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A Workman.

BY MARION MUIR.

Among the shattered arches of the past
Stands History's queen,—a figure calm and vast,—
With tablets of the nations in her hand,
And, pointing, says: "Or this or that was grand!"
But, amid shocks of war and policies,
I honor one who left imperial ease,
Absolute power and pleasure for the slurs,
And dull companionship of laborers.
Not dull to him, Czar Peter, who had sworn
To lift his people from their slothful scorn.

For years he wrought, bare-armed, beside the sea
Till crafts to him gave up their mastery;
And then, returning, stirred his sullen North
With the new life still strangely breaking forth.
Call him a tyrant,—for his life was dark
And marred with cruel vices,—yet that mark
Of his great soul hath set him high above
The tinsel triflers that regardless move
Apart in realms of proud imaginings,
Dead to their trust, and bear the name of kings.

The Right of Property.*

To suppose a state of mankind anterior to the existence of any notions of private property,—an age in which men in their simplicity and innocence, ungoverned by laws and uninfluenced by their fellows, enjoyed property in common, is simply a fantastic dream or a mere poetical fiction embellished by a Virgil, an Ovid, or a Lucretius. True, in its simplicity it forms quite a pleasing picture, but upon so frail a basis as the imaginative genius of man—little or no credit can be given it. For in discussing a question that will, and does even now, prove of such vital importance to so many countries, we demand more than the revellings of fancy—we ask for facts. We find historians, Greek and Roman, rivalling each other in the beauty of their language and vividness of description about this state of nature which, however, they find it idle to investigate. That such a state might have existed is often discussed by idealistic and imaginative know-nothings who, through want of some-

thing to do, more than through a real persuasion and belief, question, not only this, but even the most obvious truths. That no such a state existed,—nay, more, could even have ever been intended by Divine Providence,—it seems to me, is almost an indisputable fact. Yet, as I said, some will be found who do question it, and to this latter class belong not only ignorant and uncultured men, but men who lay claim to learning and erudition.

That no such state was ever intended for man is clearly proven in the Book of Genesis, justly considered the most ancient, as well as reliable, of all historical records. In the very first pages we read of a man engaged in tilling and cultivating the earth. Then, again, we are told of shepherds herding their flocks. In our own day, a system most false and dangerous has sprung up, or rather has been revived; for, far from being of recent date, we find it in the earliest ages of Christianity, if not practically applied, theoretically defended. Later we find Plato and Lycurgus its eloquent partisans and advocates,—the former in his beautiful work entitled "The Republic," the latter incorporating it in his almost unimpeachable laws. So we see it is anything but of recent date; and this system is called "Communism." It has altogether denied the right of proprietorship, and places the possession of external goods and property exclusively in the community, from whence it derives the name of "Communism." One would be naturally led to conclude that the belief, and, still more, the practice of private ownership by all nations in every era of the world's history would have firmly established its right; but, far from its general practice, and even obviousness, as late as the last century, J. J. Rousseau, a brilliant but deceitful writer, and dangerous on account of his sophistic reasonings, whilst living in luxury and extravagance, loudly laments the deplorable condition of humanity into which this system of private ownership has cast them. My excuse for attempting to prove a thesis so trite, yet of such vital importance, as I have said, lies in the fact that we live in an age in which the most evident facts have been questioned—nay, more, emphatically denied. My thesis to be defended is, "Private Ownership is Legitimate."

Proprietorship, or ownership, in the general acceptance of the word, may be defined—"The right to have, to hold, and to dispose of a thing as one's

* Thesis defended before the St. Thomas Academy, March 9th, by SYDNEY J. DICKERSON.

own, in any way not prohibited by law." To show the accuracy of this explanation, or rather, definition, I will attempt to prove the thesis mentioned.

To proceed methodically I have divided my thesis into three principal propositions, corresponding to the three chief parts of my definition, namely: the first based on the natural law, the second based on the common law of nations, and the third on the evil consequences of the communistic or socialistic system. (1) That private ownership has for its foundation, and is derived from the natural law, is a fact evident, I must believe, to all. No one calls in question the fact that the Creator, in creating this world, originally intended it for the happiness and well-being of its inhabitants and not for the individual good of any man in particular. But, on the other hand, what is more certain than that we have within our hearts that sense of property and irresistible longing for possessions? And whilst observing a law inherent in us all, we feel inclined to acquire possessions and all that is necessary for the development of our powers and life. This again can be proven from a triple standpoint: 1st, Observation shows us in man several faculties, which, far from acting in contradiction and rebellion to each other, are subservient one to another, and are ruled over by a principle anterior and superior to all the others, called "person," or, better, "personality." It is owing to this moral power or principle that man is justified in saying, "*My soul, my will, my pleasure.*"

This is the primary and fundamental possession of man, and by this property, man, being composed of two natures in one person, governs himself and exercises dominion over his faculties. Man is enabled by these faculties, or powers, to extend his empire and dominion over the rest of creation. Now, the world being created for man, as a necessary consequence, all it contains is intended for his use and service. Nay, more: man, being essentially active, is enabled to possess property, both movable and immovable, and in so doing, he leaves upon said property the "stamp of his personality."

2d. There is the necessity of his preservation as living being. Human life is preserved by taking the means best calculated to effect that end, and these evidently are, food, clothing, and shelter. It is on the strength of this principle that all nations, savage as well as civilized, recognize a strict, inviolable right of possessing so much as is necessary for the preservation of their own life as well as that of their families. Besides, man is absolutely bound by God to develop and improve his faculties; and labor belonging essentially to the law of nature, he is obliged to labor not only for his sustenance, but likewise for his improvement, and, consequently, must possess all things necessary to further his aim. An argument which renders my reasoning still more forcible, and even irrefutable, is the close connection existing between man's improvement and his happiness. They are, in fact, so closely connected that the absence of one supposes the absence of the other. There is in man an irresistible love of happiness and improve-

ment, an inclination always to better his present state; and this desire—something perfectly natural and good—clearly proves to man that he has a right, not simply to the necessities of life, but to its rational enjoyments. And how, pray, can these desires and rights be satisfied without private individual property? How could we possibly enjoy life without a lawful claim to our external goods?—when we would at every moment expect to be deprived of such as are even necessary for our existence? How could we possibly, in such a precarious state, be moral men or faithful subjects? This fact alone proves that man in reality has a right to acquire personal, private property, and indirectly his right, when this is absolutely necessary, to ensure their proper use.

My second argument is based on the common law of nations. Relying on the principles laid down in the first part of my thesis,—namely, the natural law, and, consequently, natural right, which we know from our personality, our duty of self-preservation, and the improvement of our powers and our faculties, all of which clearly justify and legitimate private ownership,—I shall now attempt to prove that that proprietorship has likewise for its basis the universal right of mankind, or nations. By this right of nations I do not mean those regulations and compacts agreed upon by all civilized nations, and styled international law, but general truths universally believed and practised: for instance, as the division of lands is from the common law, so it is by virtue of this same law that property, which subsequently belonged to no man, becomes the possession of its first occupant, or, in other words, "right by occupancy." By this statement I would not have you believe that occupancy is an absolute right; not at all: though, indeed, it gave the first title to property, land and movables. What nation, even in its rudest state, can be found to deny the justice of this title? There is none. It is a generally-acknowledged and established fact. And now, having come into the possession of this land by occupancy, man will naturally strive to increase and improve said property, at the expense of his time and labor, without, however, encroaching upon the rights of others; and reason, as well as common sense, dictates that when he has, as it were, stamped his external goods with the signet of his personality, he is entitled to this property, and therefore to the fruits of his toil. Thence he designates it his farm, his house, his money; for the same reason that he says: his soul, his will, his body. And now, that he has acquired this right of ownership, what is more natural than to expect that he will be allowed to use the "fruits of his labor"? otherwise, "might would be right,"—something we all know to be inconsistent. And what are these advantages, except to exchange, to buy, to sell—in a word, to dispose of your property at liberty?

That the goods of this earth have been divided, and private property rendered morally necessary, is a fact patent to all. And why is this? St. Thomas gives three most persuasive arguments why particular dominion or exclusive ownership

can be accounted for, and bases them on *solicitude*, *order* and *peace*. After the race of men had multiplied and families increased, limited no longer in their possessions to small herds of sheep or movable goods,—when, owing to the growth of towns and cities, and to the increase of their goods,—it became convenient and even necessary to form contracts and establish different kinds of proprietorship, men convened and framed laws, rights and conditions under which property could be held, conveyed and bequeathed. Besides, society at large had to be protected from the indolence and selfishness to which man is also naturally inclined, and, surely, this right of ownership was a system most fitted and conducive to effect this protection to society. For by this law men were obliged to preserve their own life and provide for its necessities and comforts, and, as a direct consequence, men could labor with greater zeal and more carefully preserve the fruits of their industry. It cannot be doubted that a greater order will result from this agreement—there will be fewer causes for contention and quarrelling, and every man protected by public authority will endeavor to his utmost to improve and advance his possessions. In fine, by avoiding wranglings and disputes, confusion and disorder; by arousing a moderate spirit of emulation, and by strengthening public and private security, and therefore public authority, peace, well-being and confidence will accrue, and society will receive more protection; for, most of the citizens being proprietors, and consequently having the welfare of the state and society more at heart, will become more interested and zealous in defending it, and by thus acting, far from suffering what prevails so extensively in England, and what even threatens our own country,—namely, a few favored with excessive wealth, whilst the majority are doomed to suffering and privation,—we will enjoy, and rejoice at, the good fortune fallen to our lot. In short, private ownership, whilst being on the one hand more in accordance with reason and justice, order and peace, will be the source of labor, benevolence and justice, the most essential requisites for true civilization.

My third argument is based on the evil consequences of the communistic or socialistic system. Let us, for a few moments, follow the dreadful consequence that would inevitably result were this right of ownership suppressed. In the first place, the principal and necessary incentive for improving our circumstances or even for procuring the necessities of life being taken away, men are at a loss how to act, and in despair give way to quarrels, contention, and bloodshed. Why should a father be solicitous for the education and convenient establishment of his children? There would no longer exist the power of donation and inheritance. Civil society would no longer receive recognition, let alone protection; and even the Church—God's sanctuary,—finding her temples considered as other material property, would be unable to fulfil the grand mission she was chosen to perform. In short, the suppression of private property would, of necessity, give a deadly blow to all social and religious institutions.

Who does not know the immoral and deceitful means employed by socialists and revolutionists to effect their end? And, pray, in what do these systems differ from that of communism? They are identical one with another, using the same means to attain the same end, namely, the destruction of all fundamental principles on which order and consequently peace and happiness rest. Who does not know the unchristian, presumptuous, and diabolical resolutions passed by the socialists in their general assembly held in London in 1869? For instance (1), "The society, being Godless, proclaims the abolition of worship, of marriage, and justice Divine. (2), The society, wishing, above all, the entire abolition of classes and politics, economical and social equality of both sexes, declares that, first of all, the right of inheritance be abolished. (3), The society, aiming at the complete triumph of working men over capitalists, believes in common capital and universal property." To render these resolutions effective, what weapons will they use? Experience has too well shown us that, not only will they use public meetings, strikes, passive resistance, etc., but also all manners of violent and bloodthirsty schemes,—as poisoning, assassination, and wanton destruction of life and property. Let us suppose that this system, so unjust in itself and so immoral in its means, were to gain ascendancy, how long could it last? Would the majority, after having purchased material property at the cost of individual liberty, submit without rebellion and bloodshed to the indignities and abuses such a state of affairs would, as a necessary consequence, bring? Men, it is true, may be induced to give up their religion, and may be talked out of their liberty, virtue, and faith; but where is the man who can be persuaded to hand you over his property? We look for him in vain.

There is a story, well known to us all, the drift of which is, that if we wish to ascertain and be most readily convinced as to whether a Yankee is dead or not, we have but to put our hands in his pocket. But not only to the Yankees, but to men of every nation can this experiment be successfully applied. Though there is no immediate danger that this system of communism will become popular,—for always can there be found men sensible and practical enough to see its falsity and evil consequences,—still we should take all precautions and endeavor to overthrow these socialistic schemes; and though, as I said, there is no immediate danger to be expected, owing to the extensiveness of territory and conservativeness of Americans, it is a fact, patent and obvious to all, that socialistic and communistic ideas have permeated a great many of our large cities, causing a derangement of the proper relations between employees and those employed. However, I have already engaged too much of your time; let us, in conclusion, be firmly convinced that the right of ownership, based on the natural law, is legitimate, and has always been defended by the voice of all nations. Let us not be persuaded by the brilliant but sophistic reasoning of its opponents. And, finally, how may we solve this question of com-

munism? There is but one way: Let both employers and those employed be not simply convinced in theory of the lawfulness of this claim, but let them practically observe it one towards another.

To Prof. J. A. Lyons.*

If to uplift to heights of purer feeling,
Where scenes of beauty thrill the gazer's vision,
Heaven's rays that linger still on earth revealing,
Be the true artist's dream, the poet's mission,
Well hast thou proved thyself lord of their art
Which stirs the mystic lyre—the human heart.

No picture on thy shining canvass glowing,
No scene thy pen's inspired power portrays
But mirrors truth's celestial fountain flowing
With sparkling waves to gladden earth's drear ways;
Telling, in numbers thrilling and sublime,
Tales of the past, tales of the present time.

Thy muse hath lured us to Italian waters
Where sunny Naples rules her fair dominion;
Or through Spain's vallies red with Moorish slaughter,
Following the airy flight of her swift pinion,
The wealth of courts, the low moans of the dying,
And the sad Prodigal in sorrow sighing.

Thus, fancy guided through each swift transition,
We own the spell of melody divine,
And 'mid the grandeur of the Recognition
See Right triumphant over Error shine;
And like the echo of exultant song
The peans of the victory prolong.

Not here the guerdon of such faithful labor
Save in sweet gratitude; but soaring higher,
The fragrance of thy good work for thy neighbor
Will shine illumined with celestial fire
Within whose deathless radiance behold
Thy name upon Fame's golden scroll enrolled.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

MOSSY WOODLAND, March 11th.

* On receiving copies of his recent dramatic publications: "If I were a King"; "The Malediction"; "The Prodigal Law Student," and "The Recognition."

The Common Destiny.

Death is the overshadowing event in the great drama of the world's existence. Through it come changes in the sea and on the land. By it come the rise and fall of governments and modifications in customs and laws. It is seen everywhere through Nature. It is the common fate. Its aggressive warfare against life is ceaseless; and the awful effects are ever visible, not only among animated creatures of flesh and blood, but among the trees and the rocks and all things whatsoever that have existence on the earth. Death is everywhere, and yet everywhere it is looked upon with terror. Discipline ourselves to the thought

as we may, yet we cannot become accustomed to it. We cannot hear mention of it without having a sense of gravity. We cannot look upon it without experiencing a sense of awe or aversion.

The act of dissolution is commonly regarded as akin to the horrible. Its painfulness has been a subject of serious consideration and depressing apprehension in all ages. And yet the truth is that death is generally painless. Many persons have passed through the portals of its greatest sufferings, and yet recovered, and lived. These assert that they often experienced as much pain from slight contusions or bruises as attended their loss of consciousness.

In one of his essays Montaigne describes an accident which left him senseless, and he was taken up for dead. He says: "I thought my life hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go."

A contributor to the *British Quarterly Review* writes that a gentleman who had been rescued from drowning declared that, though he had become practically unconscious, he experienced no pain nor sense of suffocation. His sensations are described as follows: "The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as I stood upright, I could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that my eyes were about to be closed upon it forever. Yet I neither feared my fate nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified me turned the watery grave into what might compare with a luxurious bed."

In the case of a criminal who was sentenced to death for murder, the rope broke after he had been suspended several minutes; and as it was presumed that life was extinct, he was not hanged again. Two hours later he was alive and able to speak in regard to the sensations that attended the hanging. The real pain, he said, was that which preceded the execution and came with the fear of death. After the suspension some pain was felt about the neck and eyes for two or three seconds, and then all changed. It seemed as though wings had been given him and he possessed the power to fly. To him appeared in the distance "a great fire, and before it was an avenue of beautiful trees."

In dying of gunshot wounds or lightning, where mortality instantaneously asserts itself, there is practically no pain. Those who have recovered from wounds have suffered more than those who died of them. The head is the centre of all sensation. When that is separated from nerve communication with the body, no pain can be felt even though the body be cut with knives or touched with red hot iron. In the case of wounds death comes from loss of blood. The brain does not receive its requisite supply of this life-sustaining fluid, and consequently it grows torpid, unconsciousness comes on, and death supervenes. Should the wound be received in a vital organ, death might come more speedily and be attended with greater pain. Death caused by lightning is primarily due to the shock sustained by the nervous system. In this case it is painless, and so it is when the

shock is produced by a fatal wound in the head. And the same remark may apply to the heart, which is the seat of life. The head is the centre of the nervous system, and consequently of sensation; while the heart is the source and fountain of the blood—the centre of the arterial system, and consequently of life itself. Death resulting from injury to either may occur so speedily as to be almost painless.

A natural death is not far different in its approaches or the sensations attending it. During his last moments William Hunter said, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." To many of those who devote their lives to doing good, and who believe that they have earned the crown of salvation, it becomes a pleasure to lay by mortality in the hopeful confidence of joining the friends and loved ones in eternity.

Death is chiefly dreadful to the contemplation. When in the fulness of health and life we are brought into its presence, a shudder or unpleasant sense of awe naturally comes over us. Then it is so remote, and life has the elements of dissolution so much under control, that it seems unnatural and even horrifying to think of death. But as the years go by, vitality becomes weaker, life more philosophical, and death a more ominous shadow in our path. As we enter its atmosphere, its coldness wraps around us, and we slowly become reconciled to its chilling influence, which ever and ever steals over us till we have ceased to be.

The elements of life and death co-exist in us from birth, and constantly struggle with each other for the mastery. In early life and matured manhood vitality is paramount; and if properly husbanded and made the subject of judicious care, disease, the harbinger of death, seldom troubles us. But when the vital power is overtaxed or abused, it cannot long make successful defense against the inroads of disease, and then the danger of death becomes imminent.

Life wears rapidly away, and when the ordinary man passes his 50th year the elements of dissolution become the stronger. He has been on the hilltop of life and power. He next enters slowly upon the descent and passes patiently downward into the dark valley. The increasing folds of gathering darkness benumb his faculties and deprive him of strength. And he is wearied, indeed, and anxious to sleep when the night closes upon him—when he passes the portals of the common destiny and sinks weariedly to rest.

After middle age the mind and body alike weaken, and death is cheerfully looked upon as the necessary consummation. As the youth goes up the hill of life, hopefully looking to the glories of its summit, death seems almost abhorrent; but when the man, who has seen how empty are all these things, starts downward on the other side, in the afternoon of life, he seeks to find home and repose in the quiet valley; and as he progresses he encounters influences that more and more prepare him to meet the common fate with tranquillity.

Death, then, is a condition of existence. When

the vital force is strong and active, there appears to be something unnatural in the thought of it. But when its day comes, reconciliation to it grows upon us. To the sanguine youth who thinks of mortality, the prospect or apprehension of its approach is full of pain. But to the one who dies, God is provident, and generally does not leave him in a condition to experience the pain commonly supposed to be inseparable from dissolution.

H.

A Winter's Day.

As I sit, gazing from my window, I see nothing but a broad expanse of snow; everything looks dreary and dismal. Instead of the bright, lustrous foliage of springtime and summer, instead of the joyous and gay warbling of the merry birds, nothing but the dull, cheerless and silent winter confronts my vision; nothing but the low, monotonous wail of the cold winds greets my ear.

The beams of the rising sun light up a scene of awful misery. Nature seems thrown into a lethargy from which she has not the energy to extricate herself. A despair has seemingly pervaded her entire being, all her faculties, the time appointed for her wakening upon the morn of joyous spring has arrived, yet she sleeps—sleeps as though dead! The barren trees, still and sombre in the lowly forests, make but discordant sounds, as the winds shake their leafless boughs. The frozen brooks crawl along, as if weary of life. No animation, no music accompanies them on their way to the sea. The buds remain unopened, and the sere herbage but lends more dreariness to the scene.

No merry tinkling of the sleigh-bells ripple the air with their musical tintinabulations, for the rough and frozen ground forbids sleighing. Even were it not so, the icy and chilling atmosphere would soon force us to seek shelter from its uncongenial embrace.

But lazily move the clouds across the sky—dark, gloomy and lowering they forbode the coming storm. Already now the heavy flakes of falling snow darken the view—they come, not glistening and sparkling, hurrying and skurrying across the fields, but slowly, steadily do they fall, bringing with them dull reminders of hopes deferred.

ROBERTO.

Weather Forecasts.

No one dared to imagine last fall, after the many prophecies by Wiggins and other weather-prophets of an "open" winter, that the 24th of March would find nearly two feet of ice on the lakes at Notre Dame. And yet it is so. Few winters have been "closer" than the present even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. People have begun to lose faith in the weather-prophets. Sometimes the prophet will make a lucky guess in fore-casting the weather, and will

take advantage of this to noise around how he knew it would surely come to pass; but this winter has left all would-be prophets at sea, and some are now humble enough to admit candidly that their prophecies have been anything but successful. Even the SCHOLASTIC Astrologer has barely escaped the fate of weather-prophets in general.*

We believe no one can with certainty tell what the weather will be for a season to come; or, that next summer will be rainy, or warm, or mild; science has not reached that far yet, and it will probably never be able to make positive statements in regard to the weather. The state or condition of the weather in all seasons (and particularly in this latitude) depends on the air currents which are variable. If the prevailing wind is from the South, we invariably have mild, warm weather. If it is from the North or North-west, we have cold weather, and so on with the other points of the compass. So that the severity or mildness of the weather depends on the freaks of the air currents, and their contact with opposing currents, and on the direction from which they come.

The Meteorological bureau can tell, with considerable accuracy, what the weather of some particular locality will be for twenty-four or forty-eight hours to come, but it does not deal with those mightier and uncertain forces that govern atmospheric changes. It cannot venture so far as to tell us what kind of weather we will have next fall. Herein it is of no more use than a goose-bone, a groundhog, or a musk-rat. Others state that they know all about the kind of weather we shall have at the next new or full moon. But scientific men have not agreed as to the effect of the changes of the moon on the weather; if the moon has any effect—and it is evident that she has less or more—they do not know how or on what occasion it is excited.

It is alleged by some that since our primeval forests have been cut down, our winters are colder and during summer we suffer from drought; but some of the old settlers say that the winters, some forty years ago were, far colder than those we generally have. The average, the world over, is about what it was a hundred years ago. We have a series of cold winters and then a series of mild winters. Sometimes a cold and mild season will alternate. There is no reasoning upon the matter, and there can be no certainties in regard to it. Some say that the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn, and Neptune—have caused the unusual severe winters which we had for the last three years; the theory being that when one or more of the large planets is nearest the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged drouths, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops, and sometimes pestilence among domestic animals.

* Our astrologer moves in a sphere above and beyond all *ci-devant* weather-prophets, and should not be mentioned in connection with them. His prognostications speak for themselves, and his character is sustained by an enlightened and appreciative public.—[ED. SCHOL.]

It is very evident that no one of our weather-prophets has yet come up to the mark, and it is left to future generations to find one who shall, to a certainty, be able to foretell the kind of weather we shall have a season ahead.

F.

Concerning the Hog.

A hog is a quadruped, consisting of two hams, two shoulders, and more or less of that material known as pork, bacon, lard, sauce and pigs'-feet, intermixed with the principal ingredients of sausage and mince-pie.

It is impossible for me to give the exact date of the hog's creation; but as geology teaches that there was a period when the earth was simply a mass of mud, it is absurd to suppose that this animal would neglect such a favorable opportunity for the indulgence of his propensity for wallowing. And, again, we hear of him as early as May, in the year one; for when our first parents moved out of the garden, it was distinctly understood that they were to "root hog or die."

The hog does not betray much grace except, perhaps, in the wiggle of his tail, which tail is a very ornamental piece of ingenuity. It is, however, of no use to the hog, so far as I can discover. Little boys say they can't so much as make a tin whistle of it, which proves that it isn't good for very much. It is not a weapon fit to fight flies with; any fly of respectable spirit would look with derision upon its frivolous wag. My opinion, after long and earnest investigation, is this: the tail is nearly a sort of flourish, or curlique, indicating that it is the end of the hog; or, it may be nature's partial atonement for the blunder she has made with the rest of the pork. One striking trait of the hog is that he is always hungry; I never heard of a hog refusing an invitation to dine. He seems to have a reckless indifference to attacks of dyspepsia, which is calculated to excite the envy of even an Alderman; nothing short of a first-class hotel bill-of-fare will turn his stomach. He doesn't seem to have the faintest idea of space. I have heard of numerous instances of a two-hundred-pound hog trying to squeeze through a three-inch auger-hole in the fence without any other inducement than some one's potato-patch on the other side of it. At other times you can't convince him that a double barn-door is large enough for him to enter. If you had a hundred hogs in a pen and were to set a bucket among them, they would all try to put their noses in it at once.

They possess a liquid, tenor voice, similar to the sound produced by filing a saw. If you were to let a heavy gate fall on an *old* hog's nose you would hear a sound calculated to set a deaf person's teeth on edge. Hogs seldom have more than five diseases at a time; the most common of the five is dog-bites. But the pork-barrel, like charity, covers a multitude of defects.* The reason why this animal was called hog is obvious to the most casual observer.

J. D. W.

Scientific Notes.

—A writer in the *Atlantic*, speaking of the maliciousness of the mocking bird, states that if young birds are placed in cages where the parent birds can have access to them, they will feed their offspring regularly for two or three days, and then, as if in despair, will poison them, giving them the berry of the black ash.

—It is said that there are seventy-five artesian wells in the great desert of Sahara, which have a combined flow of 1,000 gallons a minute. Two not inconsiderable villages have been built up, 150,000 palm trees have been set out, and 1,000 gardens introduced in the midst of what was before an uninhabitable country.

—According to the *Bulletin of the Society of Naturalists* of Moscow, the hitherto unaccountable destruction of pine forests is caused by the ravages of a species of mushroom which takes growth on the surface of the wood and afterward penetrates and destroys the tree. Maps are given in which the path of the destroying fungus is traced through the pine woods of Russia.

—A life-buoy signal light has been invented, the purpose of which is to light up the sea in case of accident at night. It is attached to the life buoy by a cord, and upon being thrown overboard bursts immediately on striking the water. The light, which cannot be extinguished by either wind or wave, burns for over an hour, and thus enables the work of rescue to be easily carried on.

—Dr. Theodore Stein, says the *Athenæum*, has succeeded in obtaining photographs of the larynx. The throat and larynx are illuminated by an incandescent electrical lamp, cooled by Nitze's system of cooling by water. A small mirror reflects the image on a gelatine-bromide plate in a camera obscura, and a photograph is obtained showing the organs in health or disease, thus removing all risks of laryngeal diseases by inhaling the breath.

—The London *Medical Press* states that M. Cailliet, a French chemist, has found a new substance by which oxygen gas can be liquified. This material is foremene, or marsh gas, which, under slight pressure and cooled in ethylene—it boils under the ordinary atmospheric pressure—is resolved into an extremely mobile, colorless liquid, which, in passing again into the gaseous state, causes such a lowering of temperature that oxygen in its neighborhood is at once liquified.

—An instructive article in the *Libertà Cattolica* states that orange growing has so developed in Italy that there is now an over-production of the fruit. To utilize this superabundance, an attempt is now being made to produce orange wine. The process has been perfected by Professor Frojo, a great authority on wine culture. The wine keeps very well, and is all the better for lying. The invention is not altogether new, as orange wine has long been made in Spain, where it sells at from two to three francs a bottle.

College Gossip.

—There are 3,000,000 scholars of both sexes—about a ninth part of the entire population—in the schools of Italy.

—A School of Paleography, which will prepare students for high historical studies, has been founded by the Pope at the Vatican Palace.

—ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN.—Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth that thou mayest be solid before thy senior year.—*Argonaut*.

—The new Catholic college at Pittsburgh, Pa., has about approached completion, and will be dedicated on Easter Monday, April 6th, with imposing ceremonies.

—Rochester University has lately received \$100,000 for education of women; Trinity, Dartmouth, and New York University each have received \$50,000.—*Chronicle*.

—In a recent lecture on education in the South, the Rev. Dr. Mayo said that there are in the South 4,000,000 whites under twenty-one; of whom nearly half have never attended any school.—*Herald-Crimson*.

—A new machine for bicycle practice, designed by Dr. Sargent, has been put in the Harvard College gymnasium. It consists of a stationary wheel, over which is a seat which can be raised or lowered at pleasure to accommodate any one. The pressure on the wheel can be so regulated as to make the work as hard or easy as is desired.

—In a few days, University College, Stephen's Green, will receive within its walls a royal student, a near relative, it is understood, of the ex-King of Würtemberg. The youth—his age is about 15—comes to Ireland to have the advantage of a high class Catholic education, and his guardians have selected University College as the institution best suited for this purpose.—*Dublin Freeman*.

—The works which the Hon. Eugene Schuyler has given to the library of Cornell University number about six hundred volumes and pamphlets. They comprise many works on Russian history which were used by Mr. Schuyler in the preparation of his history of "Peter the Great," many philological works relating to the Slavonic and Turanian tongues, and a valuable collection of books on folk lore.—*Home Journal*.

—A well-known Protestant minister, the Rev. Dr. Rigg, Principal of the Westminster Training College, in a recent inaugural address, pays a tribute to the Christian Brothers in the following words: "The remarkable history and really wonderful achievements of that great Roman Catholic educating Order, the Christian Brothers, who have done almost all for France that has been done in the way of true educational science and inspiration, serves impressively to teach us that it is to moral influence, and therefore to spiritual convictions and experience, that the educational inspiration and prowess of the world are due."—*London Weekly Register*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 28, 1885.

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.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We have received a circular from Commendatore Acquaderni,—Bologna, Italy,—President of the Commission in charge of the preparations for the celebration of the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Holiness, Leo XIII. He suggests four works in which all Catholics throughout the world can unite, and thereby take an active part in a proper manifestation of loyal devotion to the Visible Head of the Church: (1) an union of prayer, to beg of God the triumph of the Church and the preservation of the life of Leo XIII; (2) an exposition at the Vatican of Catholic art and industry; (3) offerings from the faithful throughout the world; (4) pilgrimages to the tomb of the Apostles at the Vatican. We commend these works to Catholics everywhere.

—We have already noted the joy with which the news of the safe arrival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin and our respected Bishop Dwenger on the shores of *la belle France* was received here at Notre Dame and by hosts of friends elsewhere. It is an additional pleasure for us—one in which, we have no doubt, all our readers will share—to present this week the letters with which we have been honored by the venerable Founder of Notre Dame. They will be found fraught with timely and instructive suggestions which may well be brought home to all classes of readers. Writing, as he does, to youthful minds and hearts; the venerable Father speaks with the experience gained by more than half an ordinary lifetime,—an experience well calculated to mark and weigh “the progress of the times” and caution the rising generation against impending dangers. The grand idea before all minds, young and old, at the pres-

ent time, is to preserve and perfect that God-given reason of which they are possessed. And such a thought is not to be condemned, when not made too exclusive,—when man does not lose sight of Him, the Father of all light, from whom all good gifts descend; when he does not fail to realize that unbelief, by whatsoever name it may be called,—whether infidelity, liberalism or free thought,—is but the slavery of reason. But on this subject the words of our revered and venerable Father Founder will speak more forcibly, and we commend them to the careful attention of all.

Letters from Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

I.

ON BOARD THE “AURANIA,”
March 4 (12 m.), 1885.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

It is only four hours since we left New York, and scarcely two full days since I parted with our beloved Notre Dame and her precious inmates, young and old. But it seems to me like two full weeks. I never realized before, to the same extent, what an attachment my residence of forty-three years and a half has created in the depth of my heart for so many loving souls, not only at Notre Dame, but in our neighboring city, where I have so many worthy friends that I would not exchange my happy home for the rest of the world. I cannot express the joy I felt on taking the train, after the few parting visits I made, and where I received the cheering assurance that our late little troubles were all over, and that the immediate consequence of the recent trials would undoubtedly prove, as I thought, a blessing in disguise,—promising a better state of things than ever before, and making of

SOUTH BEND

what I always so much desired it to be, a model city, whose uncommon prosperity and general contentment would draw multitudes of new enterprises and countless additional inhabitants;—a city in which capitalists and laborers, animated alike by true Christian principles, would find their mutual advantage in supporting each other, even in the trying state of a general stagnation of commerce, and never harboring the influence of any socialistic theories, which God never blesses but always punishes severely. The first blessing with which our risen Saviour repeatedly greeted His apostles, as the most precious of all, was peace—*Pax vobis!* To insure its preservation, no reasonable sacrifice is too great; for no investment brings better interest. I speak from experience, and know what I write on this vital question.

But to judge intelligently of what happens in our age we must rise to a higher standpoint. What we have seen at our doors is a small affair compared to what is daily reported from various other parts of the world. It is the continuation of the endless struggle between good and evil,—the reign of God and that of Satan—or, in other words, the fight of infidelity against the Church of Christ. It com-

menced with the world, and shall end only with it.

INFIDELITY IS SPREADING EVERYWHERE.

Our age, as all men of sound mind must admit, is becoming, more and more sensibly, an age of incredulity. Incredulity was the first weapon Satan employed against mankind. Had our first mother firmly adhered to the Divine word that "the day they would eat of the forbidden fruit they should die," she would have saved herself and all her posterity. The same deadly weapon has been resorted to with increasing vigor ever since. It begins, as at first in Eden, with a doubt. And when the word of God has been once the subject of a doubt, faith, as a saving element, is destroyed; it is a wreck with all its fatal consequences. Whoever has read the sacred Book has learned, first of all, the plain and most serious truth: *Sine fide impossibile est placere Deo*. And again: "He who will not believe is already judged." Indispensable as it is to salvation, faith must be entire and without any mental reservation: no partial faith can ever save.

Here is the evil of the day,—the contagious pestilence, now spreading over the earth, as it never did before. We live in an age of progress and invention; none denies it: but the noticeable feature of our times is incredulity, the increasing denegation of Divine revelation,—as if Divine revelation could not stand the test of science,—the new and untenable boast of our faithless scientists. To this undeniable fact is to be assigned the actual disturbance of society, not only in our United States, but all over Europe. The absurd atheism of Ingersoll, *et al.*, may create disgust in Christian souls; but, for the world at large, who will deny the deleterious effects of a doctrine so directly favoring, sanctioning and flattering the worst passions of the heart? But Ingersoll is only one among the countless legion of sworn enemies of Christian Faith.

This is nothing new to one who has read history. Sixteen hundred years ago, one of the most cruel persecutors among the Roman emperors publicly announced his long wished-for triumph over Christianity—*Christiano nomine deletio!* But the date of the proud announcement proved to be an unprecedented humiliation to the blind enemies of the Crucified: on the morrow appeared in the skies the glorious *labarum*: *In hoc signo vinces!* Constantine saw it, understood it; routed his enemies, and declared himself the staunch protector of the Cross. Thus came, after three centuries of merciless persecutions, the first triumph of the Church; at the very moment Satan had apparently marked out for its ruin.

Outside of the Catholic Church, what do we see? Mr. Charles Bonaparte has admirably described it in his beautiful address to the members of the Plenary Council of Baltimore, on the 20th of November, 1884:

"In our day and country, two classes of thinking men contemplate the phases of life and thought portrayed in the manners of the times with ever-increasing anxiety. Many see, with alarm and distress fast deepening into silent despair, religious faith in themselves and others fading into a dim uncertainty, as to everything beyond the world of sense. These men are involuntary skeptics. They would

believe in a God, but they find only a possibility of His existence in physical science, and His alleged revelation as doubtful for critics as Himself; they would believe in their own immortality, but they can only hope it is real. They feel, too clearly for their happiness, that, with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, they give up the quickening spirit of modern civilization: but the light which shows the abyss at the brink of which they stand, reveals no way of escape. They have seen the religions they still formally profess, qualify and make meaningless one tenet after another, concede this point, silently abandon that, try vainly to compromise over and over again with a constantly advancing spirit of materialism and negation until the very idea that there can be any fixed, immutable religious truth has become strange to them; and while they have lost so much, they have gained nothing. The followers of Luther or Calvin could believe in a Reformed Church; the disciples of Voltaire or Rousseau could believe in a regenerated society; but modern Agnostics can believe nothing, not even that they were wrong before.

"Others look less below the surface of things; they are troubled by phenomena in which the first class recognize outward symptoms of the same deep-seated evil. On all sides, they note in the American people a blunting of the sense of justice; a growing dimness of our moral sight; an inability to distinguish clearly between right and wrong; in short, a distortion and maiming of the national conscience."

"To both classes we declare that which they elsewhere vainly seek. The creed of the Catholic Church is founded on no theory in physics or psychology. She has no fear of the future. As all speculations of the idealistic metaphysicians have never made one doubt for one moment the reality of his own existence or that of the universe, so no proof, however conclusive in seeming that our spiritual life is a dream, eternity a blank, the Gospel a myth, can touch her who lives, breathes, and has her being in the reality of Divine Truth. Her religion is no abstraction: it is a practical rule of life, founded on the indestructible rock which no wave or storm of human passion can ever shake."

To-day, the existence of God, Divine Providence, revelation, the soul with its immortal destinies for heaven or for hell, all, absolutely all, have become a matter of doubt outside of the Church of Christ. But, weakened as she appears by the withdrawal of all secular powers and the furious assaults of multiplying legions, who are united only in one universal and blind hatred, the Church remains a centre of peace and calm, even amid the fiercest tempests the world has ever known. She feels she will outlive this new test of her Divine foundation as she did all others. Jesus Christ is with her, and all her true children repeat, undisturbed: "If God is with us, who is against us?" Happy the clear-sighted and honest minds; and among these, happy the young students of Christian institutions whom the love of truth will turn away from the evident fallacies of such deceiving, hollow systems, and bear them, rejoicing, into the saving arms of the Mother Church whose ultimate triumph will, this time, as ever, prove to be the lasting glory of pure and loving hearts, and the new confusion of the impious, who say, *Non est Deus!*

II.

MARCH 9, 1885.

In five days we have made 2007 miles, and in less than forty-eight hours we expect to reach Queens-town, and seventeen hours later Liverpool—if the same fervent prayers of so many loving hearts continue to smooth the waves of the sea before us. This heading will probably be the most interesting portion of this second article. But, of course, you are

not obliged to print a single line of it, nor of the one that preceded it. But, to return to my first subject. Of late years,

ATHEISM

has spread to such an extent and proved so ruinous in our own generation that, the more I ponder over the subject in my own heart, the more I fear its deleterious and poisonous influence even on those honest young hearts entrusted to our care.

Nowadays, we may say infidelity is, almost everywhere, *à la mode*. The great Bossuet, in one of his model sermons, was once heard to say: "The earth carries but few such idiots who, on the face of the globe, among the works of His hands and the blessings of His Providence, dare say 'there is no God,' and deny existence itself to Him by whom alone all nature subsists. Infidels and idolators themselves hold in horror such monsters, but when the light of the Gospel has been spread abroad, the meeting with such an one must inspire horror and trembling." What would the immortal orator say to our present generation? Infidelity has developed itself so widely and rapidly that those who, directly or indirectly, deny God's own existence are without number.

In our days, from every part of the earth, the voice of infidelity is heard and re-echoed in all directions. "God," says one of the coryphées of the age, "is but an old word, somewhat meaningless!" "The world was formed by chance," says another, "or is the fortuitous result of some combination of natural forces;" unless one prefers to call all he sees by the more general and honorable term of *pantheism*. The world is God! The most abject paganism of antiquity never fell so low! The voice of the successor of Peter tells us the origin from which such absurd new doctrines daily spring,—*i. e.*, secret lodges command that God be ignored; that He must not interfere either at a man's birth, or marriage, or death, or in the school-room where instruction is imparted. These secret lodges, jointly and energetically, strive to guide the direction of the education of youth. Secret societies, says Leo XIII, trust they will easily succeed in forming, after their own views, this tender age, and in its flexibility train it up to anything they wish; this being the surest and speediest way to launch on society a race of citizens such as they desire, to shape its inspirations and movements. Hence, their common intolerance of any religious element in public schools. Hence, already, in more than one country, their gain of this capital point—to remove from the mind of the child at school even the idea of God and every thought of the fundamental duties uniting man to his Creator. Alas! confess it or not, we have reached, in our own age of progress, this dangerous bourn at which in our midst the *idea of God is in danger*. They will tolerate the teaching that man is the offspring of a monkey, but will not permit him to learn that God Himself made him after His own image and likeness, to know Him, and serve Him, and be forever happy with Him in heaven.

Prevalent as it is, infidelity is none the less absurd. Common sense tells us that everything

comes from a first cause. The bread we eat is made of wheat. Does that wheat come from an ear or from a grain? Admitting the latter, where did this grain come from? If nature produced it, why is it that nature, whose laws are unchanged, has, since the beginning, never given us another similar production? How much more consonant to human reason to say that either the one or the other came from the hand of God?

Infidelity is even more repulsive to the instinct of the soul—which, as we all know, in moments of surprise or danger naturally turns to God. "Listen to the testimony of your soul," says Tertullian: "'My God!' 'Good God!' 'O God!'" and when she thus pours out her own instinctive sigh, she does not turn up to the capitol, but to heaven.

Infidelity offends as directly against common sense which dictates, beyond even the shadow of a doubt, that the admirable order of creation clearly reveals the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Creator. What nation, however degraded, ever denied the existence of a Creator? No man, says Plato, no human being will ever persuade us that "God" is a meaningless name. It would be the height of absurdity. "No nation," says Cicero, "however savage, has ever denied God's existence." Another pagan philosopher, Plutarch, speaks most eloquently on this subject: "You may find," he says, "cities without walls, without houses, gymnasias, or codes of law, or schools, or letters; but a people without God, without prayer, religious rites and sacrifices has never been known or heard of." Sheer folly! A man who wants an effect without a cause, or who, with his eyes opened, at mid-day sees and denies the light of the sun is a fool! Plato affirmed that a citizen who ignores God is as a danger and pestilence in any city. Aristotle thought that an atheist should never be honored with a discussion, a stick was the only thing that should be applied. Cicero, and with him St. Augustine and St. Jerome, did not hesitate in declaring atheism an evidence of an unsettled, softened, abnormal brain.

The celebrated Cuvier was once heard solemnly declaring before the whole Academy, that atheists can be reckoned only among crazy or dishonest people—*des fous ou des frippons!* Therefore it must be said that in the judgment of moralists and naturalists alike, atheism is a monstrosity; and yet, in our own age of invention and undeniable progress and discoveries, the world is filling with such enormous intellects—not all atheistic to the same degree, but all unbelievers in one or other essential tenet of Divine Revelation.

Where shall we seek for the reason or the cause of this deplorable blindness? As a rule, we find it in the perverseness of the heart: no one denies the existence of God before finding his interest in the denial. No one is an infidel but through the corruption of the heart. Pride and ambition will often lend their aid; but, as a rule, a vitiated heart is the spring of infidelity or atheism. The worst feature of it, however, must yet be drawn or described; it is simply disastrous, as it opens a wide door to all vices. With atheism, no more laws, or

justice, or equity; no fidelity in social transactions. It is the ruin of all order or peace;—a just punishment of the insult offered to God! In the train of infidelity follows a frightful series of evils—as thirst after gold and honors, enjoyments, envy, disorders, revolutions,—leaving no security, no peace, as the general rule is to respect none. Voltaire himself has left on this subject a declaration worthy our attention:

"I would not wish to have anything to do with an atheistic prince who would find his interest in brewing me in a mortar; for I would surely be brewed. If I were a king, I would not wish to see at my court any atheistic courtiers whose interest would be to poison me: for I should have to take an antidote every day to save my life. Most assuredly, it is equally necessary for princes and people that all firmly believe the existence of God, Creator, Governor, the remunerator or avenger of all human deeds."

I close with a remarkable declaration from a celebrated writer of our times—Victor Hugo:

"Religious teaching, in my opinion, is more necessary than ever. The higher man rises, the deeper his faith must grow. There is in our age a serious evil, I would almost say the only evil,—a general tendency to call everything into doubt. To give man, as an end, this material life is to aggravate immensely the weight of innumerable sufferings by the denegation of a future: on a tried heart, nothing is more crushing than the thought of annihilation. What was a trial, made bearable by hope, becomes sheer despair, ending in self-destruction. Hence the profound convulsions of society in our age. Most certainly, I desire to better the lot of sufferers; but I can never forget that the best and most soothing remedy is a firm hope, grounded on undoubting faith. I therefore sincerely wish,—I go further—I ardently desire religious teaching in the school-room."

What a subject for reflection! I find the same avowal, with the same apprehensions, wherever I meet with a superior mind. The cloud of incredulity is spreading, darkening the serene interior of countless hearts. Never in my life did I understand as I do now, the importance, the immense value, the blessing for youth of a pure religious atmosphere. For more than forty years, I may truly say, this has been my first, my absorbing thought and ultimate end in the foundation of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. When my earthly career is over, I shall have the consolation to know that my efforts and those of my devoted associates have been blessed, and that a number of precious young souls, in search of a healthy atmosphere for mind and heart, have found and actually enjoy all they looked for, in those faithful twin Institutions. What a delightful oasis they will soon appear to the weary traveller through the burning sand of the desert! From the beginning I was satisfied to be buried in the foundations of the work. My successors will see better days than we could anticipate for ourselves. The SCHOLASTIC, already so deserving of public esteem, will grow yearly in real importance, and contribute its share towards developing the cheering and glorious future of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

May Heaven continue to bless abundantly your fruitful labors as Editor of a periodical sheet which, I trust, will long remain second to none in the country!

Your devoted

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

Books and Periodicals.

THE RECOGNITION. A Drama of the Fifteenth Century. (For Male Characters Only.) By A. L. Edited and Published by Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., Notre Dame, Indiana. 1885. Price, 50 cents.

This is a neatly printed pamphlet of 47 pages, in stiff paper cover. The work of preparing the play for the stage has been attended to carefully, even in the minutest points, thus adapting it particularly to the wants of amateurs. The cast of characters is given; also a description of the costumes, and a synopsis of the scenes; the relative positions are noted, the exits and entrances,—everything, in fact, that could facilitate the preparation of the play, and its successful rendition by an amateur company, has been attended to by one who has had long experience in the direction of amateur theatricals.

The plot of "The Recognition" is a story of the feudal times. The Duke of Spoleto, losing his only son by death in the camp, wishes to keep the news from his own subjects as well as from his enemy, the Prince of Macerata, a relative of the Duke's, and heir to his dukedom in case of his son's death. A fugitive in the mountains, the Duke and one of his generals meet young Antonio, son of Count Bartolo, a neighbor, and tells the boy that he has just left his father, who said that Antonio would guide him through the mountain passes. Antonio obeys, and accompanies the Duke. In the mean time, Count Bartolo, suspecting the capture of his son, allies himself with the Prince of Macerata. The Duke produces false letters, alleging that Bartolo has been killed in battle, and giving the Duke the guardianship of his son, who adopts him and passes him off as his son Julio. After varying fortunes in war, in which Antonio is taken prisoner by his father's troops, the Duke is killed in an attack on Count Bartolo's stronghold, and Antonio, condemned to death as the son of the Duke of Spoleto, is recognized by his father. The action of the play is lively and varied.

—The April number of the *North American Review* opens with an interesting "Study of Prison Management," by Charles Dudley Warner, while Robert Buchanan, the English poet, discusses "Free Thought in America," T. V. Powderly "The Army of the Discontented," and Prof. Hunt, "How to Reform English Spelling." The other articles are: "The Law's Delay," by Chief Justice Thomas F. Hargis; "Characteristics of Persian Poetry," by A. R. Spofford, and "The Agricultural Cries in England," by William E. Bear. But what will probably attract the most immediate attention in this number is the new department of "Comments," consisting of brief criticisms of articles that have appeared in the *Review*. Murat Halstead's political article in the March number is here discussed by three writers—a Democrat, a straight Republican, and an Independent Republican, and other correspondents take this pleasant opportunity to offer a single thought where an extended article would, perhaps, find neither room nor readers.

Obituary.

BROTHER TIMOTHY, C. S. C.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of Notre Dame's devoted religious and a former Prefect in the University,—Bro. Timothy, known in the world as John McCullough. The deceased departed this life, after a lingering illness, on Wednesday, the 24th inst. May he rest in peace!

Personal.

—Joseph Kahman (Com'l), '83, has a lucrative position with a wholesale firm at St. Louis, Mo.

—Lambertus B. Logan, of '69, is editor and proprietor of the *National Journal of Carp Culture* at Akron, Ohio.

—Mr. Henry C. Cassidy, '74, has received the appointment as Postmaster of Youngstown, Ohio. We extend congratulations.

—Fathers Van de Laar, of South Chicago, and Heshner, assistant pastor of the Church of St. Joseph, Chicago, paid a flying visit to the University last Monday.

—We publish elsewhere the letters to the SCHOLASTIC from Very Rev. Father Sorin, written on board the steamship *Aurania*. Father General writes that Bishop Dwenger and he had a very pleasant voyage, and that the good Bishop sends his kind remembrances and blessing to all at Notre Dame.

—W. H. Claggett (Com'l), '79, was married, on the 18th inst., to Miss Ida M. Richardson, at Lexington, Ill. In company with his estimable bride, Mr. Claggett visited his *Alma Mater* last week, and was welcomed by numerous friends, all of whom extend best wishes for many long years of wedded happiness.

—G. P. Cassidy (Prep), of '79, received his degree of M. D., from Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, on the 10th inst., with special commendation of the Faculty. Dr. Cassidy at present resides at Equality, Ill., but intends shortly to return to his native town, Shawneetown, Ill. George will be remembered as the "Study-hall Prefect" in the Junior department in '78.

—Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., gave an eloquent historical address before a large congregation last night at the Church of the Holy Angels, on Oakwood Boulevard near Langley Avenue, on "St. Patrick, the Patron Saint of Ireland." In personal appearance, Father Walsh greatly resembles Monsignor Capel, although he is fully twenty years younger apparently than that distinguished ecclesiastic. His style is more ornate and scholarly, and he enlisted the profound attention of his large audience from the commencement to the close of his oration.—*Chicago Herald, March 23d.*

—The *Chicago Times*, March 25th, has the

following commendatory notice of Mr. William M. Devine, father of Master Willie Devine of the Junior department:

"One of the best nominations made by the democrats for a city office in many a day is that of Mr. William M. Devine for City Treasurer. Mr. Devine is what is commonly called a 'self-made man'—that is, by the exercise of manly self-reliance and unwearying industry he has acquired a comfortable fortune. His reputation for integrity is unquestioned and unassailable; and, though he has never sought public employments or courted notoriety, he is widely known as one of Chicago's most sterling and worthy citizens. With Mr. Devine in charge of the treasury, there will be no apprehension about leaks or defalcations."

Mr. Devine's many friends at Notre Dame heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by the *Times*, and indulge the hope that the city of Chicago may have the good fortune to possess so capable an official.

Local Items.

—"Sweet Violets."

—"But where did he get it?"

—The Euglossians come next.

—Where are the St. Cecilians? Have they retired for the year?

—"Charley" makes his *début* this evening. No reserved seats.

—The Roxy Smith combination team are looking for a manager.

—An old baseballist has returned this session to twirl the festive sphere.

—The crank who rolls his cigarette in the refectory should be sat upon.

—The Curator of the Museum is indebted to Prof. Lyons for a donation of gold specimens.

—The Sorin Cadets have resumed their drilling exercises, under the direction of Mr. Elmer Otis, U. S. A.

—"The moon of March will bring something," saith the prophet. "It will be all weather, next week," said the Yankee.

—The "first squad" are cutting fancy figures now; especially the end men on the file when curveting around corners.

—The electric crown of the statue of Our Lady on the Dome has been repaired and now shines forth with increased brilliancy every night.

—It is worthy of note that splendid skating was enjoyed on the lake on the 25th inst. On the same day last year there was not a speck of ice visible on the lake.

—"Oarsman" wants to know when navigation will open up. Local Ed. would refer him to the captains who are in direct communication with "old probabilities."

—The Orchestra was heard last week practising a piece for commencement which, by the way, was finely done, and made the reporter's fancy turn lightly to thoughts of June.

—Since the Stereoscopic exhibition, last week, it

is common to hear persons talk about the Exposition with as much earnestness as though they had been there, not by Father Zahm's new system, but in reality.

—Lost—Somewhere between the Academy and Notre Dame, on the evening of March 17th, a pair of pulse heaters, silk muffler, and a copy of "Evening Thoughts." Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to J——, printing office.

—One of our re-porters, who has always been an ardent admirer of English art, became, not long since, suddenly and mysteriously interested in the beauties of French History; for what purpose is not exactly known,—peradventure 'twas to pass the weary hours away.

—The members of the Band were royally entertained last Thursday by Prof. Paul, their Director, who tendered them a grand banquet, and a reception in the afternoon. The boys are loud in their praises of their genial Director as a host, and they return him cordial thanks.

—Our new choir boys sang beautifully on the Feast of the Annunciation. They are now engaged in preparing a grand Mass for Easter. Already the delightful harmony wafted through the College corridors gives a foretaste of the rich delights in store for us at Easter tide.

—The book—"Sir Thomas Moore"—now being read in the Refectory is one that commands some attention and interest, as it is not only written in an easy and refined style, but also contains much historical knowledge and many interesting facts. It is such books as this that one appreciates.

—As the Captains will soon have to proceed to the selection of their respective crews, it would be good for those members of the Boat Club who are a little in arrears to square accounts with the Treasurer, so as to make an open field for the Captains in selecting the crews for '85.

—The Shakesperian Entertainment to be given in April will, without a doubt, be the finest exhibition of the year. Only selections from the plays of the immortal master will be presented; the actors appearing in costume and aided by the best scenic arrangements. The competitors for the Oratory Gold Medal will also appear on this occasion, with orations upon "Shakespeare."

—The 7th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in their Society Hall, on Monday, March 16th. The Compositions of E. Kelly, C. O. Inderrieden, W. Henry, F. Weston, A. McVeigh, G. Landenwich, J. Doss, F. Rugce, J. Ernest, F. Crotty, F. Salman, I. Grunsfeld, S. Shöneman, F. Cobbs and H. Blakeslee were especially deserving of mention.

—There will be a case tried this evening before the University moot-court to decide in a suit for damages. For the prosecution are Messrs. Wilson and Claffey; the defense, Messrs. Finley and Conway. The case promises to be an interesting one as a point of law, besides being the occasion of the first appearance before the University

court of some of the new members of the Law Class.

—The 14th and 15th regular meetings of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association took place March 2d and 23d respectively. Masters C. Senn, H. Smith, J. Fisher, S. Nusbaum, J. Hieronymus, and R. Fraine were elected members. Recitations were given by G. Tarrant, J. Bauer, M. O'Kane, W. Ratigan, R. Morrison, F. Garrity, E. Amorette and C. Senn. Master H. Ackerman closed the exercises with a beautiful German ballad.

—Rev. A. B. Oechtering, the zealous and efficient Pastor of Mishawaka, who is always heartily welcome at Notre Dame, was visiting here Thursday last, very anxious to know how the Course of Lectures on Church History succeeded. We can assure the Rev. gentleman that the students of the First Class do their utmost to satisfy their teacher, and greatly appreciate the gold medal which has been promised to the best of them in that branch of studies.

—The time of the 13th, 14th and 15th regular meetings of the Columbian Association was consumed in rehearsing for St. Patrick's Day. At the close of the exercises of the 16th regular meeting, held March 21st, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, the energetic promoters of the Association. Also to W. E. Ramsay, A. A. Brown, P. J. Goulding, J. Conlon and M. Sykes, for kind services at the last entertainment.

—The Columbian Association gave their customary *post ludum* dinner on last Sunday afternoon. A number of invited guests were present, among whom were Fathers Toohey and Regan, and Profs. Hoynes and Stoddard. In response to a request, Prof. Stoddard made a short address, in which he spoke of his experience before and after arriving at Notre Dame, as a pleasant one; he considered the late exhibition of the Columbians as among the pleasantest of the entertainments given so frequently by the various societies.

—Another new cylinder press has just been put in the printing office here, making three in all—two Cottrell's and one Campbell double-end press. The new press is a "daisy." It is from the manufactory of the Messrs. Cottrell & Sons, Westerly, R. I., whose printing presses have for years, we are credibly informed, been rising in the estimation of the leading printers of the United States, and now stand unrivalled. Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. and the National Publishing Co., of Chicago, Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati; A. T. Barnes & Co., of New York, and the Government Printing Office at Washington, have their finest engravings and maps worked on presses made by Cottrell & Sons.

—Last Tuesday evening, Prof. Bailey, of South Bend, delivered a very interesting "phenomenal astronomical lecture" in Washington Hall. The lecturer exhibited the "cosmosphere"—an instrument of his own invention—and designed to illustrate the form of the earth as it appears to the eye of the observer and the apparent movements of the

heavenly bodies. The instrument shown by Prof. Bailey is simply a model; but if it be realized in actual use, it will supply a long-felt want in the study of Astronomy.

—Holy Week begins to-morrow—Palm Sunday. The solemn ceremony of the blessing of the Palms and the Procession, preceding the celebration of High Mass, will begin at half-past nine o'clock. During Mass the Passion will be sung. The solemn services of the *Tenebræ* will be sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, at which times the beautiful harmonized Lamentations and the *Miserere* will be sung. On Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, Solemn High Mass will be sung at the usual time. It is advisable for all to procure Holy Week books that the ceremonies may be followed intelligently and attentively.

—The first regular meeting of the Scientific Association was held on the evening of the 23d inst., Rev. J. A. Zahm presiding. The following students were elected members: Messrs. Dexter, Dolan, Reach, Saviers, Howard, Ancheta, Murdock, Halligan, S. H. Smith, F. Burke, and V. Burke. Papers assigned to be read at some future meetings were as follows: S. H. Smith on "The Origin of Mountains"; F. H. Dexter on "The Life of Franklin"; F. Dolan on "The Telephone"; T. Howard on "The Metamorphosis of Frogs and Insects"; A. Ancheta on "Spontaneous Generation"; F. Burke on "Surgery"; S. Murdock on "The Life of Newton"; D. Reach on "Protoplasm"; T. Halligan on "The Telegraph"; D. Saviers on "The Steam Engine." The first part of a well-written paper on "Attraction" was read by W. H. Johnston; the remainder of it is to be presented at the next meeting.

—At the afternoon recess on Thursday the Seniors' Campus presented a lively scene. The Preps were "on the fence," whence volleys of snowballs failed to dislodge them; they had "come to stay," to see the blaze. A framework of wood, coated with tar and soaked with coal oil, had been erected near the middle of the Senior Campus by the agents of the Harden Hand Grenade Co., of Chicago, for the purpose of showing the effectiveness of the grenades in extinguishing incipient fires. The framework was about sixteen feet high, with a large pile of kindling wood and shavings on the windward side. These, as well as the ball-alley-like wooden structure, being thoroughly soaked with coal oil, the match was put to them, the flames enveloped the whole, from top to bottom, making quite a lively bonfire. Three of the hand-grenades were then thrown, each of which showed perceptible effect in smothering the flame. As soon as the third grenade broke and scattered its chemical contents the fire was effectively extinguished, leaving only a few smouldering sticks at the foot of the woodwork. The experiment was under the superintendence of Mr. J. H. Ayres, of Warsaw, Indiana, who was a student here in 1861, and is now connected with the Harden Grenade Co.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Alvarez, A. A. Browne, Baca, Berra, M. Burns, F. L. Brown, F. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Creel, Carbajal, De Groot, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Finlay, Freyermuth, A. A. Gordon, Goodfellow, Estrado, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan, Hotaling, Hausberg, Hasson, Jess, Jones, King, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McMillian, McKinnery, Meyer, McErlain, McCartney, McMurray, Marion, Miller, Jno. Murphy, O'Connell, H. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, Rothert, O. Ryan, Roth, Reach, Rahilly, T. Ryan, G. H. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Spillard, Snapp, Snyder, Triplett, Jno. Troy, Trepanier, W. Williams, White, Wilson, Woodbridge, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Masters Arts, Amoretti, Borgschulze, Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Burns, Congdon, Cummings, Colina, Chamberlain, G. Cartier, Cleary, Cleveland, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Donnellan, Daly, Darrah, Devine, Ewing, Finckh, Fehr, Flood, Frane, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, F. Garrity, J. Garrity, Hoyer, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, H. Long, F. Long, Lewis, Leoni, Martinez, W. Morrison, R. Morrison, Monschein, Menig, Mason, Myers, Mullane, Meehan, McGuire, Nester, Oxnard, O'Kane, O'Brien, Portillo, Porter, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Ruffing Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Stubbs, Senn, Soden, H. Smith, Spencer, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Tewksbury, Talbot, Thurston, Wabraushek, Zollars, Redlich.

MINIM DEPARTMENT

Masters Berry, Bull, Crotty, Cobbs, Chute, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grunsfeld, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, Jones, E. Kelly, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, Landenwich McPhee, McVeigh, Morgan, Moncada, McCourt, McNulty, Mason, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, Piel, Piero, J. Peck, Paul, Quill, Ramsey, Scherrer, Sweet, Stone, Shöneman, Weston.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. V. Morrison, Hagenbarth, Courtney, E. Porter, Goulding, F. Combe, Kleiber, A. Brown, J. Wagoner, Rothert, Halligan, Sheridan, Saviers, Ancheta, H. Porter, Johnston, Guthrie, Steis, Conway, Callaghan, Mathers, W. Cartier, Reach, P. Howard, Dexter, Murdock, V. Burke, F. Burke, Dolan, Wilson Kavanagh, G. H. Smith, Dickerson, McKinnery, Coghlin, Goodfellow.

MINIM DEPARTMENT

Masters Bunker, Henry, McVeigh, McPhee, E. Kelly, Scherrer, Cobbs, Nussbaum, R. Inderrieden, Quinlin, Mooney, Nester, Kellner, Piero, Rugee, Sweet, C. Mitchell, Murphy, F. Dunford, Hopkins, J. Kintz, T. Falvey, Barger, Ernest.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Dickerson, Sheridan, Kleiber, J. Burns; Greek—Messrs. Smith, J. Wagoner, Sheridan; Moral Philosophy—S. Dickerson; Logic—Messrs. Guthrie, Wilson; English Composition—Messrs. Spillard, De Groot, King, Cleary, Marion; Rhetoric—Messrs. S. O'Brien, Congdon, Ewing, M. Burns, Rothert; English Literature—Messrs. O'Connell, Mulkern; Criticism—Messrs. Callaghan, Sheridan; Algebra—Messrs. Daly, Reynolds, J. Burns, V. Morrison; Geometry—Messrs. Daly, Mulkern, Mason, Reynolds, Tully; Trigonometry—Mr. Rothert; Physics—A. Ancheta; Chemistry—Messrs. Johnston, Ancheta; General Geometry—Messrs. Ancheta, V. Burke; History—Messrs. Troy, Tully, Cleary, Daly; Geology—Messrs. Ancheta, Coghlin; Botany—Mr. Rothert; Zoölogy—F. Hagenbarth; Descriptive Geometry—J. Guthrie; Astronomy—Messrs. Ancheta, Reach; Engineering—J. Guthrie; Surveying—Messrs. Ancheta, Dexter, Howard, Murdock.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The politeness badge in the Minim department was won by Sabra Van Fleet.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn by Margery Smith, who kindly relinquished her right to Nora Brown.

—At the regular Academic reunion, the readers were the Misses Wolvin and Murphy. Miss St. Clair recited one of Miss Donnelly's beautiful poems.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department the readers were Lillie Trask and Ellen Sheekey. Recitations were given by Clara Richmond and Hannah Stumer.

—Of the late visitors at St. Mary's, among the most cherished may be named Mrs. Hackett, of Watertown, Wis., the esteemed mother of the late Miss Catharine Hackett, Class '81, whose early death is still deeply deplored by all who knew her at St. Mary's.

—That the Minims of St. Mary's were remembered at the Exposition in New Orleans is fairly testified in the gift of pictures,—some grotesque, some artistic, some ingenious, but all very interesting,—sent by their two little friends, Lolo and Mamie Tricou. Very neat and affectionate letters were returned by the Minims in hearty acknowledgment of the thoughtful attention extended to them by their Crescent City correspondents.

—The Elocution pupils have merited more than ordinary praises from more than ordinarily competent sources during the past week, for which they feel deeply obliged. A noteworthy fact in this connection is the favor in which Miss E. C. Donnelly's poems are held as suited to the requirements of Elocution classes. Not one author has furnished to the pupils of St. Mary's anything approaching the number provided by her pure, Christian, and warmly dramatic pen. From twelve to fourteen selections from Miss Donnelly's writings are constantly used at St. Mary's, and they are, of all others, most highly praised when rendered.

—On Tuesday evening, Rev. Father Zahm gave the young ladies the best possible opportunity of enjoying the New Orleans Exposition. Yet, much as they confess themselves indebted to Rev. Father Zahm, they are under even greater obligation to Mr. E. L. Wilson, the artist, of Philadelphia, for the exquisite perfection of views thrown upon the screen. His matchless experience and skill alone could provide so delightful a treat. The beautiful landscapes, and exhibition from the various departments of the World's Fair, were interspersed with many amusing subjects; but all of these, and even the startling close of the entertainment,—two slides with which Mr. E. L. Wilson certainly had nothing to do,—fine as they were, will not be able to remove the deep impression of beauty and grandeur left by such views as

the two first,—so lifelike, so clear,—of the vapor canopied steamer gliding along the foam-capped waves of the river; or of those majestic "live oaks," with the pendant "Spanish moss" upon them; or of the "Mexican mountain" of solid pure silver, the magical effect of light and shade revealed in the carved letters at the base. It would be a pleasant task to follow slide by slide, and describe the views of the evening, but we would still have to regret our inability to convey an adequate idea of the truth, delicacy, and power imparted to the work presented. The young ladies congratulate the celebrated artist and the learned exhibitor, while tendering to both their profound thanks.

Bon-Mot.

Tu dis partout du mal de moi,
Je dis partout du bien de toi;
Mais vois quel malheur est le nôtre,
On ne nous croit, ni l'un ni l'autre.

—*Jean de la Monnoye, 1728.*

TRANSLATION:

You spoke of me, both far and near,
As one whom honest men must fear;
And I, in my turn, spoke of you
As one whom all men would find true;
But folks decided both had lied
Nor credence gave to either side.

V. S. W., 1885.

Christianity.

BY ANNA HECKARD.

From scriptural proof it is positively plain that baptism is necessary to constitute one a Christian. By baptism,—that second birth of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus, saying, *Amen, amen I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God*,—we are made children of God, and heirs of heaven. It follows that, without this Sacrament, the first condition to render us pleasing in the sight of our Creator and Redeemer is wanting. Baptism is the first act of faith,—that faith without which it is impossible to please God. By this act the sapphire flood-gates of grace are opened to us, and the priceless virtue of faith becomes the element of the soul.

The weights and measures of paganism, that is to say, of a merely natural life, are exchanged for standards as far above as the spiritual being is above the physical. What can a Christian wish for that he has not? The sacraments are so many channels, not only of sanctifying grace, but of a grace peculiar to each sacrament, and called sacramental grace.

In the life of the unregenerate there is nothing to correspond to these advantages. Opinions varying with the character, mood or interests of those who entertain them, take the place of dogmas, which are founded and taught by Eternal Truth. Like a ship without a rudder, the heart without

faith is at the mercy of fancy, passion, inclination. There is no authority, no home, no rest. To him, as to a child orphaned and forsaken, the earth is unmistakably a desert. To him no destiny above that of the animal is presented. If future existence be admitted at all, it is one that revolts the sense of justice, like that of the fatalist; or of all the virtues, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; or, worse, if possible, like the Mahometan which degrades woman, even in a future life, to the level of a slave, devoid of any quality to make existence desirable.

Christianity, by raising the aspirations of the soul to what is superior to the senses—to what is more noble than selfish interest—has lifted society above that which is gross and material. It has implanted sentiments and principles of generosity and magnanimity in the hearts of its followers, and has established institutions for the amelioration of human suffering. In truth, no positive benefit has been conferred upon the human race which cannot be traced, directly or indirectly, to the principles inculcated by the chosen people of God from the foundation of the world. For, Christianity, we must remember, is co-eval with the human race, in this sense that the ancient people of God were redeemed from the consequences of the fall, by their belief in the promised Messiah; by their practice of the virtues inherent with, and a part of, such belief.

What is humanity when paganism reigns unresisted? A spectacle from which angels and just men must shrink away in horror! What can be said of a pretended civilization in which human sacrifices to an idol of wood or stone is a part of the religion? Fire-worship, *Lotus* worship, and numberless similar delusions were and are the results of pagan ideas. The decalogue was the first open protest against these pitiable aberrations of the human mind.

In the economy of human existence, even to our natural reason, Christianity would seem to be a necessity. What has not our Creator done to supply the demands of our physical being? The sun, the same sun affords light to the whole world, answering to the sense of sight. Water, pure water is found, the universal solvent, responding to the call for refreshment; air, boundless as the fields of space, vivifying through the lungs the entire system. Fruits, herbs, flesh and fowl to satisfy the demands for food. These are abundantly supplied to the body. Shall the soul, the nobler part of our being, find its wants less perfectly met? Far from it! In proportion as the spiritual is more elevated than the physical nature, so are its demands more completely supplied. Christianity is that sublime source of supply, and nothing else can take its place. As the physical world without the sun, so would the spiritual world be, without Christianity.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, M. Bruhn, M. Blair, Brady, Bubb, E. Call, Carney, Cox, Dunne, E. Donnelly,

A. Donnelly, Dwan, M. Dillon, Fitzpatrick, C. Ginz, B. Gove, Gavan, Alice Gordon, B. Heckard, A. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, Hale, N. Keenan, N. Kearns, Kearney, Lange, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, McHale, O'Connell, O'Halloran, Ramsey, Rose, Sheekey, C. Scully, Shea, Sharrette, Schilling, Thornton, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, White, Walker.
2d Tablet—Misses Alcott, Barlow, Fehr, Fuller, Addie Gordon, Helpling, Murphy, Stull, Schmidt, S. St. Clair.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Brown, O. Boyer, F. Barr, F. Hertzog, A. Malbœuf, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, H. Stumer, G. Stadler, M. Smith, L. Van Horn.
2d Tablet—Misses Campeau, A. Keyes, M. Murphy, M. McEwen, G. Searls, L. Trask, E. Balch, T. Balch, Hagan.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss B. Gove.

1ST CLASS—Misses V. Barlow, A. Shephard.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale, N. Keenan.

2D CLASS—Miss C. Ginz.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Carney, E. Sheekey, M. Adderly, E. Horn, C. Morrison, M. O'Halloran, K. Schilling, L. Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Ducey, M. Dillon, M. Scully, M. Fuller, B. Kearney, M. Munger.

4TH CLASS—Misses C. Fehr, A. Murphy, A. Malbœuf, H. Ramsey, B. Snowhook, G. Wolvin.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Call, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, L. St. Clair, E. Wallace.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Barry, E. Brady, M. Cox, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, S. Dunne, A. English, M. Fisk, Alice Gordon, L. Hutchinson, B. Lauer, G. Regan, B. Sharette, E. Taylor, E. Walsh, L. Williams.

2D DIV.—Misses G. Faxon, Addie Gordon, M. Keyes, C. Rose, G. Stadler, M. Schmidt, C. Servis, E. Schultz, F. Thornton.

6TH CLASS—Misses L. Blaine, N. Brown, C. Cox, M. Ducey, B. English, M. Kearsey, M. Murphy, Ella Sheekey, M. Shea, F. Spencer, M. Smith, S. St. Clair, H. Stumer, M. Walker.

2D DIV.—Misses I. Alcott, M. Barr, S. Bub, E. Kearns, M. Morse, M. Newman, E. O'Connell, Ella Walsh.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Blair, F. Carmien, S. Campeau, B. Heckard, M. Helpling, F. Hertzog, C. Lang, E. Norris, V. Steele, A. Schmauss, G. Searls, A. White.

8TH CLASS—Misses C. Prudhomme.

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

10TH CLASS—Misses E. Burtis, J. Hammond, D. Lee.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss M. Dillon.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss D. Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS—Miss A. Shephard.

GUITAR.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. English.

6TH CLASS—Miss A. Schuler.

ORGAN.

Miss K. Schilling.

VIOLIN.

Miss E. Carney.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale.

2D CLASS—Miss S. St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Misses H. Ramsey, B. Lauer, A. English.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Ducey, L. Sheekey, E. Walsh, I. Alcott, S. Walsh, L. St. Clair.

4TH CLASS—Misses Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, G. Stadler, C. Rose.

5TH CLASS—Misses C. Fehr, C. Lang, B. Heckard.