Taylor, E. Walsh, L. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses I. Alcott, M. Barlow, F. Carmien, M. Ducey, C. Ducey, B. English, D. Fitzpatrick, J. Foster, M. Fisk, G. Faxon, G. Legnard, B. Lauer, J. McHale, N. Myler, A. Schidler, E. Schulze, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, L. Ryan, C. Torrent, L. Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses N. Brown, O. Boyen, M. Barr, A. High, E. Hagen, F. Hertzog, M. McEwen, A. Malbœuf, L. Norris, C. Proudhomme, N. Quill, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, G. Stadtler, Margaret Smith, M. Smith, H. Stumer, L. Trask, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses A. Keyes, M. Ducey.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Miss B. Gove.

2D DIV.—Misses J. Barlow, A. Shephard.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Ginz.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Carney, E. Sheekey.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Adderly, M. Ducey, M. Dillon, E. Horn, C. Morrison, M. Scully, L. Van Horn.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Fuller, C. Fehr, B. Kearney, M. Munger, A. Murphy, H. Ramsey, B. Snowhook.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Call, C. Congdon, C. Ducey, A. Malbœuf, L. St. Clair, G. Wolvin.

5TH CLASS—Misses S. Dunne, N. Danforth, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, A. English, D. Fitzpatrick, J. Foster, O. Griffith, C. Griffith, Alice Gordon, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, G. Regan, L. Williams, E. Walsh.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Barry, E. Brady, M. Cox, F. Cummins, M. Fisk, Addie Gordon, L. Hutchinson, A. Keyes, E. Pierson, C. Rose, G. Stadtler, E. Taylor.

6TH CLASS—Misses N. Brown, L. Blaine, C. Cox, B. English, G. Faxon, F. Henry, M. Kearsy, B. Lauer, A. Legnard, M. Murphy, S. St. Clair, M. Schmidt, K. Smith, E. Strawn, Ella Sheekey, H. Stumer.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Johns, E. Kearns, L. Murdock, M. Morse, M. Newman, E. O'Connell, M. Reinhold, L. Ryan, F. Spencer, Margaret Smith, M. Shea, C. Torrent, E. Walsh.

7TH CLASS—Misses I. Alcott, M. Blair, M. Barr, F. Carmien, S. Campeau, Margaret Ducey, R. Eisenstadt, B. Heckard, M. Hawkins, M. Helpling, A. High, C. Lang, J. McHale, S. Mulhall, E. Norris, D. Reynolds, A. Schidler, A. Schmaus, G. Searls, M. Smith, A. White.

8TH CLASS—Misses F. Hertzog, C. Proudhomme.

9TH CLASS—Misses E. Chapin, E. Hagan, M. Lindsey, B. Murray.

10TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, V. Johns, D. Lee.

HARP.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Dillon.

4TH CLASS—Miss D. Fitzpatrick.

6TH CLASS—Miss A. Shephard.

GUITAR.

Misses A. English, L. Van Horn.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale.

2D CLASS—Miss B. English.

2D DIV.—Misses H. Ramsey, S. St. Clair.

3D CLASS—Misses A. English, M. Ducey, L. Sheekey, E. Walsh.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Walsh, B. Lauer, I. Alcott, L. Van Horn, M. Fuller, L. St. Clair, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon.

5TH CLASS—Misses G. Stadtler, C. Fehr, C. Lang, E. Rose, M. Hawkins, B. Heckard, F. Henry.